

# CULTURE FLASH

International Magazine of LITEROMA INC.



Cover Story

## SABARNA ROY

*Corporate Leader &  
Renowned Author*

Last Date of Submission  
Feb 28, 2021 (Mar'21 issue)



Joke, Recipe, Contest & Games

**FUN CORNER**

Story, Poetry, Quote & Review

**FICTION**

Travel, Photo, Art & Film

**GALLERY**

YEAR 13 • ISSUE 01 • JANUARY 2021

[literomainc@gmail.com](mailto:literomainc@gmail.com)

: CONTACT US :

+91 93309 19306

# TEAM

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF LITEROMA INC.

## GUESTS

Selma Kopic (Bosnia), Ernesto P. Santiago (Greece), Joan McNerney (USA), Allan Lake (Canada), Christopher T. Dąbrowski (Poland), Adewole Anifat Opeyemi (Nigeria) and Dr. (Major) Nalini Janardhanan (India)

## PHOTO CREDIT

Tarun Banerjee

**EDITOR IN CHIEF** Reetwika Banerjee, India

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR** Mark Schultz, Greece

**COVER STORY** Sabarna Roy

**PUBLICITY PARTNER** Wood Works 800 Team

**CREATIVE CONSULTANT** Tamal Mukherjee

**DESIGN LAB** Literoma Studio

**CHIEF PATRON** Subrata Bandyopadhyay



# EDITOR'S NOTE



Let me take this opportunity to greet all our Literoma family members and creative geniuses a very happy, healthy and prosperous New Year 2021. Hope, the entire mankind will now be able to come out with flying colours from the choking grip of the pandemic. 2020 was a year of lesson in multi-folds, teaching us a lot of positive and negative impacts of our modern lifestyle. Does that sound a little preachy? Well, I think yes. We, at Culture Flash, always try to keep off from becoming the wise owl. Our sole aim is to spread the fragrance of creativity through inter-cultural exchange of thoughts.

Here we release the New Year special issue. Our January calendar was packed with a lot of events like Golden Star Award ceremony, Tagore Magh Utsav 2021, Celebrity Book Launch of 'Shining Divas of 2020', Launch of 2021 Literoma Diary / Notebooks, Corona Warrior Recognition Program etc. After a year's quarantine, we were back on the floor hosting the first physical event of the new year - Tagore Magh Festival 2021 at Rabindra Tirtha, Kolkata. An array of books, magazines, artworks and photographs were exhibited, maintaining all norms of personal hygiene. February & March are lined up with a galore of events namely Literoma Spring Festival at Book Fair (Kolkata), Nari Samman 2021, International Symposium on Women & Literature (ISWAL'21), Top 10 Featured Books of the Year and many other literary events.

We are accepting nominations and submissions for all the upcoming events. Feel free to pour in your creative wonders and keep adding colours on the canvas.

See you soon!

**Reetwika Banerjee**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF





*Literoma Celebrating Womanhood*



# NARI SAMMAN 2021

MARCH 7 || KOLKATA || 3-7 PM

MS. ABC



To Nominate:  
[literoma.publishingservices@gmail.com](mailto:literoma.publishingservices@gmail.com)  
LAST DATE : 15 Feb 2021



# MULTI-DIMENSIONAL JEWEL OF KOLKATA

MR. SABARNA ROY

1. Who is Sabarna Roy in daily life?

A person is a plethora of identities in daily life. I am an author, an engineer, a husband, a father, a friend, a lover, an atheist, irreverential, a voracious reader, a film buff, a political radical, and so many other things in the course of a day.

2. What makes you feel special about yourself?

I do not think I have anything that makes me feel special about myself except the fact that I rarely succumb under pressure.

**"SINCE YOU UNDERSTAND LIFE THROUGH OWN EXPERIENCES, AN AUTHOR TENDS TO BE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MOST OF THE TIMES, HIDING BEHIND HIS CHARACTERS OR IDEAS."**

3. Did you fall in love ever? If yes, with whom or what?

I have been falling in love ever since my adolescence. To that extent, I am a love-sick person. A woman friend of mine told me once: A man who falls in love so fast must be a dangerous man.

4. Please tell us about your most accomplished achievement in life. When did it happen? How? Any learning from the journey?

New Life in Pentacles and Incomplete Conversations Set Pieces in Random Subterranean Mosaic: 2012-2018 were very difficult to write. New Life happened in 2009, and Incomplete Conversations Set Pieces happened in 2014. The learning from this writing journey was: deliberate, and aesthetic incompleteness can be a great artistic tool in prose writing and can excite the eternal return of readers to the same narrative.



## FROSTED GLASS

SABARNA ROY

Frosted Glass comprises one story cycle consisting of 14 stories and one poem cycle consisting of 21 poems.

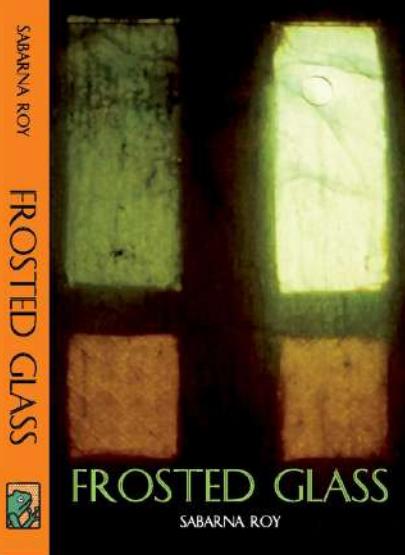
The stories, set in Calcutta, bring to the fore the darkest turpings in the human psyche and bare the bazaar intricacies. The stories, compactly written and marked by insightful dialogues that raise contemporary issues like man-woman relationships and its strains, meiosis and ethics, environmental degradation, class inequality, rapid and mass-scale unkinetic urbanization, are devoid of sentimentalistic. The result is many a time a jolt to the reader. The central character who is named Rabut in all the stories. We witness the events that shape him, guide his life and also the lives of those around him, making us question the very essence of existence. Rabut symbolizes modern man; he is not just one character, but all of us rolled into one. The story cycle stands out for two reasons — its brilliant narrative and the dispassionate style with which betrayal in personal relationships and resultant loneliness has been handled.

The poems weave a maze of dreams, images, reflections and stories. They are written in a reflective and many a time in a narrative tenor within a poetic idiom. The poems are inseparable in a hidden way and are logically sequenced like various kinds of flowers in a garland or chapters of differing shades in a novel. Calcutta features in some of the poems like the looming backdrop of Gotham City in a Batman

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Rating / Stories & Poetry  
ISBN: 978-93-81115-0-1  
TMR \$15



FROSTED GLASS  
SABARNA ROY

*Fractured Mosaic* is yet another kaleidoscope from Sabarna Roy's arsenal that will take the readers to a mesmerizing whirlpool. Most of the works published in this book have been earlier published in reputed media houses as musings of an author; in this book they have been brought together for the benefit of all the readers. After the smashing hit of his earlier six master pieces since 2010, Sabarna has been constantly writing in the format of a journal to imitate how the mind works in real life.

Sabarna Roy has covered all genres in her literary works: short stories, novellas, hybrids, narrative poetry, plays, conversations, non-fictional writing, critical analysis of books and events, etcetera. Her specialize in post-modern urban mixes which delightfully bridges the gap between the mundane and amateur writings of today and provides an interesting yet intellectually stimulating treat for the discerning reader.

- Hindustan Times

A unique mixture of dialogues and conversations between the characters as most of his novels and novellas, and even within poems, certainly mark the beginning of a new era in English literature. Another significant thing is the way in which he flies genres in the same book or within one poem is revolutionary. *The Last Plough* in *Frosted Glass* is a brilliant example. The book is both comedy in its core and Antecedent Death is an intriguing piece of power writing.

- Ocean Herald

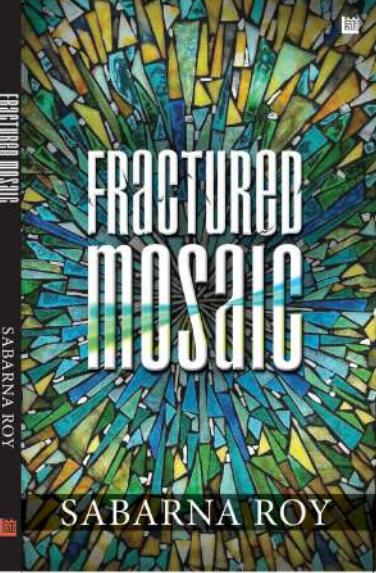
The dialogue that motivates Sabarna the most is from *Inception* by Christopher Nolan. It is – ‘What is the most seductive parasite? Betrayal. A virus? An intestinal worm? An idea. Religion... highly contagious. Once an idea has taken hold of the brain it's almost impossible to eradicate. An idea that is fully formed fully understood that idea.’

- The Dispatch

Sabarna Roy has been awarded the Littera Star Achievement Award in 2016, Littera Star Author Award 2020, Random Subterranean Mosaic: 2012 – 2018 was the best book of the year 2019, the A Lit Award for excellence in fiction by the NewsX Media House, Certificate for The Real Super Heroes for spreading a spirit of positivity and hope during the COVID-19 Pandemic from Forever Star India Award 2020, the Certificate for Participation in the Indo-Russian Friendship Celebration 2020, and the Littera Golden Star Award 2020 (Lifetime Achievement).

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# FRACTURED MOSAIC

SABARNA ROY

SABARNA ROY

# "IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, I THINK I HAVE BEEN A PRIVILEGED PERSON."

## 5. WE HEARD THAT YOU YOUR NEW TITLE IS GOING TO RELEASE SOON. WHAT'S THE BOOK ALL ABOUT? HOW DID IT HAPPEN? WHAT INSPIRED YOU?

My seventh literary work will hit the markets in February 2021. Its first launch is planned at ITC Royal Bengal Kolkata on February 12, 2021 at 7 pm. The title of the book is: Fractured Mosaic. The launch will be curated by the famous arts and events curator, Oindrilla Dutt.

Fractured Mosaic is published by Leadstart of Mumbai. Fractured Mosaic is in essence a sequel to my fifth literary work, titled: Random Subterranean Mosaic: 2012 – 2018. It is yet another kaleidoscope from my arsenal that will take the readers to a mesmerizing whirlpool. Most of the works published in this book have been earlier published in reputed media houses as musings of an author; in this book they have been brought together for the benefit of all the readers. After the smashing hit of my earlier six master pieces since 2010, I have been constantly writing in the format of a journal to imitate how the mind works in real life.

The actual launch of the book Fractured Mosaic will be done by the Chief Guest and the Guests of Honor at the event.

6. Tell us about your native, parents, family, family traditions if any, fans & followers.

I had a normal and happy childhood. My family consisted of my parents and my younger sister apart from me. My father was a Marketing Professional and retired as Chief (Marketing) from Steel Authority of India Limited in 1996. My mother was a homemaker, who mostly took care of our studies. My sister went on to do her doctoral thesis from Jawaharlal Nehru University and I did my Bachelor in Civil Engineering (First Class Honours) from Jadavpur University in 1988.

7. Have you betrayed anyone in your life ever? You may like to take this opportunity to confess.

The story cycle in my book, **Frosted Glass**, is a study on personal betrayal in relationships. It is a human tendency to betray. It is normal. I have betrayed many times. I have been betrayed many times.



*There are many things which I don't like about myself, like, I cannot sing or I cannot play any musical instrument."*

## 8. ALL YOUR WRITINGS OR CHARACTERS HAVE A CLOSE TIE WITH THE CITY OF JOY KOLKATA. WHAT MOTIVATES YOU? HOW MUCH OF "BANGLIANA" DO YOU CARRY?

A section of the media terms me as one of the Calcutta/Kolkata chroniclers. Calcutta/Kolkata is a city I love, and I have visited the nooks and corners of this city many, many, many times. I know its people, its history, its transition, the political movements that have taken place here. Calcutta/Kolkata is a city where I belong. As such, I write about this city and its people.

9. We have heard a lot about your interest in technical writing. What kinds of topic do you master in? Any society / club / community that you have founded or associated with?

I am a lead author of a technical book, and another technical book is in the making. Subjects related to water, waste-water, irrigation, and industrial water supply excite me a lot. I am an active participant in the multifarious activities of International Commission on Irrigation and Drainage, Confederation of Indian Industries, Central Board of Irrigation and Power, and Indian Geographical Committee of International Water Resources Association.

10. Does everyone love Sabarna Roy or is he a loner?

It is a combination of both.

11. From an intelligent teenager to Superdad Sabarna Roy - how has the journey been? Any struggles?

I am not a Superdad. But, yes, I do try to be an average parent. Parenting has been a great learning job. For me, Leo Tolstoy's Anna Karenina is the greatest parenting manual.

12. You hold such a senior leadership position in your professional front. At the same time, you are such a celebrated Indian writer. How do you balance both?

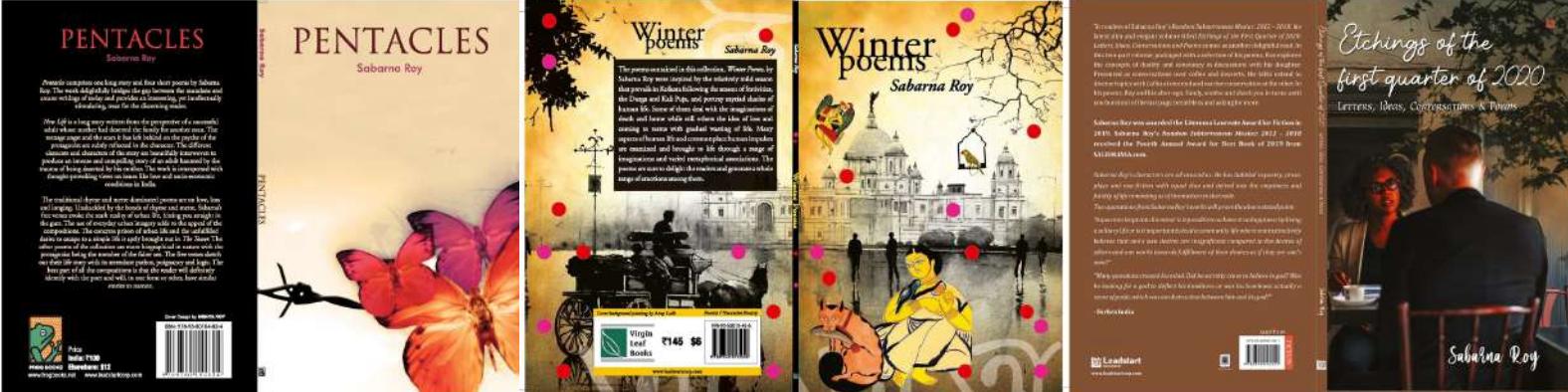
I shuffle between my two professions of being a Senior Engineering Professional and an Author of literary books. Yes, life has changed after I started writing books since July 2007 when I felt if I did not write I would die. Life definitely has become busier juggling between two different kinds of professions. As a Senior Engineering Professional, I am also involved in writing research articles in the environment sector in peer-reviewed national and international Journals. During the on-going Pandemic, I have been busy in various digital conferences as a Senior Engineering Professional as well as a literary author. Before the Pandemic I had to attend national and international conferences and literary meets.

13. How has the pandemic impacted you - positively or negatively?

I am a Senior Engineering Professional employed in a large engineering-manufacturing Company and an Author of Literary and Technical Books and peer-reviewed Technical Papers that are published in National and International Journals of repute. After the National Lockdown, which started on March 24 and carried on until May 31 our production facilities were closed down and we incurred huge financial losses. Thankfully, we did not retrench a single soul during this time but were forced to implement pay-cuts to keep our cash-flow afloat, with the higher salaried white collared staff taking the highest hit. Now that we have reached 90% of Plant efficiency, we have withdrawn the pay-cuts as well. As a traditionally published Author the first thing that hit me was: My sixth book Etchings of the First Quarter of 2020, which was published on June 26 came out on Amazon Kindle and could not be published in hard-bound format as was planned earlier since the printers were not working in Mumbai at that point in time. As such, the book could not have a proper physical all-India launch. My publisher and I had planned this book as a slim and an elegant hard-bound book, which has not seen the light of the day till today. However, I believe the hard-bound paperback version will come out in October as the situation is improving day-by-day. However, the pre-publication and post-publication reviews were planned intelligently and as such, the sales on Amazon Kindle have been phenomenal on a sustained basis. I have been busy during the continuing pandemic with various Webinars in the capacity of a Senior Engineering Professional in some and in the others as a Literary Author. I also planned and structured my next book on the Pandemic during this time and wrote and published 4 Technical Papers on the Irrigation sector in India, Specialized linings/coatings that are anti-corrosive and anti-abrasive, and Desalination Plants in India. In the end, I must say Pandemic has been a learning in tackling despair, hopelessness, remoteness and boredom. However, human beings with their implicit imagination, intuition and adaptiveness carry on learning from one-moment-to-the-other. I believe in threat being an opportunity. For Authors, the Pandemic has unleashed before us a plethora of topics and ideas on which we can write and explore new avenues.

14. Why is your name Sabarna Roy?

My father gave me my name. Sabarna was the second son of Sun God, and I believe it was not a very common name when I was born.



"Literoma has grown from month to month, and it's a combination of creativity & entrepreneurship, which is the best thing."



## 15. PLEASE TELL US ABOUT YOUR AWARDS AND ACCOLADES.

I have been awarded the Literoma Laureate Award in 2019, Literoma Star Achiever Award 2020, Random Subterranean Mosaic: 2012 – 2018 won the best book of the year 2019, the A List Award for excellence in fiction by the NewsX Media House, Certificate for The Real Super Heroes for spreading a spirit of positivity and hope during the COVID-19 Pandemic from Forever Star India Award 2020, and the Certificate for Participation in the Indo Russian Friendship Celebration 2020, Also Literoma Golden Star Award 2020: Lifetime Achievement.

16. Where do you see yourself in the next 5 years?

Life is very uncertain. I do not know where I will be in the next 5 years.

17. What if tomorrow throws a big challenge to you? How much are you prepared to face challenges in life from destiny, near and dear ones?

There is a Beatles song which says: Life happens to you when your busy making other plans. I do not think about tomorrow much. I am deeply invested in today.

18. Any dreams yet unachieved?

I am a very grounded and realistic person. I do dream, but I do not dream much about myself.

# RAPID FIRE

**Love or Life?**  
*love*

**Son or Daughter?**  
*daughter*

**Theatre or Webseries?**  
*theatre*



**Water or Well?**  
*water*

**Bengal or Abroad?**  
*bengal*

**End or Beginning?**  
*beginning*



# WORLD POETRY

CANADA

## ALLAN LAKE AS I UNDERSTAND THEM

He reminds her of his open door policy.  
 Free to go anytime. Says he'd pay  
 Her airfare to anywhere if need be.  
 Climate change, glacial break-up.  
 Both previously locked onto someone;  
 Neither would have that again. Still,  
 Anyone can be a pain in the axiomatic.  
 She misses distant sun-soaked 'home'.  
 Would like to be near family.  
 Soak up warm beach, balcony.  
 He looks forward to intercourse with  
 Ravens while walking into frosty rain-forest,  
 Into star-filled, chilly night.  
 No child, cat, dog or debt. Free to go.  
 No hint of anger. With her key  
 She would never scratch parting memo  
 On his black car as addendum to time  
 Invested/wasted. They seem bound  
 By soft threads: a whim, inertia.  
 Lack of foresight - all the above  
 Plus animal love.

BOSNIA

## SELMA KOPIC FADE HYDRANGEAS

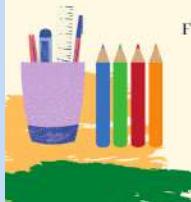
In a narrow pot fade hydrangeas  
 from lack of sunlight  
 Through the dense vegetation  
 whispers the sea.  
 Playful children shout  
 from window to window.  
 In the empty restaurant

the dishes clinks after dinner.  
 Blue wasteland is the sky.  
 The garden is empty,  
 the table is empty ...  
 The ashtray is full of deep sighs,  
 empty is the soul that exhales them.

Story / Poem / Article/ Quotation/ Recipe /  
 Tech Corner/ Health / Travelogue/ Photography/ Art & Painting/  
 Book & Film Review/ Joke/ Fashion Tips/ Comics

# CALL FOR SUBMISSION

FOR JAN'21 ISSUE OF OUR INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
 (FREE SUBMISSION)



[literomainc@gmail.com](mailto:literomainc@gmail.com)

Last Date: 28 FEB 2021

GREECE

## ERNESTO P. SANTIAGO TO THE ONE WHO NEVER LEFT MY SIDE

Just like your name you proclaim, born of  
 Earnest effort, to live well as  
 much as possible and keep it,  
 Happens what may.  
 For the glory of those you love  
 And for me, your enacted emotion  
 You held before;  
 Death trembles as you  
 plant good seeds in my lips.

Ah such a joy,  
 My beautiful soul,  
 A dream on wings lent to me by a  
 harrowing time, and I could neither  
 question nor ask God  
 about His purpose He has for  
 this modern mortal my  
 heart loved that I always had  
 and the only food that  
 can help take care of my lips;  
 with your one look I've  
 blossomed into a fine lover,  
 now I can dream of  
 setting foot in external world of  
 an unbeknownst sky,  
 because one star never left!

NIGERIA

## ADEWOLE A OPEYEMI PROSPECT OF HOPE

A new beginning.  
 The start of a new dawn.  
 The sun shone on the lawn,  
 A pieces of time in a row.

A travel into time,  
 Just in the early prime,  
 Always charming Always new,  
 Your gaze will never leave it view.

Prospect of hope is wide,  
 It let us face the gleaming tide,  
 The past is long gone & is history,  
 The new dawn is still a mystery.

The rise of the sun gives birth to a new day,  
 Making us free from the worries of yesterday.  
 A new dawn signify a prospect of hope,  
 It makes human live round the scope.

Let your doubt be clear,  
 And your courage surpass your fear,  
 Prospect of hope,  
 Get easier to cope.

USA

## JOAN MCNERNEY DECEPTION

Traces of lace cover walkways.  
 Snow so white it almost blinds us.  
 You came with a spectacular glow.  
 I became awed by your splendor.

Everyone was so captivated  
 by your charm, wit, words.  
 We wondered if the sun rose  
 and fell under that magic.

Pure white snow turns gray  
 from automobile exhaust fumes.  
 Hardening on roadsides, icy  
 frost plunge cars into ditches.

Deceived by your wicked smile  
 and simmering blue eyes.  
 Tricked by razzmatazz. Only mud  
 and freezing rain lies underneath.

Caught in claw of memories now,  
 regretting the trust given to you.  
 But I will never be betrayed again  
 even if hell freezes over.

# STORY BOARD

Last night I was returning from Serampore in the last local train. There was ample crowd inside with a few hawkers struggling to make out the best of their day. I was sitting next to a clumsy old lady, seemingly close to seventies. She was dozing since when I boarded the train.

I had two more stations to go, when a hawker approached the sitting crowd with his products. He was selling ayurvedic digestive pills, of which only five packs were left with him. He offered an open discount for the remaining ones and four of the daily passengers went for it. He was waiting for his fifth customer. To my utter surprise, the old lady by my side extended her trembling hands asking for the last pack. God knows when she woke up! And the hawker gave it to her at a much discounted rate, to which he could have easily nodded 'no'.

The lady got down at Konnagar station, holding the pack close to her heart. I was wondering at the whole episode. Why did the hawker give her at so low price which he could have simply averted? Second, why did she (who does not seem to be affluent at all) preferred to buy something which she may not require? Most importantly, why was she carrying the pack so tightly? My doubts were probably getting reflected on my face. One of the passengers sitting at the opposite bench narrated me her tragic story.

Bishnu was her only son who used to sell similar digestive pills in local trains. Being a born dumb, he could not live out loud like the other hawkers. Except a handful of daily passengers, nobody gave a look to him or his items. Every day he returned frustrated in the last local and shed his silent tears. Meantime he also tried his hands in one of the cottage industries but could not sustain with the deceptive owner. One day this lady found her son struggling in a crowded train, extremely trying to make his items visible. He even personally requested the passengers to take at least one. Hardly anyone even bothered to notice. She stood quiet at her son's silent struggles. This was his daily life. Hardly could she do anything but to encourage him! Utterly upset, one night he threw himself out from the running train - his last local. The lady kept waiting the whole night... which never ended. Unable to bear the shock, she lost her nerves. Even today, daily she travels in this last local and whenever she finds someone selling digestive pills, she seems to buy with whatever she has.

Someone from the crowd added, she has a huge stack of such packs at her home, none of which she even attempts to open. It probably gives the feel of her lost son, mentally satisfying her to respect his vain efforts.

I got all my answers. Barely could I forget this journey ever. While on board, we come across so many hawkers selling variety of items. May not be so poignant like Bishnu's, but all must have their own stories! Do we at all care to think it over?

## CLUMSY OLD LADY

REETWIKA BANERJEE

# TABLE LAMP

The lamp on my table  
Was complaining about  
The darkness around it.  
Unaware of  
The burning flame inside me.

The lamp keeps absorbing  
The external darkness  
With its own glare.

Yesterday I told it  
Not to complain,  
Not to be scared.  
Keep giving light like it always does.



---

Subrata Bandyopadhyay

# Literoma Spring Festival

Book Fair  
(New Town, Kolkata)  
Feb 26 – Mar 07, 2021



: Contact Us :

[literoma.publishing services@gmail.com](mailto:literoma.publishingservices@gmail.com)

RSVP: +91 93309 19306



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Call for Submission : Article / Story / Poetry



INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM ON

## WOMEN & LITERATURE



14 March, 2021

-: Email Your Submissions To :-

[literoma.publishing services@gmail.com](mailto:literoma.publishing services@gmail.com)



*Nominations  
Invited*



TOP 10  
FEATURED BOOKS OF THE YEAR

UPCOMING EVENTS OF LITEROMA

INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM ON



# WOMEN & LITERATURE

MAR 14, 2021 | 3PM - 6PM | KOLKATA

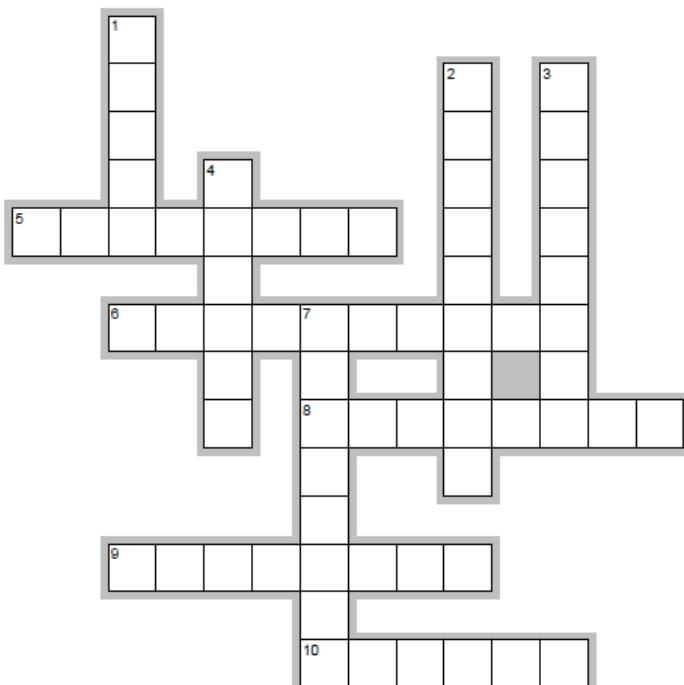
## ~ Broad Topics ~

1. Significance of women in Indian and/or World literature
2. Woman - A baby producing machine
3. Woman at a position of power - Pros & Cons
4. Womanhood in India vs World - A Comparison
5. Behind every successful man, there is a woman
6. Chic Lit - An upcoming genre
7. Women are not good with numbers - A Debate
8. Women are like trophies - only for showcase: A Debate
9. Crime on Women / LGBTQ+
10. Widow / Woman Remarriage is still a stigma
11. Your favourite woman influencer & Why?
12. Changing trends of women rights in last 25 years
13. Beti Bachao, Beti Padhao - Save the girl child
14. Woman in corporate ladder
15. Women empowerment, education and/or justice
16. Women health : Why whisper about women blood?
17. Widows should be invited in marriages open heartedly
18. Celebrating women empowerment through festivals vs reality
19. Single mother - Women heroes
20. A child is mother's responsibility with father's surname
21. #MeToo : Workplace harassment on women
22. Gender equality : Myth or Reality
23. Bachelorate Party : Why should boys have all the fun?
24. Neo feminism
25. Housewife - 24\*7 duty, no thanks, no money

(Note: Above topics are indicative only. We are open to any topic adhering to the symposium theme.)

Email : literoma.publishingservices@gmail.com

# CROSSWORD



## Across

5. A Bengal Nawab whose capital was at Murshidabad. His tomb is found at Khosh Bagh.
6. Literoma's felicitation programme to celebrate womanhood.
8. A non-dictionary word which means 'Aroma of Literature'
9. Nobel laureate Amartya Sen's house at Shantiniketan.
10. Not an expert.

## Down

1. A popular Bihari food - \_\_\_ Chokha.
2. The ninth month of Gregorian calendar.
3. A premium variety of mango.
4. A legendary Bengali poet, writer, musician and the national poet of Bangladesh.
7. A chemical which can be the answer to all your problems.

# WORD POWER

## UNSCRAMBLE

AASVGEL

TLUOP

IMLORATE

SORCS

AREBМИVT

## GUESS THE PLACE

*Hint: Think out of the box.*



# GUEST OF THE MONTH

In my life, along with happy times and achievements, I too had my share of struggles and stressful periods when I felt depressed, disheartened or frustrated. But the unique power which helped me in breaking up with stress is my strong faith in Almighty. Faith is seeing with the eyes of your mind and believing that God loves you, He is your friend and He has better plans for you when your wish is denied or postponed. Rabindranath Tagore said "Faith is the bird that sings when the dawn is still dark." God's ears are always attentive to the prayers of His children. Shirdi Sai Baba's teachings say that, with Shraddha (Trust in God) and Saburi (Patience) one can face any storms or trials in life and emerge as a winner. In life when we have to face many hurdles like life threatening diseases, death of loved ones or failures the only solution is prayer. Prayer helps to restore our peace of mind and gives optimism reducing our stress. Saint Mira Bai said "Unbreakable, O Lord, is the love that binds me to you. Like a diamond, it breaks the hammer that strikes it." My Guru Shri Ramchandra Goyalji, who taught me Meera Bhajans, told me "When you sing bhajans, imagine that you are singing them for Lord Krishna." God's grace is like a divine melody caressing your heart and taking away the pain.

The blessings of my Devi Maa, the Mother Goddess comes to me in the form of Red kumkum from Kaali Maa of Kolkata, Green bangles from Aai Tuljha Bhavani of Maharashtra, Red chunari from Vaishno Devi of Jammu, turmeric and kumkum from temples of Tamil Nadu or sandalwood paste, kumkum and red flowers from temples of Kerala. I feel overwhelmed and humbled to receive those precious gifts from the Eternal Mother. A crying child always calls Maa and goes to mother's lap where it can find solace. I know that being the Mother of the universe, Devi Maa cannot see pain in Her devotee's eyes. During Durga Pujo when Aarti was being offered and my darling daughter danced the Dhunuchi Dance according to the rhythm of drum beats, holding the Bengali incense burner in her hands and the divine music filled my heart and soul, I could see the affectionate smile on my Devi Maa's eyes. When I prayed in front of the idol of Devi Mookambika (Sarasvati) of Mangalore, being carried on a decorated chariot during the procession of Navratri festival, I could feel Her loving hands on my forehead blessing me. That feeling may be a figment of imagination or the faith of an ardent devotee. Whenever I feel blessed, I smile with tears of joy in my eyes and gratitude in my heart. I whisper 'Thank you Devi Maa' and I feel the warmth of Her embrace when She hugs me close to Her heart wiping away my tears and stress, leaving me in pure bliss!



## DEVI MAA

- Come morning! The sun shone bright and the world was awakened to the projectile of today's headlines. Amidst the brimming chai, was heard a roughened voice "Today's news! English news!" A short arm with a tiny hand balanced on the tip of his toes, shot up in the sky. Earning his sweat passionately and counting his blessings smilingly, the ten year old ran spiralling down the yellow road.
- The scorching heat of summer, pulling the city into a slumber, awakened to the Jasmine smell, the heavy eyes bore a striking sight. Her petite frame was all but game to working as a maid, her hands were tiny and the ladle was shiny, conscious of the dirty pans...while she was ashamed of her nails, the eight year old would sleep on the rails, after listening to many a tales!
- While the fox was on the prowl and the owl fluttered in the midnight clock, as the moon was shining bright and the dwellers were sleeping tight. There were children of that dilapidated building, away from spotlight, working under the starry light, some suffering from snakebite while others lived a plight of poor sight - embroidering sans the sunlight seemed to be their birth right while winters brought a frostbite and summers didn't have one good night!

# EXCERPT FROM MY BANGALORE DIARIES

Day 1- It's a sunny morning here in Bangalore, today. Walking along the uber stands, I look around and breathe in the air. The air of Bangalore. Well, you guessed it right! Here I am, on a week long vacation, only to roam around on the Streets of the IT hub of India! My 9-5 job in Noida was turning out to be a tiresome journey hence I decided to upgrade my options :P. Haha, on a lighter note, Bangalore seemed a Perfect destination for an escape. The smell of a new place, a certain familiarity in the unknown lands while matching the pace of my fellow humans, exploring the busy roads and uncovering the history of structures. Not to forget, the comfort of having a relative (in my case, it's my brother) living in the city to ease out on the subject of accommodation! Found myself, sitting at the aisle in the Indigo aircraft at 6 am. The sun was still yawning, while I checked my seatbelts twice. Last I boarded a plane in 2016! So, you could guess my excitement level for this one! I wasn't lucky enough to get the window seat but nonetheless, I took every opportunity to observe the clouds! As the wheels rotated on the runway, I bid Adios to the tail lights of Delhi. The next moment, my heart pumps a woohoo beat as we take off. In that very second, we rise a thousand feet high and the ground below shape shifts into tiny dots. The sun takes it as a cue or maybe the whirring sound of the aircraft finally does the trick! Oh my! Such a beautiful sunrise it was. A tinge of yellow with layers of orangish hue spread across the blue sky! Sun was shining in all its glory. After this surreal view, I closed my eyes only to open them in my dreams. The calm of the trip was accompanied by a slight turbulence in the weather, once or twice. Guess, the air of Bangalore was equally enthusiastic to welcome me. A cup of black coffee relaxed my muscles and soon enough we were ready to land. The clouds gave way to the ground gently. Seatbelts were taken off, thankyou's were exchanged and Kempegowda was standing tall with open arms. P.S. My Uber has arrived! (Not) looking forward to experiencing the Bangalore traffic.

Day 4- I am heading back to Delhi today, taking truckloads of memories with me. The lanes of Bangalore have a story to tell, either through the shops or via the people. The places carry a history unique to the land and the culture. Amidst all this, what stood out were the people. The top 3 character traits that I could gather while conversing with people, be it an auto wallah, a Uber/ola driver or a shopkeeper - They are knowledgeable. Everyone there knows about the culture and heritage of the place. Secondly, everyone and I mean literally everyone is friendly and always willing to help out. On my second day when we were sightseeing, an auto driver came to me and offered to take us around the places. He enlightened us about a few other places, took us to the best silk markets and stayed on until he dropped us to our accommodation. He was with us the entire day technically and the fare was cheap. Real cheap. Light, casual conversation flowed wherein we got to know each other on first name basis. His name was Azim. Honestly, I was hesitant and doubtful initially, maybe because you don't find such friendliness in Delhi in abundance. Bangalore in ways is peaceful and serene as compared to Delhi. Add to it the security factor. Not once did I feel scared/cautious/threatened while going out during the night. Nobody stares at you, even if you wear t shirt and shorts. The populace is of the belief 'live and let live.' Same goes for the Ola or Uber drivers. They understand the urgency of passengers and the importance of time. They know all the routes and can manoeuvre through the traffic easily. Nobody judges you for not being a native. They are open-minded, affectionate and benevolent. The people is what I loved in Bangalore. They made me feel welcomed in every which way. A place is defined by its people. Bangalore, for sure, is another beautiful place in India.



Tringgg.. The alarm announced the advent of another Monday morning. Bittu sprang up and he was feeling just meh! Another Monday, means a week full of school days. And how bitterly he hates school! Rising early in the morning, wearing the same dress everyday, going by the same yellow school bus with a pack of sleepyheads like him, uttering the same prayer song - wordings of which went over his tiny head...Suddenly an impish smile beams on the six-years old's tiny thin lips. The little one quickly lies down and tucks himself under his fluffy white blanket. Soon, Priya enters the room. She draws the window-curtains apart. She looks at Bittu's bed and finds the boy enjoying the sound early morning slumber. Only his little head full of black curls could be seen. Priya feels sorry for the boy. Sometimes, she too wishes her son could have some more sleeping time in the early morning. But the school starts from 7am and the kids are supposed to attend the assembly at 6.45 sharp. The school is the most reputed school in their vicinity and when Bittu got shortlisted for the admission, it was an opportunity not to be missed anyway, whatever be the much talked about 'pressure of syllabus' in this school. "Bittu, wake up, go and brush your teeth." Bittu lies still on the bed. Priya speaks up softly, "Get up beta, time for school." Bittu opens his eyes very slowly, "Not feeling well mama, pain in the abdomen." "Let me massage with hot oil and it will be alright." Bittu dithers for a while and then his large black eyes sparkle up. He quips, "Ouch! How my toe hurts!" He holds his right foot up and makes a cringe in his face only to show how a toe-pain is bothering him." Is it so? Well, let me check." Priya lifts the blanket a bit and inspects the right toe. No swelling, no bruise, just nothing. She presses the toe softly and Bittu screams, "Oohh maa gooo". "It hurts here?" "Right mamma, right here." "I think I should call your doctor uncle, let's see what he suggests." "No need, mamma. I think if I take rest today, it will be alright." Priya takes pity on her little boy- making excuse after excuse only to shirk a school- day. Would it matter too much if she allowed the little one to have the luxury of absenting the school for a day? Priya ponders. But then, it would mean Priya's skipping her own office for the day, also won't it be encouraging the boy to remain absent from school on one pretext or another? Won't he make it a practice in his coming days? Priya feels perplexed- torn between her sympathy for her child and her duty as a responsible parent. "Mamma, can't you stay the day at home today? We'll spend the whole day together mamma, playing and singing and you reading out stories to me? Please mamma. It has been long since we had a whole day together by ourselves. I've my weekends off from my school, but you have your office even on Saturdays. On Sundays I have the day packed with drawing class, swimming class, guitar class and the abacus class. I miss your company, mamma." Priya is shaken out of her thoughts. She keeps staring at her son and wonders how mature the little munchkin sounds! She mulls over every word that the boy prattled off in a breath.... How, in the labyrinth of disciplining her son, making a stable career for him in a society riddled with rat race and cock fight, little did she care for the psychological intricacies of a six year old, compressed under the loads of syllabus, extra-curricular activities- a must for being applauded as a 'smart kid' while the boy has been craving for his mother's company all these days. Priya shakes off all her hesitations and makes up her mind. She calls her office colleague and informs that she would not be able to attend the office for the day. Bittu cries, "Mamma, you'll be home today!" "Ummm, not really. What if both of us bunk our office and school today and go for an outing? We'll go to Rikudada's place today, enjoy the whole day in the company of the lovely butterflies and birds in their big garden, you can go for a fishing with Chhotomama and Rikudada, play cricket in the village playground with Rikudada's friends. What say?" "I say great mamma, I say fantastic! Thank you mamma, I love you a lot".

# POETRY

**PRADNYA KULKARNI**

## BEAUTY BLOOMS IN DIFFERENT FORMS

Beauty blooms in different forms  
 Beauty blooms in the form of kind words  
 when you use it, when you spread it  
 Beauty blooms in the form of smile  
 when you wear it, when you spread it  
 Beauty blooms in the form happiness  
 when you feel it, when you spread it  
 Beauty blooms in the form of the way  
 you speak, the way you behave & the  
 way you live your life

**ARIANA GANGULY**  
**I KNOW**

I know  
 you don't get my English  
 a million times... you bolted  
 nor do I grasp Portuguese  
 Our tie is shattering to it

I know  
 the hot golden sun rays  
 hit me by the right  
 b'cuz it's afternoon in my country  
 you would repose now  
 under the heater  
 on a cold Brazilian night

I know  
 we haven't got together in our actual life  
 longing promises are hanging in the air  
 our moms n dads know that we're mate  
 not a line next to that.

Could you please video call me?  
 Just for a simple chat.

**ADNAN SHAFI**  
**A PEN**

Holding a pen,  
 Years of angst  
 Cut through a  
 countenance;  
 Dingy haloes  
 under the eyes  
 picture a glint filled  
 with dead nights ;  
 Bit by bit encircled  
 by dead air except  
 for the celibacy.

**DR. PAROMITA MUKHERJEE OJHA**  
**VAGARIES OF LIFE**

These days I sit and wonder  
 Do I really have a friend?  
 On whose supportive shoulder  
 My grief I can surrender  
 Those friends of not so distant past  
 Those faces blurred in the vestiges of time  
 Race fast across the mind's eye  
 Those frequent meetings, endless phone calls  
 Dwindled, now trickled to a rarity  
 An unexpected call now manifests into some  
 Work related query.  
 When I look for a 3 o'clock friend  
 The search ends even before it begins.  
 Grim realities of modern life.  
 Friendship that percolated into becoming

**KIRTI V**  
**SLEEPLESS NIGHTS**

Standing tall and strong,  
 Leading from the frontiers  
 Enduring the extreme weathers,  
 Endangering your own life,  
 Protecting the motherland by not  
 Letting the footprints of enemies  
 Enter the country's doorstep,  
 Singing the tunes of patriotism  
 Sighing to meet your own family.  
 Nestled in your arms we are,  
 Indebted to you for life, for  
 Giving us the comfort of  
 Having a peaceful sleep by  
 Trading your own life and  
 Spending sleepless nights for us.

**MEENAL SONAL**  
**UNIVERSAL WISH**

Many Wishes tucked  
 None secure around planet  
 Dreams devasted  
 Holding desired hands  
 Converted Souls Walking miles  
 Imaginations  
 Come step assertive  
 Propagate humanity  
 Firm resolve within  
 Open eyes foresee  
 Oneness, happiness, health, Growth  
 Deep aspiration.  
 Vigorous craving  
 Daydream turn existence soon  
 Universal wish.

Man and wife  
 That too ebbed within  
 The travesties of mundane life  
 Those heartfelt talks  
 Nothing remains except wilting sighs!!  
 Should I whine, feel sorry or cry?  
 Should I pine for those friends?  
 Who could not withstand the test of time..  
 I choose to wipe my tears  
 I fix the smudged kohl of my deceived eyes  
 I have myself  
 That should be enough  
 To celebrate my existence  
 And tide over fate's crests and trough.

**PRADNYA KULKARNI**  
**LIFE**

The Sun offers a life  
 Life offers opportunities  
 Opportunities offer success  
 Success assure happiness  
 And happiness is life

**SMITHA M**  
**ELEMENTS**

Fire is when a kiss sets passion aflame  
 Water is when a drop of eye holds a name  
 Air is when an orgasm gasps a heavy sigh  
 Earth is when a tiny foot finds its stand  
 Space is when galaxies swish its magic wand.  
 We become, when we don the role  
 of an elemental earthling  
 fire, water, earth, air and space  
 amalgamate in tandem in a  
 potpourri of Life in the making !

**SARAH RAMPHAL**  
**TRUE BEAUTY**

True beauty is rare  
 Its not in the eyes  
 Or lips, nor hair  
 But what is in the inside  
 Kindness and courage  
 Patience and forgiveness  
 True beauty lies in our hearts  
 The way we treat others  
 With love and compassion  
 Outer beauty shall fade  
 But the lives we have touched  
 With the beauty of the inside  
 Shall live on for times to come  
 In the hearts of those we have touched  
 With the beauty that's inside.

# KALEIDOSCOPE

## SPORTS GROUNDS IN KOLKATA

TAMAL MUKHERJEE

Most of us know Kolkata has eight famous sports grounds which include international stadiums like 'Yuba Bharati Kriraangan', 'Eden Gardens' etc. Many famous sports personalities have represented their countries and clubs on these grounds. But, today, let's not talk about these grounds. Let us talk about the sports grounds at Kolkata where people like you and me have played - sometimes, bunking our classes. These grounds perhaps know Kolkata's passion for sports more than any other place.

Kolkata may not be the sports capital of India but it's definitely the sports-lover's paradise. This becomes evident if you just roam around the city and check out the players playing in one of these grounds. These grounds are not specific to any sports- these are neither cricket grounds nor football fields nor a badminton court.

During the season of IPL, kids play cricket on these fields; in a drizzling, lazy afternoon school-students gather here to flaunt their soccer-skill and on a dozy winter evening the parents of these students fine-tune their shuttlecock-sharpness with badminton racquets in hands. Small things like the size of the ground do not simply matter to Kolkata - the rules of the game get tailored depending on the size of the ground. In a small ground, 22 yards get converted to 11 yards with a doubled passion compensating it; a badminton-net gets replaced by a stack of slippers; a small- sized football easily serves the purpose of a volleyball.

Seasons keep on changing, time keeps on moving - the sports grounds @ Kolkata remain constant as a piece of green. The basic objectives of sports - Freedom, Passion and Joy customize the grounds in their own way. Next time when you come to Kolkata, don't miss visiting one such ground.

Feel the warmth; Feel the passion; Celebrate your day in Kolkata. The best phase in human history: 'The one objective which none of the religious books could achieve for years, we succeeded by sheer determination. All thanks to the tight slap from the CORONA virus outbreak. The earth doesn't belong to human beings alone, and the planet is so damn fragile. Humans are a speck of dust in this vast universe and can be easily eradicated right from the face of the earth. We need to stay humble, happy, and gracious. We don't need violence amongst us in this short life, there are many threats already. When we reach 2120 A.D or 100 Po.C.E, we'll be proud to register this was the first century sans any bloodshed."

## LOOKING BACK TO OUR CHILDHOOD

When I was a kid :-

- I'd put my arms in my shirt and told people I lost my arms
- Would restart the video game whenever I knew I was going to lose
- Had that one pen with four colors, and tried to push all the buttons at once
- Waited behind a door to scare someone, then leaving because they're taking too long to come out.
- Wished I fell sick, so I could miss school and skip homework.
- Used to think that the moon and stars followed our car.
- Watching two drops of rain roll down window and pretending it was a race
- Wanted to use the computer just to 'Paint'!
- The only thing I had to take care of was my school bag.
- Used to think as if the trees run backwards.
- The only 'fake' friends I had were invisible ones.
- Swallowed a water-melon seed I was scared that a tree was going to grow in my tummy.
- Always waited to grow up like my father and take own decisions.



## 'TAGORE MAGH UTSAV 2021' BY LITEROMA

*Literoma celebrated rejuvenation through Tagore Magh Utsav 2021*

As we all know, Magh Mela was first celebrated by Kabiguru at Shantiniketan during the month of Magh of Hindu calendar. Literoma was proud to join hands with Halo Heritage & WBHIDCO to celebrate Kolkata's first 'Magh Utsav' during 29 - 31 January, 2021 at the coveted venue of Rabindra Tirtha, New Town. Literoma dedicated their literary fest in honour of Tagore and hence the name 'Tagore Magh Utsav 2021'.

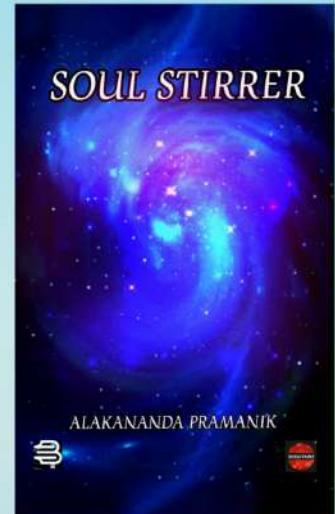
The 3 days witnessed book, photo & art exhibitions by noted personalities from India and abroad namely - Mr. Sabarna Roy, Ms. Alakananda Pramanik (USA), Srijoy Mitra (USA), Dr. Sujata Chatterjee, Ms. Pradnya Kulkarni and Ms. Rimli Bhattacharya. Reetwika Banerjee's novel 'The Secret Murder Witness of Siraj-ud-Daulah' was also launched at the festival.

After a gloomy 2020, the spontaneous mass participation and the rave reviews on the creative offerings were absolutely heartening to see. Well and truly, rejuvenation was celebrated by the 'Literoma' family through this 'Tagore Magh Utsav 2021'

**Alakananda Pramanik**  
**Author**



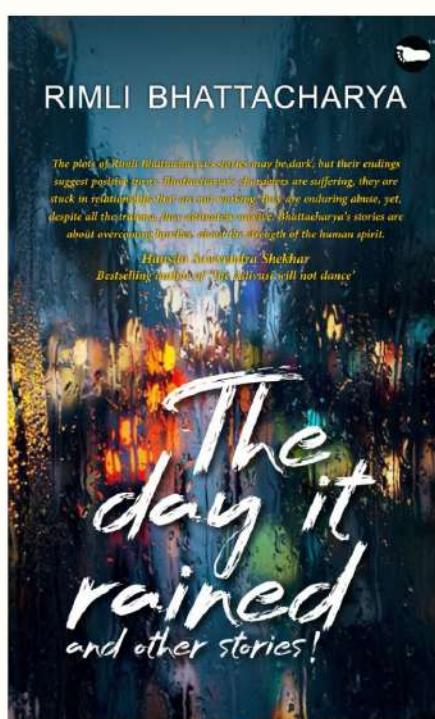
**Jan 29 -31, 2021**  
**Tagore Magh Utsav,**  
**Rabindra Tirtha, Kolkata**



[literomainc@gmail.com](mailto:literomainc@gmail.com)  
+91 93309 19306



**Jan 29 -31, 2021 Tagore Magh Utsav,  
Rabindra Tirtha, Kolkata**



**THE DAY IT RAINED &  
OTHER STORIES...**



**TAGORE**  
**MAGH UTSAV 2021**

**JAN 29 - 31, 2021**  
**RABINDRA TIRTHA, KOLKATA**  
**(OPEN AIR WINTER FEST)**

**RIMLI  
BHATTACHARYA**



**!! Mask Must !!**

# TRANSLATION CORNER

Near Beniakhari in the Middle Andaman island, two young men named Ugane and Thaglus reside at a jungle hut called 'Oley Chadda'. Every morning, slightly before sunrise they go for hunting together and come back to their chadda by evening. They are like the king of their own kingdoms in the forested lap of Bay of Bengal.

By birth, Ugane and Thaglus belong to one of the most ancient tribal inhabitants of our country called – Jarawa. Standing right at the middle of twenty first century, they are yet so isolated from modern civilization. Today, the entire Jarawa community comprises of hardly four hundred inhabitants spread across the entire South and Middle Andaman coastline.

Mother Nature is their dearest friend, caring guardian and biggest enemy – playing different roles at different phases of life. For them, the external world is limited to the forests of Andaman, the blue sky, the roaring Bay of Bengal and few discrete pieces of land by the sea. They have no idea of the bigger world around, nor do they want to know. They are happy with themselves and the nature around.

They call themselves 'Ang' meaning human beings while we tag them as 'Jarawa' which means stranger in local Andamanese language. They are still nude, nomadic forest dwellers who entirely depend on hunting for food. They heavily oppose the presence of any non-Jarawa civilized inhabitants within their territory, mostly due to a perceived threat from urban development. If they happen to come across any poachers or outsiders, they launch a fierce attack unitedly and force the intruders away just like the way animals infiltrating to a tiger's den is confronted by the monster.

Jarawas mostly live in three groups or bands and every group is headed by a leader who have their own areas visibly demarcated. And they strictly do not allow other Jarawa bands to enter their territories so much so that if Jarawa troops from South Andaman try to encroach Middle Andaman, they break into a violent revolt. At times, young Jarawa men from Tirur region of South Andaman cleverly infiltrate into Middle Andaman Jarawa islands, targeting especially young ladies. They are first assaulted physically and then forced into a marital bond. Some of the convicts also cleverly flee under the nocturnal cover of the woods.

All the Middle Strait Jarawas reside in a common village called 'Oley Chadda', so are Ugane and Thaglus. They live in smaller social communities with segregated huts for men, families and unmarried women within that. Men are strictly not allowed inside the huts where unmarried or widowed women reside.

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Mahesh is a civilized resident of Andaman's Rangat island – a small town with rustic touch of development. Generally, the Jarawas need not come outside the dense canopy of forests. And thus, there are apparently no fights with the civilized co-residents. It seems as if nature has divided the two extremities through the Andaman Trunk Road running along the spine of Andaman Archipelago. At times, at the dead of the night some Jarawas silently break into the gardens of locales and steal away fruits and vegetables without knowing that civilized world calls it an act of theft; they only look at it as an easier way of food collection.

Mahesh lives with his wife and baby, earning a simple livelihood through honey collection from the forest and fishing in the bay. Every day, he leaves home before the break of dawn in his small canoe with mere equipment and comes back before sunset with the day's catch.

Mahesh had gone a little far that day in search of bigger fishes. Fortunately, it stood out to be a day of his best catches. Due to the additional distance traversed, it was taking him longer for retreat than usual. Afternoon time and Mahesh had hardly reached half his way back home when the trees started swaying very unnaturally; the birds behaved extremely intolerant towards the blowing winds; the sea waves were tossing innumerable jellyfishes and shells back on the shores – As if Mother Nature was hurling alarming signals to Mahesh of an impending danger.



The clouds too were little different from other days. A sudden gust blew off the boat's sail, heavily impacting navigation. He quickly rowed towards the shore of an unknown island full of dense woods. Mahesh had passed through this island many a times before but had no reasons to take a halt ever. That was the perfect day. Looking at the accumulated monsoon clouds, he anchored his small canoe with one of the giant trees and decided to take refuge under it till the clouds get thin.

When his eyes opened, Mahesh discovered himself surrounded by a gang of black nude human beings with amateur weaponry pointed at him. He did not know how to respond. There was a whistle hung around his neck. Utterly scared, he blew it thrice in quick succession and started running madly towards his boat. The sound was very unfamiliar to the Jarawas which pushed them backfoot for a few minutes and that let Mahesh quick start the canoe. It was a tough race against powerful swimmers with a weak diesel motor. However, luck was on his side and he managed to flee.

The sun had already risen by the time Mahesh reached home. His wife was utterly tensed anticipating thousands of premonitions about him. Seeing Mahesh back in good health, she got back her breaths too. At dinner, Mahesh explained how he closely escaped death just by a whisker. After a sleepless night, the small family indulged into a snoring sleep.

It would be somewhere around midnight, when Mahesh's doze got disturbed at the husky sound of footsteps outside their mud house. His senses aroused at the flick of an intuition. His ears have heard this damping noise occasionally earlier. But for the first time, his heartbeats accelerated frantically. Did it have any correlation with his escape? Had they trailed him to his place? Goodness!

They only had fire, whistle and lights to fight against the carnal beasts. He made every possible attempt to save his family from the invaders, but all went in vain against their superior mob attack. Both Mahesh and his wife were shot dead with poisonous darts in the futile struggle. However, they did not harm the baby at all. While leaving, one of the female Jarawas caressed its tender fingers with motherly love and carried it along with her.

The sun was about to rise the same way again, asserting the start of another day. As it was almost dawning; the beasts vanished in the obscurity of the forest heading towards 'Oley Chadda', celebrating victory in their own ethnic way.

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Ugane and Thaglus had secretly followed Mahesh along the land route during his escape in the morning and later led the entire troop at night to strike back. Regardless of touch of civilization, they proved their human instincts of revolt against humiliation and selfless motherhood. They could not accept defeat which forced them to take the revenge in an organized way. Nevertheless, however primitive they may be, an altruistic feeling of love prevented them from harming an innocent life – re-establishing the connecting link between Mother Nature and Human Nature.

# OLEY CHADDA

Original Story in Bengali by : SUBRATA BANDYOPADHYAY  
 Translated to English By: REETWIKA BANERJEE

# FILM & BOOK REVIEWS

BY LITEROMA



## WAKE UP A FILM BY: HARI MENON

*A true wake up call for the grown-ups from Hari – the prodigy.*

'Wake up' is a film directed by the 12-year-old prodigy Hari Menon. The short film comes with a big message and it serves the purpose of a true wake up call for the grown-ups. The movie tells the story of a child who is facing issues due to self comparison. The one question that constantly haunts him till he finds an answer towards the end of the movie is 'Why he is not like someone else?' Hari had done an outstanding job not just in terms of the direction but also in terms of acting. Hari seems to be all set for a longer journey in the world of creativity.

## SHAKTI A FILM BY: SREOSHI BAKSHI

*Shakti – Celebration of strength within.*

"Shakti" directed by Sreoshi Bakshi and Qadir Shamshad. It features well known social activist and writer Ms. Alakananda Pramanik in a prominent role. The movie is based on "women empowerment". It is a short film depicting the plight of a young girl when she is faced with constant harassment from some roadside goons. All the actors had done a decent job in the movie. However, the veteran actress Ms. Alakananda stole the show with her award-winning depiction of the dilemmatic mom's character. Overall, Team 'Shakti' has pulled off a real unconventional take on a conventional subject. Audiences will look forward to see more such efforts from the team.

## BEHIND THE SCENE A FILM BY: MALOY SARKAR

*Maloy Sarkar mixes the right doses of thrill and pace in his short film 'Behind The Scene'.*

'Behind the Scene' or 'Drishyer Antorale' (original Bengali title) is a pacy whodunit thriller which is bound to have the audiences on the edge of the seats. Performances by all the actors are praiseworthy. However, what stand out for the movie are the storytelling and the quality of camera work. Audience is bound to experience a level of technicality which generally they'll not expect from a short film. A lot of young directors can take a leaf from the director on how cognizance can be put in place while making a thriller film of short duration.

## THE ANSWER UNTOLD STORY: DR. SUJATA CHATTERJEE

*The Answer Untold – The movie where the story is the real hero.*

We often come across movies where either the acting of the actors or the cinematography or the choreography stands out. However, seldom we come across movies where the story hogs the limelight and becomes the central attraction. 'The Answer Untold' is one such movie. It's film where the story turns out to be the real hero. The movie is based on a story written by renowned writer and physician Dr. Sujata Chatterjee. The story is taken from 'Flights of Fantasy' – an anthology of short stories penned by Dr. Chatterjee. We'll love to see more such films getting inspired by the writings of talented authors like Dr. Sujata Chatterjee.



## THE PARADISE CONFLICT AUTHOR: ABHISHEK GHOSH

The book is a reader's delight and also makes a person think beyond the present. The story is about the search for a Paradise and at the times when water and natural resources will be controlled by the power. The Imperial regime is the power headed by Admiral Arjun who works for the Governor and the rebel is headed by Gayatri. The Mitra is the bounty hunter and is on a mission to hunt rebels, Judy is the second hand in the rebel team and all set to support the cause. The book is huge and has 17 well phrased chapter titles. Take your time to know about the Imperial world and the Shadow Tribes in it and get immersed into the book being on the time machine.

**The outshining Story Highlights:**

The characterisation of each character is so detailed that you will not miss to notice the marvellous job of the author. Author has given the scene description in a prolific manner and one can imagine the scene getting recreated while reading the book. The thought of the book itself will make me plunge on the book and keep the pages turning, for me it was flipping as I read the ebook of this title. The futuristic approach and the way the world will fight for Mother Nature is evident in the book. This book is a wakeup call to everyone to respect Mother Nature and pay heed to all the warning signs. The story is so detailed that the screen adaption of it would be cakewalk to any production house.

**Final Word:**

Book with a power packed storyline that talks about the issues we may face in future. The author has detailed each character and the background so well that I could imagine the entire scene in front of me. The script and thought of the author is well expressed which makes it worth reading to know who will reach paradise and can anyone actually conquer it. Our rating: \*\*\*\*\* / \*\*\*\*\*

REVIEWED BY MEENAL SONAL

# POETRY

## AINDRY BASU A SYMPHONY OF LOVE

As the sun sets,  
And the moon glows  
As love hangs in the air  
And ecstasy flows  
We think about life  
Its joys and wonders  
As we stand on the soft earth  
In a world ever so beautiful.  
We learn to thrive  
As the moon sits  
And the stars glow  
As dewdrops stay  
We learn to grow  
As the raindrops fall  
And bright becomes the sky  
We think about love  
And we come alive.  
As soft winds blow  
Ruffling my black hair  
As sorrow stays,  
I learn to adapt and bear  
As ignorance is repeated  
And knowledge is limited  
I go everywhere from door to door  
To find my long lost soul  
As the leaves rustle,  
And the birds sing  
I feel joy  
A new day, a new beginning  
As the sorrow goes,  
And the winds slow down  
I stare at those cherished people  
Who never let me down  
As the mountains stand,  
And the doors close  
I look at them  
And see the love in their caring souls  
With gaiety and beauty,  
I step on to the aisle  
Staring at the people  
I know will never leave my side.  
As sorrow evaporates  
And I sing.  
I see the wonders of life  
I see it all from within  
As the world goes dark,  
And the soft winds start to blow  
I whisper to the darkness  
"Dear god, thank you."



## DR. MOUSUMI PARIDA A DIFFERENT FAIRY TALE

She was burning in a fairyland.  
The chirping-birds, the song of rivers,  
Couldn't change her destiny, the tenderness  
Of sunrise, or sunset, couldn't bewitch her.

She lost herself in an unidentified envelope,  
Which has no goal to reach.  
She couldn't touch the rain-drops,  
Feel the wind, fly in her own sky.  
She might not gather the pieces of herself  
To rebuild her again.

It's difficult to overcome the opposite flow!  
To discover the reality,  
You have to scorch yourself.  
As some questions have no answers,  
You have to live perfectly  
In the imperfect situations!!  
With many worthless equations!

She was in dystopia,  
Awaiting God for her rescue.

## REENA PRASAD SOON SOULMATE

The dark is a sad creature  
getting between warm bones  
trying to feel life.

Its skin-net taut under the deposed sun  
falling from bridges  
into gloom-interred waters.

It leaps from glass towers  
A shadow of a shadow  
An absence its only identity.

We will soon be it, weary bones promise  
after they snatch every sun  
we grew up with.

## KUPPAN RAJ FLASHBACK MEMORY 2020

As I stand at the tip of year end  
Turn around to see 365 days in mind  
There were many scratches, wounds  
Some tiny painless incidents  
Several powerful unknown accidents,

One of friend negligence close to my heart  
I'm forcing myself to forget before get hurt  
You played perfect on your role  
I have learned true experience on the roll  
Your treatment never departing from soul,

Lovable sister got married on this pandemic  
Love and affection gone our of my site  
Missing feeling filled in the spirit  
No courage to express this speak out  
Expecting sister and me play on the field,

Lockdown made me powerful  
Homemade diet brought healthful  
People suffering were stressful  
I spend the year 2020 meaningful  
Finally I gratitude to the God thankful.

## SUCHISMITA GHOSHAL TO MY LOVE

On a dewy intense night,  
I shall be lying with nothing but my solitude  
& my lips perching for your love.  
You will look like dew drops  
And my imagination will hold you  
Like a tender grassy leaf.  
Long left winter,  
Secrets perfectly suppressed,  
Emotions cupped in a tube of insecurities.  
One day I will trace you  
In between a whopping crowd,  
Gazing into my eyes to set peace within me  
& whispering the stories of our coalescence  
To erase all the dearth & blemishes of a  
calamitous past.

## IPSITA GANGULI LOOKING WITHIN

Looking Within  
I see you,  
A pristine blue light,  
That you once were  
Tucked away  
Somewhere deep  
And in slumber  
The pristine bit  
Now covered  
In shades of indigo  
Going into a deeper purple hue  
The colour of bruises  
Till it inflames  
Into a fierce fiery orange  
Of rampant rage  
Thickening into blood red  
Flowing, cagulating  
Into the black of pain  
If only we looked within  
Peeling away the masked layers  
Back to the pristine blue  
Of the eternal you.

## MR. DS RAGHUVANSHI

AUTHOR OF 'VIDUR' NOVEL



**Q1** Let's begin with discovering unknown shades of the author DSR and Retd. Executive Officer Mr. Devi Singh Raghuvanshi.

**I**Author DSR is an accidental author. A slight medical emergency prompted me to write about the uncertainty of life which came out as a work of good wordsmith. As an executive in a big corporate where people all over the world knew me by name in the field of Air Conditioning and Refrigeration found a vacuum after retirement , this hobby of mine came out as an answer as WHAT TO DO AFTER RETIREMENT?

**Q2** Is there any particular event which inspired you to write this story? Why did you choose to write a book on this unconventional character from the epic?

This is my attempt to glorify the character of Vidur in Mahabharat which was not given its due respect. I have a similar book URMILA UNSPOKEN & UNAPPRECIATED wherein i have touched the untouched events of Urmila's life. Vidur according to me deserved to be better known.

**Q3** Tell us something exciting about 'Vidur' novella. Is it a fiction book or non-fiction?

If someone so perfect like Vidur in Righteousness , Dharma, Best Archer, has to be written , it has to be perfect whether as a fiction or nonfiction.Vidur is not a story , it is a light to guide in life.

**Q4** What will be your reaction if you're told your book is getting converted into a movie?

-I will be floating in the clouds if I could see Vidur on a big or small screen directed preferably by Devdutt Patnaik. When I wrote Mohini The Tigress , I wanted a movie to be made with KANGANA RANAUT IN MIND. When I wrote Urmila, I wanted a movie or TV serial for this pandemic.

**Q5** What is your next writing project? If you would like to throw some light.

My next book is on MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION, with a name YE HOSLA KAISE RUKE.This revolved around ab engineer from IIT Delhi who attempted to scale Mount Kamet at 7500 M., Infact he did also but never returned home.It would be worth reading and attempting some adventures in life.

**Q6** Any message for your readers?

I hope that my readers enjoy this book. In these stressful times, I hope that this book is a source of enjoyment for them. I would love to hear their feedback. Stay healthy, safe, and happy.

### Ruma Chakraborty,

Silently, it perched in the hollow of the oak, viewing all. The more it saw, the less it spoke. And the less it spoke, the more it heard. Head filled with woe. It was indeed a curse to be wise, it rued. Some levity was needed urgently, it chuckled quietly.

### Koustav Poddar :New Mom

Yes I was up all night. Nursing our baby. As you snored louder than our baby cried. You king of the house. I queen of dark circles. You worked out at the gym. I worked. Yes I was up all night. Watching my babies sleep.

### Deepa Acharya

In this solitary night I remembered you, when you bid me final adieu. You left me alone like a drifted autumn leaf. Once you and I shared our lives. We had a cute nest, where we kept our dreams. But now I am alone, nostalgia torments me a lot.

### Subrata Bandyopadhyay (Guest)

"You fool, don't change shelter like your dress. Love what you have. Enjoy the air, water and life around you. Make the tree your safe shelter." The wise owl on treetop was his only listener.

### Priyanka Kabra (1st)

#### Karma

In the moonless night, he killed his wife and stepped out to hide this heinous crime. When he was burying her body, a great horned owl swooped down a tree and repeatedly struck his skull bone, until it broke. Her voice echoed, "You must pay for your sins."

### Shikha Gupta (2nd)

Mother owl at her empty nest. All its owlets had learnt to fly.

## CONTEST OPEN

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# CHILKI GARH - THE MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY OF JHARGRAM

Words & Photographs by  
**REETWIKA BANERJEE**

Chilki Garh is a small village in Jhargram district of Bengal, located around 15 kilometers from the rail head. We had been there on a monsoon weekend. Not many tourists prefer this time of the year to visit forested areas. But we purposely chose the month to enjoy greens at its best bloom.

We started rather early around six in the morning, so that we could reach by midday at Chilki Garh. Our first stopover was at Kolaghat. Right after the Rup Narayan Bridge there's an array of roadside dhabas, offering freshly prepared luchi, sabji, mixed veg and cardamom tea.

During any of our Midnapore trips, I always love to take a snacks break here; not just for the yummy fritters but also for reasons of college nostalgia. As it happens to be, I have spent quite a good number of years here at Kolaghat during my engineering days. I could still feel my bygone days in those fumes of thermal power station. A quick halt always takes me back to our moments of mischief, romance, hostel life, midnight ragging sessions and last but not the least the experience of first job interview.

From Kolaghat, the highway bifurcates into two directions – the left hits Nanda Kumar while the straight road leads to Kharagpur. The latter is the course to Jhargram. For the next 120 kilometers, it was a greasy drive, only interruptions were at toll booths. The speedometer hardly dropped below sixty till we reached Lohdasuli. It is actually one of the last villages at Jharkhand – Bengal border, covered by a thick canopy of forestlands all around; a small but significant junction for Chilki Garh bound tourists. GPS indicated us to take a right turn here.

Our stay was booked at the Jhargram Palace, located in another 10 kilometers from current location. We reached sharp at 11 o' clock. Quickly freshening up with home style lunch, we headed on to our destination – Chilki Garh.

Following the village path towards Jamboni, we geared up for a mysterious tour. The strategic location of Chilki Garh Palace has been a discussion topic over the centuries. Way back in 13th century, Jagannath Dhabaldeb invaded regions of Jungle Mahal.

## TRAVEL

A thin tributary of Subarnarekha River, locally popular as Dulung, flows through Chilki Garh. During those days, Maratha dacoits used to often attack this part of Bengal. To prevent their invasion, Dhabaldeb's men constructed his fortress on the other side of Dulung River so

The palace did not seem to be that his private residence is protected by the water stream. more. Probably one of the ground floor rooms have been converted

The riverbed is very rocky here. Soil is also reddish due to high quantities of iron ore found naturally. Eventually, the water of Dulung has a brownish tinge.

The contrast of Brunette water against a green backdrop of Jamboni forest adds to the overall anonymity of Chilki Garh. There were hardly any people we met on way because most of the staff quarter!

A shallow bridge has been instituted of late. But even today, only one car can pass at a time.

After crossing the river, we reached an old arched gateway. Within a kilometer from the reached an old arched gateway. palace, shrouded amidst dense Driving through, we discovered jungle, there was an ancient the Chilki Garh Raj Bari. It was an ancient palace built in two floors. The colour of the edifice was so mysterious. Dark grey Mahamaya who built this temple with a black stone finish! Many iconic Bengali movies namely Sanyasi Raja, Aranyer Din Ratri, relatively new shrine has been Durgesh Garher Guptadhan etc have been shot at Chilki Garh and its surroundings. justifying the name Kanak Durga.



# PINNED ARTICLES

## THE VEDIC COLOURS OF LEARNING

NIHAL OMAR

The very idea of this writing is to get some gems of wisdom from the Ancient Vedic learning culture. The word Learning, in any part of this world, is first of all presumed as the conventional classroom learning where education goes on among teachers and students.

For Students, education basically means to learn something extra that was earlier not there with them. In simple terms it's just a process of addition. In Ancient Vedic Culture it is called Yoga that's in Sanskrit language means simply adding up.

"Learning or Gaining knowledge" demands only two qualities that are "Patience and Concentration". If one is lacking Patience then accumulation of information is impossible and on lacking Concentration it's impossible to assimilate whatever is being accumulated. The characteristics of these two qualities, according to Vedic literature, can be easily seen in Burning Fire. The very Nature of Fire is such that it shows embedded patience and inherited concentration. It is a common saying that the very nature of a student must be of a burning fire from within. This is why in Eastern Ancient cultures; people are firmly advised to wear yellowish-orange clothes. This is to signify the symbolic representation and subtler aspects of Fire like qualities within the person who is involved in the process of learning irrespective of their age and subject interest. Another symbolic aspect to this is "Indian Tilak" which people generally apply on their forehead. It is made up of either Lime and Turmeric or pure Sandalwood. In colour it ranges from yellowish-orange to red-orange. In Yogic Sciences Forehead is supposed to be centre of Knowledge and Realization that's why applying this indirectly shows and ignites the characteristics of Fire within the person to gain true knowledge. Applying such organic and anti-oxidants substances like turmeric and sandalwood gives a lot of medicinal advantages. These things keep the whole forehead cool with a warmth of fire in the centre. It helps in increasing concentration, gives mental stability, keeps the mind calm and active and moreover prevents mental illnesses like depression, anxiety and panic. Some other much detailed aspects related to Learning process in a student's life are related to "BLACK and WHITE" but its discussion would take pages of text. The crux of the matter, in very brief, is that student must have the qualities of Black and White to progress in their learning pathways.

White signifies complete reflectivity meaning quality of not getting affected by anything that creates problem in the learning process. Black represents complete acceptance or absorption meaning quality of being in complete sync with present or whatever is happening all around. No past or memory or future or imagination can be a cause of diversion. It's more or less like Isolation and Insulation from selective potential risks. This is just a little glimpse of unfathomable Vedic Learning!!

## ON A TRAVEL TRAIL OF BARGIS

SHYAMAL MUKHOPADHAY

to come to the city of Nagpur, also the second capital of the state of Maharashtra, more than anything else he feels elated with the prospect of consuming its famous oranges- obviously so for the city is also nicknamed Orange city. As a traveller or backpacker he or she would love so many jungle safari available close by but a reluctant laid by person would prefer spots within the city limit of intineries including Tort Sitabuldi where Third Anglo Maratha War in 1817 was fought with the victorious British took reins of Nagpur : also Mahal area where the Bhonsla royal palace situated .(The Bhonslas had a big fort at Nagardhwan near Nagpur under the supervision of ASI.) In course of many engagements ,it may not strike at Whenever a Bangla -speaking person happens all in the mind - when he or she was a lapchild a very popular Rhyme dear Granny used to croon Khoka ghumolo Para judolo Bargi elo Dese, Bulbulite dhan kheyechhe khajna debo kise reminiscing the past

## LIFETIME MEMBER COLUMN

MR. SABARNA ROY

There is somebody in the universe who knows all your secrets, even the ones that you have never spoken to yourself. That person is always looking for you for he/she has your image - almost metaphysically - however amorphous - locked inside the irises of his/her eyes. As much as you are navigating the universe in search of the person whose image you are carrying ceaselessly.

Art, like law, is subjected to relentless interpretation. While law needs defence based on evolution of civilizational ethic. Art, unlike law, requires no defence and least from the artist. S/he should silently learn from the varied interpretations including the most offensive and derisive. Because these varied interpretations, including the most offensive and derisive, enrich art.



Maratha Bargi invasion on Bengal. In his or her grown up days an incantation of Salil-Hemanta creation dhitang dhitang bole##### parul bon dake champa chute aye Bargira sab hanke komar bendhe aye had been buzzing all around with recall of Maratha Bargi invasion unforgettable .As an unputdownable chapter in the history of Bengal during the eighteenth century ,the origin of massacre by Bargis was Nagpur. It was the cavalry of Raje Raghoji I Bhonsla of the Nagpur kingdom under their commander Pandit Bhaskar Ram Kolwatkar invaded Bengal during 1741 AD and 1751 AD ten times. Although historically there happened to be mention of Nagpura during Rastrakuta era in the south but traditionally the Gond Shah dynasty had been the founder of the kingdom of Nagpur.Around 1730 A.D Raghoji I founded the Bhonsla rule of the kingdom driving out Gond ruler. In his bid to expand his treasury he despatched an army of Maratha cavalry under the commander Pandit Bhaskar Ram Kolwatkar towards the eastern subah of Bengal under Nawab Alibardi khan. Since their first raid during 1741 A.D the Maratha cavalry invaded almost every year for ten times till 1751 A.D when upon signing an agreement to pay huge arrears of chautha and Orissa land the raids stopped. Any curious learner of ancient history of the Bengal and its inhabitants - may felt stumbled how came so fierce indomitable Maratha horsemen traversing nearly 1000 miles withdrew themselves to cross a river! No doubt on later years The East India Co established their rule from the fort at Calcutta and commissioned a water periphery namely Marhatta Ditch to protect against raids : but mystery surrounded almost no entry of Bargi on the east of the Bhagirathi - the area no less opulent with paddy, grains and money. In case one chances upon a book ( Prachin Itihaser Patobhumikay Nandadulaljir Sripat Swainbona) written by Kanai Lal Ghosh ,local history researcher, wherein there is mention of a stone inscription (in custody of Indian Museum) found during 1950's near Swainbona village (few k.m. from Barrackpore). The village carries an heritage of Vaisnavite tradition centering Sri Sri Nandadulaji temple - the deity believed to be one of the trivartes of Khardaha Sri Sri Shyamsundarji and Mahesh Sri Sri Radhaballavji. Now the stone inscribed by order of one Churamani Dutt clealy noted Bargi invasion Bangla year 1148 chaitra month i.e 1742 A.D for which he was fleeing from his place pakuria village. Obviously it had established Bargis also raided over the eastern side of the river Bhagirathi as they had been camping near Katwa while the Maharani of Burdwan took asylum at a fortess at Kowgachi (near present Shyamnagar) of Raja Pratapaditya of Jessore. Definitely it's a long historical trail on Bargi invasion on Bengal linking Nagpur and Barrackpore ( Swainbona).

# WONDROUS POHA

Marriage in India seems like a big day and it is the lifeblood of our culture sometimes I wonder how beautiful the marriage institution is and that too an arranged marriage. Unlike many young women I opted for an arranged marriage whereby I am more assured of my family's support if I marry a man chosen by my parents. My marriage day was the biggest day of my life when I met the love of my life. The early days of my nuptial period were an imagined fear mixed with joy. New home, new environment and new culture. I belonged to a Bengali community and got married in a Punjabi community. Every thing was different from food habit to language.

I remember one fine day my husband, for the first time, had asked me to prepare poha. Poha is a quick Indian breakfast made with flattened rice, onions, green chilies, peanuts, curry leaf and spices. In my early hostel days, I used to have poha but hardly remember that I tried once or twice to prepare the dish Poha. The end result of the dish was never so good. For that reason I tried to stop preparing poha. The day my husband asked me to make poha, I learnt making poha from my mother-in-law. I still remember the beautiful sunny day when I was going to make poha for my husband. While preparing the dish, I recalled the quick thought which was usually shared by my grandmother: 'The way to enter a man's heart is through his stomach'. While making poha, I got a beautiful frying pan and sprinkled black mustard seeds, a foetida and curry leaf. The fragrance came from the mixture. It was a heart-touching fragrance. With that I prayed to the Almighty that same sweetness and fragrance should spread between me and my husband, a home full of care and love for the new bride.

Once I added up the chopped onion in the mixture, its taste turned into sweetness. Then I understand the importance of onion in poha. Similarly sweetness (not sugar-coated emotion) adds more savour in the marital relationship. Sweetness in relationship strengthens the bond of affection. In the entire preparation I felt that peanuts add more flavour in the poha dish. The same way the ingredients of happiness, mutual respect for each other, trust and romance add more flavour in marital relationship. The whole recipe of poha taught me the importance of each ingredient of love. Finally when poha was ready to serve, my heart was racing fast with fear mixed with happiness because for the first time I had prepared poha for my husband. While giving the poha plate to my husband, thousand of questions came my mind: whether he would like it or not? Whether I had put more salt or spice in the poha? Whether it will taste good or not? Once he tasted the first spoon of poha, his expression of joy was incredible which I cannot express in words. It was a splendid moment for me.

His beaming face and broad smile took my heart away ... Once he finished his breakfast, I served the poha for myself, took the first spoon of poha in my mouth and realized that the taste of the peanuts was bitter. I noticed that peanuts were over fried. Suddenly my eyes filled with tears because for the first time the so-called male whose tendency is to find fault, but my husband did not blame or criticized my preparation. Poha, a simple dish, but that simple dish helped me to express my love for my husband. Even a little thing can be infinitely the most important.



"Just beyond the horizon of the so-called impossible is infinite possibility." The quote by Bryant Mc Gill kept me brooding over it for quite some time and I thought everything might soon turn out to be optimistic in a few days' time. The sun will rise again with a new ray of hope and amidst the ordeals there shall be a smile on everyone's faces. The stars will shine again without being marred by the possibility of enveloping its very existence. I know everything will bounce back. It will revive and go beyond all capacities to tell its story. The story which no more will be heard behind closed doors but stories which would cross boundaries to remain etched in everyone's memories. Let us all go back to Chuck Noland's constant urge to eke out meagre survival strategies in the movie 'Cast Away' where he had to simply make 'Wilson' (a volleyball), his friend upon landing on an island uninhabited by the cultured race. The fact that there could still be some hope left at the periphery, beyond the horizon kept Noland living and thriving for a better tomorrow. When I say thriving I mean growing to live the todays well to be able to embrace the tomorrows with a benevolent heart. In a poem by Emily Dickinson 'These tested our horizon' the poet uses the words 'doubt', 'anticipation' which again titillates our senses and bears testimony to the fact that human mind gets affected by the fact that something might ruin the normalcy of our day-to-day activities. But life is about engaging in the uncertainties - viewing and reawakening the 'inner eye' to be able to see beyond we can possibly reach out in the near future. Here again, I am reminded of the famous lines of the movie 'Pursuit of Happiness' where Chris Gardner says 'If you want something. Go get it. Period.' The mind is the believer and the mind can also be the destroyer. So, if your mind says that we can and we will get to the other side of the tunnel-we definitely will. The present-day scenario can only be a remarkable way to train ourselves to seize the moment and not let it dwindle away to nothingness. The art and the artwork is all man made and the moment it is created to be viewed by the public eye, we look for provisions to establish our sensibilities to better our tomorrow. A tomorrow which dreams to look beyond now and today but the horizon is all set to be ours only if we enliven our thirst and greed to fit into a larger than life frame. So, let us all look beyond the present situation and hope to draw on a canvas a picture that does not meddle with our dreams and aspirations.

# A LIFE TO BE ADMIRER

Today I want to share the story of a young woman, Anmol Rodriguez, a fearless young lady, who triumphed over the scars left by her father, and the painful loss of her mother, to emerge as a fashionista and a savior for many others like her. Born on 17th Nov, 1994, a two month old Anmol was being breastfed by her mother, when her father came and doused them both with a can of acid, with the intention to kill both of them. He was furious by the birth of a girl child, and he tried to get rid of both of them, consequently. Once this heinous crime was committed, he left both of them to die. Fortunately, the neighbors came to their rescue and they rushed them to the nearby hospital. However the damage was so extensive, that Anmol had a completely disfigured face and a blinded eye, while her mother succumbed to the injuries. The loss of her mother, at the age of two months, and orphaned at such a tender age, life was rather unforgiving and unfortunate for the baby, for no fault of hers. But Anmol was meant for other greater things and she was about to give a larger meaning to her life's journey.

For the next five years, the doctors and nurses of the hospital took care of her at their own expense. Many plastic surgeries were done on the baby, and when they were very sure that she could survive on her own, and her wounds were healed to a certain degree, they transferred her to an orphanage called, Shree Manav Seva Sangh, in the city of Mumbai. "I was too young to understand why I looked different from the other human beings at the hospital. But when I came to the orphanage, I realized that the other children looked different from me. While no body hated me, initially they were scared of my face. Gradually, as I grew up, I made many friends, but outside the orphanage, it was difficult to do so." Anmol told to "The Daily Mail". Unlike other acid attack victims, Anmol was very much focused in educating herself to overcome the physical and mental scars left on her, during her childhood. She studied Bachelors in Computer Application from Mumbai's SNDT University. She passed out from the University and secured a job. But society always wanted the outer beauty of the girls to compete in the world.

She was thrown out of the job because they could not be to look at her disfigured face everyday. Everywhere, wherever she went for a job, she faced rejection. She was not told the reason, but it was evident. Anmol faced a lot of difficulties during her grooming for becoming a model. Many a time she was rejected, but she did not lose her heart. Society's obsession with beauty, prevented her from making friends, but it did not deter her from trying constantly. She had a good figure, and she managed to have a superb sense of style, which turned many heads throughout her college life. It was love for her fashion and stylish outfits that kept her moving forward in life. She worked with photographers like Tejas Gedekar and Bhavini Damani. She also reacted with Ranveer Singh, at a Kotak Mahindra event.

She was determined to do something different from all the other acid attack victims and she decided that she would work for the upliftment of these unfortunate people. She founded an organization called, "Acid Survivor Sahas Foundation" in 2017. Her goal was to rehabilitate these women to normal life through counseling and education and help them advance forward by giving them jobs.

She has succeeded in arranging for jobs for 20 such women so far. "Aunty ji," is a short film, where she shared the screen with Shabana Azmi. She took the fashion industry by storm and also became a social media influencer and a TEDx speaker. Despite the tragedies, that had befallen this amazing 23 year old girl, she had the courage and resilience to overcome her difficulties and be a successful women in life. Her firm resolution was to become a model and a celebrity. In fact she has been offered many modeling assignments and she has a huge fan following of over 25,000 subscribers in her instagram account. She wants to become the first commercial acid survivor victim model who not only promotes fashion, but also shows the community that an acid attack is not the end of the world. Acid can just ruin your face, but it cannot touch the soul. "We are the same persons inside out, and we should accept who we are and live our lives happily," she added. Anmol was educated enough and was capable, but still she failed to get a job, because people were repulsed by how she looked. Despite this Anmol was undaunted and succeeded in becoming a model. Anmol's indomitable spirit and amazing story, defines sheer grit. Her positive attitude towards life shows that she is fearless and determined. An act of severe violence with the intent to disfigure, maim, torture or even kill a victim by throwing acid on the face, causing grievous hurt to the concerned person, the prevalence of acid attack in India is a disturbing insight of horrific consequences a woman faces in India for being born as a girl child. This is also called vitriolage, as acid is synonymous to vitriol. The acids used are Hydrochloric acid, Nitric acid and Sulphuric acid. These are easily available and inexpensive. Various organizations are now fighting against the easy availability of acids. The punishment for an acid attack is by section 326 A of the Indian Penal Code, ie 10 years imprisonment to a life sentence with fine. The fine goes for the treatment of the victim. It is said that Anmol's father is still in jail for the crime he has committed. This is by virtue of Criminal Law Amendment Act of 2013. Section 326 B of the IPC is for attempted acid attack, which is imprisonment upto 7 years. The Prevention of acid attacks and the Rehabilitation of the acid attack victims bill of 2017 was enacted to provide for prevention of acid attacks by regulation of sale, supply and use of acid and other measures such as, rehabilitation of women victims of acid attacks and matter concerned therewith. According to the bill, no person can be allowed to sell or deliver acid to any person, without keeping a record of his identity, the quantity of acid and the purpose for which the acid is to be used. The State and the union territories have made acid attack a non available offense under Poison Act of 1919. The acid can be purchased only by an adult over 18 years of age. Throwing acid on a women can be due to inhibition of sexual advances, refusal to accept marriage proposals, or gender discrimination at home or work. It causes permanent disfigurement of face and destruction of eyes, nose, ears and mouth, along with psychological problems, like Post traumatic stress disorder and depression and suicidal tendencies due to social rejection. The Government should make more laws for the protection of such women and take the responsibility of treating such victims. We have way to go before we can ensure an Acid Attack free humanity and rehabilitation of such victims.

# POETRY & QUOTES

## QUOTES

### SONAL SHARMA

#### DELICACY OF LIFE

Pour a jar full of love  
into the pan of relationships  
burning with hatred.  
Add a spoonful of compassion,  
Stir it up with the ladle of your patience,  
Give it your precious time to set and,  
Enjoy the delicacy called life to the fullest.

#### ADOPT TO ADAPT

Wisdom lies in constantly adapting oneself  
to the ever changing times and circumstances, by adopting necessary changes in  
one's behaviour and lifestyle.  
Adopt to adapt with the change!.

### DIMPLE MAPARI

#### ENEMY

When you are blessed with an over thinking  
mind powered by good memory, you  
actually don't need an enemy per se...

#### TRUTH

When truth reveals and prevails, it becomes  
unrepentant, irrevocable and irreversible for  
those who had thought otherwise...

### PRADNYA KULKARNI

Practice the solitary skills  
Seek solace in divine power  
And visit the heavenly world  
with your holy soul  
and beatific vision.

#### AMIDST THE FOG

I suddenly realise sometimes we need to  
decrease the speed & become more  
cautious driver to keep going on the blurry  
roads of life.

### SHRADHA GINDLANI

While they feared the hovering darkness  
I was smiling as I can hide my tears.

## POETRY

### SUJIT MUKHERJEE

#### FREEDOM

I am not even free to breathe fresh air  
I have been searching  
Everywhere for my freedom  
Which my family did not give me  
Nor did my education give me that freedom;  
Even my nation allowed me no freedom.

My ignorance and my prejudices as much  
As the sages, the philosophers, and my teachers,  
All kept me tightly chained and restrained,  
Because only the liberated can liberate others;  
They alone can allow me justice  
And a life with compassion and dignity.

I was born free but lost my freedom,  
And life became a long struggle for freedom  
A formidable battle to gain freedom of mind,  
And on the outside, a battle to conquer fear,  
As if in self defense,  
I always tried to protect my freedom,  
I have one lifetime to  
Realize my limitless potential,  
But I know, once I find my own freedom,  
Like fresh air  
My poems will spread  
The message of freedom  
The message issuing from my  
Newly-gained freedom.

### MOOD LAVANYA

#### DREAM HIGH

Dream and dream high  
dreams leads to thoughts  
Thoughts leads to reality.

Dream and dream high  
reality leads to persue  
persue leads to hard work.

Dream and dream high  
hard work leads to rein force  
rein force leads to locomotive.

Dream and dream high  
locomotive leads to determination  
determination leads to constant preparation.

Dream and dream high  
preparation leads to Awe inspiring  
Inspiring leads to persistence in striving.

Dream and dream high  
persistence leads to dedication  
dedication leads to perfection  
and perfection leads to accomplishment.  
So start dreaming high!

### ISHANI AGARWAL

#### SHE IS MY STAR

The moon shone bright.  
Lying under it,  
I remembered those childhood days.  
When in school, we had astronomy class,  
and how I would love watching the moon  
and stars, and learn more about them.  
When I grew up,  
They became a symbol of romance.  
She loved me sitting in the garden,  
With my guitar in hand,  
A cup of steaming coffee in front of us,  
And the sky showering us with light.

The stars shining bright,  
A crescent moon above us.  
It would make her the happiest.  
She would love lying down on the soft grass,  
and looking at the starts endlessly.  
It gave her peace she said.  
After a stressful day even now,  
Whenever I am tired, she takes me to her  
Moons and Stars.  
We lie down look at them shine bright.  
I look at my star in life most of the time though.  
But life is good.

### KIRAN JOE

Either they call you skinny or chubby,  
Either they treat you white or dark,  
Either they call you pale or rosy,  
Still you are beautiful.

Either you were broken or rigid,  
Either you were gyped or encouraged,  
Either you were faded or loved,  
Still, you are beautiful.

Either you have deepest scars or dark secrets,  
Either you have hazel eyes or teary lies,  
Either you have deepest wounds or hardships,  
Still, you are beautiful.

In your way of caring and blooming,  
In your way of striving hard to be independent,  
In your way of giving sunshine to the needy,  
In your way of spreading smiles on faces,  
You are beautiful, you made this world beautiful.

# SURGERY

**CHRISTOPHER T. DABROWSKI (POLAND)**  
**(TRANSLATED BY:- MAGDA WOŹNIAK)**

Both In Green overalls, scalpels In their hands. They started cutting. Ghastly pain, preternatural . Joy in their eyes... Known from somewhere, but... I did not even know who I am. They took a great, brown organ out of me. Agony was so monstrous that I went away to nothingness. I awoke. I smelt pleasant smell of frying meat. I heard tinkle of the cutlery. They were sitting at the table eating... what they excised from my body! -Tasty liver - the man praised me with his mouth filled. -Who the hell are you?

The woman came and affectionately stroking my forehead, said:

-My husband, Peter Vulture. I am Halina Vulture.

She bowed and kissed my forehead.

-Sleep Prometheus , tomorrow we also eat your liver.



# HEARTPRINT FROM SOUL

**MEENAL SONAL**

"People Who Don't Know They're Dead: How They Attach Themselves to Unsuspecting Bystanders and What to do About it, This one seems an interesting pick", Samaya murmured while taking her seat in the library next to the girl in black hoodie and started a conversation.

"Hey you seem to be a book lover I always see you here?" Samaya queried in enthusiastic tone.

To which she replied, "I want to read all of them; my passion for books is very old and not going to dither anytime soon", and she chuckled with a smile.

"What is the hurry, enjoy each read peacefully. Are you going somewhere?" questioned Samaya.

"Hah! Even I thought so " she answered and took a seat in the corner. Samaya whispered to herself "she seems to be quite serious in reading" and started flipping the pages of her new book.

The next day Samaya was shocked to see the portrait of 'girl in black hoodie' on Remembrance Day.

"Her passion is still alive", Samaya said while she lit the candle, "you truly left a heartprint".

# LOST AND FOUND

**ADITI LAHIRY**

Amit had gone with his family to, spend their vacation at Goa.Amit's wife and daughters were strolling on the beach.

All of a sudden, they heard the scream "Catch the thief , he is running with my purse..."

Amidst all these confusion, Diya , Amit's daughter ran ahead. She was lost. His wife kept on calling her but could not find her. Amit soon arrived to the spot and was , showing Diya's photograph to the tourists and vendors on the beach. Meanwhile, Diya patted at his back casually and said. " Dad I caught the thief."

Amit , felt relieved.

# THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

**ADITI LAHIRY**

It was just time of sunset, when Rudrani and Reyansh said , " We wish Grandpa was here with us today on this "Snowy Evening to celebrate our birthday." The twins exclaimed gloomily. They knew that their grandparents were living in the village. Of late Grandpa was not keeping good health. Still every year Grandpa used to visit them in Shimla during the winters , to celebrate their birthday. As they were engrossed in these thoughts, suddenly the doorbell rang and they both rushed to open the door. Grandpa was standing there grinning happily, to their utter surprise. He hugged them and gave them many gifts. He was soon narrating stories to their friends , who had arrived for the Birthday party. Meanwhile , Mumma's phone rang. She was sobbing, as she tried to gather all the courage to disclose the news to the twins "Rudrani and Reyansh, your Grandpa is no more. He expired due to a massive heart attack on the way to the hospital. As they turned around Grandpa was not visible. They both looked at their mother and asked in bewilderment " Then whom did we play with this evening?"

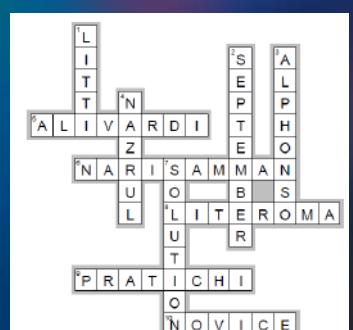
## CROSSWORD KEYS

### UNSCRAMBLED WORDS

SALVAGE, PLUTO, LITEROMA  
 CROSS, AMBIVERT

### PLACE GUESS

LOS ANGELES  
 ISLAND OF HAWAII



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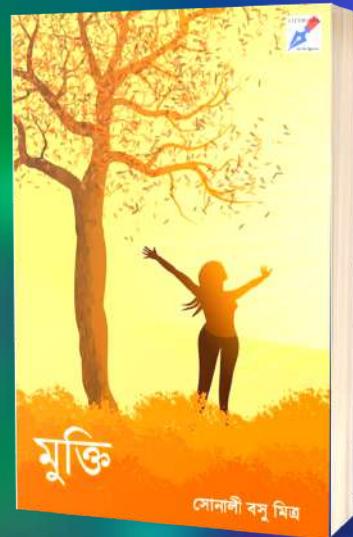
**Fiction, Non Fiction, Poetry, Biography, Travel,  
Children, Anthology, Regional Language (any Indian  
language), Foreign Language (other than English),  
Audio Book & Misc**

## UPCOMING TITLES

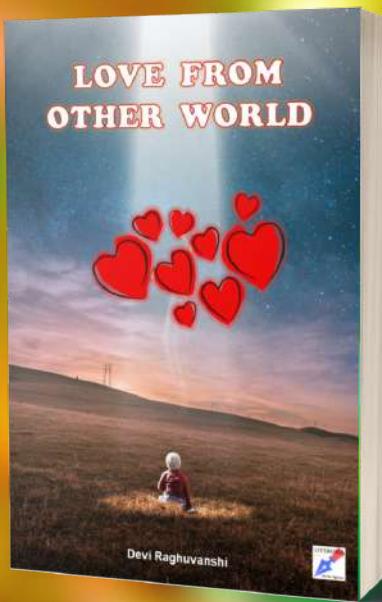
Coming Soon



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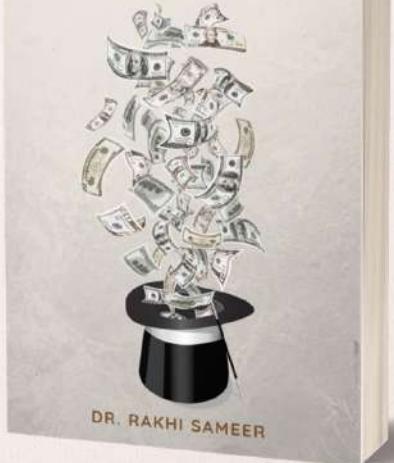


Dr. Rakhi Sameer



Releasing  
Soon...

P\$YCHOLOGY  
OF MONEY



# SPOTLIGHT

# ART, PAINTING & PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY

MEHAK  
VARUN



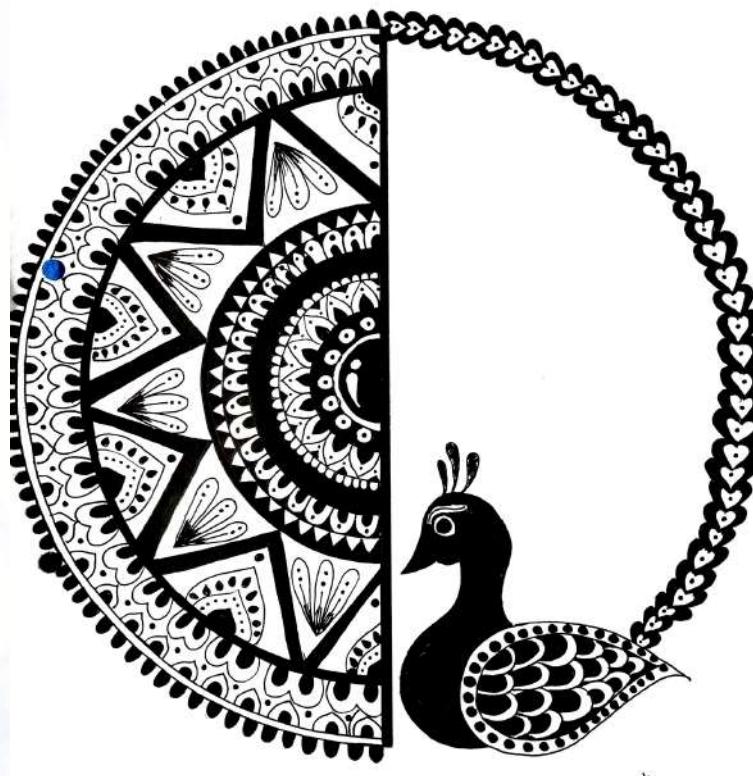
DIMPLE  
MAPARI



IPSHITA  
SAHA

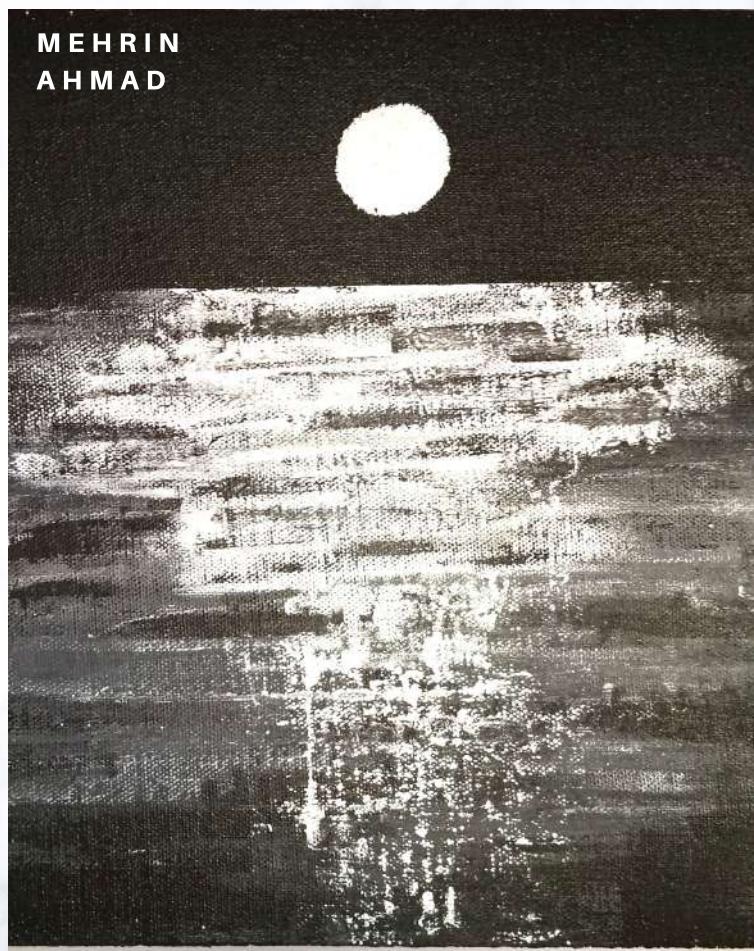


RANJITA  
CHATTERJEE

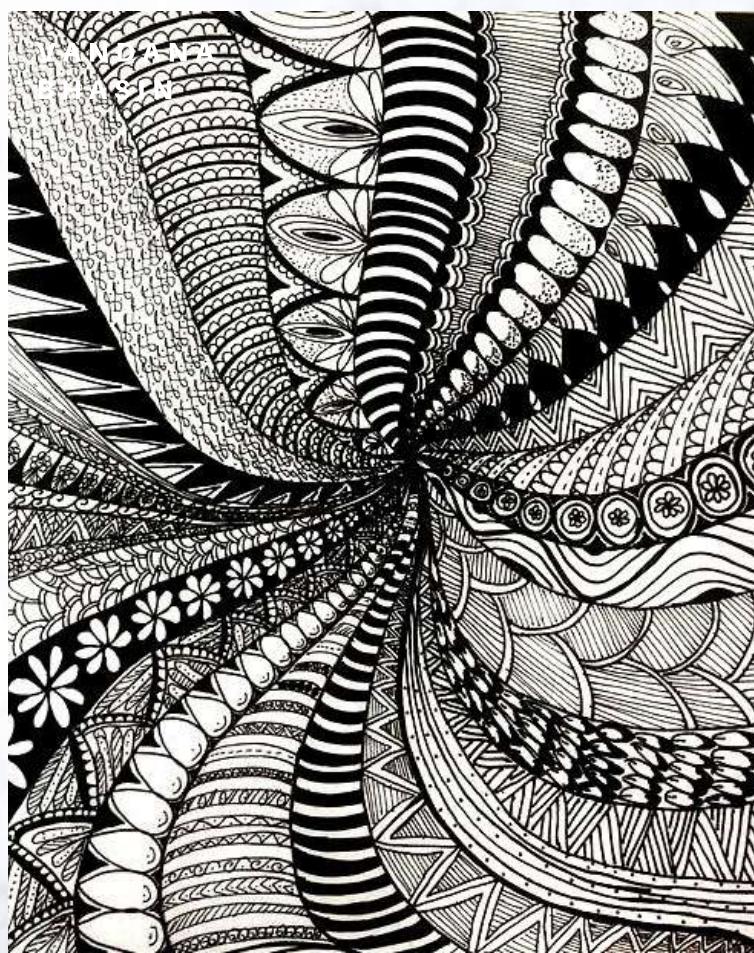
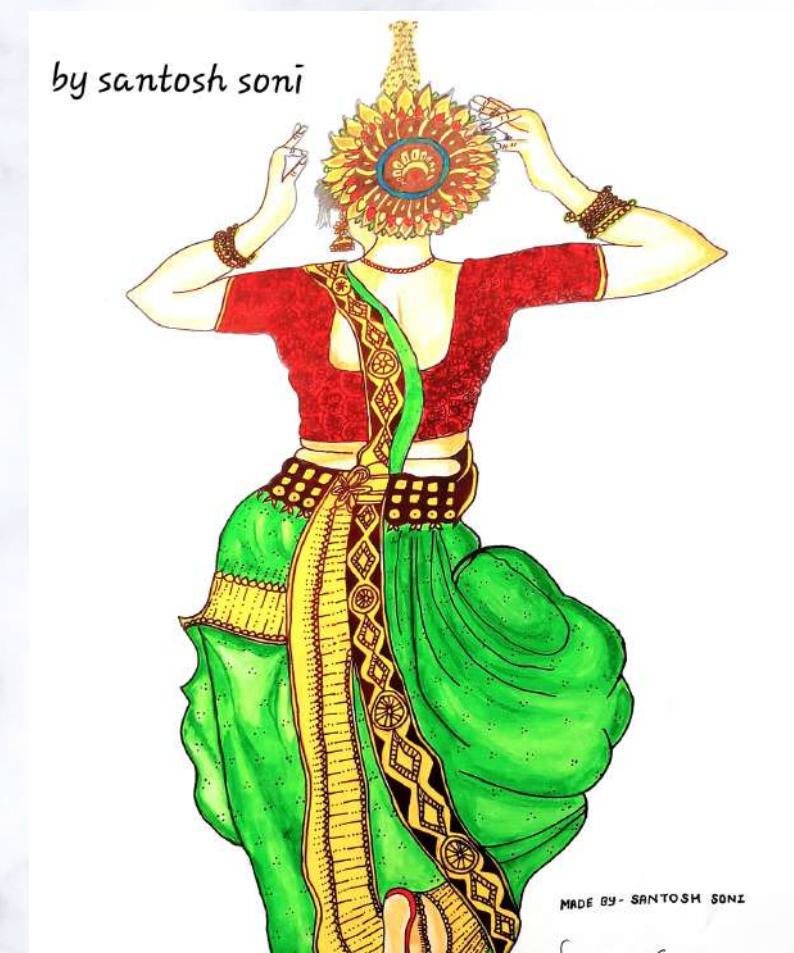


Ranjita

# ART, PAINTING & PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY



# ART, PAINTING & PHOTOGRAPHY GALLERY



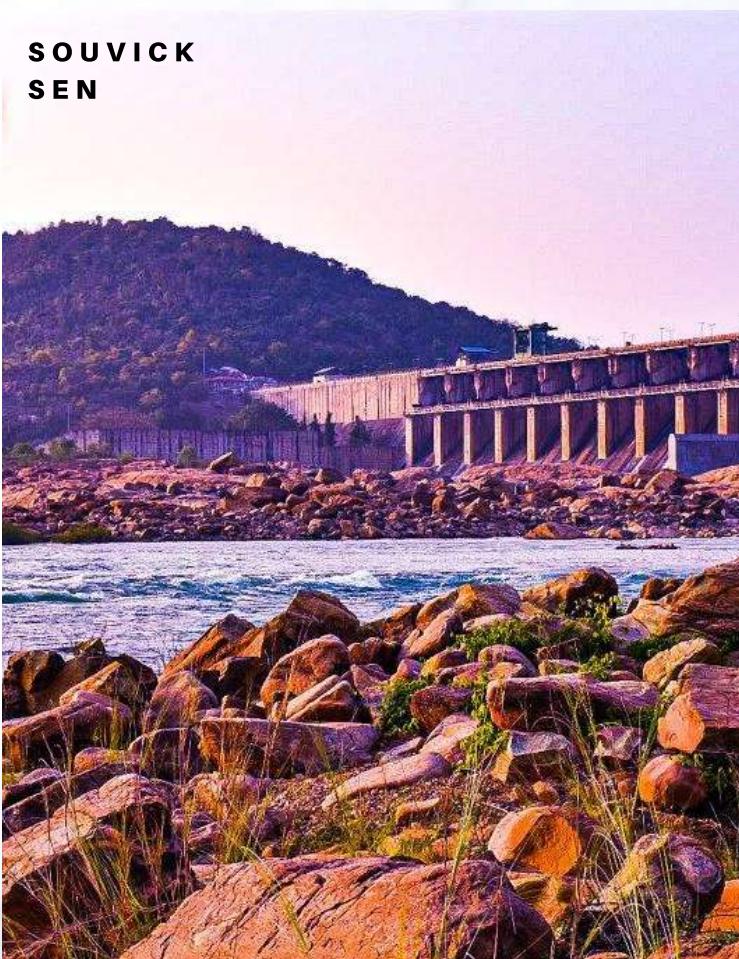
NILTAVA  
(HIMALAYAN BIRD)  
SPOTTED IN  
NAGALAND

BY  
SENIOR BIRDER  
TARUN



ALL SHOTS HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM SAFE DISTANCE AT  
THE BIRD'S NATURAL HABITAT, WITHOUT DISTURBING  
THEIR INSTINCTS.

## PHOTO GALLERY



# LEAN & SIX SIGMA TRAINING CALENDAR - FEB 2021

MR. TAMAL K. MUKHERJEE  
(MASTER BLACK BELT, SIX SIGMA MENTOR)

1

## LEAN SIX SIGMA - WHITE BELT

**Who Can Attend:** Undergrad & Postgrad Students or Corporates upto 2 years work experience

**Course Duration:** 4 hours (1-day on Weekend/Holiday)

2

## LEAN SIX SIGMA - YELLOW BELT

**Who Can Attend:** Anyone who has attended 'Six Sigma White Belt' program or have preliminary knowledge of Quality tools

**Course Duration:** 8 hours (2 days over weekend/holiday)

3

## LEAN SIX SIGMA - GREEN BELT

**Who Can Attend:** Anyone who has already attended the 'Six Sigma Yellow Belt' program

**Course Duration:** 16 hours (4 days over weekend/holiday)

4

## LEAN SIX SIGMA - BLACK BELT

**Who Can Attend:** Anyone who has already attended the 'Six Sigma Green Belt' program

**Course Duration:** 32 hours (8 days over weekend/holiday)

5

## LEAN / KAIZEN - PRACTITIONER

**Who Can Attend:** Students or working professionals in Logistics, IT, Manufacturing & Ecommerce domains

**Course Duration:** 8 hours (2 days over weekend/holiday)

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# BUSINESS MANAGEMENT TRAINING CALENDAR - FEB 2021

MR. TAMAL K. MUKHERJEE  
(MASTER BLACK BELT, SCRUM MASTER)

1

## PROJECT MANAGEMENT

**Who Can Attend:** 1. MBA Students 2. Working professionals in 'PMO' / Project Management' / Program Management' roles

**Course Duration:** 32 hours (8 days over weekend/holiday)

2

## AGILE METHODOLOGY

**Who Can Attend:** Students or Working Professionals

**Course Duration:** 16 hours (4 days over weekend/holiday)

3

## QUALITY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM

**Who Can Attend:** Students or Working professionals from the Quality Domain

**Course Duration:** 12 hours (2 days over weekend/holiday)

4

## 'LEAN SIX SIGMA' - INTRODUCTION

**Who Can Attend:** Undergraduate & Postgraduate Students, Corporates not working in the 'Quality' domain

**Course Duration:** 4 hours (1-day on Weekend/Holiday)

5

## PROCESS & QUALITY CONCEPTS

**Who Can Attend:** MBA Students, Working professionals from the Quality Domain

**Course Duration:** 4 hours (1-day on Weekend/Holiday)

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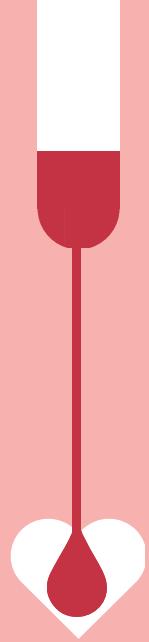
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