

১০ম সংস্করণ

জেতুকা

জেতুকা

10th EDITION



ASOM ASSOCIATION, KUWAIT
ANNUAL SOUVENIR 2017, VOL-10



SINCE 1951



www.ajmalperfume.com



JETUKA

2017 VOL 10

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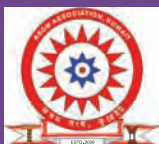
PRINTING

Jyothi Athinarayanan
4FILMS Printing Press
Shuwaikh.

PUBLISHED BY

Asom Association, Kuwait
Regd.

www.kuwaitotasom.com



১০ম সংস্কৰণ



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নলিনীবালা হাজৰীকা	সমস্বৰ সংগীত
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আলোক দাস	শব্দ

AAK Members' Directory 2017



H.H. Sheikh Sabah Al-Ahmad Al Jaber Al Sabah
The Amir of the State of Kuwait



H.H. Sheikh Nawad Al-Ahmad Al Jaber Al Sabah
The Crown Prince of the State of Kuwait



H.H. Sheikh Jaber Al-Mubarak Al-Hamad Al-Sabah
The Prime Minister of the State of Kuwait



Sarbananda Sonowal

Chief Minister,
Assam Guwahati



सत्यमेव जयते

Dispur
February 24, 2017

MESSAGE

It gives me immense pleasure to know that the Assam Association, Kuwait is going to celebrate the Rongali Bihu with colourful cultural programmes on April 7, 2017 in Kuwait and a Souvenir titled "Jetuka" is also being published to mark the celebration.

True to its name, Rongali Bihu is not only an occasion of merry-making but also a time for celebration to reinforce love and goodwill among us all. I hope this festival turns to be a harbinger of a new dawn of warm and harmonious relationship and fill everybody's life with joy, satisfaction, peace and prosperity.

I convey my best wishes to the organizers for all success of their endeavour.



(SARBANANDA SONOWAL)



सत्यमेव जयते

AMBASSADOR OF INDIA
KUWAIT



7th February 2017

MESSAGE

I am happy to know that Asom Association, Kuwait is celebrating Rongali Bihu on Friday, 7 April 2017.

Well-known for its rich cultural heritage, Asom is industrially an advanced State, rich in timber, oil and natural gas.

While extending my warm greetings to Shri Himangshu Dey, President and members of Asom Association, I wish every success to the 2017 Rongali Bihu celebrations.

(Sunil Jain)

AAK EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 2016-2017



Front Row (From Left) : Bibhuti Borgohain (Vice President), Dr. Sabina Tasnim Rashid (Committee Member), Dwaipayan Bora (General Secretary), Himangshu Dey (President), Dr. Anindita Medhi Saikia (Committee Member), Bikash Jyoti Gogoi (Committee Member).

Back Row (From Left) : Barada Talukdar (Joint Secretary), Jugananda Phukan (Committee Member), Jagadish Sharma (Committee Member), Amitabh Talukdar (Treasurer), Abhijit Sharma (Committee Member).

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEES OVER THE YEARS :

2008:

President: Mr. B J Gogoi
V-President: M N Debchoudhury
Gen. Secy: Mr. H N Rajkhowa
Jt. Secy: Mr. Bires Khound
 Mr. Aghore Bhattacharya
Treasurer: Mr. Ashish Gohain

2008-09 & 2009-10 :

President : Mr. B J Gogoi
Gen. Secy: Mr. Jayanta Bardalaye
Treasurer : Mr. A Rajkhowa

2010-11 & 2011-12:

President: Mr. Anup Bora
V-President: Dr. Anupam Das
Gen. Secy: Mr. Bijan Goswami
Treasurer: Mr. Dwaipayan Bora

2012-13 :

President: Mr. J M Saikia
V-President: Mr. H N Rajkhowa
Gen. Secy: Mr. Debashish Kakoty
 Mr. Amitabh Talukdar
Treasurer: Mr. Sauman Talukdar
 Mr. Atul Shah

2013-14 :

President: Mr. Anup Bora
V-President: Mr. Arabinda Dutta
Gen. Secy: Mr. Abhijit Sharma
Treasurer: Mr. Jayanta Thakur

2014 -15 :

President : Mr. R L Rajkhowa
V-President : Mr. Ashish Gohain
Gen. Secy : Mr. Bhaskar Hazarika
Asst. Gen. Secy: Mr. Mriganga Das
Treasurer: Mr. S.P. Pradhan

2015-16 :

President: Mr. Bijan Goswami
V-President: Mr. Alok Kumar Das
Gen. Secy: Mr. Mriganga Das
Asst. Gen. Secy: Mr. Pabitra Saikia
Treasurer: Mr. Nurul Huda



From the President's Desk

Happy Rongali Bihu Greetings to ALL

I have the honour of leading this excellent group of individuals as President of Asom Association of Kuwait (AAK) during the year 2016-17. While accepting the responsibility, I knew it would be a challenge, but I also realized that knowing the members for the last 2-3 years, I would get all the support I needed to discharge the duties. This has indeed been the case, and it made my challenging task so much easier.

Since its inception in 2009, AAK has established itself as one of the small but vibrant communities in the socio-cultural platform in Kuwait. During the year, the AAK members and the children participated in many in the inhouse activities of the association and also in the cultural platform of the broader India diaspora in Kuwait. The Bihu Dances by AAK Ladies were quite popular and heartily cheered by audience in the events organized by Arpan Kuwait and Indians In Kuwait Diwali function. Well done to our ladies!!

The year of 2016-17 in the AAK calendar has been eventful and interesting so far. These events not only give us an opportunity to come together and relive the cultural traditions back home, but also give exposure of the same to our children who grow up here. We kicked off the year with the Autumn Festival (Xarodiya Utsav), an event to showcase the talents of the AAK children. This was followed by the "Magh Bihu" celebrations in a Wafra farm with plenty of mouth-watering food and a lot of fun filled activities. Our traditional Art Competition for the AAK Children was held in Fintas Park and again we had a record number of entries – starting from 2-3 years to 15+ years.

While we have worked hard and tried to have a good community life here in Kuwait, we have not forgotten the needs of a certain section of the people back home in distress and in need of urgent assistance. As in every year, this year also we have sent aid to school children and donated fund to the flood victims in Majuli Island of Assam.

This brings us to the piece de resistance in the cultural calendar of AAK – the Rongali Bihu. I am sure you will all enjoy the program for a fun filled evening. It is that time of the year when spring is in the air and in our minds, and it fills our hearts with joy at the advent of Bihu. Who can sit back and not enjoy the Bihu Dance and sing along a few popular tunes?

All of the above wouldn't have been possible without the wholehearted efforts of the members of AAK led by the Executive Committee for this year. I have been fortunate not only to have an Executive Committee full of committed individuals willing to put in tireless efforts in making the events a success, but also a number of dedicated AAK members who have always taken interest and followed up with suggestions and active participation. My sincere thanks and gratitude to all. I would also like to thank our sponsors who have kindly supported us over the years in promoting our culture and helped to enhance the bonding between various communities.

Wishing you all a Happy Rongali Bihu and the start of a new and successful Assamese New Year.

HIMANGSHU DEY

President

Asom Association Kuwait

***"Wishing you all a Happy Rongali Bihu
and the start of a new and successful
Assamese New Year"***



General Secretary's Report

Human migrations have transformed the entire aspects of lands and populations in this world, to an extent now, that we call it a global village. Recorded histories attest this fact. Over the centuries, our homeland Assam too has witnessed human migrations. The Ahoms, a tribe from Burma (or Myanmar) crossed the Patkai Mountains to settle here in the 13th century, and created a greater Assam by binding the indigenous people of different tribes, religions, castes with a common thread. Later in the 19th century during British rule, educated personnel from Bengal were encouraged for employment to run the colonial government offices. Similarly, owing to acute labor shortage to work on its tea gardens, migrant labour from other states was drawn in. Consequent to re-organization of states for administrative reasons, Sylhet district of East Bengal (present-day Bangladesh), was merged with Assam. Later a policy of settlement of this population to work on Assam's cultivable wasteland encouraged further immigration. Thus with time Assam has become a crucible of people from different ethnicities and background, adding to its rich cultural diversity.

Expanding the context and fast-forwarding into this modern world, access to 'hyper-connectivity' as fallout of telecommunications advances, cheap travel and globalization has allowed ethnic migrants of previous generations to become Diasporas who are communities beyond the boundaries of their culture and nation-states. These modern Diasporas reside and act in host countries but maintain strong sentimental and material links with the countries of origin – their homelands. Kuwait is also a home to these Diasporas from different parts of the globe.

Assamese community (or Diaspora) in Kuwait has organized themselves in the form of Asom Association Kuwait (AAK), which was registered with the Indian Embassy in the year 2009 with a great ambition to unite the Assamese community and provide them with a platform to identify with their roots. From then on, it has grown in strength and now has become a vibrant community, organizing a number of activities throughout the year. This Association organized the following activities this year:

- 1.Charitable initiative (AASHA):** As part of our efforts to give back to the society, AAK's charitable trust AASHA (Asom Association Kuwait Salve for Humanitarian Aid) conducted a Back-to-School drive by providing material aid to Garapar ME School in Morigaon district of Assam. Ten pairs of wooden desks and benches, four nos. of ceiling fans, two nos. each of water filters and steel cabinets were provided to this school.
- 2.Autumn Festival 2016:** For celebrating the onset of the season, Autumn Festival was organized on 11th Nov 2016 at the Star Udhayam Restaurant Party Hall, Mahboula. The multi-faceted talents of our children were showcased through cultural performances, health infotainment show and quiz. The event ended with a round of raffle draw followed by dinner.
- 3.Bhogali Bihu 2017:** The Assamese harvest festival of Bhogali (Magh) Bihu was celebrated on 13th January 2017 through a daylong event at a farmhouse in scenic Wafra area in south Kuwait. Activities of the day started with lighting of Meji followed by an elaborate Jolpan and lunch arranged by the members. Various outdoor fun and games activities were held.
- 4.Art Competition 2017:** A creative art competition on selected topics was organized among various groups of children on 17th Mar 2017 at Fintas Park. A high turnout of participants and the high quality of submitted works is very encouraging.
- 5.Rongali Bihu 2017:** The national festival to herald spring and the Assamese New Year is being organized on 7th April 2017 at the Carmel School, Khaitan. Mr. Dikshu and Ms. Nirmali Das accomplished singers of Assam are invited to perform during the event, which will also present cultural performances of in-house talents. The tenth edition of annual souvenir, Jetuka will be released during the function. To review our journey a new section 'IMHO' presenting the opinions of members on matters of interests is being featured here. His Excellency Mr. Sunil Jain, Ambassador of India is expected to inaugurate and grace the occasion.

Additionally our enterprising lady members participated in the Indians in Kuwait Diwali Mela and Arpan Kuwait cultural function. Their elegant Bihu performances in these shows enthralled the audiences.

I feel privileged to have served this Association as its General Secretary for the year 2016-17. I would like to express my deep sense of gratitude to all members and patrons for their unstinted support in discharging the activities of the Association. I hope that Rongali Bihu 2017 celebrations will infuse the spirit of camaraderie and strengthen our bonds of unity, thus adding vibrancy to this thriving Association.

জয় আই অসম !

DWAIPAYAN BORA

General Secretary
Asom Association Kuwait



10th
EDITION

AAK RONGALI BIHU CELEBRATIONS COMMITTEE 2017



SOUVENIR

Jayanta Madhab Saikia
Atul Shah
Parimita Barooah Bora
Preyankar Kaushik *
Dr. Anjol Saikia *

ARTIST FELICITATION

Bijan Goswami
Oliva Borgohain
Nilakshi Bora
Bonti Gohain *
Mitali Goswami
Mouchumi Sharma
Mousumi Talukdar
Kalpana Talukdar
Priti Shah *
Kasturi Bora Saikia *
Papor Palkar *

EXHIBITION

Rubi Bordoloi Dutta *
Debahuti Kakati Das *
Arundhati Sharma *
Tanuj Kumar Phukan *
Siba Bora *
Bhaskar Bhattacharya
Rajdeep Baruah
Rupam Deori *
Mausum Dutta *
Puja Baruah
Mousumi Deori *
Mousumi Bhattacharya

FIRST AID

Dr. Anupam Das *

CULTURAL

Madhuchanda Nath *
Stuti Gogoi Keot *
Himangshu Bhattacharya *
Dharani Deori

RECEPTION

Bharati Sharma
M.N. Debchoudhury *
San Prasad Pradhan *
Raju Hazarika *
Mir Alam Bora *
Manoj Hazarika *
Sutapa Dey
Lakhyheera Gogoi
Ranita Dutta *
Meera Pradhan *
Subrata Hazarika *
Pallabi Saikia *
Aruna Dutta *
Parthana Baruah Kaushik *
Rupa Hazarika *
Ashima Hazarika *

GIFTS

Rajib Rakhawa
Pabitra Saikia *
Mayank Banerjee *
Chandan Thakuria *
Surojit Roy *
Mehtab Alam *
Kakoli Nath *
Jutika Mishra *
Nilotpaul Neog *

FUND RAISING

Ashis Gohain *
Iqbal Hussain *
Saswata Nath *
Dr. Ranjit Kumar Dutta *
Arabinda Dutta *
Alok Kumar Das *
Basab Sarma *
Nurul Huda
Sheetal Palkar *
Dr. Jyostna Chetia *

DECORATION

Mriganga Das
Chandan Jyoti Keot *
Partha Saikia *
Pranita Debchoudhury *
Heman Chetia *
Saraswat Swain *
Sandhani Sharma *
Mridula Bora *
Swapnali Chetia *
Biswajyoti Das *
Pinku Sarkar *
Bimal Barman *

CATERING

Anup Bora
Jayanta Thakur *
Rupam Das *
Masum Rajkhowa
Kanika Thakur *
Priyanka Konwar *
Leena Saikia Gogoi *
Hiranmayee Thakuria *

* Not in photo

EDITORIAL



Dear Jetuka . . .

Some weeks back a powerful one-liner was seen doing rounds on the social media: At a traffic signal, an Audi stopped beside a school bus; nostalgia and ambition exchanged glances. A sweet but touching short story that depicts the onward fascination of an aspiring mind and backward pull of a reminiscent heart.

We remember very well that when we stepped into this mad and chaotic rat race we had decided to leave many of our riches behind – love of old friends, warmth of home, care of the beloved. And we keep leaving things behind every day, so much so that we have now been numbed by this habit. We are all like a treasure hunter who keeps dropping his valuables on the way while seeking more wealth ahead in the journey. We look back and sometimes repent our losses, but then we shrug and march on nevertheless. That's part of life, we say. The feelings of quest and loss go hand in hand all the time.

But the stupid heart doesn't stop growing fonder of the past. Time, the ever-so-cunning master plotter, weaves threads of multiple colours into our daily lives. In our nostalgic moments we relive those colors – sometimes with sadness, sometimes pride.

When we look back into the journey that our *moromor* Association in Kuwait has taken, we cannot help but feel this pride. This feeling, this pride is a very familiar sentiment for many of us, that of a fulfilled parent. The child is marching into its tenth year now, teeming with wonderful memories of proud upbringing. The child knows that its parents have invested so many years of toil, sweat and sacrifice just to see it grow into a healthy thriving living organism.

We didn't even realize this - an important facet of our Association is already celebrating its tenth birthday this year. Like the flourish of dawn that precedes a sunrise, in 2007-08 this facet came into the world preceding the birth of Asom Association, Kuwait. Let's all stand up and shout a cheering birthday wish.

Happy 10th Birthday, Jetuka! We are proud of you, and of your wondrous formative years. All these years, you have so beautifully packaged and carried our emotions that you make us forget the pangs of living immigrant's life. Your pages are nothing but treasure chests of our buried feelings. Each time we open you up you gently shove us into the memory lane and present a kaleidoscope of forgotten emotions. Sometimes you remind us how far in our journeys we have come, and sometimes you help us recall an old loving friend who has moved on, and sometimes you reassure us of our creative skills. And sometimes you even cross the limit. You prod us to get back in shape and to regain control of the slipping youth.

To celebrate your tenth print, dear Jetuka, we are making a humble attempt to give you some wings. We present *Tulika*, an endeavor to showcase and preserve the creative talents of the new generation. We thought this would make a good tenth birthday gift to everybody who lent a hand in your upbringing.

We are all locked up in a time frame, dear Jetuka, no freedom to move ahead, and no liberty to get back. You are the only one who gives us those mushy school bus feelings. It makes us wonder while we are so much prisoners of now, why not enjoy the moment and make it a memorable experience. After all, in a close-knit society like ours, the moments are best lives when we shed our egos and hold each other in arms with unconditional admiration.

The Editorial Team, Jetuka, Rongali Bihu Celebrations Committee 2017



10th EDITION



AASHA

(Asom Association Salve for Humanitarian Aid)

AASHA the charity wing of Asom Association, Kuwait is ever willing to extend its helping hand for the needy in our homeland. Like in the past, this year also AASHA with the active support from the fistful of members extended its help in 2 ventures during the year :

1. Back-to-School drive by providing aid in the form of desk-benches, water filters, ceiling fans, steel cabinets etc. to Garapar ME School in Morigaon district of Assam. Everyone was overwhelmed by this generous initiative of AASHA. School teachers and Senior citizen of the village conveyed their big thanks to AAK for choosing their School for this great initiative. We would like to thank our member Amitabh Talukdar for making the effort to fulfill AASHA's dreams.

2. With the help from Abakash Majuli, a very active NGO working for the people of Majuli, distributed 70 bundles of CGI sheets for the rehabilitation of flood affected people.

The people of Majuli, the District Administration and Abakash Majuli expressed their sincere gratitude to AASHA's noble effort.





THE SEASONS GREETING

RUPAM DEORI

The festivity of Christmas, New Year and “Magh Bihu” are a recent happening and we are all eagerly awaiting for the most cherished festival of the Assamese community, our very own New Year the “Bohag Bihu”. All these celebrations are a time of good wishes, gifts, decoration, gatherings and delicacies off course to tantalize the taste buds. Nothing has changed over the decades, it’s the same zeal, the same happiness and eager to participate and enjoy the commemorations.

But this time something struck my mind, something that has not been around me and I have expertly managed to ignore and sense its absence. The world today is a slave to technology and gadgets. The every possible physical, touchable item is getting replaced

by electronics. Games of play, interactions, letters, hugs, kisses and who knows even ourselves someday. Our senses are being imprisoned and getting limited & confined to only touching the screen and keyboards. I remember a time of expressions of emotions, sending and receiving of mails. This was a world full of greeting cards. A card for every occasion of life covering all the events from birth to death. If you are a good selector living in a descent neighborhood, you can get lucky to explore a few card shops and find that perfect fit for your emotions. These cards came in so many different sizes and prices as per your pocket can handle. So many colours and ways to let the loved ones know that someone on earth wants you to smile and tell that you are remembered and wished on this very special day. These cards used to come from small to very big sizes, regular to specials like pop outs, musical, scented and the markets would teem during Christmas and New Year, a carnival of emotions in wood pulp waiting to be picked and scattered to every

single people that owns a place in our hearts. There used to be so much of excitement just to go to the shops and collect the cards thinking in mind which one for whom. Each year there would be an addition of a new design that would just lure you to expend more on them. This feeling of joy to send and receive in return such tangible emotions was so amazing and there was always an excitement in the air. The rush of adrenaline could be clearly felt as the count of cards would keep on climbing whether it was to send or receive. This mode of exchange of emotional expressions is now lost during the last couple of decades and suddenly I released as if something of mine has been snatched away and erased by technology and my heart shed a silent tear in pain. A tear so meaningless to the new generation born to high tech world, a world on your fingertips.



SAMVIDHAAN-THE MAKING OF THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

ASHIMA HAZARIKA

FORMATION AND COMPOSITION OF CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

The Constituent Assembly was constituted in November 1946 under the scheme formulated by "Cabinet Mission Plan". It consist of 389 members; of which 292 were elected by the elected members of Provincial Legislative Assembly, 4 from Chief commissioner's province i.e. Delhi, Ajmer-Merwara, Coorg and British Baluchistan, while 93 members were nominated by Princely states.

WORKING OF CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

The assembly met for the first time in New Delhi on December 9th 1946 in "constitution hall" which is known as the "Central Hall of Parliament". The Muslim League boycotted the meeting as their demand for separate nation was not fulfilled and meeting was thus attended by 211 members. Dr Sachidananda Sinha, the oldest member was elected as interim president on that day following the French Practice.

Later on December 11th 1946, Dr Rajendra Prasad and H.C. Mukharjee were elected as President and Vice -president respectively. Sir B. N. Rao was appointed as the constitutional advisor to the Assembly.

OBJECTIVE RESOLUTION

The Objective resolution was moved by Jawaharlal Nehru on December 13th 1946. It laid down the fundamentals and philosophy of Constitutional Structure. The resolution was unanimously adopted by assembly on January 22nd 1947. It influenced the eventual shaping of constitution through all its subsequent stage.

Its modified version forms the present "Preamble of the constitution".

FUNCTIONS PERFORMED BY THE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

- Adopted the National Flag on 22nd July 1947.
- Adopted the National Anthem on 24th January 1950.
- Adopted the National Song on 24th January 1950.
- Elected Dr. Rajendra Prasad as the First President of Republic India.

In all, the Constituent Assembly had 11 session over 2 years 11 months and 18 days. The workers had gone through the Constitution of 60 countries. The total expenditure incurred was 64 lakhs Rupees.

(The assembly held its final session on 24th January 1950 and from 26th January 1950 the Constituent Assembly carried out the functions of a provisional parliament of India till the formation of new parliament after the general election of 1951-52.)

ARCHITECT OF CONSTITUTION: B.R. AMBEDKAR

The Constituent Assembly consisted of 8 major committee and 15 minor committees. Dr. B. R. Ambedkar was chairman of the Drafting Committee (a major committee) set up on August 29th 1947 which sat for 114 days to finalize the Draft Constitution.

The First Draft was published in February 1948 and people were given 8 months' time to discuss it. It is said that during this time Dr. Ambedkar had worked actively to

answer the questions raised by the people. The Constitution has roughly gone through 2000 amendments (the number of proposals suggested were around 7653).

ENACTMENT OF CONSTITUTION

Constitution was adopted on 26th November 1949. A Preamble, 395 Articles and 8 Schedules formed the Indian Constitution. The Date of Enactment was mentioned in the Preamble and out of the 299 members of the Assembly, 284 members who were present on that day signed the constitution. On this very day few provisions like Citizenship, Elections etc. came into force but the remaining Provisions of the Constitution came into force on 26th January 1950.

January 26th was specifically chosen as the 'Date of Commencement' of the Constitution because of its historical importance. It was on this day in 1930 that Purna Swaraj day was celebrated following the Resolution of Lahore Session of 1929 of Indian National Congress.

BAG OF BORROWINGS

The Constitution Makers took inspiration from various other Constitutions of the World. That is why the Indian Constitution is also called 'Bag of Borrowings'. For Example the Fundamental Rights were from the U.S; The Directive Principles of State Policy were from the Irish Constitution; Emergency Provisions from Germany; Liberty, Equality and Fraternity from the French Revolution; and the Parliamentary form of Government was borrowed from the British Constitution.

But the Indian Constitution was modeled based on the Government of India Act 1935 as

people were familiar to this Act at that time.

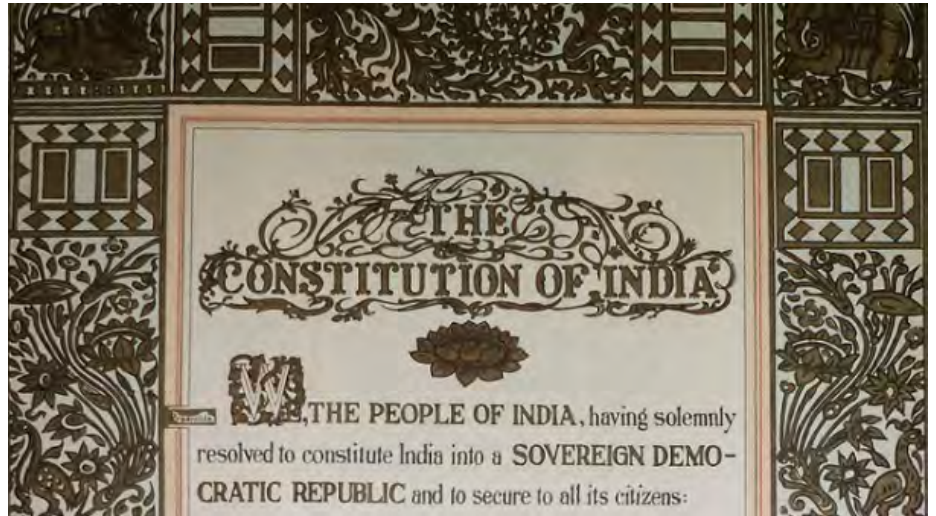
FACTS ABOUT THE CONSTITUTION

Indian Constitution is the longest written Constitution in the world. Presently it has 25 Parts, 448 Articles, 12 Schedules and 101 Amendments.

The Constitution was hand written by ace Calligraphist Prem Behari Narain Raizada in a flowing italic style. It took him six months and 254 pen-holder nibs to write the Constitution. Mr. Raizada didn't charge a penny, all he desired was to be allowed to write his name on every page of the Constitution and the name of his grandfather on the last page. His wish was granted and it is this hand written Constitution which was signed by members of the Constituent Assembly. Each page was beautified and decorated by Artists from Shanti Niketan.

The original copies written in both Hindi and English are presently kept in special 'Helium-Filled' cases in the library of Parliament of India.

The National Emblem of India is a version of "The Saranath lion of Asoka" which was adopted on January 26th 1950.



The Republic day is celebrated to commemorate the transition of India into a Republic Nation and the implementation of the Constitution of India on 26th January 1950. A grand event is organized in the capital New Delhi, wherein the President unfurls the Indian flag, which is followed by a massive parade. India welcomes a different Chief Guest every year to witness its Republic Day. This event is celebrated for three days. 'Beating

Retreat' which is performed by the Bands of the 3 wings of Military at 'Raisina Hills' on the evening of 29th January every year, marks the end of celebration.

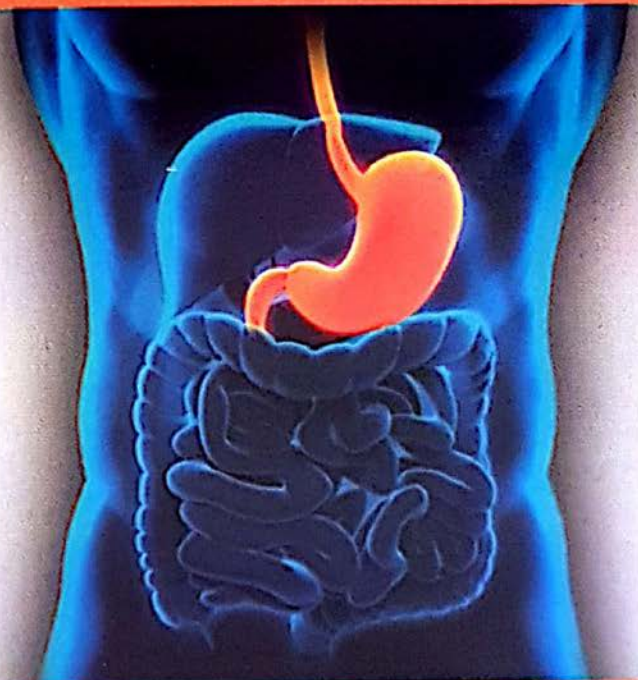
If you haven't already seen this Ceremony this year, I highly suggest, you go through the Highlights of this Event in Youtube. The Military Music and the Dancing Marine Drummers will make your day!!!

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The River Knows it All

DWAIPAYAN BORA

Just beyond our backyard flows the kolong river in Nagaon town. Our home lie separated from it by a thin belt of government land. Bur flower (kadam), gooseberry (amla), mango, lychee, coconut, star apple and wood apple trees grown on this plot provides shelter to various birds and squirrels. This ground was our play area, and the flock of neighborhood kids met here every afternoon. In its lap of natural beauty, we reveled, enjoyed cool river breeze, climbed trees, plucked fruits, played games, tried our patience with angling or soaked in the brilliant sparkling waters. This place eventually became the cradle of our thoughts, plans and actions. Much preparation for Maina Parijat (a weekly children's cultural meet) events were also made here.

In the winter, this ground became our sanctuary for celebrating Magh Bihu Uruka. A grand Meji using the firewood gathered from nearby households would be erected, and tents were raised as accommodation. A wholesome feast that was prepared would top the nightlong celebrations filled with fun, music, dance and revelry. A sunrise bath in the Kolong in this chilly weather would thrill us, prior to the lighting of Meji, whose heat would calm us down.

In the monsoon season, we used to celebrate Jhulan Jatra, fabled swing pastimes and romance of Lord Krishna and his consort Radha, creating in this ground a miniature landscape resembling Vrindavan. We would beautifully decorate the idyllic pastoral groves, the centerpiece of which would be the swing on which sat a pair of dolls depicting Lord Krishna and his beloved Radha. Our creativity had no bounds and using leaves, flowers, creepers, household items and trinkets, we would provide new dimensions to this man made abode of the lord.

All of us in this town considered the flowing Kolong water as pure and holy. It was common to see people take an early morning dip and do the Surya Namaskar, thus worshipping the sun god with reverence to be blessed with longevity, good health, prosperity, and well-being. It was a practice of the people of the neighborhood to release floating earthen oil lamps (saki) on the river after evening prayers. A poet once wrote:

"Have you seen the floating lamps in the river?"

Water here is not the fire-extinguisher, but The flames ascend through water Prayers reach the meditating Lord."

On the other bank, right opposite to this ground is the famed Nehru Bali, an open field that hosts all major events - Mukoli Bihu, Mobile theatre shows, Circus, Book fair, Trade fair, Handicrafts fair, Horticulture fair, Hanuman Mela, numerous meetings, political rallies, musical shows etc. - of this district headquarter town. Thus, we were treated to a wide and diverse range of sounds all throughout the year - the cacophony of fairs, fiery speeches of political leaders, dramatic dialogues, incantations of religious ceremonies, melodious music and sporadic announcements. To add another characteristic to this multi-purpose field, a helipad was constructed here for easing VIP movement. We have witnessed many numbers of arrivals and departures from this pad. Parched on

and rippling Kolong water caused by gushing wind of rotating propellers, brought grandeur to this town.

Throughout its life, only change has been this river's companion. Its journey from Kukuramara Pahar and Hatimura, near Jakhlabandha, where it originates from the Brahmaputra to Kajali Mukh in Morigaon district, where it again merges back, traversing a distance of about 140 odd kilometres, has been tumultuous. There is an anecdote suggesting the queer name of its point of origin. Two officials of neighbouring kings were at loggerheads on matters of statecraft for too long, failing to find a way out of the situation. Thus, they approached a tribal priest, who understanding the gravity of the problem found a way of reconciliation. Along with the rituals, he performed a symbolic sacrifice of a cock (or rooster). Both of them then pledged to bury their differences, and thus a new name for the place was coined, (Kukura for cock and mara to kill) and this hill demarcated their boundaries. Kolong throughout its course has shown its different forms, similar to various human moods that change with seasons too. At its origin, it is violent, with deep waters trying to break free. As it reaches the plains, it becomes stable and calm, while maintaining its liveliness. With time, it has taken many bends and turns, acquired the flow of other rivers like Deeju, Misa, Nonoi, Haria, Digaru



tree-top on our side of the bank, we had clear views of alighting VIPs. The images and roar of helicopter engine accompanied by flying dust

and changed courses at will, leaving its mark on the landscape. Thus its valley has been blessed with innumerable fresh water lakes (locally called beels), or ox-bow lakes (era



suti), marshy tracts and hundreds of ponds and tanks to hold the excessive rainfall. The breathtaking beauty of Samaguri Beel, created by Kolong has made it a favourite tourist spot. Its varieties of Ari, Bhokua, Rou and Sital fishes tempt buyers in the early morning fish markets. Era Suti of Morikolong was once a haven of rare migratory birds. The adjoining Mahrul wetland is now an aqua tourism resort, which attract anglers to this pristine lake. Such wetlands have become vital for our needs of water and food production.

Primarily because of the great Assam earthquake of 1950, and due mainly to raised bed level of the Brahmaputra through massive sedimentation, Kolong inundated various

adjoining areas including Nagaon town in the following years. During monsoon, Kolong used to be in full spate, showing its fury through the deluge. To control this havoc the government constructed an earthen embankment at its source in Hatimura in the year 1964. This human intervention struck a near deathblow to this bubbly river. As its flow decreased, its cheerfulness diminished. However, this could not erase its exuberant spirit completely.

Kolong having seen all of these continues to flow, restless as always destined to merge with the Brahmaputra. It continues to find its own way, in full acknowledgement of the reality of all that surrounds it. For me this is the very image of life caught between continuity

and change. Hermann Hesse, the Nobel laureate German Indologist, in his great story, Siddhartha writes "Have you also learned that secret from the river: that time does not exist? That the river is everywhere at the same time, at its origin and at the mouth, at the waterfall, at the ferry, at the rapids, in the sea, in the mountains, everywhere at the same time, and for it only the present exists, no shadow of the past, no shadow of the future. Nothing was, nothing will be; everything is, everything has essence, is present." Kolong knows it quite well and it only lives in the present, and thus its exuberance continues.



The Etheric Space beyond the Mind

RAJDEEP BARUAH

At the backdrop of some directives, need not be necessarily an outer factor but sometime also may be an inner, the self has started thinking of writing this piece. A subtle decision of the psyche has triggered a thought in mind. And mind has now aspired for something to accomplish in view of fulfilling but the materials have not adequately precipitated to appear at the front.

Slowly mind has started looking around to derive the materials from the accumulated stores of the memories with the chain of thoughts knocking at each cells of physical presence in activating and a direction has started framing out emanated from the source at the vortex. The accumulated memories associated with words for sounds, visuals and other senses have paved a way to penning of substances for a write up. The rules are all made to be playing and synching with actions of writing down to the rhythm of chain of thoughts as it comes through like the flowing river.

Actions in reality, have spanned over the time into series of small actions stimulated by the thoughts with aides of discreet memories yet associated by virtue of logics and inferences,

have started materializing this piece of write up and this is what conventionally happens in our day to day works in managing our life styles.

Regardless of anything, we are driven by our past experiences including the very recent, which is the register of our own memories. We are stimulated by some objects irrespective of its place in the outer domain or our inner psyche. Decision, a subtle definitive act of the mind based on the accumulated memories triggers an action, be this an expression, or anything sensible which results in another activity of experiencing things and registering the same down the lane of memories. This is however sensed as repetitive, cyclic and monotonous a process, though comprised of discreetly different pieces of the events, yet associated qualitatively. We generate those in a reactive process but this however can be translated into a creative process. If we follow closely the process of our conventional activities, this is more of spontaneous sets of actions in response to the past experiences triggered by our thoughts. But by delinking the stored memories, which are borne by each cells of our physical bodies, we can attain

the creative events, far different from the conventional sequence of the events. There exists a gap between each thoughts which is the space of the creation with opportunities ample, unbiased to any stimulant in the outer domain and also to register of inner functionalities. Since we don't give importance to the gap of thoughtlessness, it produces the materials of the events reactively in response to the earlier experience and is therefore not felt as any different in terms of using the experiences. But if own that space after every simulant triggering the thoughts and start living in that space, we start a new virtues and start creating events with our own determinant and life can become more creative in a way to bring forth more of quality substances for living out with.

This may look little unconventional in way but it affords all helps in keeping us on the right track and in using the nonjudgmental, non-illusive, etheric space of individual's consciousness. Nevertheless, this is a solid state of the one's being determining the quality of one's life over the subsequent experiences by the process of surrendering to the inner space.



The Great Ahom Dynasty: A tribute

MITALI GOSWAMI

“Early in the 11th century, a band of hardy hill men wandered into the Eastern extremity of the Brahmaputra Valley, unconscious of the fact that their descendants were destined to bring the whole valley under one rule.”
Edward Gait- “A History of Assam”.

The Āhoms under the leadership of prince Sukafa reached the Brahmaputra valley, travelling all the way from Upper Burma and Western Yunan, in 1228 CE. Upon reaching the Assam valley, they successfully conquered all previous tribal and non-tribal units of the Nagas, Kochs, Jaintias, Kacharis, Morans, Borahis and Chutias, and brought them under their kingship. They chose Soraideu as their kingdom in 1253 CE.

The Āhoms also subverted the Mughal incursions into the North East multiple times and extended their kingdom as far as the present day Cochbehar. During their 600 year rule in the Brahmaputra valley, the Āhoms underwent a continuous process of cross-cultural adjustments and modifications. Many of their original aspect of culture and lifestyle were preserved, while many others underwent obvious Hinduization, due to factors political, economic and social. These layers of assimilation and changes were visible in the social levels such as in language, religion, customs and also in cultural levels such as art, architecture and literature.

Attention to the North East of India has been consistently minimal, to say the least. History lessons in Indian schools conveniently exclude the North East completely, and scholarly work done on the same are almost absent. However, the Āhoms, unlike their contemporaries in the rest of India, possessed a sense of history and recorded everything in records called the Buranjis. The earliest Buranjis were written in the Tai-Āhom language, but with increasing assimilation, the later works came to be recorded in Assamese, which the Kings had adopted as their official language. It is from these chronicles that the greatest knowledge about Āhom history has been derived. Along with the language, the kings adopted many other aspects of the conquered race, religion

being the foremost.

The Āhom religion consisted of ancestor worship, a politico-religious priesthood, frequent sacrifices and a monotheistic idea of a creator god called “Phā”. They observed elaborate fertility rituals, marriages and burial customs. The moidams still existing at Soraideu, which are uncannily similar in idea and structure to the Aegean Tholos tombs, and are proof of the scale of a royal mortuary ritual. While crossing the Patkai range, the Ahoms followed an early form of Buddhism. Following

monuments, primarily in the modern town of Sivasagar in Upper Assam come from the later Ahom period, when the people were thoroughly Hinduized. The Rang-Ghar (Literally meaning “House of Entertainment”) was constructed during the reign of Pramatta Singha in the early 18th century CE. The purpose of this building was to serve as a royal-pavilion from which the kings could watch traditional games like buffalo-fights and enjoy dance performances during festivals such as Bihu. The activities were performed at the field surrounding the building on all sides, called the “Rupohi-Pothar”. As such, it played a similar role as the amphitheatres of Ancient Rome, and is probably the only surviving example of its kind in India. Architecturally, it is a double-storied building with an apsidal plan (where entry is from the lateral sides) and a curved long boat-type roof. The ground floor is octagonal in plan with trapezoid sides, Borrowing Islamic and Hindu patterns in Ahom buildings is a very common feature, probably because the kingdom was in constant contact with the mainland through trade, travel or even through warfare. Other prominent architectural importance are Tolatol Ghor,



King Asoka’s tradition of community welfare, the Ahom kings too constructed thousands of kilometres of road, dug out ponds and planted trees across the region they ruled. However, with gradual influence of Hinduism, the rulers began to increasingly convert to Vaishnavism. The Ahom priests Deodhais, Bailongs were replaced by Brahmins, and Aryan rituals accompanied their ceremonies. The rulers gradually Hinduized their names as well, using both Tai and Hindu names. Rulers patronising one or the other Hindu cult built temples accordingly all over the kingdom. It should be noted here that the surviving

Siba dowl, Joy dowl etc, Ahom dynasty was the longest ruling one in the entire history of India. It is because of the Ahoms that the entire North East, especially Asom were unified and roped in to the mainland India. It is because of the Ahoms that we could build a distinct identity as an Assamese community with a distinct Asomiya language.

We salute the contribution of this great Dynasty called Ahom towards creation of assamese identity.

Sources: “History of Assam” by Edward Gait, & Internet



An Image beyond Imagination

MRIDULA BORAH

১০ম সংস্করণ



HEALTHY HAPPY SOUL

There is no alternative to good health and fitness. We have to eat healthy food timely, do physical exercise daily, think positive and have patience and commitment towards good lifestyle. A very important point to be realized is that there is more to fitness than well-toned muscles, your mind. Here are a few things to remember:

There is a little girl in every woman. Don't let her die.

Be the butterfly of your house.

"I can do it" should be your daily motto.

Keep your soul happy because if there is light in the soul there will be beauty in the person.

Smile, smile & smile. There is an old saying that smiling increases your face value. Nothing you wear is more important than your smile. With a charming smile, we can do wonders.

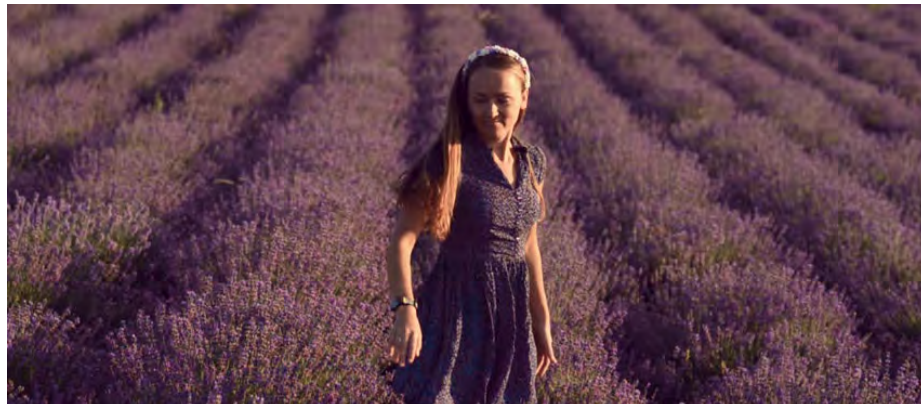
Never ever be a couch potato. Serve yourself for your health.

Expel hatred from your mind.

It won't hurt to listen to some soothing music while working.

Last but not the least - never ignore the small things and celebrate them.

It's your life; yours and only yours. Live it fully as a complete woman. When we get a picture



Simply being woman I have enough reasons to write. Sometimes, being a woman, I get frustrated, devastated, isolated, helpless & violated. But no.

Being a woman,

I feel proud,

We have a unique crowd,

Melodies all aloud.

We are the symbol of beauty,

We are the cluster house of creativity.

We are born strong,

We never let life go wrong.

We are action,

We are emotion,

We are devotion,

We are full of dedication.

We can make,

We can break.

We are commitment,

We are family embankment.

We are the LEGACY

Of love & affection.

All women are created to be beautiful. Each and every woman is different & special in her own way. They themselves are the grand celebration of life and a role model.

Women are mothers,

Women are daughters,

Women are sisters,

Women are wives,

But most of all,

Women give LIFE.

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

Yes, women are the symbol of beauty but don't look at the wrong definition of beauty. Beauty can be expressed in many ways by the people. But in a simple language, we all are created differently. A person's character is more important than how they look. External attractiveness has no relation to goodness or essential quality.

Being beautiful is not just for the outside world. It's about being beautiful to yourself.

Beauty is being strong, as well as raw & vulnerable. It is knowing you are amazing, just as you are.

Beauty is being a role model to your kids.

Beauty is being positive, radiating from the inside and bringing happiness to those around you.

Beauty is being more than just you.



Motherhood

The most beautiful experience and accomplishment in womanhood. Each step filled with pleasure from cuddling a baby in her arms to a toddler's innocent queries to teenage tantrums. It's the journey, establishing the everlasting kinship between a mother & her daughter. In a rhythmic way, we can define motherhood as follows:

Motherhood,

Not just a word,

But a powerful sword,

Given by the Lord.

Nine months of real thrill,

A heart throb,

Life's biggest job,

As the book says,

The biology of love.

of just how precious we are to God, we cannot help but enjoy life. It's a bliss. It's the kingdom of love, happiness and power.

Let's celebrate womanhood,

I know,

It's not about rosy glory,

But we have hope, beauty & power,

To blossom life with floral shower.

Let's go with our vivid imagination,

Make every single woman

Aware about the life's definition.

We are real & super special,

We are passionate, courageous & generous,

We are the power of love & sacrifice,

We are PERFECT in every IMPERFECTION,

WE ARE BEYOND IMAGINATION.



Tezpur a Tourist Destination Present and Future



PAPORI HAZARIKA
PALKAR

To write about Tezpur as “a tourist destination: present and future” is an exciting opportunity because Tezpur is known for its splendid natural beauty and archeological ruins. The history of this town is steeped in the mass of myths, legends and folklores. Therefore, it is rightly said that it is a place where stones tell stories while valleys sing along. Tezpur, the City of eternal romance, is set amidst lush tea gardens and the snow-capped Himalayas as its northern backdrop. The place like Tezpur, that is rich in natural and cultural resources, have great appeal in traveler’s mind.

Yes! Tezpur is a conurbation of eternal romance, a conurbation of splendor and a conurbation of aspirations!!

Data about the political and cultural history of Tezpur is rare and insufficient. But the ruins of this place, if studied properly, can throw new light not only on the history of this part but also on the history of India. Literary & epigraphic records speak of an abundant architectural activity in Assam. But unfortunately nothing survives now except vast masses of shapeless ruins. If we look at these ruins we find similarity with the art & sculpture of Gupta period. These ruins are dated 8 to 10th centuries AD as quoted by great archaeologists & historians like R.D.Banerjee & K.L.Barua.

Tezpur is already considered as a tourist destination at present due to its history, rich cultural heritage and natural beauty. However, to develop this town further, first we need to understand the main characteristic of a tourist destination. Secondly, we need to know if these characteristics are present in this place? Finally, how we can enhance the town further to attract more tourist.

The main characteristics of tourism are the destination and its cultural appeal, accessibility to the destination, places of attraction and natural features of destination,

infrastructure and most importantly good accommodations. All these factors are important for attracting the tourism. The consumer preferences, hospitality, transport facilities and cultural events play significant roles. Tourists are traditionally attracted towards natural beauty such as beaches, resorts, hiking and camping in national parks, mountains and forests to spend their vacations. Tourists also like to visit places of historical interest like monuments, ancient temples, art galleries, gardens, parks, bridges, art & crafts festivals & carnivals, factory tours and museums etc.

From a tourist point of view, the following important points also must be considered :

- Tourists normally prefer budget friendly destinations. All travelers have a rough budget for a trip so if a destination is within budget, it is definitely an attractive option.
- Shopping options- the more the merrier.
- Accommodation options - If a place provides a wide range of accommodation options, it is definitely a good choice. These choices should include budget hotels, Luxury Hotels & resorts with good and varied food options.
- Last but not least, hospitable locals- if the locals are friendly and willing to help, it is an added advantage. The climatic condition of the destination, visa situation, any unrest or the political situation of the destination is also considered by tourists.

Considering the natural beauty, historic importance, parks, temples and accessibility of the town to the national forest reserves, good accommodation facilities, Tezpur can be defined as a very good tourist destination.

However, much more needs to be done to make the town a world class tourist destination and attract tourists nationally and internationally. The town requires further beautification. The town roads need repairs & expansion. They need to be well-lit. Local citizens need to be sensitized about tourism and students to be trained in this field.

The tourist attractions should be made ready for handling tourists. They need to be advertised in all media to attract more tourists. Government Tourism Department should prepare exciting and varied ‘tourist packages’ to cater to varied interests of the tourists. These package options (for example Historical Sonitpur, ‘Wild Sonitpur’, ‘Culture trail’, ‘Heritage of Tezpur’, ‘Tea tour’ and so on). All these options must be made available through various media and through a dedicated website. Also brochures should be placed in the hotels and restaurants as well. Information Centers can be established to promote the place better. This is the age of electronic media, the town and its attraction can be promoted very well through this medium. The online travel trends have increased to a great extent today and expected to increase more in the near future. Tourists can be attracted through online portals. The Tourism department must tie-up with global tour operators and touristic portals such as Tripadvisor.com, Lonely Planet etc.

Historical tour of Sonitpur can include, Agnigarh, Bamuni Hills, Da Parbatia, Rudrapad Temple, Mahabhairav temple and some other historical places in and around Tezpur showcasing the archaeological remains.

Traditional Souvenir shops can be opened to promote good quality local handicrafts, tea and silk. This can also be a memorable experience for tourists.

Some transport system like open buses for



to be the cultural capital of Assam. Propagation of Vaishnavism and establishment of Sattras (Vaishnava Monasteries) played a very important role in the cultural development of the Town and the Assam State as whole. Several notable personalities like Dr. Bhupen Hazarika (1926-2011), Rupkonwar Jyoti Prasad Agarwala (1903-51), Kalaguru Bishnu Prasad Rabha (1909-69), and Nata Surya Phani Sarma (1909-70), were from Tezpur. Jonaki, the first cinema hall of Northeast India and Chitraban, the first film studio of Northeast India was established by Rupknowar Jyoti Prasad Agarwala at Tezpur in 1934 and 1935 respectively. Also the first electric power station in this part of India was established at Tezpur

by the British in 1913.

There are number of tourist places present within and in a short distance which will make a trip to Tezpur more exquisite and unique for travelers. Visit to Numeri National Park, Kaziranga National park, Orang National Park, Bhalukpong, Eco camp, Tipi and visit to lush Green Tea Gardens can be organized from Tezpur.

Tourism industry has emerged as a global economic sector today. A tourist destination can be defined as a town or town that generated the revenue accruing from tourism. Tourist destinations facilitate the generation of income in the economy and introduce the areas that would remain untouched otherwise.

The town as well as the state will be economically benefitted if tourism is developed in true sense. This will also contribute to generate employment, stimulate infrastructure investment and contribute to local economy of the state.

Tezpur can be certainly developed as a tourist destination considering its rich heritage, historical & archeological importance, cultural richness, natural beauty, reserve forests and cleanliness

For a developing destination like Tezpur, tourism industry will definitely contribute to a great extent in its economic growth and Tezpur has all potential to grow as one of the best tourist destination in future.

the town tour can be organized by Assam Tourism Office or private owners. Also a cruise in Brahmaputra to view the sunset can be a good attraction for tourists. A river front can be built on the bank of Brahmaputra similar to Sabarmati river front or some fair may be organized on the bank of Brahmaputra.

With Assam being the largest tea producing region in India and Tezpur, Sonitpur district has more than 60 tea gardens, a trip to this part of the world would definitely be incomplete without a tea garden experience. While plantations are in plenty, only a few offer homestays unless you know someone personally at a tea estate. The Wild Mahseer Resort is a good example of peaceful stay amidst greenery of a Tea estate. It is about a 20 minute drive from Tezpur, in the midst of the Balipara division of Addabarie Tea Estate. More such resorts can be promoted / opened by the Assam Tourism Department.

Visit to wild life sanctuary like 200-sq. km Nameri National Park on the foothills of Himalayas and Bura-Chapori Wildlife Sanctuary will be an amazing experience for tourist.

Since the world famous Kaziranga National Park is at a close proximity of Tezpur, Tourists visiting this park can be attracted for a day sightseeing at Tezpur.

Tezpur Festival can be organized annually similar to Hornbill festival showcasing the rich cultural heritage of Assam. Different exhibitions on art, culture and food etc. can

also be organized. Since the town is rich in the cultural resources, it will attract large number of tourists as compared to places that does not have any cultural heritage.

Local community plays a very important and significant role in satisfying the different needs of tourists and to meet their expectations. Assamese people are well known for welcoming guests' whole heartedly. The warm behavior of the local people impacts the tourists a lot and is important for creating the sustainability. The local people are responsible for giving the overall experience to the tourists. Tourists also prefer to know that there is a low cost way of getting to a place, and what other interesting places /countries are there on the way or way back.

Considering the archaeological remains of Tezpur it can be assumed that the history of this place dates back to Gupta Period and lot of artistic skill present during that period. Since there were so much architectural activities ongoing during that time it can be assumed that there were trade relations with other part of India.

Such Architectural development also indicates that richness, peace and prosperity prevailed during that time. As mentioned above we believe that the mighty River Brahmaputra played an important role in the development of trade during that time.

Apart from historical and archaeological importance the town is also known for its scenic beauty and cleanliness and considered



10th EDITION



**Madhuchanda
Nath**



FOOD CORNER



Chicken Stuffed Braided Bread

Ingredients:

Flour-500gm, Yeast - 1 1/2 tbs, egg- 1, Oil-1/3 cup, Sugar- 1/3 cup, Softened Butter -80gm, Milk- 250ml, Salt 1/2tsp, Sugar -1/4 cup.

Method:

Dough: Mix all the ingredients and knead into a very soft dough adding milk slowly, Keep for 2hrs in a warm place until it becomes double in size.

Stuffing

Boneless chicken breasts -500gm, Ginger garlic paste 2tsp, onion 1, Mushroom 5, Bell pepper 1l2, chili flakes 1tsp, oregano-1tsp,

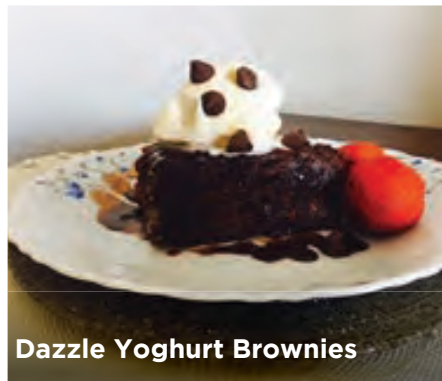
blackpepper-1tsp, salt to taste.

Boil the chicken adding ginger garlic paste, vinegar, black pepper. Cook till the liquid dries up.

Now take a pan. Heat oil and sauté chopped onion, chopped mushroom and bell pepper, Add all the spices. Cook until everything is well corporate.

Divide the dough into two parts. Take one part n give it an elongated shape with the help of a rolling pin. Put the stuffing in the center and with a pizza-cutter.

Make slits on either side giving a crisscross



Dazzle Yoghurt Brownies

(braid) shape.

Grease a baking tray. Place the chicken stuffed braided bread. Brush it on the top with the beaten egg and sprinkle oregano, chill flakes, mozzarella cheese and bake at 350degree F for 25 mins until it is golden brown. Serve hot.

Ingredients:

Flour- 3cups, yoghurt-3cups, baking soda-1tsp Baking powder -11/2 tsp, oil-1cup, drinking chocolate -6tsp, Cocoa powder-1tbs, coffee powder-1tbs, sugar-1cup

Method- 1st step

- Take a large mixing bowl. Put all the ingredients. Mix them well with a spatula.
- Pre heat oven to 350 degree F (165degree C)
- Sprinkle flour in a greased tray. Pour the prepared mixture
- Bake in the pre-heated oven for 25-30mins

Method- 2nd step

Place a brownie on a serving plate. Dazzle with Choco syrup, one or two scoops of vanilla ice cream.

Garnish with Choco chips. There's nothing that beats a warm dazzle yoghurt brownie!!!



PRITI GUPTA SHAH

Ingredients:

2 cups rice flour, 1 cup chana dal, 2 pieces of green chili, 2 cloves of garlic, 2 tablespoon oil (for frying), salt and water.

Method:

For dal stuffing

Take one cup chana dal and soak it for 5-6hrs. Drain the excess water from soaked dal and grind along with green chili and garlic. Make a coarse past. Add salt according to taste.

For rice flour dough

Take a heavy bottom pan and keep some water in it. Boil the water. Mix the rice flour in this hot water and keep stirring the batter to prevent lumps and cook the rice flour batter till it turns into a soft dough.

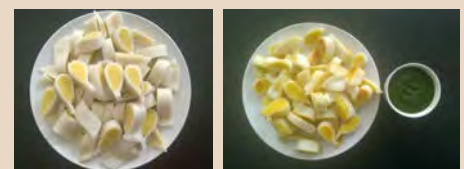
For preparing dal pitha

Divide the dough into equal sized balls and keep it aside.

Take one ball at a time, pinch the corners and shape the ball to make a cup and spoon the dal stuffing in. You can also use Gujiya mound to shape the pithas. Seal gently by pinching the ends using greased fingers. Repeat the same for the entire batch.

Now place the pithas in the steamer and steam them for 6 to 8 minutes. You can also cook the pithas by dunking them in boiling hot water. Cook till they rise up to the surface. Drain and serve it.

You can also cut the pitha into small pieces and fry them in oil. Pitha, boiled or fried, can be served with green chatni, pickles etc.



Dal Pitha



How I Feel Being a Mother-in-Law

SUTAPA DEY

Until the middle of last year when my son Ronnie got married, I always thought about the term “Mother-in-law” as a concept only, as it is something that others are. You never really picture yourself in that role. From your childhood, you see your grandmothers and then mothers, and you always associate them somehow as the senior generation, one or more steps above you. One day the reality hits – you are a Mother-in-law now!! Then you realise – you have not suddenly grown old or different. You are the same fun loving, easy going person that you were all along.

It is also true that the character of mother-in-law has changed dramatically over the last few decades – gone are the days when a lady in that role had a stereotyped character, sometimes good but more often than not it was not a very good person especially towards the new daughter-in-law coming into the house. A lot of the Indian TV serials and soap operas show the constant tension and the difficult relationship between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law. On the other hand, there were generally never any issue with the relationship between the mother-in-law and the son-in-law. That being the case, and now that I am a mother-in-law with a new daughter-in-law in the house, let me share my thoughts on the issue and how I feel about the experience.

Over the last few decades, the families have become more nuclear with children after marriage staying away from their traditional homes and parents in connection with work or by choice. What I have seen in many of the houses is that the daughter-in-law is welcome and accepted as an integral member of the household, treated in the same way as their own child. In most of the new households, the daughters-in-law are well educated, working and are equally competent persons and are treated as such. So is there an issue? For sure there is in some quarters, as persons are different. It doesn't depend on where you are,

what's your background or whether there are any specific problems. I have seen excellent relationships in India and the UK and equally strained and sometimes hostile relationships between in both places. I am sure you have too.

It will be a nearly impossible task to analyse

can ask for?

But let me tell you the secret – it hasn't really sunk in yet that I am a mother-in-law - the next generation!! I still enjoy my life as I did before, I like to do things as I did before. Should I change my way of doing things just because I am a mother-in-law now – OF COURSE NOT!!!



the reasons behind the above differences, so let us not do that. What is the point? We will never be able to find one set of reasons as being the cause. Instead, as I said in the title, let me share my feelings about being a mother-in-law. I have a sweet girl as my only daughter-in-law whom I have known for more than 12 years and I know her parents as well. So when the wedding happened, we both were very happy. For all these years, my daughter-in-law and I developed a bond that is continuing. She is a very talented and homely girl, and so long as the young couple is happy. What more we

I had a son, now I have a son and a daughter. In the recent wedding reception in Guwahati in December last year, we all enjoyed together, did some singing and dancing including a Bihu dance. We also had an excellent family outing in Kaziranga where we all went on a safari and elephant ride and danced together to the music on the New Year's Eve. So you see, everything is just as before. I was a mother and I am still a mother, only now I have two children instead of one.

The Scottish Farm-stay and A Queer Event

ABHIJIT SHARMA



Thoughts of Scotland always bring about wafting images of sprawling green spaces, farms and quaint cottages. So that was it. I decided our summer escapade that year would be in Scotland at a faraway cottage in the midst of farmlands.

After a couple of days of googling and searching, I narrowed down to the 'Craigengar Cottage' in the outskirts of Edinburgh. It was run by a family who owns a large farm and let out this cottage to people on holidays. Well, by what I saw in the pictures and descriptions that were on the website, it did look quite nice. So I went ahead and made the bookings for our family of five, which were my wife, our twin 11-year-old kids (son and daughter), my mother and me. But never could I imagine what was actually in store for us.

Finally, we were on the flight from London to Edinburgh and all of the family, especially the kids were all extremely excited about the Scottish farm holiday! And me? I was nervous. Our first time ever in Scotland and that too in a village cottage? It was about an hour's drive from Edinburgh into the village of West Calder. We rented a large van for our stay at Scotland and decided that I will drive around. In fact, for the kind of stay in the farm away from the city,

renting a car was the only option for us.

It was a spectacular drive from Edinburgh to West Calder, where the cottage was located. All through the drive it was a beautiful landscape with wide open spaces with yellow flowers dotting the vast sprawling meadows and verdant mountains in the backdrop. There were the omnipresent herds of sheep grazing on the meadows. And of course the quaint cottages and farmhouses as we passed by. Almost like out of those fairy tales. It also started feeling like we were slowly immersing into the poetic descriptions of nature's beauty of the English and Scottish Poets. No wonder those poets would so often allude to the meadows, the breeze, the flowers, the birds...

Thanks to a very dependable mobile network and GPS, we could comfortably reach the home of the cottage owners. It was a small cozy home nestled within a large garden with thick bushes and trees all around. A very typical English home, as they were British. As we got out of the van and were walking towards the house, we could feel these very tiny mosquito-like insects buzzing and swarming around us. And as we walked down cobblestone pathway to the house, we could hear the old lady calling out in her very British accent, "Hey dear, watch out for the midges! Take care and please do step in!" And just then I could feel it! There was this peculiar sting! Those barely visible tiny insects were 'Midges'

and they sting real bad! Kind of like mosquito bites. But unlike mosquitos, you could feel the sting instantly and a sharp itching begins!

They were an old retired couple, maybe in their late seventies who were the owners. Geraldine, the wife, takes care of the cottage we were going to stay in. She warmly welcomed us with a hurried cup of tea and asked us to follow on our van to the cottage. For her age she was quite agile and smart. She strode up to her 4X4 truck and started off, we on her trail. It was about a kilometer from her home. She took a narrow gravel road from the main road, which led straight to the cottage after getting through a typical large wooden gate. And there it was! An extraordinarily smart looking, very large wooden cottage right in the middle of undulating farmland! It was a beautiful fusion of contemporary architecture blending in grandiosely with the countryside.

As we entered the cottage and Geraldine was showing around, we were in awe at how warmly the whole house was all done up. It just felt as if a happy family stayed there with all the household stuff for utility and entertainment for the young and old alike! It was a stunning contemporary eco-friendly self-catering house with uninterrupted views of the hills, water and skies through large floor-to-ceiling glass windows, all viewed from an extraordinarily well equipped open plan kitchen/dining and living area with luxurious leather sofas to

sink into. Hardwood oak flooring and natural stone floors throughout were enhanced by oriental rugs and natural white, brown and cappuccino sheepskins. There even was a huge treasure trove of a cupboard stocked with games, books, jigsaw puzzles and toys for all ages at the upper floor! Geraldine told us that her daughter was a student of art and it was she who had conceptualized the house. No wonder, every artifact of the house was so tastefully selected and installed.

Geraldine told us about all the outdoor activities that we could have around the farm and specially all that the kids would love to do. A store room at the rear of the house had all the stuff that you might need if you decide to venture out on a trek or walk around the farm or into the beautiful countryside – umbrellas, rain jackets and even gum boots! We were so pleasantly surprised to see little pink gumboots too! My daughter giggled as she saw them and we could understand how she would love to wear them and go out. Of course little blue ones for the boys too and my son grabbed one of them right away!

And, oh the sheep! There were probably thousands of them grazing all around. Every morning the shepherd would come on his quadbike accompanied by his spritely dog and they would herd the sheep from one area on the meadows to another. The kids just loved watching the well-trained dog running around, guiding the sheep around and then jumping on to the quadbike of the shepherd

for a ride back! We even were lucky enough to see sheep-shearing too, when they shave off the wool with shearing tools.

And thus began our five days of pure bliss. The coziness of the cottage was almost too alluring to miss the visits to any other place around! But we could not have missed visiting the iconic cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, both of which were within 1-2 hours drive from our 'haven' at West Calder. In between we paid a visit to the market at West Calder to bring in few groceries for food. As we picked the groceries at the store I was pleasantly surprised to find Assam tea on the shelves as we are basically from Assam in

India. So we did pick a pack of that tea.

One day, as we returned at night at about 10:00 PM from a sojourn to Edinburgh (interestingly in those summer months there is still some daylight till 10:00PM!), we noticed that the large barbeque grill that was placed in the rear verandah of the cottage was missing. It was brand new and must have been expensive too. After looking around for a while we noticed that it was there, strangely toppled on the ground away from the edge of the verandah. Strange, it really was! We just could not fathom how it could have happened. All sorts of theories started coming to our minds. Was it the wind? Was it an intruder? Or... was it sheep? We were also worried and embarrassed about what the owners would think. The barbeque grill seemed to be quite an expensive one too. Were they going to charge us for its cost? We

informed Geraldine about it and next morning her husband, Mr. Hamilton passed by. He was a tall, slim, grey-haired gentleman with rosy cheeks and a charming personality. He didn't at all seem upset about the incident and as he himself got down to work on getting the huge grill back into place, I too lent a helping hand. Meanwhile my wife Mouchumi, prepared a cup of fresh Assam tea and offered it to him with some homemade snacks that we had carried from home. Then as we all together sat down on the cozy cane chairs on the verandah overlooking the spectacular green meadows with the grazing sheep and sipped on the hot fresh tea, he spoke fondly of his farm and his family business of recycling car tyres for landscaping, of their memories of their children growing-up and how he and Geraldine have been living their dream lives away from the madding city crowd after having retired from their jobs in London.

But all the while I was wondering how could he not utter a word about that queer mishap of the barbeque grill! So, just as he was about to leave after warmly thanking us for the cup of tea, I poked him and asked how in the world could that have happened when nobody seemed be around the cottage. He turned around, looked at me with a faint smile and loudly whispered, "Well my dear, don't you know? All these farmlands around here in Scotland are known for their wandering ghosts!".





My memories of Mumbai- A Concise Retrospection

SANDHANI SHARMA

The finest memories are the ones that are etched in our hearts forever.

"The first thing I noticed about Bombay, on that first day, was the smell of the different air" ... G.D.Roberts

Life in a city is always full of hustles; and when it is Mumbai, it is the "never say die" spirit of its people that adds to its charm and vigour. Some compare the city to Newyork or Manhattan, while for me it was my dream destination because I had seen it only in films during my graduation days and before I could measure its vastness, this unforeseen dream of mine came true.... Mumbai calling!

Sometime in 2006, I landed in Mumbai for pursuing my career and from then on, my journey and life into this city unfolded. As a new hire, we were made to stay in one of the grandest hotels in Bombay for more than a month, so we enjoyed the city luxuries and could hardly gauge the life of an average Mumbaikar. Since childhood, Mumbai fascinated me with its lifestyle, food and fashion, its rich cultural history and the overall vibrant and colorful ensemble. So as soon as I started to pick my daily routine and activities, I decided to explore the place. With the help of a few of my newly found friends cum colleagues, we started to visit some of the places of interests during weekends.

We arrived in Mumbai in the month of May, when the climate is superbly hot and humid

and one could hardly stay outdoors during the day hours. Mumbaikars eagerly await the advent of Monsoon, the season of rains and cool breeze. It is the only time of the year when Mumbai rains like cats and dogs for almost two long months. Oh yes, Monsoon in Mumbai is a festival in itself. Bright and colorful umbrellas, raincoats and gumboots are found in every nook and corner of the city to curb the monsoon madness. On the other hand, the roads and nallas were being constantly repaired, cleaned and kept ready for the upcoming Monsoon season. In the very first week, I observed that many of the concrete structures were in a dilapidated condition and even some of the very famous high rise buildings were seemed to be devastated and were under construction. On enquiring about the condition of these concrete structures, we came to know that these were nearly washed away by the heavy rains and floods that occurred in July 2005, almost a year before I came here. People still remembered it as the worst nightmare and the stories of innumerable loss of life and property nearly gave us goosebumps. The locals of Mumbai were recuperating with the losses for almost a year with dedication and patience. They were getting busy to cope with next bout of heavy rains which was already forecasted by the very efficient Mumbai weather department. One thing that came to my mind all this time was the similar picture of floods in Assam which I witnessed during my child hood days. The only difference was that those took place in the remote areas of our state away from towns and cities whereas Bombay is the busiest and one of the major locations of India.

Well, while we were absorbing the harsh realities of floods and monsoon, there occurred another terrifying incident, as if it was waiting to choke us with horror and fear for life in Mumbai. It was the ill-fated evening of 11 July 2006 when serial bomb blasts took place in seven major locations of the city.

One of such terror stricken places was Jogeshwari station which is close to Goregaon where I worked during that time. We five colleagues were getting ready to end the day's work in office and head back to hotel in the plush vehicle provided by company, when we heard an alarm call from the safety officers to commute early as there were reports of some casualties outside. So we rushed out of the office complex and took the main road that leads to our hotel via the Jogeshwari junction. On reaching nearby the station, suddenly we faced a huge traffic block. As soon as our vehicle stopped, hordes of people gathered all around us and started to knock on our window panes and asked us to open the door to let them in. I still remember one of those faces, filled with tremble and terror and an unusual devoid and helpless pair of eyes.....I was awestruck for few moments. Soon we realized that all of us were in some kind of danger as the driver spoke to someone over phone and confirmed that terrorist activity took place in one of the first class local trains at Jogeshwari station. We somehow managed to get out of the traffic jam and following all the drive safe policies we reached our place of stay. As soon as I freshened up and logged into the news channel to understand the actual situation, the hotel reception called me up to inform that my parents were frantically trying to call me innumerable times knowing that I was in utter danger and without any mode of communication, since I was yet to purchase a mobile phone. I spoke to my father and he realized that I was out of any kind of dangerous situation although I myself was yet to come in terms with "what went wrong" in my city of dreams. From the reception manager, I learned about the bomb blasts that took place at different first class commuter trains across the city along with some of the most crowded local market places and that security all over had been beefed up and any movement from every walk of life would be monitored and recorded since it was alerted that terrorists were walking free all across the city even after such a horrific event. We got two days off from office until day-to-day activities got down to normal and travelling outside during that period was restricted unless very urgent. So, all this while, the only time I went out of hotel was to the STD phone booth to call my near and dear ones that I was safe.

The entire incident shook the spirit of the ordinary Mumbaikar. The monsoons were

hitting in and normal life was at a stake. Natural calamities and terror activities were engulfing the island city from all sides. But what truly intrigued me was the audacity with which Mumbai fought back these adversities. Every honest Mumbaikar was willing to help the other person, be it money, food or shelter, irrespective of religion, class or creed. Everyone was ready to curb terrorism out of the city.

As for me, it was my first ever direct face-off with terrorism. Although my homeland Assam is known for being a terror-hit state, thanks to the militant activities, I never encountered any such terror activity or terrorist infiltration back home until these serial bomb blasts that ripped apart the busiest business capital of the nation. I realized that may be it is God's way of letting me know that life is not only about earning a livelihood, it is about learning how to live while earning.

Mumbai is infectious. Once you start living in Mumbai, working in Mumbai, I don't think you can live anywhere else in the world----Yash Chopra

Mumbai is not a place for the faint hearted. There is much more to this fast paced metropolitan city than the dark side that I faced soon after I landed. Everyday in this metro was a new experience.

I shifted to a one bedroom-hall-kitchen apartment in the suburban locality of Thakur village in Kandivali and after one year of staying single and trying to mingle with the city madness, I got married and we moved to a new place towards the Central line. By now life was easier than before and we were slowly getting settled into the hustles and bustles of Mumbai. Since we both were working for long hours with hardly any time to cook, so we would mostly gorge in the street foods of Mumbai which are very reputed all over the world. A plate of bhaji-pav, vada pavs, Bombay samosas, ragda pattis, Chinese bhel, Indian pizza and a cup of cutting chai became mandatory to the hectic and mundane everyday life.

There is no place in the world quite like Mumbai. It's big, it's loud, it's beautiful, it's delicious, and most of all it is iconic.

Mumbai is a home for 100 millions of people from all walks of life. It values hardwork and diligence. It respects the value of time and money. It is interesting to see how inhabitants from all parts of the country hop in to settle in Mumbai and realize their dreams. So many different religions such as Parsis, Muslims, Christians and Hindus stay peacefully under one roof. It is rightly said that the city never sleeps. Traffic jam and honking horns in the middle of the night and public celebrations



in the streets anytime of the day are common scenes. Slowly, I started learning some of the basic Marathi words which were mostly required in vegetable groceries and government run offices.

The movie maniac in me had been fascinated by Bollywood and so I would await the special edition of Bollywood Times everyday with my Times of India newspaper. Reading the daily Bollywood gossips with my morning cup of tea and discussing them with office colleagues was part of the Mumbai life journey.

A shoppers paradise in its true spirit, Mumbai is internationally renowned for its flea markets in Bandra (Linking Road) and Collaba (Fashion Street), and who can escape the famous Crawford market for its extravagance and wide variety of stalls. Besides, at every locality, one can find a one stop shopping mall. The most convenient means of travel in Mumbai would be the local trains, especially if one can catch a fast local which is overcrowded at most of the times.

Mumbai is a city; Bombay is an emotion

My most revered sojourn out of the entire stretch of Mumbai is towards down South, which is regarded as the hub of colonial British empire, and is rich in its history and heritage sites. A walk from the Juhu Chowpatty along the Marine Drive, also known as Queen's Necklace, towards the Gateway of Mumbai and then a sumptuous meal at the Taj Mahal Palace hotel followed by a local Tanga ride is one of those wonderful and rich memories I would cherish for my whole life. This part of the urban sleeps with history adorned in its heart, it refuses to call Bombay as Mumbai, it still considers non-residents of Mumbai as "outsiders" and the residents love to tell stories of how British colonial Bombay changed to Aamchi Mumbai in the last decade or so.

I am rooted to my childhood memories which were spent in a small colony in the industrial

township of Namrup, in Upper Assam. I grew up amidst friends and families of all religions and from all parts of Assam. The children would celebrate every festival with lot of excitement and enthusiasm, be it Bihu, Eid, Bhauna, or Puja. Although it was a small town, we lived with unity and harmony, and I pursue these values all throughout my life. Strange but true, I observed and sensed a similar picture in the life of Mumbai. Perhaps Mumbai for me is a concoction of my childhood days, it is vibrant, colorful, full of life, and determination to fight the adversities with brotherhood and unity.

As the pages of our Mumbai journey gradually unfolds, I find that with every page there are immense memories to be told. The stories are endless; the emotions are forever. A part of me grew up from my carefree days to a responsible family person, and the race of life swayed us through thick and thin until our little girl was born in this Gold city.

No doubt our life changed from then on and that remains as another story to be encrypted with time.

*"What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare? ..."*

W.H Davies

For now, as I am looking through the window of my sea facing apartment, I try to reminisce the stillness and fury of the Arabian waters. I wonder at the thought that how different places transform life, as I was born and brought up amid lush greens and nature of Northeast and travelled all the way to the concrete buildings of Mumbai and then one fine day landed up in the desert sands of Kuwait with yet another span of unknown stories to be captured through the lens of my life.



HOSTEL LIFE - ITS THRILLS AND CHILLS!!

DR ANINDITA MEDHI SAIKIA



Well I guess I am kind of old to be writing on this topic but then with the approach of the tenth anniversary of our beloved JETUKA I have also been bitten by the reminiscence bug. When I look back on the past years the period that I spent in hostel in Assam Medical College still puts a smile on my face.

How can I forget the day when my parents dropped me off in Ladies hostel number two to start a new phase in my life. Hardly had I put the luggage in my room when blood curling screams of “Mokkel

bahiroot aa...!!!” rent the air. Being never used to being talked to in such a tone at home I was stunned. I slowly made my way out and was greeted by what seemed like a veritable sea of seniors. Can I forget those moments!! I was made to dance to their tune, well literally. Not knowing something was not an excuse. I dug deep into my meagre repertoire of skills to tide me over. After many surreal hours I finally retreated to my room which, thankfully, was a safe haven as I had known my room mates from my Cotton College days. The next day we were lectured on the dos and don'ts of the hostel. Our whole appearance changed. Clad in churidar-kurtas, hair tightly tied and clipped and with oil dripping down, we tip toed around the hostel. We were allowed to move around only in city buses; no mundane luxuries like the auto and the rickshaw. And woe begone if we were ever spotted in a fancy restaurant; the humble “Rambadan Hotel” was the only place where we could find some respite from the insipid hostel food. Well if we thought we could escape from this agony atleast during the class hours we couldn't be more wrong. Clad in mekhela chador with flower garlands around our neck and head, and our face awash in multitude of colours

we marched in a procession to college yelling “Mokkel xantha murdabaad!!” at the top of our voices. Lo behold, I didn't know I had such a loud one!! Our teachers were hand in gloves with our seniors and they too secretly enjoyed the ‘show’. I guess they had a throwback of their own. So the days dragged on with our time divided between ragging and non-ragging periods. In the daytime we were initiated to the intricacies of biochemistry and the vagaries of anatomy and in the evening time we navigated the complexities of Hollywood, Bollywood and ‘Gollywood’. We walked around the hostel like zombies feeling very much like the body we dissected in the morning during anatomy classes. Finally the Freshers day- the D day- was upon and our joy knew no bounds. We were officially not ‘Mokkels” anymore.

Life changed in a jiffy and we basked in our new found freedom. The same seniors who wouldn't let us pass by without stopping us treated us at times like we didn't even exist and ironically we began to miss the ‘fun’ of the previous weeks. Life in medical college caught up to us and we became entrapped in its vicious grip.

In the midst of it all there were many moments that we cherished forever. We were a generation who did not have access to cell phones during most of our student lives. Like the medieval tribes our network of communication was based on a relay system of yells and howls from the rampart of one hostel to that of another. The spells of power outage also brought cheer. A common tradition in hostels is to yell your heart out whenever the lights go out. One of our seniors had a prank pulled upon him in the boys hostel. Only the lights in his room was switched off and there he was screaming, all alone, at the top of his voice!! College week was the most eagerly awaited event of the year. The festive mood was infectious. Rehearsals stretched into the wee hours, people from other batches were viewed with suspicion and room-mates turned into sworn enemies.

No write up on hostel life is complete without discussing the hostel cuisine. As freshers our greatest fear was that we might starve to death or at the very least suffer from some terminal nutritional deficiency. To supplement the watery dal, curries and the nokli mangsho (soyabean) we used to splurge on dry fruits, Horlicks, Maggie's. Well you can guess the result. During our first vacation my

mother got the shock of her life when she expected an emancipated bone thin me but instead found an overweight chubby cheeked being standing in front of her. Maybe she rued the fact that she prepared so much goodies for me but thankfully didn't show it. After the gorging phase it was time to be bitten by the brot bug. There wasn't a deity whose blessings we didn't try to invoke by fasting on the assigned days. But there was a catch! Fear of starvation made us cram up all the food items that was officially allowed during fasting and the result was a bloated painful tummy at the end of the day. No wonder none of our prayers were answered!

Five years of college life passed off pretty fast. The first two years were spent grappling with the basic subjects. Then the ‘third year syndrome’ hit us! Well, in the third year when we lost sleep over the symptoms that we suffered as they more often than not matched those of some serious diseases. Finally in the Final year (pun intended) we got to visit the wards and we remembered this is what we came for in the first place.

Finally the time to bid adieu was upon



us. And the amount of earthly belongings we managed to accumulate! While watching the movie Three Idiots there was one scene which I found particularly interesting. When Aamir Khan was asked to leave college he just had two pieces of luggage. Imagine what would have happened if one of us were in his place; nothing short of a truck would have been required I suppose!

As I look back on those years I have come to realize the importance of those years. Hostel life instilled in us responsibility, the sense of independence, the values of thrift and camaraderie. Little did we know that the ragging that we encountered in the initial weeks would prepare us for the grueling student life ahead and keep us in good stead in the life beyond.

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Foreign Bodies in the Ear, Nose & Throat

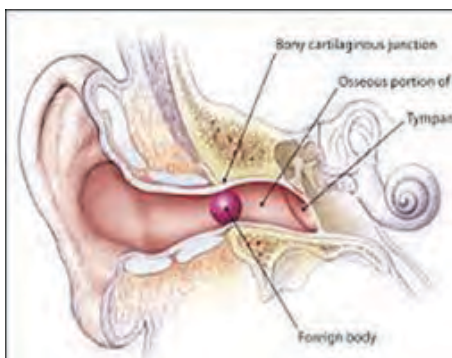
DR. SABINA TASNIM RASHID

Foreign bodies (FB) in the Ear, Nose and Throat are one of the most common ENT emergencies. An infant or young child may put any object in their ears, nose or mouth. Object in the mouth may be swallowed or breathed (aspirated) into the lungs. Aspirated foreign bodies may have serious breathing difficulty and needs urgent removal to avoid further complications.

Most of the patients in 75% of the case are under age of 8 years and intellectually challenged or mentally ill adults are also at serious risk and also if the children are bored or curious. For removal of a foreign body with all the possible tools and techniques, choosing a method that is most likely to be successful for the patients, can sometimes be a daunting task. In addition, it can be quite challenging at times, when trying to determine if a patient will be co-operative in the clinic and whether anesthesia or sedation will be required.

The anxious, apprehensive child accompanied by the perturbed parents in the clinic immediately clinches me with a diagnosis of a FB in ear, nose or throat !!! Even without asking the history prior to clinical examination. After handling the case, the sigh of relief of the perturbed, weary parents is immensely satisfying. Their kind words of appreciation and gratitude are profoundly overwhelming too as a Physician!!! The sense of relief is so apparent in the countenance of the parents.

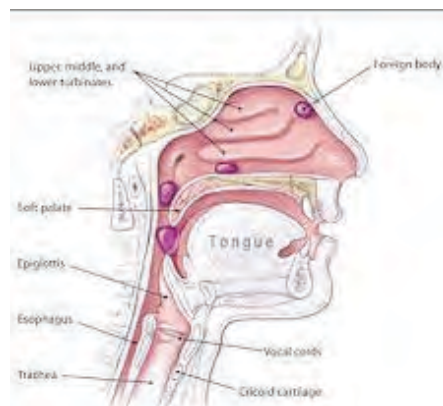
FOREIGN BODIES IN THE EAR CANAL:



FB in the ears is lodged in the External Auditory Canal (EAC). Attempts to remove the FB can push it further down to be impacted in the narrowest point of EAC, between the cartilaginous and bony part of EAC or damage the ear drum during removal. It becomes a challenging task to remove specially in children, without sedation and anesthesia in an OPD clinic. Adequate visualization, appropriate equipment, co-operative patient and a skilled Physician are the keys to successful foreign body removal.

Foreign bodies in the ear are asymptomatic and often it is an incidental finding in children. They may present with ear pain, sense of fullness or hearing loss. Foreign bodies in children includes a wide range of objects such as toys, pebbles, popcorn, kernels, nuts, rocks, beads, coins, papers etc. While cotton buds and insects are commonly found in adults. Multiple foreign bodies are not uncommon in small children. Thus all other orifices of the head should be inspected after removal of a FB from the ear.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE NOSE:

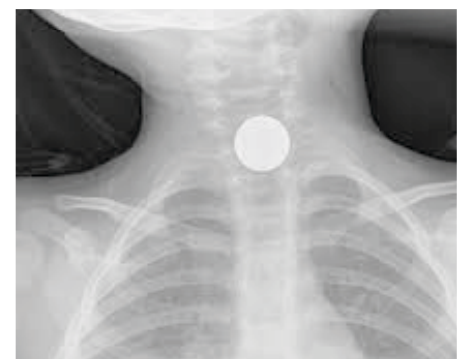


Nasal foreign bodies tend to be located in the floor of the nasal passage. Patients often present with unilateral or bilateral foul

smelling nasal discharge.

Common nasal foreign bodies include beads, buttons, toy parts, pebbles, clay, candle wax, papers, and tissue. Also cloths, food like popcorn kernel, nuts, sweet corn. Batteries in the ear and nose are quite risky objects. Irrigation with water should be avoided because the electric current and / or battery contents can cause a liquefaction tissue necrosis (damage).

Patients may be able to expel some nasal foreign bodies by "blowing their nose", while blocking the opposite nostril as a first aid measure. Attempts at removal of nasal foreign body may push into the pharynx, creating an airway hazard. So utmost care is needed to remove a foreign body from the nose, without having the risk of aspiration. This becomes an emergency situation and needs immediate life saving intervention.



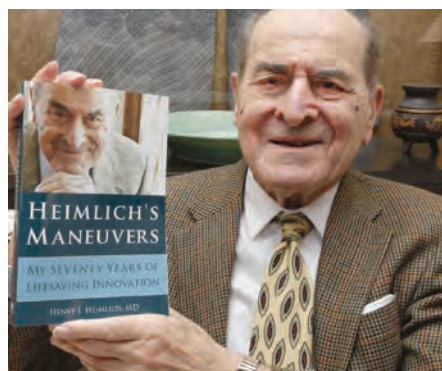
All pharyngeal foreign bodies are medical emergencies that require airway protection. Because complete airway obstruction occurs at the time of aspiration (inhalation) and results in immediate respiratory distress requiring emergency life saving intervention.

Common obstructing foreign bodies in children include balloons, pieces of soft deformable



১০ম সংস্করণ

plastics, food boluses. Also other common foreign bodies are metal pins, earrings, seeds, nuts, bones (fish/meat), coins, and dental appliances. Patients with non-obstructing or partially obstructing foreign bodies often present with a history of choking, dysphagia (difficulty in swallowing) odynophagia (painful



swallowing) or dysphonia (change of voice). At times may present with undiagnosed cough, stridor (harsh vibrating noise, while breathing) or hoarseness of voice.

“Heimlich Maneuver” can save choking patients. The term is named after an American Thoracic Surgeon, Dr. Henry Heimlich who first discovered it in 1974. It is a first aid procedure using series of abdominal thrusts (sub diaphragmatic pressure) to treat choking patients. He is credited with saving thousands of people from choking to death. “The man behind the life saving maneuver” died recently at the age of 96 on 17th December ‘2016, leaving behind a legacy of his diligent work.

Swallowed foreign bodies in the oesophagus (food pipe) need removal by endoscopy. Other foreign bodies in the throat, which are accessible, can be removed in OPD, with all possible tools and techniques.

Radiography can be helpful in localizing coins, button batteries, bones and other radio opaque objects. But many laryngeal foreign bodies including fish bones are radiolucent. Diagnosis are often complicated by delayed presentation or misdiagnosis. Thus Physicians must have a high degree of suspicion in patients with unexplained upper airway symptoms especially in children with history of choking. A child treated for chest infection for over a week and accidentally discovered with a swallowed FB (earring) after a chest X-Ray.

So parents, caretaker at home or outside should be vigilant, suspicious and aware of the possible symptoms of foreign bodies the ear, nose & throat. Since it is an emergency situation to seek immediate medical care. According to American Academy of Pediatrics, death by choking is a leading cause of death and injury among children younger than 4 years of age.

Zithrova
Azithromycin

Cefovex
Cefuroxime axetil 250mg, 500mg tablets

Cefim
Cefixime Suspension & Capsules

Advaquin
Levofloxacin Tablets 500 mg

Clariva
Clarithromycin Tablets 250 & 500 mg



Zynova

L-Cet
Levocetirizine
Cure all A to Z allergies

Bronkovent
(Salbutamol 2mg + Bromhexine 4mg + Guafenesin 50mg)

Fertab
Clomifene Citrate 50 mg
The First Line Fertility Tablet

Omezyn-20
Omeprazole Capsules 20 mg



On how to make money out of nothing !

Siddhartha Shankar Sharma



**ANDHER NAGARI, CHAUPAT RAJA,
TAKA SER BHAJI, TAKA SER KHAJA..**

I met Mr. Raj in his office downtown Delhi. He is a banker, and some kind of a personal investment officer in one of the most reputed multinational bank of India. I was on the bank for business about the possibility to manage some of my savings, and I was advised to meet Mr. Raj. I was also told in an ever so charming way by the petite bank receptionist and in no uncertain way albeit indirectly that how it is my goodluck to be directed to someone as talented as Mr. Raj to handle my money.

Curious and but with an open mind, there was I in the swanky 14th floor glass panelled office facing the high street a quarter of mile below. The office had a designated reception area; I had presumed that myself, because of the neatly laid sofas in kind of a square with a coffee table at the centre. I made myself comfortable in one of the sofas. The office desk is further up towards the glass panels with a laptop and a chair, and the chair of course, which looks like to be ergonomically designed to accommodate the posture of the one who most likely would be dispensing knowledge and wisdom while sitting on it. I could also see a couple of family photos hanging about the sidewall possibly of some vacations abroad. I could feel the cool comfort of the AC, and saw on the coffee table a recent copy of Forbes India on which a corporate looking guy smiling broadly with a tag "The Modern Money Multiplier Marvels : Hedge Funds" across its covers. I seated myself more earnestly.

Not so long after, Mr. Raj did walk in. Smartly dressed in office formals with a black figure hugging suit, white shirt and a bluesish tie. His hairs were immacutely arranged, he had a disarming smile and with his fair face with all

the chiselled features in his tall frame, he can be a typical lead actor in Bollywood anyway, or so I thought. We shook hands and seated together in the sofa. After the usual office pleasantries and enquiring for my need of coffee or any other beverages, we settled ourselves to discuss the business of the day.

I started off mentioning my intention of



looking in to a possible way to maximise my returns on some of my funds which I am thinking to invest, and it would be great if Mr. Raj would do me the favor of counselling me to some of the investment products the bank has to offer. His eyes twinkled and he welcomed my proposal eagerly. He told me how smart my approach is and why I have come to the right person for this job. He assured me that he would aggressively invest my money in a whole range of options under his preview and in no time I will be seeing healthy returns. The

only thing that now remained is to decide how much do I intend to invest.

I gave him a broad overview of my financial situation of how much do I have in my saving account and how much I would like to invest. But when I gave out my estimates of the proportion between my planned savings and investment, Mr. Raj for the first time showed a gleamer of uneasiness. A little bit of talking into it, Mr Raj was candid and asked me why I was considering a higher proportion of the funds to be retained in my saving account with almost no return when I have the ability to invest more. I then asked how much I should consider for saving to be optimum. Mr Raj pointed out that I will have the maximum chance of sizable returns if I increase my investment fund and for the biggest bite in returns, I need to take some chances; and he being my coach, I would be fairly clear from the edge. After all, in a way to garner my confidence in him, he said that the countless night time hours in learning how to handle the money market nymph from one of the most prestigious management school of the nation had taught him enough to guide me in my venture. He seemed suprisingly reassuring to me even though he is suggesting me sidelong to invest whatever I had accrued over my last 24 years of 7am to 3 pm service under the

Middle Eastern sun at my own risk. But what is more intriguing to me are the returns he is suggesting that is possible.

The returns are just stupendous. I scratched my head wondering why I did take so many years just to know that things like these can happen ! Where have I been all these years? What was I doing? Just to be clear again, I asked Mr. Raj as to how all these attractive returns are even possible when the whole economy of the country is at a modest rate of growth. He could see my bewilderment. He



country.

To me the whole idea, as Mr. Raj was continuing to answer my queries, looked Utopian. Because with so much of money being generated, obviously there will be a time when money supply will overflow the economy. But Mr. Raj jolted me back from Utopia. He clarified that steep multiplication of money takes place only when it comes to lending and lending creates pits call debt. So as money is being slushed around the financial world in an effort to make it grow, it also results in debt to increase in proportion to the incremental in money supply. Banks loan money and profits from the interest and more it cycles the loans through different money making instruments, the more interests or commissions it generates. The cycling of money takes place incredibly fast in real world terms creating immense wealth out of nothing but at the expense of massive debt. These debt tend to remain with those who need money, and a considerable portion of such debt get distributed again and again within the economy, in pretexts like tax or another, and among those who keep on needing money to meet their requirements, necessary or whatever. Income of those who control and possess money grows exponentially at the expense of those who need the money.

I was perplexed and at the cross roads no doubt, but there was still something somewhere that had not met my self approval because of my lack of understanding. I was not exactly sure where to pin it down. It was a bit of a nag, but I had to admit that Mr. Raj had made the conversation really interesting. While he seemed to be very clear in what he talked about, there was also something about him that oozed confidence profusely. Taking advantage of the developing camaraderie between us, I asked him how to go about my intention to buy a new house now that I have spent my working career and thinking of settling down shortly. To this proposition, Mr Raj pointed out that taking a loan would be necessary to get a decent house up town as the housing prices are generally too steep. A decent house in a decent locality commands a not-so-decent but a huge price index. I asked him, why is it so? To this, Mr. Raj smiling and raising his hands, said that the answer is just one word: demand. There was a considerable demand in housing initially and with loans available with banks, customers found no problem in booking housing schemes. But these run downs have let to jacking up prices of the houses and this in turn have made the customers to borrow significant amounts from banks at considerable interest rates. The builders ,on the other hand, beaming with surplus cash invested in newer schemes instead of completing their own ongoing

smiled and relaxed himself on the sofa. The answer, he said, is simple: relationship. He then explained further. The bank values my relationship and believes in my trust on it. So for the risk I had taken, the bank will use its specialised skills through people like me, Mr. Raj continues, to give back attractive returns while earning profit on its own. The way the bank does this is to lend the money it holds as loans. It can give loans to any sectors of the economy and not necessarily to sectors that create value which may take time of its own to churn out any returns. The most lucrative for returns are the financial sectors, where any loan lended can be bet and pledged again in to many more secondary forms like hedge funds, stocks, exchange rates, derivatives and leverages. These money making instruments are all speculative in nature but makes the initial money put in to the system grows on its own in multiples. Mr Raj however added, that the speculations will be done by informed people like him looking at me with reassuring eyes. The money adds on interest as it loops through these financial instruments, and as the margin of money inflates, it will naturally rip in huge amount of profits. The whole cycle takes place without any physical movement of any thing tangible, the cash in the bank remains where it is, and the loans are just numbers feed in to computers by the banks, and while the money do the loops, they still remain as numbers but fed on by speculations while returning huge profits back to the banks in terms of interest. The cycle continues relentlessly, and this story is same for all the major banks across the country, and indeed throughout the globe, making money out of nothing and this is why, Mr Raj concluded excitedly, that I should invest as much as I could. This is the maginificance of a cashless economy, and Reagonomics and Globalisation have ensured that money runs its unstoppable run in the West by lifting all control regulations out of its way as they were considered speed bumps.

I was curious by then. I let him know that

for me, non bankers that we are, money is always paper cash, then how come the banks are allowed of turning out multiples from the same amount of cash ? Mr. Raj looked at me discerningly and pointed out that paper cash only forms a meagre percentage of the aggregate amount of money available in the economy, and the digital money that are numbers generated by those authorised to do investment transactions makes up for the bulk of what we see and talk money. This money is akin to our money available in our electronic cards and internet payments. So no matter how much cash is available out there, their sum total is far short of the money that makes up all the business and transactions happening across the economy. In our country, cash makes up for about 97% of physical transactions of the public and so there was much debate and queues in front of banks and ATMs during the recent demonetisation. But the government, smart as it is now, has pushed for a cashless economy ever since. Remonetisation is the key as it provides the means of cash to run households and business alike and the fastest way to achieve it is through digital money. Now we even have a host of celebrities urging the common folk to go digital as if to empower the country to Super Power status through cashless transactions. What would be the fate of the regulations that would pedal such an Indian cashless economy, remains anybody's guess. It can go Reagonomics way or it can go some other way.

The question now remains is how the government generate the paper cash and why. The government prints and pumps paper cash regularly into the economy but this extra cash is not based against any physical collateral, as many of us seems to believe, but trust. The trust is deemed because the government gurantees to the people for the value of gold or silver against any denomination of paper cash. Paper cash is supposed to substitute digital money for most of the Western World not the other way round as we have it in our

Contd'...



10th EDITION

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projects. With no significant new buyers, the builders are now experiencing a shortage in net cash for running their daily businesses and thereby slowing down the constructions, while the customers are struck with loans and paying interests with the incomplete promise of delivery of their houses.

It took me a second probably to ask my next innocent question: why on earth Mr Raj no new buyers are showing up? Surely, there are lot of people needing homes ! To this, Mr. Raj shifting to a degree in his sofa, replied that the economy is not generating enough value; and only through value creation the people in general can boost their earnings in terms of salary and wages and new jobs. With means of additional value creation in the economy on clogged pipeline, earnings are less steep and surplus being less, few people are turning up to new loans to pay the builders for their new houses.

It became then clear to me that I really had to have huge amount of money to buy a decent house outright. I looked pensively at Mr. Raj. He smiled once again, and reassuringly reminded me on my investment scheme. Then like a

bolt of lightening, I realised something, and asked Mr. Raj what were the chances that I'd lose all the money because of the risk I would be taking, even though it may be calculated and evaluated by the bank. To this, I could see Mr. Raj rolling his eyes, and he informed that all risks howsoever big or small are subject to market conditions, and market conditions are at best like the weather. Weather with all its scientific probes, algorithms and supercomputers, is predictable but no one can predict a rainy day hands down during the summer.

The situation slowly became crystal clear to me. I needed a loan to buy my home, and any attempt to offset my loan through any investment from my savings would be besotted by my risk only. The banks would use my investment that would spin off many more multiples on my invested sum giving me my return percentage as agreed beforehand, and as my money would made its rounds through the financial sectors, it would also generate debt which is supposed to be filled up by the growth in the economy as a whole. But any remaining debt, in case the economy

falls short on its growth, it would be ultimately transferred to people like me who needs money. The bank would always win in both cases. How hippie -dippie does it sound? Mr Raj would have his job no matter what I do. In a last ditch attempt, laying everything threadbare, I asked Mr. Raj what about the bank proposition of lending me money if I decide to do something worthwhile, like setting up a value creation enterprise making some products useful to the society and getting my own livelihood through the profits.

To this, looking repeatedly at his watch, he replied he would look at it if I could come up with a detailed plan and a complete financial analysis as to how soon my breakeven period would be. Normally, the banks do not encourage such ventures through loans since the returns are long pending in general and small.

After this sermon, he stood up to shake my hand.

Issued in Public Interest



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The most cherished dream of my life that is not yet fulfilled



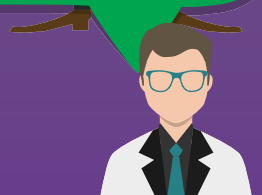
ALOK KUMAR DAS

Dreams are many and life is too short to fulfil them all. But still it is “Mone Kori Kori kintu Hoyo hoi na” situation as the Bengali saying goes (My mind wants me to buy an elephant but I cannot even buy a horse). We cannot generalize our dreams but still we can say that the bottom line is to become a good citizen, in many cases good world citizen in case of expats like us, besides our professional achievement.



RAJDEEP BARUAH

My most cherished dream, is to live without worries, independent of intervening thoughts, to see that nothing really matters and only about accepting things as they come through. In other words, it is to live a blissful life on earth.



HIMANGSHU DEY

I have all along looked at my life in small steps, trying to achieve the small and normal things in life while also enjoying the same in the process. When I was very young, I wanted to be a fighter pilot, then it changed to a scientist, then to an administrator and then to an engineer. After I became an engineer, I wanted to do the job well. My next dream probably is to travel to some of the beautiful and exotic countries.



BASAB SARMA

It is not yet fulfilled: Lecturer. I had this dream from childhood and is still very much active. But life has driven me totally into a different path. If I were a lecturer, then I would have been surrounded by pupils, helped them to solve their problems or dilemmas, also given them useful ideas. This designation distinguishes you from all other people. Hope to see my dream come true in next life.



HIRANMAYEE THAKURIA

When I was a child, my father gave me a pen to write down my feelings whether I was happy or sad. As human beings, so many dreams are swirling in our minds, we have no idea what to do or where to start. But from my childhood something inside me always wanted to write a book. I really wanted the pride that I associated with having one's name written on book covers. I always wanted to express my happiness, my grief, and all my feelings in a form that could far outlive me. I want to provide valuable inspiration to others through my books. As expat in different countries, we are so lucky and rich with different varieties of cultural knowledge, I would love to share all of this through my book.



ANINDITA MEDHI SAIKIA

Since my childhood days I have loved watching tennis and the iconic Steffi Graf was my favorite. I loved her graceful yet powerful playing style, her elegant looks, her personality both on and off the court. As a teenager I had countless times stood in front of the mirror and tried to imitate her style and hoping one day I would be able to play like her. But alas! Man proposes and the Almighty disposes. Forget about playing in the hallowed courts of Wimbledon I didn't get to touch a tennis racket till date. But never mind, the dream remains....



PAPORI PALKAR

My wish to visit Mt. Kailash and Mansarovar darshan has always been my lifetime dream. I remember hearing the stories of blue lotus and the snowclad mount Kailash, the abode of Lord Shiva since my childhood which fascinated me a lot. After I got married my husband cherished the same dream with me and it became our dream. We are aware adapting to the extreme altitude requires endurance, challenging for our mind and body. But we are sure that it will be a divine and soulful experience.



PARISMITA BARUAH

People move on in life every day with a new dream. Some dreams are fulfilled, some yet to be fulfilled. So try to live life on everyday basis.

**RUBY DUTTA BORDOLOI**

I am happy with my life. But I always dream of opening an NGO through which I can help the needy people in my homeland. Though I am trying to do whatever I can from Kuwait, it's difficult to give my 100% as I am far away from home.

**KASTURI BORA**

It's not just one dream, but quite a list of things I want to do or achieve; of which I will mention a few..... to be healthy and stay fit specially, to age gracefully, to take one adventure activity at least, either sky-diving or scuba diving and go on a world tour after retirement.

DHARAMI DEORI

Like all normal people I too have a dream to carve out a niche for myself. But my dream is not yet fulfilled. However, I hope it will be someday. Like Dr. Dale E Turner I believe -Dreams are renewable no matter what our age or condition. There are still untapped possibilities within us and new beauty waiting to be born.



The most befitting way to celebrate Magh Bihu in Kuwait.....

HIMANGSHU DEY

I enjoyed each one of the three Magh Bihus in Kuwait – good food, fun for kids and adults, excellent community spirit and the list goes on. We have been able to keep up the spirit of the festival and expose our children to the traditions and culture of Assam. One way to enhance it can be to invite our friends and guests from other communities, to show them how we celebrate our Bihu and enjoy the community spirit and togetherness.

**RAJDEEP BARUAH**

My idea on the most befitting way to celebrate Magh bihu is to stay awakened the whole night with peer group members over the bone fire and to celebrate with music and by eating PURA ALU.

**DEBAHUTI KAKATI DAS**

Magh Bihu should be celebrated like the previous years at Fintas Park as it will be easy to be part of the celebrations even though when kids have their exams.

**RUBY DUTTA BORDOLOI**

If it is to be celebrated in the midst of exam, then it is better to celebrate nearby like previous years where everyone can be part of it.

**DHARAMI DEORI**

Thought it was my first Magh Bihu in Kuwait but I felt it just like Assam. We had lots of fun and I enjoyed every moment. The Magh Bihu celebration is not complete without playing games. Though I enjoyed the traditional game like Tekeli Bhanga I would suggest to include more traditional games.





The Red Sand

ANCHITA HAZARIKA

The violent turbulence woke her up. With groggy eyes, she looked around her, people with panicked expressions. The air was thick with tension and Rena instantly knew something was wrong. Suddenly alert, her eyes searched the plane for her parents, who were not in their seats, beside her. Panic rose in her throat as the intercom beeped and the calm voice of an air hostess filled the cabin, but no one listened. They scrambled out of their seats to grab their own luggage. "Please stay in your seats and fasten your seatbelts," the air hostess' calm voice turned frantic. Still no one paid any attention. Rena shut her eyes and tried to ignore the chaos. Desperate to believe she was still asleep, she ignored the tears threatening to spill and tried her hardest to go back to sleep, praying it was just a dream. Her hope was shattered when someone, painfully grabbed her arm to get her to open her eyes. Her heart sank when she realised she was still in the same predicament but when she saw that it was her mother, her eyes reflected a glimmer of hope. She finally let the tears fall.

Passengers were scrambling to get their life vests after at least minutes of pleading into the intercom, courtesy of the frenzied air hostess. She wasn't telling people to fasten their seatbelts anymore, she was repeating one word that made Rena's heart drop, "BRACE, BRACE, BRACE." Rena was still unclear of what was happening, Rena quickly put on her life vest and waited, trying to figure the chaos that was unfolding in front of her. Suddenly, the lights flickered and finally fizzled out, adding fuel to the fire. Her throat swelled with dread. The fluorescent strip on the floor of the plane was not helping much as luggage was covering it. The only light provided was from the engine, burning brighter than the Sun, the

flames roaring angrily, letting black smoke mix with the white clouds. People's screams and shrieks started to fill the cabin, as the plane plummeted towards the ground.

The plane continued its nose dive, making Rena's stomach drop along with it. The ground was not a speck of colour anymore and it was rolling and rushing towards them at a fast pace. They were seconds away from crashing into the ground. Once again, Rena took in the scene in front of her. An old woman peering at something in her wallet, apparently looking at a picture of her loved ones. A young boy was asking his terrified mother what was going on. Another woman praying. The front of the plane tilted forward as the plane plunged into the ground. As the plane crash lands the intense impact causes Rena's head to smash onto the stow away tray. The plane didn't stop moving after the impact, it kept going until it was stopped, presumably by a building.

Black smoke filled the cabin. Only fragments of light shone through various cracks in the fuselage of the plane. Nobody in the plane moved. Nobody took a breath. Rena tried to lift her head but it just lolled to her shoulder. Stars swam in her vision as she tried her hardest to stand up. Oddly enough, Rena felt no pain. Am I dead? She thought to herself. When she could stand, she limped towards the damaged exit of the plane. The door had collapsed and it laid on the red sand in front of Rena. Reluctantly, she put one foot on the rouge sand and allowed the sun to hit her face. She squinted as she tried to review the foreign land in front of her. The plane had met with a sturdy tree, not a building. The only thing she saw was the millions upon millions grains of red sand that made an ocean, in the

middle of nowhere. Rena looked around. Still, she tried to howl for help but nothing came. Desperately, she searched for any other sign of life, but she found nothing. So she started screaming. She screamed until her throat was raw and her voice was a mere creak.

She travelled far from the plane site, trying to find any form of life. Thoughts clouded her head as she limped across the red ocean. The sun was blazing as the world around Rena spun as she collapses on the hot ground. She gingerly closes her eyes and allowed the fatigue to take over.

When she wakes up, she's in her own bed. Her eyes bloodshot, as if she had been crying in her sleep. Sweat trickled down her forehead as she tried to register the grim nature of the dream she had just had. She agitatedly clutched at her stuff to make sure they were real. She released a huge sigh of relief just as her mum entered her room to tell her breakfast was ready. She could barely believe it.

After that horrifying dream, everything was back to normal. Rena gazed out her bedroom window. The sky was bluer than ever, only a few clouds present. The wind gently blows away the autumn leaves, indicating that spring was close. It was a fine day, a huge contrast to the world Rena was in just minutes ago. At that moment, she was grateful for everything she had.

FAMOUS PEOPLE and their childhoods

ANTARIP KASHYAP

It has been widely argued throughout the psychological society that a person's childhood is one of the prime factors that decides his/her future and even their mental conditions. Study has shown that about 60% of people with traumatic childhoods are likely to grow up with a more unsympathetic mental attitude however the same study also show that these people are more successful and reliable. In this article I will try have a look at famous celebrities' childhoods and analyze how this effected the person they eventually became. We will have a look at heartless dictators, talented actors, hardworking sportspersons and many more



To start off let's have a look at one of the most erratic people who had a firm hand in shaping history and is responsible for the death of 6 million Jews. Hitler was born to Alois and Karla Hitler on 20th April 1889. He had 5 siblings out of which only one survived their childhood however the others died before the age of ten. Only one of those siblings Edmund died in 1900 when Hitler was 3 years old. So from a very young age Hitler was faced with the loss of someone who was possibly very close to him, his brother. His father Alois was Austrian and was a customs agent, he was a little aggressive and had a bad attitude in general, Hitler and Alois didn't get along very well. Seen as how children generally idolize their parents and do whatever they do we can blame Hitler's temper and his aggressive stance against Jews on his father's attitude. Hitler often changed schools due to his father's job and often had to move to different schools. This means he had to change his friends several times. Many psychologists believe that people who stay with their friends for a long period of time generally develop an open-minded and sympathetic view towards things and Hitler

didn't even get much time to make friends, each time he made friends in a school he had to move due to his father's job. If we add all this and his dad's aggressive and bad attitude we can see how he grew up to be aggressive and ruthless. Adolf Hitler's childhood losses could have played a role in his later personality and style. He suffered quite a number of losses before his death. On December 21, 1907, one of the greatest losses that Hitler felt in his life was the death of his mother to breast cancer. Hitler never really killed anyone, which meant he wasn't a sadist but just wanted to enforce his ideology and took quite an aggressive path to do so.



Ronaldo is the most successful and hardworking football player of all time. His hardworking nature is always associated with his tough childhood. Ronaldo was born in the Funchal district of Madeira which is in Portugal on February 5th 1985. He was born to Maria Dos Santos and his father Jose Dinis Aviero. Ever since he was a child Ronaldo dreamt of playing football at a professional level. Despite his harsh and unforgiving childhood, he developed his will and dedication to achieving things by doing extreme hard work. Ronaldo's father was the kit man at Funchal's local football club, FC Andorinha. Every weekend when other kids went to the carnivals or mucked about with their friends, Ronaldo would go to his father's workplace, the Andorinha ground and practiced football while his father got to work. Ronaldo comes from a working class society and lived in a three roomed shack with a tin roof. In a recent interview he said "I believed from a very young age that the only way to succeed in life is to overcome your difficulties, prove your doubters wrong and to work hard until you achieve your goal..." If we have a look at all that he achieved from his pitiful conditions, It is quite evident that the Portuguese lives by these rules. From being the unproven son of a kit man of an unknown local club to becoming the pivotal cog to the raging machine that is Real Madrid, Ronaldo has made sacrifices and some mistakes. However, he hasn't let these mistakes come in the way of his journey instead he has learnt from these mistakes and gained experience from them. Ronaldo's story is a truly inspirational one and is evidence to the quote, "If you believe then you can achieve."



Sam Jackson is one of Hollywood's most prolific actors. He has made his name appearing in movies like the Negotiator, Snakes on a Plane and Pulp Fiction. He also portrays Director Nick Fury in the multimillion dollar Marvel Cinematic Universe and frequently makes appearances in the TV show, Marvel's Agents of SHIELD. He was born in Tennessee to Elizabeth Jackson and father Roy Henry Jackson on 21st December 1948. Samuel's father died of alcoholism and thus Samuel and his mother lived with Samuel's extremely strict grandmother. Samuel often states that his grandmother is the one who made him the hardworking and disciplined man that he is today. Samuel grew up during the time when black people were looked down upon by the whites. From his childhood days he had a lot of hatred and anger towards white people but his grandmother explained to him that it's better to stay composed and to use that hatred in a positive way to achieve his goals and prove them wrong. Jackson abided by these words and stated in an interview that this anger is what helped him get into the role of Carl Lee Hayley in the movie 'A time to kill'. Just like Samuel, Hayley was also wronged by white supremacists. Jackson was very clever and hardworking from the start and knew how to achieve his goals. He had to work as a newspaper delivery guy in the mornings, waiter in the evenings and a stage performer in the nights. During his work with the Black image theatre company he met his lifelong friend and fellow actor Morgan J Freeman. Eventually he got his lucky break when he was cast as Stan in the movie together for Days. After years of working on small Indie movie he was cast as the second lead in the box office hit, Pulp Fiction and this started his long journey to fame and to becoming one of Hollywood's best stars.



Dear friends, last winter vacation I visited Thailand with my mom, dad and cute little sister. We went to Bangkok & Pattaya and it was just awesome! We spent fun time in "Amazon Cartoon Network Water Park". In the park we enjoyed so much the amazing rides, "Jake Jump" and the "Ocean Wave". You know friends; I also visited the very beautiful "Teddy Bear Museum". All the teddy bears are so cute and my little sister loved them so much. Oh yes! How can I forget "Ripley's Believe it or Not". It was so interesting. I saw three legged horse, the tallest man & the fattest man in the world. Luis Tussaud's Waxworks was amazing. Daddy took photo with my favorite Mr. Bean and Batman wax Statue. One evening we visited "Mini Siam" in Pattaya. It was so nice to see the mini "Eiffel Tower", "London Bridge" and many more. They are so small and cute. My most favorite was the "Infinity Maze". It was like magic with colorful lights and music. But it was scary too. We enjoyed the moment very much. In Bangkok we saw too many animals in the open zoo "Safari World". So dear friends, please don't forget to enjoy these places if you go to "WowThailand".



Do you know my name?
If not, that's a shame!
My name is Arhant Saikia
And I love going to IKEA.

You know what I love?
I relish having soup with a slurp.
You know what I hate?
I dislike going to bed at eight.

I enjoy going outside with my pops,
I like throwing karate chops.
And my greatest trepidation,
Is my mother's violin rendition.

Well I hope that was funny,
'Cause that's all about me buddy!



Looking back and thinking about that incident now, I feel my stomach twisting into knots, and I laugh my head off on my own stupidity. But back that day when the incident took place, my face flushed a bright shade of red as I was filled with the embarrassment of what I had put myself into. The incident had occurred just about 4-5 years ago. I was on my way back home from school chatting with my friends in the bus when I overheard a gang of few students consisting of about five to six senior girls and boys talking about how they had bullied a small child that day. Hearing them, I could make out how petrified the small child would be.

Being very young at that time, I didn't know how to deal with that particular situation but till the time I reached home a fear engulfed my mind. That day I was left a bit disoriented and every time anyone asked me why I was

not being myself my excuse was that I didn't quite feel well. I wondered whether I should tell my teacher about this, but shook that idea off my mind. I was scared if those seniors would come to know they might bully me too. I didn't feel like telling my parents either, because they would become rather tense. I ended up debating with myself for a long time hoping to find a solution. At last after pondering a lot I made up my mind before going to sleep, that I would tell my teacher about it.

The next day as soon as I reached school, I rushed towards my teacher. At the beginning I found myself a bit hesitant but I gradually gave in as my teacher consoled me to tell everything, and narrated the entire event to her. I could see how shocked she was to receive this news but nonetheless decided to take matters into her hands and planned to question those seniors. She went up to those students and took me along with her to confront them about their deeds. At the beginning, when she enquired about the incident they all had a perplexed look on their faces. However they gradually realized what was going on. A boy among those students reached out to his bag and took out a few papers from it. He showed the teacher the papers and explained that they were just rehearsing for their upcoming skit competition. Everyone there had a hearty laugh where as I was left so embarrassed that I couldn't even look up straight. Days passed by, and very soon it all turned out to be a hilarious memory for all of us.



I have only four months left, only four more months to spend with my sister, Risa. After that, she will go to India for her college. We spent 12 and half years together in Kuwait. I want her to stay, but that is not possible. I wrote this poem for you, Risa:

My dear sister,
with you I have been
12 and half years together
sometimes, you are so mean
while other times, you are so kind,
Like you, a sister no one will ever find!!

Even after she'll go, I will never forget her,
what a big sis she has been.
To me, she is so dear,
a sibling like her, I have never seen.
She will always be in my mind,
all our happy moments, I hope I could rewind!!



My Naughty Brother

RIDDHIMA BORA

I have a little brother
Who is naughty as a puppy
He slurps when he eat
He gargles his milk
He screams when he is mad
He snaps his fingers
He plays football in the living room
He likes to play with my things
He likes to fight with me
He dirties my room
He disturbs me when my friends are at home
He irritates me till I am angry with him
But still I love him
He is my cute little BROTHER

My first experience of watching a football match live

ANUSHKA THAKUR



Ever since I started taking interest in the game of football, I had dreamed of going to Europe, the home of football, to watch a match. I was particularly interested to go to Spain as my favorite footballer, Cristiano Ronaldo plays for Real Madrid of Spain. I was so eager to go that all I could dream about was Ronaldo scoring a goal and the crowd going wild over it. It was then in mid February last year, my parents surprised me that we were going to Spain for a family vacation and we will also watch a football match in Madrid. As soon as I heard that we were going to Spain, I couldn't believe it. My heart sank and I jumped up and down with excitement. I couldn't help but swank to my friends that I was going to Spain. Never before have I been to a football match so one can only imagine my excitement when I heard that I'll be going to the home of football to watch my beloved Real Madrid.

of both the clubs started warming up on the field and the crowd lost it. It was insane. They started cheering and hooting as soon as Ronaldo entered. I was awestruck to see Cristiano Ronaldo. It was like a dream come true for me. I never thought I would ever be able to even get a glimpse of him let alone watch him play.

All the players then assembled for the national anthem and then began the match. My heart skipped a beat as the referee blew the whistle. Although I admire all the players, my eyes were glued to Ronaldo. Benzema scored the first goal at the sixth minute. Being the home ground for Real Madrid, there were barely any Seville supporters, the crowd started cheering wildly. At half time it was 1-0. About twenty minutes after the play resumed, Ronaldo got a penalty kick. The entire stadium got together to encourage him. He missed the penalty kick, but the crowd did not let him feel their disappointment. He soon made up for the loss as he scored in the 64th minute. Elated, almost the entire stadium stood up. Minutes later came another goal from another favorite of mine, Gareth Bale. Although victory was certain for real Madrid, tension was still brewing throughout the stadium. We finally heaved a sigh of relief when Jese scored at the 86th minute. The match ended at 4-0.

Guided by the security we soon exited the stadium and boarded the train, which would take us back to our hotel. Despite almost 80,000 people being present, there was no sort of pushing or suffocation felt. Calmly, everyone boarded his or her respective trains. I must say watching a live football match in the stadium is just simply awesome. The atmosphere you could never forget and you can't got that from watching football from TV. Even my mom, who did not really follow football says that the atmosphere was awesome. That night as I slept, I had only one wish, "I want to experience this again."



We landed in Madrid on 18th March, 2016 on a bright sunny afternoon. After a few days of sight seeings and tours, the much-awaited day had finally arrived. Early in the evening of 20th March we left for Santiago Bernabéu Stadium to watch Real Madrid play against Seville. Upon reaching our destination we were amazed to find such a huge crowd. Our main concern was whether we would be able to be seated on time. Contrary to our fears, everything went quite systematically and within an hour the stadium filled up. Soon after the players

MY EXPERIENCE AT THE GRAND CANYON



MAYURIKA BORAH

"Located in northern Arizona, the Grand Canyon is known throughout the world for its size and colorful landscape." These words, in my opinion, are too little for the grandeur of this remarkable landmark. The term 'beautiful' would be an understatement; the Grand Canyon is spectacular.

In the year 2012, I had the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity of visiting one of the seven natural

True, the view was incomparable. However, the best part of Eagle point was the Skywalk. The skywalk is a big glass bridge that juts out at the edge of the canyon, almost 4000 feet above the canyon floor! Standing on it I felt as if I were actually walking on the sky! Under my very feet were the Canyons... and a couple of thousand feet's drop! For someone not too friendly with heights, it was both exciting

The Hualapai Ranch was our last stop. We headed to the crowded yet lively dining hall for our lunch – ranch food. And let me tell you,



the food was ambrosial! Our menu consisted of grilled chicken, mashed potatoes, some coleslaw, rice and our choice of fresh drinks- lemonade, orange juice and mixed fruit. After a very satisfying meal, my sister and I fed horses at a stable just outside the dining hall. Ah, nothing like concluding an appetizing meal by petting horses (at a very smelly stable, I'll add)! All in all, the whole journey, starting from our hotel (with a comical yet unique name) to the putrid-smelling horse stables, was inarguably amazing. There is but only one thing I'll add - the Grand Canyon is an aesthetic sight that has to be seen to be believed.



wonders of the world - The Grand Canyon in Arizona. It was an unforgettable trip. My family and I visited the Grand Canyon - West Rim. It was a four hour long ride from our hotel, Circus Circus, to the Canyon. Our bus made a few pit-stops on its route at three viewpoints namely - Eagle point, Guano point and at the Hualapai ranch.

At Eagle point, we found an old Native-American village, an amphitheater and a shop selling handmade Native American souvenirs. From any point at the village, I had myself the uninhibited 360 degree view of the Canyons.

and frightening. But, it was one unforgettable experience.

At Guano Point was a hike offering exclusive views of the Canyon and the Colorado River. However, with my 4 year old sister, we had to drop the idea. There was Hualapai market showcasing a variety of tribal weapons, jewelry, dresses and many others. At this market, I met a member of the Hualapai tribe and received a visiting certificate that was signed by him. He wore the modern suit but also had on traditional Hualapai accessories. By the time we were done here, all of us were starved.

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The upbringing of my child in Kuwait vis-à-vis in my homeland.....

IMHO
In My Honest Opinion



ALOK KUMAR DAS

This is really a very relevant topic for parents like us who are having growing children. Our children are studying overseas away from homeland. So, they are not rooted to the ground. Most of them want to settle overseas only, especially USA, the land of Utopia. With the changing scenario world over rather localization of the world we must make them fit enough to adapt to any situation. We should put our utmost effort to make them learned in our mother tongue, at least should be able to read and write in Assamese which will help them in the long run to assimilate and contribute to our motherland.



RAJDEEP BARUAH

Upbringing of my child in Kuwait is different from my earlier days in India. In a culturally vibrant environment like India, it is a unique experience both on social and cultural fronts, where a child picks things for learning by himself. However my child has now become adaptable to those changes in Kuwait and this, I must say, is another dimension of children's growth that we get to witness.



PARISMITA BARUAH

I feel the pressure on kids is less so is the education system which is not at par with that in India.



SANDHANI SHARMA

Since my child grew up in a cosmopolitan environment in Mumbai, we didn't have to do much for her overall development. But in Q8, the children are raised in a quiet and confined environment. As a result, we as parents thrive to give our wholesome time so that they can be raised in a multicultural society within all sorts of talents.



RUBY DUTTA BORDOLOI

Kuwait is totally different. Here indoor facility is limited and because of climate outdoor facility is not possible all year round. They miss the essence, flavour and environment of traditional festival though we try our best to celebrate here.



PAPIYA ROY

Bringing up my child in Kuwait for the last one year has not been much different from India. When I landed in this country a year back, I had a lot of apprehensions. I found that though I am away from my country, yet the Indian touch is very much present. My child's school, his friends all have the Indian connections. Yes, I do sometimes feel that my son misses out the spirit of Indian festivals.



AAK as I see it.....

HIMANGSHU DEY

AAK is growing as I see it over the last three years. It is a small but vibrant community, where the members are quite active both on formal occasions and also informally in get-togethers. People from other communities I know are always amazed to know how busy we are socially.



RANJIT KUMAR DUTTA

Whether it's for a wonderful entertainment, a lavish reporting in the social media, preserve the cultural tradition or starting a family, we must have a strong community away from our homeland. AAK is a very small community and it needs to be bigger and superior in future. Building a community is about trust and conveying authenticity. We must have a unique point of view that starts to bring people together.



RAJDEEP BARUAH

The evolution of Assam Association in Kuwait, as I see it over the past one year of my stay in Kuwait, is essentially its growth in terms of new membership. It is an association of lively people who love Assam and her culture characterized by the strong attribute of bonding among the members. I believe that Association will further evolve qualitatively with this very attribute maintained over the years to come.



PARISMITA BARUAH

A home away from home



RUBY DUTTA BORDOLOI

AAK should contribute in a constructive way for the less privileged in our homeland.



DEBAHUTI KAKATI DAS

A platform contributing for the development of our homeland ASSAM



SUTAPA DEY

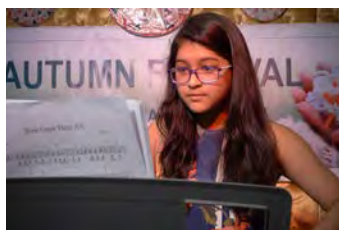
A brilliant platform....officially we need a platform to bring everyone together in a foreign land.



RONGALI BIHU 2016



AUTUMN FESTIVAL 2016



MAGH BIHU 2017





TREKKING IN KARNALA FORT

SHREYA NATH

"It's so boring " I whined, for the umpteenth time. No breeze came in from the open windows and doors. The sun beat relentlessly on the block of flats that had no canopy of trees in Nerul, Navi Mumbai. It seemed another hot day for me. Then suddenly the doorbell rang- I opened the door. Walking in was my uncle (pishu) and aunt (pishi) waving their hands and crying out ,”Who wants to go for trekking ?”A gabble of excited cries greeted them, “yes” let’s plan for tomorrow. This happened during the last summer vacation when my mom, elder sister and I went on a trip to Navi Mumbai to stay with our paternal grandmother. On 3rd July we woke up early in the morning, had breakfast, packed lunch. Other must do’s are carrying water, rain coat, wind cheater, trekking shoes, trekking sticks, first-aid box, plastic bag for keeping items dry inside the trek bag. And then we proceeded on with our journey towards Karnala.

As monsoon is a great time to do a trek so we decided to go to Karnala. Karnala is a spot for picnic, watching variety of birds, wild life, greenery and last but not least to trek. It is located on the Mumbai Pune Highway on the way to go to Goa. It’s almost 45mins drive from Navi Mumbai. It was slightly drizzling and the cool breeze gave me really soothing punches. Soon we reached the destination. Pishu parked the car and went to the counter to purchase tickets.

Entry fee for Indian tourists – Rs 30

Entry fee for foreign tourist- Rs 60

Opening hrs. - 6am to 5pm

Karnala fort is a hill fort in Raigad district which is 10km from Panvel city, Mumbai. It is a protected place lying within the Karnala bird sanctuary. It is the perfect beginner’s one day trek in the midst of flora and fauna. It gives us a good opportunity to enjoy a refreshing trek.

The height of this fort is 439m. It requires 2hrs to reach the top .The Karnala fort trek begins at the entrance of the bird sanctuary. The route is not so easy-It is steep, rocky and eventually leads through the forest. There were hardly any resting places on the pathway. There was mist and magic in the air. Huge trees with hanging roots could also be seen. For all of us other than Pishu trekking was new, exciting as well as adventurous. But too tiring, we were panting as we climbed high and high. Suddenly it started raining heavily. So we wore our raincoats and somehow managed to reach a shed. We waited there till the rain stopped. With the help of the trekking sticks we finally reached near the top. A 250m ft high basalt pillar sticks out like a thumb at the center of the peak. It is vivid and visible from far away on all sides. We were feeling hungry so opened the lunch box and enjoyed the meal. We captured few images in our mobile camera. My mom and my aunt were exhausted so they stood aside and rest of us continued to reach the top. Trying to reach the Karnala fort is a challenge. I, my sister and my uncle enthusiastically climbed towards the fort. As we were on the way there were huge gusts of wind along with rain and quite a narrow path with dead end on both the sides which led us to the fort. Later, as we went higher and higher reaching the fort, I stood awestruck witnessing the breath taking view and the grand décor of nature and the clouds were just below us. The greenery, peace and the proximity this hill enjoys, has made it a’ sought after’ escape. The sanctuary enables us to see diverse of birds, the silence of nature pay the way for hearing the amazing music of birds with rich and variety of species makes a cool visual treat to eyes. It was a day of fun, food and frolic. Situated away from the bustle of the city Karnala fort is by far a favorite with Mumbai residents. The dusk soon dropped in and we left Karnala bidding adieu to this wonderful trekking.





My Langkawi trip

TANISHKA CHETIA

Langkawi is a beautiful island of Malaysia. The main Langkawi Island is surrounded by 98 small islands. I have heard so many things about it from my school friends, so I requested my parents to visit Langkawi. I was very much excited to visit Langkawi. So my parents decided to visit Langkawi.

Tourist can enter Langkawi by ferry or by domestic flight from Kuala Lumpur airport. We took Air Asia flight. The journey was only one hour. From airport we went to our hotel which was booked by my father from our home. Our hotel name was Sea View Hotel.

After taking rest for sometimes, we went to see Eagle square. There was a big Eagle statue near the sea front. We took so many pictures over there.

Next day we decided to take mangrove tour. We booked one boat and slowly cruise the river mouth, which is kissing Andaman Sea. Yahoo, what a beautiful Mangrove Jungle, this is one of the biggest preserved Mangrove in the world and our boat is moving slowly below the trees, everywhere Green Green and Green. As we move forward, river mouth gradually widening, feeling more windy and exciting. After sometimes of cruising we reach floating Market, there we show many shops are floating in the River, then we went to see Fish farming. Which was one of the attraction in our plan.

In fish firm we saw Archer fish, different Eels, Horseshoes crabs and so many different types of fish and their babies. First time, I saw Archer fish & Horseshoes crab. Archer Fish is a very amazing fish, they are very sharp shooter. They can throw water by their mouth up to two meters to kill even smallest insect for their food. Amazing, they are really perfect archer, they hit my Finger twice.

After taking some rest in Floating market, our cruising again started to see our main attraction Eagle watching. Langkawi name also came from this place. In Malay, "Lang" means Eagle and "Kawi" means Rocks. I was so excited to see Eagles. Finally we reached our destination, we saw many Eagles flying above the trees. As we move inside the area, Eagles were flying towards our Boat. When we stopped and threw some fishes in the water, crazy Eagles flew over our head. Yahoo what an exciting Moment!

Finally we leave that forest, by saying BYE BYE to Eagles. After that, Our Boat Captain informed that, we are going to see final destination of this tour plan, which is River Mouth in Andaman Sea. As our boat was moving fast, River also widening gradually, tides were become big, and my heart was also beating fast. So Scary, our Boat become a roller coaster as tides hitting to our Boat. We were all wetted and chilled, everywhere blue blue and only blue.

All of a sudden Mama shouted, "Stop stop and we want to go back". I was relaxed, smiled at Mama and told "Papa, I also want to go back". That's how our Journey comes to an end and our boat took turn to come back. Bye Bye Andaman Sea.

Boat Captain Kidding with me, by saying "now I will take you to Dracula Cave, where lots of Dracula are living. They will suck human blood". Finally Captain stopped in a place, from there we start to walk in a dark road, covered by thick Mangroves. Dark become denser, and realized we were entering really a Dracula Cave. Ohh my God, I was scared, I hold my Papa's hand tightly, walk hand to hand inside the cave.

All of a sudden, I heard big noisy sound, asked papa "what noise that is?" Papa told "see above your Head", ohh my god I saw many

Bats were hanging over my head. Then papa told me, "these are the Dracula, what Captain told you". Finally, my smile came out, became relaxed and said "Papa these are bats not Dracula, you don't know?". In the bat cave we saw hundreds of sleeping bats.

Afternoon, we went to black beach. The whole beach was black and the water was cold. Next we went to Art & craft village. My mother bought some souvenir from there. Then we went to crocodile farm. We saw different types of crocodile over there. I feed chicken to baby Crocodile. We watch one crocodile show, really thrilling show. That day evening we went to Chenang beach. It is the most popular beach in Langkawi. Along the beach there is a market and so many restaurants. We had our dinner and came back to our hotel. I was so tired.

Third day I was so excited because we were going to Sky Bridge. First we entered in oriental village. It is an Asian themed village featuring jugglers, restaurants, portrait painting, different types of shops and many more things. After that we went to cable car station. Cable car goes to the top of the hill where the sky bridge is located, means the sky bridge is the top station of the cable car. That day we were in the cable car queue for two hours because so many tourists were there. The sky bridge which can be reached from the top station of cable car by elevator or through a small forest trail. We choose the later path. The sky bridge was so beautiful, you can enjoy the scenic beauty of mountain, Small Island, ocean from the bridge. It is a curved pedestrian bridge and one of the world tallest sky bridges. We took so many pictures over there.

Next day we come back to Kuala Lumpur from Langkawi by Air Asia flight. In Malaysia I saw three islands but Langkawi was the most beautiful one.



দেউতা আৰু এক অনুভৱ পল্লবী শইকীয়া



“The greatest gift I ever had...came from God...I called him DEUTA”

বছৰৰ এই দিনকেইটালৈকে অধীৰ আগহেৰে বাট চাই থাকো। কিন্তু এইবাৰ যেন তাৰ এক ব্যতিক্ৰম। মনত অলপো আনন্দ নাই। যদিও শৰীৰটো প্লেণখনৰ লগে লগে আগ বাঢ়ি গৈ আছে, কিন্তু মনটো যেন একে ঠাইতে স্থবিৰ হৈ আছে।

যোৱা মে মাহত দেউতাক শৰ্মাশায়ী অৱস্থাত এৰি আহোঁতে ভ্ৰমণৰ সময়খিনিত এটা কথাই মোৰ মনত বাৰে বাৰে খুন্দিয়াই আছিল....“মোৰ মৰমৰ দেউতাক বাৰু পিচৰবাৰ আহি আকৌ পামহিনে”। ঘৰৰ পৰা মোহনবাৰী এয়াৰপৰ্টলৈ গাড়ীৰে আহি থাকোঁতে মনটো গধুৰ হৈ আহিছিল। মনৰ ভিতৰত চলি থকা বহুতো প্ৰশ্নৰ উত্তৰ নাপাই ডাইভাৰ সিঙকে সুধিছিলো “ককা বাৰু জুলাই মাহলৈকে ভাল হৈ যাবনে? উত্তৰত সিংয়ে কৈছিল “সেয়া ভগৱানৰ ওপৰত এৰক বাইদেউ”... ভাবিলো হয় কিছুমান কথাৰ উত্তৰ মানুহৰ ওচৰত নাথাকে...

কুৱেটৰ পৰা দিল্লী অভিমুখী প্লে'নখন যথাসময়ত দিল্লীৰ বিমানবন্দৰত নামিছিল। Luggage লৈ আমি পূৰ্বনিৰ্ধাৰিত হোটেলখনলৈ বুলি ৰাওনা হৈছিলো। মনৰ ভিতৰ বাহিৰ সকলোতে যেন বিৰাজ কৰিছিল এক নিস্তৰ্দ্ধতা। বাৰে বাৰে হাতত লৈ থকা ফোনটো চাইছিলো আৰু নিজকে বুজনি দিছিলো, সেই ফোন callটো আৰু কেতিয়াও নাহে। সদায় দিল্লীত নামি ভালেৰেই পালোহি বুলি ঘৰত থৱৰটো দিওঁ বুলি ভৱাৰ আগতেই দেউতাৰ ফোনটো আহিছিল “তইত ভালেৰে পানিহিনে? বাটত কিবা অসুবিধা হোৱা নাইতো?” ইত্যাদি ইত্যাদি বহুতো প্ৰশ্ন। দেউতাই সদায় আমি ঘৰৰ পৰা ওলোৱাৰ আগতেই আমাৰ Flight কেইখনৰ time schedule বিলাক লৈ লৈছিল আৰু সেইমতে আমাৰ গৈ পোৱাৰ খবৰবিলাক লৈ আছিল। যোৱা বছৰ কুৱেটৰ পৰা দিল্লীলৈ যোৱা Flightখন দেৰঘণ্টামান delay আছিল, পাছত দিল্লী পাই ঘৰলৈ ফোন কৰোঁতে মায়ে কৈছিল তইতক ফোনত বহুতবাৰ চেষ্টা কৰিও নাপাই দেউতা চিন্তাত পাৰ নাইকিয়া হৈ আছে। এয়াৰপৰ্টৰ পৰা হোটেল গৈ ভালকৈ পালগৈ নাই....গোটেই ৰাতি টোপনি খটি হৈছে নহয় আজি সোনকালে শূই থাকিব.... গৰমত বৰকৈ ঘূৰি নুফুৰিবা ইহঁত দুটাই কষ্ট পাব.... কেতিয়াবা আমনি লাগি গৈছিল ভাবিছিলো দেউতাইনো

কিয় এতিয়াও আমাৰ কাৰণে ইমানকৈ চিন্তা কৰিব লাগে....কিন্তু আজি এই মৰম-আশাৰ বোৰৰ অভাৱ যেন বাৰুকৈ উপলব্ধি কৰিছো।

পিছদিনা নিৰ্ধাৰিত সময় মতেই দিল্লীৰ পৰা ডিব্ৰুগড় অভিমুখী বিমানত যাত্ৰা আৰম্ভ কৰিলো। মোৰ কাষত মোৰ ল'ৰা-ছোৱালী দুটা। মনৰ ভিতৰ বাহিৰ চাৰিওফালে সেই একেই নিস্তৰ্দ্ধতা। থিৰিকিৰে বাহিৰলৈ চাই পঠিয়ালো, চৌদিশে যেন কেৱল শূন্যতা। হঠাৎ সৰুকালৰ কথা এটা মনত পৰি গ'ল। সৰুতে মাকক হেৰোওৱা মোৰ বান্ধবী লনীয়ে কৈছিল তাইৰ মাকে বোলে সেই ডাৱৰ বোৰৰ মাজতে লুকাই ডাৱৰৰ ফাকে ফাকে তাইলৈ চাই থাকে। ময়ো যেন কব নোৱাৰাকৈয়ে এক মুহূৰ্তৰ বাবে থিৰিকিৰে ডাৱৰৰ মাজেৰে চাই পঠিয়ালো...কিজানিবা দেউতাক কেনেকৈ দেখা পাওঁমই....। সদায় আমি গৈ পোৱাৰ কেইদিনমানৰ আগৰ পৰাই দেউতাৰ ব্যস্ততা আৰম্ভ হৈ যায়। বজাৰলৈ গৈ প্ৰত্যেকে ভালপোৱা খোৱাবন্তৰ যোগাৰ কৰি আনি খোৱা, কোন ক'ত শুব তাৰ ব্যৱস্থা কৰি খোৱা ইত্যাদি এইবিলাক লৈয়েই ঘৰখনত এক উখল মাখল পৰিবেশ। ঘৰ গৈ পোৱাৰ মুহূৰ্তত সদায় গে'টৰ ওচৰত উৎকণ্ঠাৰে ৰৈ থকা দেউতাকটো এইবাৰ নাপাও মা অকলেহে আমাৰ বাবে বাট চাই থাকিব। কথামাৰ ভাবিয়েই কিবা এক বেদনাই বুকুখন হেঁচা মাৰি ধৰিলে।

এয়াৰপৰ্টৰ পৰা ঘৰ পোৱালৈকে আধাঘণ্টা সময়তে অলপ সময়ৰ পাছে পাছে ফোন আহি থাকে, “তইত কোন খিনি পাইছহি?”। আমি হাহোঁ আৰু কওঁ, “দেউতাৰ ফোন আৰম্ভ হৈ গ'ল আৰু”। কিন্তু এয়াইটো এক অকৃত্ৰিম হেপাহ! এনেকুৱা নিঃস্বার্থ হেপাহ মা-দেউতাৰ বাহিৰে আন কাৰোবাৰ পৰা জানো কেতিয়াবা পাম? মনতে ভাবিলো এইবাৰ গাড়ীৰে গৈ থাকোঁতে বাৰু কেনেকুৱা লাগিব? সদায় অহা সেই ফোনবোৰ এইবাৰটো আৰু নাহে। কাৰণ মায়ে mobile ফোনৰ ব্যৱহাৰ বিশেষ একো নাজানে। কাৰোবালৈ ফোন কৰিবলৈ হলেও আগতে দেউতাইহে connect কৰি দিছিল, মায়ে মাত্ৰ কথাহে পাতিছিল। মাক বাৰে বাৰে শিকোৱাৰ পাছতো একেই পুনৰাবৃত্তি। মাৰ সেই একেই উত্তৰ, “এনেকৈয়ে চলি আছে নহয়, হব দে”।

Please fasten your seatbelt....airhostessৰ

মাততহে মোৰ সম্ভিত ঘূৰি আহিল।

এয়াৰপৰ্টৰপৰা ওলাই আহি গাড়ীত বহিলোহি। মিলননগৰ অভিমুখ গতি কৰাৰ কিছু সময়ৰ পাছতেই ফোনটো বাজি উঠাত আচৰিতেই হ'লো, মোৰ অসমৰ নম্বৰটোত নো কাৰ ফোন আহিল। সিফালৰ পৰা মাৰ মাত, “তইত কোনখিনি পাইছহি”? অলপ সময়ৰ ব্যৱধানত সেই একেই মাৰ কণ্ঠস্বৰ, “ভালকৈ আহি আছ নে...কোনখিনি পাইছহি”? হঠাৎ যেন মনৰ ভিতৰৰ শূণ্যতাইনি বহুত আঁঠি গ'ল।

ঘৰ পালেই চিচাই বনকৰা ল'ৰা বিজয়ক সুধিলো,



“আইতাই আজিকালি mobiieত নম্বৰবিলাক উলিয়াই ফোন কৰিবলৈ শিকিলে নেকি”? উত্তৰত সি ক'লে, “নম্বৰটো মইহে লগাই দিছো বাইদেউ, আইতাই মোক কৈ খেছিল এয়াৰপৰ্টৰ পৰা ঘৰলৈ আহি থাকোঁতে আগতে ককাৰে যেনেকৈ বাইদেউক বাৰে বাৰে ফোন কৰি খবৰ লৈ আছিল, তেনেকৈ মোকো অলপ সময়ৰ পাছে পাছে ফোনটো লগাই দিবিচোন নহলে বাইদেউৰ মনটো খুউব উৰুঙা লাগিব নহয়”। মাৰ প্ৰতি এক গভীৰ শ্ৰদ্ধাৰে মোৰ মনটো ভৰি পৰিল.....



10th EDITION

মোৰাঁৰনীৰ লেছেৰি বুটলি

ভাৰতী শৰ্ম্মা



মোৱা ডিচেম্বৰ মাহৰ ২৭ তাৰিখে কুৱেইটৰ পৰা অসমলৈ বুলি ৰাওনা হলো দুটি মৰমৰ আহানত। ১৭ জানুৱাৰীত ভতিজা এটিৰ বিয়া। অন্যহাতে ২৯ ডিচেম্বৰত কুৱেইটৰ শ্ৰীমান হিমাংশু আৰু শ্ৰীমতী সূতপাৰ সুপুত্ৰৰ বিয়ালৈ কৰা আন্তৰিকতা পূৰ্ণ নিমন্ত্ৰণ। যথা সময়ত বিয়া বাৰু খাই সেই একে সময়তে অসমলৈ মোৱা সবু পুত্ৰৰ পৰিয়ালৰ লগত বাঙ্গালিবুলৈ আহিলো। কাৰণ ১১ ফেব্ৰুৱাৰিত সবু নাতিটোৰ জন্মদিন এৰি থৈ ঘূৰি যাবলৈ বেয়া লাগিল। সেয়েহে তেওঁৰ লগতো এমাহমান কটাই কুৱেইটলৈ আকৌ দুদিনমানৰ কাৰণে ঘূৰি যোৱাৰ কথা। কুৱেইটত থকা নাতি-নাতিনী দুটিৰো আকৌ ৩ মাৰ্চত জন্মদিন। এই সকলোবোৰেই হ'ল মায়াক বাঞ্ছন।

কেইদিনমানৰ আগতে খবৰ পালো অসম সংঘ কুৱেইটৰ বছৰেকীয়া আলোচনী অৰ্থাৎ ব'হাগ বিহু সন্মিলনৰ স্মৰণিকা 'জতুকা' আগৰ কেইবাৰৰ দৰেই এইবাৰো উলিওৱাৰ প্ৰস্তুতি চলিছে। গতিকে কিবা এটি লিখিবই লাগিব। প্ৰকৃততে জন্ম লগ্নেৰে পৰা জড়িত হৈ থকা এই স্মৰণিকা খণিত প্ৰতি বছৰে ভালেই হওক বা বেয়াই হওক কিবা এটা লিখাৰ প্ৰয়াস কৰি আহিছো। 'জতুকা' এই নামটোৰ লগতেই মোৰ বিশেষ সম্বন্ধ। সময় হাতত নিচেই কম যদিও নিলিখাকৈ কেনেকৈ থাকো। এয়া হ'ল 'জতুকা'ৰ প্ৰতি মায়া। এই মায়ামোহ আৰু মৰমচেনেহ বোৰক লৈয়েই এই মোৰ লিখাৰ প্ৰচেষ্টা।

সৌ সিদিনা ইয়ালৈ অহাৰ আগতে এদিন পুত্ৰক কলো- "তোমালোক তেনেই সবু থাকোতেই যে এবাৰ দেউতাৰাৰ সৈতে মাদুৰাইলৈ গৈছিলো - তাৰ মীনাক্ষী দেৱীৰ মন্দিৰৰ কথা মনত আছেনে বাবু? তালৈ আকৌ এবাৰ যাবৰ মন আছিল।" তেৱোঁ ক'লে- "ঠিকেই এবাৰ যাব পাৰি। চেষ্টা কৰি চাওঁ বাবু।" সেইমতেই আমাৰ টিকেট হ'ল। শুবুৰাবাৰে গৈ সোমবাৰে ঘূৰি আহিম। আটক ধুনীয়া কাৰুকাৰ্য খচিত বিশাল মন্দিৰটো দেখি আকৌ

অভিভূত হলো। দেশ বিদেশৰ পৰ্যটকেৰে ভৰি আছে এই কেইবাহাজাৰ বছৰীয়া মন্দিৰৰ প্ৰাঙ্গণ। মন্দিৰ আৰু তাত থোৱা দেৱ দেৱীৰ সুন্দৰ প্ৰদৰ্শনেৰে মনটো ভৰি আহি ঘৰ সোমাইছোহিহে মাত্ৰ, তেনেকুৱাতে ঘৰ সোমাইয়েই সাত বছৰীয়া নাতিটোৱে হঠাতে মোক সুধিলে- "আইতা তুমি সোনকালে যাবাগৈ নেকি"? তেতিয়াহে মোৰ সম্বন্ধিত ঘূৰি আহিল। সেইদিনা আছিল ২০ তাৰিখ আৰু ২৮ ফেব্ৰুৱাৰিত মোৰ ঘূৰি যোৱাৰ টিকেট। তেওঁক কলো- "হয় দেই বেছিদিন নাইতো! তুমি কিয় সুধিলা বাবা"? তেওঁ কলো- "নহয় তুমি আমাৰ ঘৰত বহুত দিন থাকিব লাগে।" আচপতে ইয়ালৈ আহিলে মই ৪/৫ মাহ মান থাকোৱেই। বুকুখনত যেন মোৰ শোকে খুন্দা মাৰি ধৰিলে। বয়স বাঢ়ি অহাৰ লগে লগে ভাব হয় - আমাৰতো সংসাৰৰ কামবোৰ হ'লেই। ভালে ভালে সংসাৰ এৰিব পাৰিলেই মঙ্গল। কিন্তু এইয়ে মায়াক পাশে আমাক বান্ধি পেলায় তাৰ বাবে দুই নাও দুই ভৰি হোৱাৰ উপক্ৰম হয়।

সিদিনা আকৌ নিমন্ত্ৰণ পালো বাঙ্গালিবুলৈ থকা অইল ইন্ডিয়া লিমিটেডৰ অৱসৰ প্ৰাপ্ত বিষয়া সকলৰ বছৰেকীয়া OLD BOYS MEET'লৈ। এগৰাকী অৱসৰ প্ৰাপ্ত জ্যেষ্ঠ বিষয়া শ্ৰীমতী টি জি কুলকাৰ্ণি আৰু ডঃ এছ এন বিশ্বনাথৰ পৰিবাৰ শ্ৰীমতী উষা বিশ্বনাথৰে নিজে ফোনযোগে নিমন্ত্ৰণ কৰিলে। বৰ ভাল লাগিল। এনেবোৰ মানুহক আকৌ এবাৰ লগ পোৱাৰ সুযোগকণ হেৰুৱাবৰ মন নগল। থকা ঠাইৰ পৰা দূৰৈত হোৱাৰ বাবে আগৰ এনেবোৰ MEET'লৈ মই যাব পৰা নাছিলো। এইবাৰ পুত্ৰ বোৱাৰীয়েও তালৈ গৈ চাই আহিবৰ ইচ্ছা প্ৰকাশ কৰিলে। গতিকে সেইমতে ২৮ জানুৱাৰীত সেই অনুষ্ঠানলৈ বুলি গলো। আমি গৈ পোৱাত কিছু পলম হৈছিল - গতিকে সভাৰ কাম কিছু আগ বাঢ়ি গৈছিল। মই গৈয়েই সন্মুখত নিজৰ পৰিচয় দি চমুকৈ দু-আষাৰ কব লগীয়াত পৰিছিলো। সকলোকে দেখি ভাল লাগি গৈছিল। যি হওক তাৰ পাছত হৈ থকা আলোচনাবোৰত অইল ইন্ডিয়া লিমিটেডে এই অৱসৰ প্ৰাপ্ত বিষয়া সকলৰ চিকিৎসা সম্বন্ধীয় কেনে ধৰণৰ ব্যৱস্থা হাতত লৈ আছে তাকে অৱগত কৰাই আছে। ঈশ্বৰে কৰাত দুটি সুপ্ৰতিষ্ঠিত পুত্ৰ আছে বাবে আৰু নিজাকৈ পোৱা মোৰ অৱসৰ পেখনৰ পৰা হাত খৰছটো ওলাই থাকে বাবে মই সাধাৰনতে টান অসুখ আদি হ'লে কি হব বুলি বৰকৈ ভাবি নাথাকো - ভাবো কিবা এটা হব আৰু। গতিকে মোৰ মনটো সেই আলোচনাবোৰৰ পৰা আঁতৰি গৈ সেই সময়ৰ সকলো দিশতে সিদ্ধহস্ত ব্যক্তি সকলক দেখি এওঁলোকৰ সৈতে কটোৱা পুৰণি দিনবোৰলৈ উভতি গ'ল। এই ৮০/৯০ বছৰ বছৰৰ উৰ্দ্ধৰ ব্যক্তিসকল এসময়ৰ অইল ইন্ডিয়া লিমিটেডৰ একোগৰাকী মূল্যবান মুকুতাশ্বৰূপ ব্যক্তি আছিল। তেওঁলোকৰ গাৰ্ভীৰ্য্য, তেওঁলোকৰ ব্যক্তিত্বৰ কথা সুৰ্ৰ'বিলে আজিও মোৰ শিৰ দোঁ খাই আছে।

তেতিয়া আমাৰ বয়স কম আছিল। বহু কথা জানিলো - বহু কথা শিকিলো এওঁলোকৰ পৰা। শিকাবলৈ তেওঁলোকে কেতিয়াও কুণ্ঠাবোধ নকৰিছিল - ব্যৱহাৰতো আছিল অপৰিসীম অমায়িকতা। মই দুলিয়াজানৰ LADIES CLUBৰ সম্পাদিকা ৰূপে কাৰ্য্যভাৰ বহন কৰি থকা সময়ছোৱাত CLUBৰ মাহেকীয়া MEETING বোৰত সভানেত্ৰী আৰু ধনভৰালীৰে সৈতে মঞ্চত উপবিষ্ট হব লগীয়া হৈছিল MICROPHONEৰ সন্মুখত। তেতিয়া

সভাৰ প্ৰথম শাৰীত উপবিষ্টা এই শ্ৰীমতী মণি আয়া, শ্ৰীমতী উষা বিশ্বনাথ আদিৰ দৰে জানপুষ্টা মহিলা সকলে আমাৰ CLUBৰ কৰ্মৰাজিৰ ওপৰত নানা প্ৰশ্নবানেৰে সতৰ্কিত ৰিখিছিল আৰু দিহা পৰামৰ্শ বোৰ দিছিল - যাৰ বাবে CLUBৰ প্ৰতিতো কাম নিখুট ভাবে সম্পন্ন হবলৈ বাধ্য হৈছিল। CLUBৰ নানা সামাজিক গঠনমূলক কামবোৰৰো এওঁলোকৰ বাবেই সফল ৰূপে ৰূপায়ন হৈছিল। ৰন্ধাবঢ়া, খেলা ধূলা কোনো দিশতে পিচ পৰি নাথাকিছিল। শ্ৰীমতী বিশ্বনাথৰ অতি অমায়িক আৰু সহজ সৰল ব্যক্তিত্ব পাহৰিব নোৱৰা। দুলিয়াজানৰ এখনি প্ৰথম শাৰীৰ প্ৰাথমিক শিক্ষা অনুষ্ঠান TINY TOTS এওঁলোকৰ দ্বাৰাই প্ৰতিষ্ঠিত। ঘৰতো এওঁলোকে সবু সবু লৰা ছোৱালীবোৰক প্ৰাথমিক শিক্ষাকণ প্ৰদান কৰি একোগৰাকী সফল আৰু আদৰ্শ শিক্ষয়িত্ৰী ৰূপে পৰিগণিত হৈছিল। আশীৰ উৰ্দ্ধৰ এই শ্ৰীমতী বিশ্বনাথ এতিয়াও বাঙ্গালিবুলৈ এখনি অন্ধ বিদ্যালয়ৰ অগ্ৰগণ্য ব্যক্তি আৰু শ্ৰীমতী আয়াও ঠিক একেই ধৰনৰ এগৰাকী ব্যক্তি। কিন্তু শাৰীৰিক ভাৱে এওঁলোকৰ অৱশ্যে এতিয়া সেই শক্তি নুপু যিটো সকলোৰে জীৱনত প্ৰয়োজ্য। দুলিয়াজানত থাকোতে আমি তেনে বহু ব্যক্তিৰ সান্নিধ্যলৈ অহাৰ সৌভাগ্য হৈছিল। ভাৰতৰ নানা ঠাইত এওঁলোক এতিয়া সিচৰিত হৈ আছে - সেই সকলোৰে নাম অৱশ্যে ইয়াত উল্লেখ কৰা সম্ভব নহয়।

আৰু এগৰাকী ব্যক্তি শ্ৰীমতী সুনন্দা ভাট যি আজি



YumiFer



* Iron
* Folic acid
* Vitamin C
* Vitamin B6 and B12

60 chewable tablets

ব'হাগ

আভা বৰা



ব'হাগে শীৰা পাৰি বহে বুকুৰ ঘৰত
যেনি তেনি বাজে ব'হাগী সুৰৰ গুণগুণ
সখীযতীৰ আকুলতাই
বীণা কৰি যায় মন
বেলি লহিয়ায়
তথাপি আবেগে এতিয়াও পাৰভাঙে
বিহু বুলিলেই বৈ যায় এক মধুৰ শিহৰণ ।

ঢোলৰ চাপৰ শূনি মেঘবোৰে
অহামোৱা কৰে
কেতিয়াবা ৰ'বকে নোৱাৰি
ধাৰাধাৰে সৰি পৰে
বিহুৰ ঢোলৰ ইমান শক্তি
আকাশৰ মেঘকো নচুৱায়
চ'ততে বৰতি চোৱাই সাজু কৰি ৰখা
বিহুৰ ঢোলত
উখল মাখল হয় নদীৰ পানী
হুচৰিৰ পেঁপা শুনিলেই ৰিপি ৰিপি
চঞ্চলা হয় চপলা হয় গজগামিনী
কিবা লাগি যায় বুকুৰ মাজৰ কোনোবাখিনি ।

ব'হাগ ওলমে আকাশত
ব'হাগ ওপঙে বতাহত
মাজে মাজে বৰদৈচলাই ডালপাত ভাঙি যায়
তথাপি ব'হাগ আহে সুখৰ সুসুখি বজায় ।

কুলিৰ কুজনে গভীৰ কৰে ব'হাগৰ দুপৰীয়া
হয় মৌন সুখৰ ৰদালি
আম কঁঠালৰ ডালে ডালে ব'হাগ অহাৰ জাননী
অ'ত ত'ত বনঘোষা ঐনিতম বাগডুয়াৰ প্ৰতিধ্বনি ।

তেনেই দুৰ্বল – কথাকেইটাও যেন কোনোমতেহে কৈছে।
এসময়ত তেওঁৰ আছিল অপৰীক্ষিত শক্তি আৰু মনোবল।
নতুনকৈ আহি যেতিয়া শ্ৰীমতীৰ ভাটে অইল ইন্ডিয়াত
যোগদান কৰে তেতিয়া সুনন্দা আছিল তেনেই শান্ত
শিষ্ট সহজ সৰল মহিলা। ঘৰুৱা ৰন্ধাবঢ়া আৰু ঘৰখন
সুন্দৰকৈ ৰখাত কিন্তু এওঁ আছিল সিদ্ধহস্ত। কিছু
কিছু মাথো হিন্দী ভাষা বুজিছিল আৰু কৈছিল। লাহে
লাহে হিন্দীৰ উপৰিও ইংৰাজীৰেও চলাবপৰা হল।
নানা ধৰনৰ ৰন্ধাবঢ়াৰে বাহিৰে ভিতৰে সমাজত
এখন সুকীয়া স্থান লাভ কৰিবলৈ সক্ষম হল। ঘৰতে
নানা বস্তু তৈয়াৰ কৰি নিজে গাড়ী চলাই মানুহৰ
ঘৰে ঘৰে দিব পৰা হল – অৰ্দ্ধাৰ লাভ কৰিলে।
হাতত সকলো সময়তে টেটিঙৰ কাম। ধুনীয়া ধুনীয়া
টেটিঙৰ লেচৰ সামগ্ৰী তৈয়াৰ কৰি বিক্ৰী কৰিছিল।
শাৰী পিন্ধিয়েই CLUB ৰ LAWN TENNIS, TABLE
TENNIS, BADMINTON প্ৰতিযোগিতাত যোগ দি
বিজয়ী হৈছিল। এওঁলোকৰ প্ৰতিভাৰাজি আজিও আমাৰ
স্মৃতিৰ মণিকোঠত থাকি গল। এওঁলোকৰ ব্যক্তিত্বৰ
কিছু পৰিবৰ্তন হোৱা নাছিল। আমাৰ বয়স আগবাঢ়িল
– কিন্তু এওঁলোকৰ স্থান আমি কোনোদিনেই লব
নোৱাৰিলো। এই ব্যক্তি সকলৰ শক্তি আজি ক্ষয়প্ৰাপ্ত।
কিন্তু তেওঁলোকৰ প্ৰতিভাৰাজি নতুন চামৰ বাবে আদৰ্শ
হৈ ৰল।

এই খিনিতে উল্লেখ কৰিব খুজিছোআৰু এটি ব্যতিক্ৰমী
ব্যক্তিত্ব। শ্ৰীমতী ভাৰতী ৰামবাবু – তেওঁৰ স্বামীও
অইল ইন্ডিয়া লিমিটেডৰ এগৰাকী প্ৰাক্তন বিষয়া।
প্ৰথমে যেতিয়া ভাৰতীক লগ পাত তেতিয়া তেওঁ আছিল
এক ব্যতিক্ৰম। অতি বেছি SMART, মডেলৰ দৰে
চেহেৰা, চলন ফুৰন সাংঘাটিক বেপাৰোৱা স্বভাৱৰ।
পাটিবোৰত সুৰাও লয় – ধৰ্মৰ প্ৰতি বিৰাগ – মিটো
তেওঁ এতিয়াও স্বীকাৰ কৰে। হঠাতে কিছুদিনৰ পাছৰ
পৰা তেওঁক নেদেখা হলো। নাজানো ক'ত থাকে,
ক'লৈ গ'ল। দুবছৰৰ আগতে বাঙ্গালুৰুল আহোঁতে
আমাৰ পুৰণা বন্ধু শ্ৰী আৰু শ্ৰীমতী কুলকাৰ্ণিৰ পৰা
জানিবলৈ পালো যে ভাৰতী এতিয়া সত্য সাইবাবাৰ
আশ্ৰমৰ পুটাপুটীৰ বাসিন্দা। তাৰ পাছত পুটাপুটীত গৈ
ভাৰতীক লগ পোৱাৰ পাছত আমি স্তম্ভিত! নাই সেই
আগৰ বেপাৰোৱা মনোভাব, নাই সেই পিন্ধন উৰণ,
কেৱল মাত্ৰ সাইবাবা, ভগৱান, আশ্ৰম, সমাজসেৱাই
তেওঁৰ কাম। এটা সময়ত তেওঁ মানুহৰ মনৰ কপটতা,
কৃত্ৰিমতা, মিছা বিষয়বাবৰ প্ৰতি থকা আসক্তিৰ
নিৰ্মমতা দেখি সেইবোৰৰ প্ৰতি বিতৰাগ হৈ ঘৰ এৰি
থৈ আশ্ৰমত য'তে ত'তে পৰি থাকি আশ্ৰমৰ সেৱা
আৰম্ভ কৰিলে। তাকে দেখি তেওঁৰ O.I.L.ত কাম
কৰি থকা স্বামীয়ে তেওঁক ক'লে, “তুমিতো আৰু ঘূৰি
নাহা, তাতে য'তে ত'তে পৰি থাকা, গতিকে এয়া
অলপ টকা দিছো কিবা এটা থকাৰ ব্যৱস্থা তাতে
কৰি লোৱা”। তাৰ পাছত তেওঁ দুটা কোঠাৰ সৰু ফ্লেট
ঘৰ এটা কিনি তাতে থাকিবলৈ ললে। শোৱাকোঠাটোত
মাথো কিছু সুবিধা কৰি তাতে থাকে। শ্ৰীমতী সৰস্বতী
কুলকাৰ্ণি আৰু মোকো তাতে ৰাখিলে। নিজে আনটো
কোঠাত মজিয়াত শুলে। সেই ৰাতি ভাৰতীয়ে তেওঁৰ
কেনেকৈ ইমান পৰিবৰ্তন হ'ল জানিবলৈ দিলে। সেয়াও
এক বিশেষ কাহিনী। আগতে তেওঁ কেনেকুৱা আছিল
তেওঁ নিজেই আমাক কৈ হুঁৱালে। কেতিয়াবা তেওঁ
আশ্ৰমত হোৱা নিচেই সামান্য দামৰ আহাৰ কণ খায়,
কেতিয়াবা মন গলে নিজেই ৰান্ধি খায়। ল'ৰা-বোৱাৰী

গৈ মাজে মাজে তেওঁৰ লগত থাকে আৰু কেতিয়াবা
নিজেও তেওঁলোকৰ ওচৰলৈ যায়। আমি আগেয়ে দেখা
ভাৰতীজনীৰ ভিতৰতো নিশ্চয় দৰাচলতে আন এজনী
মানুহে আছিল। এতিয়া তেওঁ সুখী – যেন এয়াহে
মানুহৰ প্ৰকৃত জীৱন। এয়াই যেন নিৰ্মল শান্তি।

শ্ৰী আৰু শ্ৰীমতী কুলকাৰ্ণিৰ কথা নকলে মোৰ লিখা
সম্পূৰ্ণ নহ'ব। এসময়ত বহু বছৰ CANADAত থাকি
আহি শ্ৰী কুলকাৰ্ণিয়ে যেতিয়া O.I.L.ত যোগদান কৰে
তেতিয়া আমাৰ সৰু ল'ৰাই আহি কলেহি যে তেওঁলোকৰ
শ্ৰেণীত এটা CANADIAN লৰা আহিছে। তেতিয়া আমিও
তেওঁলোকক চাবলৈ ব্যাগ্ৰ। কিন্তু তেওঁলোকক যেতিয়া
আমি স্বচক্ষে দেখিলো – তেতিয়া আমাৰ আচৰিত
হোৱাৰ পৰ্ব। নিজস্ব তেওঁলোকে লগতে ৰাখি ঘূৰি
আহিছে। সহজ সৰল সাধাৰণ মানুহ। তেতিয়াৰ পৰাই
তেওঁলোকে যি ব্যক্তিত্ব বজাই ৰাখিলে কেতিয়াও তাৰ
পৰিবৰ্তন নহল। প্ৰথমৰ পৰাই চাপে চাপে উঠি উন্নতিৰ
জখলাত উঠিলে। সেই শ্ৰীমতী সৰস্বতী কুলকাৰ্ণি
এগৰাকী নিৰ্ভু প্ৰকৃতিৰ সাদৰী মহিলা। সকলো সময়তে
তেওঁলোকৰ পৰিয়ালৰ মানুহক সহায় কৰাৰ মনোবৃত্তি।

তাত লগপোৱা মোৰ পৰিচিত সকলৰ ভিতৰত আছিল
শ্ৰী প্ৰদীপ আলৈ, শ্ৰীমতী উষা আলৈ, শ্ৰী আৰু শ্ৰীমতী
অচ্যুত বুঢ়াগোহাঁই, ডি কে' দাস আৰু বাণী দাস –
সকলোবোৰ বিভিন্ন গুণেৰে বিভূষিত। শ্ৰী দাস আৰু
শ্ৰীমতী আলৈ আছিল সংস্কৃতিৰ পূজাৰী। শ্ৰীমতী উষা
নম্ৰ-ভদ্ৰ এগৰাকী কোকিল কণ্ঠী গায়িকা।

এই প্ৰতিগৰাকী ব্যক্তিৰ চৰিত্ৰৰ ভিন ভিন বিশেষত্ব।
কিন্তু তেওঁলোকৰ এটাই মিল বা COMMON সেয়া
হ'ল তেওঁলোকৰ ব্যক্তিত্ব, তেওঁলোকৰ মৰ্যাদা অৰ্থাত
DIGNITY। তেওঁলোকৰ গাত আগৰ শক্তি নাই, আগৰ
পদবীও নাই। কিন্তু তেওঁলোকৰ ছবি আজি আমাৰ
স্মৃতিত জীৱন্ত হৈ আছে তেওঁলোকৰ সেই বিৰল গুণ
বোৰৰবাবে। ধন সম্পত্তি, পদবী, বিভূতি বৈতৰণ
জখলাত মানুহ বহু ওপৰলৈ গতি কৰিব পাৰে – কিন্তু
সেইবোৰৰ বাবে মানুহ স্মৃতিৰ পটত জীয়াই নাথাকে।
মানুহ স্মৰণীয় হয় তেওঁলোকৰ গঠনমূলক কৰ্মৰাজি,
নিজস্ব, ব্যক্তিত্ব আৰু DIGNITY অৰ্থাত মৰ্যাদাৰ দ্বাৰা।
গতিকে সময় থাকোঁতেই আমাৰ সন্তানসকলকো এনেবোৰ
কথা সোৱাই দি মানৱীয় গুণবোৰ বিকাশকৰাত সহায়
কৰা উচিত।

সমস্বৰ সংগীত নলিনীবালা হাজৰিকা



কুৱেইত নীবাসী অসমীয়া ভাই-ভনী, বন্ধু-বান্ধবী
সকললৈ আন্তৰীকতা সহকাৰে আগবঢ়ালো

স্থায়ী : কুৱেইত নীবাসী আমি অসমীয়া, আমি
অসমীয়া, আমি অসমীয়া

আমাৰ কৃষ্টি বাৰে ৰহণীয়া, বাৰে
ৰহণীয়া, বাৰে ৰহণীয়া

বিশ্বৰ ছন্দৰে আগবাঢ়ি যাওঁ অসমীৰ,
ভাৰতীৰ গৌৰৱ বঢ়াওঁ

উদাৰ আকাশখনি বুকুত ভৰাইলৈ
মিলাপ্ৰীতি চানেকীৰে যাউতি যুগীয়া

আমি অসমীয়া, আমি অসমীয়া, আমি
অসমীয়া.....

১ম অন্তৰা : শংকৰ মাধৱ আৰু আজান ফকীৰ,
শিৰত আশিসলৈ বিশ্ব জ্যোতিৰ
ভাই-ভনী মিলি-জুলি জয়গীত গাওঁ আমি
সুখে দুখে সমভাগী লগৰীয়া
আমি অসমীয়া, আমি অসমীয়া, আমি
অসমীয়া

২য় অন্তৰা :খুলি দিলোঁ আজি আমি মনৰ দুৱাৰ
চোপাশে আনন্দৰ অমল জোৱাৰ
চেনহৰ এনাজৰি নিকপ্ কপীয়া কৰি
আটি আটি বান্ধো আহা সমনীয়া
আমি অসমীয়া, আমি অসমীয়া, আমি
অসমীয়া
আমি অ স মী আ আ আ

যি কথা ন'হল কোৱা দেবাহুতী কাকতি দাস



মোৰ বুকুৰ
জুহালত
তুমি দগমগাই জ্বলি উঠিছা

ক্ৰমে ক্ৰমে মই
নিঃশেষ হৈ
আহি আছে

সম্ভৱত মই জাহ যাম
তোমাৰ ওচৰত

এজাক ৰং বোলোৱা সময়

পুলিন ডেকা

আবেলিয়ে যাব লাগিব, কঠালৰ মুচি আৰু
আমৰ কলিয়ে মহটিয়াই যোৱা
নীলাভ পথটোত ৰৈ থাকিব পাৰে
এজাক ৰং বোলোৱা সময়।

সেউজ হব পাৰে বাবেই গছৰ
ডালবোৰে গুপতে লুকুৱাই ৰাখিব পাৰে
ঢোলৰ মাদকতা, অনুভৱৰ জীয়া সুৰ
বহুদিন বিৰতিৰ পিছত নদীখনে
গুনগুনাই গান গালে, ফুচ-ফুচাই
হেৰ্পাহ উজাৰি ৰ'দৰ বোকোচাত
মাহ, হালধীৰে সঁতু বান্ধিলে

আবেলি যাবই লাগিব, একাৰ হোৱাৰ
আগতেই লাও, বেঙেনা, মাখিয়াতিৰ
স'তে অথবা কুলিৰ মাতৰ দেখা নেদেখা
ছাঁ-পোহৰত মেলিব লাগিব গগনাৰ লহৰ

কপৌজনীৰ পাট-ৰিহাৰ আঁচলৰ খোজত
কঁপি উঠা বহাগৰ প্ৰথম পুৱাতেই
গুজি দিব লাগিব মোৰ আজোককাৰ
আশিৰ্বাদৰ কলপটীয়া ৰংবোৰ।

শব্দ

আলোক দাস



অনাথৰী মানুহৰ কান্ধত ভৰ দি
শব্দ আহিছে হিলদল ভাঙি
মানুহৰ ভূগোল বুৰঞ্জী গৰাকি।

শব্দ ব্ৰহ্ম
শব্দ অমৰ
শব্দ অমোঘ মন্ত্ৰ।

শব্দই মানুহক মানুহ কৰিছে
অনুভূতিত মাত্ৰা দিছে।

শব্দ মানুহৰ শিপাৰ পৰিচয়
ইয়াতেই ভৰ দি মানুহে
আদিম পুৰুষকো বিচাৰি চাইছে।
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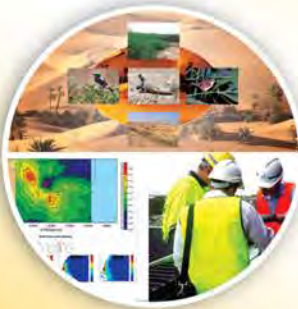
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