

গগনা

GOGONA



ASSAMESE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA (ACT & NSW)
COMMITTEE MEMBERS 2024-2025



Pranab Saikia
President



Ranjima Baruah
Secretary



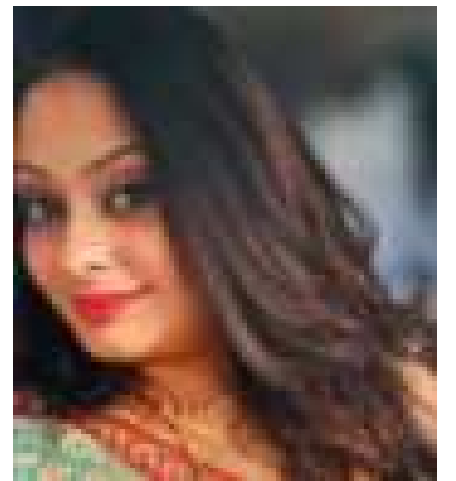
Gunajit Kakati
Treasurer



Prarthana Devi
Cultural



Chayanika Goswami
Cultural



Debolina Goswami
ACT co-ordinator & Cultural



Chintanu Sarmah
Strategy, Communication &
Magazine



Alok Singh
IT, Website & Public Media



Imtiaz Rahman
Food & Logistics

What's Inside

01 Editor's Voice

02 Editorial Team

03 Message from President, AAA

04 Greetings from Assam

07 মৰমৰ বিহুটি
কস্তুৰী হাজৰিকা

09 অসমীয়া লোক সংস্কৃতিত ঢোলৰ অৱদান
ঋতিধাৰা কৌশিক

10 আখৰৰ কথা
ৰূপশিখা বৰুৱা

10 বহাগ বিনন্দীয়া
স্বপ্না মজুমদাৰ চন্দ

11 অষ্ট্ৰেলিয়াৰ 'বুছ ৱাকিং'
স্নিগ্ধা চৌধুৰী

13 আৱেশ / উশাহ
প্ৰাঞ্জল অধিকাৰী

15 কুলি
দেৱজিত গগৈ

16 গুৱাহাটীৰ প্ৰেক্ষাপটত জলবায়ু পৰিৱৰ্তন সমস্যা
কণিকা শৰ্মা

17 TAFE NSW ৰ অভিজ্ঞতা
জুলি বৰুৱা

19 Assamese in Peril: A Call for Revival
Dr. Chintanu Sarmah

22 How to climb your mountains?
Anisha Hati Baruah

24 Psychology Research: A Student's Warning!
Rishta Goswami

25 Historical Tourism near Guwahati
Sangeeta Saikia Gupta

26 The Moonlit Window
Gargi Gogoi

27 Family Favourite Recipes
Santana, Debolina, Bonnie

30 **Mount Kailash: The Cosmic Axis of the Universe**
Sameer Gupta

31 **The Oak Tree**
Adi Patel

32 **An Interesting Encounter**
Ayush Goswami

33 **Elf and the Robot**
Alo Adhikary

34 **The True Story of Goldilocks**
Kiara Sharma

35 **The Whispering Blade**
Vedant Sharma

37 **The Labyrinth's Gate**
Ryan Barman

38 **The Expat Assamese Community & Its Youth**
Anshul Baruah

40 **My Vaishno Devi Experience**
Prajna Gupta

41 **My Visit to the United Arab Emirates**
Vyyom Kachroo

42 **Budding Artists**
Sammar, Alo, Meek, Jasmine, Audrie, Jaya

45 **People, Pithas, and Prose: Community as Cure**
Diya Goswami

46 **Experience of a lifetime**
Rashmita Goswami

47 **Desi Tiramisu – A Reflection**
Pia Gupta

48 **Three Modern Assamese Novels & My Prospectives**
Professor Rukmi Dutta

50 **স্বাগতম নৱাগত-New Families**

52 **নৱজাতক-Tiny Tots**

53 **শ্ৰদ্ধাঞ্জলি-Tribute**

54 **Event Highlights: Through the Lens**

56 **Making Stories**
Premjit Adhikary

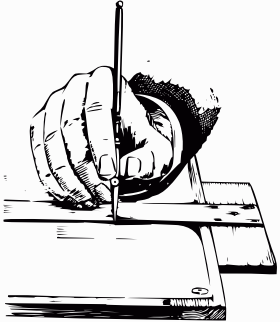
প্ৰিয় পাঠকবৃন্দ,
আপোনালোক সকলোলৈকে ৰঙালী বিহু তথা অসমীয়া নৱবৰ্ষৰ উষ্ম শুভেচ্ছা জনালোঁ !
অসমীয়া সমগ্ৰ সভ্যতাৰ প্ৰাণস্বৰূপ এই মূল বিহুৰ আনন্দ-উল্লাসক আদৰণি জনোৱাৰ শুভ
ক্ষণত এয়া আপোনালোকৰ আগলৈ উলিয়াই আনিছো অতি আদৰৰ আলোচনী 'গগনা'ৰ
ষষ্ঠদশ সংখ্যা ।
এইবাৰৰ গগনা সম্পূৰ্ণৰূপে আমাৰ স্থানীয় সদস্যসকলৰ সৃষ্টিৰে সজাই তুলিছো আৰু সেয়ে
ইয়াত প্ৰকাশিত প্ৰতিটো লিখনি ও শিল্পকাৰ্য্যে বহন কৰে স্থানীয় সমাজৰ সৃষ্টিশীলতা আৰু
কলাত্মক স্বাৱলম্বিতাৰ এক অনন্য প্ৰতিচ্ছবি ।

আপোনালোকলৈ লিখনি বিচাৰি জনোৱা মোৰ প্ৰথম আহ্বানৰ মুহূৰ্ত্তৰে পৰা
আপোনালোকৰ সঁহাৰি আৰু উদ্দীপনাৰ যি ঢল নামিছিল, সেই অনুভৱ সঁচাকৈ অতুলনীয় ।
আমি এটা প্ৰবাসী গোট যদিও আপোনালোকৰ প্ৰতিভা আৰু সৃষ্টিশীলতা পৰিধিবিহীন আৰু
আপোনালোকৰ এই বহু গুণ বিশিষ্ট লিখনিসমূহে এই সংখ্যাৰ গগনাক এক নতুন শিখৰলৈ
লৈ গৈছে । ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰ অথবা বৰাক উপত্যকাৰ আপোন ঘৰৰ পৰা আমিৰোৰ দূৰৈত থকা
স্বত্বেও এই গগনাত প্ৰকাশিত প্ৰতিটো সৃষ্টিয়ে যেন সোঁৱৰণীৰ কুঁৱলী ফালি হৃদয়ৰ প্ৰতিটো
কুঠৰীত ৰঙালীৰ বাৰেবহনীয়া ৰঙ ঢালি আমাৰ পৰম্পৰা, সংস্কৃতি আৰু ঐতিহ্যৰ
গভীৰতাক অতি মনোমোহা ৰূপত প্ৰকাশ কৰিছে। এয়াই আমাক উনুকিয়াই দিয়ে যে দুৰত্ব
আৰু সময়ৰ বাধাই আমাৰ শিপা ছিঙিব নোৱাৰে আৰু যিকোনো প্ৰকাৰে আমাৰ মনৰ
সঁফুৰাৰ মেটমৰা সংগ্ৰহবোৰ নতুন-নতুন সৃষ্টিৰ জড়িয়তে বৰ্তমান আৰু অনাগত দিনবোৰত
প্ৰকাশ পাই থাকিব ।

মই বিশেষ ধন্যবাদ জনাইছোঁ আমাৰ গগনাৰ এই বছৰৰ সহায়কাৰী সদস্যসকলক।
আপোনালোকৰ নিষ্ঠা আৰু অক্লান্ত পৰিশ্ৰমে এই আলোচনীক জীৱন্ত কৰি তুলিছে।
আপোনালোকৰ বিনা এই আলোচনী মোৰ কল্পনাৰ দিগবলয়তে মাথো সীমাবদ্ধ হৈ ৰ'ল হয়।

সদৌ শেষত, প্ৰিয় পাঠকবৃন্দ, আপোনালোকৰ অৰিহণা আৰু অবিচলিত সমৰ্থনৰ বাবে
আপোনালোকক অশেষ আন্তৰিক কৃতজ্ঞতা জনাইছোঁ । আপোনালোকে অকণমান সময়লৈ
গগনাৰ প্ৰতিটো লিখনি আৰু শিল্পকৰ্ম উপভোগ কৰক — এইবোৰ সৃষ্টিয়েই আমাৰ সামাজিক
আৰু সংস্কৃতিক যাত্ৰা তথা সপোনবোৰৰ প্ৰতিফলন। এই আলোচনী আপোনাৰ পৰিয়ালৰ
সদস্যসকলকো দিয়ক তথা বন্ধু-বান্ধৱলৈয়ো পঠিয়াওক আৰু আমাৰ সমাজৰ সৃষ্টিশীল ও
কলাত্মক সৌন্দৰ্যৰ লগতে গগনাৰ আত্মক জীৱন্ত আৰু উদ্ভাসিত ৰাখিবলৈ সহায় কৰক ।

পুনৰপি শুভেচ্ছাৰে,
ড. চিন্তনু শৰ্মা
সম্পাদক, গগনা 2025



Dear Readers,
Bihu greetings to you all!

As the joyous rhythms of the *dhol* and *pepa* echo in our hearts, it brings me immense pleasure to welcome you to the 16th edition of *Gogona*, our treasured community Bihu magazine. This year's edition shines in a truly meaningful way, as it has been entirely crafted by the talented hands and hearts of local contributors. Each of the pieces and work of art reflects the creative brilliance of our Assamese community here in Australia — a testament to our growing self-reliance and collective spirit.

The outpouring of enthusiasm, imagination, and talent showcased in this year's contributions, right from the moment the call for submissions went out, has been nothing short of extraordinary. Your incredible response has exceeded all expectations and revealed the remarkable strength and vibrancy of our community. Each submission is a glowing testament to the depth of our Assamese roots, proving that even far from the land of the Brahmaputra, our culture continues to thrive with boundless pride and passion. It's a heartfelt reminder that no matter the distance, the bonds of our shared heritage remain unbreakable.

A heartfelt thank you to the *Gogona* team — your dedication, creativity, and tireless efforts have been truly inspiring. From the very first spark of ideas to the meticulous final edits, and tackling every hurdle along the way (name it, and we've faced it!), your unwavering commitment has been nothing short of extraordinary in bringing this edition to life. This magazine is a testament to your passion, perseverance, and teamwork — without you, this magazine would simply not be possible.

And to you, dear readers, thank you for your unwavering support and love for *Gogona*. As you turn each page, take a moment to savour the stories, poems, and art that reflect us — our culture, our journey, and our shared dreams. Share it with loved ones, pass it along to friends, and help us keep the spirit of *Gogona* alive and thriving. Dive in, enjoy, and celebrate the beauty of our community!

With best wishes,
Dr. Chintanu Sarmah
Editor, *Gogona* 2025

Editorial Team

“

“The strength of the team is each individual member. The strength of each member is the team.”

– Phil Jackson

”



Santana Sarma

*Content Editing &
Proofreading*



Premjit Adhikary

*Cover Design &
Illustrations*



Bonnie Patowary

*Visual Harmony &
Aesthetics*



Shrutidhara Kaushik

*Content Editing &
Proofreading*



Sangeeta Saikia Gupta

*Content Editing &
Proofreading*



Rupsikha Baruah

*Content Editing &
Proofreading*

Disclaimer:

The views expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Editor or the Editorial team. While every effort is made to ensure accuracy, the team accepts no responsibility for errors, omissions, or any actions taken based on the content. Advertisements, references and external links are not endorsements.

Message from President

Assamese Association of Australia, ACT & NSW (AAA)



শ্ৰদ্ধেয় ৰাইজ,
আৰম্ভণিতে মই সকলোলৈকে আগন্তুক অসমীয়া নৱবৰ্ষ তথা ৰঙালী বিহুৰ শুভেচ্ছা
আৰু ওলগ জনালোঁ।

যদিও ১৫ বছৰৰ আগতে এই আলোচনী খন প্ৰকাশ কৰোতে মই ভবা নাছিলো যে
গগনাই আমাৰ সৰু অসমীয়া সমাজ খনক সাহিত্যৰ দোলেৰে বান্ধি ৰাখিব পাৰিব।
কিন্তু আপোনালোকৰ অশেষ প্ৰচেষ্টা আৰু সৃষ্টিশীলতাই গগনাক এক নতুন দিশত
আগবঢ়াই দি এক নতুন ৰূপ প্ৰদান কৰিছে। এই সুন্দৰ প্ৰচেষ্টা আৰু সকলোৰে সহায়-
সহযোগিতাৰ বাবে মই গগনাৰ সকলো সদস্যকে কৃতজ্ঞতা জ্ঞাপন কৰিছোঁ। আজিৰ
দিনত গগনা আমাৰ সমাজৰ সাহিত্যপ্ৰেমী সকলৰ বাবে এক মাধ্যম হোৱাৰ উপৰিও
আমাৰ নৱপ্ৰজন্মৰ মাজত ভাষা-সাহিত্যৰ প্ৰতি থকা অনুৰাগক যথেষ্ট উদগনি
যোগাইছে। আশা কৰিছোঁ গগনাৰ গৰিমা আমি এনেকৈয়ে দূৰ-দিগন্তলৈ প্ৰসাৰিত
কৰি লৈ যাব পাৰোঁ।

ইয়াৰ লগতে ৰঙালী বিহুৰ উদযাপনে আমাৰ অসমীয়া সমাজত বাস কৰা সকলো
লোকক একত্ৰিত কৰি তেঁওলোকৰ সুন্দৰ প্ৰতিভাসমূহ প্ৰদৰ্শন কৰাৰো এটা সুযোগ দি
আহিছে। এই প্ৰচেষ্টাত যোগ দিয়াৰ কাৰণে মই সকলো ৰাইজকে ধন্যবাদ আৰু
কৃতজ্ঞতা জ্ঞাপন কৰিছোঁ।

শেষত সকলো ৰাইজক মই আহ্বান জনাওঁ যে আমাৰ এই সৰু সমাজ খনত বৰ্তি থকা
পাৰস্পৰিক সহযোগিতা আৰু মিলাপ্ৰতী যেন সদায়ে অটুট ৰাখে।

আশা কৰিছোঁ আগন্তুক ৰঙালী বিহুৱে সকলোৰে জীৱনত সুখ, শান্তি আৰু সমৃদ্ধিৰ
বতৰা কঢ়িয়াই যেন প্ৰতিটো মুহূৰ্ত মুখুৰ কৰি তুলে।

ধন্যবাদ,

প্ৰণৱ শইকীয়া

সভাপতি, AAA - NSW/ACT (২০২৪-২০২৫)

Dear Raiz,

Wishing you all for upcoming Assamese New Year and Rongali Bihu. I hope this message finds you well. As we continue to navigate the challenges and opportunities of our vibrant community, I wanted to take a moment to reflect on our collective efforts and express my gratitude to each of you for your unwavering dedication and hard work.

When I first published Gogona 15 years ago, I never envisaged that Gogona is going to amalgamate our community with literature. Undeniably, your endless efforts and creativity leads Gogona to a new direction. Now Gogona is a great literary platform for the people of our community, and it encourages our younger generation to develop interest towards literary intellect.

Our editorial team is working diligently to enhance our magazine, ensuring it reflects the voices and stories that matter to all of us. I would like to take a moment to thank all the members of the editorial group from the past and the present.

Our upcoming *Rongali Bihu* celebration will not only provide the opportunity and joy of living in a closed community but also allow us to showcase the incredible talents within our community.

I encourage everyone to stay engaged and share your ideas. Your feedback is invaluable as we strive to make our community and our magazine even better. Let's continue to uplift one another as an Assamese community.

Thank you for being an integral part of our community. I hope this New Year will bring immense happiness and prosperity to everyone's life.

Thanks,

Pranab Saikia

President AAA NSW/ACT 2024-2025

Greetings from Assam



Basant Kumar Goswami

A distinguished scholar, writer, and passionate advocate for Assamese literature and heritage, Dr Basanta Kumar Goswami is the esteemed President of the Asom Sahitya Sabha — one of Assam's most venerated literary and cultural institutions. Renowned for his contributions to the preservation and promotion of the Assamese language and culture, Dr Goswami's work stands as a testament to his lifelong commitment to enriching the literary and cultural fabric of the region.



ਅਸਰ ਸਾਹਿਤਾ ਸਭਾ

[illegible]

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 111–117

Copyright © 2004 John Wiley & Sons, Ltd.

quantile regression is quantile regression using quantile regression. The following

[Help](#)
[Contact Us](#)
[Feedback](#)
[Privacy Policy](#)
[Terms of Service](#)

Figure 1. *Staphylococcus aureus* strains were isolated from the nasal cavity of patients with rhinitis.

[Home](#)
[Contact Us](#)
[Privacy Policy](#)
[Terms of Service](#)
[About Us](#)

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110

more media sites | [sign in](#) | [create account](#) | [help](#) | [about](#) | [contact](#) | [privacy](#) | [terms](#)

[illegible]

Website : www.asamsahityasabha.org. □ E-mail : asam.sahitya.sabha@gmail.com

Abstract

संक्षेपः

[illegible]

The credit card was used to


 George H. Young

(a) **संस्थापक अध्यक्ष:**
 (b) **संस्थापक अध्यक्ष:**

Greetings from Assam

Malaya Goswami

A highly acclaimed Assamese film actress who has been a prominent figure in the industry since the early 1980s, Malaya Goswami gained national recognition by winning the National Film Award for Best Actress at the 39th National Film Awards in 1992 for her outstanding performance in the film, Firingoti. Renowned for her powerful portrayals and unwavering dedication to her craft, Malaya Goswami's contributions to Assamese cinema have solidified her status as one of its most respected and inspirational figures.

Journal of Management Education

[illegible][illegible]

১৯৭১ সালে ১০০ জনের বেশি
 জন এই অঞ্চলে বসবাস করতেন
 - এই অঞ্চলে ১০০ জনের বেশি
 জন বসবাস করতেন এই অঞ্চলে

[illegible]

உருவம் சிறிது பெரிதாக
கொண்டிருக்கிறது.

James M. Smith

Anuradha Sarma Pujari

Her contributions have earned her numerous accolades, including the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Award in 2021 for her novel Iyat Ekhan Aronya Asil (ইয়াত এখন অৰণ্য আছিল).



આમિન સાહસની
AMIN SAHANI

Table 1

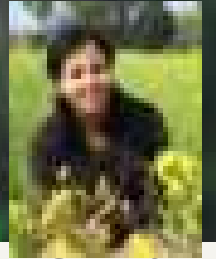
[illegible][illegible]

— **THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY** —

செய்தியை உறுதிப்படுத்தி

[Back to top](#)
[Contact Us](#)

মৰমৰ বিহুটি



কম্বৰী হাজৰিকা

ৰাতিপুৱাই চকু মেলিয়েই তাই দৌৰ মাৰিলে ঘৰৰ আগচোতাললৈ। আঃ ফুলিছে ফুলিছে, কি যে ধুনীয়া। তাই চিঞৰি উঠিল। ঘৰৰ ফুলনিখনৰ তামোল জোপাত মাকে লগোৱা কপৌফুল জোপা ফুলি উঠিছে। এডাল, দুডাল..বাঃ চাৰিডাল দীঘলীয়াকৈ বেঙুনীয়াৰ লগত অলপ বগা কপৌফুল! কুউ..কুউ..পাছফালৰ বাৰীৰপৰা সোৱা কুলি চৰাইৰ মাত। বহাগ আহিল তাৰমানে।

বহাগ, এক বুজাব নোৱাৰা অনুভৱ। আমি শূনি অহাৰ দৰে "বহাগ এটি ঋতু নহয়, বহাগ এটি আবেগ"। প্ৰতিজন অসমীয়াৰ বাবে বহাগ এটি নতুন বছৰৰ বৰ্ণিল বতৰা কঢ়িয়াই অনা এটি সুন্দৰ সময়।

অ' বিহুৰেনো বিৰিণা অ' আইতা
অ' নাচনীৰ কলাফুল লৰে
বিহুৰেনো বিৰিণা অ' আইতা
কেৰুমণি থুৰিয়া
তাতে সমনীয়া অ' আইতা
তুমি আমাৰ যুৰীয়া
বহাগতে পাতি যাওঁ বিয়া অ' আইতা
কেৰুমণি গেজেৰা নেমাৰিবা কেতেৰা
চাইয়েনো চাই থাকিবৰ মনে অ' আইতা
চাইয়েনো চাই থাকিবৰ মন। (ড. ভূপেন হাজৰিকা)

বহাগ মাহত প্ৰকৃতিয়ে নতুন ৰূপ লয়। গছৰ ডালত কুমলীয়া কুহঁপাত ওলায়। বহাগৰ আগমনিৰ বতৰা জনাই বৰদৈচিলাই সকলো চাহি মুহি লৈ যায়। বুৰঞ্জীয়ে কয় বৰদৈচিলা শব্দটি আহিছে বড়ো শব্দ "বৰদৈচিখ্লা"ৰ পৰা। "বৰ" মানে বতাহ, "দৈ" - পানী আৰু "চিখ্লা" শব্দৰ অৰ্থ হৈছে ছোৱালী। সন্ধিয়াৰ লগে লগে ধাৰাঘাৰ বৰষুণ ধুমুহা-গাজনি সৰুতে দেখা মনত পৰে। মা- আইতাই কৈছিল যে এনেদৰে বৰদৈচিলাই মাকৰ ঘৰলৈ লৰালৰিকৈ গৈছে। বৰদৈচিলাক খৰধৰ নকৰি লাহে-ধীৰে বহি চুলিটাৰি আঁচুৰি যাবলৈ ঘৰৰ চোতালত আইতাৰ লগত পীৰা, আইনা, ফণী, সেন্দূৰ, তেল থোৱা মনত পৰে। বাঁহৰ কাঠীৰ মূৰত ৰঙা জলকীয়া দি চোতালত খোচ মাৰি থোৱাও দেখা গৈছিল যাতে ধুমুহাৰ প্ৰকোপ কমে। মনে মনে কৈছিলো -

বৰদৈচিলা বৈ যোৱা
চুলিটাৰি আঁচুৰি লাহে
ধীৰে মাৰ ঘৰলৈ যোৱা।

অ' হাই এ.....

আবেলি ক্লাবঘৰত ঢোলৰ ছেও, সৰু বৰ নাচনীৰ হাঁহিৰ খিলখিলনিৰে বিহু নাচৰ অনুশীলন, ঘৰৰ চোতালত বাটি কৰা গামোছাৰ ৰঙা-বগা সূতা, তাঁতশালৰ মাকুৰ শব্দ, টেকীৰ মাত..... বহাগ বিহুৰ আদৰণিৰ মোৰ স্মৃতিৰ এয়া একো একোটা স্নেহস্বট।

বহাগ মাহ আৰম্ভ হোৱাৰ আগৰ দিনটো হৈছে গৰু বিহু। ঘৰত পুৱাই মাটিমাহ আৰু হালধি আদি টেকীত খুন্দি লোৱা হৈছিল। বাঁহৰ কামিৰে বনোৱা শলখাত চকলিয়াই থোৱা বেঙেনা, লাও, হালধি, থেকেৰা আদি খুচি ভৰাই লোৱা হৈছিল। মাহ হালধিৰে নোৱাই মাখিয়তী দীঘলতী পাতেৰে কোবাই ঘৰৰ ওচৰৰ কলংত আমাৰ ৰঙা আৰু ক'লা বৰণীয়া গৰুকেইটাক গা ধুওৱা হৈছিল।

মাখিয়তী মাখিপাত
মাখি মাৰো জাত জাত।
দীঘলতী দীঘল পাত
মাখি মাৰো জাত জাত।

আমিবোৰে লগতে গাইছিলো -

লাও খা, বেঙেনা খা
বছৰে বছৰে বাঢ়ি যা
মাৰ সৰু, বাপেৰ সৰু
তই হবি বৰ বৰ গৰু।

গধূলি গোহালিত তুঁহ, খেৰ আদিৰে জলাই জাগ দি ধোঁৱাৰে মহ মাখি খেদি নতুন পঘাৰে বান্ধি থোৱাৰ নিয়ম।

মানুহ বিহু তথা বহাগ মাহৰ প্ৰথম দিনটোত নতুন সাজ পিন্ধি গোসাঁইৰ আগত চাকি বন্তি জ্বলাই মাহ প্ৰসাদ আগ কৰি সেৱা জনোৱা হয় যাতে নতুন বছৰটো কোনো বাধা-বিঘিনি, বেমাৰ আজাৰ নোহোৱাকৈ পাৰ হয় আৰু জেষ্ঠজনক সেৱা জনোৱা হয়। অসমীয়া সমাজত এই দিনটোত নাহৰ গছৰ পাতত বছৰৰ শুভ আৰম্ভৰ বাবে উল্লেখ কৰা মন্ত্ৰ লিখি ঘৰৰ দুৱাৰ মুখত বা ঘৰৰ চালত খুচি থোৱা হয়। দেউতাই এনেদৰে আমি সৰু থাকোতে কৰা মনত আছে।

দেৱ দেৱ মহাদেৱ নীলগ্ৰীব জটাধৰ।

বাতবৃষ্টি হৰদেৱ মহাদেৱ নমস্ততে।।

বিহুৰ দিনা চিৰা, দৈ, ক্ৰীম, পিঠাৰেই আমাৰ দিনটো পাৰ হৈছিল। বিহু বাবে নতুন কাপোৰ পিন্ধিবলৈ পাই আমাৰ ফুৰ্তিৰ সীমা নোহোৱা হৈছিল। ডিঙিত গামোচাখন মেৰিয়াই লৈছিলোঁ আৰু এফালৰপৰা মা, দেউতা, আইতা, বৰদেউতা, বৰমা, খুৰা, খুৰী সকলোকে সেৱা কৰাটো নিয়ম আছিল। আন এটা উৎসাহৰ কাৰণ আছিল হাতত জেতুকা লগোৱাটো। ঘৰৰ পাছফালৰ জেতুকা জোপাৰ পৰা খৰাহী ভৰাই পাত চিঙি আনিছিলো। এতিয়াও যেন হাত দুখন জোৰেৰে শুঙিলে জেতুকাৰ গোন্ধ পাম যেন লাগে। জেতুকাৰ ঔষধি গুণ আছে। জেতুকাই নাচনীৰ হাত ৰঙা ৰঙৰে বুলায় আৰু বিহু নাচৰ সৌন্দৰ্য বৃদ্ধি কৰে। জেতুকাৰ স্থান আমাৰ বিহু গীতত অপৰিসীম। ড. ভূপেন হাজৰিকাদেৱৰ বিহুগীতত এনেদৰে উল্লেখ পোৱা যায়

এ হাততো জেতুকা ভৰিতো জেতুকা

কোনে দিলে জেতুকা পাত

মৰমৰ বহাগ বিহুটিৰ এটা অবিচ্ছেদ্য অংগ হৈছে হুচৰি গোৱাৰ প্ৰথা। এতিয়াও অসমৰ গাঁৱে ভূঞে হুচৰিৰ প্ৰচলন চলি আহিছে। সন্ধিয়াপৰত গাৱঁৰ ৰাইজে ঘৰে ঘৰে চোতালত হুচৰি গায় আৰু গৃহস্থই পান তামোল অৰিহণাৰে সেৱা আগবঢ়ায়। সৰু সৰু লৰা ছোৱালীয়েও ধুতি, চাদৰ মেখেলা পিন্ধি গোট বান্ধি হুচৰি গোৱা দেখা যায়। আমিও তেওঁলোকৰ লগতে গাইছিলোঁ

হৰি বোল

দেউতাৰ পদূলিত গোন্ধাইছে মাধুৰী

কেতেকী মলেমলাই ঐ গোবিন্দাই ৰাম।

কৃষ্ণাইৰ মূৰে বকুল ফুল এপাহি

নিয়ৰ পাই মুকলি হ'ল ঐ গোবিন্দাই ৰাম।

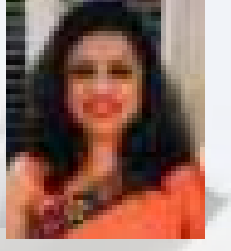
বিহু হৈছে অসমীয়াৰ পৰিচয়। সময়ৰ লগে লগে বিহুৰ কিছুমান পৰিৱৰ্তন আহি পৰিছে। কিছুমান নিয়ম ঠাই বিশেষে আছে, আন কিছু লুপ্ত হৈছে। তাৰ মাজতে বিহুক আমাৰ নতুন প্ৰজন্মক নিজৰ সাধ্য অনুসৰি চিনাকী কৰাই দিয়াটো আমাৰ কৰ্তব্য। মৰমৰ বিহুটি তেতিয়াহে থাকিব।

আলোকচিত্ৰৰ উৎস:

- https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Kopou_ful,_The_state_flower_of_Assam.jpg
- <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/466755948901154016/>



অসমীয়া লোক সংস্কৃতিত ঢোলৰ অৱদান



শ্ৰুতিধাৰা কৌশিক

“ঢোলতে উৰুলি ঢোলতে কুৰুলি
ঢোলৰে অমিয়া মাত,
ঢোলৰ মতে শুনি ৰবকে নোৱাৰোঁ
এৰি যাঁও পেটেৰে ভাত” ।

অসমীয়া জনজীৱনত প্ৰাধান্য লাভ কৰা বিভিন্ন লোকবাদ্য সমূহৰ ভিতৰত ঢোল অন্যতম । বিভিন্ন জাতি-উপজাতি আৰু জনগোষ্ঠীৰ আৱাসভূমি অসম অতীজৰে পৰা লোক সংস্কৃতিত চহকী । এই জনগোষ্ঠী সমূহৰ নানান উৎসৱ-নৃত্য ঢোলৰ প্ৰয়োগ ব্যাপকৰূপত দেখা গৈছে। ঢোল অসমীয়া সংস্কৃতিৰ এক আপুৰুগীয়া বাদ্য যন্ত্ৰ । ঢোলৰ অবিহনে অসমীয়া জাতিৰ বাপতিসাহোন ৰঙালী বিহুৰ যেন ৰং আধৰুৱা । ৰঙালী বিহুৰ সময়ত অসমৰ সাংস্কৃতিক বাতাবৰণক ঢোলে এক সু-শোভিত পুষ্প-স্বৰূপ নতুন ৰূপত সজাই তুলে । ঢোলৰ ছেও, ঢোলৰ মাত, ঢোলৰ বুলনি, জুৰণি আদিত মতলীয়াহৈ পৰে অসমৰ জনজীৱন । এক আনন্দ-উল্লাসৰ উন্মাদনাত যেন বিহুতলী ৰজনজনাই উঠে ।

ঢোলক অসমীয়ালোকে দেৱবাদ্য বুলি গণ্য কৰি আহিছে । লোকবিশ্বাস মতে কৈলাস পৰ্বতত ঢোলৰ উৎপত্তি হৈছিল আৰু তাৰ পৰাই পঞ্চ পাণ্ডৱ অৰ্জুনে ইয়াক মৰ্ত্যলৈ নমাই অনা বুলি বিশ্বাস কৰা হয় ।

অসমত অতীজৰে পৰা ঢোলৰ ব্যৱহাৰ চলি আহিছে । আহোম স্বৰ্গদেও সকলৰ আমোলত ঢোলে ৰাজকীয় পৃষ্ঠপোষকতা লাভ কৰিছিল। আহোম ৰজাৰ ৰাজচ’ৰাত বিভিন্ন উৎসৱত ঢোল বজোৱা হৈছিল । আগৰ দিনত ৰাজকীয় ঘোষনা সমূহ ঢোল পিটি শুনোৱা হৈছিল । আহোম ৰজা বা ডা-ডাঙৰীয়া সকল বাটচৰাৰ বাহিৰ ওলালে, দোলাৰ কাষে কাষে ঢুলীয়াই ঢোল পিটি বজাই যোৱাৰ প্ৰথা প্ৰচলিত আছিল । ঢোলক জনপ্ৰিয় কৰি তোলাত চুতীয়া ৰজাসকলৰ অৱদানও উল্লেখনীয় ।

অসমৰ অতিশয় প্ৰাচীনতম বাদ্য ঢোল সকলো লোকবাদ্য সমূহৰ ভিতৰত বিশিষ্ট হিচাপে বিবেচনা কৰা হয় । ইয়াৰ উপৰিও ঢোলক মাংগলিক বাদ্যযন্ত্ৰৰ স্থান দিয়া হয় । সেয়েহে বিবাহকে মুখ্য কৰি অসমৰ সত্ৰসমূহৰ নানান মাংগলিক অনুষ্ঠান, শাৰদীয়া দুৰ্গা পূজা, ৰাস উৎসৱ আদিত ঢোল বাদনৰ পৰম্পৰা আছে ।

অসমৰ বিভিন্ন জনগোষ্ঠীয়ে ভিন্ন ভিন্ন উপলক্ষত বেলেগ বেলেগ ধৰণৰ ঢোল ব্যৱহাৰ কৰি আহিছে । ঢোল বজোৱাৰ আকাৰ, বাদনৰ কেইবাটাও আনুষ্ঠানিক পদ্ধতি বা শৈলী আছে । ইয়াৰ ভিতৰত প্ৰধান হৈছে বিহু ঢোল বা বা পাতি ঢোল আৰু ওজা ঢোল, জয় ঢোল, বৰ ঢোল, ঢেপাঢোল, মাদল, কৰিঢোল ইত্যাদি । অসমৰ ডিমাছা আৰু তিৱা সকলে ব্যৱহাৰ কৰা ঢোলক কোৱা হয় খ্ৰাম । বড়ো সকলৰ ঢোলক খাম, মিচিং সম্প্ৰদায়ৰ ঢোলক দুম দুম, ৰাভা জনজাতিৰ খাম বা হেমা, কাৰ্বিসকলৰ ঢোলক চেং, মাৰ সকলে ব্যৱহাৰ কৰা ঢোলক খুৱাং বুলি কয় । এনেকুৱা বিভিন্ন জনগোষ্ঠীৰ ঢোলৰ বিভিন্ন নাম দেখা গৈছে । কিছু হ’লেও এনে ঢোল সমূহৰ আকাৰ- আকৃতিৰ প্ৰভেদ পৰিলক্ষিত হয় । ওজা ঢোল বিহু ঢোলতকৈ সামান্য ডাঙৰ । ওজাঢোল একেজন ওজাই দুটা বা ততোধিক ঢোল একেলগে বজায় । ঢেপাঢোল অসমৰ দৰং-মঙ্গলদৈৰ ফালে ঢেপাঢুলীয়া অনুষ্ঠানত ব্যৱহাৰ হয় । ইয়াৰ নিৰ্মাণ প্ৰণালী আৰু বজোৱাৰ কৌশল সম্পূৰ্ণ পৃথক। জয়ঢোল বৃহৎ আকাৰৰ আৰু ইয়াৰ শব্দ প্ৰচুৰ মাত্ৰৰ হয় । সাধাৰণতে দেওধনী নৃত্যৰ লগত সংগতি ৰাখি ইয়াক ব্যৱহাৰ কৰা হয় । মনসা পূজাত আয়োজিত জয়ঢুলীয়া অনুষ্ঠানত জয়ঢোল বজোৱা হয় । মাদল হৈছে অসমৰ চাহ জনগোষ্ঠীৰ লোকে বুমুৰ গীতৰ লগত ব্যৱহাৰ কৰা ঢোল। ইয়াৰ ব্যৱহাৰ অসমৰ উপৰিও ভাৰতৰ অন্যান্য জনগোষ্ঠীৰ মাজত প্ৰচলিত । অসমৰ ঢোল বিলাকৰ ভিতৰত বৰঢোলেই আটাইতকৈ আকৃতিত ডাঙৰ । অসমৰ পৰম্পৰাগত আকৰ্ষণীয় বৰঢুলীয়া আৰু পুতলা নাচৰ অনুষ্ঠানত বৰঢোল বজোৱা হয়। কৰিঢোলৰ ব্যৱহাৰ গোৱালপৰীয়া লোকগীতৰ লগত সংগতি ৰাখি কৰা হয় । ইয়াক বহল মুখৰ মাৰিৰে কোবাই বজোৱা হয় ।

ঢোলৰ গাত মুঠ এঘাৰটা অংশ থাকে যেনে খোলা, টালি, কোবনি, মলুৱা বা বান্ধনি, কাটনি ছাল, পুলি, ফৰিং, কানাই, বৰটি, ডোল বা জৰী আৰু মাৰি। ঢোল এটাৰ যিটো মূৰত বাঁহৰ মাৰি ডালেৰে কোবাই শব্দ উলিওৱা হয় তাক কোৱা হয় কোবনি । যিটো মূৰত হাতেৰে চাপৰ দি বজোৱা হয় তাক তালি বা বেৱা বুলি কোৱা হয় । ঢোল বজাবলৈ ঢুলীয়াসকলে এডাল বাঁহৰ মাৰি তৈয়াৰ কৰি লয় । এইডালৰ দৈ ঢোলটোৰ তালি খনৰ সমান হোৱাটো দৰকাৰ বুলি ঢোলীয়া সকলে কয় । এই মাৰি ডাল হাতেৰে মুঠি মাৰি ধৰা ফালে শকত আৰু তালিত আঘাত কৰা ফালে ক্ৰমান্বয়ে লাহি বা ঘূৰণীয়া টেমা সদৃশ হয় । এই মাৰি ডালৰ সহায়ত তালিত আৰু হাতৰ চাপৰিৰে বেৱাত আঘাত কৰাৰ ফলতেই ঢোলত সুৰীয়া শব্দৰ উৎপত্তি হয় ।

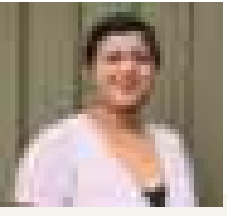
বিহুৰ বতৰত ঢোলৰ ছেৱত প্ৰতিজন অসমীয়া ডেকা-গাভৰুৰ মন ব্যাকুল হৈ পৰে । ঢোলৰ সুমধুৰ ঝংকাৰে আমাৰ বিহুৱা, বিহুৱতী, নাচনীৰ মন আপোন পাহৰা কৰি তুলে । অসমীয়া কলা-কৃষ্টিৰ আপুৰুগীয়া সম্পদ ঢোলে বহাগৰ বতৰত সঞ্জীৱিত কৰে নতুন সৃষ্টিৰ কণিকা।

ঢোলৰ চাপৰত গাভৰু নাচনীৰ দেহ-মন সাত খন-আঠ খন হৈ উঠে । ৰঙালী বিহুৰ সময়ত গাভৰু নাচনীয়ে গছৰ তলত বা গৃহস্থৰ ঘৰৰ চোতালত ঢুলীয়া ডেকাৰ ঢোলৰ চাপৰত কঁকাল আৰু বুকু ভাঙি নাচে আৰু এই নাচনীৰ লয়- লাসত প্ৰত্যেক অসমীয়া লোক আনন্দত মতলীয়া হৈ পৰে।

অসমীয়া জাতিৰ প্ৰাণ স্বৰূপ ঢোল আৰু ঢুলীয়া সংস্কৃতি বৃহৎ অসমীয়া সংস্কৃতিৰ উচ্চতম চিনাকি । অসমৰ আকাশে-বতাহে, পাহাৰ-পৰ্বত সকলোতে ঢোলৰ সুকীয়া শব্দৰ গুঞ্জন প্ৰতিজন অসমীয়াকে উপলব্ধি কৰে। এই অপৰূপ ঢুলীয়া সংস্কৃতিৰ পৰম্পৰা অব্যাহত ৰখাত আমি সকলোৱে প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতবদ্ধ ।

উৎস:

- শ্ৰীমহেন্দ্ৰ কুমাৰ নাথ, অসমৰ লোকবাদ্য ঢোল: এক অৱলোকন, <https://theoxygenetimes.com/single-blog.php?blog=144>
- অসমীয়া বাদ যন্ত্ৰ ঢোল, বিহু পেঁপা আৰু গগনা, https://satriyasanskriti.blogspot.com/2022/01/axomiya-badyantra-dhol-pepa-gagana.html#google_vignette
- মিনুৰেখা গগৈ, অসমৰ লোকবাদ্য- ঢোল, <https://as.vikaspedia.in/education>
- কবিতা চৌধুৰী, অসমৰ লোকবাদ্য, লোক-সংস্কৃতিৰ এক অমূল্য উপাদান, https://www.bornil.in/2016/12/blog-post_91.html
- পটভূমিৰ আলোকচিত্ৰ: এনাজৰী, 2017



ৰূপশিখা বৰুৱা

আখৰৰ কথা

ক যে বোলে "ক'লা কাউৰী, কিয় কৰ কা কা"
খ যে বোলে "খকুৱা, খুড়মা খৰকৈ খা"
গ যে গায় গপচত "গৰম গাখীৰ গিলাচ গপাগপ গিল !"
ঘ ৰ ঘড়ীয়ে বোলে "ঘৰলৈ ঘূৰ ঘ ডীত এঘাৰ বাজিল !"
নাকৰ শেঙুন বোৱাই বেঙা ওয়ে কয়
"শিঙি আৰু শিঙৰাৰ মহঙা বজাৰ" ।

"চাহকাপ চৈচা হৈ চৰ্বত হ'ব।" চুচুক-চামাককৈ চ যে উচপিচাই উঠে
ছ ৰ ছাগলীয়ে ৰছী ছিঙি পাছফালে গছ খাই আছে !
জাৰকালি জুহালত জহা জলপান খায়
জ যে বোলে জীৱন-জগত জানা জহি-খহি যায় !

ঝাও বনৰ কাষেৰে এখন ঝৰ্ণা বৈ যায়
তাতে জীঞা উৰা চাবলৈ ঝ আৰু ঞ যে চিঞৰি-চিঞৰি যায় ।

ট ৰ টোকৰত টোপনি ভাগিল
ঠ যে ঠাইতে ঠিয়হৈ ঠিতাতে ঠগিল
ডাংকোলাকৈ ডাঙি ড ই ডাঙৰ ডবাটি বজায়
গাধ কিনিবলৈ ধনীৰামে ধ ৰ পৰা ধন ধাৰ লয়

ক্ষণেপ্ৰতি হৰিণৰ বৰণে গ ৰ মন মোহে
বাগদেৱী বীণাপানিৰ প্ৰণামো চৰণে ।

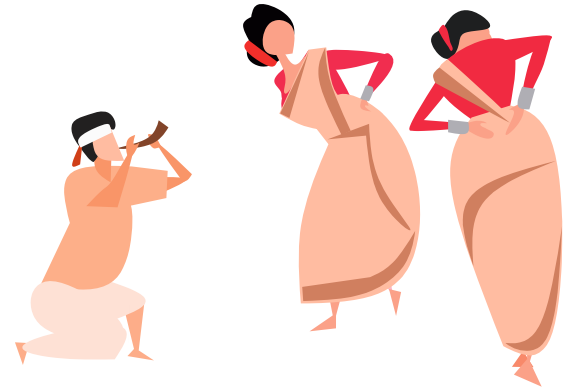
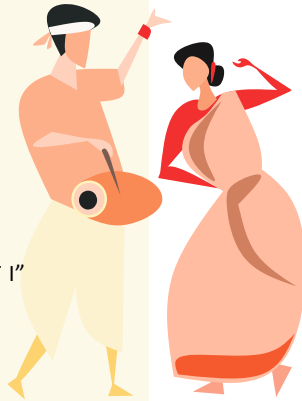
তপত তেলত ত ই তৰকাৰী তৈয়াৰ কৰে
থ যে থাল-বাতি লৈ থমথমকৈ বহি থাকে ।
দ ৰ দৰৱৰ দোকান দিনৌ খোলা ৰাখে ।
চলপুৱাতে ঢপলিয়াই চ ই পেট-ঢিলা দৰৱ আনে ।
"নোৱাৰো" কথাটি হেৰা নক'বা কাহানিও
নহ'লে ন ৰ মান নহ'বনে বাৰু হানি !
প্ৰতিনিতি প যে পাতে পোহৰৰ পোহাৰ,
ধৰফৰাই ফ যায় ফোঁপাই-ফোপাই
ব যে বোলে বাওধান বাবলৈ লাগে বাহুত বল।
ভ যে কয় "ভয় নাই, ভয় নাই, নিৰ্ভীক ভাই-ভনী ।"
ম যে কয় "মোৰ মতে মাথো মানিবা চলি।"

য ৰে যোগ হৈ সলাই আখৰে আকাৰ
যেতিয়েনি নাযায় যদিহে "য কাৰ"
ৰ যে ৰিঙিয়াই কয়, ৰংঘৰতে ৰ'ম

ল যে লগতে বোলে "লৰা-লৰি নকৰিলে হ'বগৈ পলম ।"

ভাৱনাত বিভোৰ ৰ ভাৱৰলৈ কেনেকৈ যাব
পৰুৱাই বোলে বৰুৱাৰ নাৱেৰে যোৱাহে ভাল হ'ব
শ, স আৰু স ৰ শব্দবোৰৰ সমস্যা অশেষ
শব্দ শুনি সঠিককৈ কোৱাজন বিশেষ ।
হ অলপ গহীন, হ'লেও হাঁহি-মাতি থাকে
হাঁহ আৰু হৰিণাই হাবিত হাতীৰে সখী পাতে।
ক্ষ লিখিবলৈ গৈ পালো বৰ শিক্ষা
পৰীক্ষাৰ আগতে ল'ব লাগিব দীক্ষা
ড় ৰ লগত ভাড়াতীয়া খুড়াই খুড়ীক আনিবলৈ গ'ল
বুঢ়ী চ ই বাঢ়নি মাৰি চোতাল চিকুণাই ৰ'ল
নকয়, নহয়, নাপায়, নাযায় কথাবোৰে কয়
সেইবোৰৰ আন উপায় নাই, শেষত য হয় ।

হঠাৎ কদাচিৎ ৭ ৰ খং উঠি যায়
ং যে ফৰিং চিটিকা দি দলং পাৰহৈ যায়
উঃ আঃ কৰি : আছে পৰি
সুৱদী বাঁহীৰে ৩ যে গাওঁখন আছে মোহি ।।



বহাগ বিনন্দীয়া

স্বপ্না মজুমদাৰ চন্দ

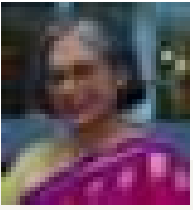
চ'তৰ শেষত বসন্তৰ পৰশত
গছে-বনে সলালে পাত,
কপৌ ফুলিল কেতেকী ফুলিল
কুলিয়েও লগালে মাত।

ৰংপুৰৰ নাচনী ৰঙতে ৰাঙলী
ততে নাই লিহিৰী গাত,
ৰংমন ককায়ে বজাইছে ঢোলটি
ধিনিকি ধিন-দাওঁ মাত।

পিৰালিত বহি ধনবৰ কাইটীয়ে
বটিছে গৰুৰ পঘা,
তঁাতৰ পাটত ৰতনী বাইটীয়ে
বান্ধিছে নেঘেৰি-খোপা।

বহাগী আইটীয়ে বিহুৱান লগাইছে
ৰঙাকৈ সূতাৰ ফুল,
এই-বেলি বিহুত চেনাই ধনক যাচিব
নেমানি কোনো জাতি-কুল।

অষ্ট্ৰেলিয়াৰ 'বুছ ৱাকিং'



শিক্ষা চৌধুৰী

'বুছ ৱাকিং', অৰ্থাৎ বনাঞ্চলত খোজ কঢ়াৰ মাদকতাৰ কথা তেনে ক্ৰিয়া কৰাজনেহে ভালকৈ অনুভৱ কৰিব পাৰিব। জনকোলাহলৰ পৰা দূৰৈত প্ৰকৃতিৰ ৰূপ পান কৰিব পৰাৰ অভিজ্ঞতাই মানুহৰ মনত এক সুকীয়া অনুভূতি জগাই তোলে, যিয়ে অকল শাৰীৰিক স্বাস্থ্যই নহয়, মানসিক স্বাস্থ্যৰ বাবেও অতি উপকাৰী।

অষ্ট্ৰেলীয়া প্ৰাকৃতিক সৌন্দৰ্য্যৰ এক ভঁৰাল। ইয়াৰ বিভিন্ন জীৱ-জন্তু, গছ-গছনি আন দেশৰ তুলনাত বহুত বেলেগ। আৰু এটা মন কৰিবলগীয়া বিষয় হ'ল যে ইয়াত বাঘ, ভালুক জাতীয় মানুহে সাৱধানে থাকিবলগীয়া জন্তু নথকাৰ বাবে বনাঞ্চলত খোজ কাঢ়িবলৈ ভাল। অৱশ্যে ইয়াত সাৱধান হবলগীয়া আন বহু কথাই আছে।

প্ৰথম বাৰ 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰিবলৈ যোৱাৰ আগতে 'বুছ ৱাকিং'ৰ বিষয়ে অৱগত হৈ লোৱা অতিশয় দৰকাৰ। 'বুছ ৱাকিং'ত গ'লে স্বসুৰক্ষাৰ লগতে বনাঞ্চলত থকা জীৱ-জন্তুৰ সুৰক্ষাৰ প্ৰতিও বিশেষ মনোযোগ দিয়াটো আৱশ্যকীয় বিষয়। উপযুক্ত পোছাক আৰু জোতা, পানীৰ যোগাৰ, খোৱা বস্তু, ডাউনল'দ কৰি নিয়া মেপ, দৰকাৰী ফোন নম্বৰ, বনৰীয়া জীৱ-জন্তুৰ পৰা কেনেকৈ সাৱধান হৈ থাকিব লাগে ইত্যাদি আগতীয়াকৈ জানি লোৱা উচিত।

'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰিবলৈ যোৱাৰ আগতে, বিশেষকৈ দীঘলীয়া 'বুছ ৱাকিং'ত যোৱাৰ আগতে কাৰোবাক ক'লৈ যোৱা হ'ব আৰু কেতিয়া উভতি অহাৰ কথা জনাই যোৱা উচিত। 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰোতে সদাই সজাগ হৈ থকাটো অতি আৱশ্যকীয়।



'বুছ ৱাকিং' মোৰ বৰ প্ৰিয়। স্মৰী মাউণ্টেইনচত আমাৰ ঘৰৰ কাষতে বহুতো সৰু সৰু হাবি আছে। শীত কালত মই প্ৰায়েই তাত খোজকাঢ়িবলৈ যাওঁ। হাবিত কটোৱা সময় খিনি কেনেকৈনো পাৰ হৈ যায় গমেই নাপাওঁ। জনসমুদ্ৰৰ কোলাহলৰ আঁতৰত, মাথো ওখ ওখ গছৰ পাতৰ লহৰ, পৰিষ্কাৰ বায়ু, বিভিন্ন চৰাই-চিৰিকটিৰ মৌ মিঠা মাত আৰু হঠাতে কেঙ্গেকুৱে সৰি পৰা শুকান ইউকেলিপ্টাচ গছৰ পাতৰ ওপৰেৰে জপিয়াই জপিয়াই আঁতৰলৈ লৰ মাৰি যোৱা শব্দই মন প্ৰাণ ভৰাই তোলে। কিযে এক অপূৰ্ব সুন্দৰ পৰিৱেশ!

এবাৰ 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰি থাকোতে হঠাতে মনলৈ আহিল যে মোৰ সন্মুখত দেখোন এটা প্ৰজাতিৰ গছে আন এটা প্ৰজাতিৰ গছৰ লগত কৰা সংঘৰ্ষ দৃশ্যমান! একোটা এলেকা এটা প্ৰজাতিৰ গছেৰে ভৰি আছে, তাৰ দাঁতিত আন এটা প্ৰজাতিৰ এলেকা আৰম্ভ হৈছে। যদি এজোপা গছ আন প্ৰজাতিৰ গছৰ মাজত গজি উঠিছে, সেই গছ জোপাৰ অৱস্থা অতি শোচনীয়। দেখি লাগে যেন ইয়াৰ ৰসবোৰ ঘেৰি থকা গছবোৰে শুহি নিছে, কিছুমান গছৰ অৱশেষহে মাত্ৰ বৈ গৈছে। দুয়ো এলেকাৰ সীমাৰ ওচৰে-পাজৰে এই দৃশ্য বেছিকৈ দেখিবলৈ পালো। পিছত ইণ্টাৰনেটৰ যোগে জানিব পাৰিলো যে মই ভবা কথাটো সত্যৰ পৰা বিশেষ নিলগত নহয়। গছৰ সুস্বাস্থ্যৰ বাবে সূৰ্য্যৰ পোহৰ আৰু পৰিষ্কাৰ বায়ুৰ আৱশ্যক। অৱগত কম ঠাইত ঘণ ঘণকৈ গছ গজিলে আৱশ্যকীয় ৰ'দ আৰু বতাহৰ অভাৱৰ বাবে এজোপা গছে আন গছৰ লগত সংঘাতৰ মুখা-মুখি হব লগা হয়।



বৈজ্ঞানিকে এই বিষয়ে গৱেষণা কৰি গম পাইছে যে পৃথিৱীৰ সকলো ঠাইতে গছ-গছনিৰ এনে ব্যৱহাৰ লক্ষ্য কৰা দেখা যায়। কিন্তু একো একো সময়ত এইটোও দেখিবলৈ পোৱা যায় যে আন প্ৰজাতিৰ গছৰ লগত হোৱা সংঘাতত কৈ নিজ প্ৰজাতিৰ লগত সংঘাত অধিক গভীৰ। আনহাতে, একো একো ঠাইত এটা বেষ্টিৰিয়া পোৱা যায় যিয়ে বিভিন্ন প্ৰজাতিৰ গছৰ মাজত শিপাৰ জৰিয়তে খাদ্যৰ আদান-প্ৰদান কৰাত সহায় কৰে।

বনাঞ্চলত খোজ কঢ়াৰ উপকাৰিতাবোৰ হ'ল:

১. ব্যায়ামে মানুহৰ সুস্থাস্থ্য বজাই ৰখাত কিমান সহায় কৰে সেই বিষয়ে নজনা মানুহ নায়েই বুলি ক'লে হয়টো ভুল নহব। নিয়মীয়াকৈ খোজ কঢ়াটো খুবসম্ভৱ সকলোতকৈ সহজ ব্যায়াম, 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰিলে তাৰ উপকাৰিতা বহু গুণে বৃদ্ধি পায়।

২. 'বুছ ৱাকিং'ৰ ৰাস্তাবোৰ অসমান অৰ্থাত ওখোৰা-মোখোৰা আৰু বহু ঠাই খলা-বমাও হব পাৰে, সেয়েহে সমান ৰাস্তাত খোজ কঢ়াৰ তুলনাত 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰিলে আমাৰ শৰীৰৰ অধিক মাংসপেশী ব্যৱহৃত হয়

৩. বিভিন্ন জীৱ-জন্তুৰ উপস্থিতিয়ে মন-প্ৰাণ সজীৱ আৰু উৎফুল্লিত কৰি তোলাৰ লগতে মনৰ সজাগতাও বৃদ্ধি কৰা দেখা যায়।

৪. 'বুছ ৱাকিং'এ মানুহৰ মনোযোগ দিব পৰা শক্তি বৃদ্ধি কৰে।

৫. মানুহৰ মনৰ উদাসতা (depression) আৰু উৎকণ্ঠা (anxiety) হ্ৰাস কৰে।

৬. মনৰ সজাগতা জাগি উঠাৰ বাবে প্ৰাকৃতিক পৰিৱেশৰ প্ৰতি আকৰ্ষিত হৈ পৰিৱেশ সংৰক্ষণৰ প্ৰতি আগ্ৰহী হৈ পৰে।

অষ্ট্ৰেলীয়াৰ প্ৰতিখন ৰাজ্যতে অসংখ্য বনাঞ্চলত অসংখ্য খোজকঢ়া ৰাষ্ট্ৰ আছে। এই ৰাষ্ট্ৰবোৰ খোজকাঢ়িব পৰাৰ ক্ষমতা অনুযায়ী বিভিন্ন ভাগত যেনে গ্ৰেড১, গ্ৰেড২, গ্ৰেড৩, গ্ৰেড৪, গ্ৰেড৫ ভগোৱা হৈছে।

'বুছ ৱাকিং' প্ৰকৃতিৰ লগত মনুষ্যৰ গভীৰ সম্পৰ্ক গঢ়ি তোলাত সহায় কৰাৰ এক অদ্বিতীয় মাধ্যম! আগতে যদি কেতিয়াও 'বুছ ৱাকিং' কৰা নাই, আপোনালোক থকা অঞ্চলৰ কাউঞ্চিলৰ অফিচৰ পৰা আপোনি যাব পৰা 'বুছ ৱাকিং' ট্ৰেকৰ বিষয়ে খবৰ কৰি চাব পাৰে।



আবেশ

ৰাতিপুৱা। ৰ'দ উঠায়ে নাই ভালকৈ। সোঁ-পিনে চালো। লাইট-পষ্ট এটা, তাৰ পৰা ওলোৱা বেকা ধাম এডালত তললৈ মুখ কৰি ষ্ট্ৰীট লাইট। এই দুটাৰ মাজেৰে দেখা যায় সিপিনিৰ ঘৰটোৰ (বা ঘৰবোৰৰ) চাল। সেই ঘৰটোৰ ওপৰত খলপা-খলপ কমলা ৰঙৰ, তাৰ ওপৰত ক'লা কিবা এখন। ৰবাব টেঙা, কঁঠাল, খৰিকাজাই ঘৰৰ চৌহদত।

ওচৰত বাকী অট্টালিকা; অট্টালিকাৰ প্ৰতিযোগিতা। সেইবোৰৰ ওপৰত নীলা (বা আন ৰঙৰ) পানীৰ টেংকী। চিলিঙাৰ আকৃতিৰ যতন, তলত আয়তাকাৰ ফলি। সৌৰ-শক্তিৰ বাবে...। আৰু মাজ খণ্ড সোমাই যোৱা কাঁহী কিছুমান, সমুখত মাইকৰ নিচিনা টুকুৰা এটা। এইবোৰেদি টিভিৰ বিভিন্ন কিবা-কিবি আহে।

ৰ'দ এতিয়াও উঠায়ে নাই ভালদৰে। বাওঁ আকাশত মেঘ। তলৰখিনি ক'লা, ওপৰৰবোৰ অলপ বগা আৰু প্ৰায় চাব নোৱাৰা। বেলিটো কিজানি এইখিনিৰ পিছতেই (বহি বা উৰি) আছে। কিঙ্ক, কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক... চৰাইৰ মাত? কি চৰাইনো হ'ব পাৰে? সৰু? ডাঙৰ? ৰঙা? নীলা? কমলা খলপৰ চালৰ ঘৰটোৰ সৰু খুটি এটাৰ ওপৰত এটা কেৰ্কেটুৱা। ইয়াৰ মাত এইটো! যাঃ চৰাইৰ মাতৰ কবি কবি লগা ভাবটো নোহোৱা হৈ গ'ল। কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক... লগে লগে তাৰ নেজডাল ওপৰলৈ উঠা-নমা। যেন ভৱ্য-গৱ্য লোক। পিঠিৰ পিনে হাত দুখন, এখনেৰে আনখন ধৰি থাকে। এখনৰ তলুৱা ককালৰ বিপৰীত দিশত খোলা, হাত বাউল দি মাতে - আহ আহ আহ... কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক... আহ আহ আহ...। নেজৰ লৰচৰ, হাত বাউল।

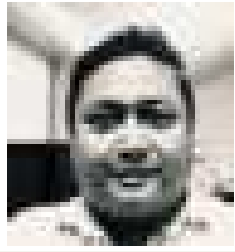
ওচৰৰ ঘৰত পৰা টিলিঙাৰ শব্দ ভাঁহি আহিছে। হয়তো পূজা কৰিছে। কঁঠালজোপাৰ গুৰিত এজনে কলহে-কলহে পানী ধালিছে। মুখেৰে কিবা-কিবি বিৰবিৰাই আছে। ভালকে শুনিবৰ চেষ্টা কৰিলোঁ, শুনা নাযায়।

দুই মহলাৰ ওপৰৰ পৰা বহু কথায়েই শুনা নাযায়। আকাশ – বাওঁফালে মেঘ, সোঁফালে নীলা। হঠাৎ নাৰীৰ-দৃষ্টিৰ প্ৰতি [বিশ্লেষণাত্মক, সাংখ্যদৰ্শন] সন্মানত মোৰ মন মুগ্ধ হৈ পৰিল। দোকানত কয়, এইটো নহয় ঠিক, অকমান পাতল নীলা, এটা নহয়... নহয়..., অকনমান ডাঠ ইয়াতকে...। হয়, হয়...। আগতে বিৰক্তি লগা কথাটো আজি আকাশে নিজেই বুজাই দিলে, বিভিন্ন নীলা। বাওঁফালে গাঢ়; সোঁফাললৈ ক্ৰমান্বয়ে পাতল হৈ অহা ৰং, নীলা ৰং।

আৰু ধোঁৱা ওলাইছে চিম্নিৰ পৰা। কমলা খলপা ঘৰটোৰ চৌহদত ৰবাব টেঙা, তাৰেই চালৰ এটা অংশৰ পৰা চিম্নি আৰু তাৰ পৰা উদ্গীৰিত ধোঁৱা। পেটাৰ্ন লৈছে ধোঁৱাই। চিধা, বেকা-বেকী, কপি-কপি যোৱা, একদম চিধাই যোৱা। যা...তা... যথেষ্ট।

কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক কিঙ্ক... মাজে মাজে খৰকে। খৰকে মাতিলে দৌৰে বেটাই চালৰ ওপৰত আকৌ গতানুগতিক। ... কিহত সংকেত বা? এনেয়ে দৌৰা-দৌৰি কিজানি। মনস্তত্ত্বৰ গভীৰ খাদত জাপ নিদিলেও চলে। আৰু গৈছে মানুহ ৰাস্তাৰে বিভিন্ন আকৃতি-প্ৰকৃতিৰ। আকৃতি দৃশ্যমান, প্ৰকৃতি জনা নাযায়। ৰাস্তাৰে যোৱা মানুহৰ প্ৰকৃতি? সহজ কথা? যাৰ লগত জীৱন কটাইছোঁ সেইসকলৰ প্ৰকৃতিয়েই আজিও চাবি নোহোৱা তলা। কোনোপধ্যে খোলা নাযায়। ভাঙিও পেলাব নোৱাৰি। পাৰি জানো? আৰু ৰাস্তাৰ মানুহ? ইমান সহজ!!

বগা-বগা এপ্ৰ'ন পিন্ধি বহুতো ল'ৰা-ছোৱালী। ওপৰত পকেটত বা ডিঙিত মেৰিয়াই ষ্টেথ'স্কোপ। ওচৰৰ হাস্পাতালৰ ডাক্তৰ বা সহযোগী বা শিক্ষাৰ্থী। মানৱসেৱা, বৰ উচ্চ মানসিকতাৰ প্ৰকাশ, ইয়াত আশা আৰু অৰ্থ দুয়োটাই বিৰাজমান।



প্ৰাঞ্জল অধিকাৰী

উশাহ

মই বুজি পাওঁ
মোৰ এটি মন আছে
য'ত কিছুমান ভাবনাই
বিচৰণ কৰি থাকে !!!
সাঁতুৰি ফুৰো মই
কিন্তু পাৰ নাপাওঁ !
মোৰ সপোন
এটি মিঠা সপোন !
তোমাক কোৱাৰ দৰেই
শৰৎ, আকাশ, নিয়ৰ,
শেৱালী, জোনাক ইত্যাদি
অথবা প্ৰহেলিকা?
অনাদি, অনন্ত, অসীম
চিৰদিন, চিৰকাল !



নাই, ব'দ নোলাবয়েই নেকি! বিকট চিঞৰ মাৰি মানুহ এজন পাৰ হৈ গ'ল। চালোঁ। গাখীৰ আৰু লগতে পাতল সেউজীয়া, গাঢ় কিবা চাইকেল এখনত বোজাই কৰি প্ৰকাণ্ড মানুহ এজন গৈ আছে। ঘৰবোৰে সমুখত বয়, কোনোবা এজন ওলাই আছে, কিবা কিনে। আৰু মানুহজন আগুৱায়। গাখীৰটো বাকু গাখীৰেই, বাকীবোৰ? হয়টো গো-মূত্ৰ। ধৰ্মানুষ্ঠানত প্ৰয়োজনীয়তা থকা, বিভিন্ন বীজাণু নাশ কৰিবলৈ প্ৰয়োজনীয়তা থকা (?) গো-মূত্ৰ!

লাহে লাহে মানুহ বাঢ়িছে, কিন্তু ভীৰ নাই। ব্যস্ততা আছে... খুব খেলিমেলি নাই। আকাশ আগতকৈ সহজ। বগলী এটা (এজনী!) উৰি গ'ল। চিলনীবোৰ উৰিছে দূৰত, ভাটো দুটামান উৰিছে ওচৰত... খৰকৈ। কমলা খলপাৰ ববাব টেঙা। দুজোপা নাৰিকল গছ ওচৰা-ওচৰি, পিছৰ জোপা মৰিছে। কেনেকৈ নাজানো - বজ্ৰপাত পৰি, বুঢ়া হৈ? আগৰজোপা সতেজ। তাতো কেৰ্কেটুৱা। চিম্‌নিটোৰ পৰা ধোঁৱা ওলাইছে, পেটাৰ্ন সলাইছে।

ইয়াত বৰ্গফুট হিচাপত ঘৰ হোৱা নাই এতিয়াও। কঁঠালৰ গছ আছে। কিমান বৰ্গফুট হ'ব? খৰিকাজাই এজোপাও আছে। এজোপা ৰঙা ফুল ফুলি থকা জোপোহা গছ... নাম নাজানো... জবা নহয়। অটোৰিক্সা এখন পাৰ হৈ গ'ল। আৰু গৈছে এগৰাকী বোৰ্খা পৰিহিতা, আৰু গৈছে এগৰাকী লেকেচিয়াই লেকেচিয়াই। মোৰ নিচিনাই নেকি অৱস্থা! এ.বি.এন. নেকি? এভাচকুলাৰ নেক্ৰচিচ অৱ দি ফেম'ৰেল হে'ড (Avascular Necrosis of Femoral Head)। মূৰত এটা পাচিৰ দৰে, কিবা কৈ-কৈ গৈছে। শুনা নাযায়। শুনিলেও বুজা নাযায়... মোৰ মাতৃভাষা নহয়; আন ভাষা। দুই মহলাত পৰা বহু কথাই শুনা নাযায়। কি কিক্ কিক্ কিক্ ... ইহঁতৰ ভাগৰ নালাগে নেকি! কেৰ্কেটুৱাবোৰৰ?

আগচকাটোৰ কাষত এফালে চিকমিক ধাতুৰ টুকুৰা। স্পীড ল'লে ফেনৰ ৱেডৰ দৰে নেদেখা হৈ যায়। এখন মান্ধাতা যুগৰ স্কুটা। মাড-গাৰ্ডৰ ওপৰত মামৰ। তলৰ ফালে কি অৱস্থা বা? নাই, দুই মহলাৰ ওপৰৰ পৰা চাব পৰা নাযায়। হয়তো জহি-খহি গৈছে। "সোণেৰে সজোঁৱা পজা জাহি-খহি যায়" - জনপ্ৰিয় কণ্ঠশিল্পীৰ সংগৃহীত গান। এৰা... ইটো এখন স্কুটাহে, বাদ দে।

শব্দ শুনা নাযায়, শুনিলেও বুজা নাযায়। হাউদা... আ আ? চাৰি, চাৰি। হয় নেকি... ভাল বাকু, হ'ব ইত্যাদি। তেনেকুৱাই কিবা অভিব্যক্তি। বাছাবোৰক স্কুললৈ নিবলৈ গাড়ী আহিছে। সৰু-ডাঙৰ। মাকবোৰে আগবঢ়াই দি তন্নয় হৈ চাইছে। পঢ়ি-শুনি ডাঙৰ মানুহ হ'ব... হয়তো বহুত ডাঙৰ। চাপ্লৌ, চাপ্লৌ... শাক বেচোতাৰ চিঞৰ, এষ্টু...?

শব্দ আছে প্ৰাকৃতিক - যান্ত্ৰিক। কাণত পৰে - কিন্তু বিৰক্ত নকৰে। মানুহ, যান-বাহন বাঢ়ি আহিছে, কিন্তু ভীৰ নাই। দীঘল উশাহ ল'ব পাৰি। ব'দো উঠি আহিছে লাহে-লাহে। চিম্‌নিৰ পৰা ধোঁৱা ওলাইছে, পেটাৰ্ন সলাইছে ... যথেষ্ট। কিক্-কিক্-কিক্-কিক্







Raghu Garipally CPA, CA
Public Accounting, Finance Training & Regulatory Compliance

ACCOUNTING & MORTGAGE SERVICES
Accounting, Auditing, and Financial Planning Services

Our Portfolio of Services

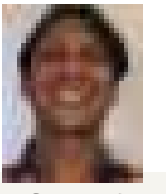
- Bookkeeping & Financial Reporting
- Tax Accounting and Management
- Payroll Management
- Mortgage Consulting & Servicing

☎ 0403 112 833

✉ raghu@smartwayfinancial.com.au

📍 66 Beauchamp Drive, The Ponds, NSW 2769

কুলি



দেৱজিত গগৈ

টংটংটংটংটং..... স্কুলৰ ছুটিৰ বেলটো জোৰত বাজি উঠিল। স্কুলৰ ল'ৰা ছোৱালীবোৰে নিজৰ নিজৰ স্কুল বেগত কিতাপ, বহী, পেনছিল যি আছে সামৰি ক্লাছ ৰুমৰপৰা দৌৰি দৌৰি ওলাই গ'ল। কণল'ৰাইও খৰখেদাকৈ বেগটো সামৰি কান্ধত উলমাই লৰ মাৰিলে গেটৰফালে।

আজি অকণি নাই লগত, সি মাক দেউতাকৰ লগত তাৰ মোমায়েকৰ ঘৰলৈ গৈছে বিয়া খাবলৈ। গতিকে সি আজি আমজোপা অকলেই পাৰ হব লাগিব। গাঁৱৰ মানুহবোৰে কোৱা শুনে বোলে “গছজোপাত ভূত থাকে”। তাৰ মাকে কোৱা কথাষাৰ মনত পৰিল “ভূত দেখিলে তিনিবাৰ থু পেলাবি, আৰু কিচন্ কিচন্ কিচন্ বুলি ভগবানৰ নাম ল'বি, তেতিয়া তোৰ গাত ভূত লস্তিব নোৱাৰে।”

তথাপি তাৰ বুকুখন টপিংকৈ গ'ল। সি স্কুলৰ বেগৰপৰা স্কেলপাত উলিয়াই হাতত লৈ ঘৰলৈ বুলি খোজ ললে। যিমানে আমগছজোপাৰ কথা মনত পৰিলে সিমানে তাৰ বুকুৰ ধপধপনিতো বাঢ়িবলৈ ধৰিলে। হাতৰ স্কেলপাত নিজৰ তপিনাত ঢোলৰ বৰশী মাৰিৰ দৰে বজাই বজাই সি আগ বাঢ়িল। স্কেলপাতে যেন ঢোলৰ ধ্বনি নবজাই তাৰ বুকুৰ টপিংটিপিং শব্দটোৰ লগতহে তাল মিলাবলৈ ধৰিলে। যিমানে আমগছজোপাৰ ওচৰ চাপিল বুকুৰ ধপধপনিতো আৰু স্কেলপাতৰ কোব খৰ হ'বলৈ ধৰিলে। তাৰ এনেকুৱা লাগিলে বুকুখনয়েন কোনোবা এপাকত ফাটিহে যাব।

দূৰৈৰ পৰা দেখিলে ক'লাকৈ ডাঙৰ আমগছজোপা নিম্নাওম্নাওকৈ থিয় হৈ আছে। পোন্ধৰ খোজমান থাকোতেই সি থমকি ৰ'ল।

“সোওও...ত, সোওও...ত, সোওও...ত...” দীঘল দীঘলকৈ সি তিনিতামান উশাহ ললে।

বাঁওহাতে কান্ধৰ স্কুলৰ বেগতো আৰু সোঁহাতে স্কেলপাত খামোছি ধৰি গাত যিমান বল আছে সিমান জোৰে দৌৰ মাৰিলে আমজোপাৰফালে নোচোৱাকৈ। গছজোপাৰ থিক্ ওচৰ পাওঁতেই সোঁ কাণে শুনিলে

“কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...” কৈ ধপধপাই কুলি চৰাই এটা উৰি গ'ল। পিছে তাৰ সেইফালে চাবলৈ সাহস বা সময় দুয়োটাই নহ'ল। পোন্ধৰ-বিশ খোজমান পাৰ হোৱাৰ পাছতহে সি ৰ'ল। উশাহটো ঘোৰাই পাবলৈ লৰচৰ নকৰাকৈ ৰ'ল।

কপালৰপৰা ঘাম এটোপাল ওলাই পিৰপিৰকৈ বৈ আহি কাণৰ ফুটাত সোমাল, কাণখন সুৰসুৰাই উঠিল, গাতো জিকাৰ খাই গ'ল। আঠু দুটাত দুহাতে ভেজালৈ অকমান ৰ'ল, চকুকিটাৰে জলক-টপক দেখিলে। চকুকেইটা সি জোৰেৰে মুদি দিলে, গোতেই পৃথিৱীখন যেন অন্ধকাৰে হেঁচা মাৰি ধৰিলে। চকুকেইটা মুদি থাকোতেই চকামকাকৈ মনলৈ আহিল, যেতিয়া কুলি চৰাইটো ঢপঢপাই উৰি গৈছিল, তেতিয়া তাৰ লগে লগে যেন আৰু কোনোবা দৌৰী আছিল। তাৰ গাৰ নোমবোৰ আকৌ শিয়ৰি উঠিল।

উশাহটো অকণমান ঘূৰি অহাত সি চিধা হৈ থিয় হ'ল। আমজোপাৰফালৰ পৰা কুলি চৰাইটোৱে আকৌ “কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...” কৈ দীঘলকৈ মাত দিলে। কুলিটোৰ শূৱলা মাতটো শুনি সি যেন চব পাহৰি, অকনমান আগৰ ভয়কণো যেন কলৈ গ'ল। ফটকৈ আকৌ মনত পৰিল স্কুলৰ লগৰবোৰে কোৱা “ভূতে মানুহক ভোলাবলে বেলেগ বেলেগ ৰূপ ধৰে”। কুলিটোৱে তেতিয়াও “কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...” কৈ মাতিয়েই আছে।

উশাহটো তাৰ এতিয়া সম্পূৰ্ণকৈ ঘূৰি আহিল। কি জানো তাৰ মন গ'ল কুলিটোক সঁয়াৰি চাবলৈ। সিও যিমান পাৰে শূৱলাকৈ মাত দিলে

“কুউ...উ...”

আমজোপাৰফালৰপৰা উত্তৰ আহিল “কুউ...উ...”

সি আকৌ সঁয়াৰিলে “কুউ...উ..., কুলিটোৱেও মাতিলে, কুউ...উ...”

তেনেদৰে কিমান সময় পাৰ হ'ল সি পাহৰিয়ে গ'ল। লাহে লাহে তাৰ সাহসটো অলপ উভতি আহিল। আৰু কিবা হ'লে তিনিবাৰ কৃষ্ণৰ নামজাপ আছেই, সেই কথাটো সি পাহৰিয়েই গৈছিল, সাহসতো তাৰ এতিয়া আৰু বাঢ়িল। কুলিৰ লগত মাত মাতি থাকোতেই কেতিয়া যে সি আমজোপাৰ ফালে কেই খোজমান আগুৱাই গ'ল গমকে নেপালে। বেলিটো যিমানে পশ্চিমৰ ফালে যাবলৈ ধৰিলে আমজোপাই ৰাস্তাটো সিমানে ছাঁটি ধৰিলে। এনে লাগিল ছাঁটো যেন ৰাস্তাটোৰে তাহাতৰ ঘৰৰফালে খোজ দিবলৈ ধৰিছে।

ৰাস্তাটোত দীঘল দি শুই থকা আমজোপাৰ ছাঁটোলে চাই থাকোতে সি যেন অনুভৱ কৰিলে ছাঁটোৰ গাৰ কাষৰে যেন আৰু এটা ছাঁ আবিৰ্ভাৱ হৈছে।

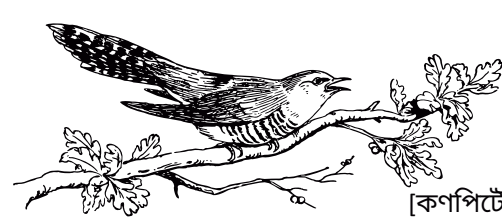
পিছে সেই সৰু ছাঁটো গছজোপাৰ নহয় সি যেন তাৰ বয়সৰে এটা ছাঁ। গাৰ নোমবোৰ আকৌ শিয়ৰি উঠিল, কেচা ঘাম কপালত টোপ টোপকৈ বিৰিণি উঠিল, বুকুৰ ধপধপনিতো আকৌ ঘূৰি আহিল, কাণখন তাল মাৰি গল যেন আৰু একো নুশুনা হ'ল। কিচন্ কিচন্ কিচন্ বুলি ভিৰাই লৰ দিলে ঘৰৰফালে। মনতে কলে “হে প্ৰভু আজিলে বচোৱা, এনে ভুল আৰু কাহানিও নকৰো, কুলিৰ মাতত আকৌ কেতিয়াও ভুল নেযাওঁ।”

যিমানে জোৰে সি দৌৰিবলৈ চালে সিমানে যেন তাৰ পিছে পিছে ছাঁটোৱে খেদি আহিলে, কিন্তু পিছলৈ ঘূৰি চোৱাৰ কোনো সকাম নাই। তাৰ অনুমান হ'ল এখন হাতে তাৰ কান্ধত চুবলৈ চাইছে। তাৰ এনে লাগিল হাতখনে তাক পালে আৰু তাৰ বুকুৰ ঢপঢপনিটো চিৰদিনৰ কাৰণে বন্ধ হৈ যাব।

তাহাঁতৰ ঘৰৰ ওচৰৰ মুকলি পথাৰখনৰ এমুৰ পাঁওতেহে গম পালে তাৰ লগে লগে ঘৰৰ কাষৰ কণপিটো হাতত কিবা এটা লৈ তাৰ সমান কোবত দৌৰী আছে।

[কণলৰা] “তোকো পালে।

সি আৰু জোৰে দৌৰিলে ঘৰৰ সন্মুখৰ পথাৰখন নোপোৱালৈকে। জপনাখন নৌ পাওঁতেই পথাৰখনত ছিটলাং খাই বাগৰি দিলে। হাতৰ স্কেলপাত আৰু বেগটো তাতে পেলালে, বেগটো চিগো চিগো অৱস্থা। পিঙ্কি থকা গেঞ্জীটো আৰু চাৰ্টটো ঘামত ঢপঢপীয়া হ'ল। কণপিটো তাৰ কাষতে নৰাঁনিৰ ওপৰত বাগৰি দিলে। কিছু সময় তেঁকেয়ে পাৰ হল, দুইটাৰে মাতবোল বন্ধ হল।



[কণলৰা] “তোকো পালে?”

[কণপিটো] “ই...ই...ই...”

[কণলৰা] “কি, “ই”, তোকো পালে?”

[কণপিটো] “ই...ই...ই...ইমমান...”

[কণলৰা] “ইমমান কি?”

[কণপিটো] “ই...ই...ই...ইমমান... জো...জোৰত কে...লৈ দৌৰিছ?”

[কণলৰা] “আমজোপাৰ ভূতটোৰ পৰা বাচিবলৈ। তই কৈলে দৌৰিছ?”

[কণপিটো] “তো... তো... তো...ক এই আ...আমটো দিবলৈ।”

[কণলৰা] “আম ... আম ক'ত পালি?”

[কণপিটো] “আ...আম...গছজোপাৰ ত...তলত, স...স...সৰি থকা পালো।”

[কণলৰা] “তই আকৌ আমজোপাৰ তলত কি কৰি আছিলি? নেজান নিকি তাত ভূত থাকে বুলি! আজি অলপতে বাচিচো!”

[কণপিটো] “কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...কুউ...উ...। কুলি চৰাইটোক সি...সি...সঁয়াৰি আছিলো”

গুৱাহাটীৰ প্ৰেক্ষাপটত জলবায়ু পৰিৱৰ্তন সমস্যা

জলবায়ু পৰিৱৰ্তন (climate change) বৰ্তমান পৃথিৱীৰ জ্বলন্ত বিষয়। কেনেকৈনো পৃথিৱীখন ৰক্ষা কৰিব পৰা যায় তাৰ বাবে সমগ্ৰ পৃথিৱীতে আলোচনা-বিলোচনা হৈ আছে। কেনেকৈ পুৰণি গছ-গছনি বিলাক সংৰক্ষণ কৰিব পাৰি আৰু কিদৰে নতুন গছ-গছনি ৰূপণ কৰি পৃথিৱীৰ তাপমাত্ৰা নিয়ন্ত্ৰণ কৰিব পাৰি আদি বিভিন্ন বিষয়ত উচ্চ পৰ্যায়ৰ আলোচনা আৰম্ভ হৈছে।

ঠিক সেই সময়ত আমাৰ সুজলা-সুফলা, শস্য-শ্যামলা অসম দেশৰ বুকুত প্ৰকৃতিৰ ওপৰত নিষ্ঠুৰ অত্যাচাৰ অবিৰত চলি আছে। গুৱাহাটীকে প্ৰমুখ্য কৰি সকলো ফালে ব্যাপকভাৱে গছ-গছনি কাটি পেলোৱা হৈছে আৰু ঠায়ে-ঠায়ে গছ কাটিবলৈ আয়োজন কৰা হৈছে। ব্যাপকভাৱে গছ-গছনি কাটি গুৱাহাটীখন smart city কৰিবলৈ আয়োজন চলিছে। গুৱাহাটীৰ পৰা বকোলৈ যোৱা ২৯ নং ৰাষ্ট্ৰীয় পথৰ দুয়োফালৰ ৭০০০ জোপা ডাঙৰ-ডাঙৰ গছ কাটিবলৈ বন বিভাগৰ পৰা নিৰ্দেশ দিয়া হৈ গৈছে।

এইবিলাকেই জানো পৃথিৱীৰ তাপমাত্ৰা বৃদ্ধি হোৱাৰ কাৰক নহয়? ২০২৪ চনৰ চেপ্টেম্বৰ মাহত প্ৰথম বাৰৰ বাবে গুৱাহাটী তথা অসমৰ তাপমাত্ৰা $85^{\circ}/86^{\circ}$ পাইছিলগৈ। ৪/৫ দিন ধৰি এনে উচ্চ তাপমাত্ৰাত অসমৰ ৰাইজ অতিষ্ঠ হৈ পৰিছিল। তাৰপিছত আকৌ ধাৰামাৰ বৰষুণৰ ফলতো ৰাইজৰ ব্যাপকভাৱে ক্ষতি হৈছিল।

আজি এবছৰ আগতে গুৱাহাটীলৈ যাওঁতে দেখা পালো গুৱাহাটীৰ কাছাৰী ঘাটৰ লগতে থকা পাৰ্কখন খালি পেলোৱা হৈছে। এই বাটচোৱাত থকা শ শ বছৰ পুৰণি গছবিলাক ইতিমধ্যে কাটি পেলোৱা হৈছে। শ বছৰ পুৰণি কৃষ্ণচূড়া, সোণাৰু, নাহৰ, মদাৰ আৰু কদম গছ কেইজোপা নোহোৱা হ'ল। এই গছবোৰৰ তলে তলে নদীপাৰত খোজকঢ়া বাটটোও আৰু নাই। বিভিন্ন ধৰণৰ চৰাইৰ মাত শুনিবলৈ পাবলৈ নাই। আগতে এই পাৰ্কখনত ৰাতিপুৱা দূৰণিৰ পৰা মানুহ আহি প্ৰাতঃভ্ৰমণ কৰিছিল। নতুন প্ৰকল্প শেষ হ'লে ইয়াত আটকধুনীয়া সেউজীয়া উদ্যান হ'ব। তাত বহুতো ৰেষ্টুৰেণ্ট হ'ব। বৰ্তমান নদীৰ বালিত বহুত ৰেষ্টুৰেণ্টৰ আধাৰশিলা স্থাপন কৰা হৈ গৈছে।

নদীপাৰৰ এই গছ-গছনিবোৰ কাটিবলৈ লোৱাৰ সময়ত ৰাইজে কৰ্তৃপক্ষৰ ওচৰলৈ গৈ নানা ধৰণৰ আবেদন জনাইছিল যদিও তাৰপৰা একো সুফল পোৱা নগ'ল। তাৰ ঠাইত এখন ধুনীয়া পাৰ্ক হ'ব বুলি ৰাইজক আশ্বাস দিয়া হৈছে। সেয়া কি হ'ব ভৱিষ্যতেহে গম পোৱা যাব।



কণিকা শৰ্মা



সিদিনা আকৌ দেখিলো দীঘলী পুখুৰীৰ পাৰত থকা ডাঙৰ গছবিলাকত হালধীয়া ৰঙেৰে চিন দিয়া হৈছে। তাৰমানে এই গছ অতি সোনকালে কটা হ'ব। তাত হেনো অসমৰ বাহিৰৰ company য়ে গুৱাহাটীক "smart city" বনাবলৈ contract পাইছে। আৰু তাৰ বাবেই এই শ শ বছৰীয়া পুৰণি গছবিলাক কাটি পেলাব! গুৱাহাটীৰ ৰাইজে এই প্ৰকল্প বন্ধ কৰিবলৈ উঠি-পৰি লাগিছে, ৰাইজৰ এই প্ৰচেষ্টা সফল হ'ব বুলি আশা ৰাখিছো।

ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ পাৰৰ কাছাৰী ঘাটৰ গছ-গছনি ৰক্ষা কৰিবলৈ ৰাইজে আন্দোলন কৰিছিল, বহুতো মেল-মিটিং কৰি কৰ্তৃপক্ষক অনুৰোধ কৰিছিল।

যদিও একো সুফল নহ'ল। আশাৰো দীঘলী পুখুৰীৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত তেনে নহ'ওক। গছবোৰে যেন গুৱাহাটীখন শূন্য কৰি ৰাখিব পাৰে চিৰদিনৰ বাবে।

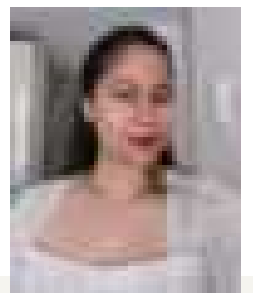




TAFE NSW ৰ অভিজ্ঞতা

ৰাতিপুৱা সাৰ পাই মোবাইলটো খুলি চাওঁ সময় তেতিয়া ৫:৪৫ হৈছে, লগে লগে থিৰকীৰ ফাঁকেৰে বাহিৰলৈ চাই দেখা পাওঁ বাহিৰত একেবাৰেই অন্ধকাৰ হয় আছে। যিহেতু ঠাণ্ডা দিনত ৰাতিপুৱা ৬:৩০ লৈকে আন্ধাৰ হৈয়ে থাকে। মনটো অলপ বেয়াও লাগিছে কাৰণ মোৰ তিনি বছৰীয়া সৰু লৰাটো এতিয়া পোৰা গভীৰ টোপনিত আছে আৰু মই তাক মাত নিদিয়াকৈ এতিয়া ওলাই যাব লাগিব। এতিয়া পিছে মন বেয়া লগায় থাকিলে নহ'ব কাৰণ মই সোনকালে কাপোৰ কানি পিন্ধি ৬:৩০ ৰ বাছ খন ধৰিব লাগিব।

আজি মোৰ জীৱনৰ এটি নতুন দিন। মই TAFE (technical and further education) NSW ৰ এটি course-অত নাম ভৰ্তি কৰিছোঁ। আজিৰ পৰা মোৰ ক্লাছ আৰম্ভ হৈছে। আজি সঁচাকৈ মই বহুত excited হৈ আছো কাৰণ কলেজ শেষ কৰা কিমান বছৰ হ'ল আজি আকৌ এবাৰ কলেজ যাবলৈ বুলি ওলাইছোঁ। নতুন এটা পৰিবেশ পাম আৰু লগতে নতুন নতুন মানুহৰ লগত চিনাকি হ'বও পাৰিম। এইবিলাক ভাব মনলৈ অহাৰ লগে লগে মনটো কিবা এটা ভাল লাগি গ'ল।



জুলি বৰুৱা

TAFE NSW ৰ তলত ১,২০০ ৰ ওপৰত courses আছে। তাৰে ভিতৰত nationally recognised qualification, certificates, diplomas আৰু bechelor degrees, বেলেগ বেলেগ Industries ৰ কাৰণে ২৫০ৰ অধিক industry courses আছে আৰু লগতে TAFE NSW য়ে skill trainings প্ৰদান কৰে বিভিন্ন ধৰণৰ কোম্পানীবিলাকৰ বাবে। মুঠতে skill based training ৰ জৰিয়তে চাকৰি পাবৰ বাবে সক্ষম কৰি তোলা ওপৰত ইয়াত বেছি গুৰুত্ব দিয়া হয়। ১৮৯১ চনত এই TAFE খনক Sydney Technical college বুলি কোৱা হৈছিল কিন্তু এতিয়া এইখন TAFE NSW নামেৰে জনাজাত। সহজভাৱে ক'ব গ'লে TAFE NSW is Australia's largest vocational education and training provider যিহেতু মই আগৰে পৰা ৰন্ধামেলা খোৱাবোৱা কৰি ভাল পাওঁ সেইবাবে মই মোৰ নিজৰ লগত মিলাকৈ এটি course বাচি লৈছিলো। মোৰ course টো আছিল Certificate II in baking, মই এটা কথা সদায় বিশ্বাস কৰিছিলো যে যিটো বস্তু আপোনাৰ passion হয় সেইটোকে যদি profession হিচাবে ল'ব পৰা যায় তেন্তে তাত বেছি সন্তুষ্টি পোৱা যায়। TAFE NSW ৰ ফালৰ পৰা course শেষ হোৱাৰ পিছত job placementও দিয়া হয়।

ল'ৰালৰিকে কাপোৰকানি কেইটা পিন্ধি একাপ গ্ৰীণ টি খায় ললো। ৰাতিপুৱা ৬ তাতে একো বেলেগ বস্তু পেটলৈ নাযায় আৰু তাত চাগে সোনকালেই lunch break দিবই কাৰণ অষ্ট্ৰেলিয়াত মানুহে ১১-১২ ভিতৰত দুপৰীয়া আহাৰ গ্ৰহণ কৰেই। যিহেতু আজি প্ৰথম দিন সেইবাবে মই টিফিন লৈ নোযোৱাৰ সিদ্ধান্ত লৈছিলো আৰু তাতেটো TAFE ৰ নিজা food court থাকিবই চাগে পাৰিলে তাতেই কিবা এটা খায় ল'ম। মোৰ ছোৱালীজনী তেতিয়া পোৰা গভীৰ টোপনিত আছে, আনফালে ল'ৰাটো টোপনিত, তাক শুই থকা অৱস্থাতে মুখত চুমা এটা দি আৰু প্ৰদীপক মাত দি মই বাছ ধৰিবলৈ বুলি ওলাই আহিলো।

দেউতাকে অলপ পিছত ল'ৰাটোক childcare লৈ যাব আৰু ছোৱালীজনীও নিজে স্কুললৈ যাবগৈ। ইয়াত public school বিলাক ১ কিলোমিটাৰ ভিতৰত থকা বাবে ল'ৰা ছোৱালী বিলাকে নিজে খোজকাঢ়ি অহাযোৱা কৰে। একেই নম্বৰ বাছ ১০ মিনিটৰ মূৰে মূৰে আহি থাকে। মই ৬:৩০ ৰ ৪৬১X বাছ খনৰ বাবে অপেক্ষা কৰিলো। মই ইচ্ছা কৰিলে ট্ৰেইনটো যাব পৰিলো হয় কাৰণ মোৰ ঘৰৰ পৰা ট্ৰেইন ষ্টেচনৰ দূৰত্ব মাত্ৰ ৫ মিনিটৰ, কিন্তু ট্ৰেইনত যদি যাওঁ ট্ৰেইনৰ পৰা নামি মই ১ কিলোমিটাৰ মান আকৌ খোজ কাঢ়িব লাগিব TAFE centre পাবলৈ কিন্তু বাছত যদি যাওঁ তেতিয়া বাছৰ পৰা নামি ৬০০ মিটাৰমান খোজ কাঢ়িলেই হৈ যাব মোৰ। ইয়াত মানুহে ১/২ কিলোমিটাৰ আৰামত খোজ কাঢ়ি দিয়ে। ঠিক সময়ত বাছখন আহিল আৰু মইও ধুনীয়াকৈ বহি ললো। মোৰ গন্তব্যস্থান পাবলৈ ৪৫ মিনিটমান সময় লাগিব। ইয়াত আগতে বেছি বাছত উঠা হোৱাই নাছিল, ২ বাৰ মানহে চাগে উঠি পাইছো। বাছষ্টপ বিলাকত যেতিয়া ৰখাই তেতিয়া thank you বুলি কোৱা শুনা পাওঁ। প্ৰথমে মই ধৰিব পৰা নাছিলো। কোনে কাক thank you দিছে। পিছত বুজি পালো যে বাচ চালক জনক নামিবৰ সময়ত যাত্ৰীসকলে 'Thank you' দি গৈছে। সঁচাকৈ এটা নতুন কথা শিকিলো আজি। এই বাহিৰৰ মানুহ বিলাকৰ পৰা আমি শিকিব লগীয়া কথা বহুত আছে কিন্তু। তেওঁলোকে মানুহক appreciate কৰিবলে, thank you জনাবলৈ আৰু বিপদত কাৰোবাক পৰা দেখা পালে সহায় কৰিবলৈ বুলি আগবাঢ়ি যাবলৈ অলপমানো সময় পলম নকৰে। আপোনাক চিনি নাপালেওঁ মুখামুখি হ'লে হাঁহি এটা মাৰা, how are you? বুলি সোধা এইবিলাক চাগে তেওঁলোকৰ culture ৰতে আছে।

পুৰাপুৰি ৪৫ মিনিটৰ পিছত বাছখন boardway shopping centre সন্মুখত ৰ'লেগৈ আৰু মই তাতেই নামি দিলোঁ। ৬০০ মিটাৰমান খোজকাঢ়ি গৈ TAFE NSW পালোঁ। ইমান ডাঙৰ campus টো। বহুতকেইটা building আছে। মোৰ ক্লাছটো building E ত হ'ব বুলি আগতে গ'ম পাইছিলো। ল'ৰালৰিকে changing ৰ'মত সোমাই আমাৰ chef ৰ কাপোৰযোৰ পিন্ধি ললোঁ। তাৰপিছত ক্লাছ ৰুমটোৰ বাহিৰতে ৰখি থকা ল'ৰা ছোৱালী বিলাকৰ লগত চিনাকি হ'লো। Korea, Taiwan, Thailand SriLankan, Russia, Egypt আদি বেলেগ বেলেগ দেশৰ ল'ৰা ছোৱালী ল'গ পালোঁ। মানে এতিয়া ৬ মাহ মই এওঁলোকৰ মাজতে মিলিজুলি থাকিব লাগিব। ৭:৩০ পৰা ক্লাছ আৰম্ভ হ'ব হে গতিকে আমি সকলোৱে পোৰা সময়মতে ৰেডী হয় আছিলো। আমাৰ trainer, Head chef Lisa এ দৰ্জাখন খুলি ধুনীয়াকৈ হাঁহি এটা মাৰি আমাৰ সকলোকে ক্লাছৰ ভিতৰলৈ সোমাই আহিবলৈ বুলি ক'লে। তেওঁ আমাক ৰুমটোৰ ভিতৰত থকা সকলোবিলাক machines ৰ লগত পৰিচয় কৰাই দিলে আৰু লগতে জনায় দিলে যে কাম শেষ কৰা পিছত এই machine বিলাক চাফচিকুন কৰি ৰখাটো আমাৰ দায়িত্ব হয়। আমাৰ পিছৰ batch টোৰ বাবে আমি চাফচিকুন কৰি ready ৰাখিব লাগিব।

Chef Lisa এ আমাক course টো বিষয়ে অলপ জ্ঞান দিলে আৰু লগতে জনালে যে প্ৰত্যেক ৬ সপ্তাহৰ মূৰে মূৰে আমাৰ এটা knowledge assessment আৰু এটা practical assessment লোৱা হ'ব। Trainer Shane আৰু trainer Lisa ৰ তত্ত্বাধানত সপ্তাহত ২ দিনকে আমাৰ ক্লাছ হ'ব বুলি Chef Lisa এ আমাক জনালে। প্ৰথম দিনটোতে পোৰা ভাগৰি গলোঁ কাৰণ ইয়াত কামত ফাংফুঙ কৰা system নাই। ৭:৩০ পৰা ২:৩০ লৈকে পোৰা বেলেগ বেলেগ ধৰণৰ ব্ৰেড বনালোঁ, তাৰ মাজতে পিছে আধা ঘণ্টামান খাবৰ বাবে ব্ৰেক এটা পাইছিলো। সেই ব্ৰেকৰ সময়তে বাহিৰত ওলাই দেখা পালো সকলো ৰুমতে ক্লাছ চলি আছে। কোনোবা এটাত ইঞ্জিনিয়াৰিং, কোনোবাটোত নাৰ্চিং, এটাত ফেশ্বন ডিজাইনিং আৰু কোনোবাত child care ওপৰত ক্লাছ চলি আছে। মুঠতে একেবাৰে এখন কলেজত থকা যেন অনুভৱ হ'ল। আমাৰ ক্লাছ ৰুমটোৰ পৰা যে কি সুন্দৰ গোল্ফ ওলাই আছিল। আমি বনোৱা সকলোবিলাক বস্তু ক্লাছৰ শেষত বিক্ৰী কৰিবৰ বাবে ষ্টৰ বিলাকলৈ পঠিয়াই দিয়া হয়।

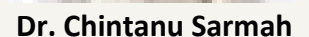
২:৩০ ৰ পৰা ৩:৩০ লৈকে theory ক্লাছটো কৰি আকৌ ১ কিল'মিটাৰমান বাছলৈ বুলি খোজ কাঢ়ি আহিলো। ঘূৰি অহাৰ সময়ত বাছষ্টেণ্ডটো অলপ দূৰ হৈ যায় সেইবাবে ১ কিল'মিটাৰমান খোজ কাঢ়িব লগাত পৰিল। ৫ মিনিটমান সময় অপেক্ষা কৰা পিছত যেনিবা বাছ খন আহিল আৰু মই লগালগ কাৰ্ডখন tap কৰি ধুনীয়াকৈ বাছত বহি ললো। বাছত আজিৰ ক্লাছটো কথাৰেই ভাবি আহিলো। সঁচাকৈ আজি ক্লাছটো কৰি কিবা এটা সন্তুষ্টি পালোঁ, কাৰণ মানুহে যিটো কাম কৰি ভাল পায় সেইটো কামেই যদি কৰিব পায় তেতিয়া মনত শান্তি পাবয়েই।

একেবাৰে mall টো সন্মুখতে বাছখন ৰখাই দিলেহি। আমাৰ ঘৰৰ ওচৰতে এটা বহুত ডাঙৰ mall আছে। প্ৰত্যেক দিনাই তাত মানুহৰ ভিৰ লাগি থাকে। ময়ো এপাক mall অত সোমাই যাওঁ বুলি ভাবিলো কাৰণ কেইটামান সৰু সুৰা বস্তু লবলগীয়া আছিল। Mall ৰ ভিতৰতে থকা ছুপাৰমাৰ্কেট খনত সোমাইছিলোহে, তাৰে গেটত থকা লেডী গৰাকীয়ে মোক সুধিলে Are you chef? প্ৰথমে মই খতমত খায় গৈছিলো, পিছত বুজি পালোঁ তেওঁ মোৰ বেগটো চায় সুধিলে কাৰণ তাত chef লিখা আছিল। মই ক্লাছলৈ এটা দীঘল মস্ত গধূৰ বেগ নিবলগীয়া হয় তাতেই আমাৰ chef ৰ সকলোবিলাক equipments থাকে, তাকেই দেখি তেওঁ মোক chef নেকি বুলি সুধিছে। মইও লগালগ বৰ গৰ্বৰে কৈ দিলো Yes I am, মই কোৱাটো মিছাও নাছিল কাৰণ আমাৰ সকলোককে trainer এ chef বুলি এই সম্বোধন কৰে। Are you chef বুলি সুধা কাৰণে আজি যে মনটো কিমান ভাল লাগিছে বুজাব নোৱাৰো কাৰণ অষ্ট্ৰেলিয়াত ভৰি দিয়া পৰা এতিয়া লৈকে মানুহে মোক Are you philipino বুলি সুধি সুধি কাণখন ঘূলা কৰি দিছিল। আজিহে চাগে অলপ বেলেগ ধৰণৰ কথা শুনিবলৈ পাইছো সেই বাবে মনটো মোৰ অলপ বেছিহেই ভাল লাগিছিল। গোটেই দিনটোৰ কষ্টৰ মূৰত Are you chef বুলি সুধা কথাষাৰে মোক বহুত শান্তি দিলে।

এইখিনি আছিল মোৰ TAFE NSW ৰ অভিজ্ঞতা। আপোনালোকৰ আগত জনাবলৈ পায় খুব ভাল লাগিল। শেষত আমাৰ সকলোৰে ফালৰ পৰা বিহুৰ বহুত-বহুত শুভেচ্ছা জনালোঁ।



Though precise casualty figures remain unclear, the tragic death of Ranjit Borpujari, an 18-year-old student killed in police firing at Cotton College in Guwahati, Assam's capital, on July 4, 1960, became a haunting symbol of the movement's profound toll, stirring the hearts of the people and forever etching his memory into the state's collective consciousness. Ultimately, the perseverance and sacrifices of the movement's advocates secured official recognition for the Assamese language, underscoring its significance and resilience amid political and social challenges.





Original Image: *The Guardian*, 23 Jan 2015

Historically, the Assamese language is an Indo-European language, meaning that it belongs to a large family of languages that are spoken by the majority of people in Europe and large parts of Asia alone representing half of the world's population. This language family is one of the most widely spoken and studied in the world, encompassing a diverse range of languages that have evolved over thousands of years. The Indo-European family is divided into several major branches, each of which includes multiple languages. Assamese is part of the Indo-Aryan branch of the Indo-European language family. Within the Indo-European language family, Assamese falls under the Indo-Iranian branch, specifically within the Indo-Aryan group.

Assamese, which developed approximately 1,300 to 1,400 years ago, has solidified its significance and robustness as a language over time. It has long been the dominant language in Assam, serving as the lingua franca that connects various ethnic groups. There are over 20 recognised languages spoken by various ethnic groups in Assam with several having distinct scripts or using adapted versions of the Assamese, Roman, or Bengali scripts, and they continue to use their own languages in daily life and often speak both their native languages and Assamese, along with Hindi or English in modern times.

Over the past few decades, census data from the Indian Government paints a concerning picture for the Assamese language. In 1991, Assamese speakers made up 57.81% of Assam's population. By 2001, this share had sharply declined to 48.80%, signalling a dramatic shift. This downward trend continues to reflect both demographic changes and a shift in linguistic preferences. Though the decline slowed after 2001, the overall trajectory remains worrying, pointing to a persistent decline in the number of people identifying Assamese as their primary language. The language's future appears increasingly uncertain, as its cultural and social relevance wanes.

Language is a key vehicle to carry forward cultural identity, values and traditions. With fewer people using the Assamese language, the threat it poses not only to the language but the region's rich literary and cultural heritage including its music, folklore, and traditional practices, will be diluted or eventually lost. Additionally, a language often serves as a unifying force for communities, fostering a sense of belonging and shared identity. The decline of the Assamese language could exacerbate social divisions, particularly between those who strive to preserve and maintain the language and those who prioritise or promote other languages, potentially hindering its coexistence with other languages.

There are, of course, several factors contributing to the Assamese language reaching this critical stage, where its mere survival is under serious threat. One of the major factors includes significant demographic changes that have occurred over the last few decades. Assam has experienced demographic changes particularly due to migration from neighbouring Indian states and nearby countries. The influx of people speaking other languages has altered the linguistic landscape of the region.

Additionally, globalisation elevated English as a global lingua franca and added further challenges to the language. The rising influence of Hindi, bolstered by the cultural reach of Bollywood and TV soap operas from the Hindi heartlands, has only intensified the threat to Assamese. The shift of this change is not only threatening the language but also eroding the traditions and core rituals. For instance, Assamese weddings now often feature English-style speeches and toasts, North Indian rituals such as the Mehndi and Sangeet-ceremonies, influenced by Bollywood, and North Indian wedding attire like lehengas and sherwanis. While this fusion of traditions can enrich both cultures in a symbiotic relationship, if one becomes parasitic on the other, the weaker will face imminent extinction. Based on the current trend and statistics, the latter seems to be occurring.

Many Assamese families, particularly in urban areas, prioritise English or Hindi over Assamese, perceiving them as more valuable for their children's education and future employment prospects. Considering the resources as well as employment opportunities that the non-local languages can offer is not in question, however the preference should not cause irreparable damage to the Assamese language in the long run.

A compelling contrast can be drawn from the diligent efforts made by European nations to preserve their native languages despite the dominance of English as a global lingua franca. European countries such as France, Spain, and Italy have implemented robust measures to safeguard the vitality of their native tongues. For example, France's "Loi Toubon" mandates the use of French in government publications, advertising, and official communications. Similarly, Spain has made concerted efforts to promote regional languages like Catalan, Basque, and Galician alongside Castilian Spanish.

Furthermore, the education systems in Europe are designed to prioritise native languages. Students are often required to study their national language as part of the curriculum, ensuring that each generation remains fluent in their mother tongue. Moreover, bilingual education models are common, fostering coexistence of regional languages with the national language. National television and radio channels broadcast predominantly in native languages, and there is significant content available online in these languages. Technology, too, has been harnessed to create apps, websites, and digital platforms that teach and promote European languages.

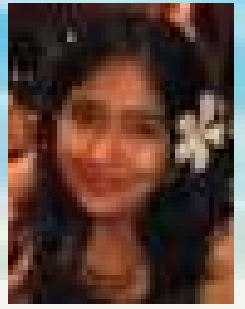
These examples underscore the importance of balancing linguistic diversity with broader communication needs. While embracing popular languages is important, it is equally crucial to invest in the preservation and promotion of local languages to maintain cultural heritage and identity.

If the decline of the Assamese language is to continue based on the extrapolation of the trends observed in the past, the Assamese-speaking population could potentially reduce to a single-digit percentage roughly within the next 100 years. This alarming scenario would place the language on the brink of extinction. This decline is a cause for deep concern, not only for the people of Assam but for anyone who values linguistic and cultural diversity. The loss of a language is far more than just the disappearance of words; it signifies the erosion of a community's history, identity, and way of life. While the spread of English or Hindi cannot be ignored, it is ever more crucial to strike an immediate balance between embracing broader communication and preserving unique linguistic identities.

This is a pivotal time for the Assamese language where its future hinges on delicate interplay of factors, including decisive government policies, concerted community efforts, and evolving societal attitudes. Language revitalisation efforts, such as promoting Assamese at home, in schools, through media, and in official communication, could help slow or even reverse this decline. Additionally, fostering pride in Assamese cultural heritage while encouraging its use in everyday life could help sustain the language for future generations. While the challenges may appear daunting, there remains a glimmer of hope as by fostering increased awareness, unwavering dedication, and collective action, we have the potential to rescue this cherished language from the brink of disappearance. Through our concerted efforts, we can ensure that Assamese not only endures but flourishes, continuing to enrich the cultural heritage of Assam and resonate deeply with all who hold its legacy dear.



How to climb your mountains?



Anisha Hati Baruah

Gravel crunch underneath your shoes. Blades of blindingly bright light peirce between the gaps of your fingers as you hold them up to the sky, glaring into your squinted eyes. The sunlight is blinding, yet, you can see one thing and one thing only. Edges of its rigid silhouette seem to glow golden white, boasting its grandeur as it dominates the cerulean sky. Its acute summit spear through drifting cauliflower clusters that roll along the horizon. In the distance, cast deep in navy and shrouded in mist, the boundless mountain range extends. Pine cone trees creep their way up the jagged stone edges from the dense forest that blankets the base.

A mountain. And at the very bottom, you. As you stand inside what seems to be a living bob ross painting, thoughts weave through your mind. What is it that you think about? Is it exhilaration of the expedition to conquer the unconquerable awaits you? Apprehension of the arduous odyssey? Or perhaps, you think to yourself, "How could I ever even think I ever even start to this endeavour to begin with? I could never make it past the first hill up, let alone the whole journey upwards? Forget it, it's no good anyways." Whatever it may be, everyone has approached a mountain before, whether it be financially, academically, financially, physically. These 'mountains' are the journeys to our ambitions and goals, which often take strenuous pursuits to accomplish. They come in different forms and difficulties, and though not each one is exactly a 'K2', they require resilience, persistence and dedication.

But for those who actually have the ambition and drive to go through with their trek up the mountain, completing the hike can be an entirely different matter. Many can ostentatiously announce that they are going to partake in only the biggest, longest mountain climb ever because how good does that sound? You've heard it all before, the virtually impossible 'academic comeback', the totally legit 'lose 10 kgs in one week!' diet, the '1000 words in one night' (been there before, don't recommend). Point being, it's one thing to start a race, another to cross the finishing line; and after all, only 70% of Mount Everest climbers quit before they can reach the final peak of the mountain. Now, while I would never discourage someone from trying the impossible at least once, I do think that these empty promises we make to ourselves come with a consequence. Not only are we setting ourselves up for failure, but subconsciously enforce a negative image of ourselves every time we fail to follow through on our unattainable goals. An image of someone that is destined to succumb to defeat. Someone that can't trust themselves. Someone that is incapable. Like clockwork, you promise yourself that the next time will be different, and yet, when the time comes for you to prove yourself with this far fetched stunt, you fall short. When you're stuck in the cycle of 'next time definitely!' disappointment inevitably interweaves with ambition. Eventually, reaching for any goals at all becomes as effective as grasping for light with your fingers. Everything becomes out of reach. So why try? I hate to see complacency as a result of overachieving, it's like giving up because you expected to climb your stone giant in a single day. Climbing a high altitude mountain can take weeks and some up to months, taking into account the time needed for acclimatization rotations (a 3 day to 4 week process of climbers adjusting to the oxygen levels of the mountain's altitude) and unpredictable weather conditions- being unable to complete the trek in a single day is not a statement of your incapacity but much rather a gross misconception of what the journey entails. So, is the summit truly out of your reach, or have you just trained yourself to stop before you even try?

Ok, so now you're past base camp. You've made it past the first big step, and you're going to climb the mountain for real this time. The route is chosen, the camps have been planned, all you have to do is just keep trekking. Even seeing the hundreds of pumpkin tents and multicoloured flags posted at base camp for the first time after your days of trekking was an immense hit of elation, a symbol of your official mountain trek starting. The views from here are just absolutely serene, you see the veins of snow and striations of stone decorated by dense spruce trees on your left, deep blue sky on your right. 'This is really happening!' you think to yourself with your heart thumping against your ribcage. However, that warm sensation of adrenaline and accomplishment has begun to fade with every step and the bitter cold feeling of whistling crystal ice shards needling your skin has returned once again. It's been hours now. There's a slight ache in your hamstrings already. Days are passing, and passing, and yet it feels like you're getting absolutely nowhere. Was this whole thing even worth it?

Everyone knows that mountains are no linear journey. Same goes for our own journeys of improvement and progress. There's no shortcomings of hardships and challenges when it comes to achieving our goals and ambitions. But when there's no immediate reward for us or visible progress made, the push forward becomes all the more harder. Sometimes doing all the right things seems like it's getting us absolutely nowhere, relentlessly dragging on and on- just like climbing a mountain. Unbeknownst to many, mountains too, are diverse like we are. At this particular moment, what you've been met with is what climbers would call a 'shoulder'. This topographical feature- defined as a "lateral protrusion or extension of a hill or mountain"- is typically sloped near the summit of a mountain. With it's little to no inclination, navigating through the shoulder can feel like reaching a plateau of progress, where you're walking kilometres end on end, but you're not moving at all. Like a dream. You're moving your legs, but it seems like you're stuck in one place, like moving in quicksand. This is where the procrastination starts to take hold, the doubt and uncertainty. Am I even getting anywhere? For many, this may even be the spot where they decide to surrender to the battle and abandon their mission. But for the few, this would be the very last push till their eventual victory before they even realise it. The summit is a lot closer than it seems. So don't slow down. Don't keep your goals waiting.

Sometimes, we find out our final passages are a lot closer than we think they are. You push yourself to what seems like the final stretch but alas, it was just another subpeak. Upon reaching these deceptive high points, you are quickly disillusioned when the next point up is revealed to you. There's even more of your voyage left before the final summit. When pushing through the last stages of my hardest academic year yet, every moment almost felt like I was in a death zone- regarded as the most physically challenging, debilitating phase of the summit push. When the results returned to me, I was filled with a slight feeling of disappointment and dissatisfaction. 'That's it?' I thought to myself. As I started to consider my plan for the future, I knew I had to think pragmatically, and if it came down to it, to stray away from the route I had my heart set on. Setting any expectations felt like setting myself up for another false summit. To get into that degree felt completely impossible. Except, it wasn't. I will always remember that morning. I had stumbled out of bed half awake to promptly grab my phone and check my emails, and there it was. My offer into Law school. I couldn't even handle the overwhelming sensation of euphoria, it felt completely surreal, like fireworks were bursting in my mind. This summit I had spent so long trekking for, I had finally reached it. Against all expectations, I reached my own summit. At that moment, I had realised that all those peaks I had to get across was to get to this moment, even if the journey is far from over.

As I stand at a summit that I never thought reaching would be possible, I think about the journey- the peaks, the plateaus, the subpeaks. To those climbing their own mountains, remember this: your resolve will be tested, your self belief might falter and the path ahead will surprise you. Never stop going, regardless of triumph or setbacks, keep climbing for the journey, rather than the destination. Don't make the mistake of limiting yourself. You are capable of much more than you think you are. So resist the impossible. Reach your highest summits and conquer your stone giants. Good luck everyone!

Psychology Research: A Student's Warning!



Rishta Goswami

I am sure you read this title and assumed I was a pessimist who hated her degree. However, that is quite far from the truth. I have had the privilege of learning many different aspects of psychology and its role in the world and wanted to share something I found interesting. As for my click-bait title, I promise there is some truth to it. You can't blame me for loving a catchy title, I am also a business student after all.

The overarching aim of psychology as a science and practice is to understand human behaviour including our motivations, actions and emotions. Psychological research is used to find patterns within human behaviour that can be generalised back to the wider population. We then use these results and patterns to predict behaviour and treat or educate people. However, there is one major flaw that limits the effectiveness of much research. This is the lack of diversity within research across participants and researchers.

This lack of diversity is a bias that is often referred to as the WEIRD bias. Before you flip away because I am being rude, let me explain myself. WEIRD stands for countries that are Western, Educated, Industrialised, Rich and Democratic such as Australia, America or the UK. You may be thinking, 'Rishta, we live in Australia, so we are represented, right?' Wrong! Unfortunately, historically and still to this day, a majority of research is based on, written and edited by Caucasian men. There are very few studies that successfully include a sample size that is representative of the diverse population in many Western countries now.

The need for accurate representation and diversity in research is crucial for the reliability and validity of results. As I mentioned before, the results we find from research are delivered back to the community to be used for many purposes. However, if the sample in the research is not demonstrative of all groups then it is unlikely to help majority of the community when reported.

A prime example of this is the difference of sleep needed between men and women. The original studies that were run focused on men and were incorrectly generalised to women as well. Recent studies have found that women often need more sleep than men as they tend to multi-task more often and use more of their brain than men typically do. So, aunties, next time you want a sleep in, know you deserve it. And uncles, I cited my source below, so you know I'm not lying.

This is just one of the many examples of how limited diversity in research can provide false information that is often not accurate for minority groups. However, I am not just a critic. While it still has a long way to go, it is important to acknowledge how far psychology has come and improved over the years and its crucial role in society. Just remember, next time you see a fascinating piece of research that it may be applicable to you and feel free to thank me when you don't fall for biased research that tells you that you don't need a sleep in.



Sources:

- <https://journals-sagepub-com.simsrad.net.ocs.mq.edu.au/doi/full/10.1177/1745691620927709>
- <https://pmc.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/articles/PMC11041073/>
- <https://www.resmed.com/en-us/sleep-apnea/sleep-blog/fact-or-fiction-do-women-need-more-sleep-than-men/>
- <https://www.apa.org/education-career/guide/science>

Historical Tourism near Guwahati



Sangeeta Saikia Gupta

I have very fond childhood memories of holidays when we would have relatives visiting us and we used to take them for sightseeing around Guwahati. During the summer holidays, my cousins from Nagaon would come to visit us and we would excitedly plan their travel itineraries for sightseeing around Guwahati. It was a memorable experience of travelling as a cajoling group of young cousins, arm in arm as we tested the patience of our parents. Even though we would go around visiting the same places every year, there was always a certain excitement and freshness to it every time. Perhaps it was the laughter and commotion that accompanied family trips that made them so special. Let me take you on a journey through the surrounds of Guwahati, exploring its tourist destinations and the historical significance of each!

Sri Sri Auniati Satra

We would start from home early in the morning after a delicious breakfast of 'Luchi – Bhaji' and packed inside our blue Ambassador car. Our first stop after crossing the Saraighat Bridge over the mighty Brahmaputra River would be Auniati Satra, a famous Vaishnavite monastery established in the 19th century. Considered one of the most revered Satras of the Vaishnavite culture in Assam, it has a rich history and is known for its exquisite architecture, wood carvings and artwork. It stands as a proud testament to Assamese culture and heritage. Satras are the Assamese Vaishnavite monasteries for religious practices and were founded at the initiative of the Ahom Kings in the middle of the 17th century. They are religious institutions which preach to followers to cultivate devotion towards God and also serve as centres of art and culture. The Satra in North Guwahati is one of the many branches of Auniati Satra with other branches in Majuli and Kaliapani. My memories of Auniati Satra are this very calm and serene place where we would sit and pray and then would sit in a row to be served 'Mah Prasad'.



Ashwanklanta

Our next stop would be at the famous 'Ashwanklanta Devalaya' situated on the banks of river Brahmaputra and one of the most important sites of Lord Vishnu. The word Ashwanklanta gets its origin from the two words "Ashwa" means 'Horse' and "Klanta" means 'Tired'. According to legend, it is said that Lord Krishna, while coming to kill Narakasura, his horse got tired in this place, and he stopped to take rest.

The deity worshipped here is called 'Anatasai Vishnu' which refers to the sitting position of Lord Vishnu on the serpent. The temple was built in 1720 AD by Ahom King Shiva Sangha however in the year 1897, due to a massive earthquake, a major portion of this temple was damaged. The temple was then repaired in 1901 under the patronage of Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of Assam.

There is a flight of stairs leading from the temple down towards the Brahmaputra. When I think of this temple, I can vividly remember us cousins racing down the steps to see who can climb them the fastest. Remarkably, none of us never fell down! We would time ourselves so that we make it to the next stop at Douli Govinda by 12 pm for 'Maha Bhog Prasad'.



Shri Shri Douli Govinda Temple



Douli Govinda temple is one of the most revered temples in Assam. As per mythology, it is believed that there was a miraculous advent of Lord Douli-Govinda who had remained underground, in the quiet woods of Sandhya-Jhar near Jekeria village in Rongia sub-division of Kamrup district. It is said that a milch cow was noticed by people to go to the same place every pre-dawn, freeing herself of the cow shed where her Brahmin owner used to rope her at night.

The cow used to stand at a fixed spot and milk flowed spontaneously from her udder on the grass. This spot was later excavated by Sadar Amin Gargaram Barooah, a renowned Sanskrit scholar, to find a magnificent statue of Lord Sri Krishna playing the flute. He brought the statue with great reverence to his home village Rajaduar and installed it as a deity in his Naamghar. Since then, the new image of Lord Sri Krishna came to be recognised as Lord Douli Govinda.

Devotees congregate in large numbers every day to offer obeisance to the deity. It is a belief that devotees coming and praying here with a pure mind have their prayers answered.

The ambience in the temple is simply serene! The chirping of birds, the commotion of the overexcited monkeys grabbing the plastic bags of prasad and kheer from cautious devotees and the aroma of incense and jasmine decorating the atmosphere. As children, we used to make a visit to the temple regularly, especially before exams and important events. Even as I visit Guwahati with my children now, we always endeavour to make this trip that has become an ingrained tradition for us.

Every day there is '*Bhog Prasad*' served to devotees consisting of 'Mah Prasad' and 'Payas' (rice pudding) at noon after offering it to the deity. It is a beautiful environment with people sitting in the temple and partaking the prasad together.

We would also sit down in rows for the *Bhog Prasad*.

Then with our stomachs full and our hearts content, we now move on to our next destination! By then it would be almost afternoon as we head back to Guwahati town for our final stop at Basistha Ashram, closer to our home.



Bashistha Temple

Bashistha Temple also known as Vashistha Ashram is an ashram of the Maharishi Vashistha and is another important pilgrimage centre constructed by the rulers of the Ahom dynasty. The Ashram consists of a temple, a cave and a magnificent waterfall. According to a popular belief, Maharishi Vashistha meditated here and had his last breath in the ashram, and it is said that a dip in the water enhances a person's life and also washes off sins. We young kids would love jumping from rock to rock on the waterfall. It is a beautiful scenic spot, and we would sit around it and soak in the beauty of the natural surroundings.

As the sun sets on a day full of touristry, we would drive back home with our hearts full and our eyes heavy. Those drives home with all the cousins together were so full of variety; from eye-watering laughter, to teasing, to peaceful dozing with our little frames huddled in the back of Deuta's ambassador. We would reach home, take a hot bath to wash off the day's exhaustion and wear our matching pyjama sets. After eating a hearty home cooked meal and engaging in the typical family banter, we would trot to our rooms. Sleepovers were always a cherished time, with grand plans to talk late into the night inevitably spoilt by our overpowering sleepiness. We still have some pictures of these in our family albums carefully preserved by Ma. It is a delight to go through those albums and reminisce about those trips from our childhood.

Sources:

- <https://northguwahati.com/auni-ati-satra-north-guwahati>
- <https://www.tourmyindia.com/states/assam/aswaklanta-temple.html>



Gargi Gogoi

The Moonlit Window

Clasped in the night's darkness,
Glimpse of an unknown smile,
A bright hue in the magical sky,
Dances to the melody of life,
And Whispers in my ears a long forgotten song..
As I close my eyes and my dreams soar high,
As I reach out for the stars,
A touch of wind gushes by,
And that reminds me of a long forgotten song..
Had I been to the sky,
The ground would have been the Star,
And today as I stand on the ground,
The endless sky is my ultimate home,
But the distant star still reminds me of a long forgotten song
Endless nights of hope and despair,
Often pass by my door,
But today the moonlit window still reminds me
Of a long forgotten song..

Family Favourite Recipes

COCONUT BARFI

Deliciously sweet and simple to make, these easy coconut *barfis* are incredibly addictive. With no baking required and no specialist equipment, this is a brilliant recipe to make with the kids! A lovely, nostalgic treat that will take you right back to your childhood.



SANTANA SARMA

Ingredients

- 2½ cups regular pure icing sugar, sifted
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 395g can sweetened condensed milk
- 3 ½ cups desiccated coconut
- 2 teaspoons vanilla essence
- Rose-pink food colouring

Method

- Grease a 6cm-deep, 20cm square cake pan. Line the base and sides with baking paper, extending the paper 2cm above the edges of the pan.
- Sift the icing sugar and cream of tartar together into a large bowl.
- Add the condensed milk, desiccated coconut, and vanilla essence to the bowl. Mix until well combined.
- Divide the mixture into two equal portions.
- Add the pink food colouring to one portion of the mixture, leaving the other portion plain.
- Press the plain mixture over the base of the prepared pan, levelling the top with the back of a spoon. Then press the pink mixture over the plain mixture, again levelling the top with a spoon.
- Cover and chill for 3 hours, or until set.
- Cut the coconut ice into 2.5cm squares.
- Keep in the fridge for 4-5 hours and remove before serving.

Family Favourite Recipes

SPICED SAFFRON COCONUT KHEER WITH CARAMELIZED MANGO

A luxurious twist on classic kheer, infused with saffron, coconut, and caramelized mango for a tropical touch.



Method

1. Prepare the Kheer:

- Bring milk to a boil, add soaked rice, and simmer, stirring occasionally, until soft (40 min).
- Stir in coconut, sugar, and condensed milk. Cook for 10 min.
- Add saffron milk and cardamom. Simmer for 5 min.

2. Caramelize the Mango:

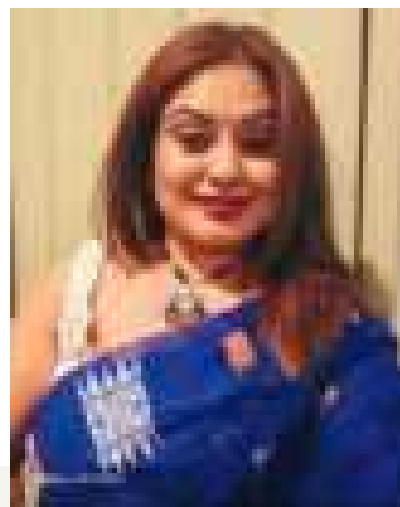
- Heat ghee in a pan, sauté mango cubes for 1–2 min.
- Sprinkle jaggery and cinnamon. Cook until caramelised (3 min).

3. Assemble & Serve:

- Pour kheer into bowls, top with caramelized mango and nuts.
- Enjoy warm or chilled.

Chef's Tip:

For extra richness, stir in coconut milk before serving.



DEBOLINA GOSWAMI

Ingredients

For the Kheer:

- 1 litre full-fat milk
- ½ cup basmati rice (soaked for 30 minutes)
- ½ cup grated coconut (fresh or desiccated)
- ¼ cup sugar (adjust to taste)
- 2 tbsp condensed milk (optional)
- 8–10 saffron strands (soaked in 2 tbsp warm milk)
- ¼ tsp cardamom powder
- 2 tbsp chopped pistachios & almonds (for garnish)

For the Caramelized Mango:

- 1 ripe mango (cubed)
- 2 tbsp jaggery (or brown sugar)
- 1 tbsp ghee
- A pinch of cinnamon (optional)

Family Favourite Recipes

MATI-DALI GAHORI

(Pork with black lentils)

A traditional recipe commonly enjoyed in the northeastern regions of India, the indigenous people here take pleasure in the dish, *Mati-Dali Gahori*



BONNIE PATOWARY

Ingredients

- 2 cup black lentils (soaked)
- 1 kg pork
- 1 large red onion
- 3-4 cloves of garlic
- ½ ginger
- 2-3 green chillies
- ½ tsp turmeric powder
- 1tbsp cummin powder

Method

- Pressure-cook the lentils with 1 tsp of salt for 5 whistles.
- Boil the pork belly and then cut it into pieces. Once the lentil starts cooking, heat 1 tsp of oil in a saucepan and fry the boiled pork until lightly golden.
- Add freshly muddled ginger, garlic, green chili, and turmeric. Incorporate sliced onions and fry until translucent.
- Add 1 tsp of chili powder and cumin powder, stir well, and mix in the cooked black lentils.
- Add hot water and let it cook for about 15-20 minutes.
- Serve with hot steamed rice and enjoy.



MOUNT KAILASH: THE COSMIC AXIS OF THE UNIVERSE

Sameer Gupta

Location Coordinates: 31.0675° N, 81.3119° E - for most, these numbers may hold little significance - just another set of coordinates on a topographical map. But for those who seek something beyond the ordinary, these are no mere geographical markers. They point to a place revered by a billion people, a site believed to be the '*axis mundi*' of the universe, a place steeped in mystery, reverence, and profound spiritual significance - the sacred **Mount Kailash**.

To the staunch believers, Kailash is more than just a mountain. It is a cosmic bridge between the Earth and the Heavens, the abode of *Lord Shiva*, the *Adiyogi* and one of the *Trinity Gods* in Hinduism.

Facts about Mount Kailash

- Mount Kailash is a pyramid-shaped mountain in Ngari Prefecture, Tibet, China. It stands in the Kailash Range, part of the Transhimalaya, on the western Tibetan Plateau. The peak of Mount Kailash stands at an elevation of 6,638 meters (21,778 feet).
- The distance from Mount Kailash to Stonehenge in the UK and to the North Pole are both 6,666 kilometres. The distance from Mount Kailash to the South Pole is 13,332 kilometres, which is exactly twice the distance to the North Pole or Stonehenge.
- Often referred to as the '*axis mundi*', Kailash is believed to be the cosmic axis of the universe, which is the centre of the world.
- Sacred to over a billion Buddhists, Hindus, Jains and Bon, Mount Kailash is possibly the world's holiest mountain.
- At the mountain's base lie two strikingly different lakes - Mansarovar (highest fresh water lake in the world at 14,950 ft) and Rakshas Tal (salty water lake).
- Kailash region and the lake Mansarovar give birth to four of Asia's most important rivers - the Indus, Karnali (tributary of Ganga), Sutlej and Brahmaputra. Originating from there, the four rivers flow in different directions to eventually merge to the same destination - the Indian Ocean.

Mount Kailash is not just a place - it is an experience, a calling. To me, visiting Kailash is not merely about a bucket list of travel destination but about a journey of self-discovery. Unlike most destinations, where the journey ends upon arrival, Kailash is where the journey begins.

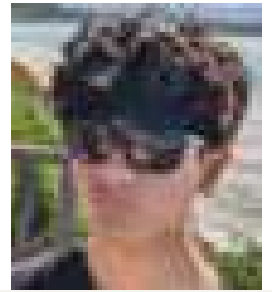
While science has yet to fully explain the mysteries of Kailash, it has not disproved them either. At its highest level, science, like art, is as much about perception as it is about facts. There are realms of the human mind science has yet to explore, and Kailash is one such realm - a place where time, space, and the universe seem to converge - the '*aadi*' (beginning) and '*anant*' (infinite) of the cosmic universe which has no beginning or end. The journey to Kailash is as much a spiritual journey as it is physical.

This article is to evince interest amongst those who may not know about the Mount Kailash - one of the great mysteries of our planet. There is a lot of information available on Kailash and I encourage everyone to know a bit more and if possible, visit 'THE DESTINATION' of all destinations on our planet. Jai Kailash!

Sources:

- <https://timesofindia.indiatimes.com/travel/destinations/mount-kailash-facts-mindboggling-things-you-may-not-know-about-lord-shivas-home/articleshow/61220500.cms>
- <https://sacredland.org/mount-kailash-tibet>
- <https://www.greattibettour.com/tibet-travel-tips/mount-kailash-facts-mysteries-you-may-not-know.html>

THE OAK TREE

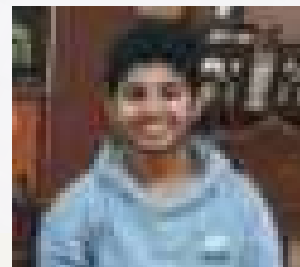


Adi Patel
Year 10

The oak tree developed a columned sentinel in the mist-shrouded heart of woods, its root system radiating out and sinking deep into ground, its twisted, tangled tendrils looking like an ancient beast's veins. Gnarled and twisted, its root system twisted through soft, wet ground, anchoring the tree firmly in its position and creating arches and crevices in its path, providing a haven for small animals. Dark and weathered, its bark bore centuries of wear and tear—a rough tapestry of crevices and ridges woven with soft expanses of moss and trailing vines. Every scar in its face whispered a quiet narrative of storms weathered and years gone, a witness to the tree's tenacity in face of the relentless tide of relentless time. Higher, its branches reached out in a fan-shaped arrangement, tips outreached in a quest for wan sunlight struggling through thick cover of foliage. Green leaves glinted under a thin cover of morning dew, refracting faint sunlight and sending shifting shadows of gold onto woodland floorspace. On the woodland floor space below, a rich tapestry of fallen leaves, sprouting fungi, and clusters of tiny flowers clung tenaciously to life in the shadows of the colossal tree's presence. Nearby, a narrow brook twisted its path over rounded stones, its soft gurgling providing a soft accompaniment to peaceful quiet surrounding woods. In the cool, moist atmosphere, a rich, earthy odor of decaying wood blended with a faint sweet odor of flowers and a sharp, pungent odor of moss-shrouded bark filled the atmosphere. Every movement in the woods seemed heightened in the presence of the oak tree. Flapping of a bird's wing high in branches, rustling of a small creature through undergrowth, and whisper of wind through leaves composed a chorus of soft life. The tree saw it all, immobile yet extending, a union of solidity and expansion. Its trunk bore witness to its age—not wounds but markings of survival. Lightning scars etched down its bark, and ends of long-lost branches healed over, creating bulges of twisted wood in which new life took root. The oak imparted a lesson to one who took a moment to observe: that strength is not a lack of difficulty but a tolerance for enduring and growing in its face. Its roots, for one who took a discerning glance, bore witness that holding oneself firmly in the present creates a platform for riding out life's storms. Meanwhile, its branches, ever extending skywards, encouraged one to dream big, to seek out opportunity and light even in times of challenge. The tree's testimony breathed a soft lesson: that beauty in life consists not in perfection but in harmony between holding and extending, between holding fast and having the heart to expand.



AN INTERESTING ENCOUNTER



Ayush Goswami

Year 8

The dusty and small wasteland surrounding the building was made to disguise the cafe, to deter those who were deterred easily, but if you climbed the winding stairs you would enter a small cafe with books, food and a nice view of the dusty Guwahati streets. The owner of the cafe seemed to have had troubles with love, which he hid behind posters full of innuendos and statements. The cafe was scarce with activity, with a few people sitting on the balcony and one man sitting in the corner, and we thought it would stay that way until the man from the corner stood up and approached us with a weird looking sketch in his hands.

My mum and grandma immediately got interested. The sketch apparently had a different meaning depending on how you held it, something about Hindu mythology that I couldn't understand. So, I sat there trying to hold my laughter at the silliness of the situation until he caught me off guard by addressing me. His first question for me was where I was from, I answered Australia. His second question was "what feature do you like the most about a Kangaroo?" His third and final question was "what is your favourite subject", and after I answered maths, the Artist let us eat in peace and retreated to his table, promising he'd be back with a question for me.

Soon after, he gave me a piece of paper and said, "There is no right answer, neither is there a wrong answer". As my eyes worked their way down the piece of paper, I saw a Cartesian plane drawn at the top with only a 0 in the middle, an angle that got bigger which counted from positive one on the top line and counting down from negative 1 on the bottom line. Then there were some equations.

$$1 + (-1) = 0$$

$$2 + (-2) = 0$$

$$3 + (-3) = 0$$

$$\text{Infinity} + (-\text{Infinity}) = \underline{\quad ? \quad}$$

My initial instinct was to go for 0, but I thought that would be too easy, seeing as how infinity is different from 1, 2 and 3 in the fact that it isn't technically a number, but then I told myself that this was maths, not philosophy so I answered 0 and ate my lunch.

After finishing I decided to give him my answer and we ended up talking for a good 10 minutes. He informed me that the answer I gave was an approximation, and that not everything in mathematics had to be the exact answer, sometimes you could just ballpark it, and in this case, you had to ballpark it. He then went on to tell me about pressure breathing, splitting my day into 3 parts to study, do physical activity and free time. Before we finished our conversation, he handed me his email on another piece of paper which he seemed to have an infinite amount of and said to contact him anytime I had a doubt in maths.

I then went back to my mum and grandma, they paid the guy at the counter, whom we learnt was the artist's friend and said goodbye. As I walked out from the swing doors I started to think about infinity more, how it seems impossible, yet it still exists all around us, and the immense size of it. All the grains of sand on earth and all the stars in the universe would still be closer to 0 than it would to infinity. The gears had been set, and the brain had been challenged, all by an unlikely encounter.

Most outings are mediocre unless they have non mediocre food, which this cafe did not have, so I am grateful to this Artist/Mathematician for taking some of his time to amuse and educate us, turning this mediocre outing into a special one.



Elf and the Robot

Feildran, a lush green forest where it is forbidden to stroll too deep, stands tall at the edge where the human world ends and the world of magic begins. There was a time when Feildran was bustling with energy as humans and elves congregated to trade goods and exchange knowledge. Up until the humans betrayed the elves by declaring war on them. Many battles were fought, casualties mounted on both sides. Elvin, a young elf princess, lost her mother to the war. In a decisive battle, her brave mother had sacrificed herself to cast a protective spell which thwarted the human advance into the Elven Kingdom. Ever since that fateful day, Elvin developed a deep patriotism for her kingdom and an equal distaste for the humans.



Alo Adhikary

Year 6

Tonight, Elvin is on guard duty at the gates of the forest. She stands alert, her beach blonde hair flutters in stark contrast to the night sky. Known for her acute sense of hearing with her sharp pointed ears, she picked up a whirring sound behind a thick tree. She quietly retrieved an arrow from her quiver, nocked it to her bowstring, and cautiously aimed it at the tree, ready to shoot at a moment's notice. Determined to discover the source of the noise before she raises the alarm, she tip-toed towards the tree. To her surprise, she saw ... a peculiar little creature made out of metal. Curious, she let her guard down to stare at it. After a few moments she composed herself "what are you?". The creature answered that it was a robot. Elvin was confused, "Ro...bot...?". The nod from the robot made her more skeptical, what if this robot was sent by the humans with some nefarious intent? The anxious expression on Elvin's face did not escape the robot who asked what was wrong.

Elvin disregarded the robot's question. Instead she asked where it was from, to which the robot answered "from the world of humans". Elvin's grip on her bow immediately tightened. The robot, quick to notice it, elaborated "I am a robot ... abandoned by the humans ... I was deemed not useful enough". Elvin's grip loosened, her inquisitiveness getting better of her, what did it mean by 'not useful enough'? She picked up the small robot to examine it further. It did not look particularly old nor did it look damaged. 'Why are you not useful?' whispered Elvin to herself. The robot, mistakenly assuming the question was directed at it, answered that it is not able to execute the functions the humans programmed into it.

Elvin, though not familiar with the technical jargon, was able to interpret the response. Apprehensive of the answer she might get, Elvin hesitated before she put forward her next question ... 'What did the humans want you to do?' The answer shocked her, the robot was originally sent as a spy to infiltrate the Elven Kingdom beyond Feildran so that humans could ambush and eliminate the elves. She pressed on, 'why won't you do it?' To this the robot answered, 'my prime directive is never to cause harm to any conscious living organism'. Relieved, Elvin put the robot back on the ground.

'Are you abandoning me too?' asked the robot. Elvin shrugged, how could she take a robot into the Elven Kingdom? 'What if I could fit in?' asked the robot again. Elvin gave it a puzzled look. The robot exposed a control panel from the back of his mushroom shaped cap head. Elvin took the control panel and started playing around with the settings. Some tinkering later the robot was ready as an elf. Elvin cut a little bit of her finger and dripped some elf blood on the robot, then cast a spell to imbue it with an elven personality.

'All you need now is an Elven name' announced Elvin, proud of the transformation she orchestrated. She thought for a few minutes before asking if the robot wanted to be named Alexander. The robot loved the name. Elvin smiled and asked if she and Alexander wanted to be friends and Alexander agreed. She hugged Alexander and Alexander wrapped his hands around her waist. Elvin and Alex broke away from the hug. They became the best of friends and began to walk towards the kingdom of elves.



The true story of Goldilocks

Once upon a time there were 3 bears: Momma bear, Papa bear and Baby bear. Mamma bear was making porridge and Papa bear & Baby bear were enjoying the Sunday morning. Mama bear poured the porridge into 3 bowls and put the bowls on the dining table. In a very serious voice she said "Look the porridge is boiling hot, okay? Be careful when you eat it, maybe give 5-10 minutes". But no one was listening. Baby bear was on the iPad watching Cocomelon and Papa bear was reading about politics and was shocked that Donald Trump was the president again!!!!



Kiara Sharma (Junuka)
Year 4

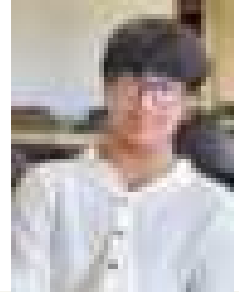
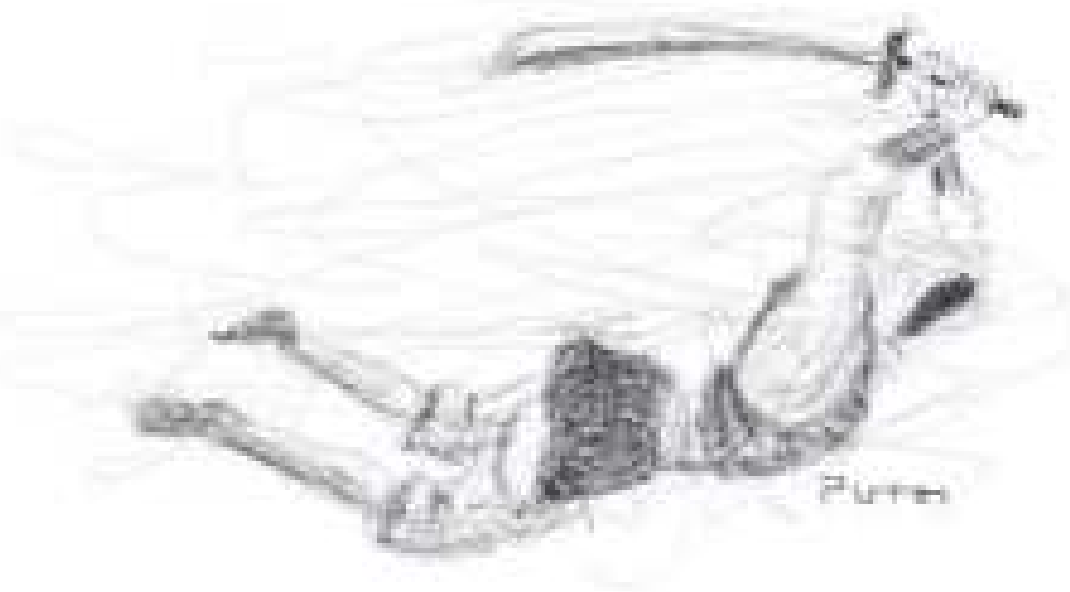
Then after literally 5 seconds later, baby bear has a spoon full of porridge in his mouth. His mouth was burning so he took a glass of milk and drank it. Then after his mouth had cooled down he said in a relieved way "That ... was ... hot. I can't believe no one warned me of how hot it was! Next time tell me or you will be sorry" Mamma bear starts yelling at baby bear about what she said and what he said. Meanwhile papa bears gobbles a spoon full of porridge and he runs to the water tap outside to cool down his tongue. "I just said..."she sighed. "I am sick of you both not listening to me.....I'm going for a walk" she was so angry that no one listened to her so she ran off stomping and kicking like she is the new Godzilla. The 2 bears were so scared that they ran off after her.

While the bears went for a walk in the forest, Little Miss Goldilocks (who was strolling in the forest) had found their cottage and smelt the porridge a mile away. She went in and saw the porridge. "The humans will not mind if I take a bit of it for my sick grandmother and me" when she was about to eat some yummy, delicious porridge. Momma bear bursts through the door yelling "I'm going to my mom's!!" Goldilocks was trying to hide but baby bear saw her. Who are you? "I'm your worst nightmare. Fight me brother!" Goldilocks shouts. Goldilocks had a big fight against the Bears. Baby bear was throwing the chairs and stools. Momma bear was flipping the couches and tables. Pappa bear was throwing the knives but then he realised that he could use his claws. So, he took his claws out and did a loud "SHING" Momma bear saw what papa bear was doing so she did it to "SHING" Baby bear followed "SHING"

Goldilocks had no chance. She ran in a circle and jumped out the window saying, "you will never get me alive!!!" Baby bear was confused as to why she said that. Momma bear realised that we really don't want to protect our stuff, so they sold the house and went to live in the forest where they chased humans and lived happily ever after.



The Whispering Blade



Vedant Sharma (Geet)
Year 8

Thane's fingers drummed against his upper thigh, a sign of his restlessness, a practice he made a mental note to stop. He willed Sarros to come faster, time was of the essence, and the longer he took, the more likely his 'important' information would be rendered redundant. Either way, Sarros had assured him the info would be key to the downfall of the Empire, and that was not something he could pass up on. The bar was mostly empty, containing only men who had finished their day's work, coming to wile away their problems in the depths of a tankard. He contented himself with observing an argument between the barkeep and his daughter, who acted as a waitress in the pub. As he fingered the food with his fork, catching words here and there, he allowed his eyes to wander around the bar, absorbing any information he came across.

He faltered on a woman leaning on a wall in the opposite corner of the bar garbed head to toe in black, not an inch of bare skin showing, her face an exception. That was the most curious part of her, long and angular with accentuated cheekbones, and slanted eyes, much like those of a feline. Attractive, though not in the conventional way. He continued looking around, not allowing his gaze to rest on anything for more than a few seconds, lest he miss something of importance. He continued in this fashion until he noticed that the subject of discussion between the barkeep and his daughter, was him.

They argued vociferously, the father occasionally gesturing violently towards him, with no hint of discretion. The daughter, named Arín from what he had gathered, finally spoke with a note of finality, and the father reluctantly acquiesced. The girl walked around the serving bar and directly to him, her stride resonating with confidence, and Thane braced himself. He was used to being ousted from pubs, and though he hadn't realised how the clothes he wore may carry certain connotations. Stopping in front of the chair opposite him, the girl spoke.

"Waiting for someone?"

He grimaced, "A friend, he should arrive soon."

"Then in the meantime, would you pay for-", she stopped herself, resolve gone, "Would you like any drinks?" She asked, as if she hadn't spoken anything else.

Raising an eyebrow, Thane declined. They thought he was a hoodlum. It wasn't unexpected, he thought the girl walked away, but the words still stung.

Pay attention

He was used to the voice now, though he didn't fully trust it. He continued scanning the bar for signs of threat, and his gaze again rested on the mysterious woman.

The enigma drew the lustful gaze of many a man around the bar, though Thane's was not of ardour, rather one of curiosity. The woman had also seemed to realise this, and as their gazes intertwined, she smiled, beckoning-

PAY. ATTENTION.

He broke the contact, twisting around to see what had riled up the voice so, while simultaneously pulling down his hood and reaching for his dagger. This was not the first time it had happened. He scanned the area behind him, looking for any signs of threat. He noticed muttering coming from behind him, but he was focused on eliminating the immediate-

LISTEN TO ME!

He cringed from the noise, nearly falling from his chair. It was as if someone was screaming into both his ears, and as the ringing abated, he realised that the woman had crossed the bar and drawn closer, muttering some sort of incantation from behind him. He sighed, he knew something like this might happen, but Sarros seemed trustworthy, and he had hoped tonight would be peaceful. He turned to face her, pulling out his dagger, when he saw a flash of steel descend towards his shoulder.

Move

He twisted his body, hooking his foot into the leg of the chair as he flung himself off, letting the dagger fly past him, embedding itself in the seat of his chair. He had a full view of the witch now, and swung his dagger at her wrist while she still held her weapon. With superhuman speed, she pinned the blade of his dagger against the hilt of hers, twisting her wrist in ways that shouldn't be possible. She was more than a fearsome warrior, she was something else entirely. Either way, Thane was sure he could beat her. His confidence did nothing to diminish his caution, however, and he was hesitant to enter an all-out battle, lest he scare away his informant.

Nevertheless, Thane darted around the table, grabbing the fork he had been eating, and holding it as he would his dagger.

Pay. Attention.

The voice was starting to get irritating. He was almost certain that it was the woman using some powers of witching to disorient him, but he wasn't sure. The voice had helped him so far. He quickly spun around, deciding there was enough space between him and the witch to do so, and chanced upon several men creeping towards him, brandishing maces and sabres alike. There were too many for him. 3 in front, 2 supporting them from behind, 2 each on his right and left, and a dozen more pouring into the bar. 7 and 10 in total. Too many for him. This was it. He was going to die.

Fight.

With a sigh, Thane acquiesced, and with a flick of his wrist, sent the fork flying into the throat of the nearest thug, puncturing his pharynx before he had time to react. He pounced on his body, pulling the mace from the man's hand and wincing as blood spurted onto his cloak. He heard a grunt behind him, and swung the weapon, putting all his power behind the blow, and punished the one who had sought to take advantage of him while turning. The man's ribs crumbled before the mace, and he let out a deathly scream, blood surging from his mouth, and once again, onto Thane's cloak. Now he was mad.

Hurry.

Okay. Time to wrap this up. He pounced on the nearest man swinging the mace downwards as they collided, feeling the man's skull collapse, and turned on the next man. This was going smoother than he thought.

Shick!

This thought was interrupted as a dagger pierced his chainmail hauberk through the back, stabbing through bone and ligament alike in his shoulder and let out a cry, wrenching himself around to face his assailant, a grimace stuck on his face. His expression was met with a grin from his buck-toothed attacker.

Complacency kills.

He flung the fork out of his still working hand towards the man beside the buck tooth, simultaneously twisting the mace out of his right hand, the corresponding arm hanging limp beside him. As the man fell, he fainted right with the mace, drawing the overconfident man to attempt to knock the mace out of Thane's unsteady hands, bringing the thug's downfall. He savoured the feeling of the blow, enjoying the pain he had wrought. That made 3. Blood poured from his shoulder, dampening his clothes and spirits alike. A sense of drowsiness overcame him, and as he turned around, it was replaced with dread. 10 more men approached him, the rest brawling with the ones who hadn't left in the background, as well as the enraged barkeep and his daughter. "IF YOU ARE TRUE", he yelled to the voice in his mind "HELP ME NOW".

As the men circled him, he remained faithful, though the responding silence soon enveloped him in hopelessness. His vision began to blur as the amount of blood in his body became dangerously low. His eyes finally closed, and he heard the distant cry of the barkeep's daughter, and the ensuing roar of the barkeep. The sound roused something in him, and as he could not open his eyes, he opened his mind.

Sana Vulnus Cito

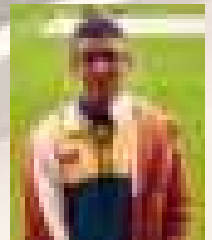
The voice, before alien, now came from Thane, entrancing him, resonating within the deepest recesses of his body, making every muscle within him vibrate with vigour. His eyes flashed open, and he saw the turned backs of the thugs who now cornered the barkeep, still protecting her daughter to the end. With a beastly roar, he flung the mace at the head of the closest, with his - now uninjured - right hand, embedding the weapon within his skull, and drawing the attention of the gangsters who hadn't been alerted by his cry. He glanced at the barkeep, still behind the counter beside his unconscious daughter, and as their gazes connected, he nodded at the bear of a man, signalling towards the exit with his eyes. Diverting his attention back to the men, he snarled, aware that mere adrenaline would not win him this battle. His dread returned, albeit only briefly, before being replaced by anger.

His death was certain, and it would be a heroic death at that, but not here, not today. With that thought, he lunged at his next victim.





THE LABYRINTH'S GATE



Ryan Barman
Year 7

Corin ran in the labyrinth, the stench of the beast signifying that it was only getting closer. The monster ran in strides, travelling at alarming speed, which also caused it to tire often. Corin used this to his avail, but he didn't know how much longer he could keep this up...

He stumbled, his legs burning with exhaustion. The pizza, his last lifeline, was finished. He had rationed it carefully, but it was never enough. He was weak, his energy sapped by fear and hunger. He could feel the monster's presence growing stronger, its breath a hot, humid wave that washed over him.

He had tried multiple times to find a way out, but each time more unsuccessful than the last, and after a week of this cycle, Corin wasn't sure how much longer he could do this. Despite being a champion in athletics at his school, Corin wasn't sure if he had it in him, but he was desperate to stay alive. He would do whatever it took.

But then, as he rounded a corner, he saw it. A faint glimmer, like a beacon in the darkness. He rushed towards it, hope flickering in his chest. The light grew brighter, revealing a small, wooden door set into the wall. He reached for it, his fingers trembling with anticipation.

The door creaked open, revealing a narrow passage. He squeezed through, his heart pounding in his chest. The passage led him to a small, circular chamber, lit by a single flickering torch. In the center of the chamber, a figure sat on a stone throne, a crown of twisted vines resting on its head.

The figure turned, its eyes glowing with a strange, ethereal light. "You have found me," it said, its voice a low, rumbling whisper. "I have been waiting for you."

Corin, his heart pounding, knew he had found more than just a way out of the labyrinth. He had found the creature's lair, the heart of its power. He had found the key to his escape.

But what would he do?

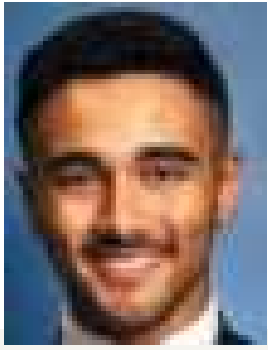
Would he fight the creature, or would he try to negotiate? Would he try to escape again, or would he face the unknown, the creature's power, and the fate that awaited him? The answer, he knew, lay in the depths of his own courage.

"Corin decided that if he wanted to survive, he would have to do this. But he knew that something might happen along the way, killing him anyway. But Corin knew that if he wanted to save himself from this labyrinth with no solution, with walls covered in the monotonous shades of grey constantly reminding him of how he was never free, he must escape this place.

Mustering up all the courage to keep going, Corin asked the glowing figure: "What is it I must do to get rid of this monster?" Take this key. Use it and try to defeat the guardian of the vault, which is the place where you can escape from this place. You will regain all your strength and health, but you will have to fight the monster alone." It said, handing it over to Corin, who quickly nodded and ran. He inserted the key and a chamber opened, and Corin instantly felt all his energy rejuvenated, ready for battle.

Corin ran towards the monster, and punched it square in the jaw. While it was distracted from the blow, Corin took a moment to analyse the battlefield, and found a sword on the ground. However, the monster was not going to give up so easily, it ran towards the sword and was about to take it, when Corin found something else: a flashlight.

He shined it into the beast's eyes, startling and temporarily blinding it, which gave Corin enough time to throw the flashlight at the beast and take the sword out of its hands. The two battled until finally Corin emerged victorious. A gate opened, showing him the last few steps leading him back to the world, and Corin barely took two seconds to remember the bustling streets of New York, where he had come from. Without a second thought, Corin threw away his sword, and ran back to his home.



Anshul Baruah

THE EXPAT ASSAMESE COMMUNITY & ITS YOUTH

When the Editor, Chintanu Moha asked me to submit something for the Gogona this year, I thought that I'd truly lean into what (little) journalistic capabilities I had and write about what I valued about our Assamese community here in NSW/ACT.

In keeping with the journalist/media trend, the title of this article is probably a bit misleading and definitely "click bait" worthy. This is because it assumes that I, as a younger member of the community, speak for everyone in my age group or generation. This is far from the truth and while I believe that many would share similar sentiments about the community, I am conscious of the bias that my experiences would create in writing this piece.

What do I value the most about our Assamese community?

The thing I appreciate most about our Assamese community is the people, many of whom I still struggle to believe aren't actually related to me by blood. If I think about it, 24 years ago my parents braved the move halfway across the world without any direct family here in Sydney, to start a life that would not only be better for them but for me and my younger brother Anay as well. However, my reality is that through my childhood I have never felt this distance growing up in a foreign land, because of all the Jethai's, Mahi's, Moha's, Borta's, etc., that we would visit frequently. Whether we were on the way back home from one of my earlier cricket games or just on a family drive, we seldom came home without dropping by someone's place - "Saa a'cup khabole". This was also reciprocated by people who would drop by unexpectedly for their cups of tea and hour-long "5-minute chats". In the context of my friends at school that would "drop by Mr. and Mrs. Smith's place for tea and crumpets on the 29th of February 1 month from today at 5 pm", it's no wonder how these impromptu hangouts fooled a young Anshul into believing that members of our community were more like an extended family than friends.

This close familial bond I felt with others in the community was reinforced throughout my childhood by the more formal interactions we had with members of the community. Organised weekends away to Canberra and Cooma were a staple growing up and I can't remember exactly everything we did but I do remember the warmth and belonging I felt spending weekends at the houses of members of our extended family, the NSW/ACT Assamese community. To this day, when traveling through certain cities I still feel a desire to drop by "Saa a'cup khabole" to rekindle some of these feelings of belonging.

These were not to be outdone by special occasions in the Assamese calendar, which would see our community come together and celebrate significant cultural events such as Bihu. Just like Christmas, New Year's, or Easter are all significant holidays in the Australian calendar, our 3 Bihu's are also dates that I eagerly await to come around. While it is safe to say that over time the so-called "production value" of our events has developed in line with our ever-growing community, memories of everyone coming together to celebrate are what I'll always remember. Some of my most special moments from Bihu weren't what happened on stage but rather the silly things that took place behind the scenes. I remember getting together with friends, nervously practicing our skits, dances, and songs for the weeks leading up to Bihu. I remember meeting up with my friends after our performances in some back room of a Dundas church, to discuss all the difficulties of being a kid in the world – all of which was happening while Umesh, Akki, Aniss, and I discovered we had an extra 'luci' / 'rooti' at the bottom of the piles of food we packed onto our dinner plates.

Our Assamese community has also played a special role in connecting me to a land and culture from which I have derived many of the values that make me who I am. While my parents were the ones responsible for teaching me what to do, being surrounded by people that shared these values helped reinforce the positive traits about Assamese culture. After all, that's the benefit of growing up in a multicultural society like Australia, right? Being exposed to many different cultures, taking the best bits from these cultures to help try to form my own identity.



Reflections on what could continue to grow engagement with younger generations

As I round out what I have come to appreciate and value about our Assamese community here in NSW/ACT, I thought I might add my two cents on what I think could help sustain the engagement we have with younger people in our community.

1. Engagement through participation:

- I remember years ago when Ma and Deta (no doubt in collusion with the parents of many of the other participants) coerced us into doing the play, dances, songs, or MC events.
- At first, this was met with groans from me and many of my friends, but looking back those memories and shared experiences with friends are a big part of what keeps me coming back to Bihu.

2. Simplicity is key (Complexity disincentivises involvement).

- As I look over time (and maybe this is a product of growing up), the world becomes less black and white and a lot greyer. I've had the fortune of 7 years now in the professional working environment (11 years if we count my part time role at Bunnings), which has shown me that the second complexity creeps in, people's desire to be involved and proactive within an organisation decreases.
- Amongst my friends, we often discuss a lot about suggestions for Bihu and things that we liked / disliked but that's where this process stops.
- The thought of having to devote another night to a formal AGM or communicate this to committee members that they seldom cross paths with can cause this feedback to be lost.

3. The Communication gap

- The normal form of communication for me with Bihu events is very simple. Mum tells me to keep a Saturday in April free because that's when Bihu is. When reflecting on why many of my friends have reduced their engagement with the community, sometimes it does come from as simple as missing information/not having the details of events being passed down to them.
- Checking personal emails might have been great in the past but I definitely feel between my Facebook, Instagram, WhatsApp, texts, calls, and work emails – checking my personal email proactively falls down the priority list

Now I completely appreciate that many of these problems require us (the younger ones) to be more proactive in many instances. We have been branded as the lazy generation (which isn't without its merit) but here are just two thoughts I had on how engagement could be improved amongst the next generation of torch bearers for our community.

Suggestion 1: Better representation of younger members of our community in official proceedings.

- Now it's not fair for me to say that younger people don't have the opportunity to be more involved with the community.
- However, this comes to a point raised above. The complexity and politics associated with forming committees/elections all act as disincentives for younger people to engage with the process.
- We are all navigating tricky periods of our lives with new jobs, friend circles, and relationships which make being a part of these committees less appealing compared to those that have reached a more stable period of their life.

Suggestion 2: Modernising communication channels and giving the responsibility of managing these channels to younger people within our community.

- It appears that there are instances where younger people are missing out on information being passed down. This is because many of us rely on our parents to pass on news or don't check our personal emails regularly enough.
- It's not to say our community doesn't have social media accounts, but with the demands of older adult life being significantly higher than that of a teenager fresh out of High School – it's hard to see why there wouldn't be a couple of creative souls or Instagram gurus within our community who can lead the charge of the community's social channels.
- There's also the other perspective that whoever does such a role could use it as something to buff up the work experience component of their CV before applying for jobs/internships next summer!
- For this latter system to work, autonomy would be needed for these people to run the platform as they see fit. By trusting responsibility onto individuals in the younger community, you do feel more involved with the community in an easy / low stakes environment – if the Instagram message comes out a day late – it's not the end of the world.

A Final Thought

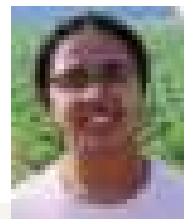
Our community is very special to me and shaped me to be who I am today. While it would be wrong of me to assume that I speak for everyone in the younger generation, I do know that these sentiments are shared amongst many in our younger generation. The warmth and support that I have had from all community members, growing up is what makes our community special – well for me at least!





My Vaishno Devi Experience

Tucked away in the breathtaking Trikuta Hills of Jammu and Kashmir is one of the most revered and religious spiritual destinations, drawing millions of devotees each year. This sacred shrine is dedicated to Mata Vaishnodevi, a venerated incarnation of Goddess Durga. It is located within a natural cave that houses three pindis (rock formations), representing the divine trinity of goddesses: Maha Kali (Goddess of Strength), Maha Lakshmi (Goddess of Wealth), and Maha Saraswati (Goddess of Knowledge). Pilgrims embark on a scenic 12-kilometre trek from Katra to reach this holy temple, creating an experience that is both physically rewarding and spiritually uplifting.



Prajna Gupta

Our recent adventure began with an overnight train ride to Jammu, followed by a scenic drive to Katra, a lively town that serves as the gateway for pilgrims. As we started our ascent to the temple, we were greeted by picturesque views along the path, accompanied by the uplifting chants of devotees calling out “Jai Mata Di” as they made their way up the hill. The route was vibrant, with shops offering a delightful array of colourful offerings and traditional snacks, adding to the lively atmosphere of the journey.

Once we entered the main walking trail, we noticed several modes of transportation available from Katra to the Bhawan, the main Vaishnodevi temple. While my entire family chose to trek on foot, my Aita decided to take a palki, as she would get tired, and the walk was quite long. As we set off, the adventure of our trek had truly begun. In the first half hour, our spirits were high, and we moved swiftly along the path, the chatter and laughter filled the air. However, as time passed and the trail gradually became more challenging, tiredness started to creep in. We could all feel our legs growing tired, and our pace had slowed. We decided to take a short break to hydrate and recharge, soaking in the beauty of our surroundings as we rested.

We hiked up the path for four hours before arriving at the top of the mountains, where we were pleasantly surprised by the incredible landscape. After that, we had the task of climbing a steep path and 206 stairs to reach our overnight accommodation. After a few hours of rest, we prepared ourselves and headed down to the Bhawan. Upon arriving, we joined the line to enter the temple. Since there weren't many people, the line moved quite quickly.

As I approached the front of the line, I caught my first glimpse of the three sacred pindis. The air resonated with the rhythmic chants of fellow devotees, creating an atmosphere of deep spirituality. I feel truly grateful for the chance to witness such a revered and spiritually enriching temple. Without a doubt, it was a remarkable and awe-inspiring experience. The entire Vaishnodevi journey is one that I will treasure forever.



MY VISIT TO THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES (UAE)

Last Summer, I had the opportunity to visit the UAE for five days, and it was a trip I will never forget! From the moment I landed, I was in awe of the city's blend of modern architecture and rich culture.

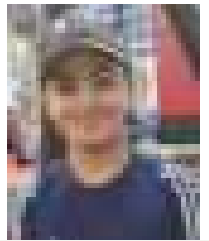
Our journey started with a warm welcome at Dubai Airport, where we were greeted by a few friendly local Emiratis. After checking into our luxurious hotel, we headed straight to sleep to prepare for the next lengthy day.

After getting dressed and having a quick breakfast at a cafe in the hotel lobby, we took a taxi to Dubai Miracle Garden. I was amazed by how breathtaking these pieces of art were. There were massive Smurfs, a gigantic genie from Aladdin and even a life-size Emirates plane, all of them embedded in colourful flowers! I also tried the famous Dubai chocolate, which was spectacular.

Then we decided to have lunch, which was delicious cheesy pasta. After that, we headed to the Dubai Butterfly Garden. Surprisingly, we were able to hold the butterflies and take many pictures. At first, my brother and I weren't enthusiastic about this place, until we arrived. There were many types: small, big, colourful, black and white. There were even moths, which I thought were a bit peculiar as they aren't really butterflies.

We spent the next three hours in Dubai Mall, shopping and exploring the stores, which were full of amazing products. Then, we headed outside of Dubai Mall to see the fountain shows, where we also got an amazing opportunity to get a view of the Burj Khalifa light show. After this, we went to the Dubai Mall parking lot, where we were stranded for the next 45 minutes due to the biggest line I have ever seen! After getting out of that mess, we grabbed a taxi to go to Global Village.

Global Village is an area with 30 pavilions for 100+ countries where you can shop, explore, eat, and have fun while learning about other countries' cultures. We walked around until we found a great Turkish restaurant to eat dinner at. After that, we continued, our stomachs full from that filling dinner. Exhausted, we returned to our hotel, showered, and slept.



Vyyom Kachroo
Year 7



Next Day, early in the morning, we got ready, caught a taxi and journeyed to the Burj Khalifa. When we got there, we made our way to the top of the building to experience the wonderful view from what is the tallest building in the world. As we were in the elevator, travelling up to the top floor, I could feel the air pressure getting tighter in my ears. There wasn't much at the top except a few cafes and gift shops. After that, we set out to go back to the hotel but then we decided to take a stop at Palm Jumeirah Beach to look at what it has to offer. We strolled along along the shore only to find a food shop, where we had some of the most refreshing juices in my life! Then we just wandered around a bit. Then we took off to our hotel again.

After a few hours, it was time to get ready for the New Year's Eve party at the hotel. Once we arrived at the dinner hall for the New Year's dinner, we immediately rushed to the tables where all the food was, as we were exceedingly hungry. The room was extremely decorative with lights and the waiters also gave us amusing accessories to wear while we ate and party. They even hired a professional singer to sing many famous songs while we ate. Then we went to the top floor of our hotel to watch the fireworks to celebrate New Year's Eve.

On the third day, in the morning, after getting ready, we ventured towards Old Dubai (Al Seef) to go to see Dubai Museum of Illusions. First, we went to have breakfast at a nearby cafe. Then we entered the Dubai Museum of Illusions. It was quite interesting to try and figure out all the puzzles on the sides. There were many fun activities and rooms like the Vortex Room, the Infinity Room, the Tilted Room and the Chair Illusion Room. Fun fact: we were the first visitors to enter the Dubai Museum of Illusions in 2025!

After this, we had to rush back to the hotel to get ready for the desert safari that we had booked. Once we got back to the hotel, we immediately changed and were outside, ready for the driver to pick us up. When he came, we braced ourselves for the long 45-minute drive ahead of us. When we reached Sharjah, where we were going to do our desert safari, we went to do our first activity which was camel riding. It was quite scary as camels are very tall. Next, my brother and I went to do ATV racing on a rough sandy racecourse. It was remarkably fun except we did get stuck a few times. After a bit of that, we decided to do our desert safari. We got in the car and drove off into the dunes.

If you ask me, the driving part wasn't that fun, but it was a good experience. It also didn't feel the best when we were going up and down. We stopped in the middle of our journey to take some pictures and try out some sandboarding. Sandboarding is fun but it is a bit hard to get that balance that you need to travel long enough on it. Then we went to travel back and go to the camp. At the camp, there were live shows like a fire show, a belly dancing show and a traditional Emirati dance show. We then got served a delicious multicultural dinner and dessert. We also tried some Emirati doughnuts which tasted delicious, especially with the syrup it is served with. After everything and despite the immense traffic, we headed back to the hotel. Next day, we woke up early in the morning to go to Al Seef again for an Old Dubai tour. First, we had a quick breakfast at an Emirati restaurant, then we went to meet our tour guide, alongside many other people. Our tour guide introduced himself as Saif. He showed us around Old Dubai by showing us what the Sheikhs in the olden days used to live in and making us try traditional Emirati coffee. After that Saif showed us the port where they used to trade with other countries and where the Britishers had attacked them. He then took us to what was a Smart Police Station, where you can get free coffee and play some video games in case of an emergency. Soon after, he took us to eat traditional shawarma and falafel and some soft drinks for lunch. We took a boat across a lake to travel to the spice markets and the gold markets, where there were much more than just spices and gold.

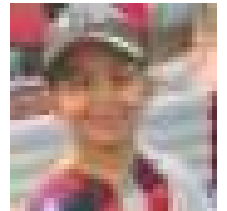
After around 20 minutes of trying to find a taxi, we found one and went back to the hotel to collect our luggage for we were going to Abu Dhabi for a day. We waited for around 15 minutes for our driver to come, and when he did, we excitedly jumped in the car. An hour later, we reached the capital of the UAE. Checking into our hotel, we quickly changed and headed outside to catch a shuttle bus to Ferrari World. Because of the immense queues, we only got to do one ride. We left with no doubt we would come back the next day. We had dinner at a restaurant nearby to Ferrari World and went straight to sleep at our hotel.

On our fifth and last day, early in the morning, we woke up, got ready and immediately proceeded towards Ferrari World in a shuttle bus. We advanced to the reception bench to get a "Quick Pass" which would help us skip queues for rides. As soon as possible, we went for the bigger rides first, and soon we were enjoying ourselves. We soon took a break to have popcorn. We finished most of the rides, and then it was time to leave. We were planning to travel to see the Sheikh Zayed Grand Mosque. When we arrived, we had a quick lunch at a shop stand near the mosque. After a long walk, we finally reached the mosque. It was quite crowded and dull from the outside, but on the inside, there was so much more to see. Grand chandeliers, stained glass, furry carpet, it was spectacular! After admiring the inside, we exited the mosque and had a filling dinner at Burger King at the mall next to the mosque. After catching a taxi and going back to the hotel, we got ready for bed and slept instantly.

We left the UAE embedded in sadness but gratefulness as well to have experienced this wonderful event. Each day had been a new chapter, and I felt grateful for every moment of this unforgettable trip.



Budding Artists



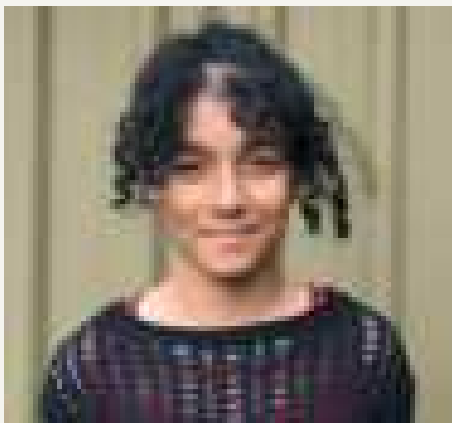
Sammar Kachroo
Year 3



Budding Artists



Alo Adhikary
Year 6



Prakriti Borua (Meek)
Year 7



Budding Artists



Jasmine Chowdhary
Year 4



Audrie Hazarika
Year 3



Mt. Uluru, the world's largest rock monolith, is sacred to Australia's Aboriginal people.



Jaya Chowdhary
Year 1

PEOPLE, PITHAS, AND PROSE: COMMUNITY AS THE CURE

Annual trips to Assam in childhood were simple. These were all-too-brief reconnections with extended family, an excuse for extra screen-time, a respite from school, and of course, festivities and dietary indulgence. In my mind, it was a distinctly separate place.

The cognitive dissonance that comes with being born there, growing up here - and not fully feeling like having a place on either soil – was something that was always in the back of my mind.

As first-generation immigrants, we are well aware of this condition. This diagnosis may show symptoms of disorientation around identity, poor navigational skills to 'home', and mercurial tastebuds. This condition is more common than you'd think with over 30% of Sydneysiders having been born overseas (as of 30 June 2023, ABS).



Diya Goswami

My mum often recounts her after-school hangouts with the kids down the street, round the block, and growing up together on campus. Only now are they scattered across the globe, but back then, the local chaat stall or park were their shared memory-making places. I sometimes felt this was lacking from a more individualistic, transient Western society in suburban Sydney.

I would diagnose this dissonance as disconnection. A diagnosis for which the remedy was, in fact, quite straightforward: learning. Learning about our culture, the social glue of customs and traditions – from thalis and teatime to weddings and birth rites – has helped me find my place in it all.

In recent years, they've transformed to be almost definitive and clarifying.

1. Identity is relative.

An extremely fond memory is attending my cousin's wedding back in 2022. The first of the grandchildren to be wedded. She married someone from Raipur - the capital of a central Indian state – though lush with forestry but still foreign (to me). It was in this setting that our Axomiya-ness stood out. It was in the contrast of the Bollywood flaunts and the Bihu flairs, or the overwhelming curry spice with the memory of a milder tenga back home. It was in the reconnection with distant sisters – also growing up in Western worlds of the UK, US, or even UAE – yet finding common ground in upbringing, shared beliefs, and even spirituality. There was a sense that despite the distance, there really was something that moulded us together – in the continuation and co-mingling of our cultures into the 21st century West.

It's only when I stopped to reflect that I realised a version of this existed right before me the whole time!

2. Creating culture.

The designated hang-out was no longer the local chaat stall but a late night Maccas run. The friends down the street became the mates round the next suburb. Together, we've defined our own community – with the best bits of Aussie and Axomiya culture – as well as building our own traditions and customs.

So, in an individualistic Western society, that urges its participants to always maintain a line of sight on career progression and personal fulfilment – maybe the creation of our own culture is the cure to the 20-something-year-old-born-there-raised-here condition. Maybe community is the grounding force: for cohesion, identity, and belonging. Maybe community is the cure.

3. Community = cure.

While my wedding may not end up exactly like the grand affair of my cousin in Raipur, and the next puja here may not be like your mum's neighbourhood one, it's our own creation and honouring of customs that keep culture, and in turn, identity alive. It's the annual Bihus followed by the afterparty at someone's house or the Maccas run that all belong to us, that define and clarify our place in it all.

So, while this is not a prescriptive cure – it's barely a complete diagnosis – it is perhaps; a breath of gratitude for the found-family in Sydney; an ode to the concerted effort put into continuing the learnings that ground us; and just some prose for the pithas and people that make up our created community.



Experience of a lifetime



Rashmita Goswami

21st September 2013 will be etched in my memory forever. Fear grips human minds in such a way that everything around us seems like a blur. Not knowing how much longer we will live entangles us with a series of emotions which is difficult to express. This incident left several fears and thoughts behind in my mind. Some thoughts still keep haunting me to this day. Will I ever feel safe again amidst these terrorists who may strike again at their will? What do I want to do and achieve before I go? Experiences like this come with tremendous learning for people like us who have always felt very protected and were happily living our lives.

So this is what happened that day. Surajit and I drove into the Westgate Mall in Nairobi that Saturday morning, like any other weekend. We walked into the mall without specific plans; we just intended to relax and spend quality time together. We decided to watch the Shahid Kapoor movie 'Phata poster Nikla Hero' in the evening, which had just been released that weekend. Before collecting the tickets, we headed towards 'Java coffee House' to enjoy a sumptuous breakfast. It was a cafe on the topmost floor of the mall and was filled with customers that day; each one engrossed in their conversation over cups of coffee. On a regular day, we would have gone to another cafe downstairs, but something brought us here that day, and in retrospect, that one decision probably saved our lives.

After placing our orders, we sat there chatting as we waited to be served. However, just a sip later, the whole mall went berserk with loud noises. Surajit held my hand, pulled me, and started running. I was still in a trance, not realizing the danger that hit us. We ran towards the adjoining terrace, trying to safeguard ourselves from the source of the deafening and terrifying sounds of the gunshots. We jumped the high wall and ran faster than usual, our bodies seemed to be doing their best to save themselves from the impending danger. But our attempts seemed to be in vain as the terrorists were advancing towards where we were.

The gunshots now seemed to be moving nearer; for all of us, it seemed like the end. But the supernatural power called 'God' had other plans for us. We retreated into the coffee house and slowly and steadily moved around, looking for a hideout. I managed to find a small cupboard just big enough to fit me in. Surajit shoved me inside, not bothering about his safety. And just in time, we were guided into the coffee house kitchen by their employees, whom we are overly grateful to. There, in a small area surrounded by a refrigerator and cartons and boxes to shield us, we lay quietly in wait, a group of about 15 to 20 people piled on top of one another, unaware of how much longer we would have this precious gift of life.

Just listening to the continuous firing and knowing that the predators might barge in at any time and make us their prey made us find consolation in each other. There were elders in wheelchairs and babies crying around, and we were all helpless, at the mercy of the scavengers. We kept waiting to die, all the time praying to the Almighty to save us. Like a miracle, some policemen came to our rescue at that very instant through the fire exit attached to the kitchen. At the beginning, we found it difficult to trust them as they were in plain clothes and decided not to open the door. But after some convincing and having left with no choice, we obliged. Endangering their own lives to rescue ours, they finally led us to freedom. Freedom from the fear that had gripped us for almost 2.5 hours, freedom from those terrorists who that day killed several innocent people.

Once on the street, we just kept walking away, feeling much safer than ever on the streets of Nairobi. We took a cab and reached my aunt's place, and once there, I stayed put for the next two days, too scared even to step out. For an unknown reason and by the grace of God, some of us still lived to tell the tale. Even today, when I go to a mall, there is a fear that some terrorists might strike again, but I guess that is life, and we all have to live on until the end beckons. So many lives were lost that day and continue to be lost in these wars of hatred. But it is also true that the worst situations bring out the best in people, maybe there is hope for humankind after all!

DESI TIRAMISU – A REFLECTION



Pia Gupta

For the longest time, she had considered herself an Assamese. Yes, her *Axomiya* was pitiable and yes, she was yet to master the dynamic hip sway-to-hand coordination innate to *Bihu* dance, but she was Assamese. That is what she chose to believe despite the disapproving grimaces she received from *Pehis* and *Pehas* back home after she unintentionally harassed them into speaking in English, or worse, their broken but lovable '*Assamese-Hindi*'. Proudly flaunting her Assamese heritage to all who asked her the incessant "where are you from", only recently did she feel the tug of a troubling thought when a well-intentioned aunty rebuked her confidence by proposing to her that her cultural identity was apparently decided by her paternal heritage.

Her paternal side, you see, was a *UPite* – a fact that, much like her ability to drape a *mekehele chador*, had always remained somewhat of a mystery to her. It seemed trivial. After all, Assam and Uttar Pradesh (UP) are both states within India, in close geographical proximity and separated only by the majestic *Ganga* and *Yamuna* rivers. For those of you who have ever flown from Delhi to Assam, you know it's a breathtaking two-hour plane ride embellished with overhead views of the Himalayan ranges. Yet, the 120 minutes translates into a stark divide in culture, food, traditions and societal expectations. Previously, this had been sufficient consolation to keep her secure in her Assamese roots but the guilt of treacherously claiming that she was half "North Indian" without caring to be specific was starting to gnaw at her. But it wasn't her fault, right?

After all, whenever she mentioned UP, she would immediately feel compelled to follow it up with where it was. And eventually when the other person realised, she would be encountered with a response that was a combination of subtle pity and stereotyping as conservative and rigidly vegetarian (as if her love for *maasor tenga* would allow this!). Accepting one was from UP felt miserably out-of-place in a community where everyone seemed to be either Punjabi, Tamil or Gujju, with their own cliques. Wasn't it better to just introduce herself as a 'North Indian'? At least, that way she could experience the automatic approval attributed to Punjabi's for their food or the cosmopolitan status invariably entrusted to *Delhiites*.

Realising that she could not dodge this feeling of cultural dissonance forever, she attempted to seek reconciliation for her ignorance. How? By impulsively approaching her aunts and uncles whom she had squirmed to come up with topics to discuss about in the previous years. She also decided that it would be wise to visit Uttar Pradesh for herself and so, armed with nothing but stubborn curiosity and her mother's response to her curiosity "*too much time to waste*" ringing in her ears, she did exactly that on one of her trips to India.

Arriving in UP was both validating and overwhelming. The kaleidoscopic array of zesty *chaat* decorating every alley proved to be a welcome change for her tastebuds, yet it simultaneously made her reminisce the mild flavours of the *doi seera* and *pani pithas* that she was accustomed to. UP was its own beast to conquer she soon found out, as she struggled to produce the local Hindi accent, making it fairly obvious that she was an outsider which resulted in inevitable overcharging at every store she visited. As she spent more time with her father's side of the family, she was astonished by the warmth, hospitality and eagerness with which she was welcomed, values that her Assamese companions held dear. And somewhere among the local tales, vibrant bazaars and the buzzing hum of daily life, she began to unravel her own mysteries. She finally began to understand where her obsession for *parathas* originated and why she had always been drawn to the imposing architecture of Indian palaces. The charming tales of Krishna which she had embodied in various dance recitals became all too real when she visited temples where local legends claimed Krishna still dances surrounded by his *gopikas*.

So yes, the *chai* here was spiced differently, but its comforting warmth was unchanged. The language spoken by her loved ones differed, but the kind hospitality they shared was equivalent to that of their Assamese counterparts. And she realised, the answer to her cultural angst had been in front of her all along. She was, coffee-soaked ladyfingers interspersed with mascarpone cheese, or rather, an Assamese layered with decadent Uttar Pradeshia flair and topped with a dusting of Aussie charm – a *Desi Tiramisu*!





THREE MODERN ASSAMESE NOVELS AND MY PERSPECTIVE

We often see nostalgic posts on popular social media platforms about '90s kids- how their childhoods and entertainment habits were different because '90s kids grew up without the internet, cable TV and social media. For many, reading a novel meant for adults was as much fun as today's kids having a social media account without parental approval. In those days, most of us were studying in Assamese medium schools. We were not proficient enough to read big books in other languages, including English, nor did we have access to literature other than Assamese. In those days, the most popular monthly periodical was "Prantik" (প্ৰান্তিক). Out of the three books that I want to talk about, two, in fact, were published as serialised novels in this periodical. Every monthly issue would bring one chapter. Today's kids perhaps cannot even imagine that one will have to wait months to know the ending of a novel.

The first novel that I want to mention here is *Antarip* (অন্তৰীপ) by Dr Bhabendra Nath Saikia. It is a story of a strong-willed woman's revolt or revenge against male chauvinism. However, it was not an ordinary tale of revenge, and neither were the steps taken for the act of revenge any usual. You may be mistaken to think that the story is all about feminism, the rise of a strong woman against some injustice. Be assured, it was not such a simple story. It is much more- there is a shade of grey in every character. Even the means to take revenge was questionable in terms of societal norms. Dr Saikia is a master storyteller: one is hooked from the first page. It transports you to the protagonist, Menoka's world, in the first few sentences. You will be immersed in her dilemmas and her misgivings. There are very few such novels that can do such magic. I read this novel on *Prantik's* pages as a teenager. I enjoyed reading it, but I barely understood the immenseness of the story at that time. Many years later, I read the novel as a book on my long flight back from Kolkata to Sydney. Only in this second reading did I understand the book completely, and I was amazed at the progressiveness of the story. If you have not read the book yet, you are missing out on a gem of a literary feat of Assamese novels.



Prof. Rukmi Dutta, PhD

Dr. Saikia wrote and published the first 3 chapters of the novel in a popular magazine of 60' and 70s' Ramdhenu. However, by 1979, the Ramdhenu was losing its shine and stopped publication, and so did the end of the first journey of Antarip. However, fortunately for us, in 1982, Dr Bhabendra Nath Saikia started his own monthly Prantik and started releasing the chapters of Antarip there. Later, in 1985, Dr Saikia produced a cinema, 'Agnisnan' based on the first part of Antarip. For this movie, he received the National Award for the best script. The movie also won the Rajat Komol Award for the best regional language movie.

The second novel that I would like to introduce here is 'Anuradhar Desh' (অনুৰাধাৰ দেশ) by Phanindra Kumar Dev Choudhury. This novel was also published in Prantik, like the 'Antarip', in a serialised manner in the 1990s. It is basically a love story but with layers of complex characters. The author initially intended to write a travelogue based on his experience in a deep-sea oil rig. However, Prantik's editors, Dr Bhabendra Nath Saikia and Pradip Nath pursued Mr Dev Choudhury to write it as a novel. The main attraction in this novel for us in those days was the glimpses of an unknown world – the fascinating lifestyle of the officers involved in oil exploration, the rise of someone from an unknown village to a world of glamour and aristocracy via the ladder of meritocracy and naturally, the romanticism of great love. For some time, I wanted to read the novel again since, by now, it came out as a full-fledged popular Assamese novel. The author, Mr Dev Choudhury, also won the Bisnu Rava Award for this novel. I got the chance to read it again when my cousin, poet Dr Prayag Saikia, presented the book to me this December. I started reading it during my long flight back from Hyderabad to Sydney. This time around, my impression of the book altered a bit. Perhaps with life's experience and exposure to a world beyond what I imagined while reading 'Anuradhar Desh' on Prantik's pages, the book lost some charm for me. If we remove the layers of complex characters, the story is simple. Perhaps it is not the literary gem that I once imagined it to be. However, I am sure it will still be fascinating and charming for many and surely can stand equal to many other modern Indian popular novels.

The third and last novel is 'Asimat Jar Heral Seema' (অসীমত যাৰ হেৰাল সীমা), perhaps the most well-known novel in Assamese pop culture. It was written by Bhuban Muhan Barua, who wrote under the pen name Kanchan Baruah. The novel was published in 1945, and its lasting popularity for the past eight decades speaks volumes about its legacy. There will be very few novels that can claim such a feat, especially in Assamese literature. It is a fantasy novel that combines an imaginary world with reality, a historical depiction of a bygone era. Romanticism, heroism, sacrifice for love, for country – you name it, you will find it in 'Asimat Jar Heral Seema'. It has all the ingredients of a popular novel, and it is commendable of Mr Baruah to combine these ingredients in such a perfect mix in those days, i.e., in 1945, when perhaps the definition of 'pop culture' was not even known. It's adaptation as a drama by Kohinoor Theatre, first in 1983 and later again in 2008, also contributed to keeping its charm alive in Assamese pop culture psych. I did not have a chance to enjoy these adaptations, but I read the novel as a kid. It did not appeal to me on those days because of its tragic end. But it did draw me towards Kanchan Baruah's other novels. My favourite is actually 'Mrito Bihang' (মৃত বিহংগ). I still love reading this novel, which was written with a hint of satire combined with innocent situational comedy. We find some of those situational comedies and the writer's presentation style of them also in Asimat Jar Heral Seema. Kanchan Baruah's style of writing makes him one of the greatest and popular novelists of all time, especially in Assamese literature.

A few years ago, I read 'Asimat Jar Heral Seema' again to see whether I find it more appealing now than in my teenage years. Of course, it has not lost its charm to me; it is still equally enjoyable, and naturally, now I am much better equipped to stomach the tragedy. In fact, the main story ended with hope for the future, although we were shown the ruins of that hope at the end of the novel. So, for me, it remains a novel with tragic ends.



স্বাগতম নৱাগত

Welcome, New Families!



Dr Ankita Sarma & Preetham Shiva Kumar

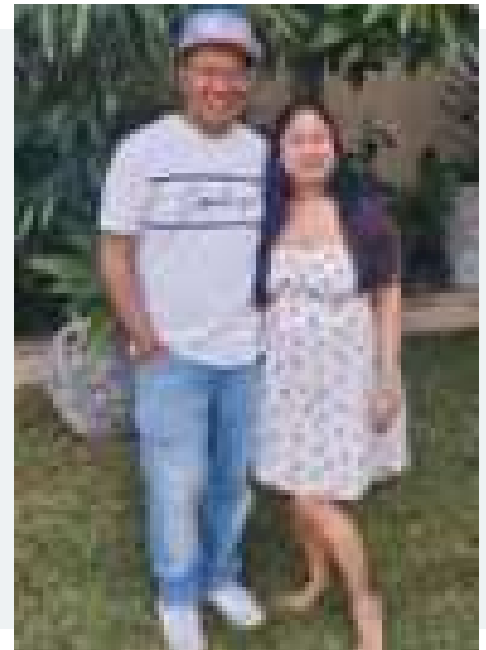
Dr Ankita Sarma and **Preetham Shiva Kumar** recently began an exciting journey in Australia after their wedding earlier this year. Originally from Tezpur, Assam, Ankita works as a doctor at a public hospital in Newcastle, while Preetham, from Bangalore, is an engineer with a Sydney-based company. The couple now resides in the serene lake town of Belmont.

Though adjusting to a new country comes with challenges, they embrace the opportunities and cherish staying connected to their cultural roots. Joining the AAA has brought them a sense of belonging, and they look forward to celebrating festivals, sharing stories, forging new friendships, and contributing to the vibrant community—all while keeping the warmth of home alive, no matter the distance.

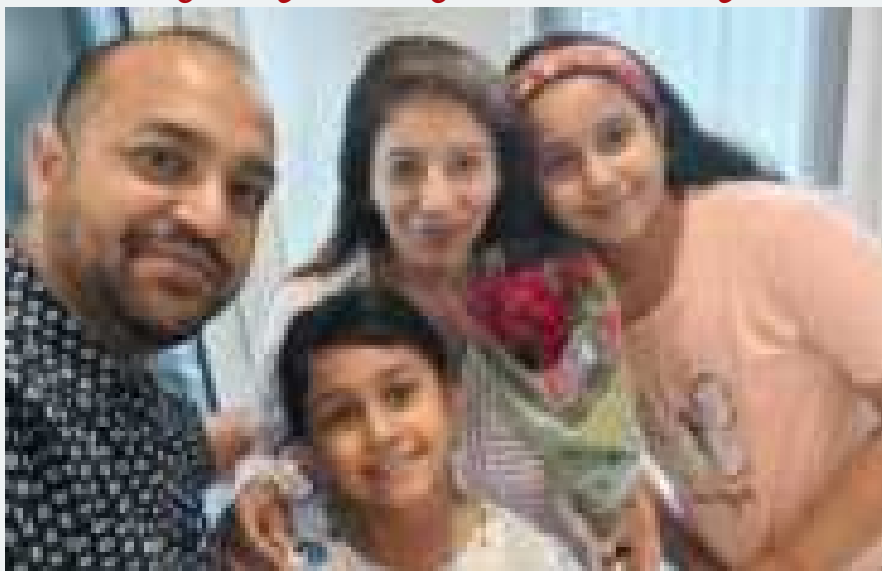
Biswajit Baruah & Manimie Kaushik

Biswajit Baruah and **Manimie Kaushik**, a couple from Jorhat, Assam, now proudly call Rosehill in Sydney home. Biswajit has been living in Australia since 2006, while Manimie joined him in June 2023 after their marriage. They officially became part of the community last year.

Professionally, Biswajit works as a Senior Tax Accountant and Business Advisor, while Manimie is a dedicated Childcare Educator. Together, they share a passion for travelling, discovering new destinations, and embracing diverse cultures.



Sandeep Singh & Deepa Shrestha Singh



Sandeep Singh and his wife, **Deepa Shrestha Singh**, who only recently joined the Assamese Association of Australia (AAA), have been living in Australia since 2018 while proudly holding New Zealand citizenship. Originally from Digboi (Assam), and Kathmandu, respectively, they have built their lives both personally and professionally in the country.

Sandeep is a Mortgage Broker and Real Estate Sales Associate, running his own business after previously working as a Lending Manager with Westpac. Deepa works in Quality Assurance. Their daughters, Shreyovi (10) and Sharnah (7), are in Year 4 and Year 2.

Ratul Talukdar & Mamoni Barman



Ratul and Mamoni Talukdar have recently joined the Australian Assamese Association NSW (AAA), although they have been living in Australia since 2011. Their roots, however, remain deeply embedded in the vibrant culture of Nalbari, Assam. Over the years, they enjoyed living in some of Australia's most picturesque cities, including Brisbane, Wollongong, and, most recently, Newcastle. Ratul works as a Mine Geologist, while Mamoni in the community services sector.

Their two daughters, Saanvi (9 years old) and Taanisha (7 years old), bring immense joy to their lives and share their parents' love for Assamese culture. Both girls keenly participate in Bhaxaghar (an Assamese Language school run from Sydney)-sessions, cherishing the opportunity to connect with their heritage and learn about their cultural roots.

As a family, the Talukdars are excited to be part of the AAA. They look forward to celebrating the Assamese culture and traditions with us all, while fostering a sense of community and belonging among fellow members.

Angshumala Sarmah & Nandan Das

Angshumala (Anshu) Sarmah and her husband, **Nandan Das**, moved from Hyderabad to Sydney in 2020, just before the Covid pandemic, and have recently joined AAA. Anshu is from the culturally rich town of Tezpur in Assam, while Nandan grew up in Mumbai. They now call Artarmon home, living with their two boys, Angad (Year 9) and Atharv (Year 5).

Both parents balance busy careers—Anshu works in Knowledge Management at Deloitte, while Nandan is with SAP Australia. When not managing work and school, the family enjoys chess battles (where the boys often emerge victorious) and indulging in Uber Eats—a habit that has Nandan joking about taking up a "work from home" role with Uber!

Though new to the community, Anshu and Nandan are eager to connect and contribute. They find it heartwarming to see such a close-knit group so far from home and believe regular meet-ups will help foster stronger bonds.





নৱজাতক

Tiny Tots !



নীল কলিতা

(Neil Kalita)

জন্ম: 24 চেপ্তেম্বৰ 2024

দেউতা : প্ৰাঞ্জল কলিতা

মা: নীলাক্ষী চৌধুৰী

এমন তালুকদাৰ

(Aemon Talukdar)

জন্ম: 7 জুন 2024

দেউতা: অভিজিৎ তালুকদাৰ

মা: জীনা তালুকদাৰ



ৱেদাংশী ফুকন

(Vedanshi Phukan)

জন্ম: 6 জুন 2024

দেউতা: অমিতাক্ষ ফুকন

মা: শ্ৰাৱণী ফুকন



আগষ্ট্যা সাহ

(Agastya Sah)

জন্ম: 9 মাৰ্চ 2024

দেউতা: ৰাকেশ সাহ

মা: বেনজীৰ ছুৰইয়া

কিয়ান বৰা

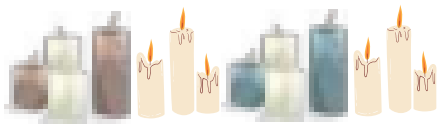
(Kiaan Borah)

জন্ম: 7 মে' 2024

দেউতা: সৌমাৰ জ্যোতি বৰা

মা: বেদাহী গগৈ





শ্রদ্ধাঞ্জলি



লোহিত চন্দ্ৰ শৰ্মা

জন্ম: 31 আগষ্ট 1946

দেহান্ত: 21 আগষ্ট 2024

♦ স্বৰ্গীয় শৰ্মা ছিডনীৰ গ্লেনউড নিবাসী
শ্রীমতী মেঘমল্লিকা (মেঘা) শৰ্মাৰ পিতৃ



দুলাল দত্ত

জন্ম: 10 অক্টোবৰ 1943

দেহান্ত: 14 ডিচেম্বৰ 2024

♦ স্বৰ্গীয় দত্ত গ্ৰানডিল, ছিডনী নিবাসী শ্রী
আশীষ দত্তৰ পিতৃ



নিৰ্মলা বৰা

জন্ম: 25 ডিচেম্বৰ 1949

দেহান্ত: 24 ডিচেম্বৰ 2024

♦ ʼ বৰা ছিডনীৰ কেলিডিল ৰিজ
নিবাসী শ্রীমতী গীতাঞ্জলি বৰাৰ মাতৃ



অজিত চন্দ্ৰ ফুকন

জন্ম: 12 মাৰ্চ 1939

দেহান্ত: 23 জুলাই 2024

♦ স্বৰ্গীয় ফুকন কাৰ্লিংফৰ্ড, ছিডনী
নিবাসী শ্রী সন্দীপ ফুকনৰ পিতৃ

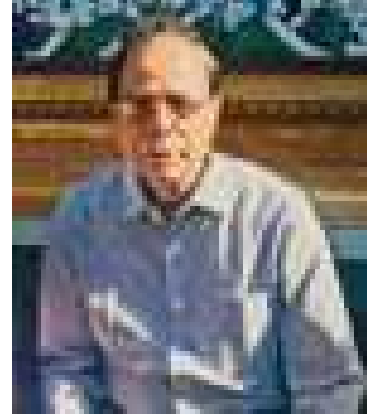


চামিউল আলম

জন্ম: 3 জুন 1947

দেহান্ত: 20 চেপ্তেম্বৰ 2024

♦ স্বৰ্গীয় আলম ছিডনীৰ বক্স হিল
নিবাসী ম. চাব্ৰেজ আলমৰ পিতৃ



হিমেণ চন্দ্ৰ ভট্টাচাৰ্য

জন্ম: 7 নবেম্বৰ 1946

দেহান্ত: 11 ফেব্ৰুৱাৰী 2025

♦ ʼ ভট্টাচাৰ্য ছিডনীৰ হেৰিংটন পাৰ্ক নিবাসী
শ্রীমতী শ্ৰুতিধাৰা কৌশিক (মাৰ্স্পী)ৰ পিতৃ



ঘনশ্যাম বৰুৱা

জন্ম: 12 অক্টোবৰ 1943

দেহান্ত: 28 ফেব্ৰুৱাৰী 2025

♦ ʼ বৰুৱা ছিডনীৰ উইনষ্টন হিলচ্
নিবাসী শ্রীমতী ৰঞ্জিমা বৰুৱাৰ পিতৃ



চন্দনা দুৱৰা

জন্ম: 25 মে 1948

দেহান্ত: 11 মাৰ্চ 2025

♦ স্বৰ্গীয়া দুৱৰা কেনবেৰা নিবাসী শ্রীমতী
নন্দিতা মাথুৰৰ মাতৃ



মুৰ্ত্তম প্ৰমোদিনী দেৱী

জন্ম: 20 মাৰ্চ 1956

দেহান্ত: 5 মাৰ্চ 2025

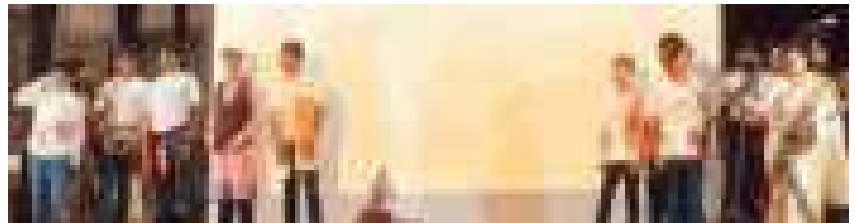
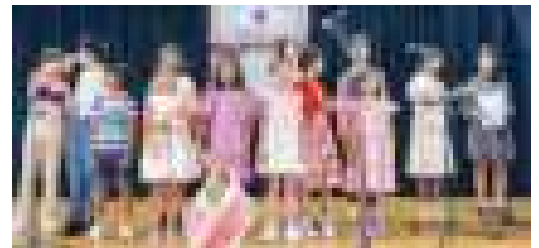
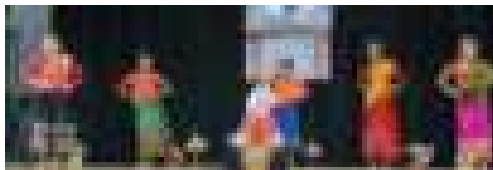
♦ স্বৰ্গীয়া দেৱী কেনবেৰা নিবাসী শ্রীমতী
নন্দিনীৰ মাতৃ

Magh Bihu 2025

Event Highlights:
Through the Lens

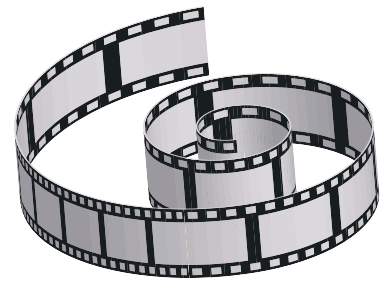


Literary & Cultural Meet 2024

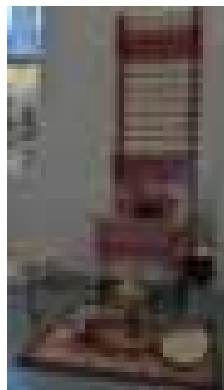


Rongali Bihu 2024

Event Highlights:
Through the Lens



Other Community Events



MAKING STORIES

BY PREMUT ADHIKARY

HERE I PRESENT A COLLECTION OF STORIES BASED ON THE MAKING OF THE SOSONA, THE YEARLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY ASSAM ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA. FOR THE SAKE OF SIMPLICITY, A TOTAL OF ONLY FOUR CHARACTERS ARE ILLUSTRATED HERE. YOU SHOULD BEAR IN MIND THAT THERE WERE MANY MORE MINDS INVOLVED. THIS IS NOT AN ACCOUNT OF HOW THE MAGAZINE WAS DEVELOPED, BUT RATHER A SELECTION OF CHERRY PICKED EVENTS CURATED IN A MANNER SO AS TO PROVIDE AN ENTERTAINING INSIGHT TO THE READER.

ENGLISH IS A VERY FUNNY LANGUAGE. THE AMBIGUOUS NATURE OF THE TITLE MIGHT LEAD SOME READERS TO INTERPRET IT AS I AM MAKING UP THESE STORIES.

AS LONG AS IT'S ENTERTAINING ...



CHINTANU

THE EDITOR FOR SOSONA, RESPONSIBLE FOR COMING UP WITH THE 2025 EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE



SANTANA

EX-EDITOR OF SOSONA AND AS CONSULTANT FOR THIS YEAR'S MAGAZINE



SONNE

ART DIRECTOR FOR THIS YEAR'S SOSONA, RESPONSIBLE FOR OVERALL AESTHETIC



PUTAI

GRAPHIC ARTIST, TASKED WITH REALISATION OF ART DIRECTOR'S COMPLEX DIRECTION

A COVER STORY



ONE FINE SEPTEMBER MORNING...



A THEMATIC STORY

TODAY I WANT TO FINALISE A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION

WHY IMPORTANT?

BECAUSE THIS DECISION DETERMINES THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE WHOLE MAGAZINE WILL FOLLOW

I AM TALKING ABOUT ITS THEME

OH THAT'S EASY IT'S GENU

NO GENU IS WHEN THE MAGAZINE IS RELEASED

A THEME ON THE OTHER HAND GIVES THE MAGAZINE A COHESIVE FEEL

SO WHAT'S THE THEME?

MINIMALISM? WHAT DO YOU ALL THINK?

I LIKE THAT IDEA IN ART LESS COLOURS PROVIDES MORE CLARITY

YES TO LESS COLOURS

SO LESS CONTENT FOR THE MAGAZINE?

LESS CONTENT ON A PAGE

IDEALLY ONE POEM ON A PAGE INSTEAD OF FIVE CRAMMED TOGETHER

DO WE WORK WITH LESS BUDGET?

NO WE ARE NOT GOING TO SETH ON BUDGET

ANY MORE QUESTIONS?

DOESN'T LESS COLOURS MEAN LESS COST TO PRINT?

NO WAY

LIMITED COLOUR PRINT WILL MAKE THE MAGAZINE LOOK A NEWSPAPER FROM THE 80S

NOT THAT OF COURSE BUT WE CAN HAVE

PLEASE HOLD THESE FOR ME

THANK YOU VERY MUCH

A SELECTION STORY

ABOUT 50 SUBMISSIONS RECEIVED FOR THIS YEAR'S MAGAZINE

OF COURSE NOT ALL OF THEM CAN BE PUBLISHED

SO WE HAVE GOT THE HARD JOB OF SELECTING THE ONES THAT DO GET PUBLISHED

I HAVE PRINTED OUT FIRST PAGE OF EVERY SUBMISSION

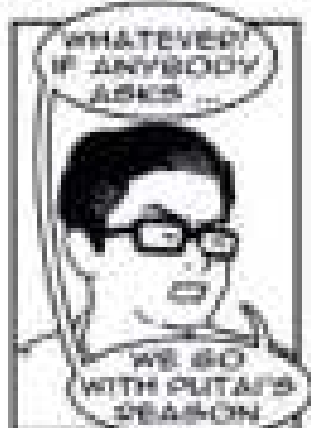
I LIKE THAT IDEA

IF WE CAN'T EVEN GO FAST THAT REJECTED

ENOUGH YES THAT'S THE IDEA

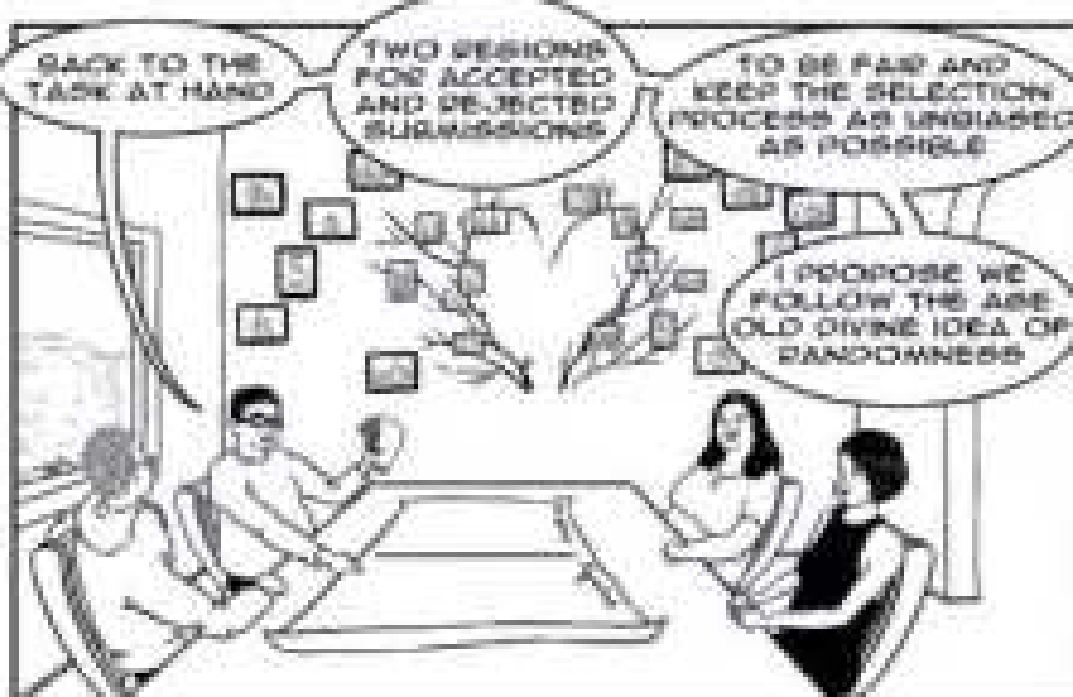


YOU JUST WANTED TO SAVE ON PRINTING INK



WHATEVER! IF ANYBODY ASKS...

WE GO WITH PUTA'S DESIGN



BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND

TWO REGIONS FOR ACCEPTED AND REJECTED SUBMISSIONS

TO BE FAIR AND KEEP THE SELECTION PROCESS AS UNBIASED AS POSSIBLE

I PROPOSE WE FOLLOW THE AGE OLD DIVINE IDEA OF RANDOMNESS



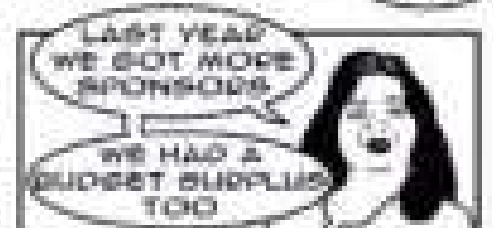
RANDOMNESS? HOW??

I TOSS ALL SUBMISSIONS IN AIR

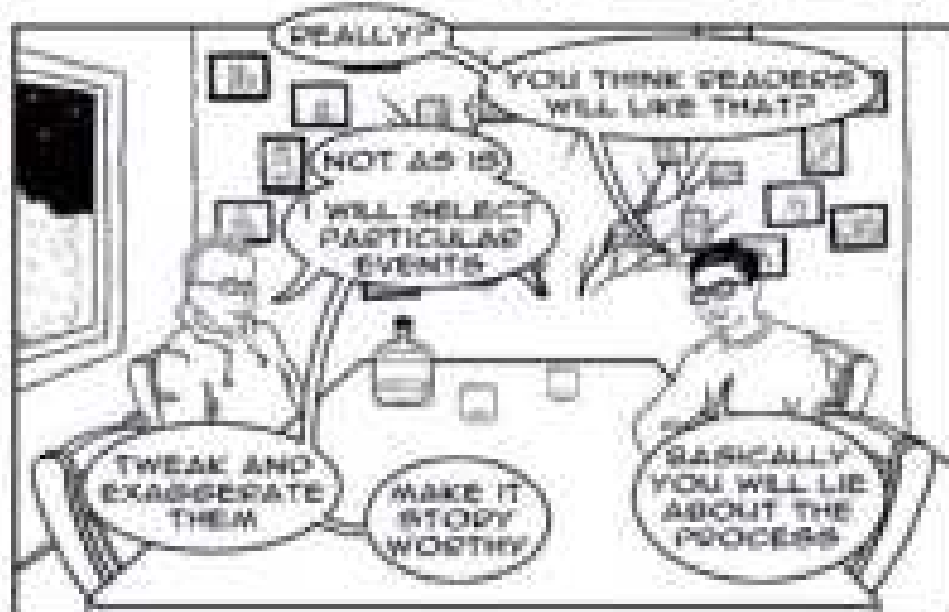
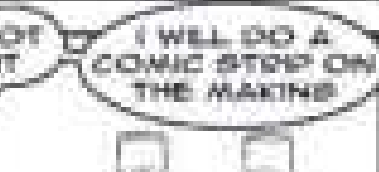
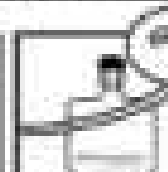
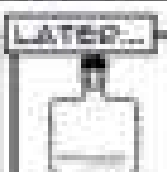
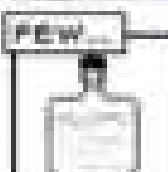
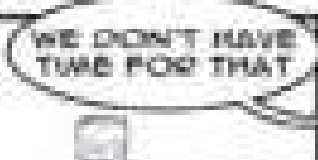
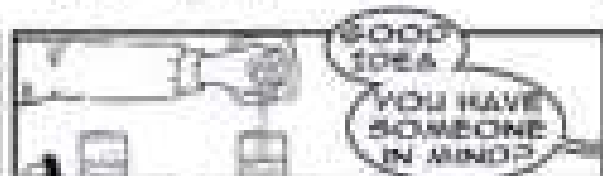
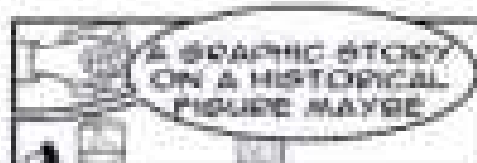
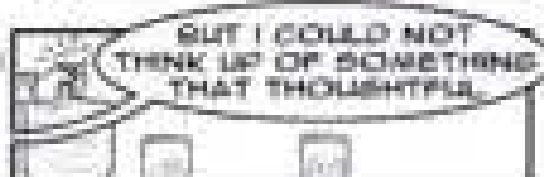
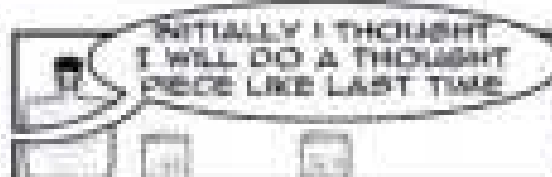
SELECT THE ONES THAT LAND IN ACCEPTED REGION

Putah

A BUDGET STORY



A SUBMISSION STORY





বঙালী বিশ্ব আন্তরিক শুভেচ্ছা!

Thinking of making Australia home?
We provide immigration assistance
& offer legal advice.

www.dmsmigration.com



Amitava Deb
Director
Registered Migration Agent
(+61) 415 882 542

Our Services

- Skilled Migration Visa
- Skills In Demand Visa
- Partner Visa
- Parent Visa
- Citizenship
- Skills Assessment
- National Innovation Visa

