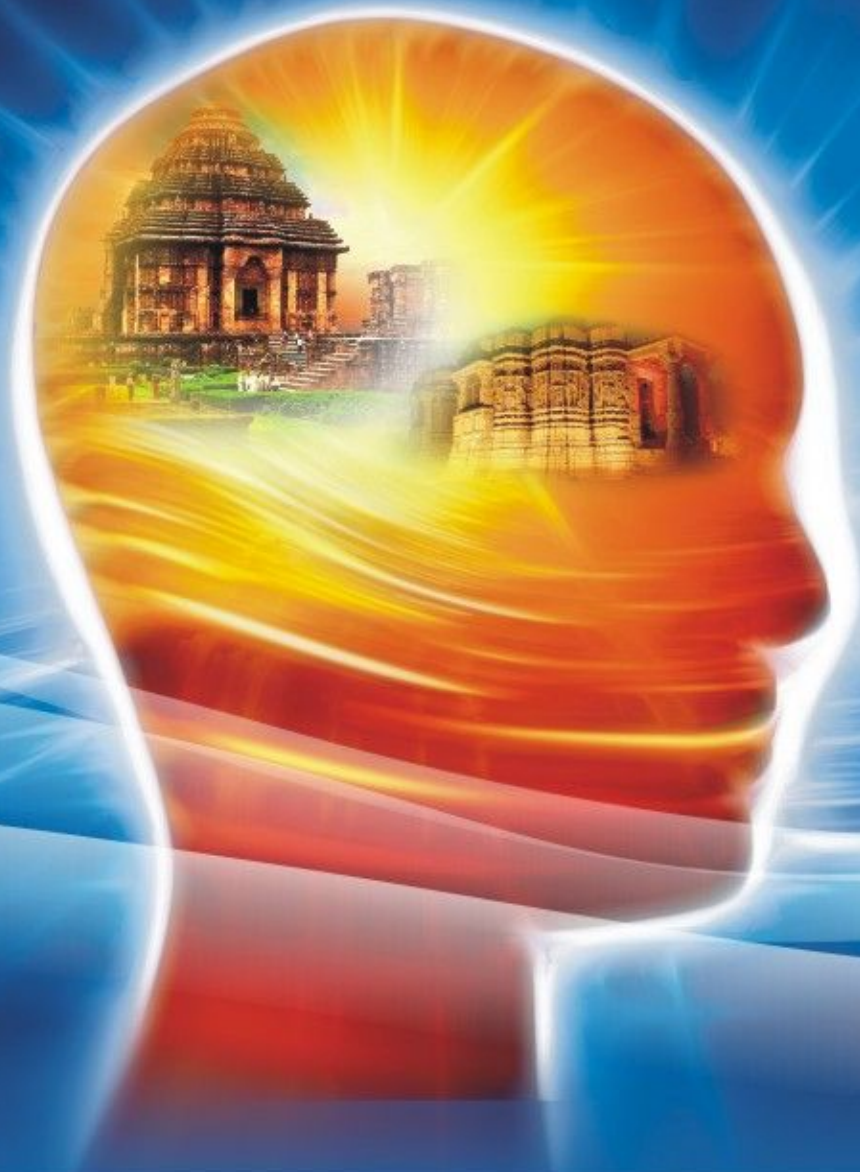


# Spandan



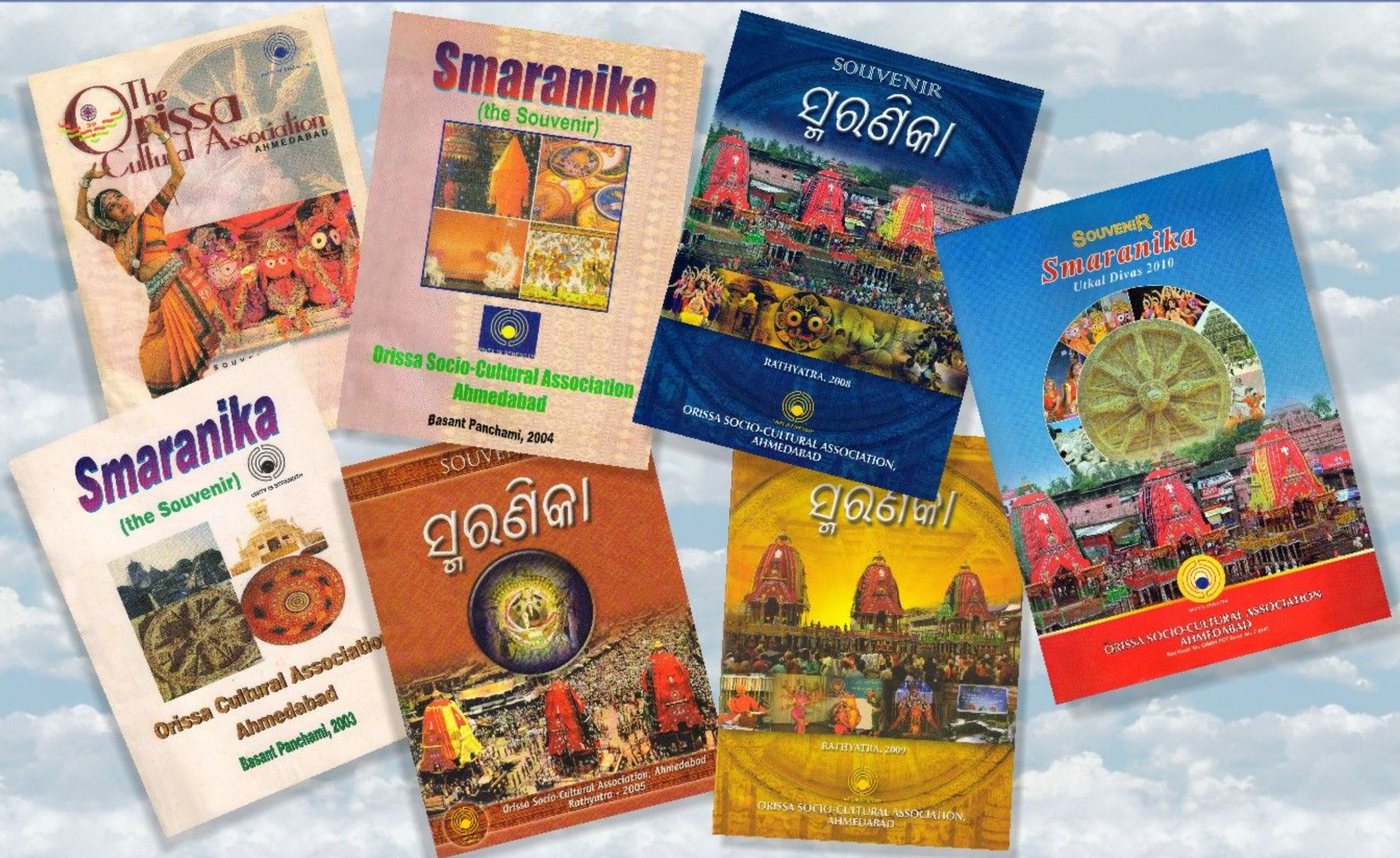
An Initiative of Orissa Socio-Cultural Association, Ahmedabad



# Spandan

What is Spandan? Spandan, literally, means heartbeat. It also stands for vibration, motivation and pulsation. When a heart beats, it signifies the continuation of life. The beating also means action. The Odiyas, who live in Vibrant Gujarat, feel their hearts keep beating for doing something worthwhile for society. There is spiritual vibration in them and they are spontaneously motivated to showcase their talents and skills on a pulsating platform — a forum where their ethos, credos and emotions flow together in one direction to underline their identity as a community to be reckoned with. Spandan, in print, is a reflection of their positive attitude towards society at large.

# LOOKING BACK: COVER PAGES OF SOME OF OUR PAST SOUVENIRS



A new journey has just begun:  
from Smaranika to Spandan...

# Spandan



Rath Yatra 2012



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**Printed at:** Papu Printers, 12 Gajanan Estate, Nr. Idgah Police Chowky, Dariapur, A'bad Tel: 079-22123947

**SPANDAN circulation in-charge:** Shanta S S Patra; E-mail: [shantabsdl@gmail.com](mailto:shantabsdl@gmail.com); cell: 08905005045

Total number of pages: 84 + covers

Printed and published by Orissa Socio-Cultural Association, Ahmedabad. c/o General Secretary, 211, Samaan II, Opp Reliance Petrol Pump, 100 ft Ring Road, Anandnagar, Ahmedabad – 380 015.  
Phone: 079-40063294. E-mail: [orissahmedabad@gmail.com](mailto:orissahmedabad@gmail.com)

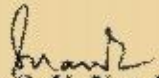
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### **The mission is to add quality to living**

Spandan, that connects hearts and compresses feelings of people who are like minded and have a sense of identity, is getting into orbit very soon. The cult of Jagannath which believes in uniting all and making all feel like subjects of the Almighty, is also intertwined with this Spandan package that will get distributed to all on their palms and that is how the Jai Jagannath journey will spread in this part of the globe as well. The effort of OSCA in Ahmedabad to spread this movement is ultimately aimed at bridging the gap, reducing the distance and making a feeling of closeness and cosiness surrounded by ethical overtones and soaked in spiritual nuances of a meaningful destiny and also a role for each one of us. This complex and metaphysical worldview against the backdrop of this ethereal and empirical existence would give succour and a feeling of sigh and respite from the wear and tear of mind that is caused to those who fail to encounter it because of the forces of fear and favour.

The Trinity signifying three racial colours and Geo spaces and looking straight into all of us are the same subjects like us — they are in human form and yet teach a lot through very many stories, anecdotes, folk tales and descriptions in form of dance and drama, also scripted in books and embedded in sculptures. All these Jagannath notations will form the corpus of activities and give a solid platform to the aspiring young lot to learn, perform and spread the philosophy through their moods, feelings, actions and performances so as to make the world rich with energy and rid it of tensions and disharmony. This is the best effort by an organised lot to make all smile, feel happy, and do acts that God asks each one of us to do in the ordinary and imitable manner of living. The mission is to add quality to living than merely looking at the span of living.

  
(Dr. S. K. Nanda)

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**Dr Harish Pattnaik**  
President, OSCA



### JCARC: A new endeavour is on

It gives me immense pleasure to address the Odiya community of Ahmedabad through this particular forum. OSCA came into being in the late 70s to take care of the interests of Odiya people living in Ahmedabad and Gandhinagar. From the beginning, the association has been working diligently to celebrate Utkal Divas and organize informal get-togethers and cultural events.

A few years back, some forward-looking members of OSCA dreamt of doing something much bigger. They visualized an institution with a Jagannath temple, which would serve as a centre for spiritual and philosophical learning, develop art and culture of Odisha and Gujarat, and encourage research in socially relevant subjects with a focus on symbiotic merging of the economic and cultural interests of both the states. Thus, Shree Jagannath Cultural Academy and Research Centre (JCARC) was born. In a way, JCARC would work like a bridge between Odisha and Gujarat through many spheres, specifically art and culture, spiritual development, and skill development of rural artisans. The JCARC complex is expected to be operational by October 2013.

Building a world-class institution that places equal importance on both tradition and modernity is a great challenge. I strongly feel that we can achieve this ambitious goal by encouraging inclusiveness and greater participation from our members. This journey is continuous. And I urge each and every member of the association to participate in this exciting journey wholeheartedly.

This year, we have added another feather to our cap by relaunching the souvenir. It has got a new identity. In its navakalevar, it is named 'Spandan'. I am confident that in the years to come, 'Spandan' will create positive vibration in the minds and souls of all Odiya people living in Gujarat and will be the true mouthpiece of OSCA while reflecting on the two very vibrant cultures of Odisha and Gujarat. My best compliments to the editorial team. They have made this possible through their relentless efforts and sacrifices and excellent team work.

Thanking you all.

*Harish pattnaik*  
Dr Harish Pattnaik





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## It's Time For Change

In October 2005, a senior bureaucrat serving in Gujarat metaphorically hinted at an idea of building a culvert if one wanted to cross to the other side of the channel in order to reach the destination. What he meant was that if we really wanted to create a landmark in our adopted state, we must find a way to overcome the funds crisis. Taking a cue from his inspiring speech, some of our Odiya brothers and sisters took a lot of pain in marshaling their efforts to organise three fund-raising events — in April 2006, April 2010, and May 2012. Today, we have reached a certain milestone, and are moving steadily towards our cherished goal of seeing the JCARC complex in place.

The Orissa Socio-Cultural Association, Ahmedabad (OSCA) has been a connecting force among Odiyas in the city for over 30 years. Since its inception in 1979, it has grown in strength in terms of membership enrolment and funds mobilisation, and expanded its activities and outreach programmes. Over the years, OSCA had been bringing out its annual souvenir (Smaranika) which served as a platform for Odiyas. Now, as the association is building its ambitious JCARC, the editorial team thought it would be a fitting tribute to the community if the souvenir is brought out in a more professional and organised manner. Thus, the idea of finding a name for it and creating its own identity was born.

After marathon brainstorming sessions in our quest for a suitable title, we decided on 'Spandan'. The spirit of the word dovetails into the interests of OSCA. We expect Spandan to be an interactive forum where our Odiya brethren can voice their feelings and views. We also hope that Spandan will reflect on the political, social and professional aspirations of Odiyas living in Gujarat. For us, it is a remarkable period as it is being launched in an election year in Gujarat. And the occasion could not be more apt than Rath Yatra, which binds people of Odisha and Gujarat.

As we venture into this new journey, we acknowledge with gratitude the sustained efforts of **Mrs Sarbaree Tripathy** and her editorial team who kept the souvenir floating for about 15 years. The work they did over all these years gave us much fodder to think out of the box and build on the strengths they laid down.

We have divided Spandan into three sections — English, Odiya and Kaleidoscope. While the two language sections carry articles in general, Kaleidoscope looks into the life and work of the community.

You can also read the pages of Spandan at [www.orissa-ahm.org](http://www.orissa-ahm.org). We would be happy to hear from you — what you think about our endeavour. Tell us what you would like to see in Spandan in the future and how it can grow to become a force multiplier. Do write to us at: [oscaeditorial@gmail.com](mailto:oscaeditorial@gmail.com).

Happy reading! Happy community bonding!

OSCA Editorial Team  
June 21, 2012; Rath Yatra, Ahmedabad



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## Youth engagement in science need of the hour Dr. Narottam Sahoo

**A programme to help young people inculcate scientific temper in order to explore the wonder world of science and technology for societal development should be launched by socio-cultural platforms**

**O**ne thing good about science as a pursuit of knowledge is that it keeps our minds always open to the truth. Science and technology supports societal development and is the driving force that opens a future of hope for our planet.

In the 21st century, said to be the 'Century of Wisdom', advanced science and technology standards and abundant intellectual properties are the principal sources of national strength and key to ongoing development. But in this century, the natural resources are under increasing pressure, threatening public health and development. Water shortage, soil exhaustion, loss of forest, air and water pollution, and degradation of coastlines afflict many areas. As the world population grows, improving living standards without destroying the environment has become a global challenge.

The Government of India has declared 2012 as 'National Year for Science & Mathematics'. In the same spirit, the Government of Gujarat has announced that it will celebrate 2012 as 'Year of Youth Power' to mark the 150th birth anniversary of Swami Vivekananda. A series of programmes have been planned -- by placing the younger generation on centre stage - to promote learning, development, independence and social inclusion among them.

In Gujarat, Odiya associations have been providing platforms for promotion of art and culture. The Orissa Socio-Cultural Association (OSCA) is vibrant and active in

Ahmedabad. Its members have a very emotional and social attachment with their motherland and that is why they do not miss the opportunity whenever there is a programme organised by it. OSCA's mission is to encourage cultural integration, propagate Odiya tradition and highlight the commonalities found in the cultures of Odisha and Gujarat. Thus it is pertinent that we make optimum use of young talents for societal development, while they grow professionally in their chosen fields.

Like OSCA, Odiya families run the Gandhinagar Odiya Samaj (GOS) in the state capital. The objectives are similar – they aim to bring about socio-economic development in society, focusing on young people. The largest chunk of Odiya population in Gujarat, however, lives in the textile and diamond city of Surat, which is often called a 'mini Odisha'.

Hope abounds for all these associations and social platforms as the spirit of youthfulness and creativity is high. A programme on 'Youth

Young people are a source of creativity, energy and dynamism. They learn quickly and adapt readily. Given the chance to go to school and find work, they will contribute hugely to economic development and social progress

Engagement in Science (YES)' can be launched to help the youth in Gujarat and Odisha to enable them become innovative and creative thinkers for the 21st century.

This programme will enhance the science, technology, engineering, and mathematics knowledge of the younger generation, which, in turn, will reflect on their professional as well as social life. This will also ensure their overall development as pioneers, innovators, change-makers and leaders of tomorrow across the two states of Gujarat and Odisha. It will be an opportunity for thousands

of young minds to make a real difference to their communities at large.

### **A Time of Learning and Exploration**

Young people are a source of creativity, energy and dynamism. They learn quickly and adapt readily. Given the chance to go to school and find work, they can contribute immensely to economic development and social progress.

Adolescence is a period of transition from childhood to adulthood marked by (i) perceptible physical, biological and emotional changes; (ii) a need to extend relationships beyond the immediate family, and (iii) a sense of idealism, curiosity and adventure. Young people are resilient and resourceful individuals, with their own views and evolving decision-making capacities. It is the time of learning and exploring, and can be a good time to establish healthy attitude and behaviour towards life. For many, it is also a time when job skills are developed and economic life begins, although often in underpaid, unsafe or exploitative conditions.

### **Scientific Attitude Is The Key**

The Government of Gujarat is taking bold steps towards scaling new heights in science literacy in the state. The aim is to inculcate scientific attitude in the youth so that they could explore the wonder world of science and technology for societal development. Basic understanding of science and a healthy attitude towards scientific thinking not only educate the youth, but also empower them to be change-makers in society.

The youth is the future of the nation, as the younger generation tends to have higher levels of educational attainment than they had in the past. But they also require better education and more skills to compete in today's world and overcome social exclusion and poverty. The biggest reason that makes them more powerful than the rest of the society is their ability to take risk(s) for a change. They have the enthusiasm

and innovativeness to bring about change. The youth without relevant skills and knowledge can actually derail the economy and create more trouble for society. The power of youth must be harnessed properly to set the society on the path of change.

Our Odiya associations, through their various programmes and outreach activities, may develop positive assets and skills in decision-making, problem-solving, communications, conflict resolution, citizenship, and leadership among the younger generation. The more assets and life skills the youth possess, the more likely they are to become caring, contributing, and competent citizens.

The Young Engagement in Science (YES) programme will inculcate scientific temper in the younger generation to achieve the objectives of societal development. Inculcating scientific temper and awareness will help the youth have increased knowledge and life skills to effectively interact with and contribute to society by participating in formal and non-formal community-focused experiential learning experiences in supportive environments.

Odisha has a long history of its scientific outlook and initiatives in the advancement of science and technology. Biju Patnaik believed in the modernisation of society on a scientific basis. He was considered a pioneer in industrial growth of Odisha and was instrumental in establishing a string of industries. In 1951, he

established the Kalinga Prize for Popularisation of Science and entrusted UNESCO with the responsibility for dissemination of knowledge in science. The idea behind setting up the Kalinga Prize was that everyone should have at least basic understanding of science and work for societal development.

The young people are also expected to grow mentally to be competent enough to play

Odiya associations, through their capacity-building programmes and networking activities, may offer valuable science awareness and sensitisation tips to youth. This will help them engage their curiosity for lifelong learning and development



an important role in nation building. Their dedication, hard work, innovations and quest for knowledge will not only help them lead a

Our country is the most youthful nation in the world. Home to 243 million individuals aged 10-19 years, India has the largest population of youths in the world. The country's adolescents form 20 per cent of the world's 1.2 billion adolescents. In this 'youthful, human resource' lies the promise and potential of becoming a healthy, strong and egalitarian society

satisfied life but will also be their contribution towards making India a superpower as dreamt by one of the role model of the Indian youth, former President Dr APJ Abdul Kalam.

Let the power of S&T empower the younger generation so that they excel in their work for societal development. Whether we are in Gujarat or in Odisha, let our vision and mission drive us in our quest for excellence and inspire us to push our potential to the farthest so that we make our state and nation stand tall and proud in the world.

Let the young mind blossom, full of thoughts – the thoughts of prosperity.

(The author is Senior Scientist, Gujarat Science City, Ahmedabad. He is also adviser to GUJCOST. He can be reached at: narottam.sahoo@gmail.com)



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## How about making classical dance compulsory in schools

Suprava Mishra

**Dance teaches a child discipline, patience, physical fitness; it helps the student to express her inner feelings and learn more about our rich heritage**

**D**ance is the form of vibration of our body and mind. It is a form of worship through which a dancer can reach the Almighty. It is a form of yoga. A dancer can only reach this stage through the continuous training i.e. 'Sadhana'. So the child who will learn classical dance has to first undergo a hard training, which will help her learn discipline and patience - the most important factors in a child's life.

The second thing is the total body movement of a dancer so that a child has complete physical fitness and control over body. The third thing is that dance is a mode of expression of our inner feelings. So she can express herself through dance. In that way, she will develop self-belief and self-confidence. The fourth thing is Indian classical dance is based on mythology & puranas. So when a child learns dance, she is bound to know stories from the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, the Bhagvad Gita, the Shiv Purana, and books of Mahakavi Kalidas. So, in this way, she can also learn the great Indian literature. And the fifth thing is the child will learn about the rich cultural heritage of India.

We speak of culture as simplifying an all-round development of human faculties. It has been said that science is curiosity about life, art is wonder at life, philosophy is an attitude towards life and religion is reverence for life. True culture includes all these four aspects and a cultured man ought to show development along all these four lines. So it is obvious that education in aesthetics is essential, though not more than intellectual or physical education. Man can never be complete or balanced unless

his emotions are trained, developed and sublimated, and here comes in the need for introducing art in our educational curriculum as a compulsory subject. Classical dance is the highest form of art.

The true object of education is to develop human personality in all its aspects. Any overemphasis on a particular aspect to the neglect of another may lead to a kind of lopsided development, which in the long run may do more harm than good. There was a time in our educational history when emphasis was laid only on the intellectual development of the student. In those days, there

Man can never be complete or balanced unless his emotions are trained, developed and sublimated, and here comes in the need for introducing art in our educational curriculum as a compulsory subject. Classical dance is the highest form of art

was very little attention paid even to physical development. Latter they began to consider the importance of physical instruction so much so that one's proficiency in sports was given great weightage in selecting candidates for certain jobs. But man is not merely his intellect and his physical body. He is much more. He has his emotions which play a more vital part in his development and the development of his nation

than is ordinarily recognised.

Unfortunately, the development of human emotions has not received that attention. In a sense, it may be said that the present deadlock in the world affairs is, to a large extent, due to the lopsided development of human personality. All emphasis was laid on head development while the heart of humanity was allowed to starve. It is this overdevelopment of the head at the expense of the heart that has supplied the psychological basis for our modern troubles. If there had been a balanced progress of the head and heart, human nature would have developed certain

fundamental moral values which would have prevented the present world muddle from coming about. It is, therefore, necessary that the heart development of the pupil should receive great attention at the hands of the educationalists. A great Chinese proverb says: "If you have two loaves, sell one and buy a lily." The implication is obvious. Do not concentrate your attention only on food and drink, but pay equal attention to the development of your aesthetic nature.

The greatness or littleness of the nation in the future is, to a very large extent, dependent on how the youth of today are trained. In the first place, they have to become cultured citizens and help the nation express its best. The second idea at the back of an educational system properly organised must be to help the citizen to express himself as a unit of the nation to which he belongs. Each nation has a soul of its own which tries to express itself in several modes of thought and activity, and we are all, in a sense, only cells in that bigger organism. The standard culture of an eastern nation differs, on several essential points, from that of a western nation. So there is a great

The true object of education is to develop human personality in all its aspects. Any overemphasis on a particular aspect to the neglect of another may lead to a kind of lopsided development, which in the long run may do more harm than good.

national art peculiar to India. There are some special features about Indian classical dance which distinguishes it from other dances of the world. And if our youth are to be trained to be channels for the expression of our national consciousness, the training of dance we impart to them must be truly national, truly Indian in spirit. There is nothing to prevent an Indian from admiring or learning foreign dance, but the person must learn Indian dance first.

An Indian who does not care for the dance of his country cannot really understand any foreign dance, though he/she might be able to indulge in spurious imitation. We should also see that it retains its distinctive feature and that, if any change is made at all, such change must be organic, not sudden, and it must be an evolution in accordance with the heart of the national genius. So while dance should form part of our school curriculum, it should be essentially Indian for Indian students.

(The author is an Odissi dancer and writer based in Ahmedabad. She can be reached at: [supravamishra@gmail.com](mailto:supravamishra@gmail.com))



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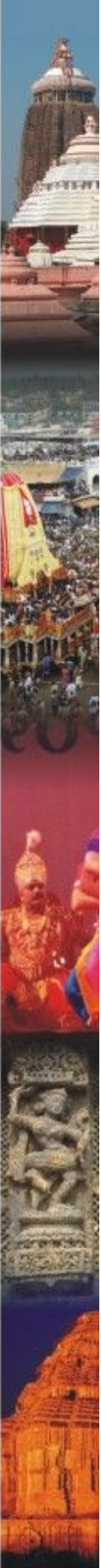
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## Past and present's here — splashed all over my wall

Sonali Pattnaik

*You may kill me with your hatefulness,  
But still, like air, I'll rise - Maya Angelou*

### The little girl now paints her life story in bright colours on her wall

**M**ore than half of my face now has parts attached to it that makes me look like a many tusked elephant. Doctor says it will help me breathe easier and monitor my heart and help send nourishment into my body. It's a Life Supporting Device. Doctor had said this to my mother, as she sobbed relentlessly a week ago. She and a bunch of other doctors tell her that I have to have one more brain surgery today and my mother looks like she needs someone to hold her up, as her knees just give in. I wish I could hold her up but I'm lying on the bed and I am tiny. They all think I am sleeping and can't understand them yet I can hear them and I can see them through my shut lids — in fact, I can see what has happened, and also what is likely to happen.

There are pipes coming out of my hands and one of the nurses plays with the pipes every day that have little needles that go deep inside of me. The pipes make me look like Durga, a goddess with many hands. Like baby Durga, who appeared in thin air before Kamsa who dashed her on the ground thinking it was Devaki's eighth child who would be his destroyer. Baby Durga must have been hospitalised when she rose from her battered body to laugh mercilessly at the evil Kamsa who had snatched her from her father's hands and thrown her against the prison wall. "Hahahahaha", she must have roared knowingly, "its not me you seek! Your killer is still alive". So did that mean that baby Durga, the human one, died so that baby Durga the goddess to escape? I wondered as the doctor explained to my mother how the chances of my survival were slim. What or who would my dying baby's body free?

I had irregular heart beats, cardiac arrhythmia and twice I gave everyone a shock

when my heart stopped beating and I stopped breathing for a whole minute each time around. The green line that appears on the screen at the end of one of my pipes went flat for that minute. And then I came back and the kind doctor smiled. I came back because she looked like my mother. She had the same big eyes that could get really big when she was worried or shocked and could become as small as slits when she was laughing. I love the way my mother laughs. I wish she would laugh with the kind doctor instead of crying but I think she is afraid of losing me. I have a bracelet around my

Mother,  
I-C-U ...  
in the  
future,  
brightly

right hand with my name on it- baby Falak- I think it also says after, the sky of her mother's horizon. How did they know, the nurses and doctors that that's what she wanted written on her bracelet? That's what she was to her mother. Not a flat green line of absolute stillness but the spread of her dreams, the blue durree to all her needs, her sky of freedom.

Did I mention that I turned three today? That may be one of the reasons Noorie is crying. Noorie is my mother, young, beautiful and so distraught. But also so determined. I inherited that iron will from her. Not her looks - although she thinks I am the most beautiful creature on earth, someone even God himself envied so much so that it made him wish he were a man so he designed to put marks all over my body. This is a memory from after. It makes me laugh when I hear her say that and I go into a convulsion. This is my tenth convulsion in the last week and it's a mighty one. I am shivering and my brain is about to explode. There's wave after wave surging in my little chest and I have surf oozing from my mouth. The kind doctor's eyes widen while the rest of her is like a calm and efficient machine as she gestures for my mother, who is

now screaming wildly and reaching out for me, to be taken out of the ICU. I-See-You. I see you, Noorie. Through the glass bauble of my imprisonment, waiting for me to emerge so you could hold me in your soft hands just as you waited on this very day three years ago for me to push my way out into your world. In this very hospital but that space had another name, not Trauma Centre, a place where both of us mattered to each other for eternity. Matter-eternity Ward.

I slip in and out of my body. Restless like baby Durga, waiting her turn to tell the world that she can't be killed by dashing. That the real hero was a boy, not a girl. Restless. My body looks like it's inside out. Normally the outside of bodies are smooth and shiny and clear and the insides are mulch. My outside is like the map of an accidental city; busy, messy and marked everywhere without empathy. It has scratches wild and open, stiches like the shut mouths of alligators, blood clots the colour of old ink and the size of amlas. There are bites and cigarette burns everywhere. I can't look at the marks - when I do they remind me of the scratchy surface of the hands of the man that used to beat me all the time. The way they would leave marks on my skin just from his holding. The marks shudder when they remember his crooked and blunt teeth as they dug wildly into my arms and legs- all of me put together was the size of this man's arms. When I howled, the whole neighbourhood heard but no-one really came to our rescue. Here I cry and everyone appears in an instant. The world waits for me to heal. Others have pity for my abuser. My mother would be punched and kicked by him and whipped with his leather belt if she tried to take me away from him as he unleashed all his hatred on me. Once I shat on the floor from fear as I watched him throw my mother at a wall. Horrified at my producing this messy evidence of my repulsion and fear of him, he threw a scalding cup of tea at my face. This time around he had dashed my head against a wall. No, I didn't fly out and hover around him laughing. Anyhow, the story is all wrong. This man was not Kamsa but my own father. And unlike that one, this story had blood and gore and

concussions. My mother managed to rush me to the hospital and the posse of doctors and men and women with cameras took over. My body is a map of all that. I open my inner eye. My insides have been haemorrhaging since.

I don't notice my mother in the mirror as I pick up my salwar to examine the signs of cruelty that enmesh my skin still. The wounds have healed. My mother places the plate of food she was holding on the bed and sits down and looks at me like an admiring lover. I pull my kameez down shyly and turn around. "Falak ka matlab asmaan hota hai, aur asmaan pe jab chand ya suraj nikalta he, ya jab taare chaa jaate hain, ya phir ghane baadal gher jaate hain, toh asmaan aur bhi khubsoorat dikhti hai," she says in her magical voice as she breaks a little roti and dips it in some kheer and feeds me a bite. I smile with my mouth full. I ooze some sweet kheer which she wipes away. It's my sixteenth birthday and she has bought me a kalamkari duppatta. I drape it and wonder at how beautiful I actually am. I pick up my bag and we both get on a rickshaw as we head to the organisation where she works and I learn and help out at. It's called 'Anhad'; maane 'limitless', without borders. This is where she went to resurrect her life after she won the case against her husband for child battery and domestic violence with their aid. Anhad is our second chance at life. This is where my mother found her second husband and I found my real father. Like Vasudev, he was my non-biological father and would hold me tight if an evil villain tried to take me away from him. This organisation believes in providing support to victims of violence, irrespective of gender, caste, age or sexuality. Here I have learnt to paint and question and I paint and question everything I see with the colours that ooze out of me. I have even painted the wall of our house with the narratives of our lives.

'Falak ka matlab asmaan hota hai, aur asmaan pe jab chand ya suraj nikalta he, ya jab taare chaa jaate hain, ya phir ghane baadal gher jaate hain, toh asmaan aur bhi khubsoorat dikhti hai'



I can see all this with my inner eye. This is our future, Noorie, I want to say to my mother who peers at me helplessly from the glass window of the I-C-U. I see you, past. I see you tomorrow.

Falak, meaning sky, was the name of two-year-old girl who was admitted to AIIMS Trauma Centre in New Delhi on January 18, 2012 with a fractured skull and human bite marks on her body. She was brought to the hospital by a 15-year-old girl who had claimed to be her mother. She was admitted with a fractured skull, broken arms, human bite marks all over her body and cheeks branded with hot iron. The doctors monitoring the baby said it was intense experience and that even in the trauma centre they had never seen a baby in such a condition. Baby Falak died on March 15, 2012 after a cardiac arrest, her third in three months.

Baby Neha Afreen, allegedly battered by her father for being born a girl, passed away

in a hospital in Bangalore on April 11, 2012. The baby suffered a heart attack and despite all efforts, she passed away. The doctors said Baby Afreen suffered severe internal bleeding, brain haemorrhage and had convulsions from having been banged and thrown around for weeks. She also had burns and bite marks on her body. Her mother Reshma Bano has vowed to ensure her husband is brought to justice. There have been arrests made in both cases.

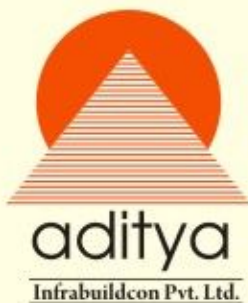
● *This piece is dedicated to the memory of Falak and Neha Afreen and to the possibility of a world free of violence.*

(The author writes and teaches literature and film. Based in Mumbai, Sonali is currently pursuing research in gender and cinema and paints and writes in her spare time.

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## Language of the graveyard

Dr. Kumudini Padhi

Life can be snatched away at any time, and at any age, says the author

**D**eath comes in many ways — by accident, disease, even while enjoying life or while fighting on the field of like a hero; in a sweet dream, at any time and at any place. The Bhagvad Gita says, "Old cloth leaves the body to give it a new one. This, say gurus, is death. But the poet has compared death with a mirror. The religion of life is reflected there. Without death life is incomplete. That is the only absolute truth. Lord Buddha asked for a handful of mustard seeds by which he could give life to the child but they should be from a door where death has never knocked. Alas! The doors were all shut on his face. There was not a single door where the death bell was never heard, so he consoled the child's mother thus: Life means a living body — followed by death. Death will surely come one day. So we should welcome both life and death. Young Abhimanyu died in the battlefield. He was the son of the great warrior, Arjuna. He was the nephew of Lord Krishna. Why, Yudhishthira asked Saint Vyasadeva, did Abhimanyu die when his body was not old cloth which had to be replaced? Why was young Abhimanyu sacrificed? Why did his atma leave his body which was not an old house? The answer is, death never differentiates between old and young. It can come any time. If we accept this simple truth, then our sorrow will be lessened.

Karuna kept aside the magazine which was describing all these theories and sighed with a heavy heart. Her only son Ravi had left home 10 days back on a visit to his friends. Since then there was no news of his whereabouts. Nowadays children are so careless, they don't think much, Karuna kept on thinking. Her husband too, she felt, is just like this. Never thinks about anything. He takes all the problems very lightly. Never thinks deeply about anything. Life for him is a straight line. Who doesn't expect happiness in life? A bird also

does not like a cage. The cage may be of gold or silver but it cannot have free air. Ajay is of that type. Never have we got what we actually wanted. Anyway, what is lacking is fulfilled by other aspects. Ajay takes everything lightly, even the big problems of life. He is a poet, a nice creation.

He creates poems with his pen; his behaviour too has a poetic touch, language and presentation. He always keeps himself in his own mood; a very unique personality. He never bothers about family problem. Always in his own dreams and imagination. In some isolated moment Karuna asks her husband, "How come you are so happy with life"? Ajay explains smilingly, "Look Karuna, have you got what you desired? No. But you can always dream. Dreams can fulfil your desires. Bad news can be termed as good, if you can change your attitude. If I hurt you knowingly or unknowingly then I really apologise for that. A great way to be happy is to remain cool and calm in all circumstances. Never lose your temper. If you are under pressure, keep quiet and leave the place where negative thoughts prevail."

Thanks Ajay, I will say. I don't understand you. She knows that Ajay is a man of positive attitude. They are a happy family blessed with son Ravi and daughter Seema. Thank God for everything that He has given. Karuna is worried about the son. Where is he and why has he not called? With whom is he? How is his health? Ajay is a renowned advocate, always surrounded by clients. Karuna never tries to disturb him. But now she could not resist. Ajay, listen! Do you have any idea about Ravi? I am not feeling OK. He has gone with his friends on a bike. Where are they? We cannot keep him always in front of us. But we should keep a vigilant eye on him, too.

Ajay told her not to worry. After all he is a boy any will go outside to study. He will take

For Ravi, new cloth replaced his old one in a sudden and swift manner



care of himself. You cannot keep him inside home. Let him go out. Let him know the good as well as the bad – sorrow and happiness and life's different problems and how to solve them. Then only can he be a proper man.

Why was young Abhimanyu sacrificed? Why did his atma leave his body which was not an old house? The answer is, death never differentiates between old and young... If we accept this simple truth, then our sorrow will be lessened

With a gloomy face Karuna tries to involve herself in her household work. But, in a manner of speaking, if children are not at home there is no work on hand. If Ravi is at home he will be calling every minute, "Maa, where is my shirt, where is my slipper, where have you kept my pen," and so on. She is busy with Ravi the whole day because he is very careless with everything — studies, arranging books or keeping his wardrobe clean. Now he is not there, so the house is empty! At New Year there will be a party. But this year, there is no party because he is not here. This year he has gone to our village with friends to celebrate New Year.

Karuna went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. Ravi asks for different types of food for dinner but daughter Seema is very simple: she eats whatever you give her. She is also feeling lonely without Ravi. She asks Karuna, "Mama, are we not going out to celebrate the New Year because brother is not there?" Karuna smiles. "Of course, we will go," says Ajay. "You are my darling sweet daughter. I will do everything for you. I will send you abroad. I will bring a prince for you at any cost... We will celebrate the New Year in a great way, so don't worry." Seema wanted to go to the beach in Digha or Puri or Gopalpur. Ajay promised to visit Digha. They then started planning how to spend the day. The car is ready and they are about to start. At that time the phone starts ringing but no one is free to pick it up. Finally, Karuna picks it up. At

the other end was Karuna's father from Cuttack. He asked, "How are you and how are the children? Where is Ravi? What is he doing?" Karuna says, "See Papa, how irresponsible that boy is. For 10 days, Ravi has gone to the village. No news from him. Your granddaughter is pressing for an outing. We are going to Digha today."

Papa says, "Give the phone to Ajay". "Why Papa, tell me what is the matter? Is Mama not well or you are in trouble." "Oh no! You leave everything...cancel your Digha programme and come to Cuttack immediately."

By this time Ajay has picked up the phone. From this end Karuna only listens to Ajay telling Papa, "Like Ravi". Ajay's younger brother comes inside. Karuna is puzzled. Ajay is not saying anything. She implores Ajay, "What is the matter?" Ajay tells her, "Let's go to Cuttack. Papa says there has been an accident 5km away from Cuttack. Two boys have been injured. One boy looks like Ravi. He is not sure as his face is completely disfigured. You get ready soon. We will start immediately."

Karuna was trembling with fear. Ravi in an accident! Ajay is consoling her, "He looks like Ravi but may not be. When one has a vehicle, accidents will take place. We will give the best treatment that is possible. Don't worry."

But Karuna was only praying to all the 33 crore gods for the safety of her son. "Oh Lord! Please save him. I will never leave him alone again. Oh! Why is Cuttack so far today? The road is not just ending."

On reaching Cuttack, Karuna ran inside the house and asked her father hundreds of questions. "What has happened, Papa? How is he? Where is my son? Have you called the

The wind whispers the saddest voice in the world. The leaves are covered with cold and sheets of sorrow...Karuna falls to the ground, unconscious

doctor? Has he injured his bones?" and so on.

She saw a white sheet covered over the body of her son. The face was totally disfigured.



One eye was sticking out of the socket. The entire face was red with blood. She touched her son from face to feet. His legs, hands. Thank God there is no fracture. "Get up Ravi! Look your Mama is here. Are you not in a position to speak? Head is reeling? Are you feeling very bad? Is it painful, beta. Why are you not opening your eyes? You are always naughty. You never obey me or Papa. Ravi...Ravi..."

Everybody started weeping together loudly. Karuna was stunned! Her mother came and took her away from the body and told her, "He won't get up again. Don't call him. He is in deep sleep for ever. He has left us."

What! Ravi won't get up? Karuna once again looked at her son. She covered his body with her warm shawl. Ravi must be feeling cold. He can't bear cold. "Won't you get up? What you

have done? Ravi...she burst out with a loud cry. What you have done to us? How will we live without you? Won't you be back with me anymore? You have made my life empty!" Tears rolled down her face — uncontrollably.

The wind whispers the saddest voice in the world. The leaves are covered with cold and sheets of sorrow...Karuna falls to the ground, unconscious.

● *The piece is based on a true incident that happened in the writer's family.*

(The author is on the editorial team of 'Spandan'. A former college principal in Odisha, she is also a well-known writer. Based in Ahmedabad, she can be reached on: 097270 69286)



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Towards sustalnable growth

## Day-to-day plants that help in controlling diabetes

Dr Susmita Sahoo

There are many commonly used plants with medicinal value that are effective in diabetes treatment and prevention

**D**iabetes affects many of us. The 'D' word takes its toll on people's health and the victims could be of any age. To treat the disease, we spend thousands of rupees on drugs and doctors, and also on acquiring fitness kits. But we hardly make an effort to explore and use the benefits that nature has bestowed on us. There are many plants which one can get easily without spending a paisa, that are effective for diabetes treatment/prevention.

Socio-cultural developments are creating a more sedentary populace and exposing people in developing nations to new risk factors in the case of diabetes – the dreaded disease that is fast spreading its tentacles. The percentage of people affected by diabetes will skyrocket in the next 25 years as demographic changes increase the size of populations highly susceptible to the disease.

Diabetes is a disorder that affects the way the body uses food for energy. Normally, the sugar that is consumed is digested and broken down to a simple sugar, known as glucose. The glucose then circulates in the blood where it waits to enter cells to be used as fuel. Insulin, a hormone produced by the pancreas, helps move the glucose into cells. A healthy pancreas adjusts the amount of insulin based on the level of glucose. But, when one has diabetes, this process breaks down, and blood sugar levels become too high.

There are three types of diabetes: Type 1 diabetes, insulin-dependent diabetes; Type 2 diabetes, non-insulin dependent diabetes; and Gestational Diabetes Mellitus (GDM).

The causes of diabetes are varied - genetic causes, obesity, food habits, lifestyle, stress induced, chromium deficiency, environment induced, gene environment interaction. And the drugs used in diabetes are oral drugs and insulin.

We adopt different methods to control diabetes. They include Integrated Diabetes

Services dedicated to helping one to live successfully with diabetes, providing individualised diabetes education and self-management training for children and adults, in private and small group sessions.

In controlling diabetes, various types of plants are used. These plants are divided into different classes.

**Food plants:** They include a few selected plants like barley and kodo millet among cereals, oats and ragi; bengal gram and black gram among pulses; certain vegetables like tomato, radish and banana and fruits like papaya.

**Drug plants:** They include *Gymnema sylvestre* (Gurmari), *Tinospora cordifolia*, *Lagerstroemia speciosa*, *Azadirachta indica* (Neem), *Biophytum sensitivum*, *Scoparia dulcis*.

**Food-cum-drug plants:** They are *Momordica charantia* (Karela), *Trigonella foenum graecum* (Methi), *Daucus carota* (Carrot), *Allium cepa* (Onion), *Embllica officinalis* (Amla), *Glycine max* (Soybean).

**Multiple drug plants:** They are *Andrographis paniculata* (Bhuin Neem), *Capsicum annum* (Chilly), *Annona squamosa* (Pineapple), *Areca catechu* (Khair), *Beta vulgaris* (Beet), *Boerhaavia diffusa*.

Other than these traditional plants used in day-to-day life, several modern methods are also used to control diabetes. Techniques have been developed to produce rare and medicinally valuable molecules, to diagnose diseases and cure them either through biotechnologically derived proteins and polypeptides forming a new class of potential drugs, or through immuno-diagnostically designed vaccines.

But there is a challenge – it is about preserving the medicinal plants. There are, however, a few methods that can be used for this purpose. They include 'Prevent Biodiversity Loss', 'Prevent Genetic Erosion of Important

Anti-Diabetic Plants', 'Counter Ethnobotanical Knowledge Erosion with respect to Diabetic Ethnobotanical Surveys in Tribal Areas', 'Evaluation of Medicinal Plant Germplasm for new and potent Antidiabetic Plants', 'Genetic upgradation of highly useful food drug plants for anti- diabetic drugs', and in vitro conservation of anti- diabetic plants.

Research is to be done for propagating

the rare types of plants useful for diabetic control. The variety is to be propagated only after proper screening of the high potential of the plant and its genotype in curing/controlling diabetes.

(The author teaches at NV Patel College of Pure & Applied Sciences, Vallabh Vidyanagar. She can be reached at: [drsusmitasahoo@gmail.com](mailto:drsusmitasahoo@gmail.com))



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# ESSAR



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## Salty coffee can be so sweet!

Shanta S S Patra

**Enduring everything for love's sake is perhaps the greatest strength in a man**

He met her at a party. She stood out among the crowd. Many guys were chasing her, while he was so normal, nobody paid attention to him. At the end of the party, he invited her to have coffee with him. She was surprised, but being polite, she accepted his request. They sat in a nice coffee shop. He was too nervous to say anything, she felt uncomfortable and thought, "Please, let me go home..." Suddenly, he asked the waiter: "Would you please give me some salt? I'd like to put it in my coffee."

Everybody stared at him. What a strange request! His face turned red, but still he put the salt in his coffee and drank it. She asked him curiously, "Why do you have this habit?" He replied, "When I was a little boy, I lived near the sea, I liked playing in the water, I could feel the taste of the sea, just like the taste of the salty coffee. Now every time I have the salty coffee, I always think of my childhood, of my hometown, I miss it so much, I miss my

Love is not to forget but to forgive. Not to see but to understand. Not to hear but to listen. Not to let go but hold on

parents who are still living there." Tears filled his eyes as he spoke those words. She was deeply touched.

That's his true feeling, from the bottom of his heart. A man who can reveal his homesickness so frankly, he must be a man who loves his home, cares about it and has responsibility for it. Then she also started to speak ... about her faraway hometown, her childhood, her family.

That was a really nice talk, also a beautiful beginning to their story. They continued to date each other.

She discovered that he was the man who met all her needs; he had tolerance, was kind-hearted, warm, and careful. He was such a good person, she would have almost certainly not found him! A big thanks to his salty coffee!

Then the story followed the pattern of all beautiful love stories... the princess married the

prince, they began to live a happy life... And, every time she made coffee for him, she put some salt in it, for she knew that that was the way he liked it.

After 40 years of a blissful life, he passed away, but left her a letter which read: "My dearest, please forgive me, forgive my whole life's lie. This was the only thing I lied to you about — the salty coffee. Remember the first time we dated? I was so nervous at that time, actually I wanted some sugar, but I said salt. It was hard for me to change my order so I just went ahead.

"I never thought that that could be the start of our communication! I tried to tell you the truth many times, but I was too afraid to do that, as I had promised not to lie to you in anything. Now I'm dying, I am afraid of nothing so I tell you the truth: I don't like the salty coffee, what a strange bad taste! But I have had the



salty coffee anyway! Since I knew you, I never feel sorry for anything I do for you. Having you with me has been my biggest happiness. If I live for a second time, I will still want to know you and have you for my whole life, even though I will have to drink salty coffee again."

One day, someone asked her: "What's the taste of salty coffee?" "It's sweet," she replied.

(The storyteller works with IBMBS, Ahmedabad. He can be contacted at: [shantabsdl@gmail.com](mailto:shantabsdl@gmail.com))



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# There's lot to do after you retire

Dr D D Sahu

**Retirement opens up many avenues for a person to explore things he could not during his service days, feels the author**

**L**ife is a different thing to different people. Many poets, philosophers have said many things about life. Life is full of treasure and pleasure, life is a mixture of sixes and sevens, life is a light of candle, and life has various ups and downs. Some say life is a garden, life is flower, life is ship floating on the sea, and life is a journey of just few years and utilise the best of your ways. Men are born to live a life and lead a life.

There is a special class of people in our society that is service class, who work for the people through employment by the government. When they reach superannuation, they get pension rather than salary. It is just another phase in one's life. One should take it boldly with the same spirit that one had showed in the earlier phases.

Retirement means relieving from routine work, not from life. Retirement does not come all of a sudden but the change in the lifestyle comes all of a sudden which one has to accept. Now, here is opportunity to live life at one's own will and pleasure, at own pace, on own terms, on own ability and capacity.

In life, change for good or bad is always accompanied by difficulties and some resistances. Hence, retirement time may bring with it some depression, irritation and tension in the life of some people.

For those who have successfully passed through the phase of service life, retirement seems like a constant holiday or honeymoon phase with full of experience and knowledge. After some rest and relaxation, they may start reorientation of their life. Retired time is generally free from obligations of family and work. At this stage, one has the pleasure to look after life unlike feeling the pressure at the early years of service life.

Here are a few suggestions to lead a peaceful retired life after a serious, hectic and

responsible life in government service.

1. Pursue your interests
2. Do a part-time job
3. Start a business
4. Travel
5. Do social activities
6. Engage in religious activities
7. Turn to politics

Many of your interests might have been suppressed during the service life because of lack of time. You can exploit your talent now. First of all you can try to pen your life experiences. You can also meet people whom you could not due to time constraints; you can travel leisurely and freely without worrying about what is going on in the office.

Albert Einstein has said that there are only two ways to live a life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle.

So these are some of the ways you can consider to liven up your golden years and enjoy the fruits of your years of experience.

## **Pursue interests:**

Pursue whatever interests you. Try to write your autobiography. Keep in touch with people you know whom you could not contact or meet due to time constraints. Now there are no excuses. Do gardening, exploit your talents, Go to temples, mosques, churches as you like.

## **Do a part-time job:**

A politician, actor and a player never retires by age. A teacher never really retires. You can be an advisor or consultant.

## **Start a business:**

To start a business means to be your own boss and this is the proper time for that. There is a lot



you can do according to your specialty and talent. Use all the contacts you have built and relations you have developed over the years and see your venture grow.

**Travel:**

This is the best time to travel leisurely and enjoy the experiences without worrying about what is going on in the office. There are many travel avenues and opportunities for retired people. Go to tirth dhams, spiritual and religious places. Enjoy staying there for days together.

**Social Service/Volunteering:**

There are many opportunities to donate your time. Volunteer at hospitals, nature camp, schools, libraries, community centres, welfare projects etc. These places of service can enrich your life and give you a sense of being useful to society. Use your rich life experiences meaningfully in improving and aiding the lives of others.

**Turn to religion:**

Faith keeps man alive and keeps our spirits high. Spend more time reading religious books or any book that can elevate your inner self. Do

whatever good deeds you can- even kind words will suffice. Seek spirituality from nature and people. Use your hard-earned lessons and experiences of life and help people struggling for the same.

**Turn to politics:**

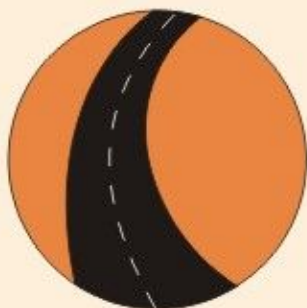
There is dearth of honest politicians in our country. Matured and honest people should go to politics to enrich the process of democracy. The qualified and morally rich people should go to politics. During service life, they are banned to participate in active politics. Hence, this is the proper and appropriate time to enrich political world. Some people should think of politics as way of life after retirement.

Life is much more than a job. It can become more fulfilling and productive if you decide to live it. The sunset years of your life can just be the most active years ever. All you need to do is look around you for the opportunities, because there is life after retirement!

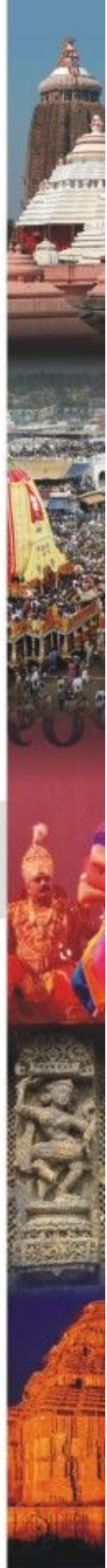
(The author is professor of agrometeorology, Junagadh Agricultural University, Junagadh. He can be reached at: [ddsahu1950@yahoo.com](mailto:ddsahu1950@yahoo.com))



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## There is a weird power in first impressions!

Ajit Samal

**Impressions people form about you by taking a casual look at your appearance could be misleading – and often scary, says the author drawing from a personal experience he encountered recently**

If you were to take a look at my driving licence, you would find that I compliment my rather conservative-looking face with an equally cautious crop of short hair; everything about me is stark and minimal. Maybe I got a trifle tired with the same old look or maybe it was just another mad whim, today the ornamentation on my crown is long, it's wild, and it reminds me of those lazy, carefree days as a student when the length of the hair worn was more a reflection of the depth of the wallet.

Yesterday, I was cruising along the highway, sun in the face, wind caressing my long, curly hair, and me happily returning from a picture-shoot of the young storks I had been stalking since they were born. A luxury SUV passes me alongside, then suddenly slows down, and as I approach the now-crawling vehicle, I can see the guy in the back-seat turn around and study me intently, the driver doing the same in the rearview mirror and the fellow in the co-driver's seat frantically rummaging through a newspaper whilst stealing back-glances at me. Something was definitely not right.

My appearance – that was what was not right. As the three men stepped out of the car, aggressive in their approach towards me, I could see that they had established an association between me and whatever it was they had been referring to in the newspapers. And when they finally accosted me with their suspicions, it left me bewildered and a trifle scared. I, according to the now convinced gentlemen, was the religious fundamentalist who was being warned of in the newspapers.

Fortunately, my usual calm demeanor did not desert me. I argued with the gentlemen that there was a misunderstanding, and requested to see the clipping and photograph in the newspaper that had convinced them that I was the object of the reported news. As I

perused the narrative and scanned the photograph, I gently pointed out to the three vigilantes that the fundamentalist in the papers was much taller, far skinnier, and about 15 years older than I; admittedly, the only thing we shared in common were the curly, long tresses of black!

Some hesitant posturing on their part, a lot of patient explaining on mine, a little bit of arguing on both sides, we could finally agree that though a emaciated man could put on weight and a man could make himself appear younger, my physical appearance matching the overall description of the reported fundamentalist was more imaginative than real. As I saddled my bike and rode home, I could not help but reflect on how those guys in the SUV gave so much weightage to just that first visual focus of my long, curly hair that their comprehension and thinking was simply allowed to be thereafter hijacked. There is a weird power in first impressions!

(The author is a painter and documentary filmmaker based in Ahmedabad. He can be reached at: [pappilionmm@gmail.com](mailto:pappilionmm@gmail.com))



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# Odiya language has come a long way

Chinmay Kumar Patra

Dating back to 7th century CE when some Odiya words were found in inscriptions, the language which about 45 million people speak today has developed over centuries

Odiya is an Indian language, belonging to the Indo-Aryan branch of the Indo-European language family. It is one of the many official languages in India; it is the official language of Odisha and the second official language of Jharkhand. Odiya is the predominant language of Odisha, where the speakers of language comprise around 83.33% of the state's population.

## Odiya language in neighbouring states:

Outside Odisha, there are also significant Odiya-speaking populations in other linguistic regions, such as Midnapore district of West Bengal, Singhbhum, Saraikela-Kharsawan districts of Jharkhand, Srikakulam, Vizianagaram and Vishakhapatnam districts of Andhra Pradesh, and eastern districts of Chhattisgarh. Due to the increasing migration of labour, Gujarat also has a significant Odiya-speaking population with Surat being the city with the second-largest Odiya-speaking population in India.

## Odia language in foreign countries:

The Odiya diaspora constitutes a sizeable number in several countries such as Bangladesh, Indonesia (including the islands of Java, Sumatra and Bali of the archipelago) and in the western countries such as United States, Canada, Australia and England. Odiya speakers are regarded as one of the 'Transnational Ethnic Indian Groups'. In India, the language is spoken by over 31 million people, and globally by 45 million. Odiya language has spread to the other parts of the globe such as Myanmar, Malaysia,

Fiji, Sri Lanka, Pakistan and UAE.

## Standard Odiya:

Mughalbandi Odiya is considered as standard Odiya due to literary traditions. Mughalbandi Odiya spoken in Puri, Khurdha, Cuttack, Jajpur, Jagatsinghpur, Kendrapada, Anandapur, Dhenkanal, Angul and Nayagarh district with little variance.

## Major dialects of the language:

- Midnapori Odiya: Midnapore district of West Bengal
  - Singhbhumi Odiya: East Singhbhum, West Singhbhum and Saraikela-Kharsawan districts of Jharkhand
  - Baleswari Odiya: Baleswar, Bhadrak and Mayurbhanj districts of Odisha
  - Ganjami Odiya: Ganjam and Gajapati districts of Odisha and Srikakulam district of Andhra Pradesh
  - Desiya Odiya: Koraput, Rayagada, Nowrangpur and Malkangiri districts of Odisha and in the hilly regions of Vishakhapatnam, Vizianagaram districts of Andhra Pradesh.
  - Sambalpuri Odiya: Bargarh, Bolangir, Boudh, Debagarh, Jharsuguda, Kalahandi, Nuapada, Sambalpur, Subarnapur and Sundargarh districts of Odisha and by some people in Raigarh, Mahasamund, Raipur districts of Chhattisgarh.
- Bhatri: South-western Odisha and eastern-south Chhattisgarh.

Odiya speakers are regarded as one of the 'Transnational Ethnic Indian Groups'. In India, the language is spoken by over 31 million people, and globally by 45 million

## History of Odiya language:

Odiya is an Eastern Indo-Aryan language belonging to the Indo-Aryan language family. It is thought to be directly

descended from a Magadhi Prakrit similar to Ardha Magadhi, which was spoken in eastern India over 1,500 years ago, and is the primary language used in early Jain texts. The history of Odiya language is divided into:

**Old Odiya (7th -12th century CE):** The origin of the Odiya literature can be traced to "Bauddha Gana O Doha", otherwise known as Charyapada written by the Buddhist Siddhas of Odisha. The Odiya language begins to appear in inscriptions with Odiya scripts in temples, copper plates, palm-leaf manuscripts, etc. Traces of Odiya words and expressions found in inscriptions dating from the 7th century CE. For example, the Odiya word କୁମ୍ଭାର /Kumbhar / 'potter' occurs in a copper plate inscription. Similarly, in inscriptions of 991 CE, Odiya words like ଭିତରୁ /bhituru/ 'from inside' and ପନ୍ଦର /pondora/ 'fifteen' can be found.

**Early Middle Odiya (12th–14th century CE):** The earliest use of prose found in the Madala Panji or the Palm-leaf Chronicles of the Jagannath temple at Puri, which dates back to the 12th century CE.

**Middle Odiya (14th–17th century CE):** Mahabharata, Chandi Puran, Vilanka Ramayan of Shudramuni Sarala Das. Arjuna Das, a contemporary to Sarala Dasa, wrote Rama-Bibha, a significant long poem in Odiya. Towards the 16th century CE, five poets emerged known as Panchasakhas. The poets are Balaram Das, Jagannath Das, Achyutananda Das, Ananta Das and Jasobanta Das.

**Late Middle Odiya (1700–1850 CE):** A new form of novels in verse evolved during the beginning of the 17th century CE when Ramachandra Pattanayaka wrote Haravali. Upendra Bhanja took a leading role in this period and his creations - Baidehisha Bilasa, Koti Brahmanda Sundari and Lavanyabati - proved landmark in Odiya literature. Four major poets emerged in the end of the era and they are Kabisurya Baladev Rath, Santha Kabi Bhima Bhoi, Brajanath Badajena and Gopal Krushna Pattanaik.

**Modern Odiya (1850 CE till present day):** The first Odiya printing typeset was cast in 1836 CE by the Christian missionaries, which made a great revolution in Odiya literature.

**Ancient form of Odiya language in 2nd century BCE:**

The script in the edicts of Ashoka in 2nd century BCE at Dhauli and Jaugada and the inscriptions of Kharavela in Hati Gumpha of Khandagiri give us the first glimpse of possible origin of Odiya language. Inscriptions of Hati Gumpha are near modern Odiya and essentially different from the language of the Ashokan edicts. A point has also been made as to whether Pali was the prevalent language in Odisha during this period. The Hati Gumpha inscriptions, which are in Pali, are perhaps the only evidence of stone inscriptions in Pali. This may be the reason why German linguist Prof. Hermann Oldenberg mentioned that Pali was the original language of Odisha.

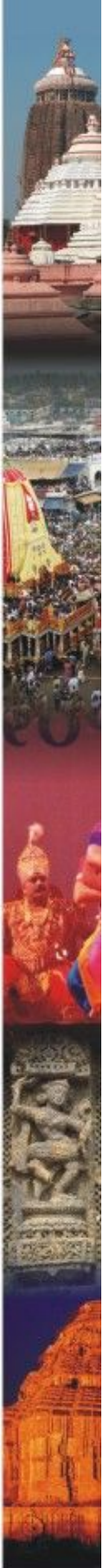
#### **The evolution of Odiya literature:**

The history of Odiya literature begins in the 14th century CE, with the poet Sarala Das's works Chandi Purana and Vilanka Ramayana. The following era is termed the Panchasakha Age and stretches till 1700 CE. Notable religious works of the Panchasakha Age include that of Balaram Das, Jagannath Das, Jasobanta Das, Ananta Das and Acyutananda Das.

However, during the Bhanja Age beginning with turn of the 18th century CE, verbally tricky Odiya became the order of the day. Verbal jugglery, obscenity and eroticism characterise the period of 1700–1850 CE, particularly in the works of the era's eponymous poet Kabi Samrat Upendra Bhanja (1670–1720 CE).

The first Odiya printing typeset was cast in 1836 CE by Christian missionaries. Although the handwritten Odiya script of the time closely resembled the Bengali and Assamese scripts. Amos Sutton produced an Odiya Bible (1840 CE), Odiya Dictionary (1841–43 CE) and an Introductory Grammar of Odiya (1844 CE).

Sarala Das who lived in the 14th century CE is known as the Vyasa of Odisha and he translated the Mahabharata into Odiya. In fact, the language was initially standardised through a process of translating classical Sanskrit texts such as the Mahabharata, Ramayana and



Srimad Bhagabatam. The translation of the Srimad Bhagabatam by Jagannath Das was particularly influential on the written form of the language.

(The author is a scientist/engineer at SAC, Ahmedabad. He can be reached at: chinmaykumarpatra@hotmail.com)



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## Olive Ridelys: Nature's gift to Odisha

Murli Menon

**The Olive Ridley turtles are an endangered species. The government, along with NGOs, should take steps to protect them at all costs**

**T**here are seven types of sea turtles in India. These include the Green turtle, Hawksbill, Loggerhead, Leatherback and Olive Ridley. The Olive Ridley turtle indulges in mass nesting once a year, on a full moon night every March. There are only three beaches in the world, where Olive Ridleys choose to nest. Coincidentally, all these three beaches are in Odisha. These mass nesting sites are located at Rushikulya beach in Ganjam district, Devi beach in Puri district, and Gahirmatha beach in Kendrapara district of the state.

A close encounter with nature at Rushikulya beach is something one cannot forget. The beach is near Ganjam town, which is a three-hour drive from Bhubaneswar. One is welcomed by a group of flamingoes flying in formation as soon as we enter Ganjam town. We start our trek to Rushikulya beach which is 3 km away and soon find ourselves in the middle of a flat beach with rust coloured sand as far as

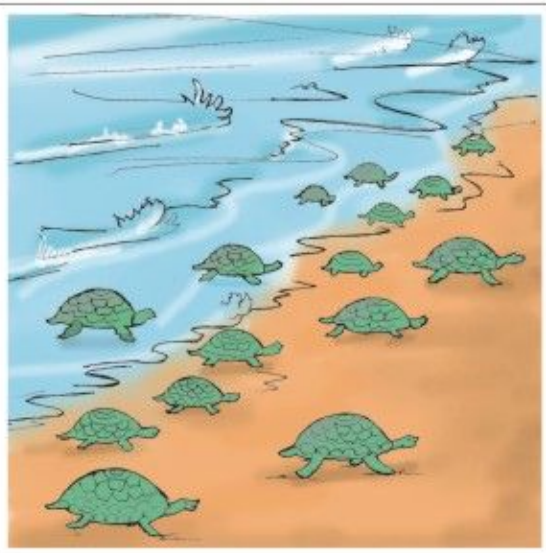
Every year, between January and March, about 300,000 Olive Ridley turtles land at Rushikulya, Devi and Gahirmatha beaches for mass nesting

eye can see. After 30 minutes of cruising through the beach, one sees a large water body in the distance. We are informed by our guide that the water body is the Rushikulya River which meets the sea at Ganjam. The nearest village is Gokharguda, which is about a kilometre away from Rushikulya beach. The other villages on the periphery of the beach include Purunabandha, Palibandha and Nuagaon.

After Rushikulya, one also witnessed the mass nesting at Devi and Gaharimatha beaches. Devi beach is an uninhabited beach which stretches to about 10 km at Jahania village located about 100 km away from Bhubaneswar. Gahirmatha beach lies inside the Bhitarkanika wildlife sanctuary and is accessible only by boat. The Olive Ridley turtles are an endangered species and they need to be protected at all costs.

At Rushikulya, we come to the edges of the beach to find hundreds of cattle egrets. It is a pleasure to watch a multitude of colourful birds at close quarters, as they flock to the edge of the water. The water is shallow and the sand is swampy. The unique feature about Rushikulya beach is the softness of the sand. As the river empties into the sea here, the beach is made up of soft sand. It is possible to dig deep into the soil with one's bare hands. The deep blue sky, reflected in the crystal clearness of the waters, is a joy to behold. Watching the crimson sunrise over the rust coloured sands is the highlight of the visit to Rushikulya.

Every year, between January and March, about 300,000 Olive Ridley turtles land at Rushikulya, Devi and Gahirmatha beaches for mass nesting. These giant turtles are about 70 cm in length and weigh about 45 kg. The sea





turtle is a marine reptile which has to surface in the ocean to breathe. Sea turtles spend a large part of their lives in the ocean but as they lay eggs, the females have to come to the shore once a year.

Thousands of Olive Ridley turtles emerge from the sea at the same time and nest on the beach together, for two to three days. Only the females come ashore; the males continue to remain in the ocean. Nesting takes place in pitch darkness between 12 midnight and 4:00 am. The female turtle digs out a deep pit in the soft sandy soil, using her hind flippers. She digs a two-foot deep pit, lays her eggs into this pit and covers it with sand with her front flippers. Every female turtle lays about 80 to 100 eggs at a time over a time span of 45 minutes. The mother turtle returns to the sea immediately, only to return the following year. After 45 days, the eggs hatch at dawn, the infant turtle breaks the shell and crawls on its own into the ocean to join his parents. The sex of the hatchling depends on the temperature. More females are born at higher temperatures and more males are born at lower temperatures.

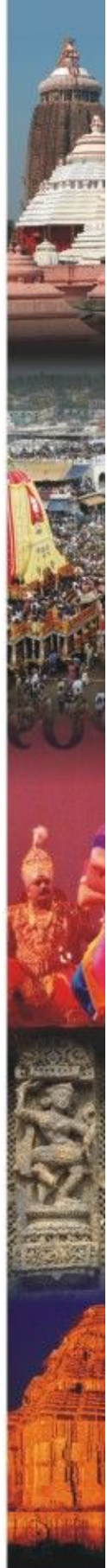
Sea turtles return to the place, where they were born, to nest. It is indeed amazing how these turtles manage to find their way back to the beach where they were born after migrating thousands of kilometres away from their 'natal beach'. Watching thousands of infant turtles hatching from their eggs and entering the ocean en masse at the exact moment the first rays of the sun strike the earth, is an extremely emotional experience, which demonstrates the interconnectedness of man, animals and nature. The turtle hatchlings break the shell of their eggs with a tooth designed for the purpose and emerge out of the shells and sense the reflection of the stars on the ocean and move towards the brighter horizon and enter the ocean. The nesting turtle is sensitive to light and needs pitch darkness for nesting. Any natural or artificial lighting on the beach disorients the turtles, which may return to the

It is indeed amazing how these turtles manage to find their way back to the beach where they were born after migrating thousands of kilometres away from their 'natal beach'

ocean without laying eggs if disturbed. Hence it is imperative to ensure minimum movement on the beach, especially during the nesting season. To watch the nesting one has to sleep on the starlit beach in temporary straw huts, scanning the coastline for unusual movement. Olive Ridley turtles have a life span of 100 years and nest after once they turn 25.

After spending a week each at Rushikulya, Devi and Gahirmatha beaches, observing the mass nesting of the turtles, one can suggest a few remedial measures to protect these gentle and delicate darlings. Jackals should be prevented from entering the beach and eating the turtle eggs by fencing off the mass nesting sites. Developmental activities, including ports, oil refineries and steel plants, should be located far away from the three turtle nesting sites in Odisha. All commercial activities, including movement of ships and boats, should be restricted during the three months when mass nesting takes place. No offshore drilling must be allowed along the route of the turtle migration. Illegal sand mining on these beaches should be stopped with immediate effect. The female sea turtle requires absolute privacy and should be undisturbed while laying her eggs. As mass nesting always takes place after midnight in pitch darkness, all flashlights, torches and camera flashes should be avoided while observing the turtles. The female turtles return without laying the eggs if they are disturbed slightly! Radio-tagging of turtles for research purposes should be banned too! All mechanized fishing should be banned on the Odisha coast with immediate effect.

The enemies of the Olive Ridley turtle include a port which has come up near Gahirmatha sanctuary, two offshore drilling platforms which are directly in the middle of the migration route of the turtles, 50 km away from Devi mouth and Rushikulya beaches. Besides, as turtles come up to breathe every 45 minutes, they are caught in the fishing nets of large trawlers off the Odisha coast. The trawler



owners kill the pregnant mother turtle by first blinding it by piercing their eyes with hot iron rods heated in the boiler room of the boat. Then they pour hot water on the mother turtle to stun it and then in a macabre ritual, they behead the mother turtle with a giant knife and throw the dead turtle into the sea. Every year 100,000 dead turtles are found on the beaches of Odisha.

As I return after spending a memorable stay at Rushikulya, I am reminded of an ancient saying of the Odiyas:

"Turtles are my friends,  
Make them your friends today,  
Together we can save them."

#### How to get there?

Rushikulya beach is 140 km away from Bhubaneswar. The non-stop drive from Bhubaneswar to Rushikulya should not exceed three hours. The nearest airport is Bhubaneswar. Ganjam is the nearest railhead to reach Rushikulya. From Ganjam, taxis ply to Rushikulya. Most trains going from Bhubaneswar to Vishakhapatnam stop at Ganjam. Devi beach is 100 km away from Bhubaneswar and Bhitarkanika sanctuary is located about 150 km away from Bhubaneswar

Every year, 100,000 dead turtles are found on the beaches of Odisha. As turtles come up to breathe every 45 minutes, they are caught in the fishing nets of large trawlers and the owners kill the marine reptiles in a macabre ritual

#### Where to stay?

The Forest Guest House is the most convenient place to stay during one's visit to Rushikulya. The forest department arranges temporary tents on the beach to watch the mass nesting during the night. The Forest Guest House charges Rs 500 for a double room with an attached bathroom and is located 2 km away from the beach.

#### Where to eat?

Lots of small restaurants serving Odiya vegetarian cuisine dot Ganjam. Freshly steamed vegetables with spices, pumpkin cooked in mustard paste, boiled spinach with pulses are served with rice cooked in an earthen pot at most roadside dhabas. The food at the high-profile hotels is only for the gastronomically adventurous who like greasy food. Vegans can choose fresh tropical fruits including watermelons, papayas, tender coconuts and bananas which are available at the local market.

(The author is a ZeNLP consultant based in Ahmedabad. Married to an Odiya, Murli has special love for exploring Odisha. He can be reached at: tips4ceos1@gmail.com)



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## Diamond city brings no sparkle for Odiya workers

Gagan Bihari Sahu

For the 5 lakh migrant labour force in Surat, rewards are not satisfying them or their relatives back home

**K**amdeb Behera came to Surat from Odisha about 10 years back, with high hopes of earning a good living in the textile and diamond city and send home a decent sum of money every month to his parents and younger siblings back home in the remote village of Ganjam district. But today, neither he leads a happy life in Surat nor his family members are any better off either. Kamdeb's little economic gain is not worth the loss he suffers in terms of living in filthy conditions and being emotionally displaced. He has to spend about 60% of his earnings on himself in Surat. Like Kamdeb, there about five lakh Odiya migrant labourers in Surat, for whom the adage, 'all that glitters is not gold,' could well be applied.

Surat is a major destination for Odiya migrants. They hail mainly from the coastal districts of Ganjam, Gajapati, Cuttack, Kendrapada, Jagatsinghpur, Jajpur, Puri, Khurda, Nayagarh, Baleswar and Bhadrak. Most of the workers come from Ganjam and Gajapati. While there are no correct figures on the total number of Odiya migrants in Surat, enquiries from Odiya migrants residing in 72 different localities in Surat reveal that their population could be around 4.5 lakh or more. Not all of them, however, reside in the city limits. Most of them work in power looms, dying and printing industries. Minimisation of risks as well as costs associated with job search, especially through community networks which facilitate their entry into the job market, and the much-needed initial sustenance in terms of food and a place to sleep, seem to have helped the movement of workers to specific directions and sectors.

Expectations of better wages attract workers from Odisha to Surat but many of them

neither feel secure in their jobs nor earn as they expect. According to a survey, most of the Odiya workers feel that the influx of migration has led to an excess of labour supply in the city. This benefits the employers, who take advantage of the situation. Such excess supply of labour, especially in the power loom, dyeing & printing and embroidery units, is a prime factor behind existence of a distorted system of labour relations in this sector. As many as 87% feel insecure about their jobs —they never know when their employers will sack them. Around 32% say that if one is absent from work consecutively for one to five days due to illness or some other reasons, he will lose his job. Once a worker leaves the place with or without the knowledge of a loom owner, there is no guarantee that he will get to continue his job at

the same place. In the opinion of 19% of workers, the employers' unwillingness to lose production decides the fate of a worker, particularly in the power looms and allied industries. Unless a co-worker is ready to oblige and double for the next shift, it is often difficult for a worker to get even 12 hours

leave during boom periods. For a loom or a factory owner in Surat, finding a worker is not difficult; but for a worker, it is not easy to get a job. This has serious implications in terms of fixing wage rates and benefits in the labour market. Since people are ready to work at lower wages for the same job, mill owners often prefer low-paid workers and try to get rid of the high- paid ones at the smallest pretext. In order to cope with job market fluctuations, workers often pick diverse jobs in the same sector, even at reduced wages.

Moreover, on an average, one does not get work for more than 8 to 9 months in a

They toil in poor working conditions... As many as 87% of them feel insecure about their jobs

financial year. Health problems, shifting of job/work place, being thrown out by the employer, power cut, non-availability of work, shortage of raw materials, and reduction of wages — these are some of the factors that contribute towards specific periods of unemployment and receipt of low wages in alternative jobs for a worker. This creates a situation that is contrary to the popular belief that Surat is a 'zero unemployment' city.

Evidently, workers tend to shift from one unit to another, mainly due to decline in wage or piece rate, distance to work place, and ill-treatment by owners, supervisors, and contractors. Significantly, those living with their wives and children lose more number of working days than those without families while searching for a new job. This is because the former group is more vulnerable trying to look for a job that would at least give a wage income that was available in the earlier job. Those not with families can take risk with more frequent job changes.

The average monthly income of a worker (including those working on daily wage and piece rate basis) is Rs 6,816. None of the workers the survey covered responded to have received any benefit from their employers such as earned leave, medical aid, clothing, meals, extra duty wage, assistance for children's education, transport allowance, or house rent allowance, bonus, etc. However, 26% of workers reported that they received some cash benefit during Diwali. Spread across the year, this comes to an average extra amount of about Rs 11 a month per worker. Of this income, a worker spends an average amount of Rs 3,984 and remits Rs 2,164 to his native place. Hence, nearly 59% of his earnings are spent in Surat itself.

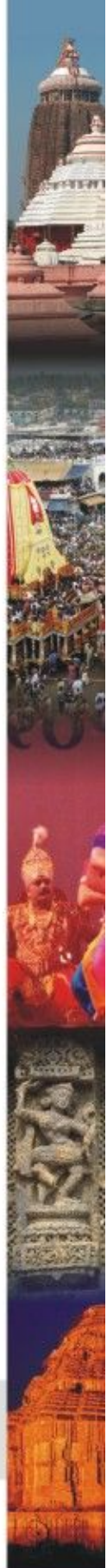
Health problems, shifting of job/work place, being thrown out by the employer, power cut, non-availability of work, shortage of raw materials, and reduction of wages —these factors contribute towards specific periods of unemployment and receipt of low wages for a worker. This creates a situation that is contrary to the popular belief that Surat is a 'zero unemployment' city

Most of these workers live a poor quality of life. With shift working and shift living — often in the same room — many have access to space that does not exceed 4 square feet per person. This affects their physical, emotional and psychological health. In the absence of access to toilet facilities and public services like healthcare, education and the public distribution system, they lead a rather miserable

life. Most do not have a voter identity card or an account in their name in any public sector bank. In sum, these workers have neither an identity nor a dignified existence.

And their hard work in Surat — in oppressive working conditions and in a depressing living environment — does not add much to the wellbeing of their families back in their villages. The prevalent landlessness and marginal holdings in some cases appear as constraints to reach that critical point, which is essential for any value addition to the life systems through the use of money received from sons, brothers and husbands in Surat. Indeed, most workers here are of the view that the money they send home hardly contributes to any substantial change in their families' conditions. And even the little that they add to their family earnings is at the cost of their prolonged displacement from home and family life, leading to a wide range of deprivation and an insecure as well as uncertain future. The most it does is to create further grounds for their other siblings and younger members in the families to march towards the growing pool of labour force in Surat.

(The author works as an assistant professor at Centre for Social Studies (CSS), Surat. He can be reached at: gaganbs09@gmail.com)



## Yes, we can also give ...

Dr Priyadarshini Roy

As we traverse the journey of life  
collecting gifts, friends and pleasantries...  
In our endeavor to gift and stand up  
to the expectations of our near and dear ones  
we quite forget the small gestures  
of love, sharing and thankfulness  
that can enlighten life a million miles...

Have you ever thought...  
to gift a smile, real and meeting the eyes;  
a tiny sapling to strengthen your bonding;  
a soulful hug that makes one feel alive and wanted;  
some moments to spare to share the pain the soul writhes in;  
a warm handshake that makes one feel good and important;  
a dish cooked with care, to feel someone still cares...

(A doctor by profession, the author works in Global Medical Affairs with Novartis Healthcare in Hyderabad. Her poems mainly reflect social themes, nature & human nature. You can read her works at: <http://poetsinternational.com/worldpoets.htm>. She can be reached at: [priyadarshini.roy@novartis.com](mailto:priyadarshini.roy@novartis.com))



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# ସଦ୍‌ଗତି

ହେମନ୍ତ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର

ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଶେଷ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ମହାଭାରତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ । ଏପରି ଭୟଙ୍କର ଏବଂ ବିଧ୍‌ଵଂସକାରୀ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଅତୀତରେ କେବେ ହୋଇ ନଥିଲା, ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ବୋଧ ହୁଏ ଆଉ ହେବ ନାହିଁ ।

କୌରବ ସେନା ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପରାଭୂତ । ବିଶାଳ ରଣଭୂମିର ଏକ କୋଣରେ ପଡ଼ି ରହିଥାନ୍ତି ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନ । ଭୀମସେନକର ପ୍ରବଣ ଗଦା ପ୍ରହାରରେ ଜାନୁଭାଗୁ ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା କର୍ତ୍ତବିତ । ଶରୀର ଚଳଚ୍ଚଣ୍ଡି ବିହୀନ । ତୋକେ ପାଣି ଦେଇ ଚୂଷା ମେଞ୍ଚାଇବାକୁ କେହି ନାହିଁ ।

ଯେତେ ଦୂର ଆଖି ପାଏ ଖାଲି କୁଡ଼ୁ କୁଡ଼ୁ ଶବ । ଭକ୍ତ, ମାଂସ ଏବଂ ହାଡ଼ର ସୁପ । ସେସବୁର ଉପଯୋଗ ପାଇଁ ଶ୍ଵାନ, ଶୁଗାଳମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା । ବିକଟାଳ ଋଡ଼ି ଋଡ଼ିର ନିବରଣକୁ ପ୍ରତିହତ କରି କାନ ଫଟାଉଛି । ସେ ଭିତରେ ଲୁଚି ଯାଉଛି ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନଙ୍କର ପାତାଳନିତ ଶାଣ ଚିହ୍ନାର । ପିଣ୍ଡକୁ ଜାତନ ଯାଉ ନାହିଁ ।

ଶୁଭେଚ୍ଛୁମାନଙ୍କର ଶତଚେଷ୍ଟା ବିଫଳ ହୋଇଛି ।

ଗୁରୁଜନମାନଙ୍କର ଉପଦେଶ କେବଳ ଉପଦେଶରେ ହିଁ ରହିଯାଇଛି । ମଦଦୂର୍ଘ ଅହଙ୍କାରୀ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନ କାହା କଥାରେ କର୍ଣ୍ଣପାତ କରିନାହାନ୍ତି । କେବଳ ଶକୁନିଙ୍କର ପରାମର୍ଶ ଏବଂ କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କର ନିରବ ସ୍ଵାକୃତି ।

ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କର ଅଧିକାରକୁ ବିଚାରକୁ ନନେଇ ଯୁଦ୍ଧକୁ ନିମନ୍ତଣ କରିଆଣିଲେ । ସ୍ଵୟଂ କୃଷ୍ଣ ଦୂତ ଭାବରେ ଯାଇ ପାଣ୍ଡବାଲଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ମାତ୍ର ପାଣ୍ଡବ ଗ୍ରାମ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବାର ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ରଖିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବିନା ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଛୁଟ୍ଟର ମୂଳ ପରିମିତ ଭୂମି ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେବେ ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ଆସର୍ତ୍ତା କଲେ । ପୁଣି ଭରା ସଭାରେ କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କୁ ବନ୍ଦୀ କରିବାର ଅପଚେଷ୍ଟା ।

ପରିଣାମକୁ ଚିଳ ଚିଳ କରି ଅନୁଭବ କଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବିବେକ ଏବଂ ଦୂର୍ଘି ଏବେ ବି ବିପରୀତ ରାସ୍ତାରେ କାମ କରି ଚାଲିଥିଲେ । ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାର କଥାରେ ରାଜି ହୋଇ ତାକୁ ପଠାଇ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ଚିରଶତ୍ରୁ ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କର ବିନାଶ ପାଇଁ । ତାହା ପରେ ହୁଏତ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ମରିପାରିବେ । କାଳର କରାଳଗତି ପ୍ରତି ଏବେ ବି ଅନର୍ତ୍ତକ ।

ଏଇ କିଛି ଆଗରୁ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ପ୍ରତିକା କରି ଯାଇଛି । ଅନ୍ଧାରର ସୁଯୋଗ ନେଇ ପାଣ୍ଡବ ଶିବିର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରିବ ଏବଂ ଶୋଇଥିବା ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ପଞ୍ଚପାଣ୍ଡବଙ୍କର ମୁଣ୍ଡ କାଟି ନେଇଆସିବ । ତାହା ହେବ ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ପ୍ରତିଶୋଧ । ଯୁଦ୍ଧର ସମସ୍ତ ନିୟମକୁ ଜଳାଖଳି ଦେଇ ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ କରିଥିବା ବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଚରଣର ଯୁକ୍ତିଯୁକ୍ତ ଜବାବ ।

ହଠାତ୍ ସଚେତନ ହୋଇଉଠିଲେ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନ । ପୂର୍ତ୍ତିଗନ୍ଧମୟ ମୃତ ନରଶରୀର ସବୁକୁ କିନାରା କରି କେହି ଜଣେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡ଼କୁ ସତର୍କତାରେ ଚାଲି ଆସୁଥିବାର ଶବ୍ଦ ସ୍ଵଚ୍ଛାରିବାର ହେଉଛି । ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ନୁହେଁତ । ତାଙ୍କ ଅନୁମାନ ଠିକ୍ ଥିଲା । କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଏବଂ ଘର୍ମାଳ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ଶ୍ଵାସବାୟୁର ଚାତୁ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ସହିତ ଆଗେଇ ଆସୁଥିଲା । କାନ୍ଧ ଉପରେ ଏକ ମୁଣ୍ଡିର ବୋହାଁ ତାକୁ ଅସଂବ୍ୟସ କରୁଥିଲା । ବୋଧହୁଏ ନିଜର ଇଚ୍ଛା ପୂରଣ କରିବାରେ ସମର୍ଥ ହୋଇଛି ଏବଂ ସେ ମୁଣ୍ଡି ଭିତରେ ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କର କଟାମୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ବୋହି ନେଇଆସୁଛି ।

ତ୍ରୌପତୀ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲେ, “ଜାଗ୍ରତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଥିଲେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସମୟରେ ‘କୃଷ୍ଣ’ ନାମ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କରିପାରିଥାନ୍ତେ । ତୁମ ନାମ ନେବା ବିନା ସଦ୍‌ଗତି କେମିତି ପାଇବେ ।”

ମୁମୂର୍ଷୁ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନଙ୍କ ମୁଖରେ ଏକ ଖୁସିର ଝଲକ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାମାନ ହେଲା । ଦୁଇ ହାତକୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠାଇ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ସ୍ଵାଗତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଉଠିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାରେ ଆଃ କରି ପୁଣି ଭୃପତିତ ହେଲେ । ଗଦାମାଡ଼ରେ ଭରମାର ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥିବା ଜଂଘାତ ସାମାନ୍ୟତମ ଜାଣା ଦୁଃସ୍ଵାକୁ ଯେମିତି ବାରଣ କରୁଥିଲା । ସେ ପ୍ରକାର ଚେଷ୍ଟାରୁ ବିରତ ହୋଇ ସେ ଆଖିର ଲଗାଗାରେ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଲେ, କଟାମୁଣ୍ଡ ସବୁକୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡି ଖୋଲି ଦେଖାଇବାକୁ ।

କାଳବିଳମ୍ବ ନକରି ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ସେ ସବୁକୁ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମୁଖରେ ଭୂମି ଉପରେ ନିକ୍ଷେପ କଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏ କ’ଣ ! ଏ ଯେ ପଞ୍ଚପାଣ୍ଡବଙ୍କର ପାଞ୍ଚ ପୁତ୍ରଙ୍କର କଟା ମୁଣ୍ଡ । କି ହୃଦୟ ବିଚାରକ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ! ଦୁର୍ଘର୍ଷ ଏବଂ ମହାପରାକ୍ରମୀ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନ, ଯେ କି ସବୁସମୟରେ ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଯୋଜନା କରି ଚାଲିଥିଲେ, ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ବିଚାଷିକାପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଦୃଶ୍ୟରେ ଥରି ଉଠିଲେ । ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଚିହ୍ନି ନପାରି ହୁଏତ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ହାନକର୍ମ କରି ପକାଇଛି । କିଛି ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାର ଭାଷା ନ ଥିଲା । ବାଳୁଚମାନଙ୍କର ଏଭଳି ସଂହାରକୁ ଅନୁମୋଦନ କରିନପାରି ଅସଚୋଷ୍ଟ ଏବଂ ହତାଶାଭାବର ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଅବସରରେ ପ୍ରାଣ ଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଧନଙ୍କର ଶରୀର ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଲା ।

ଅପରାଧୀ ଜାଣି ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନେ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ଧରି ଆଣିଲେ । ଭାବ୍ୟବଗତ ଏ ଭାଷଣ ଯୁଦ୍ଧକୁ ଏ ଯାଏଁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଯାଇଥିବା ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ସାମନାରେ ଦେଖି ଶିରୀ ଉଠୁଥାଏ । ତା’ର ଅପକର୍ମ ପାଇଁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଯେ ଏକମାତ୍ର ଦଣ୍ଡ, ଏଥିରେ ତା’ର ସନ୍ଦେହ ନଥାଏ ।

ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ମଧ୍ୟ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ଥା’ନ୍ତି । ସବୁ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କର ଦିଗ୍‌ବର୍ତ୍ତନକାରୀ । ସ୍ଵାଭାବିକ ଥିଲା, ସମସ୍ତେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ତୋଳି ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡ଼କୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । କୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କର ନିଷ୍ଠା କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଶାର ବିପରୀତ ଥିଲା । ‘ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ଯାହା ଦୋଷ କଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବଧଯୋଗ୍ୟ ନୁହନ୍ତି ।’ ତା’ ସଂଗେହ୍ୟେ କୃଷ୍ଣ ଏ କଥା ମଧ୍ୟ ଶୁଣେଇ ଦେଲେ ଯେ ବାଳୁଚମାନଙ୍କୁ ହତ୍ୟା କରିଥିବାରୁ ତା’ର ଦଣ୍ଡ ମୃତ୍ୟୁଠାରୁ କମ୍ ହେବା କଥା ନୁହେଁ । ଏହି ଦୁଇ ବିପରୀତ କଥାର ସମାଧାନ କରିନପାରି ସମସ୍ତେ ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ନେଇ ତ୍ରୌପତୀଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ହାଜିର କରାଇଲେ । ସେ ହିଁ ଦଣ୍ଡ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଧାରଣ କରନ୍ତୁ । ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମା ତାଙ୍କର ହିଁ ପ୍ରକୃତ ଦୋଷୀ । ପୁରୁଗୋକରେ ଅଧାରା ତ୍ରୌପତୀ ଯେ କୌଣସି ଦଣ୍ଡ ଦେବାର କ୍ଷମତା ରଖୁଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୃତ୍ୟୁଦଣ୍ଡ ସପକ୍ଷରେ ନଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର କହିବାର କଥା ଥିଲା ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ବଧ କରିଦେଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ପାଞ୍ଚ ପୁଅ ତ ଆଉ ଜୀବିତ ହୋଇ ଯିବେନି । ପୁଅମାନଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇ ସେ ଯେପରି ଆଜି ଦୁଃଖରେ ସତ୍ୟାପିତ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି, ଆଉ ଜଣେ ମା’କୁ ସେପରି ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶା ଭୋଗ କରିବାକୁ ନପଡ଼ୁ । ପରାକ୍ରମୀ ପୁଣି ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ । ଅଶ୍ଵତ୍ଠାମାକୁ ଏମିତି ଅପମାନିତ କରାଯାଇ ଯେମିତିକି ଜୀବନ ଥିବା ଯାଏ ସେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁର କ୍ଷମ୍ପା ଭୋଗ କରି ଚାଲିଥିବ । ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ମନରେ ରହିବ ଯେ ତା’ର ଏ ଯେଉଁ ଜୀବନ, ତାହା ପାଣ୍ଡବମାନଙ୍କର ଦୟାର ଫଳ ।

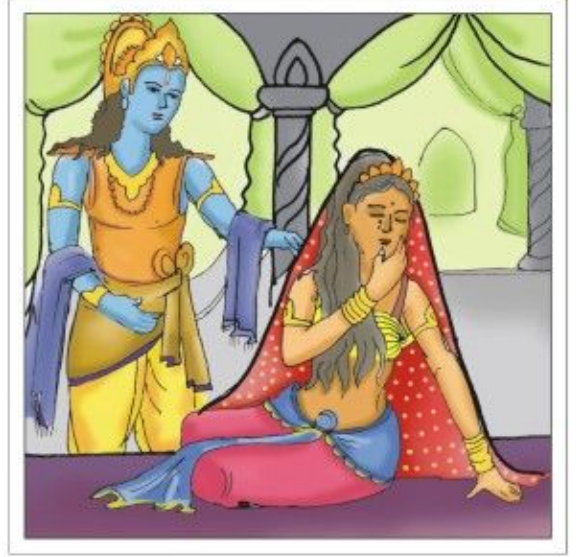
ସର୍ବସମ୍ପତ୍ତିକୁମ୍ଭେ ଅଶ୍ରୁତାମାର ମସ୍ତକରେ ଥିବା ମଣିକୁ ଖୋଲି ବାହାର କରି ଦିଆଗଲା ଏବଂ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦିଆଗଲା ଏକ ସନ୍ତୋଷପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କାବନ ବିଚାରବାକୁ । କୁହାଯାଏ, ଶ୍ରୀହାନ ଏବଂ ନିଷେଜ ହୋଇ ଅଶ୍ରୁତାମା ଆଜିଯାଏଁ ଭୂରି ବୁଲୁଛି ।

ଅନେକେ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ ପୁରୀକୃଷ୍ଣାଶାଳ ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀ ଯେ କି ଶେଷ ଯାଏ ଦୁଃଖାସନର ଛାଡ଼ି ରକ୍ତରେ କେଶ ବାନ୍ଧିବାର ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞାରୁ ଓହରି ନଥିଲେ ସେ କିପରି ନିଜର ପୁତ୍ରହତ୍ୟା ଅପରାଧକୁ କ୍ଷମା କରିଦେଲେ । ହୋଇପାରେ, ବାରବର୍ଷର ବନବାସ ଏବଂ ଏକବର୍ଷର ଅନ୍ଧାରବାସ ସମୟରେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କର ବରଦହାତ ତଳେ ରହି ମନର ଉଗ୍ରଭାବନା ସବୁ ଶାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଯା ବି ହୋଇପାରେ ସେ ସୃଜନ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଗତି ଏବଂ ପରିଣାମକୁ ଦେଖିବା ପରେ ପୁଣି ଏକ ରକ୍ତପାତର ସପକ୍ଷରେ ନଥିଲେ ।

ଅଶ୍ରୁତାମାର କାହାଣୀ ଏହିଠାରେ ଏକପ୍ରକାର ଶେଷ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀଙ୍କ ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହର ଧାରା ବନ୍ଦହେବାର ନାଁ ନେଇ ନଥିଲା । ବାଲୁତ ପୁଅମାନଙ୍କର କଥାକୁ ମନେ ପକାଇ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଦିଶ୍ଵସ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ସମୟ କାଟୁଥିଲେ । ନିଜପକ୍ଷର ବିଜୟ ଚାହୁଁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକଦିନ ଦେଇ ପାରୁନଥିଲା । ମନ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟଚକିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ଯେ ପରମାତ୍ମା ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପାଖେ ପାଖେ ଥାଇ ମଧ୍ୟ କେହି କ'ଣ ଏମିତି ଦୁଃଖ ପାଇପାରେ । ସମାଧାନ ସହଜ ନଥିଲା । ସବୁ ତାଙ୍କରି ଇଚ୍ଛା । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ରତନରେ ଚେତନା ପ୍ରଦାନ କରି ଏ ଜଗତ କ୍ରାନ୍ତୀଭୂମିରେ ଖେଳର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଚାହୁଁ କଣା ।

ସାମାଜିକ କ'ଣ ବା ଦୋଷ ଦେବେ ! ସେମାନେ ନିଜର ପରାକ୍ରମ ଅନୁସାରେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ବିନା ଦ୍ଵିଧାରେ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ପରାମର୍ଶକୁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରି ନିଜ ନିଜର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର କରୁଣା ସବୁ ବିପଦରୁ ରକ୍ଷା କରି ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଆସିଛି । ତେଣୁ ସେ ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛାସ୍ତବସାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଅଭିମାନ କରିବାର ଅବକାଶ ହିଁ ନଥିଲା । ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ସବୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ ମନକୁ ଦୁଃଖାଳବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲେ ।

ଏକ ସମୟରେ କୃଷ୍ଣ ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ । ସୁମଧୁର କଣ୍ଠରେ ଆଶ୍ରାସନାର ଧାରା ସୁହାଇ ପ୍ରକୃତିସ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲେ । "କୃଷ୍ଣା ! ଯାହା ହେବାର ଥିଲା ହୋଇଗଲା । କାଳର କରାଳ ଗତି ଉପରେ କାହାର ହେଲେ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ନାହିଁ । ସବୁ ସମୟ ପାଇଁ କାହାକୁ ହେଲେ ଦୁଃଖ ବା ସୁଖର ଧାରାରେ ବହିଯିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରକୃତି ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ କରେ ନାହିଁ ।"



ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀ ଯେମିତି ସହଜ ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ ଫେରି ଆସୁଥିଲେ । ସଖାଙ୍କର ଏ ପ୍ରକାର 'କୃଷ୍ଣା' ସମୋଧନ ଯେପରି ପାୟୁଷ ପାଣିରେ ଅବଗାହନ କରାଇ ଏକ ଅତିହ୍ୟାୟ ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ନେଇଗଲା । ମନ ହେଉଥିଲା ପାଦତଳେ ନିଜକୁ ଅନାଦି ଦେଇ ଏ ପରମପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ହୃଦୟର ସମସ୍ତ କୋହକୁ ଶେଷ କରି ଦିଅନ୍ତେ । ପାରିଲେନି । ସେମିତି କାଠପିତୁଳା ପରି ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲେ ।

ହେତୁ ହେଲା ଦିନଠାରୁ ଏ 'କୃଷ୍ଣା' ତାଙ୍କ ଅନେକଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରୁ ଶୁଣି ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । ସଖା ଯେତେବେଳେ 'କୃଷ୍ଣା' ବୋଲି ଚାକନ୍ତି, ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ଗୁଞ୍ଜରଣା ଯେପରି ଶରୀରର ଶିରାପ୍ରଣାଳୀରେ ବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ହୋଇ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ରୁମ୍ଫକୁ ଶିହରଣରେ ଭରିଦିଏ । ସବୁ ଚିନ୍ତା, ବ୍ୟଥା ଏବଂ ଅବସାଦ କ୍ଷଣକରେ ଦୂର ହୋଇ ମନକୁ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତିର ଗନ୍ଧ ମଧ୍ୟକୁ ନେଇଯାଏ । ମଧୁରବାଣୀର ସେ ଅମୃତଧାରା ଦେହ, ମନର ସବୁ କଳୁଷକୁ ଧୋଇ ଦେଇ ଶରୀରରେ ପୁଲକ ଭରିଦିଏ । ସଖାଙ୍କର ଉପସ୍ଥିତି ହିଁ ଅଭୟଦାୟା । ସର୍ବତୋଭାବେ ସମର୍ପଣ କରିଦେଇ ହର୍ଷିଯିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହୁଏ ତାଙ୍କର ସେ ସ୍ଵେହମୟ ସଭା ଭିତରେ ।

କୃଷ୍ଣ କହି ଚାଲିଥିଲେ, "ତୁମେ ଏକ ସାଧାରଣ ନାରୀ ନୁହଁ । ସେଇ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ କଥାକୁ ନେଇ ବିବଶ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିବା ତୁମକୁ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଶୋଭା ଦେବନ୍ତି । ତୁମ ପାଇଁ ଭୂତକାଳର ଶୋକ, ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ମୋହ ଏବଂ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର ଚିନ୍ତା ସର୍ବତ୍ରା ଖ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ସାଧାରଣ ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ ତୁମେ ଯେ ଭଜୁଛୁ ତୁମେ ଉପାସିଲ ! ତୁମର କାହାଣୀ ଅନ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖ ହୋଇ ରହିବା ଉଚିତ । ସଂସାର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଧାରାରେ ସହଜ ଭାବରେ ନିଜକୁ ସାମିଲ କରିଦେଇ ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କର । ଶୋକକୁ ପରିତ୍ୟାଗ କର ଏବଂ ଯାହା ଘଟିଗଲା ତାକୁ ଭୁଲି ଯାଅ ।"

କୋହ ସମରଣ କରି ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀ ଭରଣ ଦେଲେ, "ଭୁଲିଯିବି ସଖା ! ଏମିତି ଅନେକ ବିପତ୍ତି ଆସିଛି ଏବଂ ତୁମ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦର ଛାୟାରେ ଦୂରାଭୂତ ବି ହୋଇଛି । ମୋ ମନରେ ବିଶେଷ ଦୁଃଖ ଯେ ଶୋଭାପୁଏ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଅଶ୍ରୁତାମା ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ମାରି ଦେଲା ।" କୃଷ୍ଣ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କଲେ, "କାଗ୍ରତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ପ୍ରାଣତ୍ୟାଗ କରିଥିଲେ କ'ଣ ବା ଫରକ ପଡ଼ିଥାନ୍ତା ? ଯେମିତି ହେଲେ ବି ତ କାବନ ଯାଇଥାନ୍ତା ।"

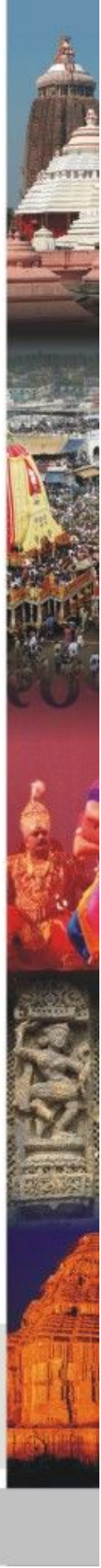
ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀ ଭରଣ ଦେଲେ, "କାଗ୍ରତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଥିଲେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସମୟରେ 'କୃଷ୍ଣ' ନାମ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କରିପାରିଥାନ୍ତେ । ତୁମ ନାମ ନେବା ବିନା ସର୍ବଗତି କେମିତି ପାଇବେ ।"

ଅଧିକ କିଛି କହି ପାରିଲେନି । ଭାବ ପ୍ରବଣତା କଣ୍ଠରୁ କଲା । ଅଶ୍ରୁର ପ୍ଳବନକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରି ବି ଅଟକାଇ ପାରୁନଥିଲେ । ହୁଏତ ମନର ବ୍ୟଥାକୁ ସଖାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ରଖି ଦେବାର ଚାହା ଥିଲା ପ୍ରକୃଷ୍ଣ ରାଖା ।

ସର୍ବନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରୀ କୃଷ୍ଣ ପ୍ରଣୀତ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ଡ୍ରୋପଦୀଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହିଁ ରହିଥିଲେ । ମସ୍ତକରେ ହାତ ରଖି ଅଭୟ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରୁଥିଲେ । ସର୍ବ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦର ଧାରାରେ ପ୍ରବାହିତ କରାଇ କାବନରେ ଏକ ନୂତନ ପ୍ରେରଣା ପ୍ରଦାନ କରୁଥିଲେ ଅଦୃଷ୍ଟର ଏମିତି ଅନେକ ବାଧାବନ୍ଧନକୁ ସାମନା କରିବାକୁ ।

ଜଗତର ସାତଜଣ ଚିରଞ୍ଜିବିକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଅଶ୍ରୁତାମା ଜଣେ । ଅନ୍ୟମାନେ ହେଲେ, ଚିରାକ୍ଷଣ, ବଳା, ବ୍ୟାସଦେବ, ହନୁମାନ, କୃପାଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ପର୍ଶୁରାମ । ଏମାନଙ୍କ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ବିଷୟରେ ପୁରାଣ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ନାହିଁ ।

ଲେଖକ- ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅଧିକାରୀ ଜଣେ ଅବସରପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ପରାଧିକାରୀ । ଲେଖାଲେଖି କରିବା ସଂଗ୍ରହରେ ସଂଗୀତରେ ରଚି ରଖିଛନ୍ତି । ହିନ୍ଦୁସ୍ଥାନୀ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରୀୟ ସଂଗୀତରେ ସେ ବିଶାରଦଭଲଭୟ ହାସଲ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ଦ୍ଵାରା ଲିଖିତ ସଦ୍ୟ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଆଧୁନିକ ପୁସ୍ତକ 'ସୁଧା ସରିତା' ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସୁଖ ପାଠ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ଲୋକପ୍ରିୟ ହୋଇପାରିଛି । ମୋ- ୦୯୯୩୭୩୫୫୯୦୭



ଏ' ସହର ଭଲ । ଏଠି ସବୁ ଭଲ । ଲୋକବାନ ଭଲ । ରାସ୍ତାଘାଟ ଭଲ । ସବୁ ପାଖ । ସବୁ ସୁବିଧା । କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ଅଛି, ଅସୁବିଧା ଅଛି । ଚେବେ ସେଠି ଭଲ ନୁହେଁ । ସେଠି ଚ କିଛି ନଥିଲା - ନା' ସୁବିଧା, ନା' ଅସୁବିଧା । କିଛି ନୁହେଁ । ଶୂନ୍ୟ । ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟ । ଚିନି ଚିନି ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ବର୍ଷା ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ନା' ପାଣି, ନା' କାମ । କଳା କଳା ମାଟିସବୁ ଫାଟି ଫାଟି ଥିଲା । ନା' ଚାଉଳ, ନା' ଧାନ । ନା' କଳ, ନା' କାଲେଣି, ନା' କାବନ । ଶୁଖା ଶୁଖା ଭୂଇଁ ଆଉ ଶୁଖା ଶୁଖା ମୂର୍ଦ୍ଧ । ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ମନଟା ଦବି ଗଲା । ସେଠି ବସ୍ତ୍ରଦାର ଖୋରାକ ନାହିଁ, ସେଠି ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଟାଣ ବା କାହିଁ ? ନିଜ ଗାଁ, ନିଜ ମାଟି, ନିଜ ଭାଷା, ନିଜ ଲୋକ, ସବୁକିଛି ନିଜର ହୋଇ ବି ପରୁଆ ପରୁଆ ଲାଗିଲେ । ଶୁଖୁ ଯାଇଥିବା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରରେ ଶୁଭାର ପ୍ରୋତ ସବୁ ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ଉଭେଇ ଗଲେ । ମଣିଷ ସବୁ ଶୁଖୁ ଯାଇଥିବା ଭୂମି ଭଳି ନିର୍ବିକାର, ନୀରସ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ନା' ସ୍ଥିତିରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ, ନା' ବିଚ୍ଛେଦରେ ଦୁଃଖ ।

ଗରମରେ ଅଟିଷ ହୋଇ ମାଟି ଭିତରୁ ପୋକ, ପିମ୍ପୁଡ଼ି, ମୂଷା, ସାପ ବାହାରିଲା ପରି ଗାଁ ମରଦସବୁ, ଭେଣ୍ଡିଆ ଭେଣ୍ଡିଆ, କୁଆଁ କୁଆଁ ଚୋକାସବୁ, ବାହାରିବି ବାହାରିଲେ, କିଏ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଗଲେ, କିଛି ସଠିକ୍ ଜଣା ନାହିଁ । ବସରେ, ରେଳରେ, ଟ୍ରକ୍‌ରେ, ଟ୍ରାକ୍‌ଟରରେ ବସି କିଏ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଗଲେ । ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଧରିଥିବା ବାସନ, ବୁକୁଳା ଭଳି ଲୋକସବୁ ବାସନ ବୁକୁଳା ପାଲଟି ଗଲେ । ବୁଢ଼ାବୁଢ଼ା, ମାଇକିନା, ପିଲାସବୁ ଦେଖିବେ ରହିଗଲେ । ପାଟି ସବୁ ଥିଲା ଥିଲା, ଆଖି ସବୁ ଭିଲି ଗଲା । ନା' କଥା, ନା' କାନ୍ଦ । ନା' ସ୍ଥିତିରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ, ନା' ବିଚ୍ଛେଦରେ ଦୁଃଖ ।

ସେତେବେଳେ ମୋ' ବସ୍ତ୍ର ବା କେତେ ? ପଟିଶିରୁ ବେଶା ବୋଧେ, ଆଉ ଦି' କୋଡ଼ିରୁ କମ୍ । ଝୁଅ ଦି'ଟା, ଓଁରା ଆଉ ମା' । ବଖରିଆ ଘର । ଚା'ରି ଭିତରେ ସବୁ । ମାୟା, ମୋହ, ସପନ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ମିଶି ଏକାକାର ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ଭୋକ, ହତାଶା ଆଉ ଚିତ୍କିରି ଆଲୁଅ ପରି ମିଞ୍ଜି ମିଞ୍ଜି ଅନ୍ଧକାର ।

ଘର ପଛଆଡ଼େ ବାରି । ଦି'ଟା କୁରୁଡ଼ା ଆଉ ଚାକର କୁନି କୁନି ଗୋଷ୍ଠିଫୁଲ ଭଳି ହୁଆମାନେ । ମାଛି, ମଶା, ଏଣୁଅ । ଆଉ ସିଝୁ ବୁଢ଼ା ବାଡ଼ । ଗାଧୁଆଗାଧୋଇ, ଧୁଆଧୁଇ ଆଉ ଯାହାସବୁ ନିତ୍ୟକର୍ମ, ସବୁ ବାହାରେ । ଗାଁ ପୋଖରୀରେ, ପୋଖରୀ କୂଳରେ, ଧାନ ବିଲରେ, ହିଡ଼ ଚଳେ ।

ସାରା ଦିନ ମୂଲ ଲାଗୁ । ଆମେ ଦି'ହେଁ, ଦି' ପ୍ରାଣୀ । ମୁଁ ଆଉ ମୋ' ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ । ଏ' ବିଲରେ, ନ ହେଲେ ସେ ବିଲରେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ଯାହା, ପାଗ ଦେଖୁ ବାଗ । ସବୁ କାମ ଜଣା । ରୁଆରୁଇ, ବସାବସା, ଖୋଲାଖୋଲି, ବୁହାବୁହି, ବହାବହି, କଟାକଟି, ବନ୍ଧାବନ୍ଧି । ନିଜ ବିଲନାହିଁ । ହେଲେ ସବୁ କାମ ଜଣା । ବିଲ ନା' ବାପାର ଥିଲା, ନା' ଚା' ବାପାର ଥିଲା । ହେଲେ କାମ ମିଳିଯାଏ । ଏ' ବିଲରେ, ନହେଲେ ସେ ବିଲରେ ।

ହେଲେ ଚିନି ଚିନି ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ବର୍ଷା ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ପେଟ ପିଠିକୁ ଛୁଇଁବାକୁ ଦଉଡ଼ିଲା । ଆମେ ସବୁ ସତ୍ରର ପତ୍ରର ହୋଇଗଲୁ, ଶୁଖୁ ଯାଇଥିବା ପୋଖରୀ କାନ୍ଥର ଭିତରେ ଅବକି ଯାଇଥିବା କରମାଛ ଭଳି । ମୋଟା ମୋଟା ବହଳ ବହଳ କାଳିଆ କାଳିଆ ମୁହଁଟା ମଜବା ମୁହଁରେ ହାସ୍ୟାସ୍ବଦମନେହେଲା- ଛିଣ୍ଡାକୁଣ୍ଡ, ଚିରାଗଞ୍ଜି ସହ କଳା ବସନା ଯେମିତି ଲାଗେ । ମନବଳ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଗଲା ।

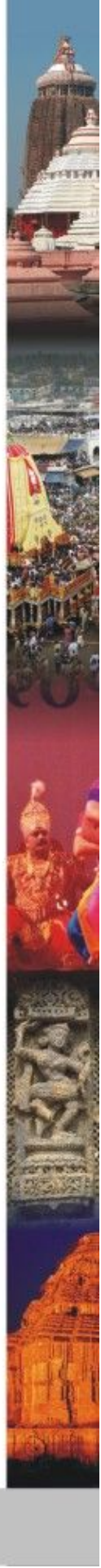
ସଞ୍ଜ ବୁଡୁ ବୁଡୁ କଳା କଳା ଭୃତ ପରି ଗାଁ ବାହାରେ ମଦଭାଟିରେ ଡଗ ଡଗ ଦି' ବୋତଲ ଦେଖା ଦାଗୁ ବଡ଼େଇ ଦେଇ ନିରାଶରେ, ହାଡ଼େଇ ଯାଇଥିବା ବେରୋକଗାରିଆ ବଦନରେ । ନିମିଷକେ ଟ୍ରାହି ଲାଗେ, ନିମିଷକେ



ବୁଝି । ହେଲେ ନିୟତି ବଦଳେ ନାହିଁ । ନା' ପାଣି, ନା' କାମ । ନା' କଳ, ନା' କାବନା । ଆଉ ନୁହଁ, ଆଉ ନୁହଁ ।

କୁଗାପଟା, ପାନିଆ, ଥାଳି, ବୁଢ଼ା ଆଉ ଚାଉଳ ବାଣିବୁଣି ପୁରୁକା କଲି । ସିରାକୁ କହିଲି, 'ଏ' ଗାଁରେ, ଏଠି କ'ଣ ଅଛି ? ଶୁଖା ବିଲ, ଶୁଖା ନାଳ । ଘାସ ବାଗା ବି ଉଠୁନାହିଁ । ସହରକୁ ଯାଉଛି । ସେଠି କାମ ମିଳିବ । ପଇସା ମିଳିବ । ମାସକୁ ମାସ ଘରକୁ ପଠେଇ ଦେବି । ଘରେ ରେମେ ସବୁ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ଖାଇପିଲ ରହିବ । ସେଇ ପଇସାରୁ କାଟି କାଟି ସଞ୍ଚିଲେ, ପରେ କାମରେ ଲାଗିବ, ଝୁଅ ଦି'ଟାର ବିଭାଘର ବେଳେ । ଚିଟା କରିବୁନୁ । ସବୁ ସମାଧି ନେବୁ ।' ପିଲାମାନେ ବଲ ବଲ କରି ଚାହିଁଥା'ନ୍ତି । ସିରା ଶକି ଶକି ଅନେଇଥାଏ । ମା' ମୋ'ର ଦେଖେ କମ୍, ଶୁଣେ କମ୍, ଆଉ କହେ କମ୍ । ଗାନ୍ଧୀଜୀ ଚିନି ମାକଡ଼ ମୂର୍ଦ୍ଧ ଭଳି ପଥର ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଥିଲା ସେ । ନା ସ୍ଥିତିରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ, ନା ବିଚ୍ଛେଦରେ ଦୁଃଖ ।

ଏ' ସହରରେ କେମିତି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲି କିଛି ଠିକ୍ ମନେ ପଡୁନାହିଁ । ଆମ ଗାଁ ପାଖ ଷ୍ଟେସନ ପାଖରେ ଗଦା ଗଦା ଛେଳି, ମଇଁଷି ପରି ଗୋଠ ହୋଇଥିବା ମରଦମାନଙ୍କ ପରି ମୁଁ ବି ବଡ଼ି ଉଠିଲି କୋଉ ଗୋଟାଏ ରେଳ ବଗିଚେ । ଆଉ ରାତି ପାହି ପାହାଡ ହେଲାବେଳେ ହୁରୁଡ଼େଇ ଯାଇଥିବା ଗାଈପଲ ଭଳି ଆମେ ସବୁ ଚାଳିଶି ପଟାଶେ ଭୁଲ ଭୁଲ ନିଦରେ ଏହି ସହରର ଷ୍ଟେସନରେ କୁଟି ପଡ଼ିଲୁ । ସେଇ ଦିନଠୁ ଏ' ସହର ମୋ'ର । ଅତି ଆପଣାର । ଅତି ନିଜର । ଏ' ସହର ଭଲ । ଏଠି ସବୁ ଭଲ । ମୋତେ ଏଠି କେହି ଜାଣୁ ବା ନ ଜାଣୁ । କେହି ପଚାରୁ କା ନ ପଚାରୁ । ମୋ' ଭାଷା କେହି ବୁଝୁ ବା ନବୁଝୁ । ଏଠି ମୋତେ କାମ ମିଳିଲା । ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ଘର ସବୁ ବନିଲାବେଳେ କଣ୍ଠାକୁର ବାବୁ ମୋତେ ହିଁ ଟ ଖୋଜିଲେ । ମୋ'ର ଛିଣ୍ଡା ବାରପୋଲିନ୍ ଚମୁ ଭିତରୁ ମୋତେ ହିଁ ଚ ଚାକି ନେଲେ । ସେଠି ଟାଙ୍ଗରା ଭୂମି ସବୁ ନାଲି ନାଲି ମାକଡ଼ା ପଥରରେ ଛାଇ ହୋଇ କୁଷ୍ଠ ରୋଗୀର ବମଡ଼ା ପରି ବିକୃତ ଦିଶୁଥିଲେ, ଚା'ରି ଉପରେ ମାଟି ଖୋଳି, ନିର୍ଥ ଦେଇ, ଗାଣ୍ଡୁଆ ଗାଣ୍ଡୁଆ ଭରି ପଥର, ଭଟା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ବୋହି ନେଇ ମୁଁ ଆଉ ମୋ' ଭଳି ମୂଲିଆସବୁ ଠିଆ କଲୁ ପ୍ରାୟାଦ ।



ଦିନସାରା ସିନା କପାଳରୁ ସିନା ଯାଏଁ ଝାଳ ସବୁ ରାସ୍ତା କଡ଼ରେ ଚାହାବାଲାବ କେଟିଲି ଧୂଆ ପାଣି ପରି ବୋହିଯାଏ ହେଲେ ସୁରୁଜ ବୁଡ଼ିଗଲେ, ପକ୍ଷୀସବୁ ବସାକୁ ଫେଟିଗଲା ପରେ, ଘର ଚିଆରି ପାଇଁ ବନା ହୋଇଥିବା ପାଣିକୁଣ୍ଡରୁ ଟିଣ ତବାରେ ତବାଏ ତବାଏ ପାଣି ନେଇ ହାତଗୋଡ଼ ମୁହଁ ସବୁ ଧୋଇ ଦେଇ । ଅଣ୍ଡା ଅଣ୍ଡା ଲାଗେ, ଶିଥିଲିଆ ଶିର ସବୁ, ତହିଁ ଯାଇଥିବା ମାର୍ଗଶପେଶା ସବୁ ଆଉ ବଦନରେ ବହି ଯାଉଥିବା ଉଷ୍ମ ମରତ ସବୁ... ଅଣ୍ଡା ଅଣ୍ଡା ଲାଗେ । ଆକାଶର ମାଳ ମାଳ ତାରା ଭିତରେ ଏକା ଏକା ଜହ୍ନ ଭଲି ଲାଗେ, ନିଝାଟିଆ ଲାଗେ । କାହା କଥା ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । କାହା ମୁହଁ ଦେଖାଯାଏ ନାହିଁ । ନା' ସିରା, ନା' ମା', ନା' ଝୁଅ ଦି'ଟା ।

ଅମାନିଆ ଜିଦ୍‌ଗୋର ପିଲାଭଳି ଗୋଡ଼ ଦି'ଟା ଚାଣିନିଏ ମୋତେ ସେହି ମାଟିକାକୁ ଦିଆ ଛପର କୁଟିଆକୁ । ମଦା ମଦା ଜଳୁଥିବା ଚାରିଟା ଡିବିରି ଆଲୁଅରେ ମଦତାଟିଟା ରଙ୍ଗମହଲ ପରି ଝଲମଲ କରେ । ମନେହୁଏ, ଯା' ପରେ ଆଉ କି ସ୍ୱର୍ଗ । ବାସ୍, ଆଉ କିଛି ଲୋଡ଼ା ନାହିଁ । ଏଇତ ସୁପ୍ତ ଆଉ ଆହୁତର ଅଟ ।

ସବୁକଥା ସବୁବେଳେ ମନେପଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । ମନେହୁଏ ସବୁ ମନେ ଅଛି, ହେଲେ ସବୁକଥା ସବୁବେଳେ ମନେପଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । ଝାପୁଆ ଝାପୁଆ ଲାଗେ, ଯେମିତି ରୂପାଭଳି ଚକ୍ ଚକ୍ ମାରୁଥିବା ଜହ୍ନଟା ତୁଳା ଭଳି ବାଦଲ ଭିତରେ ଲୁହାଛପା ଖେଳେ । ହଁ, ମନେ ପଡୁଛି । କେବେକାର କଥା ସବୁ ଏବେକାର ଭଲି ଲାଗୁଛି । ବାର ପଦର ବରଷ ବିଟିଗଲାଣି ବୋଧେ । କାଁ ଭାଁ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ ପଡୁଥାଏ, ଭଟା ପରେ ଭଟା ରଖି ନାଲି ନାଲି ପାଚେନି ସବୁ ଉଠୁଥାଏ । ଏଠି ଗୋଟାଏ ଛାତ ପଡ଼ିଲାଣି ତ ସେଠି ତବା ତବା ପାଣି ଛଟା ଚାଲିଛି ନୁଆ ନୁଆ କାରୁ ଉପରେ । ରାସ୍ତାଘାଟ ଥିଲା କ'ଣ ? ଦୋକାନ ବକାର ଥିଲା କ'ଣ ? ନା', ନା' । ଦିନବେଳେ ଶଗଡ଼ରେ ଭଟା ଆସେ, ଲୁହାଛପା ସବୁ ବୁଝାହୁଏ ଖୋଲା ରିକିସା ଟୁଲିରେ । ସିମେଣ୍ଟ ବସ୍ତା, ରୂନତବା, ବାର୍ଗଣ ସିଡ଼ି ଆଉ କଟାବରଡ଼ି । ସବୁ ବୁଝା ଚାଲେ ଦିନସାରା । ହେଲେ ସୁରୁଜ ବୁଡୁ ବୁଡୁ ସବୁ ଚକ ବଦ । ନା' ବୁଝାବୁଝି, ନା' ଉଠାଉଠି, ନା' ପକାପକି, ନା' ରଖାଗଣ୍ଡ । ନିଝାଟିଆ ନିଝାଟିଆ ଲାଗେ । ଅଧା, ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ ଘର ସବୁ, ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ ସବୁ, କାରୁ ସବୁ ଝାପୁଆ ଝାପୁଆ ଦିଶେ - ଗୁପ୍ତଗୁପ୍ତ ଲୁହୁ ଏଣ୍ଡିୟମ ଭଳି, ନଗ୍ନ ବାଗବାଟିର ଭଗ୍ନ ଅବଶେଷ ଭଳି, ଉଦୟଗିରିର ଅସ୍ତ ପ୍ରାପତ୍ୟ ଭଳି ।

ହେଲେ ତା'ରି ଭିତରେ ଆମ ଭଳି ଗରିବ ଗୁରୁତାଙ୍କ ଗୁରୁତାଣା ମେଳେ । କାମ ମିଳିଯାଏ । ଏ' କାଗାରେ, ନ ହେଲେ ସେ ଜାଗାରେ । ଏ' ଘରେ ନ ହେଲେ ସେ ଘରେ । ଏବେ ଖଟଣି ଭିତରେ ବି ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଗେ । କାନୁଟାଠିଆ ହେଇ ଗଲେ, ଛାଟଟା ଟାଣ ହେଇଗଲେ, ଆଉ ଫାଟକ ବନ୍ଧା ହେଇଗଲେ । ମନେହୁଏ ଏ' ସବୁଟି ଆମର, ନିଜର, ଅତି ଆପଣାର । ସବୁତକ ନହେଲେ ବି କିଛି ତ ଆମରି ମେହେନତ, ଆମରି ଝାଳ ଆଉ ଆମରି ମନଯୋଗର ପ୍ରତିଫଳ ।

ଆମେ ସବୁ କେତେ ଖୁସି ଥିଲୁ । ମୁଲିଆ ସବୁ, ଏଠି ସେଠି କାମ କରୁ । କିଏ କୁଆରୁ ଆସିଛି । କିଏ କୋଉ ଜାତି, ଭାଷା, ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ, ବର୍ଗ ଆଉ ବଂଶର, ଏ ସବୁକୁ କ'ଣ ବା ମିଳିବ ? ଆମେ ସବୁ ମଣିଷ, ଖଟିଖୁଆ ମଣିଷ । ଝାଳ ଝରିଲେ ରକତ ବହେ, ପ୍ରାଣ ରହେ । ଆପଣା ଭିତରେ ଦୁଃଖସୁଖ ବାଣ୍ଟି, ଭଲରେ ମନ୍ଦରେ ସାହା ହେଇ ଆମେ ସବୁ ଏକପ୍ରାଣ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥିଲୁ । ମଣିଷ ହୋଇ ମଣିଷକୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ଥିଲୁ । ଆମେ ସବୁ କେତେ ଖୁସି ଥିଲୁ । କାମ ବେଳେ କାମ, ଆଉ ମରଜ ବେଳେ ଗୁଲିଖଟି, ଚାହିଁ ଚାପରା ଆଉ ଗାନା ବାଜଣା ବି । ଘରକଥା ମନେ ରୁହେ ନାହିଁ । ସିରା ପିଲାବ ମୁହଁ ଛବି ତୁମ୍ଭ କରେ ନାହିଁ ।

ପିଲାବେଳ ଧୁଲିଖେଳ ଭଳି ସୁଟି ସବୁ ଝାପୁଆ ଝାପୁଆ ଲାଗେ ଯେମିତି ରୂପାଭଳି ଚକ୍ ଚକ୍ ମାରୁଥିବା ଜହ୍ନଟା ତୁଳା ଭଳି ବାଦଲ ଭିତରେ... ମନେହୁଏ, ଏ' ସହର, ଏ' ଗଡ଼ି ଉଠୁଥିବା ସହର, ଏଇ ସବୁ ଦଳ ଦଳ ମଜୁରିଆମାନଙ୍କ ମାଳ ମାଳ ଅସ୍ତାବର କୁଟିଆ ସବୁ ହିଁ ଜୀବନାନନ୍ଦ ।

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଗୋଟିଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଘର ଧାଡ଼ି ଧାଡ଼ି ହୋଇ ଠିଆ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ବରଷ ଛ' ସାତ ଯାଇଛି କି ନାହିଁ, ସେଇ ଚାଙ୍ଗରା, ପଥୁରିଆ ଗୁର୍ଜଟା, ଯୋଉଠି ସୁରଜ ବୁଡ଼ିଲେ ତର ମାରୁଥିଲା ଏବେ ସବୁ ଲୋକବାକ, ଗାଡ଼ି ମଟର ଆଉ ଦୋକାନ ବଜାରରେ ଭଣ ଭଣ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ରାସ୍ତାଘାଟ ବି ଆସିଯାଇଛି, ତା' ସହିତ ବିଲୁଲି ଖୁଣ୍ଟ ସବୁ । ସଞ୍ଜ ହେଲେ ବନ୍ଦିଟାରେ ଭୋରରେ ଯୁଇ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିଲାଭଳି ଲାଭଟ ସବୁ ଜଳି ଉଠେ । ମରୁଭୂମିଟା ଜନ୍ମତ ପାଲଟିଗଲା ଯିମିତି ।

ହେଲେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗରେ କ'ଣ ମାଟି ଖୋଳା, ଭଟାବୁଝା, ମଇଳା ଲୁଙ୍ଗି ପିନ୍ଧା, ଚପଲ ନପିନ୍ଧା ଅମଣିଷ ମଜୁରିଆ ପାଇଁ କାଗା ଥାଏ ? ଯେତେବେଳେ ନୁଆ ନୁଆ ଘର ସବୁ ଚଳୁଥାଏ, ସେଇ ଘରେ, ଅଧା ମେଲା ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ ଭଟା କାକି କାଠ କାଳି ଆମେ ରାଣି ନରଥୁଲୁ । ସେଇଠି ବିଡ଼ି ପିଇ ଛିଣ୍ଡା କମ୍ପୁ ପାରି ଡିବିରି ଆଲୁଅରେ ଚାସ୍ ଖେଳି ଅକିଆକି ଶୋଇ ଯାଉଥିଲୁ । ହେଲେ, ଘର ଯେବେ ଘର ହେଲା, ଆମେ ହେଲୁ ବେଘର । ପୁଣି ଖୋଜା ଚାଲିଲା ଆଉ ଚଳୁଥିବା ଘର । ସେଠି ପୁଣି କିଛି ଦିନ, ତା' ପରେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଘର । ତା' ପରେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଘର... ତା' ପରେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଘର... । ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଚାଙ୍ଗରା ଗୁର୍ଜଟା ନୁଆ ସହର ପାଲଟିଗଲା । ଆମେ ସବୁ ବଳ ବଅସ ଆଉ ଆଉ ଅଯୋଗିଆ ହୋଇଗଲୁ । ନା' କାମ, ନା' ଧାମ ।

**ଏ ସହର ନା' ଆନନ୍ଦର ନା' ଦୁଃଖର । ନା' ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ନା' ବିଚ୍ଛେଦର । ତେବେ ଏ ସହର କ'ଣ ଏକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାଚୀ ?**

କୋର ବାବୁର ଗାଡ଼ି ଯୋହିଲୁ ତ, କାହା ବନ୍ଦିଟାରେ ଚାଗା ଯୋଡ଼ିଲୁ । କେମିତି କୋଉଠି କାଁ କାଁ ଭୋଜିଭାଟ ହେଲେ ଚଉକି ଚାନ୍ଦୁଆ ସଜାଡ଼ିଲୁ । ଆମ ସାଙ୍ଗାସାଥ ସବୁ କିଏ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଚାଲିଗଲେଣି । ପଟା, ଟିଣ ଆଉ ଅଗାବନ୍ଧା ଝୁପୁଡ଼ି ସବୁ ଆଉ ଦେଖାଯାଏ ନାହିଁ । ସଞ୍ଜ ବୁଡ଼ିଲେ ଆଉ ଗୁଲିଖଟି ଥଟା ଚାମସା କରିହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ଏକା ଏକା ମଦତାଟିର କାନୁକୁ ଆଉଜି ଚକ ଚକ ଦେଶା ଦାରୁ ପୁଞ୍ଜିକ ପିଲିବୁ ପିଇ ନେଇ ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ଭୁତ ଭଳି ଝୁଲି ଝୁଲି ଫେରିଆସେ ମୋ' ସ୍ୱର୍ଗକୁ - ଅଧା କାନୁକରା, ଭଙ୍ଗା ଆକବେଷ୍ଟ୍ ଆଉ ସିମେଣ୍ଟ ଅଖା ଛାତଦିଆ ଭାଡ଼ି ଭିତରକୁ ।

ବାବୁଙ୍କର ଘର ସରିବଟା ଆଉ କିଛି ବାକି ଅଛି, ହେଲେ ବାବୁ ରହନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟ ସହରରେ । ଜାଗା ଜଗୁଆଳି ମୋତେ କାଣେ ବହୁତ ବର୍ଷକୁ । କହିଛି, 'ଯେବେଯାଏଁ ବାବୁ ଏ' ସହରକୁ ବଦଳି ନହୋଇଛନ୍ତି, ତୁ ଏଠି ଏଇ ଆଉଟ ହାଉସରେ ଅଇଥାନ ହେଇଥା । ପଛ କଥା ପଛେ ଅଛି ।' ବହୁ ହତପତ ହେଇ, ଚାରି ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ବହୁତ ଏ' ଜାଗାରୁ ସେ ଜାଗା ହେଲି, ଯେମିତି ବରଷାରେ କାଉ ଏ' ଗଛରୁ ସେ ଗଛ, ଏ' ଖୁଣ୍ଟରୁ ସେ ଖୁଣ୍ଟ ଆଉ ଏ' ଛପରରୁ ସେ ଛପର ହେଉଥାଏ । ଏ' ସହର, ଏ' ରାସ୍ତାଘାଟ, ଏଠି ସବୁ ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥିବା ଘରସବୁ ଏମାନଙ୍କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ମୁଁ କୋଉଠାକୁ ଯାଇପାରିଲିନି । ଏଠି ସବୁ ମୋର ପରିଚିତ, ସମସ୍ତେ ନିଜର, ସବୁ ଆପଣାର । ଯା' ତା' ଘର ଚିଆରିରେ ଆଉ ଘରକାମ ସରିଲା ପରେ ବି ମୁଁ କାମ କରିଛି । ଆବୁରୁ କାବୁରୁ କାମଧନ୍ଦା କରି, ମୁଲିଆ ଭଳି, ଚାକର ଭଳି ଆଉ ଜଗୁଆଳି ଭଳି । ସମସ୍ତେ ମୋତେ କାଣାରୁ ବା ନ କାଣାରୁ, ମୁଁ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ କାଣେ, ଚିହ୍ନେ । ଏଇଠି ଲଟର ପଟର ହେଉଥାଏ ଦିନ ରାତି, ଗଲିର କୁକୁର ଆଉ ଗାଈ ପରି ।

ଏ' ସହର ଭଲ । ଏଠି ସବୁ ଭଲ । ଲୋକବାକ ଭଲ । କିଏ ଦିନେ ବୁଝେଇଲା - 'ଏମିତି ବେକାରିଆ କାମ କରି କେତେ ଦିନ ଚଳିବୁ ? ଇଏ କ'ଣ



ଗୋଟେ ପେଶା ? କିଏ କାମ ଦେଲେ ଯିବୁ, ନ ହେଲେ ଆକାଶକୁ ଅନେଇଥିବୁ । ତୋତେ ଏଠି ଲୋକେ ଜାଣନ୍ତି । ଭଲ ଲୋକଟାଏ ତୁ । ଚୋରି ହାରି ନାହିଁ । ଯୋଭାବଟା ଶାନ୍ତ । ଆଉ କାମିକା ବି । ଏଠି ସବୁ ଚାକିରିଆ ଲୋକ । ବାବୁ ବାବୁଆଣୀକ ଘର ସବୁ । କପଡ଼ା ଇସା ଦରକାରା ନିଚିଦିନିଆ । ତୁ ସେଇ କାମ କର । ରୋଜଗାର ବି ହବ, ଆଉ ତୋ' ପାଇଁ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ବି କମ୍ ।'

କଥାଟା ନିହାରି ମନ ପାଇଥିଲା ମୋ'ର । ଭଙ୍ଗା ଇଟା ସବୁ ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରି ସଜାଡ଼ି ଦେଲି ଚେରୁଲ ପରି । ଫଟା ଫଟା ଦି'ଟା ଯୋଡ଼ି, ତା' ଉପରେ ଛିଣ୍ଡା କନ୍ଦୁ ପାରି, ଗୋଟାଏ ଚଦର ଭାଙ୍ଗ ପକାଇ ଘୋଡ଼େଇ ଦେଲି । ଇଞ୍ଚିରି ପେଡ଼ିଟା ଖୋଲି ଅଙ୍ଗାର ଭରି କାଠିକୁଟାରେ ଜଳେଇଲି । ଜଳଟା ଅଙ୍ଗାରକୁ ଫୁଙ୍କି ଫୁଙ୍କି ନିଆଁ କଣିକାକୁ ପାର୍ଶ୍ଵ କରି ରତ୍ନାଳ ଦେଲି । ଆଉ ଚାଲିଲା ବେଦସାୟ । ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ବାହାରିଯାଏ ଘର ଘର ବୁଲି କପଡ଼ା ନେବା ପାଇଁ । ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ବୁଲୁଳା ସବୁ ନେଇ ମୋ' ଇସା ଚେରୁଲ ପାଖକୁ ଆସେ । ତା' ପରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟାଏ କପଡ଼ାକୁ ଭାଙ୍ଗ ଦେଇ, ପାଣି ଛିଟିକା ମାରି ତତଲା ଇସାଟାରେ ପାଲିସ କରିଦିଏ । ଅଫିସରେ, ବକାରରେ, ଘରେ ବି ମୋ' ଇସାକରା ଲୁଗା ସବୁ ପିନ୍ଧିଲେ । କାମ ଭଲ ଚାଲିଲା । ଦି' ପଇସା ରୋଜଗାର ବି ହେଲା । ଆଉ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ସବୁ ସୁବିଧା ।

ନାଁ । ହଁ, ସବୁ ସୁବିଧା ଭିତରେ ହିଁ ଅସୁବିଧା ହେଲା । ଦି' ବରଷ ଯାଇଛି କି ନାହିଁ, ଯେଉଁ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ଘର ବାରିଆଡ଼େ, ଆଉଟ୍ ହାତସରେ ମୋର ସା-ପିଲାଦିନା ସଂସାର ଆଉ ଇସାକରା ଦୋକାନ ଚାଲିଥିଲା, ତାକୁ ସବୁ ଉଠେଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଘର ମାଲିକ ଏ' ସହରକୁ ବଦଳି ହେଇ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜ ଘରେ ରହିବାକୁ ଆସିଲେ । ଯେଉଁ ଜଗୁଆଳି ବନ୍ଧୁ ମୋ'ର ଏଇଠି ଆଶ୍ରୟ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରିଥିଲା, ମନଦୁଃଖରେ କହିଲା, 'ତୋତେ ଏ' ଘର ଛାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ହବ । ଆଉ କୋଉଠି ଆଶପାଖ ଜାଗା ଖୋଜିନେ' । ନୂଆ ଜାଗା ଖୋଜିବାକୁ ବାହାରିଲି । ହେଲେ, ଜାଗା କୋଉଠୁ ମିଳିବ ? କିଏ ବା ଦବ ? ଆଉ ଜାଗା କାହିଁ ? ଏ' ମୁଣ୍ଡରୁ ସେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ, ଏ' ଛକରୁ ସେ ଛକ, ଆଉ ଏ' ଘରରୁ ସେ ଘର ଘୁରି ବୁଲିଲି । ବରଷା ପାଗରେ ଆଶ୍ରୟାଳୟ କାର ଏ' ଛାତରୁ ସେ ଛାତ, ଏ' ଭାଡ଼ିରୁ ସେ ଭାଡ଼ି ତେଜି ବୁଲିଲାଭଲି । କୋଉଠି କଦବା ଆଶ୍ରା ମିଳିଗଲା । ଦିନେ, ଅଧେ କି ଦେଖି ହେଲେ ମାସେ ପାଇଁ ।

କଣାଶୁଣା ଲୋକ ସବୁ, ଆଉ ମୋର ଗ୍ରାହକ ବି । ତାକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆଉ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଯିବି ? ଚିହ୍ନା ପରିଚିତ ଥିବାରୁ ଲୁଗା ଇସା ପାଇଁ ମିଳିଯାଏ, ହେଲେ ବାର ବାର ଜାଗାଟା ବଦଳେଇବାରୁ ଗ୍ରାହକ ବି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ କମି ଆସିଲେ, ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ଆଉ ଲୁଗା ଆଣି ହେଲା ନାହିଁ କି ଦେଇ ବି ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ତା' ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ରୋଜଗାର ବି କମି କମି ଆସିଲା ।

ହେଲେ, ମୁଁ ଏ' ସହର ଛାଡ଼ି ନାହିଁ । ଗାଁ କଥା ମନେପଡ଼େ କଦାବ୍ କିମିତି । ଶିରା ଆଉ ମା'ର ମୁହଁ ସବୁ ଫିକା ଫିକା ମନେପଡ଼େ । ଝୁଅ ଦି'ଟା ବି ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ନାଚି ଯା'ନ୍ତି ଯିମିତି । ସେଇ କୁଡ଼ିଆ ଘରଟା, ଗେଣ୍ଡୁ ଫୁଲ ସବୁ, କୁକୁଡ଼ା ପିଲା ସବୁ, ସିଝୁ ବୁଢ଼ା ସବୁ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଝୁଲକରେ ପଲକ ଆଗରେ ଆସି ଉଭା ହୋଇଯା'ନ୍ତି । ଏଇ ଗଲା ପାଞ୍ଚ ଛ' ମାସ ହେଲା ମୁଁ ରାସ୍ତାକଡ଼ରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ପଲା ବାଣି ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରୁଛି । ଆଠ ଦଶଟା କପଡ଼ା ଦିନରେ ଏଠୁ ସେଠୁ ମିଳିଯାଏ । ଚିଡ଼ି ଫୁଙ୍କି ଶିଥିଲିଆ ହାତରେ କଡ଼ା କଡ଼ା ଇସା କରିନିଏ । ଆଉ ସଞ୍ଜ ବୁଡ଼ିବାକୁ ଜଗେ ନାହିଁ । ଅଖା ତଳେ ଲୁଚେଇଥିବା ବୋତଲରୁ ଦି' ଢୋକ ପିଇ ନିଏ । କେତେ କିଛି ଖାଏ, କେତେ ଖାଏନା ।

ବରଷା ଆସିଛି ଦିନା କେତେ ହେଲାଣି । କଳା କଳା ମେଘ ସବୁ ତୁ ଚରି ବରଷା ଯା'ନ୍ତି, ବିଜୁଳି ଘଡ଼ଘଡ଼ି ଶବଦରେ ଧରାଟା ଥରି ଉଠେ । ଆଉ ଧାର ଧାର ପାଣିର ସ୍ରୋତ ସବୁ ବହି ଚାଲିଛି ମୋରି ଗୋଡ଼ ଚଳେ । ଭଟା ଦେଇ,

ପଟା ଦେଇ, ଯୋଡ଼ିଯାଡ଼ି ବନେଇଥିବା ଇଞ୍ଚିରି ଚେରୁଲ ଚଳେ, ଆଉ ଖଟ ନା'ରେ ଭାବେଲ ଚିନିଟା ଚଳେ । ବରଷାରେ, ରାସ୍ତାକଡ଼ରେ, ଇସା କରେଇବା ପାଇଁ ଆଉ ଗ୍ରାହକ ଆସିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଭିକା ଭିକା ଅଙ୍ଗାର ସବୁ ଛିଣ୍ଡା ମିଶା ଅଖା ଭିତରେ ସିକୁଟି ସାକୁଟି ପଡ଼ିଆଟି ।

ବିଡ଼ିଟାକୁ କୌଣସିମତେ ଜଳାଇ ନେଇ ଦି' ତିନି ଦମ୍ ମାରି ଦେଲା ବେଳେ ପ୍ରବଳ କାଶ ସହ ଖଙ୍କାର ସବୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଚିରି ବାହାରି ଆସିଲେ ଯିମିତି । ହାତଗୋଡ଼ ଥର ଥର କମ୍ପୁଆଏ, ଆଉ ମନେହେଲା ସାରା ବଦନରେ ନିଆଁ ଲାଗିଛି ବୋଧେ । ତଥାପି... ତଥାପି ଆଙ୍ଗୁଠି ଦି'ଟା ଭିତରେ ଅଟକି ଯାଇଥିବା ବିଡ଼ିଟା ଓଠ ଦି'ଟା ଭିତରେ ଅଟକି ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ଛଟପଟ ହେଲା । ପୁଣି ଟାଣି ନେଲି ଦି' ଦମ୍, ଆଉ ଧଳା ଧଳା କଫ ସହ, ବାହାରି ଆସିଲା ନାଲି ନାଲି ତାଳା ରକ୍ତ । ମୁଣ୍ଡଟା ବୁଲେଇ ଦେଲା ସାଇଁ ସାଇଁ, ଧରାଟା ଘୁରୁଥିଲା ଘାଇଁ ଘାଇଁ । ସେଇ ବାବେଲ ଚିନିଟା ଉପରେ କେମିତି ଗୋଟାଏ ଅବାଟିଆ ବାଗରେ ମୁଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡଟାକୁ ଝୁଲେଇ ପଡ଼ିରହିଛି । ମୁହଁ ଧାରରୁ ଧାର ଧାର ରକ୍ତ ଆଉ ପାଣି ଆଉ ଆଉ ସବୁ କ'ଣ ବୋହିଯାଇ ଧାର ଧାର ବର୍ଷାର ପାଣିରେ ମିଶି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ।

ସବୁକିଛି କଳା କଳା, ଅନ୍ଧାରୁଆ ଅନ୍ଧାରୁଆ, ଆଉ ଖାଲି ଖାଲି । ନା' କାହା ମୁହଁ, କାହା କଥା, କାହା ହସ । ନା' ଗାଁ, ନା' ସହର । ନା' ନିଜ, ନା' ପରର । ନା' ମୋ'ର, ନା' ତୋ'ର । ନା' ମାୟା, ନା' ମୋହ, ନା' ସପନ । ନା' ସ୍ଥିତିରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ, ନା' ବିଚ୍ଛେଦରେ ଦୁଃଖ ।

ଲେଖକ- Gujarat Institute of Development Research ରେ ପ୍ରଫେସର ରୁପେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ ।

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GROUP**



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# ମାତୃହାୟା

ଡ. କୁମୁଦିନୀ ପାଢ଼ୀ

ତୁମେ ମୋତେ ମୋତେ ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରି ନଥିଲ । ମାତ୍ର ମୁଁ ତୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରିଥିଲି । ଘର ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଜାଣିବା ପରେ ମୁଁ ତୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ନେଲି । ନାଁ ପଢ଼ାରିବା ପରେ ସବୁ ଆଶଙ୍କା ଦୂର ହୋଇଗଲା । ମାତ୍ର ତୁମେ ମୋତେ ଅଜଣା ଅତିଥି ପରି ବ୍ୟବହାର କରୁଥିଲ । ଦୋଳ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମାର ଶୁଭ ଅବସରରେ ମୋର ମହିଳା ସମିତି ଚରାପରୁ ଆମେ ଦଶକଣ କର୍ମା ମିଷ୍ଟାନ୍ନ ବାଣ୍ଟିବାକୁ ଏଠିକାର ମାତୃହାୟା କେନ୍ଦ୍ରକୁ ଯିବାର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ରଖୁଥିଲୁ । ଶୁଣିଥିଲି ଏ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସରକାରୀ ସଂସ୍ଥା । ସବୁ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ସରକାର ବହନ କରନ୍ତି । ସେଠାରେ ୬୦-୭୦ ଜଣ ମହିଳା ରହନ୍ତି । ସମସ୍ତେ ଷାଠିଏ ବର୍ଷରୁ ଅଧିକ । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସରକାରୀ ଔଷଧ, ଖାଦ୍ୟ, ପୋଷାକ, ଶିକ୍ଷା, ଭଲମନ୍ଦ ସବୁ ମିଳେ । ମାତ୍ର ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣିରେ ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ସମୟ ବିତାଇବାକୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ । ଅସହାୟ ମହିଳାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ସହାୟତାକୁ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ନିଜର ଘରର ପରିବେଶ ମନେ ପକାଇ ଦେବ । ଏତିକି ଭାବି ଆମେ ଭଲମନ୍ଦ ଦିନରେ ଏଠିକୁ ଆସୁ ।

ସମାଜରେ ମା'ର ସ୍ଥାନ ସବୁଠାରୁ ଉପରେ । ସେ ଧରିତ୍ରୀ ପରି ସର୍ବସଂହା । ଈଶ୍ଵର ସବୁଠି ବିରାଜମାନ କରିପାରିଛି ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ସେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଛନ୍ତି 'ମା' । ଈଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କର ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ରୂପ ମା' । ତେବେ ସେ ସମାଜରେ ଅସହାୟ ହେଲେ କିପରି ? କେଉଁ ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ତାକୁ ଅସହାୟ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିକୁ ଟାଣି ଆଣିଛି । ତାକୁ ଦେଖିବାର ଶୁଣିବାର ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଃଖ ବାଣ୍ଟିବାର ଭଙ୍ଗା ନେଇ କିଛି ଫଳ, ମିଠା, କାନ୍ଥ, ବିସ୍ଫୁଟ ସହ ଆମେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲୁ ମାତୃହାୟାରେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଖାଇବା ସମୟ ଦିନ ୧୨ଟା । ତାଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ହାତରେ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପରିବେଷଣ କରିବୁ ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟ ଏକ ସୁଯୋଗ ।

ଆମ ଗାଡ଼ି ରେଟ୍ ଭିତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ଯାଏ ଆମର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ତାରି ଆଡ଼କୁ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଯାଏ । ଏହା ସ୍ଵାଭାବିକ ଥିଲା । ଦେଖିଲୁ ପ୍ରାୟ ଆଠ ଦଶ ଜଣ ମହିଳା ଝୁଲାଇ ଝୁଲାଇ ଚାଲି ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଆଶ୍ରମର ବଡ଼ ବଗିଚାରେ ବହୁତ ଝୁଲାଇ ଲାଗିଛି । ବସିବା ବେଶ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ଜାତି ଜାତିର ଫୁଲରେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ପରିବେଶ । ମଝିରେ ଏକ ଛୋଟ ମନ୍ଦିରଟିଏ । ପରିଷ୍କାର ପରିବେଶ । ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ଝୁଲାଇ ଝୁଲୁଥିବା ଦୁଇଜଣ ମହିଳା ଠିଆ ହୋଇଗଲେ । ମୁଁ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ପତାଏ ଛାଡ଼ି ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଗଲି । ମତେ ପାଖରେ ପାଇ "ଜୟ ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ" କହି ପ୍ରଣାମ କଲେ । ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ପାଦରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ନିରୀକ୍ଷଣ କଲି । ଧଳା ପରିଷ୍କାର ପରିଚ୍ଛନ୍ନ ପରିଧାନ । ଜଣ୍ଠରେ ଏକ ତୁଳସୀ ମାଳି । ହାତରେ ଏକ ଛୋଟ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଆଉ କିଛି ମହିଳା ପାଖକୁ ଆସି ନମସ୍କାର କଲେ । ମୁଁ ପଚାରିଲି ଆପଣା ସବୁ ଏଇଠି ରହନ୍ତି ?

- ହଁ ।
- ଆପଣଙ୍କର ରହିବା ଘର ଦେଖିପାରେ ?
- ହଁ, ଆସନ୍ତୁ କହି ମୋ' ହାତଧରି ଜଣେ ମହିଳା ମୋତେ ଚାଣି ଟାଣି ତାଙ୍କ ରୁମ୍‌କୁ ନେଲେ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ମୋତେ ଅଳ୍ପ ଚିହ୍ନା ଚିହ୍ନା ଲାଗିଲା । ପରେ ପଚାରିବି ଭାବି ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ତାଙ୍କ ରୁମ୍‌କୁ ଗଲି ।

ରୁମ୍‌ଟି ବେଶ୍ ବଡ଼ । ପାଞ୍ଚଟି ଖଟ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଖଟ ପାଖରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଆଲମିରା । ନିଜ ଖଟ ତଳେ କିଛି ବାସନ, ଲୁଗା, ଚପଲ, ବାଲଟି, ମଗ, ସାବୁନ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ନିତ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟବହାରୀୟ ପଦାର୍ଥ ରଖାଯାଇଛି । ଏମିତି ଅନେକଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ରୁମ୍ ଥିଲା । ପ୍ରାୟ ସବୁଜା ଜଣ ମହିଳା ଷାଠିଏରୁ ନବେ ବର୍ଷ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ସେହିମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଜଣେ ଚିହ୍ନା ମହିଳା ଥିଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ । ମୁଁ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହୋଇ ପଢ଼ୁଥିଲି ଜାଣିବାକୁ କିଏ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏଠି ଅସହାୟ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ରହିବାକୁ

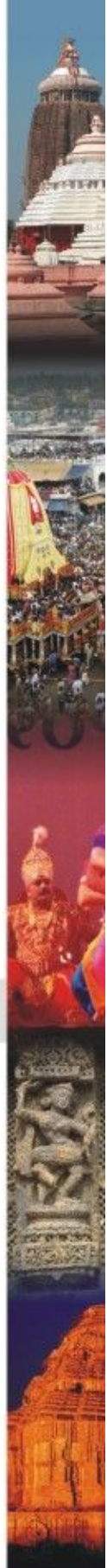
ବାଧ କଲା । କ'ଣ ସେ ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ଥିଲା । କେନ୍ଦ୍ରର ଅର୍ଥସ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଜାହାରି ବିଷୟରେ କହିବା ମନା ଥିଲା । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ପଚାରିବା ଅସୁବିଧା ତଥାପି ଆଗ୍ରହ ଏଡ଼ାଇ ନପାରି ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ଖଟ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ବସିଲି । ତାଙ୍କ ହାତ ଧରି ପଚାରିଲି ତୁମେ ସୁମି ଆଇ ନା ? ମହିଳା ଜଣକ ସାପ କାମୁଡ଼ିଲା ପରି ଚମକି ଉଠିଲେ । ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ ନାଁ ପଚାରିବାରୁ ସେ ଆହୁରି ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେଲେ । ମୋ' ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ଚିହ୍ନିବାର ବେଷ୍ଟା କଲେ ମାତ୍ର ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରିଲେନି ।

ମୁଁ ପଚାରିଲି ତୁମେ ମନି ଖୁଡ଼ାଙ୍କର ମାଆ ତ ? ହଁ କଲେ ! ତୁମେ ଏଠି କିପରି ? ତୁମର ତ ପୁଅ-ଝିଅ ସମସ୍ତେ ଥିଲେ ! ତୁମେ ଏଠିକୁ ଆସିଲ କାହିଁକି ?

ସୁମି ଆଇ ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ମୁହଁ ଖୋଲିଲେ । ସେ ଅନେକ କଥା । ବଡ଼ପୁଅ ମୋର ଦଶବର୍ଷର ହୋଇଥିଲା ତା'ର ବାପା ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ଚିନି ପୁଅ ଓ ଝିଅକୁ ବଡ଼ କରିବାକୁ ମୁଁ ବହୁତ କଷ୍ଟ କରିଛି । ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଘରେ ବାସନ ମାଜିଛି । ଗୋଷେଇ କରିଛି । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ରାନ୍ଧା ଧରାଇବାର ବେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛି । ବଡ଼ପୁଅ ଜଣେ ହାକିମଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଯାଇ ସେଇଠି ରହିଲା । ଝିଅ ବଙ୍ଗାଳୀ ଘରେ ବାହା ହେଲା ଆମକୁ ପଚାରିଲାନି । ମଝିଆଁ ପୁଅ ମୋର ସାଇକେଲ ଦୋକାନଟିଏ କରିଥିଲା । ଭଲ ରୋଜଗାର କରୁଥିଲା । ମୋ' ନିଜ ପସନ୍ଦର ଝିଅଟିଏ ଦେଖି ତା'ର ସଂସାର ମୁଁ ନିଜ ହାତରେ ସଜାଡ଼ିଥିଲି । ବୋହୂଟି ଭଲ ସୁଖଦୁଃଖର । ମନ ବୁଝେ । ନାଟିଟିଏ କୋଳକୁ ଆସିଲା । ଭଲରେ ଥିଲୁ । ମାତ୍ର ଦୁଃଖ ତ ବାଟ ଭୁଲିଯାଏ ବେଳେ ବେଳେ । ସୁଖର ଦିନ ବେଶି ଦିନ ରହିଲାନି । ବୋହୂର ଦେହ ଖରାପ ହେଲା । ସାରା ଦେହ ଫୁଲିଗଲା । ପାଣି ଜମି ଗଲା । ତା'ରଖାମାନରେ କିଛି ଦିନ ରହିଲା । ମାତ୍ର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ପର କରି ସେ ଚିର ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଆଶୁ ବୁଝିଲା । ମୋର ଦୁଃଖର ସଂସାର ପୁଣି ଆଖିରୁହରେ ଉତ୍ତରୁ ହେଲା । ସାନପୁଅଟି ମୋର ବହୁତ ଭଲ । ଭଲ ପାଠ ପଢୁଥିଲା । ପାଠ ପଢ଼ି ଆମରି ଘର ପାଖ ଦୁକରେ ବାଜିବି କଲା । ଦୁଇ ଅର୍ଥସରଙ୍କର ଝିଅ ସାଥରେ ପଡ଼ି ବିଡ଼ିଓ ବାବୁଙ୍କ କୋର୍ଟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ମାତ୍ର ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଘର କୋର୍ଟ କରି ରଖିଲେ । ଆସେ







କେତେ କେତେ ମୋତେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ । ମାତ୍ର ଶୁଣୁର ଓ ସାର ଇଚ୍ଛା ଦିଗୁରରେ । ଝିଅକୁ ପର ଘରକୁ ପଠାଇ ଦେଲି । ତା'ର ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖରେ ସେ ରହିଛି । ସାନ ପୁଅ ତା'ର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ, ଚାକିରିକୁ ତରି ଶୁଣୁର ଘରେ ରହିଲା । ଝିଅ ଶାଶୁ ଘରେ । ଘରେ ମୋ'ର ମୁଁ ଏକା ହୋଇଗଲି । ସବୁ ପକ୍ଷା ଶାବକ ବଡ଼ ହୋଇ ରହି ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ମୋ'ର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସରିଗଲା । ମନ ମୋର ହାହାକାର କରି ଉଠିଲା । ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରାରେ ମୁଁ ଏକା ରହିଗଲି । ଆଖିରେ ମୋର ସବୁ ଅସଜଡ଼ା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ହୋଇ ରହିଗଲା । କାହାକୁ କହିବି ? କାହାର ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲାନି ଯେଉଁ ମାଆ ଏତେ ଜନ୍ମକରି ଆମକୁ ମଣିଷ କଲା ସେ କେମିତି କାଟିବ ତା'ର ଶେଷ ଜୀବନ । କିଏ ତାକୁ ପାଣି ଗୁଣ୍ଠାରେ ଦେବ । କିଏ ତା'ର ଦେହପାଆ ଖବର ରଖୁବ । ବୋହୂଟିଏ କାହାର ଆସେନି । ଦିନ ପରେ ଦିନ ବିତିଗଲା । କାହାରି ଆଶ୍ରା, ଭରଷା, ସ୍ୱେଦ - ମୋ' ପାଇଁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଖବର ପାଇଲି ଏଇ ସଂସ୍କାର । ଯେଉଁମାନେ ନିଜର ସେ ତ ପର କରିଦେଲେ । ଆଉ ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ଆବୋଧି କାହିଁକି ରହିଥାଆନ୍ତି ? କାହାରି ବେଳ ନାହିଁ ମୋର ଖବର ନେବାକୁ । ନାଟିନାତୁଣୀ କୋଳରେ ଖେଳିଲେ ନି । ମାଆ ହୋଇ ମାଆ ହୋଇ ପାରିଲିନି । ମୁଁ ପିଲାକୁ ବଡ଼ କରିବାରେ କ'ଣ କିଛି ଭୁଲି କରି ଦେଲି । ଶାଶୁ ହୋଇ କେତେ ଦି ଭଲ ଶାଶୁ ହୋଇପାରିଲିନି । ତିନି ତିନି ଭଣି ବୋହୂ କେହି ଜଣକର ସ୍ୱେଦ ମମତା ମୁଁ କାହିଁକି ପାଇଲି ନାହିଁ । ମୋ' ପୁଅମାନେ ମୋତେ କିପରି ପର କରିଦେଲେ ? ତାଙ୍କୁ ତ ମୁଁ ପର କରି ନ ଥିଲି । ନିଜେ ନ ଖାଇ ଶୁନ୍ୟ ସଂସାରରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖକୁ ଜରି ବସିଥିଲି । ଦିନ ଦିନ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ମୋ' ପୁଅମାନେ ବଡ଼ ହେବେ । ମୋର ଦୁଃଖ ଚାଲିଯିବ । ମାତ୍ର ମୋ' ପାଇଁ ସବୁ ଓଲଟା ହେଲା କାହିଁକି ?

ମୋ' ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଶୈଶବ ମୁଁ ମନେ ପକାଉଛି । ପିଲା ଦିନେ ମାଆ ପ୍ରଥମ ଗୁରୁ । ମୁଁ ତ ସୋମନଙ୍କୁ ରାମାୟଣରେ ରାମଙ୍କର ପିତୃଭକ୍ତି, କର୍ଣ୍ଣଙ୍କର ଦାନ, ଭରତଙ୍କର ଭ୍ରାତୃଭକ୍ତି, କୁମକର୍ଣ୍ଣର ଭ୍ରାତୃଭକ୍ତି, ବିଭୀଷଣର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀମା ଭକ୍ତି ଏସବୁ ଗଭ ଆକାରରେ ପିଲାକୁ ବୁଝାଉଥିଲି । କାହିଁକି ସେ ସବୁ ମୋ' ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ କଲା ନାହିଁ । ସବୁ ମୋର ଭାଗ୍ୟ । ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ତ ରାମଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଜିଣି ପାରି ନାହାନ୍ତି -- ଆଉ ମୁଁ କ'ଣ ଶାହାର । ଛାଡ଼ !

ମୋତେ ଦିନରାତି ଅସରନ୍ତି ଲାଗିଲା । ରାତି ଦିନ କେତେ ଭାବିବି । ବିଛଣାରେ ନିଦଆସେନି । ସାରା ରାତି ଚାହିଁ ଚାହିଁ ସକାଳ ହୁଏ । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ହାତ ପାଦଗଢ଼ି ହରାଇଲେ । ଆଖି ଜବାବ ଦେଲା । କାନ ଆଉ କିଛି ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମନା କରିଦେଲା । ଏଇ କାନ ଅନେକ ଶୁଣିଛି ମା' ତାକ । ଆଉ କ'ଣ ଶୁଣିବି ? ଆଖି ବି ଅନେକ କିଛି ଦେଖିଲା । ଆଉ କ'ଣ ଅଧିକା ଦେଖୁବ ? ଇଶ୍ୱର ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ଏମିତି ଟାଣିବେ, ଜାଣିନି । ତା' ପରେ ଆଜି ମୁଁ ଏଇଠି ।

ଶୁଣିଥିଲି ଆଉ ଏକ କାହାଣୀ - 'ଲଟିକା ବାଣ' । ରାୟପୁରରୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ତିନିବର୍ଷର ପୁଅ କୋଳରେ । ସ୍ତ୍ରୀମା ହରାଇ ଏକା ହୋଇଗଲେ । ପୁଅକୁ ଏମିତି ସୁଲରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି କଲେ ଯେଉଁଠି ସେ ନିଜେ ପଢ଼ି ପାରିବେ । ମା' ପୁଅ ଏକା ସୁଲରେ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିଲେ । ସର୍ବ ପୁଅ ରହିବ ହଷ୍ଟେଲରେ ମା' ପାଖରେ । ମା' ପୁଅ ମାତ୍ରିକ ପାଖ କରିଗଲେ । ମା' ସେଇ ସୁଲରେ ଚାକିରି କଲେ । ପୁଅ ଅଧିକ ପଢ଼ି କଲେଜରେ ପ୍ରଫେସର । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ବୋହୂ ନାଟିକୁ ନେଇ ପୁଅ ଖୁସିରେ ଅଛି । ବୋହୂ ମାଆଙ୍କର ସେବା କରିବାକୁ ମନା କରିଦେଲା । ମାଆ ନିଜ ପେନ୍‌ସନ ପଇସାରେ ଏଇଠି ରହନ୍ତି । ସବୁବେଳେ ପୁଅର ମଙ୍ଗଳ କାମନା କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ପୁଅ ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସେ ମାତ୍ର ବୋହୂ କେବେ ନୁହେଁ ।

**ମାତୃଛାୟା କାହାଣୀ ନୁହଁ  
ଏକ ଅଚରଣ ଆଳାପ  
ଫେ । ପାଟି ହୋଇ ପଢ଼ିଥିବା  
ମାଆମାନଙ୍କର !**

ଏମିତି ଷାଠିଏଟି କାହାଣୀ ମୋତେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରୁଥିଲା । ମୋର ମନପ୍ରାଣ ହାହାକାର କରି ରଖୁଥିଲା । ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟବନ୍ଧ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା । ଆଖି ପଥର ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । କେତେଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ମା' ମାନସିକ ରୋଗୀ ଥିଲେ । ଚାହିଁ ଚାହିଁ ସ୍ଥିର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ରହିପାରୁନାନ୍ତି । ମୁହଁରେ ଭାଷା ନାହିଁ । ସେଠି ଥିବ ଏକ ଅକୃତ୍ୱା କାହାଣୀ । ହୁଏତ ଏକମାତ୍ର ସତ୍ୟକୁ ହରାଇଥିବେ । ହୁଏତ ସମସ୍ତ ବକ୍ଷରେ କାହାରିକୁ ବିସର୍ଜନ କରିଥିବେ । ହୁଏତ କେହି ଶକ୍ତ ଆଦାତ ଦେଇ ତାଙ୍କୁ ରାସ୍ତା ଦେଖାଇ ଦେଇଛି ଏଇ ମାତୃଛାୟା କେନ୍ଦ୍ରକୁ । କେହି ହୁଏତ ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ ମିଥ୍ୟା ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତିକୁ ଜାତୁଡ଼ି ଧରି ବାଟ ଚାହିଁଛି । 'ଆସି ତୁମକୁ ନେଇଯିବୁ ପରକୁ' - ଏଇ ଆଶ୍ୱସନାକୁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରି କେହି ମାଆ ରାସ୍ତା ଦେଖୁଛି । ଆଖିର ଲୁହ, ଛାତିର କୋହକୁ ଲୁଚାଇ କେହି ମାଆ ଝୁଲରେ ବସି ଝୁଲୁଛି ।

ହସିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛି । ଏଇ ସତ୍ୟମାନେ କାହିଁକି ତୁଝିପାରନ୍ତି ନି ମାତୃଗର୍ଭର ଗୋଟିଏ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତର କଷ୍ଟ ତାଙ୍କର ସାରା ଜୀବନର ସେବାରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସୁଝି ହୁଏନା । ଏ ସତ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କର ବୃଦ୍ଧାବସ୍ଥା କ'ଣ ଆସିବନି ?

ଜୀବନ ! ତୁମେ କ'ଣ ଏକ ଜୀବନ୍ତ ଆଇନା ? ଆମକୁ ଚିତ୍ରପଟ ଦେଖାଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଛି । ତୁମେ କ'ଣ ଏକ ପ୍ରହେଳିକା । ଗୋଟେ ଗୋଲକଧନା । ତୁମର ରଦେଶ୍ୟ କ'ଣ ? ତୁମେ କ'ଣ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛ ? ମାଆ ହେବାର ଅଧିକାର ତୁମେ ଆମର କାଡ଼ି ନେରଞ୍ଜ କାହିଁକି ? ଏମିତି ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ଅସହାୟ କରି ଜୀବନର ଦୋହଳିରେ ଠିଆ କରି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରୁଛ ଭୁଲ କାହାର ? ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ତୁମେ କୁହ ! ତୁମେ ଏମିତି ଅତୁଆ ଧରୁଛ କାହିଁକି ? ସମୟ, ତୁମେ ଏତିକିରେ ରଙ୍ଗ ବଦଳାଇ ଦେଲ ? ତୁମେ ସବୁଠୁ ବଳବାନ ସମୟ । ସବୁଠି ଉପରେ ତୁମେ । କର୍ମ, ଭାଗ୍ୟ, ଈଶ୍ୱର, କାହାକୁ କୁହ ଆମେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିବୁ ? କାହିଁକି ଜୀବନର ସ ସପରଙ୍ଗ ! ସବୁଠି ଜୀବନ ଏକ ଅଲଗା ଅଲଗା ମନରୁଆଁ, ଦୀର୍ଘଶ୍ୱାସର ଝଲକ ! କାହାକୁ କ'ଣ ସ୍ୱାକାର କରିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛ ସମୟ ! ସବୁଠି ଉପରେ ତୁମେ ! ଆମେ ନିମର ମାତ୍ର ।

ଲେଖିକା- ଅବସରପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ଅଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷା, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ବର୍ତ୍ତାରେ ରଚି ।  
ମୋ-୯୭୨୭୦୭୯୨୮୬

*With best compliments from :*

**Parampara Group**  
...a name you can trust

# ଛୋଟ ଝିଅ

ସଂପାଦିତ୍ରୀ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

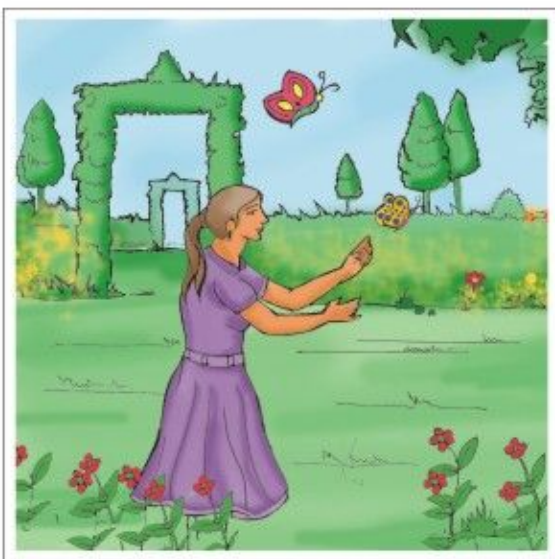
ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟିଏ ଥିଲା । ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଚା'ର ବାବୁରା ବାଳ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି । ତାକୁ ସେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଆଡ଼େଇ ଦବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥାଏ ହାତରେ । କେବେକେବେ ବୁଢ଼ା ମା' ହାତରେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ, ଛୋଟ କରି ଚାଣି ନେଇ ଘରମରା ନଡ଼ିଆ ଚେଲରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବାନ୍ଧିଦିଏ ଭବନପତ୍ର । ମୁଣ୍ଡବନ୍ଧା ସରିଗଲା ବେଳକୁ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅକୁ ଲାଗେ ଯେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ମହାଭାରତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧଟା ସରିଗଲା । ଓହ୍‌ଠ, ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟା ପିଲାଦିନରୁ ମା' ସ୍ନେହ ଭଲ ଭାବରେ ପାଇପାରିନଥିଲା । କାରଣ ଜନ୍ମ ହେବାର ବର୍ଷେ ପରେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ସେ ମା' ତାଳିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲା ସେତେବେଳେ ଝିଅ ମା' ଚାଲିଯିବାପରେ ପଡ଼ି ମରି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ହେଲେ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ସିନା ମା'ର ଏକଦାଟିଆ ସ୍ନେହ, ମା' କୋଳର ଉଷ୍ମତା, ମା'ଠୁ ବୋଧ ଭରସା ପାଇ ନଥିଲା, ହେଲେ, ଲାଳନପାଳନରେ ସେ ଜମା ଅବହେଳିତ ହୋଇନଥିଲା । ଚା'ର ବୁଢ଼ାମା, ଆଉ ଘରେ ପୁନାରା ମା'ର ସମସ୍ତ ସ୍ନେହ, ଦେଖାଶୁଣାରେ ସେ ବଡ଼ି ଆସିଥିଲା ।

ଘରେ ଥିବା କୁକୁର, ବସା ବାନ୍ଧିଥିବା ଘରଟଟିଆ, ଛୋଟ ପୁଷି ବିଲେଇ, ପୋଷା ଶୁଆ, ଆଉ ବଗିଚାରେ ଥିବା ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ଫୁଲଗଛ ସମସ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ଜୀବନ୍ତ ସାଥୀ ପରି ଲାଗୁଥିଲେ । ପିଲାଟି ଦିନରୁ ବେଶା କାହା ସଂଗେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ହେବା ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ଏମାନଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ରହିବାକୁ ବେଶା ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁଥିଲା । ବର୍ଷାଋତୁରେ ବର୍ଷା ହେଲେ ନିବିଷ୍ଟ ଚିତ୍ତରେ ତାକୁ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା । ବରଷା ପାଣିର ଚପ୍ ଚପ୍ ଶବ୍ଦରେ ସେ ଭଲପିତ ହୋଇ ମୟୂର ଭଳିଆ ନାଚି ଯାଉଥିଲା । ବାପା ଚା'ର ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ବିଭାଗରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଚା'ର ବାପା ଦୂର ଜାଗାକୁ ଅର୍ପିତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଯାଉଥିଲେ, ସେତେବେଳେ ତାକୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଧରି ଯାଉଥିଲେ । ସେ ତୁପ୍‌କିନା ବସି ବଣ ମୟୂରର ନାଚ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା । ମନକୁ ମନ ଗଛ, ଲତା, ତାଳ, ପତ୍ର, ଚଢ଼େଇ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ସେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରୁଥିଲା । ପବନଟା ସତରେ ଯେମିତି ତାକୁ ବହୁତ ଭଲପାଏ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ହାଲୁକା ସର୍ଗ ଦେଇ ଚା'ର ବାବୁରା

ବାଳକୁ ଉଡ଼େଇ ଦିଏ, ସିଏ କିରୁ କିରୁ ହୋଇ ହସିଯାଏ । ସିଏ କାଗଜରେ ଛୋଟ ଚଢ଼ା କରି ପାଣିର ସୁଅରେ ଭସାଇଲା ବେଳେ ପବନ ଚା'ଠୁ ଛଡ଼ାଇ ନେଇ ଜୋର କରି ଠେଲି ଦିଏ ଆଗକୁ, ଯେମିତି ପୁଣି କେବେ ଚା'ର ଛୋଟ ଲାଲ ଟୋପିକୁ ଉଡ଼ାଇ ଦେଇ କିଛି ବାଟ ପୁଣି ଫେରାଇ ଦିଏ । ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ପବନର ସୁ ସୁ ତାଳରେ ସେ ବୁପ୍ କରୁ ଉଠି ପଡ଼ି ଦେଖେ, ଚା'ର ଝରକା ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ମନ୍ଦାର ଗଛଟା ଫୁଲରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି ହୋଇଯାଇ ତାକୁ ଯେମିତି ତାକୁଛି ଆ, ମୁଁ ପରା ଚୋରି ପାଇଁ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ଶୁସିରେ ସବୁ ଫୁଲ ଚୋଳିଦିଏ ସେ ବୁଢ଼ା ମା'ର ପୂଜା ପାଇଁ । କେବେ କେବେ ସେ ସବୁ ଫୁଲକୁ ନେଇ ବଡ଼ ଫୁଲହାର ଗୁନ୍ଥିବି ଦେଉଥିଲା ପାଖ ମନ୍ଦିରକୁ ପଠାଇବା ପାଇଁ । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟିର ବାପାକୁ ସମୟ ମିଳୁ ନଥିଲା ତାକୁ ଚିତ୍ତେ ଗେଲ କରିବା ପାଇଁ । ମାତ୍ର ଯେତେବେଳେ ଅବସର ମିଳୁଥିଲା ତାକୁ କୋଳରେ ବସାଇ ଶୁବ୍ ଗେଲ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଗେଲ କରୁଥିଲାବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖିରୁ ଧାର ଧାର ହୋଇ ଶୁବ୍ ଲୁହ ଝରି ଯାଉଥିଲା । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି କିଛି ପଢ଼ାକୁ ନଥିଲା, ମାତ୍ର ଚା'ର ନିରାହ ବାହାଣୀରେ ଚବଚବ ଅନାଇ ଚା'ର ବାପାଙ୍କର ଦୁଃଖର କାରଣ ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲା । ଚା'ର ଲୁଗାପଟା, ଜୋତା ଏବଂ ବାପାଙ୍କର ଲୁଗାପଟା ସେତ ଅନାବନା କରି ପକଉ ନଥିଲା, ସବୁ ସଜାଡ଼ିକି ରଖି ଦଉଥିଲା ଏବଂ ବାପାଙ୍କର ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଆଷ୍ଟେକା ବି ସଜାଡ଼ିକି ରଖି ଦଉଥିଲା । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବାପା ତାକୁ ଏତେ ଭଲ ପାଉଛନ୍ତି, ଏକଥା ବୁଝିବାକୁ ବି ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲା ।

ଘରେ ଥିବା ଛୋଟ ଶୁଆଟା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ସେ ଖୁବ୍ କଥା ହୁଏ । ସ୍କୁଲରେ କ'ଣ ହୁଏ, ଚିତର କ'ଣ କହନ୍ତି, କିପରି ସ୍କୁଲ ଆରମ୍ଭରୁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ହୁଏ, ସେଥିରୁ ସେ କିଛି ଶୁଆକୁ ଶିଖାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଶୁଆ ତାକୁ ଦେଖୁ "ରଘୁପତି ରାଘବ" ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ଦିଏ । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଯାଇ କହେ, ରହ, ତୁ ବଡ଼ ହୋଇ ଯା', ମୁଁ ଯେତେ ଭଜନ ସଂଗୀତ ମୋ' ସାରକଠୁ ଶିଖି ତତେ ମୁଁ ଶିଖାଇ ଦେବି । ତୁ ମୋ' ଜନ୍ମଦିନ ପାର୍ବିରେ ଗୀତ ଗାଇବୁ ମୋ' ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ଶୁଣି ଖୁସି ହେବେ ।

ଏମିତି କୈଶୋର ସମୟଟି ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସେ ଛୋଟ ଫୁଲ ଛାଡ଼ି, ଲମ୍ବା ଚତୁସ୍ (ସାଲୁଆର କାମିଜ) ପିନ୍ଧିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଦେଇଥିଲା । ହେଲେ, ଚା' ବୟସର ପିଲାମାନେ (ଝିଅ) ସବୁ ପୁଅପିଲାଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ହେବାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲାବେଳେ ସେ ନୀଳ ଆକାଶ, ଶାରୁଆ ସକାଳ, କୋହଲା ପବନ, ଦୁଲ୍ ଦୁଲ୍ ବର୍ଷାର ଶବ୍ଦକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲା । ବଗିଚାରେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଲାଲ, ଗୋଲାପା ରଙ୍ଗର ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଗୋଲାପ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟେ, ତାକୁ ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଭାବରେ ଆର୍ତ୍ତସି ଦେଉଥିଲା । ଗଛ କଢ଼ର ଅନାବନା ପତ୍ର ସବୁ ସଫା କରି, ଗଛ ମୂଳରେ ପାଣି ଦେଇ ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ମୁଗୁ ଦୁଷ୍ଟିରେ ଅନେଇ ରହୁଥିଲା । ଚା' ହାତ ପରଶରେ ବି ଗଛଗୁଡ଼ା ବହୁତ ସତେଜ ହୋଇ ଉଠୁଥିଲେ । ଯଦି କିଛି ଦିନ ସେ କୁଆଡ଼େ ତୁଲି ଯାଉଥିଲା, ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଗଛଗୁଡ଼ା ତାକୁ ଝୁରି ପଟକା ହୋଇଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି କେବେବି କାହାକୁ ଆଘାତ ଦେବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁ ନଥିଲା । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟିକୁ କେବେବି ଚା'ର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ଭୋଜି ଭାତରେ ଆମିଷ ଭୋଜନ କରିବାର ଦେଖୁ ନଥିଲେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ସବୁଥିରେ ସେ ଦକ୍ଷି ପ୍ରାଣର ଆଭାସ ପାଉଥିଲା ।



ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟା ଦିନେ ବଡ଼ ହୋଇଯାଇ ନିଜକୁ ଦେଖିଲା ଦର୍ପଣରେ, ବହୁତ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ସେ ଏବେ ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପିନ୍ଧୁଛି । ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପିନ୍ଧିକି ବନ୍ଧିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଲାଗେ ଯେ ପବନ ତା'ର ବଡ଼ ବନ୍ଧୁ, ଖୁସି ହୋଇ କାନି ଉଡ଼େଇ ଦିଏ । ମିଛିମିଛିକା ରାଗି ଉଠେ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟା, ମନ୍ଦାର ଗଛ, ଗୋଲାପ ଗଛ ବି ତାକୁ ବିଛାଇ ତାକୁ ଟିକେ ଛୁଇଁ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ମନେ ମନେ ଲାଜେଇ ଯାଏ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟା । ଏମିତି ଦେଖିଲା ବେଳକୁ କେତେକଣା ତା' ଘରକୁ ତାକୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସିଲେ, ପସଦ ବି କରି ନେଲେ । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲାଲ ସିନ୍ଦୂର ପିନ୍ଧି, ଲାଲ ଚୁଡ଼ି, ଲାଲ ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପିନ୍ଧି ବାଲିଗଲା ବାହା ହେଇଗଲା । ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟିର ଘର ସେଦିନ ଦାପାଦଳି ପରି ସଜା ହୋଇଗଲା । କାହିଁ କେତେ ବାଜା ବାଜିଲା । କେତେ ରୋଷଣା ଫୁଟିଲା । ଭୋଜିଭାତ ବହୁତ ହେଇଥିଲା ।

ଛୋଟ ଝିଅ ବହୁତ କାନ୍ଦି ଥିଲା । ଏଇଥିପାଇଁ ଯେ ତାକୁ ତା'ର ଛୋଟ ଫୁଲ ବନ୍ଧିବା, ତା'ର ଶୁଆ, କୁକୁର ଛୁଆ, ଗୋଲାପ ଗଛ, ମନ୍ଦାର ଗଛ, ଜୁଇ ଗଛ ସମସ୍ତକୁ ଛାଡ଼ିକି ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ବୋଲି । ବାପା ତା'ର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଆଗସି ଦେଇଥିଲେ ତା' ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ପବନ ଦି । ତୁମ୍ଭଟାପୁ ତା' କାନରେ କହିଥିଲା ତୁ ଆମକୁ ଭୁଲି ଯିବୁନି ତ । ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ବି ଦେଇଥିଲା, ଯେ ସେ ସେଠାରେ ବି ତାକୁ ମିଳିବ ଯେତେବେଳେ ସେ ଛାତ ଉପରକୁ ଆସିବ ଲୁଗା ଶୁଖାଇବା ପାଇଁ ।

ପ୍ରଥମେ ଶାଶୁ ଘରେ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟିକୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଭଲ ପାଇଲେ ତା'ର ସରଳ ଓ ଉଦାର ସ୍ୱଭାବ ଯୋଗୁଁ । ସବୁବେଳେ ନିଜ ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ହେଉଥିବା ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ନିଜର ସ୍ୱାମୀର ଉପସ୍ଥିତି ବି ଭୁଲିଯାଏ । କେବେ କେବେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଆଲୋକର ଚିନି ଧର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପଚାରିବା ପରେ ଧୀରେକିନା ଗୋଟାଏ ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଏ । ଥରେ ତା'ର ମାଆ ଆସି ପଚାରିଲେ, "ଆରେ ଆଲୋକ, ଆମ ବୋହୂ କ'ଣ ଛାତ ଉପରେ କାହା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଥା

ହେଉଛି । ବରଷା ପାଣିକୁ ହାତରେ ଧରି ଗୁଣ୍ଡୁଗୁଣ୍ଡୁ ହେଉଛି । ଆରେ ଭଏ କ'ଣ ଟିକିଏ ଆଡ଼ବାଇଆ କିରେ ।" ଆଲୋକ ବି କହିଲେ, ହଁ ମା' ମୁଁ ବି ସେଇଆ ଭାବୁଛି । ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ଡିନର ଖାଇଲା ବେଳକୁ ଟେବୁଲ ଉପରେ ମା' ପୁଅଟିର ଗୋଟେ ବଡ଼ ଦିବାର ଚାଲିଲା ଯେ ଏଥର ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ବାପା ତାଙ୍କ ସମୁଦି ଆସିଲେ ଏ ବିଷୟ ନେଇ ପଚାରିବେ । ଯଦି ହବ ତାଲୁରା ଔଷଧ କରିବେ । ମାତ୍ର ସେ ଦିନ ରାତିରେ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ଛାତ ଉପରକୁ ଯାଇ ବର୍ଷାରେ ଖୁବ୍ ଭିଜି ଥିଲା । ସୁଲୁସୁଲିଆ ପବନକୁ ଖୁବ୍ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥିଲା । ନାଭିରେ ଛଅ ମାସର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ବିଚ୍ଛେଦକୁ ମନେପକାଇ କାନ୍ଦି ପକାଇଥିଲା । ଆକାଶର

**ମନଟା କ'ଣ ଚାହେଁ ?  
କେହି ବୁଝେନା !  
ନିଜ ଲୋକ କ'ଣ ବୁଝିବାକୁ  
କେବେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରେ !**

ଜହ୍ନର କିରଣକୁ ଖୁବ୍ ମନଭରି ଉପଭୋଗ କରିଥିଲା । ତା'ର ସ୍ୱାମୀ ତାକୁ ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ଆସି ଜବରଦସ୍ତି ଘରକୁ ନେଇ ଶୋଇବା ପାଇଁ କହିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ବିରକ୍ତ ବି ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସକାଳେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଝିଅଟି ଉଠିଲା, ଶାଶୁ କହିଲେ ଜଳଦି ଉଠ ଆଜି ସମୁଦି ଆସିବେ ତୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଯିବୁ କିଛି ଦିନ ତୁଲି ଆସିଲେ ଭଲ ଲାଗିବ । ଆଉ ମନକୁ ମନ କଥା ହେବୁନି । ମାତ୍ର ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ଆଉ ଛିଟା ହେଇପାରିନଥିଲା । ତାକୁ ନିମ୍ନିଆ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା, ତୁଇ ଦିନ ହସପିଟାଲରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା ପରେ ସେ କାହାକୁ ଅସୁବିଧାରେ ନ ପକାଇ ଚାଲିଗଲା । ସକାଳେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଦେଖିଲେ ହସପିଟାଲ ବେଡ଼ରେ ଛୋଟ ଝିଅଟି ତା'ର ପିଲାଦିନର କଷ୍ଟକରିବୁ ଧରି ଶୋଇଯାଇଛି ଖୁବ୍ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ଚିର ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ।

ଲେଖିକା- ଗୃହିଣୀ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚାରେ ରଚି ।  
ମୋ- ୯୭୨୨୯୮୯୫୪୧

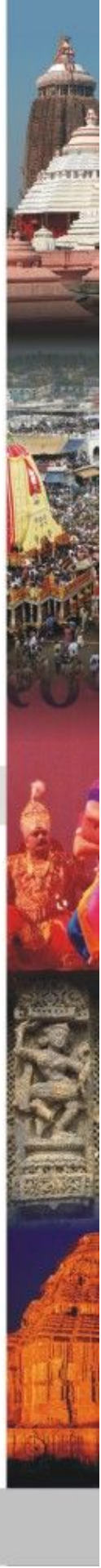


*With best compliments from:*

# GVFL

॥ साहसे श्रीः प्रति वसति ॥

GUJARAT  
VENTURE  
FINANCE  
LIMITED



# ମନ ଏବଂ ସଂଗୀତ

ଶାଶ୍ୱତ ଭଗବାନୀୟ (ଗୀତାଜୀ)

ଦାର୍ଶନିକମାନେ ମନକୁ ଅନ୍ତଃକରଣ ବୋଲି କୁହନ୍ତି । ମାନବ ଦେହରେ ଥିବା ଦଶ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ଚକ୍ଷୁ (ଆଖି), ଶ୍ରୋତ୍ର (କାନ), ସ୍ପର୍ଶ (ନାକ), ରସନା (ଜାଭ) ଏବଂ ତୁଳ (ଚର୍ମ) ଏବଂ ପାଞ୍ଚ କର୍ମାନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ (ବାକ, ପାଣିକ, ପାଦ, ବାୟୁ ଏବଂ ଉପସ୍ଥ) ସହିତ ମନକୁ ଅନ୍ତଃକରଣ ବୋଲି ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରାଯାଏ ।

ମନ ରୂପକ ଅନ୍ତଃକରଣ ବିନା ବାକି ଦଶ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ନିଜ ନିଜର କାମ ସଂପାଦନ କରିପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ ଏବଂ ଏହି ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟଗୁଡ଼ିକର ସତ୍ୟ ରହିବ ନାହିଁ । ତଥାପି ଆମେ ମନ ରୂପକ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟବିହୀନ ସୁଖ ଦୁଃଖର ଅନୁଭବ ସହିତ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥାଉ । ଦାର୍ଶନିକ “ଶାଂଖ୍ୟ” କ ମତ ଅନୁସାରେ ଯେଉଁ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ଦ୍ୱାରା ସଂଜ୍ଞ ଏବଂ ବିକଳ୍ପର ପରିପ୍ରକାଶ ହୁଏ ତାହାକୁ ଅନ୍ତଃକରଣ ବା ମନ କୁହାଯାଏ । ବେଦରେ ଲକ୍ଷା, ସଂଜ୍ଞ, ବିଚିତ୍ତା, ଶୁଦ୍ଧା, ଅଶୁଦ୍ଧା, ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ଅଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟା, ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଏବଂ ଭୟର ପରିପ୍ରକାଶକୁ ମନ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇଛି । ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ମନ ଦ୍ୱାରା ହିଁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି କରିଥାଏ । ତେଣୁ ରକ୍ ବେଦରେ କୁହାଯାଇଛି ମନ ସୁରକ୍ଷିତ ରହିଲେ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱି ଏବଂ ସଂପର୍କି ଭଗ୍ୟ ହିଁ ମିଳିପାରେ, ମନ ଥିବାରୁ ବୈଦିକ ରକ୍ଷିମାନେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟକୁ ମାନବ ଆଖ୍ୟା ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ।

ବୈଦିକ ରକ୍ଷିମାନେ ମନ ଏବଂ ହୃଦୟ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ବିଭେଦକୁ ଦର୍ଶାଇ କହିଛନ୍ତି ବିଚାର, ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚ ଏବଂ ବିବେଚନାର ମୂଳ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ହେଉଛି ମନ ଏବଂ ଭାବନା, ଅନ୍ତଃପ୍ରେରଣା ତଥା ନୈସର୍ଗିକ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ହେଉଛି ହୃଦୟ ଏବଂ ଏହି ଭାବନା ସବୁକୁ ଏକତ୍ରିତ କରି ତଥା ଏଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ବାଣି ରକ୍ଷାରେ ମନର ରୂମିକା ଅଟେ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ହିଁ କେବଳ ମନକୁ ବିକଳ୍ପ କରିପାରେ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଉଠେ ସଂଗୀତ ହିଁ ମନର ବହିଃ ପ୍ରକାଶ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଜୀବ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ରହିଛି ବୋଲି ଆମେ ମାନିଥାଉ ଏବଂ ମନ ହିଁ ଏହି ବ୍ରହ୍ମକୁ ଚାଲିତ କରେ । ତେଣୁ ମନରୂପା ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ତଥା ନାଦରୂପା ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ସମ୍ପର୍କକୁ ଦର୍ଶାଯାଇ “ସଂଗୀତ ରତ୍ନାକର” ପୁସ୍ତକରେ ନାଦଏବଂ ମନ ପରସ୍ପରଠାରୁ ଅଭିନ୍ନ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇଛି ।

ସର୍ବବ୍ୟାପୀ ରୂପେ ନାଦଏକ କିନ୍ତୁ ବିଶ୍ୱବ୍ୟାପୀ ରୂପେ ନାଦ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ରୂପରେ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବ ହୁଏ ।

“ଆତ୍ମ ବିବକ୍ଷ୍ୟମାଣୋ ଯଂ ମନଃ ପ୍ରେରୟତେ ମନଃ ଦେହସ୍ୱଂ ବହି ନ ମହତି ସପ୍ରେରୟତି ମାରୁତଂ ।”

ଅର୍ଥାତ୍, ମନ ହିଁ ନାଦର ମୂଳ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ଏବଂ ମନର ଅନୁଭୂତିରର ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ହିଁ ନାଦ !

ସ । ଂ ଗ । ତ । କ  
ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ସଂଗୀତ ଉପଯୋଗୀ ଧ୍ୱନିକୁ ନାଦକୁହାଯାଏ । ଏହି ନାଦଦ୍ୱାରା ପ୍ରକାରର ଆହତ ଏବଂ ଅନାହତ । ତନ୍ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅନାହତ

ନାଦକେବଳ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ନିଜ ମନ ଅଥବା ହୃଦୟରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରେ । ସୃଷ୍ଟି ରଚନାରେ ପୁରୁଷ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରକୃତି ଏହି ଦୁଇଟିର ସଂଯୋଗ ଅତି ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ସଂଗୀତ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରକାରମାନେ ମନ ଏବଂ ନାଦ(ସଂଗୀତ)କୁ ଏହି ଦୁଇ ବସ୍ତୁ ସହିତ

**ମନ ! ତୁମେ ଏକ ପବିତ୍ର ରୂପ;  
ବ୍, ହ୍, ସ ନ । ତ ନ !  
ଶବ୍ଦ ବ୍ରହ୍ମ; ସଂଗୀତର ନାଦ !  
ଏକ ଅପୂର୍ବ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିନା !  
ସର୍ବତ୍ରମର !**



ତୁଳନା କରନ୍ତି । ମନ ପୁରୁଷ ରୂପ ଏବଂ ନାଦପ୍ରକୃତି ରୂପ, ମନର ଅନୁଭୂତିକୁ ଆବୃତ୍ତ କରି ନାଦ ମନୋହାରୀ ରୂପ ଧାରଣ କରି ମଧୁର ସଂଗୀତର ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଘଟାଏ । ମନର ଭାବକୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ମଧୁରତମ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ହିଁ ସଂଗୀତ । ସଂଗୀତରେ ମନର ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱକୁ ଦର୍ଶାଯାଇ କୁହାଯାଏ ଯେ ସଂଗୀତର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ନାଦରୁ, ନାଦର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଅନୁଭୂତିରୁ ଏବଂ ଅନୁଭୂତିର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ମନରୁ ହିଁ ହୋଇଥାଏ ।

ଚାର୍ବକ ଦର୍ଶନ ଅନୁସାରେ ମନ ଏକ ପଦାର୍ଥ ଏବଂ ଏହା ଏକ ଆତ୍ମବିକ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ, ମନ ନିତ୍, ଆତ୍ମା ଏବଂ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ମନ ସହିତ ସମନ୍ୱୟ ସ୍ଥାପନ କରି ଜ୍ଞାନ ଉତ୍ପନ୍ନ କରନ୍ତି । ଶରୀରରୁ ମନ ବାହାରି ଗଲେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହୁଏ । ତେଣୁ ଶରୀର ଓ ମନ ଓତଃସ୍ପୋତ ଭାବେ ଜଡ଼ିତ । ମନ ସହିତ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟର ସମନ୍ୱୟ ଥିବାରୁ ମନ ସମନ୍ୱୟ ସମନ୍ୱୟ ବିକାରଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ହୋଇପଡ଼େ । ଏହି ବିକାରଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ମନକୁ ଆତ୍ମାର ଅଧୀନରେ ଆଣିବା ପାଇଁ ସଂଗୀତ ହିଁ ଏକମାତ୍ର ମାଧ୍ୟମ । ତେଣୁ ଆଜିକାଲି ମ୍ୟୁଜିକ୍ ଥେରାପି ଦ୍ୱାରା ବିକାରଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ମନ ଓ ଶରୀରର ବିକିଷା ବହୁଳ ଭାବେ ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ହୋଇଛି । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରାଗ ଗାନିଣୀ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଉତ୍ପନ୍ନ ନାଦରେ ଯେଉଁ କମ୍ପନ ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଦେହ ଓ ମନରେ ସଞ୍ଚାରିତ ହୁଏ ତାହାର ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟା ଆଜି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କେହି ସଠିକ୍ ଭାବରେ ଦେଇପାରି ନାହାନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ଏହି ଅଭ୍ୟାସ (ଥେରାପି) ଦ୍ୱାରା ଚୂଷ୍ଣା, ଲୋଭ, କ୍ରୋଧ ପରି କ୍ଳେଶ ନଷ୍ଟ ହୋଇ ମନ ଶାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଏବଂ ଏହି ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ବ୍ରହ୍ମର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି କରିପାରେ । ତେଣୁ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ କହିଛନ୍ତି । ସଂଗୀତ ହିଁ ଭଗବାନ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ସହଜ ସରଳ ରାସ୍ତା ।

ଲେଖକ- ବେଦାର ଓ ଦୂରଦର୍ଶନରେ କଣ୍ଠଶିଳ୍ପୀ । “ନିରୋବିଚାର” ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ପରିଚାଳିକା । ମୋ-୯୭୨୫୪୭୩୫୫୭



*With best compliments from:*



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**meil**



ଥିଲେ ଏଇ ହାତ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ହେବ । ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ କେବଳ ତା' ପାଇଁ ଅକ୍ଷର ପୁଣ୍ୟ ।

ମୋର ଅକ୍ଷର ନବମ ପୁଣ୍ୟ । ଯାହା ଦେବ ଅର୍ଚ୍ଚନାରେ ଉତ୍ତରୀକୃତ । ମୋର କଣ୍ଠରେ ନବମ ପୁଲର ବ୍ୟଥା ଭରି ଗଲା । ମୁଁ କହୁଥିଲି ଧର୍ମର କନ୍ୟା ରୁମ୍‌ଗି ହାତରେ ହେଉ । ଯାହା ଦେଶକୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇ ରଖୁ ।

ତାଙ୍କ ବକ୍ଷରେ ଆତ୍ମାୟତା, ହସ ସେ ଆତ୍ମାର ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ଗଠିଲି, ବେର ପରି ଯାହା ନଦୀରେ ଭଠେ, ନଦୀକୁ ନମସ୍କାର କରିବା ପାଇଁ ।

ଲେଖିକା- ଗୃହିଣୀ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚାରେ ରଚି ।



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# ଅଜବ ଭାଷାପ୍ରେମର ଗଜବ କଥା

ଡି.ଜେ. ଦେଶାଇ

ଭାଷା ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଏକ ଅଦ୍ଭୁତ ସୃଜନ । ପୁରାତନ ପୁସ୍ତକ ଯୁଗରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଆଜି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଭାଷାର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି ଓ କ୍ରମଶଃ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଏହାକୁ ବିଶେଷ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ କରିଛି । ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଭାବକୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାର ସର୍ବୋତ୍ତମ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ହେଉଛି ଭାଷା । ଏହା ଆତ୍ମାୟତା ଆଣେ, ଏପରିକି ଅଜଣା ମଣିଷକୁ ବି ଆପଣାର କରିନିଏ । ଏହା କେବଳ ଆମ ଗାଁ, ଦେଶ ବା ପ୍ରଦେଶ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସୀମିତ ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ବିଶ୍ୱର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ଏହି ଭାଷାପ୍ରେମର ଝଲକ ସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ରୂପେ ଦେଖାଯାଏ । ଉଦାହରଣ ସ୍ୱରୂପ ଫ୍ରାନ୍ସ, ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତରରେ ନିଜର ସ୍ଥାନ ଖୁବ୍ ଉଚ୍ଚରେ ରଖୁଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେମାନେ ଫରାସୀ ଭାଷାକୁ ଖୁବ୍ ଆଦର ଓ ସମ୍ମାନର ସହ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରନ୍ତି । ଏପରିକି ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତରୀୟ ଗବେଷଣାରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ନିଜର ଉପଲବ୍ଧିକୁ ଫରାସୀରେ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରିଥାନ୍ତି । ବାହାର ଦେଶରେ କାହିଁକି ଏପରିକି ଆମ ଦେଶର ପୂର୍ବତନ ପ୍ରଧାନମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ଅଟଳ ବିହାରୀ ବାଜପେୟୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ଯୁନାଇଟେଡ ନେସନର ସଂଗୋଷ୍ଠୀରେ ହିନ୍ଦୀରେ ବକ୍ତୃତା ଦେବା ଉଚିତ ମନେ କରିଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ଏ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରେମ କୌଣସି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା, ଜାତି, ଦେଶ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସୀମିତ ନୁହେଁ, ଏହା ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତରୀୟ ।

ମୋର କନ୍ଦୁ ଏକ ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀ ପରିବାରରେ । ପ୍ରାୟ ଶହେ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ମୋର ପୂର୍ବଜ ଗୁଜୁରାଟ ଛାଡ଼ି ପୂର୍ବ ଭାରତରେ ଯାଇ ରହିଲେ । ମୋ' ବାପା ଥିଲେ ବ୍ୟବସାୟୀ । ସକାଳୁ ଘରୁ ବାହାରି ରାତିରେ ଯାଇ ଫେରିବି । ମୋ' ମା' ସାରାଦିନ ଘରକାମରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରହୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଆମ ଆଖପାଖରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକ । ତେଣୁ ମୋର ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀ ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରତି ବେଶୀ ଆଦର ରହିଲା । ପ୍ରଥମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ହେବାବେଳେ ଭୁଲ୍ ହେଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ ହସ୍ତୁଥିଲେ ତେଣୁ ଘରକୁ କାମ କରିବାକୁ ଆସୁଥିବା ଶକୁନ୍ତଳା ଓରଫ ଶକୁମା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରି ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହିବା ଶିଖିଲି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପଢ଼ିବା ଓ ଲେଖିବା ଶିଖିଲି ଘର ସାମ୍ନାରେ ରହୁଥିବା ରାଗତ ବାବୁଙ୍କଠାରୁ । ମୋ' ପାଇଁ ସେଦିନଟା ଏକ ଗର୍ବର ଦିନ ଥିଲା, ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଲି ଯେ ମୁଁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ହାଲଅର ସେକେଣ୍ଡାରୀ ବୋର୍ଡ଼ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଷୟରେ ସବୁଠାରୁ ବେଶୀ ନମର ରଖି ଉଭାଣ୍ଟି ହୋଇଛି ।

**ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ଭାବକୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାର ସର୍ବୋତ୍ତମ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ହେଉଛି ଭାଷା । ଏହା ଆତ୍ମାୟତା ଆଣେ, ଏପରିକି ଅଜଣା ମଣିଷକୁ ବି ଆପଣାର କରିନିଏ ।**

ଏନ.ଆଇ.ଟି., ରାଉରକେଲାକୁ ଇଂଜିନିୟରିଂ କଲା ପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଶର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଜାଗାରେ ଚାକିରି କଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା ଛାଡ଼ିଲି ନାହିଁ । ଯେକୌଣସି ଜାଗାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକଟିଏ ଦେଖିଲେ ୫-୧୦ ମିନିଟ୍ ଅବଶ୍ୟ କଥା ହୁଏ, ସେ ବଡ଼ ପଦପୁ ଅର୍ଥସର ହୋଇଥାଉ ବା ଜଣେ ଦିନ ମଜୁରୀଆ । ସେତେବେଳେ ମୁଁ ରହୁଥାଏ ଅହମଦାବାଦର ନବରଙ୍ଗପୁରାରେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଛୁଟି ଦିନ ଏପଟେ ଶାହିବାଗ ଏବଂ ସେପଟେ ସରସପୁର ଯାଇ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଖୋଜି ଦେଖା କରେ, ଆଉ ଗପସପ ହୁଏ । ଏ ପ୍ରାୟ ଚିରିଶି ବର୍ଷ ଚଳର କଥା । ମୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଭେଟିଥିଲି ଶ୍ରୀ ମହାନ୍ତି ବାବୁ ଓ ଶ୍ରୀ ଦାସ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ । ସେମାନେ ଗୁଜୁରାଟରେ ଫ୍ୟାକ୍ଟରୀ ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ ଓ ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଥରେ ଜଣେ ମିଲ୍ କାରିଗର ଘରକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲି । ସେମାନେ ପ୍ରାୟ ୫୦ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ଅହମଦାବାଦରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଘରେ ଚାକର ବୁଢ଼ାମା'କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି

ବାକି ସମସ୍ତେ ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀରେ କଥା ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ବୁଢ଼ାମା' ସଙ୍ଗରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ହେଲି । ମା' ଖୁସିରେ କାନ୍ଦି ପକେଇଲା ।

ଆଉ ଥରେ ଜଣେ ଇଂଜିନିୟରିଂ କଲେଜରେ ଛାତ୍ରକୁ ଇଞ୍ଜିଆନ ପେଟ୍ରୋକେମିକାଲ୍ସ ଲିଃ (ଏବର ରିଲାଭଲ୍ ଇଣ୍ଡଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀ)ରେ ଭେଟିବାକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲି । ଫେରିବାବେଳେ ଜଣେ ପିଲା ବସ୍ ଭିତରେ ପକେଟ ଟ୍ରାନଜିଷ୍ଟର ବଜାଉଥିଲା । ସିକ୍ୟୁରିଟିବାଲା- ଇଞ୍ଜିଆନ ବର୍ଡ଼ର ସିକ୍ୟୁରିଟିର ଲୋକ ଥିଲା । ଖୁବ୍ କଡ଼ା ଲୋକ । ଧରା ହେଲା ପରେ ପିଲାଟିର ଜେଲ ଯିବା ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ତା'ର ଅର୍ଥସର ଯିଏ କି ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଥିଲେ, ତାଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ କଥା ହେଲି ଓ କହିଲି ପିଲାଟିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ।

ଆହୁରି ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ବିଶେଷ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ସେତେବେଳେ ମୋର ଛୋଟ ଭଉଣୀ ଓ ଭିଣୋଇ ବଲସାତ ପାଖରେ ଥିବା କାଲାପଲଡ଼ି ଗ୍ରାମରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଭିଣୋଇ ଥିଲେ କେନାଲ କଣ୍ଟ୍ରୋଲର । ପ୍ରାୟ ୩୦୦ ଲୋକ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଥରେ ସେ ଜଣେ ଲୋକକୁ ପଠାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରୁ ୨୦୦୦ ବ୍ୟା ଆଣିବାକୁ କହିଲେ । ଘରେ ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ଛୋଟ ଭଉଣୀ ଥିଲୁ । ଲୋକଟି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୋଲି ଜାଣିବା ପରେ ଆମେ ତା' ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କଥା ହେଲୁ । ଲୋକଟି ଭିଣୋଇଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଫେରିବା ପରେ କହିଲା, "କ'ଣ ବାବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସ୍ତା ରଖୁଛ ଆଉ ଆମକୁ କେବେ କହିଲ ନାହିଁ ।" ସେଇ ଲୋକଟି ସାଇଟରେ କାମ କରୁଥିବା ସବୁ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ଯାଇ କହିଲା, "ଆମର ମେମ ସାହାବ ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ । ତେଣୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ମନ ଲଗାଇ କାମ କର କେହି ଆଉ ଏହି ସାଇଟ ଛାଡ଼ି ଅନ୍ୟ ଆଡ଼େ ଯିବା ନାହିଁ । ନିଜର ଘର ଭାବି ସାଇଟ୍ ସଫା ସୁତୁରା ରଖିବା ।" ସତରେ ଚମତ୍କାର ହେଲା ମୋ' ଭିଣୋଇଙ୍କର ସାଇଟ ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଗାନ୍ଧୀନଗରରୁ ମିନିଷ୍ଟର ଆସୁଥିଲେ ସାଇଟ୍ ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ।

ଏମିତି ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ ଚମତ୍କାର ହେଉଛି ମୋ' ଜୀବନରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ ନେଇ । କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ଦିନ ଆଗେ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମହିଳାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖୁଥିଲି । ପୁଅ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଇଂରାଜୀରେ କଥା ହେଉଥିଲେ, ଶୁଣିକି ଭାଗା ଦୁଃଖ ହେଲା । ଆଧୁନିକତା ନା'ରେ ଆମେ ନିଜ ଭାଷା ପ୍ରୟୋଗ ପାଇଁ କୁଣ୍ଠାବୋଧ କରୁଛୁ । ତେଣୁ ଆଜିର ମାତା ପିତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଏତିକି ମିନଟି- ଆପଣା ନିଜ ସଠାନମାନଙ୍କୁ ସର୍ବଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପୁରସ୍କାରଟି ଦେବାକୁ ଭୁଲୁ ନାହିଁ, ସେ ହେଉଛି ଆମର ମାରୁଭାଷା ।

ଯଦି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଛାଡ଼ିବାର ଦୀର୍ଘ ୪୦ ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଖୁବ୍ ସହଜ ଭାବରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହିପାରୁଛି, ତେବେ ଆପଣ... ? ?

ଲେଖକ- L.D. College of Engineering ର Plastic Technology ରେ ପ୍ରଫେସର ରୂପେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ । ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାବାନ ।  
ଫୋ-୯୪୨୨୩୩୨୧୨୨୧



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The logo for MAAC INFRA features the words "MAAC INFRA" in a bold, orange, sans-serif font. Below this, the tagline "YOU ASPIRE WE DELIVER" is written in a smaller, black, sans-serif font.

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# ଭୂମି

ଡ. ପ୍ରିୟଙ୍କା

ରୋମାଞ୍ଚ ହୁଏ ସର୍ଗରେ କାହାର  
କୁରୁକ୍ଷେତ ମାଟି ସିଏ ।

ରାମାଞ୍ଚ ନୂତନ ଆଦି  
ଲୋଚକ ବାଧୁନି ମନା !  
ପ୍ରାଣରେ ବେପଥୁ; ସର୍ଗରେ ରୁମର  
ରୁମେ ସତେ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଥିଲ ଶତ ଶତ କୌରବ ରକ୍ତର  
ପାଣ୍ଡବକୁ ଦେଖୁଛ ଆଖିରେ !  
କୁରୁବାର ଗାଷ୍ଠି ପିତାମହ  
ଚକ୍ରଧାରୀ ଶ୍ୟାମଳ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣକୁ  
ହେ ମାଟି କୁରୁକ୍ଷେତ୍ର !

ରୁମକୁ ଛୁଇଁଲେ ଲାଗୁଛି ମୁଁ ଛୁଇଁଛି କୃଷ୍ଣକୁ  
ମାତା କୁଟାକୁ, ରାଜା ଯୁଧିଷ୍ଠିରକୁ !  
କେମିତିକା ଥିଲେ କୁହ ରୂପସା ପାଞ୍ଚାଳୀ ?  
ଏଇ ମାଟି ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଅଛି ଶରଣ୍ୟା ପିତାମହଙ୍କର  
ଏଇ ଭୂମି ଦେଖୁଛି ବିଶ୍ଵରୂପ ଶଂଖ ଚକ୍ରଧାରୀ  
ଯାହା କେବେ ଅର୍ଜୁନ ପାରୁନି ପାଶୋରି !

ଏଇ ବ୍ରହ୍ମ ସରୋବର ।  
ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ପ୍ରଭୁ ନିଜେ ବିଜେ କରିଥିଲେ  
ଭ୍ରାତା ଭଗ୍ନା ସାଥେ !  
ଏଇଠୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମିତ ମଞ୍ଚକରେ ସାଧୁ ଥିଲେ ଶସ ବିଦ୍ୟାଶିକ୍ଷା  
ସହିପନା ମୂଳା ପାଶେ !  
ପିତାମାତା ସହ ସ୍ନାନ କରିଥିଲେ ଗ୍ରହଣ ଲଗୁରେ  
ଦେବିଶ ଲୋଟି ଦେବଙ୍କ ଗହଣେ !

ନାଭିରୁ ପଦ୍ମ, ପଦ୍ମରୁ ବ୍ରହ୍ମା, ବ୍ରହ୍ମରୁ ଜଗତ  
ସେହି ଭୂମି ପୁଣ୍ୟତୋୟା  
ଆସିବୁ ପାଦପର୍ଯ୍ୟ  
ଏ ମାଟିରେ ଚବ ପଦରଜ  
ଆଜି ମଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛି ଏ ମାଟିରୁ ପବିତ୍ର  
ନମନ ରୁମକୁ ହେ ପୁଣ୍ୟ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର-  
ନମୁଛି ରୁମକୁ ।

ଲେଖକା- Zydus Research Centre, A Division of  
CADILA Healthcare Ltd. ରେ ଗବେଷିକା ରୂପେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରତ ।  
E-mail: ppriyadarsiny@gmail.com

# ପ୍ରଣତି

ସଂଘମିତ୍ରା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ମୁଁ ନୁହେଁ ସୁଦାମା  
ନୁହେଁ ସାଲବେଗ  
ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ଦାସିଆ ବାରରା  
ହୃଦୟ ମନ୍ଦିରେ ସଲିତା ଜାଳୁଛି  
ଭକ୍ତି ଅର୍ଘ୍ୟ ଦେଇ ଭରି ।

ହୃଦୟ ନୁଆର ମୁକୁଳା ରଖୁଛି,  
ପ୍ରେମ ବାରି ସିନ୍ଧୁ ବିଅ  
ମନ ମନ୍ଦିର ମୋ' ପଡ଼ିଆ ପଡ଼ିଛି  
ଭକ୍ତି ବାଜ ରୋପି ଦିଅ । ୧

ପରଦା ପଡ଼ିଲେ ସରିଯିବ  
ଏହି ଘଟର କାରାଗାର  
ତଥାପି ମୋହ ମାୟାବଶେ ହୁଏ ମୁଁ  
ପ୍ରଭୁ କାହିଁକି ଯେ ହରବର । ୨

ରକ୍ତ ରୁଧିର ଚେତନା ମୋହର  
ସଂସାରର ପାତ ପ୍ରତିଘାତେ  
ସମର୍ପିତ ପ୍ରାଣ ରତୁଆର ନାମ  
ନିଗନ୍ତର ଚବ ପଦେ । ୩

ବାଲୁଛି ଏକା ମୁଁ ବାଲୁଥିବି ଏକା  
ଜୀବନ ବନ୍ଧୁର ପଥରେ,  
କରୁଣା ସାଗର ଆଶିର୍ବାଦ ଦିଅ  
ଉତ୍ତା ହୋଇ ବନ୍ଧୁ ରୂପରେ । ୪

ଜୀବନର ଅନ୍ୟ ମାଟିପତ୍ର ମୋର  
ଚଳମଳ ହୁଏ  
ଲାଗେ ଯିବ କେବେ ପଡ଼ି  
ପ୍ରାଣର ଠାକୁର ହୃଦୟ ମନ୍ଦିରେ  
ଦିଅ ହେ ପ୍ରେମର ସଲିତା ଜାଳି । ୫

କେତେ କନୁ ଧରି, କେତେ ବାର ମରି  
ଚାଲିଛି ଏ କନୁ ଚକ୍ର  
ଚକ୍ର ଭେଦି, ଆହେ ଚକ୍ରଧାରୀ ରୁମେ  
ଏ କନୁରୁ ଉଧାର କର । ୬

ଲେଖକା- ରୁହିଣୀ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ରଗଳ୍ପ ଓ କବିତା ଲେଖନୀରେ  
ବିଶେଷ ରୁଚି । (ଫୋନ୍- ୯୭ ୧୨ ୯୮ ୯୫୪୧)

 *With best compliments from :*



**PRATHAM**  
CONSTRUCTIONS  
TURNING LAND INTO LANDMARKS

 *With best compliments from :*

**संदेश**

 *With best compliments from :*

**Shaligram**  <sup>TM</sup>  
Buildcon Pvt. Ltd.

 *With best compliments from :*

**Shubham**   
**RESIDENCY**

# ବିଷଣ୍ଣ ମନର ବିଳାପ

ସସ୍ମିତା ମିଶ୍ର

ମନଟା ବୋଲ ମାନେନା,  
ବିଷଣ୍ଣ ହୁଏ ପୁଣି କଡ଼ ଲେଉଟାଇ ହସି ଦିଏ ।

ହେ ଆକାଶ !

ଶରତର ନିର୍ମଳ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ତୁମର  
ସେହି ବିଶାଳ ଅନନ୍ତ ବସ୍ତରେ,  
ଅନେକ ବାରାକ ଗୋଷ୍ଠୀ,  
ଆଉ ଝିଲଝିଲ ଆଲୁଅ ଚାକର । ୧

(ହେଲେ) ମୋ ମନରେ ଅନେକ ଭାବନା  
ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା କହୁର ଓଠରୁ ଝରି ପଡୁଥିବା,  
ମେଞ୍ଚା ମେଞ୍ଚା ଧଳା କିରଣୀ ସବୁ  
ମୋ ଦେହରେ, ଯେତେବେଳେ ବୋଲି ହୋଇଯାଏ,  
ସେହି ଝାଫୁସା ଆଲୁଅ ଭିତରେ  
ହଠାତ୍ ମୁଁ ବାଟ ଚାଲି ଯାଏ । ୨

(ଅଜସ୍ୱାତ) ମାଡ଼ି ଆସେ ଆଦ୍ୟ ଆଖ୍ୟାହର..  
ଘନକୃଷ୍ଣ କଳାମେଘର ବିରାଟ ପଦ୍ମୁଆର,  
କହୁ ଲୁଚିଯାଏ... ସମୁଦ୍ର ହୁଏ ପାଗଳ,  
ଝରିପଡ଼େ ଶ୍ରୀବତ୍ସର ଧାରା ଝରୁ.. ଝରୁ.. ।  
ତା'ର ସେହି ଭିମଝିମ୍ ସ୍ୱରର ତାଳେ ତାଳେ,  
ମୋର ସୁସ୍ତ ମନ ବହଳି ଯାଏ,  
ଓଦା ମାଟି ଗନ୍ଧରେ ମୁଁ ମରୁଆଇ ହୁଏ । ୩

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ବିଟି ଯାଏ.. ଘୋଟି ଆସେ ରାତ୍ରର କାଳିମା,  
ରୁପସା ରାତ୍ରୀ ଗୋ..  
ତୁମର ସେହି ନିସ୍ୱଦ୍ୱପହରରେ,  
ଯେତେବେଳେ ପୁଅବାଟା ଘୁମେଇ ପଡ଼େ,  
ଦୂର ଗାଁ ମଣାଣିରୁ ଶୁଣେ.. ନିଶାବରକ  
ବିରସ.. ଆର୍ତ୍ତ ଚିତ୍କାର । ୪

ହଜି ଯାଇଥିବା ମନ ମୋର (ହଠାତ୍) ଫେରିଆସେ  
କଙ୍କନାକୁ.. ବାସ୍ତବ ଜଗତକୁ,  
ଅନେକ ଆଶଙ୍କା.. ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ସନ୍ଦେହ ସବୁ  
ଘେରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ମୋତେ, ମୁଁ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାରେ  
କଲଚଳ ହୁଏ, ଆଉ ରହି ରହି ଚିତ୍କାର କରି ଉଠେ,  
ଏଇ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ନିର୍ଭରତ କାବନରେ  
କାଣିତାଏ ସୁଖ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତିର ସର୍ଗ ଯାଇ.. । ୫

ସମୟ ଚଳିଗଲେ.. ।  
ରାତ୍ରର କଳା ପରଦା ଧାରେ, ଧାରେ ଅପସରିଯାଏ,  
ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆକାଶରେ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ ଆସେ..  
ଲୋହିତ-ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ-ଆଭାର ନୃତନ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ।  
ବିଷଣ୍ଣ ମନମୋର ଉଷାର କର୍ପିଳ ସର୍ଗରେ,  
ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହୋଇ ଉଠେ..  
(ପୁଣି) ଏକ ନୂଆ ଦିନର ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ଆଶାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ନେଇ.. । ୬

ଲେଖିକା- ଗୃହିଣୀ ମାତ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଅନୁରାଗୀ, ମଞ୍ଚଶିଳ୍ପୀ, ନାଟକ, କବିତା ରଚନାରେ  
ସିଦ୍ଧହସା । ଫୋ-୯୪୪୭୩୧୧୦୨୯୯

# ଈଶ୍ୱର ଓ ମୁଁ

ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ମିଶ୍ର

ତୁମେ ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ  
ଆଉ ମୁଁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ।

ତମେ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟ ଅନନ୍ତ ଗଗନ  
ମୁଁ ସେହି ଶୂନ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟେ ଆଶ୍ରା ନେଇଥିବା  
ଏକ ନିର୍ମୂଳି ଲତା, ଯେ କି ନିମିଷକେ ଭୃମ୍ଭିରେ  
ନିପତିତ ହୁଏ ।

ତମେ ଅନୁପମ ଫେନିଲ ଗଭୀର ସାଗର  
ମୁଁ ସେଇ ସାଗର ବେଳାର ବାଲିକଣାଟିଏ,  
ଯିଏ ସୁଖାତକ ଦେଉଳ କୋମଳ ସର୍ଗ ଯାଇଁ  
ସତୁଷ୍ଟ ନୟନରେ ବିରହା ବେକାରି ପରି  
ଗାଁଁ ବସିଥାଏ ।

ତମେ ମାୟାମୋହ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ବିଚିତ୍ର ଚିତ୍ରକର  
ମୁଁ ତୁଳାକୁ ବିଛେଇ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା  
ରଙ୍ଗର ସୁସ୍ୱାଚି ସୁସ୍ୱାଚି ବିନ୍ଦୁଟିଏ,  
ଯିଏ ନିଜ ଛବି ନିହାଟି ଅସହାୟ ଭାବେ  
ନିଜେ ଦେଖୁଥାଏ ।

ତମେ ସାଂସାରିକ ସମସ୍ତ ବନ୍ଧନରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ, ମାୟାଗୀତ,  
ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟାଗୀତ  
ମୁଁ ମୋହମାୟା ଗ୍ରସ୍ତ ମଣିଷଟିଏ ମାତ୍ର  
ସମାଜର କୁଳ ଇଞ୍ଜିତରେ ସାଂସାରିକ ବନ୍ଧନର  
ବେଡ଼ି ପିନ୍ଧି, ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟମାନଙ୍କ ଚାଡ଼ୁନା  
ଦିନରାତି ସହି ପଡ଼ି ରହିଥାଏ ।

ତମେ ଶୁଣା ଆଉ ବିଶ୍ୱାସର ପ୍ରଣବ ଓଢ଼ାଳ  
ଅମାପ କରୁଣାର ଧନର ଭଣ୍ଡାର  
ମୁଁ ତୁମ୍ଭି ଦୁଆରେ ଭିକ୍ଷାଧାର ଧରି  
ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥିବା ଏକ ଦରିଦ୍ର ଭିକ୍ଷାଗୀ,  
ଯିଏ ଯେତେ ଚାଖଣ୍ଡକ ପାଇଁ ଅନବରତ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ କରିଥାଏ

ତମର ହାତ ନାହିଁ, ପାଦନାହିଁ, ବସ୍ତ୍ର ନାହିଁ, କର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନାହିଁ  
ତଥାପି ତମେ ଅପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସୁନ୍ଦର,  
ମୁଁ ସବୁଆଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅପାରଣ ଅସହାୟ,  
ଯିଏ କନୁଠାରୁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଅନ୍ୟର  
ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଲୋଡ଼ି ଚାଲିଥାଏ,

ହେ ଈଶ୍ୱର ! ଏଇତେ ଚପାଟ ତମ ଆଉ ମୋ' ଭିତରେ ।

ଚଳଚେଳଣୀ ବଜାର  
କଟକ-୯

 *With best compliments from :*



 *With best compliments from :*



 *With best compliments from :*



**GEO TEST HOUSE**

 *With best compliments from :*



**Union Bank  
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*Good people to bank with*

# ଏଥର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ..

ମୂଳ ରଚନା : ଧୀରେନ୍ଦ୍ର ମେହେଡ଼ା

ଅନୁବାଦିକା : ଡ. ରେଣୁକା ସୋନି

ଏବେ ଆମ ଘର ସବୁ ଆକାଶକୁ  
ଛୁଇଁଲାଣି ବୋଲି ତ  
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ପଶି ଆସିଲେଣି  
ଆମ ଘର ଭିତରକୁ !

ପଢ଼ିଶା ଘର,  
ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ମହଲା ଉପରକୁ ଚଢ଼ିଲା...  
ମୋ' ଘର ଝରକାରେ  
ମୁଁ ବାଣି ରଖୁଥିବା ଆକାଶ  
ପୁଣି ଥରେ ବୁକୁରା ହୋଇଗଲା...  
ସାମ୍ନା ପରର ଛାତ ଉପରେ  
ଏଣିକି ଲଗାଗଲା;  
ଚେଣୁ  
ଆମ ଦ୍ଵାରରେ  
ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ସକାଳେ ଉଦ୍‌ ମାଗୁ ଥିବା ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ  
କ୍ଷତ ବିକ୍ଷତ ହୋଇଗଲା...  
ଏବଂ  
ମୋ' ଦେହରେ  
ଖରାବ ବସ  
କାଶି ଶାଶି ହୋଇଗଲା...  
ପାଖ କୋଣରେ ଲଗା ହୋଇଥିବା  
ମନ୍ତ୍ରବଦ୍‌ ଥୋଡ଼ିଂ ଯୋଗୁଁ  
ମୋ' ଛୋଟିଆ ବାଲୁକୋନାକୁ ବିଶୁଦ୍ଧିବା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର  
ଅହ ହୋଇଗଲା...

ନଦୀ ଏବଂ ଗଛକୁ  
ମୁଁ କେବେବୁ  
ମୋ' ଘରର କାନ୍ଥ ଉପରେ  
ଢେଙ୍କା ହୋଇଥିବା ପ୍ରେମରେ  
ବାଣି ରଖିଛି;  
ଏଥର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ... !

ବାଲେଶ୍ଵରୀ ଝିଅ, ଗୁଜରାଟୀ, ବୋହୂ, ଅନୁବାଦିକା ଡ. ରେଣୁକା ସୋନି ଦୂରିରେ  
ଚାନ୍ଦର କିନ୍ତୁ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରେମୀ ।  
ମୋ- ୯୪୨୭୫୦୮୮ ୨୯୨

# ଅଶାନ୍ତ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ

ବିଶ୍ଵରୂପ ମହାପାତ୍ର

ପ୍ରେମ ଇଶ୍ଵରୀୟ ! ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ !  
ଦେଇପାରିବ କି,  
ମୋ ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ଭଲପାଇବାର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ?

କହୁଡ଼ି ଭରା ଅଳସ ସେ ସକାଳ,  
କୋମଳ ପାସ ଫୁଲଟିଏ ଯେମିତି ଲାଜକରେ  
ଶିଖାରର ସର୍ଗ ଫାଇ  
ତୁମର ସର୍ଗରେ ହୋଇଗଠେ ମୁଁ ସତେ କାବଚ  
ଲାଜ ଲାଜ ଭରା କିଛି ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ଭାବନାକୁ ତୁମ  
ଆଖି ପଛ ପାରେ

ତୁମର ଆସିବା ମୋ କାବନ ସାଗରରେ କୁଆର ଆଣେ  
ମନର ଆବେଗକୁ ଦୂରତାକି ଦୂର କରିପାରେ ?  
ଭଲପାଇବା ପରି ମୋ ଅପେକ୍ଷାର ମଧ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ ଅତି  
ଲାଜକୁଳି ଲତା ପରି ଆଜିବି ତୁମର ସର୍ଗ କରି ଦିଏମୋତେ  
ଅଶାନ୍ତ, ଖାଲି ଅଶାନ୍ତ

ଝଡ଼ ମୁଁ ମୋତେ କି ରୋକିପାରିବ ତୁମର ବାହୁବନ୍ଧନ  
ଢିକା କିଣା ବଜାରରେ ବହୁତ ମୂଲ୍ୟ ଦେବାକୁ ହୁଏ  
ମୋତେ କି ଦେଇପାରିବ, ମୋ ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ଭଲପାଇବାର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ?

ନିର୍ମଳ ଆକାଶକୁ ଭଲପାଉଥିବା ସ୍ଵାଧିନ ପକ୍ଷୀଟିଏ ମୁଁ  
ନିସ୍ଵାର୍ଥ ନିଗୁଡ଼ ପ୍ରେମୀ ହିଁ ରୋକି ପାରିବ ମୋ ଗନ୍ତବ୍ୟ,  
ଆଜି ବି ପ୍ରତି ତି ସର୍ଗ କରିଦିଏ ତୁମର, ମୋତେ

ଅଶାନ୍ତ, ଅଶାନ୍ତ ଖାଲି ଅଶାନ୍ତ.....

ଲେଖକ Central Ground Water Board, Ministry of Water Resources ରେ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ । ସଙ୍ଗିତରେ ବିଶେଷଜ୍ଞ ରୁହେଁ ।

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# ଆର୍ତ୍ତନାଦକୃଷ୍ଣାର ଆହତ ମନର

ଡ. ସସ୍ମିତା ଚୌରାସିଆ

ସତୀ ପାଆଳୀଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ତଃସାହ;  
 ସଖା ଯା'ର କୃଷ୍ଣ, ପତି ପାଣ୍ଡବ;  
 ତା'ର ବ୍ୟଥା ଶୁଣାଉଛି  
 ଅନ୍ତରର ସୁକ୍ଷ୍ମତତ୍ତ୍ଵୀ, ଆଖିର ଲୋଚକ;  
 ହୃଦୟ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ।

ପାଆଳୀମୁଁ  
 ଯାକ୍ଷସେନା  
 ହୋମାଗ୍ନିରୁ ମୋର ଯେ ଜନମ  
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 କୃଷ୍ଣ ପ୍ରେମେ ଅତି ମୁଁ ଯେ  
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 ମୁଁ ଯାକ୍ଷସେନା  
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 ଆଉ ମୁଁ ପାଆଳୀ  
 କଳି ଗଲି  
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 କୃଷ୍ଣା ଆଜି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରେ  
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 ମୁଁ ?  
 ମୋର ଭାଗ୍ୟ ?  
 ଆଉ ଅବା  
 ବିଚିତ୍ର ସେ ଅର୍ଥପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହସ  
 କୁଟକ୍ରାସେ ମାୟବୀ କୃଷ୍ଣର । ୮

ଲେଖିକା- Space Applications Centre, ISRO ରେ ଗବେଷିକା  
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# ତାପସୀ ତପସ୍ବିନୀ

ମଧୁସୂତା ଜେନା

ରାମାୟଣର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ତପସ୍ବିନୀ, ଉର୍ମିଳା ।

ଚମେଗୋ ଅନୁପମା, ସୁର୍ଗୀୟ ସୁଷମା  
ଦୁଃଖେ ବେ କାନ୍ଦେ ଶିଶି ନଦୀ  
ଦ୍ୟଥାର ପୁନନ ଶେଳେ ନିଅର ବନାନୀର ଧୂସର ବୁକୁରେ  
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ତମେ ଏକ କୁଟାଶୁଆ ଅଛିଣ୍ଡା ସୁଅର ।

ଦୁଃଖର ସୁଅରେ ଖାଲି ଭାସି ଭାସି ଯାଅ,  
କିନ୍ତୁ ଭଗ୍ନୀ ତବ ଦୁଃଖିନୀ ଉର୍ମିଳା  
ସେ ତ ଏକ ଝରାଫୁଲ ଘାସ ବନାନୀର  
ବିଦେହର ରାଜକନ୍ୟା, ଭ୍ରାତୃ ଭକ୍ତ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣଙ୍କ ସତୀ ସାଧୁ  
ଏଇ ମାତୃ ତା'ର ପରିଚୟ ।

ସିଏ ଏକ କୃତପକ୍ଷୀ ଅସହାୟ, ଏକାନ୍ତ ନିରାହା  
ସମବେଦନାର ସୁର ତା' ପାଇଁ କେହି ତୋଳେ ନାହିଁ  
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ପତି ଯା'ର ଭ୍ରାତୃଭକ୍ତ, ସେଇ ତାଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ପରିଚୟ  
ରାଜ୍ୟ ସୁଖ ପରିଚ୍ୟକ, ପିତୃ ସତ୍ୟ ପାଳନ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ  
ସାତା ଗଲେ ବନବାସ...

କିନ୍ତୁ ଦୁଃଖ କ'ଣ ? ରାଘବ ତ ଥିଲେ ପାଶେ  
ଅନ୍ୟ ଗୁମାସ୍ତାରେ ରାଜ୍ୟ ସୁଖ କିବା ଛାଡ଼  
ଦୁଃଖିତା ତ ନଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କର ।

ଉର୍ମିଳା ସାଜିଲା ତପସ୍ବିନୀ ବେଶ  
ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା ତା' ଚେତବର୍ଷର  
ବନ୍ଦିନୀ ବୈଦେହୀ ପାଇଁ ରାମ ହୃଦେକଳିଲା ଯେ ଶୋକର ଦିବାଗ୍ନି  
ଜାଳି ଦେଇ ସାବୁନାର ବାଣୀ, ପ୍ରଶମିତ କଲେ ସୁତାର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ  
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ବନବାସୀ ହେଲାବେଳେ, ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ କି ଥରେ ହେଲେ ଫେରି ଚାହିଁଥିଲେ ?

ସାତା ପାଇଁ ରାମ ପ୍ରାଣେ ବେଦନାର ଶେଷ ନାହିଁ  
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ନିଷ୍ଠୁର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ ମନେ କିନ୍ତୁ, ଉର୍ମିଳାର ସୁଚି କେବେ ମଥା ଟେକି ନାହିଁ  
କ'ଣ ବା ଶିଖୁଥିଲେ ସେ, ସାତା-ପ୍ରାଣ ଭାଇ ପାଶେ ଥାଇ ?

ଚତୁର୍ଦ୍ଦଶ ବର୍ଷ ଅନ୍ତେ ରାମ ହେଲେ ଅଭିଷେକ ଅଯୋଧ୍ୟା ନଅରେ  
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ଅବା କିଏ ଦେଲା ତାକୁ ସର୍ବପତ୍ନୀ ଧରିଗ୍ରା ସମ୍ମାନ ?  
ଜନନୀ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ ଲଭି ତମେ ଯେବେ ହେଲ ବିଶ୍ୱବନ୍ଧ୍ୟା  
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ବୈଦେହୀ ଗୋ  
ସୁଖର ପୁଷ୍ପରେ ତମେ ଏକ ଦରଫୁଟା ଶବଦ କଲି  
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ଅବା ଏକ ଦୁଃଖାବୁକ ନାଟକର ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ସଂଳାପ ?

ଲେଖିକା- ଭୂଷିରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକା । ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ରଚି ।  
ମୋ- ୯୯୨୫୨୪୪୮୭୮

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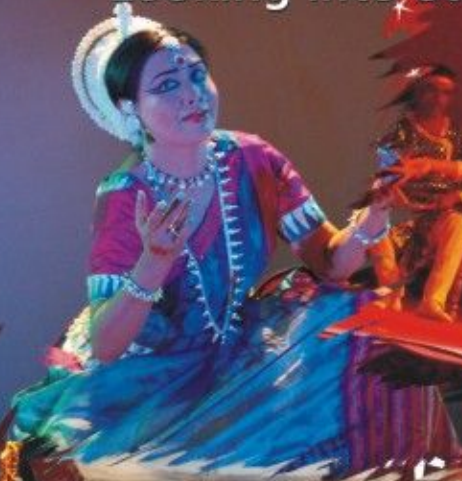
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# Kaleidoscope

— Looking into our community life



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Author  
Smt. Suprava Mishra  
at  
Ahmedabad Management Association Hall, Ahmedabad  
On  
10<sup>th</sup> March 2012, Saturday at 7.00 pm  
Chief Guest - Padmanabhan Gopa Smt. Minakshi Srinivasan  
Special Guest - Padmanabhan Gopa Smt. Minakshi Srinivasan

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**CEMENT**

# Odiyas playing key roles in Gujarat's development

Team Editorial

**Some of them are in the forefront of the economic, scientific and industrial progress of the state**

Gujarat is hailed as a state which has been in the forefront of the country's economic progress. It is also ahead of other states of India in other fields, and we Odiyas have contributed largely in this expansion. In a way, Gujarat has become a 'second home state' to many Odiyas who, after playing a key role in various spheres of development in this state, have settled here and are exhibiting some of their rich cultures in their adopted home.

About one dozen Odiya bureaucrats hold key positions in the government of Gujarat, in important departments like forest and environment, industries, water supply, etc. They guide the government on the path of progress and have been very successful in contributing to the progress of the state. Many new projects of the Gujarat government are the brainchild of Odiyas working here. This has been a feather in the cap of the community.

Gujarat leads the nation in the field of medical sciences and pharmaceutical research and drugs manufacturing. And Odiya scientists are directly involved in research for the preparation of new drugs in some leading companies. They contribute significantly to the thriving drug industry of Gujarat.

One would find many premier scientific and research Applications Centre, Physical Institute for Plasma Research. talent pool from Gujarat. In spread across colleges and In public sector set-ups

**Migrant workers from Odisha are actively helping the textile industry of Surat to hum 24X7**

Odiya scientists and engineers in institutions like Space Research Laboratory, and They contribute to the national academics, there are Odiyas universities in Gujarat.

like ONGC and banks, Odiyas hold key positions. And Odiya industrialists and entrepreneurs are helping the industrial base of Gujarat with software business, metal tools production, etc.

Even at the lower, but important, level, lakhs of Odiyas are showing that they can be hard workers — in the spinning, weaving and dyeing units in Surat. In fact, they are the backbone of the textile industry there.

On the social front, the migrants are also doing their bit to mitigate the suffering of the poor, the downtrodden and the disabled through NGOs.

We must now look ahead and see how we can make further progress — both for ourselves and for the state we have made our home.



OSCA thanks  
those brothers and sisters who have contributed generously  
to the corpus fund of JCARC



# Mega Musical Nite 2012

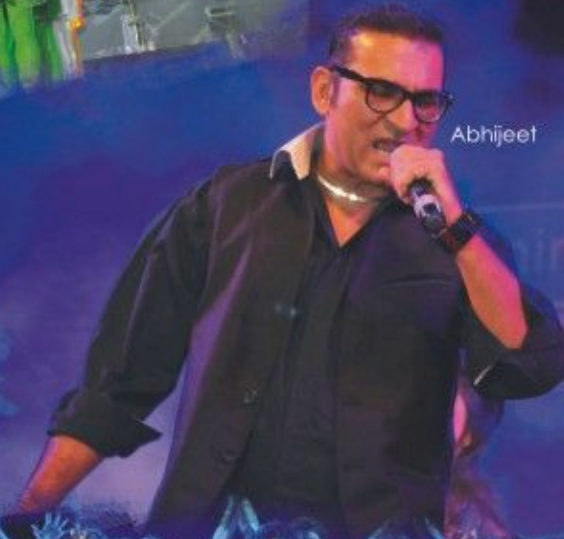
OSISHA and GUJARAT In areas of art, culture & sports

JCARC &

torrent  
POWER



Arzoo



Abhijeet



## Saturday Night Fever at Karnavati

It was Saturday Night Fever at Karnavati Club on May 5, 2012. The evening brought Amdavadis in droves to the sprawling lawns of the club where stars from Mumbai descended to give them their moments of entertainment. At the OSCA-organised mega event that aimed at raising funds for JCARC, noted playback singer Abhijeet Bhattacharya stole the hearts of many while singer Shruti Pathak and 'Indian Idol' fame Bhumi Trivedi offered a variety of entertainment to a thrilled audience. Even as comedian Ehsaan Qureshi kept people holding their sides in laughter, singer and actor Devang Patel added to the fun with his dance numbers. What really mesmerized all was the performance by the Prince Group, of 'India's Got Talent' fame, from Odisha. Model and actress Arzoo Govitrikar kept up the momentum with her graceful and lively compering.



Bhumi



Shruti



Ehsaan



Devang





# God, help me be my own self

Pallavi Swain

## Disgusted by parental expectations, a sixth grader seeks divine intervention in her day-to-day activities

Dear God,

My name is Pallavi. I turned 10 on May 30 this year. I am writing this letter to you, because I think it will be a good idea if you become my friend so that all my problems are solved. Mom tells me that you know everything. You can help me in doing my homework. I would also like to request you to teach a good lesson to my parents and my friends' parents, but don't tell them that I have written all this to you.

I am tired of hearing the negative words from my elders — don't go, don't touch, don't sleep, don't make your shoes dirty, etc, and advices like 'care for your toys', and 'care for your books'. For how many days, months and years shall I have to hear all this?

I really feel pity for these elders. They always expect us the kids to obey them. OK. We will obey but there is a limit. We have got some likes and dislikes. The elders never care for our likes and dislikes. The first thing is we don't like to study always. Study is something which depends on our mood and attitude. I like to dance, paint and watch the TV, especially cartoons. So why to impose study on us always? I like to play computer games, music. When will I do that? In the morning, it is school time. We get back with a lot of homework and carry a big school bag loaded with books and tiffin-box. I don't like to rise early; schools start at 8:00 am and I have to finish everything before that. What a torture! The school hours should be reduced. Why we have to stay at school for such a long duration? This is not fair.

There should be two holidays — Saturday and Sunday. I want to play with my little sister and friends. I want to play teacher-teacher, mummy-papa, and hotel table manner games. I like to be the owner of a big shop of beautiful garments, so that I can have new dresses daily. I want to be the manager of a big

hotel, where I can take order for different food stuffs from the guests. I like to dine outside; home cooked food is not my favourite. I like pizza, burger, cold drink and ice cream. A big 'no' to rice, dal, vegetables. But I know what a balanced diet is; that is just for the memory as I need them while answering an exam. Even my parents don't like some vegetables but they impose them on us with the plea that they are good for health.

The most boring part of my life is homework. I like somebody like Doraemon who will do homework for me. The disgusting part is the weekly test. Why is there a test every week? I would like it dropped. No examination at all. Study should be only for fun. Then how cool life will be!

I like to dance, follow different tunes from movies, the TV. "No, that is bad!" I am always scolded for "this bad habit". When will our parents understand? Our liking is not theirs. I like to cook, always want to do it myself. "No, you will cut your fingers, you will make the kitchen dirty, etc." Now tell me what to do! I am really sorry to tell these things but they are my real feelings.

The parents should understand that they were also kids once. Only studies and marks above 90%. Is it possible? I have seen our elder sister, brother struggle with different examinations their whole life. So why are our parents are so worried for us?

Let us enjoy our childhood! Let us enjoy our age, the environment, nature and the activities that please us. Have fewer expectations from us. We will flourish slowly and slowly, with your blessings, parents. Goodbye.

(The writer is a class VI student at Zyodus School For Excellence, Vejalpur, Ahmedabad. She loves to dance and paint.)



# Kutch is so amazing!

Snigdha Kanungo

## From White Desert to Bhunga, one gets to see wonders in the border district

Recently I had the opportunity to have a memorable vacation in Kutch, the border district. After my annual school examination in March, my father planned a three-day family trip to Kutch famous for the salt desert and 'Bhunga'. What added to the fun was driving on the road in my father's new 'Scorpio' SUV.

We took the shortest route from Ahmedabad via Viramgam and after about 4 hours of travel, we entered Maliya town. There it was interesting to see salt dunes in a large area — the sea waters from the Gulf of Kutch had been blocked for collection of salt.

Then we straight drove towards Bhuj, the district headquarters town of Kutch. On the way, we passed through Bhachau that had suffered severe damage in the devastating killer earthquake of January 2001. We reached Bhuj around noon and soon drove towards the Rann of Kutch, better known as the 'White Desert'. We stayed in a resort located near village Dhordo, some 85 km north of Bhuj town.

In this resort, there were mud huts known as 'Kutchi Bhungas' decorated inside with traditional cloth patchworks and local wall paintings. We had booked two such Bhungas with AC facilities. After a nice Gujarati lunch and an hour's rest, we started for the White Desert. Our guide, Khan Chacha, showed us the various colours of the desert sand, which according to him changes colour with the passing of time from morning till night. The sunset in the Rann is a brilliant sight. A delicious Kutchi dinner, accompanied by live folk music, brought my day to a perfect end.

The next day, we went to Khavda known for a particular variety of Kutchi sweet available there. This small border town in the Rann is occupied mostly by Border Security

Force (BSF) personnel. We went further north to see the famous India Bridge over the Rann, which connects to the road leading to Indo-Pak border check-post.

We returned south to drive to the top of 'Kala Dungar' or the 'Black Hill', where the temple of Lord Dattatreya is visited by many. What is most memorable is the panoramic view that one gets to see of the salt desert from the top of the hill. On way back to Bhuj, we had the chance to see a herd of camels which are very popular in Kutch.

In the afternoon, we went to visit the coastal port town of Mandvi, 50 km south of Bhuj. On the way, we visited one of the famous and biggest Jain temples of Gujarat having 72 Tirthankaras. In Mandvi, we saw the grand Vijay Vilas Palace located along the seacoast. Children enjoying the camel ride in the sea beach and some others enjoying the speed boat drive in the sea are a common sight in Mandvi.

On the third day, we came back to Bhuj from Mandvi and visited the most famous 'Aina Mahal' known for its huge decorated mirrors on the walls and beautiful mosaic work. In the same complex, we could also see the Darbar Hall of 'Pragmahal Palace' with its painted ceilings and magnificent sculptures.

We returned to Ahmedabad via Gandhidham, the port town of Kutch. My visit to Kutch was full of beautiful and pleasant memories. It reminds me of the words of Big B (Amitabh Bachchan, the tourism ambassador of Gujarat): " Kutch nahin dekha to kuchh nahin dekha!"



(The writer is a student of class VIII at Prakash Higher Secondary School, Ahmedabad-15)

## A Promise

In the morning  
when I wake up,  
with little breakfast and prayer to God  
I prepare myself  
to go to school  
In a bus.

In the road, I see the milkman,  
the hawker, little puppies  
and cross many tall buildings  
and standing trees.  
I hear the chirping sounds  
of the little birds on the  
temple tops and all around.

It makes me happy  
as if I play with my teddy bear round and  
round.

I enjoy the sweet sunshine  
and cooling breeze...  
There I make a promise  
I will not only do good in my studies  
But will do good to everybody.

Shantanu Patnaik  
Std. VIII, Kendriya Vidyalaya, Chandkheda



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## Cricket Fun

When there is a toss  
God is the boss  
When umpire shows out  
Opponent is happy to shout  
With every four  
Yeh dil mange more  
When there is a wide  
I move aside  
When Sachin comes to the crease  
Opponents apply on their face grease  
When Dravid takes the catch  
India wins the match  
And if there is a tie  
People begin to cry.

(Ayusman is a student of Class X at DPS,  
Gandhinagar)

## Fun

Tel nehin to rel nahin  
Rel nehin to sel nehin  
Sel nehin to mel nehin  
Mel nehin to dhan nehin  
Dhan nehin to man nehin  
Man nehin to fun nehin.

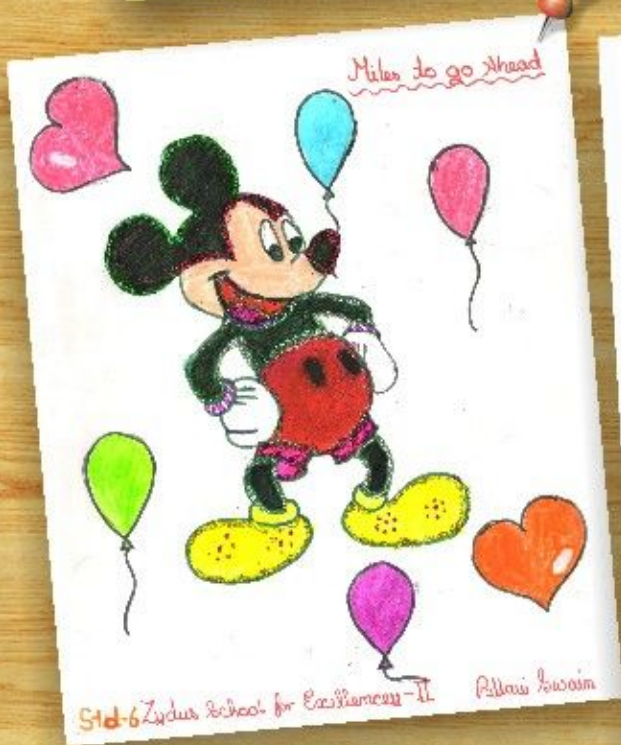
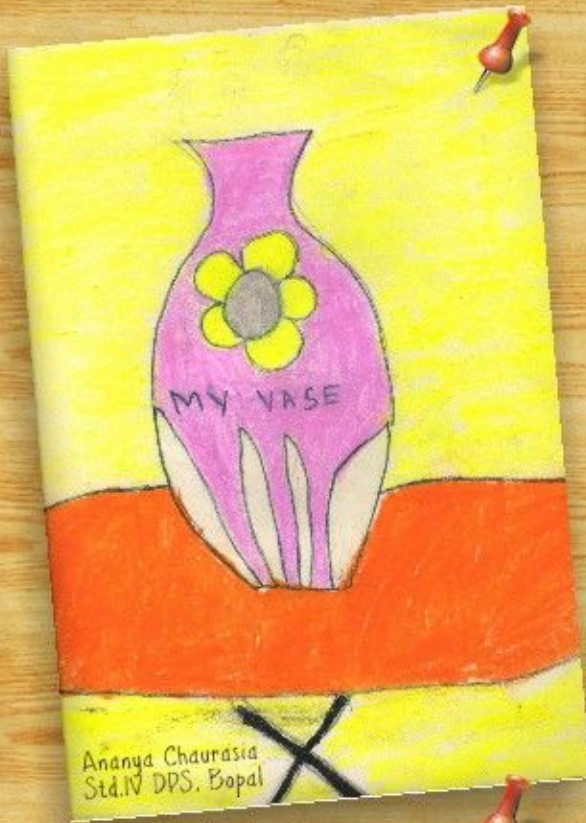
(Roshan is a student of Class II at DPS,  
Gandhinagar)



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# Our kids say it in pictures





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### It has been a milestone year for us

Dear OSCA brothers and sisters, patrons and well wishers,

Warm greetings to all of you.

It is my pleasure and privilege to share with you what we did in last one year — from April 2011 till May 2012 — and what we plan to do in the days ahead. Our journey in last one year has been interesting and rewarding, which is due to your support only.



Badri Mahapatra

We organised these events:

#### **Ganesha Puja**

We celebrated Ganesha Puja at the Community Hall of ONGC, Chandkheda in September 2011. People from all over Ahmedabad assembled there for puja and prashad sevan. Kids performed "Eka Dantaya Bakra Tundaya ....", the Ganesha sloka in Odissi form. A musical program was also held.

#### **Kumar Utsav**

The community members celebrated Kumar Utsav celebration at Sun & Step Club on October 15, 2011.

#### **Kankaria Carnival**

Like in previous years, we participated in Kankaria Carnival in December 2011. OSCA members staged dance drama 'Kalinga War' and an Odissi performance choreographed by P Sudha. The Odissi dance was selected as one of the best performances at the carnival and was presented again in the closing ceremony before Chief Minister Narendra Modi.

#### **Saraswati Puja**

We celebrated Basant Panchami at Naroda on January 28, 2012. Over 1,500 devotees offered prayers and took part in prasad sevan. This was followed by a musical program.

#### **Picnic and special AGM**

We organised the annual picnic on February 5, 2012 at Sun & Step Club. A special AGM was also held on the day, when a briefing on the progress of JCARC was given to OSCA members.

#### **Book release event**

A book on 'Odissi Nrutya and Bharatiya Sanskruti' by Suprava Mishra, a well-known Odissi dancer, was launched at AMA auditorium by renowned danseuses Kumudini Lakhia and Mrinalini Sarabhai on March 10, 2012. OSCA chairman Dr S K Nanda chaired the session.

#### **Prelude to mega night**

More than 150 families got together on April 8, 2012 and pledged their support and help for the fund-raising mega night planned on May 5.

#### **Mega musical evening**

On May 5, 2012, OSCA organised a mega musical night. This was the 3rd landmark initiative

taken by OSCA for the cause of JCARC. Amdavadis had gala time at the event when artists such as Abhijit Bhattacharya, Devang Patel, Bhumi Trivedi (Indian Idol), Shruti Pathak and Ehsaan Qureshi took the stage. The Prince Group from Odisha stole the hearts of many in the audience.

These events apart, we have been consistently working towards realising our dream — the dream of seeing JCARC take shape shortly.

OSCA has visualised JCARC to be an institution of repute. This is a very challenging task as it requires a huge fund. However, we are close to achieving our goal, thanks to the patronage of corporate bodies and our community members. JCARC trust and society has been constituted and approval obtained from the charity commissioner of Gandhinagar. Our focus in 2012 and 2013 is to complete the construction of the academy and Jagannath temple. At present, construction in the basement area is complete and work on ground and first floors is going on.

Our members can visit the site to see for themselves where we have reached. I appeal to all of you to contribute your mite to this noble institution. I specially appeal to our brethren residing in and around Ahmedabad, particularly in Gandhinagar, to extend their support to the cause. I also welcome them to our activities.

#### **OSCA's future activities**

In the future, we aim to strengthen the bonding among community members, celebrate festivals more passionately, and engage in social service more intensely. Besides, we expect more contributions and support to make JCARC a unique institution in itself.

#### **Re-launch of OSCA mouthpiece**

I would like to wish our new souvenir team all the very best for their passion, zeal and efforts in creating an identity and brand for the souvenir by giving it a name and re-launching it.

I think I will not complete my task if I do not thank those who have helped us in reaching where we are today. For the May 5 mega nite, I would like to thank the corporate bodies for their patronage and our members for their support. For our successful activities in general, I am thankful to the advisory committee, executive committee, sub committees and volunteers.

The contribution of Dr S K Nanda, Dr Harish Pattnaik, Mr R N Kanungo, Mr Maheshwar Sahu, Mr H K Dash, Mr G C Murmu, Dr P K Mishra, Dr Guruprasad Mohapatra, Mr Bidyut Swain and Mr Banchanidhi Pani to OSCA is immense.

I sincerely acknowledge the support of my colleagues and friends like Dr Prabodh Swain, Mr Rabi Panda, Mr Ajaya Das, Shanta, Jitendra, Kalubhai, Mr Basant Panda, Mr Asit Senapati, Mr Biswarup Mohapatra, Mr Dilip Jena, Mrs Dipika Sahu, Mr Ajit Samal, Mr Pradip Pati, Mr. Sunil Patra, Mr Avaya Sarangi, Dr Sasmita Chaurasia, and Mr Prasanta Kumar Sahoo.

I look forward to having a more meaningful and fruitful relationship with you in the days to come.

Thank you very much.

  
Badri Mahapatra

# LOOKING AHEAD: JCARC set to be a melting pot of culture, spirituality, education and social development

**1 What is JCARC?**  
Jagannath Cultural Academy and Research Centre or JCARC is an ambitious, multi-faceted institution, where rhythms of spirituality, art and culture, and social development will reverberate under one roof. Initiated by the Orissa Socio-Cultural Association Ahmedabad, it aims to engage people in activities that will benefit society as a whole.

**2 Where is it located?**  
The complex is coming up at Adalaj Crossing, Near Shani Temple, off SG Highway, Adalaj, Gandhinagar district.

**3 What will be its features?**  
JCARC will have four centres — Centre for Art and Culture, Centre for Education and Philosophy, Centre for Social Development, and Centre for Spiritual Development — to carry out diverse activities. Each centre will focus on areas of work in the respective sector.

**4 What is the current status?**  
Half of the civil work for the four centres is nearly complete. The complex is expected to be ready by mid-2013.

**5 When was it conceptualized?**  
The seed for the ambitious project germinated in 2005-06, but it took about four years before it came on track. The land was acquired in 2009-2010, the foundation stone was laid on Akshaya Tritiya in 2010, and the work began in 2011.

**6 Who all can take benefit from this?**  
It has been initiated by Odiyas living in Ahmedabad and Gandhinagar, but it aims to involve all sections of society, cutting across community, caste and creed in the pursuit of its goals. The objectives are to integrate culture, philosophy and education for a holistic socio-economic development of society. It will lay emphasis on young people to tap their potential for a greater societal development.

**How can one know more about JCARC?**  
Our website [www.jcarc.in](http://www.jcarc.in) provides the details.

**ARCHITECT'S VISUALISATION:**  
This is how the complex will look when it is completed



The route to the site

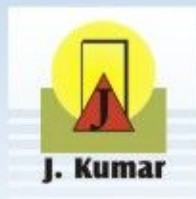




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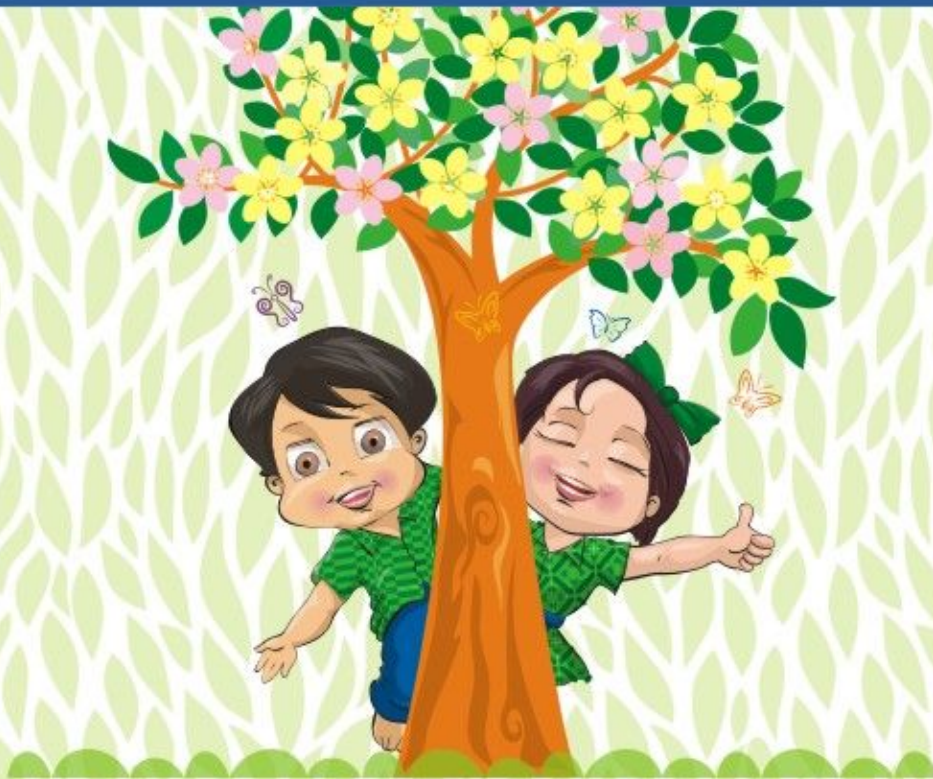
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