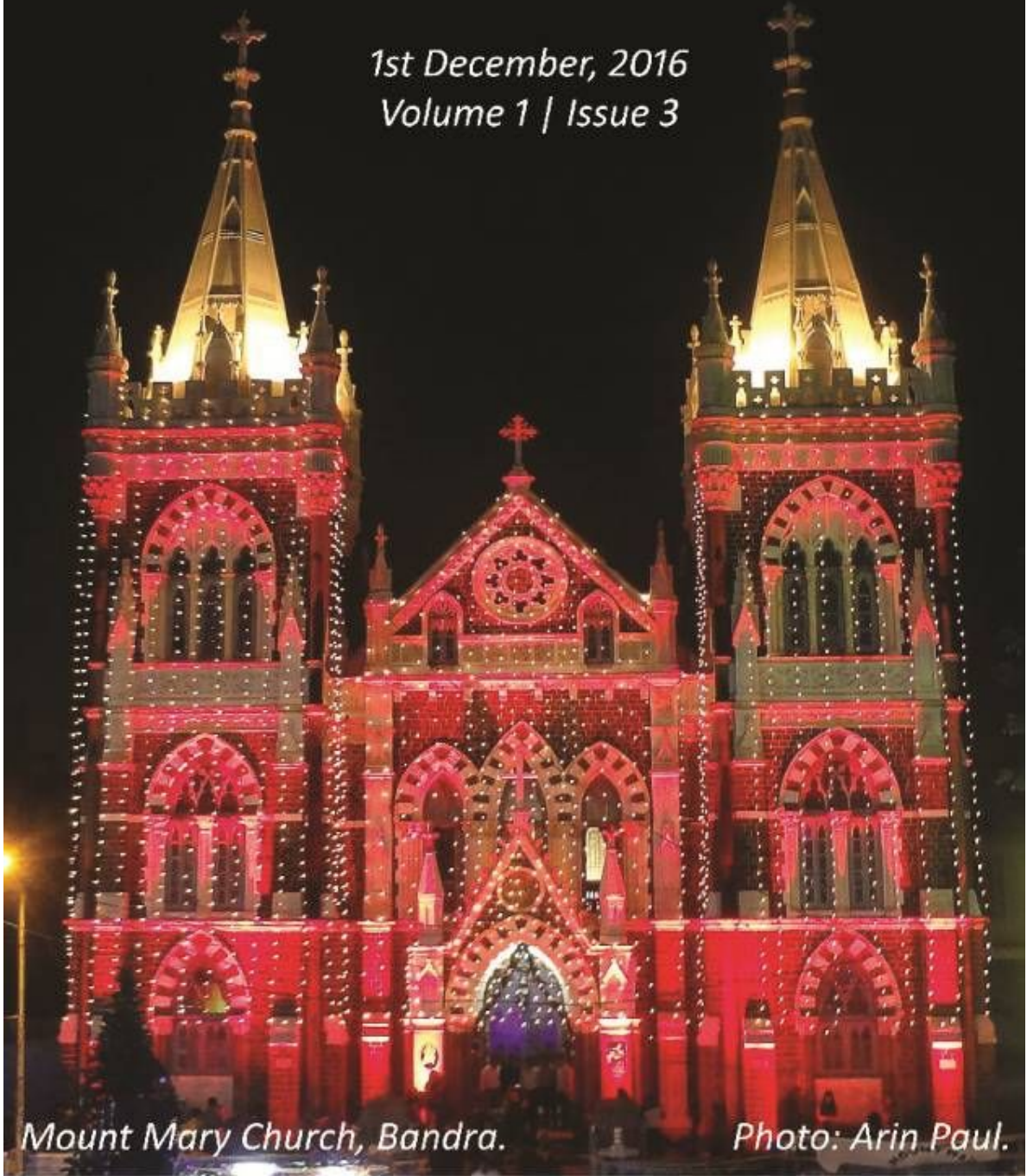


# প্রবাসে মুম্বাই

*Bombay Bengali's Online Magazine/Newsletter*

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*Mount Mary Church, Bandra.*

*Photo: Arin Paul.*



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# BENGALIS OF BOMBAY

- Dr. Paramita Mukherjee Mullick (29/11/16)

We Bengalis of Bombay rock!  
We are of a different stock.  
We love art and literature.  
With music, dance and poetry  
We keep alive our culture.

We Bengalis of Bombay rock!  
We are of a different stock.  
We all are the jovial sort.  
We are the intellectual lot.

We Bengalis of Bombay rock!  
We are of a different stock.  
We love to talk and talk.  
With hard work  
We go forward in life's walk.

We Bengalis of Mumbai rock!  
We are of a different stock.  
We help each other every day.  
We have made Mumbai our home,  
We are here to stay.

## BOMBAY BENGALIS 39<sup>TH</sup> MEET, JUHU SILVER BEACH



Mahasweta, Suparna & Reetu Parna. Photo: Swadhin.

See all the photos at [www.bombaybengalis.in](http://www.bombaybengalis.in)





Srimoyee Dutta, Nursery, Mother International School, Konnagar.



# WATERFALLS

My thoughts are like rocks under a waterfall,  
They exist in amicability,  
despite their differences, despite their jagged exteriors, despite their harsh edges,  
Societal norms flow over my thoughts,  
softening the edges into universally accepted pebbles,  
devoid of individuality, devoid of originality, devoid of what makes me, ME.  
Eventually, all I am left with are brainwashed broken sand grains.

- Aakanksha Majumder.

First Year, Junior College, Arts, Ramnarain Ruia College.

# STREETSTYLE SOPHISTICATE

There is no road in Bombay that does not lead to Bandra..

..And for a hardcore Mumbaikar nothing can be better than **true fashion** at Rs.200/-. Bandra is that line of shops that every street shopper has to try for themselves!

It's not only about taking an auto ride and drinking nimbu paani on the pathway under the sun but the massive bargaining and the feeling after your successful purchase that was worth a steal.

From a wide variety of EVERYTHING, My personal all time favorite would be the junk jewellery found in those tiny little stores in these tiny little streets. They go with everything. Nothing looks more Indo-western than palazzos with an over the knee kurti and long chained jewelry or shorts with a loose tank top and a choker.



Because everyone becomes a fashion designer when it comes to getting an outfit together, you must try new things everytime you dress up. If looking for something that looks good but you do not want to put alot of things on, try mixing western outfits with junk jewelry to get the perfect go-to look. Like a dress with long earnings and a neat mid partitioned ponytail.

There is so much you can find and make out just from your own closet, and if not then try walking down the lanes of bandra linking road or hill road and hear the shopkeepers say "**buy 2 for 200**" (**Amazing styles at such low costs!** ) Attractive, isn't it?

- **Sreeja Chakraborty, Class X, RN Podar School, Santacruz.**

# THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

The beautiful world as far as I can see,  
The beautiful trees,  
The bright streams,  
The sunlit sun beams,  
The cool and calm breeze....  
Sometimes I wonder ,  
Do we pay them some fees?  
Can anybody tell me please!  
Then why don't we care for them!  
From old young women to men.....  
Nobody cares about them.....  
Why,why,why?why do we lie!  
.....That we care a lot.....  
But do we really?.....  
Please everybody give it a thought!!!!

- **Boudhayan Mohapatra, Class VII B, RN Podar School, Santacruz.**

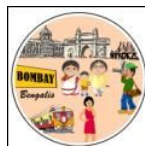
# DOOMSDAY

From the time human has come to know that the world can end, we are trying to predict how and when. It was first predicted on Mayan calendar by a famous predictor that in 2012 the world will end but as we know it did not. People give many things from which earth can be destroyed; the most famous is solar flares and neutrinos on which the movie 2012 is based. Some other reasons are black hole, mega tsunami, earthquake and nuclear world war.

Nuclear world war can be a reason as many of the countries has the atomic weapons. If one of those got used many will follow and the world will end and similarly if the sun blasts and make a massive black hole the world will end. No one know exactly what will happen. It can be tomorrow or it can be after millions of years after. Earthquake can be a reason since in recent studies it has been found out that that the plates of all the continents are coming closer. Even though till today we have not found aliens but it can happen that they are there and can wade earth and destroy it.

A big reason is global warming and we are responsible for the same. The ice is getting melted every day and if the entire ice on earth gets melted the sea levels will hugely rise and flood the world. No one when the day will come but when it will come we should be ready to sustain ourselves as our full human civilization will come to an end.

- **Shambo Mukherjee, Class VI, DPS Panvel.**







- Souroja Ghosh, Class II B, Ryan International School, Sanpada.



- Arnab Sensarma, Class IV A, Our Lady of Perpetual Succour High School.



# THE SUPER MOON



- Mriganka Sekhar Halder.

## BOMBAY BENGALIS 40<sup>TH</sup> MEET, VASHI



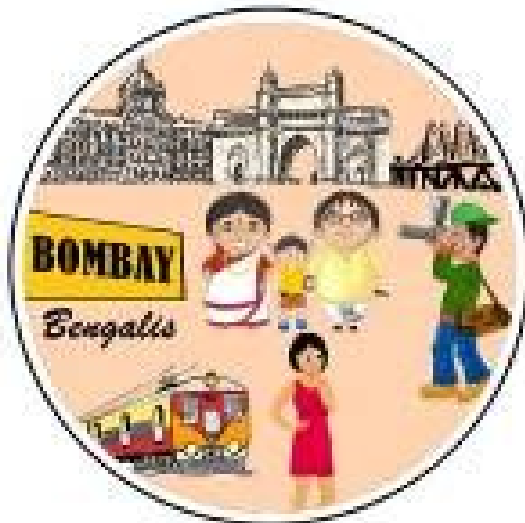
Mili, Mahasweta, Souroja, Sharadiya, Sonali & Pratik.

See all the photos at [www.bombaybengalis.in](http://www.bombaybengalis.in)

# রঙিন পৃথিবী

- ইন্দ্রনীল চ্যাটার্জী

লুপ্ত এ যৌবন .... ধরে রাখা বড় দায়/  
চেপ্টার ত্রুটি নেই .... কলপ আসে রক্ষায়//  
রঙ সব ফিকে হয় .... সাদা বলে আসছি/  
লাল জামা আর নয় .... নীল কয় যাচ্ছি//  
রক্তের চাপ বাড়ে .... কমে যায় উত্তাপ/  
স্মৃতি গুলো পেরিয়ে .... উঠে যাই এক ধাপ//  
ওষুধের গুন্ডি .... ক্রমশয়ই বাড়ছে/  
Red meat ছেড়ে দিয়ে .... রুই আর পারশে//  
শাসনের গোলামি!! .... জীবন-কে ধিক্কার/  
বিধির বাঁধন সব .... হয়ে যাক চুরমার//  
প্রাণ যদি চায় তবে .... করে নাও ফুরতি/  
ঈশ্বর আছে জেনো .... মঙ্গল মুরতি//  
ভুবনটা ছেয়ে রাখো .... মনটাকে রাঙিয়ে/  
স্বপ্নের পৃথিবী-কে .... ভালবাসা জানিয়ে//



# শিশু শিক্ষা

## সান্যাল

“সদা সত্যঃ ।”

সত্যঃ শোনেনি কেউ  
বিশ্বাস ব সুনন্দাও ,  
প্রতিপদে ত , রক্তাও , অগ্নিপথ  
গেছে । , অবিশ্বাসে , জনরাজ্যে ।

“লেখাপড় যেই , ঘোড়া সেই ।”  
শ্রেষ্ঠ , পুরস্কারে ,  
স্থিরতা তেমন , সন্মানের ,  
অরিন্দম , যে বি ব্যাকবেশচার  
মধ্যরাতে ক্লান্ত , শেষ আশ্রয়ে ।

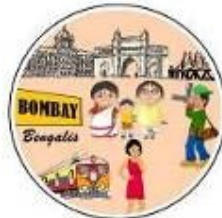
“ গুনে । ”

মুর্তি অকুর্ন  
রান্না, সেলাই, , সর্ব গুণবতি  
টেকেনি : ,  
সারাটি পিত্রালয়ে, গুনের : ।

“সত্যঃ গহুরে ।”

অমূল্যকাকা । পূর্ণ বিশ্বাস  
উন্নত , পূর্ণ শ্রদ্ধা , সত্যঃ  
শীর্ণদেহ, কণ্ঠে দীপ্ত মন্ত্রের স্বর্ণ উচ্চারণ

“ ছোটে সমুদ্রে, : অন্যথা: কখনও । ”



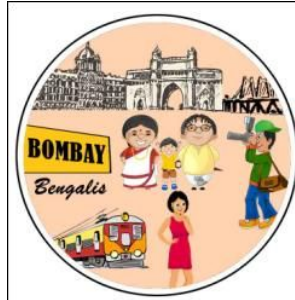
# কলকাতা পূজো ২০ ১৬

- বৈশালী সেন বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়

মহালয়ার ভোরে রেডিওতে বীরেন্দ্রকৃষ্ণ ভদ্রের মহিষাসুর মর্দিনী শোনার পর থেকেই কলকাতায় বেশ একটা পূজোর আমেজ চলে আসে। অধিকাংশ বড় পূজোর প্রস্তুতি প্রায় সম্পূর্ণ, হয়ত চলছে শেষ মুহূর্তের তুলির টানা। কলকাতায় বিগত কিছু বছরে বেশি বাজেটের সাথে থিমের বাহার যত বেড়েছে, তার সাথে পাল্লা দিয়ে বেড়েছে ঠাকুর দেখার ভিড় আর তত এগিয়ে এসেছে জনপ্রিয় পূজো গুলোর উদ্বোধনের দিন। এই বছরেও মহালয়ার পরে পরেই বেশ কিছু পূজোর উদ্বোধন হয়ে গেছে, নতুন জামা পরে ঠাকুর দেখাও শুরু হয়ে গেছে তৃতীয়া চতুর্থী থেকে - আক্ষরিক অর্থেই পূজোর শুরু। দক্ষিণ কলকাতার সাথে সাথে উত্তরে ও শুরু হয়েছে থিমের বাহার, পিছিয়ে ছিল না সল্টলেকের আবাসনের পূজোগুলোও, সাথে কলকাতার বনেদিবাড়ির ঐতিহ্যশালী পূজোতো ছিলই, আর মোটামুটি সব মন্ডপেই সামনে প্রচুর খাবারের স্টল আর কিছু জায়গায় আবার সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান, সব মিলিয়ে পূজোর কলকাতা চিরকালীন ঝলমলে ‘কল্লোলিনী তিলোত্তমা’।

**দক্ষিণ কলকাতার কিছু পূজো -**

নিউ আলিপুর **সুরুচি সংঘের** এবারের মন্ডপ ছিল বৌদ্ধ প্যাগোডার অনুকরণে, মন্ডপ জুড়ে ছিল অপূর্ব বৌদ্ধ শিল্পরীতি, বুদ্ধদেব ও অন্যান্য বৌদ্ধ মূর্তির সাথে দুর্গা মূর্তি ও এখানে বৌদ্ধ আঙ্গিকে।



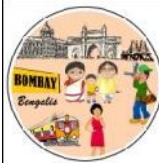




সুরুচি সংঘের একটু দূরেই **চেতলা অগ্রণীর** মন্ডপও প্রতিবারের মত রীতিমত নজরকাড়া, পুরো মন্ডপে রয়েছে বাঁশের অপূর্ব কারুকায়।

দক্ষিণ কলকাতার আর একটি বিখ্যাত পুজো **নাকতলা উদয়ন সংঘের** সুতো দিয়ে তৈরী মন্ডপের এবারের থিম ছিল একটু অন্যরকম ‘অন্তঃসার’ - ধ্যানের মধ্যে দিয়ে চিরস্থায়ী শান্তির বার্তা।

যাদবপুরের **বিজয়গড় ভারতমাতা পুজো কমিটি** তাদের দেশপ্রেমে দেবী দুর্গা কে ভারতমাতা হিসাবে পূজোর ঐতিহ্য আর সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান নিয়ে প্রতিবারের মত ৫০তম বছরেও থিম পূজোর ভিড়ের থেকে একটু আলাদা স্বাদের ছিল।

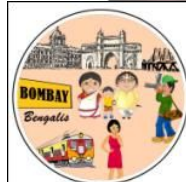


**ষোষণপুৰ পাৰ্কেৰ** পুজোমন্ডপ ছিল গৌৰুৰ গাড়িৰ আদলে, **সেলিমপুৰ পল্লীতে** আবার ঠাকুৰেৰ মুৰ্তি তৈৰীৰ বিভিন্ন ধাপে সেজে উঠেছে পুজো কুমোৰটুলিৰ অনুকৰণে আৰ ভেতৰে রয়েছে ইন্দ্ৰসভাৰ মত অনেক দেবতাৰে উপস্থিতি, দৈনন্দিন জীৱনেৰ বিভিন্ন কাজেৰ থিমে পাশেই রয়েছে **বাবুবাগানেৰ** পুজো।

ৱাসবিহাৰী এলাকাৰ **মুদিয়ালী ক্লাবে** মা সেজেছেন ৱাজপুত পৰিবাৰেৰ সজ্জায় তো পাশেৰ **শিবমন্দিৰে** মন্ডপ তৈৰী হয়েছে কাঠেৰ তৈৰি ৱোজকাৰেৰ ব্যবহাৰেৰ বিভিন্ন জিনিস দিয়ে।

কালিঘাটেৰ কাছে **বাদামতলা আষাঢ় সংঘেৰ** মন্ডপ এবং প্ৰতিমা তৈৰী হয়েছে ‘ৱাশিচক্ৰ’ এৰ আদলে, অসংখ্য ছোট ছোট ইটেৰ টুকৰো এবং আলোৰ অভূতপূৰ্ব সজ্জায় সাথে রয়েছে ৱাশিচক্ৰেৰ ৱাৰটি চিহ্নেৰ আদল। আৱাৰ **৬৬ পল্লীতে** হাতে আঁকা ত্ৰিমাত্ৰিক চিত্ৰেৰ মাধ্যমে শহৰ কলকাতা উঠে এসেছে থিমে।

গড়িয়াহাটেৰ মুখোমুখি দুটি পুৰোনো পুজো **একডালিয়া এভাৰগ্ৰিন** এবং **সিংহী পাৰ্কেৰ** প্ৰতিবাৰেৰ ঐতিহ্য ৱজায় রেখে প্ৰধান আকৰ্ষণ এখানকাৰ প্ৰতিমা। একডালিয়াৰ এৱাৰেৰ মন্ডপ ছিল দক্ষিণ ভাৰতেৰ মিনাক্ষী মন্দিৰেৰ আদলে আৰ সিংহী পাৰ্ক অস্বাজী মন্দিৰেৰ আদলে। ঠাকুৰেৰ পাশাপাশি সন্ধ্যেবেলাৰ আলোকসজ্জাও নজৰকাড়া।



**দেশপ্রিয় পার্ক** এর দুর্গা মূর্তির এবারে শুধু দশটি নয় হাজারটি হাত; হাজার হাতে অসুর বধ করেছেন দেবী এখানে। **হিন্দুস্তান পার্ক**ের আবার পক্ষীরাজ ঘোড়ার অনুকরণের মন্ডপ তৈরী হয়েছে সুপারি দিয়ে। **ত্রিধারা সম্মিলনী**র থিমে রয়েছে আদিবাসী রীতিনীতি, তাদের সাজ-সংস্কৃতির ছোঁয়া, সাথে আদিবাসী নাচের অনুষ্ঠান।

অল্পবয়সীদের ভিড় আর হঠাৎ দেখা হওয়া পুরনো বন্ধুদের সাথে আড্ডার জন্য দক্ষিণের সবচেয়ে জনপ্রিয় পূজো বোধহয় **ম্যাডক্স স্কোয়ার**। এই পূজোটা নিয়ে একটা খুব প্রচলিত কথা আছে যে, যদি কারোর স্কুল-কলেজ কলকাতায় হয়ে থাকে তো ম্যাডক্স স্কোয়ারে গেলে কোন পুরনো বন্ধুদের সাথে দেখা অবশ্যই হবে। ম্যাডক্স স্কোয়ারের খোলামেলা আড্ডার পরিবেশই এখানকার সবচেয়ে বড় আকর্ষণ।

**উত্তর কলকাতার** কিছু পূজো -

উত্তর কলকাতার পূজো বলতেই সবার আগে নাম করতেই হবে ঐতিহ্যের প্রতিমা, ঝাড়বাতি আর আলোকসজ্জার জন্য বিখ্যাত **কলেজ স্কোয়ার** আর **মহাম্মদ আলি পার্ক** ট্রএর।





**বাগবাজার সার্বজনীন** এর ঠাকুর যেমন উত্তরের সবচেয়ে ঐতিহ্যশালী প্রতিমা, তেমনি একটু দূরের **জগৎ মুখার্জী পার্কে** আবার একদম অন্যস্বাদের থিম - ‘ডাউন বনগাঁ লোকাল’, মন্ডপ তৈরি হয়েছে ট্রেনের কামরার অনুকরণে, মন্ডপের মধ্যে ও রয়েছে চলন্ত ট্রেনের মধ্যে থাকার অভিজ্ঞতা।

এছাড়া অনবদ্য শিল্পকাজ এবং ঝিলের জলে অসাধারণ আলোকসজ্জা ছিল **দমদম পার্ক তরুণ সংঘের** বিশাল মন্ডপে, **শ্রীভূমি স্পোর্টিং** -এ দেবী অধিষ্ঠিত হয়েছেন পুরীর জগন্নাথ মন্দিরে, **কুমোরটুলি পার্কে**র দুর্গা প্রতিমা আর পূজামন্ডপ ও ছিল নজরকাড়া।

### **সল্টলেক আবাসনের পূজো -**

সল্টলেকের বিভিন্ন ব্লকের আবাসনের পূজো গুলোতে বেশি বাজেটের থিম পূজো যেমন পাওয়া গেল **এফডি ব্লকে** (থিম - ইন্টারনেটের ব্যবহার), তেমনি পাওয়া গেল রাজস্থানের চৌকি ধানী **এজে ব্লকে**, গ্রামের অনুকরণে মন্ডপ **বিজে ব্লকে**, বা সাধারণ নারীদের রোজকারের নিজেদের জীবনে অসুর বধের ছবি ফুটিয়ে তোলার চেষ্টায় দেবী দুর্গার অসুরবধের মূর্তির সাথে সাধারণ নারীদের বিভিন্ন ক্ষেত্রে কর্মরতা ছবি রয়েছে মন্ডপ জুড়ে **এই ব্লকে**, আবার হাতের কাজের ব্যবহারে তৈরী মন্ডপ নজরে পড়ল **জিডি** এবং অন্যান্য **ব্লকে**। পূজোর সাথে সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান, আবাসনের নাগরিকদের বিভিন্ন প্রতিযোগিতা, কমবয়সীদের আড্ডায় গীটার বাজিয়ে গান সব মিলিয়ে কিছুটা থিম আর কিছুটা ঘরোয়া পরিবেশের মিশেলে জমকালো পূজোর সল্টলেক।

### **কলকাতার বনেদিবাড়ির পূজো -**

বাড়ির নাটমন্দিরের একচালা প্রতিমা, বিশেষ পারিবারিক রীতিনীতি আর জাঁকজমকের মিশেলে কলকাতার বনেদি বাড়ির পূজোগুলো বহু বছরের গর্বিত ঐতিহ্য বহন করে আসছে আজও; বিশেষ করে মহাষষ্ঠীর বোধন, পূজোর বিশেষ ভোগ বা সন্ধিপূজোর আরতিতে অন্যরকম আমেজ এনে দেয় বাংলার প্রাচীনতম এই পূজোগুলো, যেমন -



## সাবর্ণ রায়চৌধুরীর বাড়ির পুজো



## শোভাবাজার রাজবাড়ির পুজো



## লাহা বাড়ির পুজো



## রানী রাসমনি পরিবারের পুজো





১৮৯৮ সালে স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ এক মুসলমান মাঝির চার বছরের মেয়েকে পূজো করে যে কুমারী পূজার সূচনা করেছিলেন, আজও সেই ধারা বহন করে অন্যতম ঐতিহ্যশালী পূজো অষ্টমীতে **বেলুড় মঠের কুমারী পূজা**।



সারা কলকাতার অসংখ্য পূজোর মধ্যে শুধুমাত্র কয়েকটির কথাই বলা গেল এখানে। সমস্ত পূজোর উদ্যোক্তা ও শিল্পীদের বহু মাসের পরিশ্রমে বিগত কয়েকদিন ধরে মানুষ কে মুগ্ধ করে এই বছরের মত পূজো শেষ। অনেক পূজো কমিটিতে হয়ত এখন থেকেই শুরু হয়ে গেছে পরের বছরের পরিকল্পনা, আমাদেরও আবার প্রতিক্ষা শুরু আগামি বছরের জন্য - ‘আসছে বছর আবার হবে’।



# অপর্যাপ্ত / ঋজুরেখ চক্রবর্তী

ডুবতে পারার মাঝদরিয়ায়  
“অপর্যাপ্ত, হাত ধরি আয়,”  
বলতে পারা সহজ ছিল না তো !

তবুও তুমি ঐকান্তিক  
মুখ দেখালে ওইখানে ঠিক  
যেখানে মেঘ বিষাদসঞ্জাত ।

মেঘের পরে মেঘ জমেছে,  
আঁধারে তাও দেখব বেঁচে,  
লিখেছিলাম রোগনির্ণয় জেনে ।

আরোগ্যে যার সে-যুদ্ধজয়  
তাকেই বলে এ-দুঃসময়,  
“অপর্যাপ্ত, অসুখ পাল্টে নে ।”

## **BOMBAY BENGALIS (BB) 41ST MEET AT MIRA ROAD EAST..**

**Bombay Bengalis (BB) 41st Meet**  
**Cafe Coffee Day & Kusum Rolls,**  
**Mira Road East**



**Time: 7.30pm Onwards,**  
**11th December, 2016 (Sunday)**



**\*Special Attraction:** Bengali Rolls (Egg/Chicken/And Others)\*. This time we meet for an adda at the CCD (Kanakia Beverly Park Road) and then move to the famous Kusum Rolls nearby to munch our favourite Rolls. Kusum Rolls is very popular in Kolkata with their location at Karnani Mansion, 21 Park Street. They have recently opened a branch at Mira Road East. Let's "Khai-Khai" ;) See You All.. Too Tempting A Meet..

**Event Link:** <https://www.facebook.com/events/1799232780331233/>



# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RITWIKDA.

“यावत्स्थायन्ति गिरः सरितः महीः  
तावत् ऋत्विक् लोकेषु प्रचरिष्यति।”

"Till the rivers flow and the mountains stand  
Till then will your story will remain in the heart of the people."

I woke up early and thought of Ritwikda and the precious time he spent with us at the FTII. First in 1971 and then in 1974. Today is his birthday. For those who were fortunate to listen to him, to learn from him and be inspired by him was the happiest and most enriching accident of our lives. The time spent with him could not be measured in terms of seconds, minute and days, for he had seen infinity. As I felt the fresh seabreeze on my face, the images and sounds of his film started pouring in, mixed with the whole range of his own voice: from the roar of the Royal Bengal Tiger to the gentle murmuring of wind on the surf. What a fine sound re-mix it was, worthy of Ritwikda!

I don't believe in touching people's feet, but whenever I think of him - and that is often enough - I would like to put his चरण , the dust of his feet, on my head, for such a man walked the soil of that great country, शोনার बांगला. I wish we in this country, भारत aka India, were worthy of him.

- Arun Khopkar



Ritwik Ghatak

Illustration: Tangsu Karmakar



Ritwik Ghatak Sketch

Illustration: Tangu Karmakar



# SUKESHI HAS A DREAM

It is early spring  
of 1995, Sukeshi  
has a dream.

In her dream,  
emptied, illegally occupied Hindu  
houses in Kashmir have  
not been burnt down.

The windows, doors are intact,  
locks on them  
slightly rusted, outer walls  
still bear imprints of foliage.

Flowers painted for weddings.  
Names of brides and grooms.  
A lot has been washed out.

In the dream, Sukeshi  
feels she has  
to look up all her kin  
in Kashmir's  
two hundred tree lined  
hamlets.

The Umanagari house  
displays marigold garlands,  
red peppers in a string,

tiny, cookie like pieces  
of bitter melon, thinner slices  
of purple brinjal.

The strings hang on nails.  
How they battle with  
winter winds, summer rain!

In the courtyard  
she finds worn out bits of brocade,  
an old muslin saree torn to pieces.

Home-dyed many times, after  
the original dye has  
worn off. Some Jigri, or some Babhi,  
or some Mami, or Masi of hers.

There were always  
so many when they visited  
from Delhi, Suki could never  
remember names, or who was  
whose daughter-in-law?

They all had nice hair, beautiful  
bright eyes without make up.  
Suki wonders what the original color  
of this saree might have been?

Who might have worn it?  
Discarded it impatiently at night  
to find rest in the loving  
arms of her husband.

II

Sukeshi wanders alone  
but it does not scare her.  
It seems right that she  
should make this journey.  
See how things are?

After all, this home  
is hers; and these are her  
properties, homesteads.  
She has a mission.

It is Amavasya,  
perhaps the month of kartik.  
In the dark she can still see  
the temple of goddess Uma  
in her grandfather's beautiful  
village.

The blue spring  
with lotus stems  
undulating  
in a gentle peace.

Suki remembers  
the summer  
when she was three.  
Devi Uma had come  
to her in a dream.





She told no one.  
Devi Uma had said  
nothing, given  
her nothing, only  
a beatific smile played  
for a moment.

Lit up the green silk  
with decorative fringes;  
the goddess's vesture.  
Her eyes, arms, weapons,  
and peacock feathers.

A woman's tears  
over a sick child at her feet.  
The goddess can not heal.

That evening  
Sukeshi went to the temple  
holding her grandfather's hand,  
offered a full bloomed lotus  
with seed pods and the petals.

Devi Uma's lips, eyebrows stirred  
she thought, just a little bit.  
Shadow of a magnolia  
caught in morning breezes.

Did the goddess  
have something to tell?

III

In 1998  
Sukeshi's dream changes.  
She sees the crazed woman

Amrita, a close relative's abused wife  
who drowned herself in Vitasta  
a long, long time ago.

Amrita's twisted, long hair trails  
with the wind; she is bent low  
and moaning, face covered  
in mud and soot.



Seeing Sukeshi, Amrita  
runs wildly through muddy streets,  
village after village,  
dirt roads strewn with bramble,  
small wooden bridges.

Vegetable gardens fenced  
by mud walls, covered with  
thorny brush and hay.

Ivy creeping on them,  
or a star eyed jasmine  
here and there.

Chinar, willow, popular,  
apricot and walnut trees.  
So many rivers.

They've come to a place  
of sorrow. Long, deep wails rise from  
a cluster of houses, near where  
there is a public courtyard,  
a mosque, an Islamic school.

Moonlight falls on cobbled stone,  
an octagonal natural spring,  
and ten devdar trees.  
Suki no longer knows where  
she and Amrita are; it is some village.

And the weeping grows.  
It is not like Amrita's moaning,  
not like mourning for the dead.

It is more like groaning,  
mad anguish, low, quiet, relentless  
through the night.

Someone is watching  
someone  
else being hacked  
to death, someone they love.

A first born son is being shot  
in front of his father  
who is tied to a tree.



Amrita is screaming, but no sounds  
come out of her mouth. She wants  
someone to see this, to know this.

A woman's husband  
is dragged out of his sick bed,  
taken to prison  
without his glasses, or his pills.

The same woman's brother  
is shot dead near  
the river; he is an informer.

IV

Amrita's eye lashes have become  
pine needles. Her lilac face  
is trampled and bloodied.

She is weeping for everyone.  
Even the dogs  
she thinks are weeping;  
they don't bark anymore.

Now she has reached  
a center, some village  
in the Liddar Valley. Sukeshi  
follows her closely, keeps an eye on her.

Amrita climbs the top of a hill.  
From here she sees lights  
go on in every empty house.  
The valley glimmers.

Houses of all sizes  
and shapes have clustered  
together like a Las Vegas  
playscape, lit at night.

No one draws a curtain,  
or shuts a window pane.  
No one asks a child to pick up  
one last piece of laundry  
from the clothesline.

Light fills  
Sukeshi's dream, and  
it dissolves.

- Lalita Pandit Hogan

Poet and Professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse.

# DIFFERENT TYPES OF MOMMIES YOU MEET IN SCHOOL!

- Reetu Parna

In this last one and a half year, since my son started pre primary, I have had many new experiences with respect to parenting. Getting used to the school routine after decades, going nuts thinking about creative kid-friendly tiffin menu everyday, taking a client call, keeping an eye on the dalal street, playing with my kid, all at the same time, and many more such novel experiences.

Being a work from home mom, I have the liberty to drive my kid, to and fro, from school. My husband keeps insisting I get him registered in the school bus which will ease my schedule and also do away with multi tasking a bit. Bye the way, he abhors multi tasking and says it leads to unnecessary stress. But we mothers know we cannot do without it, not because we love to do ten things at the same time but because otherwise our tasks will never get completed in those 24 hrs we get in a day. Isn't it mommies?

However, coming back to the topic of me driving my son to school, there are three reasons why I do not mind doing this every single day; I love driving, I love chatting with my talkative baby and listening to his plans for the day as I drive him down. And last but not the least I love meeting all the other drop off moms and a quick two minute chit chat with them is quite interesting! We can actually categorise the drop off mommies into few broad categories. I am sure all mothers, will relate to this.

So go ahead find out which category you fall into!

## **The Immaculate Mom**

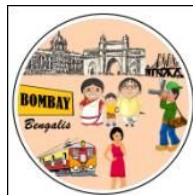
She is always dressed to the nines any time of the day, anytime of the year be sun or rain. Her hair is always in place, lips and finger nails always painted to perfection. You will never see her perturbed even when her toddler is throwing a fit and she is dragging him to the doorstep. I really wonder and sometimes envy her on how she manages to do that all in style, all the time.

## **The Teacher's Pet Mom**

You will see her talking to the teacher after school almost everyday. Even in PTAs she takes the longest time to finish while we wait patiently for our turn. Sometimes I just scratch my head to think if I am the one who is missing out on asking important questions about my son but unfortunately nothing rings a bell! I hardly feel the need to talk to the teacher except during the monthly meet. Probably this mom wants the teacher to like her more than her kid!

## **The Loner Mom**

She will always be in her own world oblivious to what is going on around her. You will never see any expression on her face come what may. The only time her face lights up is when her baby comes running to her after the school is over. And you keep wondering if she is like that everywhere or just feels out of place only in school.





### **The Out of Bed Mom**

This mom is always in her pyjamas or sweat pants with messy hair. Be it morning or afternoon she is never seen in real clothes. She looks like she is just out of bed and most probably will jump back into it, once back home. When does she take a bath or brushes her teeth? At least she makes you feel good about yourself!

### **The Always Late Mom**

This drop off mom is always late to school. When most of us are on our way out, you will see her screeching into the parking lot and then running with her kid on her waist, sweating and panting. This happens every single day. What is it that prevents her from starting a bit early from home for school at least one day? I guess habits die hard is the only answer!

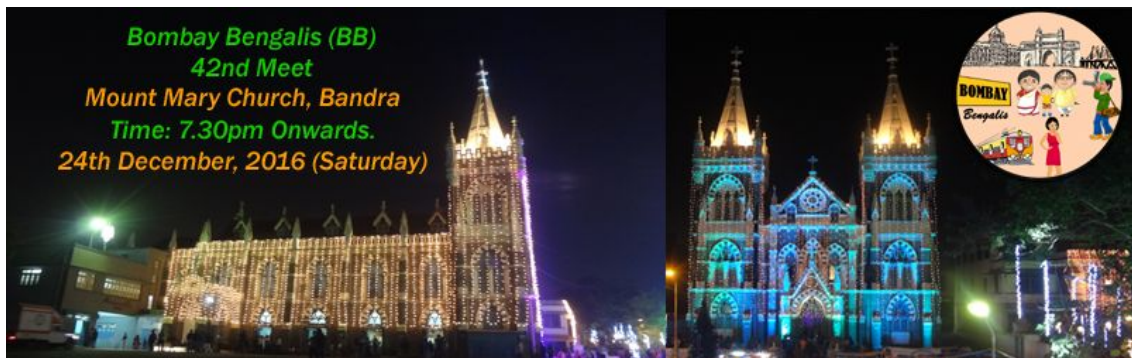
### **The Social Mom**

She is the centre of attraction. You will see her surrounded by other moms the moment she steps in school. She is always smiling and chatting away. She generally reaches a bit early and leaves a bit late so that she can connect with almost all other moms. She will most probably be the creator of the class group on the group app and keep all connected. My son's class group creator on a popular group app actually ran after me, introduced herself and asked for my phone number so that she could connect me as well. I was shocked to see the effort she is putting to say the least!

So which one are you? I must say I am a bit of most of them. There are days when I am running late while there are days when I look just like the loner mom because my mind is too pre occupied with something else.

I am sure all of us are a bit of all. Irrespective of which category the mummies fall into, they are all good in their own ways, as at the end of the day all of them want nothing else but the best for their kids.

## **BOMBAY BENGALIS (BB) 42ND MEET** **AT MOUNT MARY CHURCH, BANDRA..**



This Christmas Eve BB is back to Mount Mary Church, Bandra like last year. Join in for some great fun and adda.

**Event Link:** <https://www.facebook.com/events/1479647922049370/>

**Link to 2015 Christmas Eve Meet Photo Album:** <https://goo.gl/IOQNVc>

# MAHANAYAK



**Prosenjit Chatterjee (left), Nilanjan Datta (centre) and Ambarish Bhattacharya (right).**

**Photo Courtesy: Nilanjan Datta**

“Mahanayak” was one of the prestigious projects in my career. When I got the news that I am selected for a very important and critical role I was just overwhelmed. Prior to “Mahanayak” I was having a very good working experience with my Director Birsa Dasgupta and “Mahanayak” was also Birsa’s dream project. Chief Assistant Director, Korak send out the script to me one day before the aforesaid shoot as the character was a bit out of the box. On the shoot day Korak spent few hours with me in the makeup room discussing various parameters that the character demands as because I have to deliver the same in a one to one sequence with the legendry actor Prosenjit Chatterjee (Bumba Da) and on the final floor call I cracked the deal, during each shot break Bumba Da told me “দারুন করেছো নীলাঞ্জন, তু”  
” so as the Directorial Team. I really feel blessed, that I got such a lovely praising notes from the Legendary Actor , Mr. Prosenjit Chatterjee (Bumba Da).

- **Nilanjan Datta.**



# PUSHKAR FAIR

by Mriganka Sekhar Halder

**The Pushkar Fair** is an annual Camel and Livestock fair held in Pushkar, Rajasthan, India. The fair is held around the Pushkar Lake. Also known as **Pushkar Ka Mela**, it is one of the **largest camel fairs in the world**. This Year it was held from 8<sup>th</sup> November to 14<sup>th</sup> November. In 2017, the fair would be held from 28<sup>th</sup> October to 4<sup>th</sup> November. A couple of years back **Mriganka Sekhar Halder** visited the fair and here are a few clicks from him.

**For the complete set of photos please visit:**

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/mrigankasekharhalder/sets/72157649213291171/>





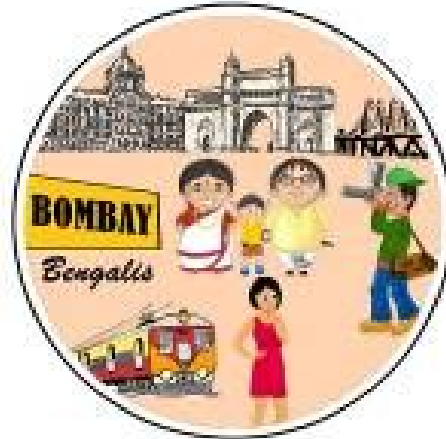




# WARRIOR

No one can define you,  
only and only you can.  
Say out loud to the world who you are,  
a coward or a man.  
Prove what you are made of,  
Do not be shy.  
If you fall, chin – up; get up;  
be valiant and try  
No one can vilify you,  
no one could.  
Only you can shape up yourself  
and you should.  
Life is the hardest battle to fight,  
and it will be.  
So, be a warrior, look into its eyes and say;  
“Come on.....try me.”

- **Saptarshi Chakraborty, Teacher, DPS, Panvel.**



# A TALE OF MYSTIC LOVE

- Ananya Paul

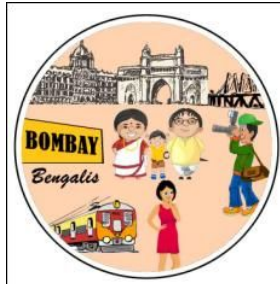


*Brishti's* world revolves around herself only. And her mother's world, for the past five years, has been in a small cell of a mental asylum.

*Brishti* has never allowed a man to capture her fantasy. Never. Except for once, when the enchanter came silently, not in body but in his songs and music.

He is *Rabindranath Tagore*.

He spins His magic on *Brishti* whenever she hums sitting in the verandah or plays CD's of His songs in her lonely flat.



The vacant flat just beside *Brishti's*, one day, got occupied by a couple. Then, the residents of the adjacent flats, one fine day, came across each other and got introduced. He is *Abhishek Roy* and she, his wife, *Mita*. *Abhishek* is a renowned Rabindrasangeet artist. His numerous CD's and cassettes are proof of his popularity.

*Abhishek* was quite happy to know that *Brishti* is that very RJ, whose special show on Rabindrasangeet he has listened to many times. Even *Brishti* was impressed by *Abhishek's* voice and charm.

Now, almost every evening, *Brishti* started spending more time than before at *Abhishek's* flat. His voice and presentation would drag her daily to their flat. And *Abhishek* didn't mind her presence, for *Brishti* was a very good singer and a talented girl.

*Brishti's* father was a government employee by profession and a worshiper of Rabindrasangeet by passion. One day, his passion won over his profession and he decided to make his passion, his profession. But when, after sloggng for few years he did not get proper recognition of his marvelous voice, he committed suicide.

*Brishti* had pledged never to sing in public – just because of what her father experienced. But when *Abhishek* requested her for a duet show, she couldn't say no to him. And *Abhishek*, very happy with her performance, praised heaven on her.

After this incident, when Alone or her eyes shut – The only face to pop up before her eyes – became that of *Abhishek's*.

Initially *Mita*, *Abhishek's* wife didn't pay much heed to the fact that *Abhishek* and *Brishti* were gelling a lot – more than before – being admirers of each others talent. But she fumed when *Abhishek* expressed his desire of performing a duet show – that too live – with *Brishti*.

And when *Brishti* came to know about the idea from *Abhishek*, she anticipated autumn in her life. Why would somebody care so much, if there's no feeling deep inside ?

*"Nobody other than you rules my mind. I can do everything for you – even give up my pledge."* – *Abhishek* got the shock of his life to such a reply from *Brishti*.

*Mita* was correct. But, *Abhishek* thought – he never took *Brishti* seriously.

*Abhishek* didn't call *Brishti* for the rehearsals of the duet show. *Brishti* waited – like the little shadow underneath an earthen lamp waits to mingle into the vast darkness, after the lamp is put off.

But the call never came.

On the scheduled day, *Abhishek* left home for his performance. All alone.

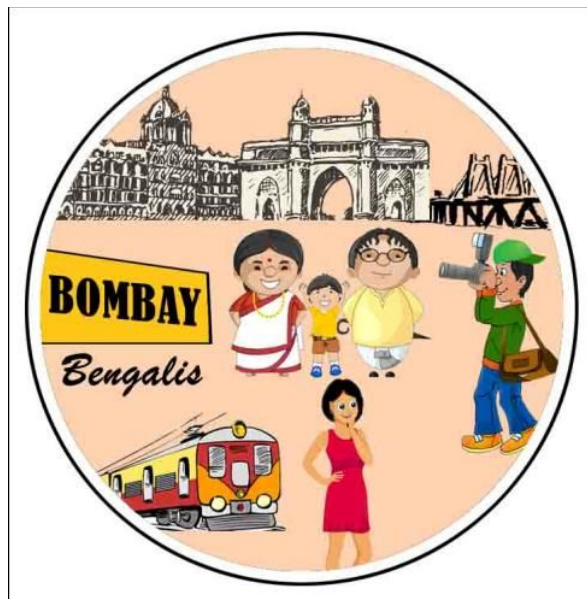
*Brishti* switched on the TV set at 7'o clock in the evening. There he was, *Abhishek Roy*, on the screen. He started speaking about his days of struggle. Spoke about the objective of his life – Rabindrasangeet. Took the name of his inspiration and love – his wife *Mita*. And at last, said *that this would be his last show ever as a singer*. He won't perform again.

Two lonely souls in two adjacent flats.

In one of them, *Mita* was weeping inconsolably.



In the other one, blaming herself for *Abhishek's* decision, *Brishti*, with the TV playing on and *Abhishek Roy* performing live for the last time, cuts the vein of her hand, with one strike of a sharp blade. Same as her father had did years back.





# **UJJAYANTA PALACE AGARTALA**

- Amitabh Roy

Ujjayanta Palace - The Royal House, which stands in the capital city of Tripura that is in Agartala was originally built in 1862 by the then King Ishan Chandra Manikya (1849-1862) and it was devastated by a massive quake in June 1897 then the Palace was built by Maharaja Radha Kishore Manikya during 1899 – 1901 at a cost of 10 lakh (1 million) rupees. The name Ujjayanta Palace was given by Rabindranath Tagore.



It is a two storied mansion, having a mixed type of architecture with three high domes, the center one being 86 feet high. The main block covers 800 acres, comprising public halls such as the Throne room, the Durbar hall, Library and the Reception hall. The Neoclassical palace was designed by Sir Alexander Martin of Messrs Martin & Co. The Chinese Room is particularly notable, the ceiling of which was crafted by artisans brought from China. The palace is set with huge Mughal style gardens, beautified by pools & gardens.

The exotic palace has several Hindu temples dedicated to Lakshmi Narayan, Uma-Maheshwari, Kali and Jagannath. It is the largest museum in Northeast India covering an area of over 800 acres of land in the capital city, Ujjayanta Palace was the command hub until the erstwhile princely Tripura's accession to India in October 1949.





The Palace was purchased from the royal family by the Tripura government in 1972-73 for Rs. 2.5 million, housed the state legislative assembly till July 2011. Now it is served as The State Museum.



Ujjayanta Palace was provided with seismic retrofitting to prevent it from possible earthquake damage before making it a museum at a cost of Rs. 100 million. In realization of a century-old dream, the country's biggest royal mansion in the Northeast India, the Ujjayanta Palace, is the home to the biggest museum in the region. The museum showcases northeast India's art, culture, history, tradition and ethnic diversity.





## A PORTRAIT OF ACTRESS SRI DEVI

by Tathagata Das



© Nilangraphy 2014

© Nilangraphy 2014

## A PORTRAIT OF ACTRESS SUDIPTA CHAKRABARTY

by Nilanjan Datta

# THE JUNGLE MAN



Photo: Bijit Dutta.

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India has produced several famous personalities that have excelled in their field. These Indian heroes have battled against all odds and have reached the pinnacle of success by their courage, determination and perseverance. Their lives have inspired a whole generation of Indians and continue to inspire millions of Indians and others all around the world. But apart from these there are many unsung heroes who had done a remarkable job single handedly and unfortunately very few know their feat. Today I will tell about someone who has created a jungle singlehandedly in Assam. May be this personality can be known to you but he is an example of what a passion can do.

*This man has single-handedly created a thriving, 1300+ acre forest from a 'barren' sandbar. Truly a remarkable and selfless feat.*

More than 30 years ago, a teenager named **Jadav "Molai" Payeng** began planting seeds along a barren sandbar near his birthplace in India's Assam region. It was 1979 and floods had washed a great number of snakes onto the sandbar. When Payeng -- then only 16 -- found them, they had all died.

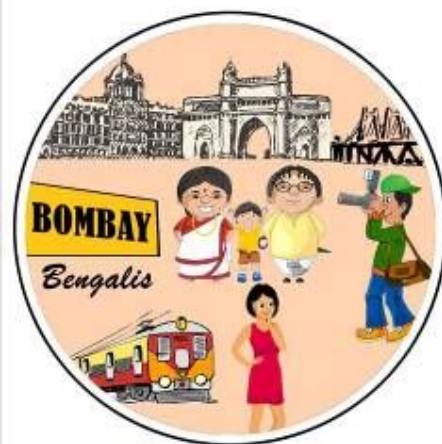
The snakes died in the heat, without any tree cover. Payeng sat down and wept over their lifeless forms. It was carnage. He alerted the forest department and asked them if they could grow trees there. They said nothing would grow there. Instead, they asked him to try growing bamboo. It was painful, but he did it. There was nobody to help him and he started to do that.

Now that once-barren sandbar is a sprawling 1,360 acre forest, home to several thousands of varieties of trees and an astounding diversity of wildlife -- including birds, deer, apes, rhino, elephants and even tigers.

The forest, aptly called the **"Molai woods"** after its creator's nickname, was single-handedly planted and cultivated by one man -- Payeng, who is now 47. Molai forest is a forest on Majuli Island in Brahmaputra River in Kokilamukh, Jorhat district.

Payeng has dedicated his life to the upkeep and growth of the forest. He has awarded the Padma Shri by Indian Government in 2015. Today, Payeng still lives in the forest. He shares a small hut with his wife and three children and makes a living selling cow and buffalo milk. It is perhaps the world's biggest forest in the middle of a river.

- **Sankha Mukherjee.**



## SPEECHLESS PERSON'S SMILING FACE IS A MIRACULAS INCIDENT

- Pradip Kumar Lahiri

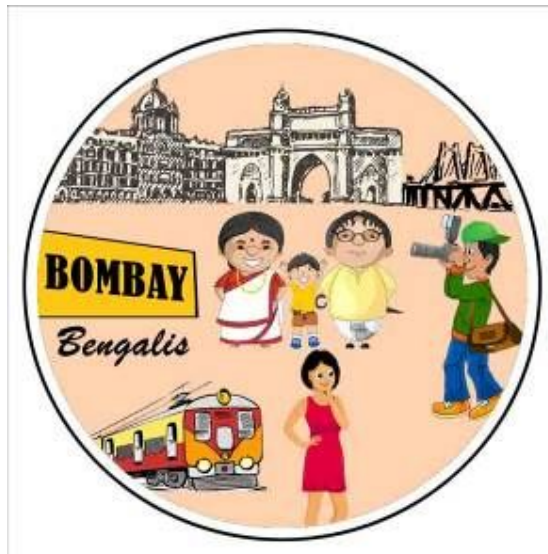
In normal course the medium of communication and sharing ideas between human beings is voice. Twenty five years ago I lost, by the removal of my total vocal system due to cancer as a result of excessive smoking. I lost all the interest and was leading traumatic life. However by using food pipe (oesophageous) as vocal medium with inhuman effort and also by strong determination of mind one day all on a sudden I heard myself. This was the stepping stone of voice restoration and eventually by articulation of leap, tongue, throat, nose, jaw etc I started speaking normally in hoarse voice.

Unfortunately I could not find a single a place where I could develop the quality of speech. Even now this type of speech therapy is rarely available in our country.

Luckily by availing the help of **JICA (Japan International Corporate Association)**, for conducting advance training of speech quality for the Laryngetomee survivors, in Tokyo, my voice was not only reached near to normal with the help of three months advance training but also inspired me for the use of developing many unfortunate dumb persons who could get there voice back.

Coming from Japan I wanted to devote myself for those laryngetomee patients who were leading a dumb and trauma life. I was waiting for the suitable opportunity.

Doctor Sultan Pradhan, an eminent cancer surgeon and also chair person of Prince Ali Khan Hospital, was thinking about the cured patients, who used to be treated by the medical personnel, but who could help to reinstate them for going back to their normal life? Who would support their emotion by offering moral and mental support to them? He thought of devoted cancer survivors who could help them with their past experience. Keeping this noble idea in mind he established his brain child **CANCER REHABILITATION CLINIC (CRC)** with the help of a cancer (Masectomee) survivor Ms. Anaita Vesuvala. She formed a group of 10 volunteers gradually, Out of them many were cancer survivors. These dedicated volunteers under the leadership of Mrs. Anaita, used to offer patients emotional support provide proper guidance and helping them by arranging necessary accessories in order to reinstate them in normal life. Subsequently this group started Oestomee section by providing them necessary guidance and accessories. This facility is totally volunteered by only lady members. Now our service is so popular that even twice a week Tuesday and Friday is not enough.



A few years, after, Dr. Pradhan started thinking about a laryngectomee patient, also, who could get back their voice to the by obtaining necessary training. With this idea in mind he requested Ms. Anaita Vesuvala to search for a Laryngectomee survivor who used to speak by applying oesophageous. In one of the international conference Ms. Vesuvala traced me and requested to join with them. I took the opportunity to fulfill my desire for which I was eager so long. I joined CRC and forwarded my hand with them. Thus my journey started in Room No. 19 of the hospital premises.

Subsequently Dr. Zehera Rangwala joined with me. Myself with Dr. Zehera Rangwala in association with Anaita Vesuvala (founder member of CRC) and with the blessings of Dr. Sultan pradhan we started providing training patients with esophageal speech. Further Mr. Sharma, a survivor joined with us.

Mesmerized by my speech at Tata hospital, Mrs. Meena Kamdar joined with us as a devotee volunteer. Incidentally, she came from Pharmaceutical and alternative medicine background. We started training Laryngectomy patients not only with vocal rehab and psychological support but also showing exercises, suggesting proper diet and helping for the use of electro larynx for the needy patients as and when necessary.

Further we were lucky to have dedicated volunteers like Mrs.Naima kakajiwala. Mr Bhupendrabhai shah, Mr Nayanbhai shah, Mr. Kulkarni, who were dedicated survivors/volunteers. We further requested Mrs Farida merchant (mother of Dr. malik Merchat) to join with us,who joined and started helping us by looking after overall stock and maintenance of accessories and machine oriented matter with Mr Kulkarni/ Mr. Shah as a devotee volunteer.

Today it's most gratifying to see patients regain their ability to talk.

#### **PROCEDURE OF OUR TRAINING:**

- To convince and motivate the patients and their relatives for availing the speech training which is available fully free of cost.
- Assisting them to provide necessary prosthesis like stoma cover, Bath apron, Electronic machine etc which are required in their daily life.
- Conduct necessary training of different exercises which absolutely necessary for the Laryngectomee patient.
- Guiding them to take proper dieting which is also needed for a newly recovered patient.
- Finally conducting speech therapy training twice a week. This training is continuous from six weeks to sixteen weeks. However who are not able to pick up voice training due to age, health problem and those who come from a long distance of other provinces or outside our country we provide them Electro Larynx. By limited training they quickly get back their sound.

We believe group training which is consisting of patient, volunteers and close relatives of the patient. This system is totally followed in the line of Japanese training which we obtained by undergoing their system.

I am proud to inform that, this type of speech training by the non-professional persons are rarely available in India.

We are proud that we have already rendered our services for more than 1000 patients per year for both Laryngotomee and Masectomee sections.

Our resolution is **CANCER IS NOR THE CANCELLATION OF LIFE.**

**Time Schedule of CRC:**

*With Best Wishes From*  
**CANCER REHABILITATION CLINIC**  
**Prince Aly Khan Hospital**  
Tel: + 91- 22 - 2377 7800 / 2377 7864

Cancer Rehabilitation Clinic (CRC) consists of a group of dedicated trained volunteers including former cancer patients and health professionals.  
At present the clinic mainly supports patients with Mastectomy, Laryngectomy and Ostomy and offers **FREE** guidance, information and support like prosthesis, voice rehab ,exercises and emotional support to patients and their families.

**CRC Helpline :**

Ms. ANAITA VESUVALA	24144497 - 9820295811	FOUNDER VOLUNTEER/COORDINATOR
Ms. NADI JALALI	9820050020	BREAST CANCER/OSTOMY
Dr. SUJATA AMOD	9870001409	BREAST CANCER/OSTOMY
Dr. ZEHRA RANGWALLA	9820278252	BREAST CANCERs
Mr. PRADEEP LAHIRI	8108666265	LARYNGEAL CANCER
Dr. ZEHRA RANGWALLA	23671879 - 9323807119	LARYNGEAL CANCER/SPEECH THERAPIST
MS. MEENA KAMDAR	9821095772	LARYNGEAL CANCER/OSTOMY
Dr. ROSHNI CHINYOY CLINIC	9821242778	PATH LAB
	23777864	<b>Tuesday/Friday</b> Breast Cancer/Ostomy (Time 10.30 am to 1.00 pm)
		<b>Wednesday/Saturday</b> Laryngeal Cancer (Time 9.30 am to 11.00 pm)

**Patients from any hospital any part of world are welcome to avail of our services.**





# COMMUNICATION – THE HUB OF LIFE

We start communicating from the instant we take our first breath. Our first cry is a communication to our mother, and to the world, that we have arrived. And till our last breath, we are in constant communication.

Communication is a process. Yes! Be it professional or personal. The process of communication involves decisions and activities why the two persons involved.

And it's definitely interdependent. And so is silence, which is also a two way process. The meaning of a sentence depends strongly on the circumstances it is said. Foreexample; "How much have u had to drink." If asked by a nurse to her patient would mean "have you had enough liquids?" The question would have a completely different meaning if asked by a policeman to a driver who had got on to the foot.

Not getting too much into the theoretical explanations, let's dive in directly to our majorly misunderstood part of communication-that's body language or sign language communication. Trust me, a million of words can be communicated in a single stance even without worrying to open up those lips/now a days can be referred as pouts. (Giggles)

It's well known that good communication is the foundation of any successful relationship, be it personal or professional. It's important to recognize, though, that it's our nonverbal communication—our facial expressions, gestures, eye contact, posture, and tone of voice—that speak the loudest. The ability to understand and use nonverbal communication, or body language, is a powerful tool that can help you connect with others, express what you really mean, and build better relationships and yes that matters the most!!

The way you listen, look, move, and react tells the other person whether or not you care, if you're being truthful, and how well you're listening. When your nonverbal signals match up with the words you're saying, they increase trust, clarity, and rapport. When they don't, they generate tension, mistrust, and confusion. If you want to become a better communicator, it's important to become more sensitive not only to the body language and nonverbal cues of others, but also to your own.

My post graduation teacher/professor had elaborated a lot on communication though silence which has a great impact on my life.

Sharing his advices on the above topic is an epitome of simple happiness that am experiencing at the moment!

**And if followed by my dear readers, you have won over half your worries.**

Laughter is the best remedy to all our worries and in this process it melts down your anxiety which finally makes you a rich humorous person –here your communication, whether verbal or non verbal will have a sea change and impact your life immediately. In a society torn with humiliation and insult, humour is like a breath of fresh air. A good sense of humour relieves you from fear and anxiety.



Real Communication is beyond Words, as in we all have some where experienced the sending and receiving messages till eternity through our silence, didnt we! If you are firmly established in the zone of silence, if your mind is calm, you will find yourself suddenly being able to influence individuals, groups, and masses. What a single glance can convey, a thousand conversations cannot. We must first listen to be heard-you must keenly observe an infant. They listen to expressions and gestures. Even without understanding words, they communicate with you. Somewhere in the journey of life, we have lost this ability. Let's make an attempt to regain it.

There are innumerable thoughts and knowledge sharing has been done on the importance of communication and through silence or non-verbally! I have attempted to share few which i practice myself.

However to conclude, let's agree, this world is varied, beyond our imagination. We need to establish communication on three levels – communication with oneself, communication with society, and communication with nature. There is always something to share, learn, and teach, and it's only through proper communication you might find some solace to your ever anxious mind which keeps wondering about the illusions that hover around us in this cosmic world.

Communicate well to life.

- **Rima Dasgupta.**



**The Gateway Of India.**

**Photo: Arin Paul.**



## GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS – A TRAVELOGUE



The Great Smoky Mountain National Park in Gatlinburg, TN is 226 miles from Nashville, TN. The Smoky mountain range is a part of the Great Appalachian Trail and is known for her serene beauty and pristine view. It is the most visited national park in the United States. The Great Smoky Mountains are among the oldest mountains ranges in the world. Established as a national park in 1934, the smokies are today one of the greatest attractions in the eastern United states, providing countless opportunities of fun and frolic including camping, rafting, hiking and enjoying the wilderness. The Smokies boast of nestling a great diversity of biological species in her wilderness. Over 96 percent of the park is forested and is home to animals like bears, deer and elk. It is said that more than 200 species of Animals and 1,600 flowering plant species dwell in the Smokies. This park was designated an International Biosphere Reserve in 1976, was certified as a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1983, and became a part of the Southern Appalachian Biosphere Reserve in 1988.



**And Our Trip Begins:** We started of earlySaturdayMorning. It was our first trip to the Smokies, and we were all enthusiastic. Me and One of my friend started from Hartsfield-Jackson Airport, Atlanta Georgia. The usual three hours 10 minutes flight for Knoxville, TN was exciting. After reaching @ Knoxville airport we took a Jeep and started our journey to “**The Great Smoky Mountains**” the glimpses of pretty fall colors lined the highways. Tennessee River’s West Fork and surrounded by the National Park on her three sides, Gatlinburg has evolved from a rural hamlet to a thriving community. It is now a place of great attraction for tourists, with shops and restaurants and amusement parks lining the arcade. Attractions and activities include a wondrous flight on the aerial tramway to go karts, museums, Ripley’s believe it or not wax museum to eating in some of the finest seafood and steak restaurants. The pretty red hue mingling with the orange and brown evaded a strange versatility to the entire surrounding. Within one hour we reached our destination “**The Cabins Near the Riverside**” Nestled in the valley of the Little Pigeon amidst the Mountains & the forests of “The Great Smoky Mountains”



**Fall Color:** It is said that when Mother Nature sheds her summer greens and dorns her red, orange and golden shades of fall, it is time to head to the Smokies. We were spellbound and awestruck to see such fascinating fall color in the Smokies. After checking in at the hotel we didn’t waste a lot of time. We took our map and the GPS and headed to encounter the beauty. My friends from Jacksonville, Florida, joined our party in Gatlinburg, so it was now a perfect group of four enthusiasts. The beauty of Fall in Great Mountains of Smokies are spell bounding and unexplainable.







**Sunset from Clingman's Dome:** A trip over the Clingman's Dome Road is often compared to a trip to paradise. A heavenly view greets the travelers at Newfound Gap at an altitude of 5,046 ft. Temperature at the Clingmans may be as low as 6-7 Degree F. At the Clingman's Dome we observed a fascinating sunset. The vermillion sky decked with magical sheaves of cotton clouds turned red and orange. It seemed that the necromancer of Nature was uttering some magical incantation and turning the firmament so pretty with her delightful shades. It was a spellbinding view and left us all awestruck. The power of the universe is so enthralling and we forget to recognize it often, but at times like these, when you come across the beauty of nature at its best, we genuflect before the all-powerful immortal Nature. At that moment, I was so enthralled by the magical spell, that ensnared by the beauty I could think of nothing.



**Nightlife @ Gatlinburg:** After watching the sunset we decided to head back to the hotel. It was dusk and the roads were pretty dangerous, so we didn't want to be late to reach Gatlinburg. We reached Gatlinburg around Eight, and were pretty tired and hungry. The streets were then bubbling with thousands of people hailing from different places of the US. Gatlinburg is commonly known as Mini Times Square of Tennessee. A small town with shops and people bustling and full of energy and fun. Most of the shops sell local goods and souvenirs, T-shirts and other local goods. There are variety of options for Food & shopping.



We wanted to go for shopping first, but then we were too hungry to shop. So, we went into a local Mexican Restaurant and BON-APPETIT!! After dinner we went for shop hunting, it surrounding the hotel or relax was pretty late around 10:30PM but the whole town was simmering with effervescence. People were coming out of the museums and amusement theaters, shops were full of people, selling and buying stuff. We got some souvenirs and headed to our hotel. We sat in hotel's beautifully landscaped gardens in an Adirondack chair while enjoying the serenity of a Smoky Mountain. But after the happy hour we needed some sleep so instead of enjoying the tranquility of the Smokies, we decided to curl up in our bed.





**The Next Day @ Morning Mist Village:** The next morning greeted us with a spectacular view of the surrounding mountains. As the morning sun rose, we started for a countryside town @ Gatlinburg. A special tourist attraction “Morning Mist Village” having over 25 Arts and Crafts Shops.



**@Cades Cove:** Then our NEXT stop after Morning Mist Village was Cades Cove which is a broad, verdant valley surrounded by mountains. An 11 miles, one –way loop road circles the cove, the road on the way is captivating itself. It allows visitors a sneak peek at the running mountain streams along the road. The nature @ Cades Cove was serene and impeccable.

**Grotto Falls:** After enjoying the immaculate nature we headed to Trailhead Grotto Falls, inside Great Smoky Mountain National Park. The hike to Grotto Falls begins from the Trillium Gap Trailhead. Hikers will be following the Trillium Gap Trail for most of the way as it meanders through a beautiful old-growth forest, which includes many large eastern hemlocks. The first section of trail is technically an access trail. At 0.15 miles you'll link up with the Trillium Gap Trail. At 1.2 miles' hikers will reach a tumbling cascade. Just beyond this point, looking upstream, Grotto Falls will come into view for the first time. The most distinctive feature about Grotto Falls is that it's the only waterfall in Great Smoky Mountains National Park that a person can actually walk behind. The 25-foot high waterfall offers a cool, shady, and moist retreat for hikers in the summer. As you walk behind the falls you'll not only hear, but also feel the thunderous power of the water plunging into the pool in front of you.





**The Ending:** We finished our Grotto Falls Trail and headed back home. I bade my friends a warm goodbye, and hit the road for Airport. On the way back, I couldn't but stop at the Blue Ridge Parkway, the 360-degree tour of the Smoky Mountain finally announced its epilogue as I left the mountains and her pristine beauty behind and headed towards the Knoxville Airport.



**I believe the thoughts of this idyllic land will forever remain in my mind. – Pranab Mukherjee.**





# LAST WISH

That very personal dramatic moment before we pass away. It is beautifully illustrated and visualized in this short film. The author has carefully selected, placed, and used different “**basic irrelevant and lifeless elements**” of a daily routine to portray an unfinished business everyone has. Contrary to facts, all of them gradually and quickly convert into lively valuable evidence and priceless information. Last Wish - a testimony of close friendship, mutual personal remembrances, anxiety, pain, and suffering.

- Alfonso A Tobar.

On 29<sup>th</sup> June, 2014, I lost someone who was more than a friend to me. The loss is unbearable and a disaster to me. Shantanu Ghosh, my friend, you will always remain very special till I live. Happy Birthday (5<sup>th</sup> December).

- Arin Paul.

**WATCH: <http://youtu.be/jHICO-nVqGs>**  
**(please watch with the computer speakers on full volume)**

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# THE PERFECT PLOT

It's been two hours that I have been sitting in the coffee shop thinking for a plot and sipping four cups of coffee. But the ideas simply are not coming out. It's tough being an author. Since I have decided to be an author to test my writing skills and gain fame and money it's been a uphill struggle. Finding a plot is a herculean task. An original plot is so difficult to find, I thought. I have been trying to find a plot for my debut novel but inspite of three months of brainstorming I am yet to come up with an original plot. Suddenly my cell rang. I saw the caller was my dear wife.

"Where are you?" she asked.

"I am sitting in Barista in Chembur. It will take me some time."

"Do not take much time. Please be in time for lunch at 1 P.m." she hung up.

I work in a private bank. Since the bug of becoming an author has entered my head, I am looking to find the perfect plot. The coffee shop was half empty. It is 11 A.M. on a lazy Sunday morning. Suddenly a young woman entered the café. She was wearing grey trousers and black top with a blue scarf wrapped around her head. She looked around and came straight towards my table.

"May I join you?" she asked.

I was perplexed though the café is half empty she still asks to sit opposite me. I nodded in affirmation. She sat and said "thanks". I noticed she had a black bag with her that she was carrying on her shoulders. She kept the bag beside her.

She looked at me then said "Thanks for the seat. Hope I am not disturbing you."

"No its okay" I replied.

"Actually I was thinking if you can help me" She said.

"What type of help you need" I asked while trying to figure out her.

"I have a friend who wants to kill her husband. She wants me to be a part of her plan."

I was terrified. She must have committed some crime and have come here. Sitting with her will put me in trouble. But I may get some interesting plot for my story from this situation I thought. Something in me told me to stay back. I wanted to know her story. I asked her she can share details with me if she wanted.

"My name is Smita Phillips. I work for an event management company. I had gone in the morning for an appointment with a client of ours. My friend that I mentioned is my best friend; we studied in the same school at La Martiniere, Kolkata. Her husband is abusive and has multiple affairs, she wants to kill him. I want to help her but do not know what I should do".

"Why cannot your friend leave her husband and run away. " I asked.

“She had tried a few times but he chases her and finds her always and brings her home. This time she wants to get rid of him altogether so that he cannot find her again.”

I was perplexed. How can I help her in this situation? But a plot line is coming to my mind. So I was interested. What happens after? How does her friend attempt to kill her husband? Does she succeed? Something in me wanted to hear the full story. My phone was ringing again. My wife had called. I will have to leave.

“I am afraid I cannot help you in the matter. But do let me know what happens next if ever we meet again.”

“Oh I forgot to ask you your name.” she asked. I do not know why I shared my thoughts with you.

I should not state my original name to her, I thought, I do not want to get into any trouble “Well my name is...forget it, does that really matters. I will have to leave. Bye”.

I asked for the bill, paid the same and hopped into my car. Driving home I was thinking what if I had heard the full story. Anyways it’s too late now. I will have to reach home now. I had promised to take my wife out for dinner tonight. It’s been long that we had dined outside together. But I got a storyline, my story will depict of how a woman kills her loving husband. The suspense and the drama will make it a huge success, I thought. I smile came on my face. I reached home within half an hour. I drove my car in the garage. Reaching my flat I rang the bell. My sweet loving wife opened the door.

“You are late.” She complained.

“I have cooked your favourite dish for lunch today.”

Its fried rice and chicken curry for lunch, I thought. That was my favourite dish and my wife cooks them really well.

“Thanks sweetie, I will just be ready.” I said.

After freshening up I hugged my wife, “You know I am so lucky to have you as my wife.”

“So have you got your plot?” she asked.

“Well, I have got an idea, it will be a thriller. I will let you know once I give it a concrete shape.” I refrained from sharing the encounter with the lady in the coffee shop.

After half an hour I was seated on the dining table. She brought the chicken and fried rice out on the table. There was only one plate for me. Normally my wife has lunch with me.

“Where is your plate?” I asked.

“First taste some chicken and fried rice to check whether the salt is adequate and let me know how it is. Then I will join you”. She replied.

I took some fried rice and had 2 pieces of chicken and tasted them. “Awesome.” I replied.

After two spoons full of fried rice I continued my lunch.

“Today after you finish your lunch, I will start my lunch. “ My wife said.

I continued my lunch. I was thinking is it Karvachauth today? No, then why she is not having her lunch with me, I thought. When I had almost finished my lunch suddenly I started feeling dizziness in my head. My head was spinning; I wanted to vomit, as if something was stuck in my throat. I drank a glass of water, but I started feeling dizzier.

“Neha, I am not feeling okay, my head is spinning, I am having nausea, I think I will pass out.” I thought I had a heart attack. “Please call the doctor, Neha.”

My wife was standing still without any movements. Suddenly a smile came on her face. I tried to reach for my cell phone but could not find it.

“Neha, call a doctor, please. Where is my cell phone?”

“Was the lunch tasty? Have you enjoyed your lunch”, she asked smiling.

I tried to gather my thoughts. What was in lunch today I tried to think, was the lunch had something to do with my sudden condition?

“Neha what was about the lunch today? Why have you hidden my cell phone?”

“Because my dear you had poison in your lunch today in your chicken gravy. That is the only way to get rid of you”.

I was petrified. Neha had poisoned me. Suddenly, I remembered the lady at the café. The friend she was referring was my wife Neha. It was Neha who wanted to kill me. I thought, I should have heard the full story. May be I could have got some clues.

“So have you found your perfect plot, dear hubby? I am sure you could write a story on this.” Neha chuckled.

The whole story came in front of my eyes. That Neha had shared her plan with her best friend. Her friend had accidentally met me in the coffee shop. I had got a chance to get to know the plan. But I did not hear. I am dying, if only I would have heard her whole story. My eyes began to close; it was getting very difficult for me to keep my eyes open. I collapsed and fainted while my wife kept looking. Slowly my breathing stopped and I realized I was dying.

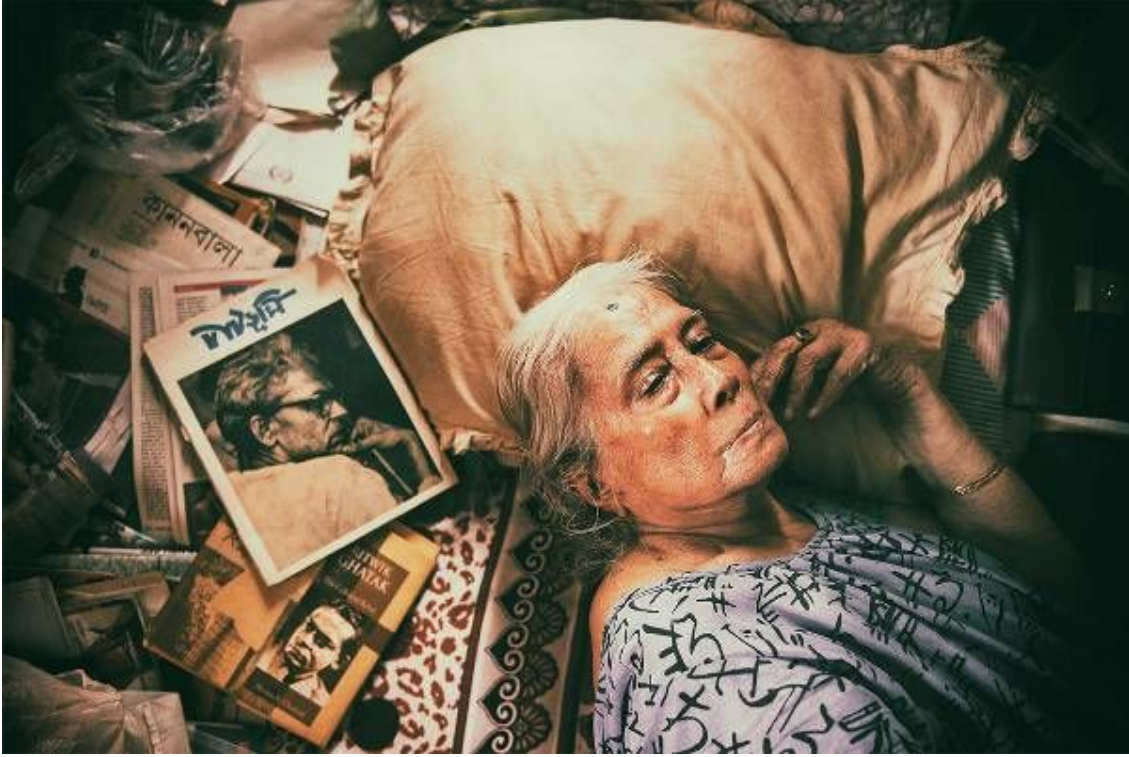
I was looking for a plot, a perfect plot, a master piece that will make me a renowned author. I got the plot but I did not realize that the dying character of my story will be myself, that I will live the life of the character of my story.

- Sarbasuchi Das.





# LIFE AFTER RITWIK GHATAK



I am Nabarupa Bhattacharjee and I am a practicing photographer. I have studied photography from London College of Communication, UK. I am mostly into visual story telling. I am the grandniece to Surama and Ritwik Ghatak.



I was recently awarded a grant from **Photojaanic New Vision Goa** with which I did a project based on my grandaunt Surama Ghatak and her life with her husband, the late filmmaker Ritwik Ghatak.





Through photographs and anecdotes, my grandaunt shares her life story. I have documented her present life and our conversations. This book encloses some old photographs of Ritwik Ghatak during his lifetime. Overall this book is the first to present a pictorial narrative of Ghatak and his personal history.







The book was released on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November, 2016 at the 47<sup>th</sup> International Film Festival of India Goa by the Directorate of Film Festival, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Govt. of India.



Photo Courtesy: Nabarupa Bhattacharjee.

To Purchase the Book, Visit  
<http://www.photojaanic.com/lifeafterghatak>

# SHAADI.COM

Enroute Goa, Nita woke up to go to the washroom. When she returned, she was too lazy to push her way into the middle seat. And with Rohan readily offering to shift seats, the seating arrangement changed. With 20 minutes still remaining for the flight to land, a sleep starved Nita took another power nap, this time holding Rohan's right hand more firmly. Rohan's other hand, though, nervously moved to touch Natasha's. Her heart skipped a beat. Natasha pulled her hand away. But a defiant Rohan held her wrist again, this time firmly and more reassuringly. The changing behavioural dynamics between the three perhaps gave out a foreboding of what was to come in Goa.



When the flight landed at the Dabolim Airport, Rohan felt uncanny...his excitement seemed replaced by an unknown fear that he found very difficult to decipher.

A head popped out from the cab's window. "Where to, Sir?"

The mild warmth of the coastal city felt well after the chilling Delhi winters, they had been braving for weeks now.

"Candolim?" Rohan said to the cab driver.

"750 rupees" The driver mentioned a random fare.

Rohan tried not to laugh. "I am not a tourist" the sarcasm and the point, both were well communicated.



“How much will you pay, then?” The man checked.

He casually picked up the bag and started stuffing them into the trunk of the black Honda city.  
“Whatever your meter says”

“Tinnngggggg!”

The mobile screen blinked.

‘Nita: I love you’

‘Rohan: Just like that?’

‘Nita: Why do you still have apprehensions? You promised you will try’

Rohan glanced back at the rear seat. Nita gave him a faint smile. Natasha, on the other hand, appeared occupied in her mobile. Rohan looked outside the windscreen into the wide road ahead. Where was he headed to? He had no idea..... Rohan loved Natasha, Natasha loved Rohan. So, how did Nita fit into this picture? Those were young, newly employed, bachelor days. Those were careless days of exploits. And that is where Shaadi.com came handy! Every day after office, Rohan would invest sleepless nights flipping through profiles, checking out pictures and filtering out cities, so that he could get laid in Delhi.

In spite of all the pestering from his parents, marriage was still not on his ‘to do list’. That however didn’t stop him from meeting girls. He would keep meeting girls, date them for a while, and then go away or be driven away, whichever came first.

But, none of his earlier pursuits had proved to be worthy of his undivided attention. And, then came Natasha. She was straight out of a boy’s fantasy book. Someone Rohan would have never approached in a mall, in a diner or even a pub. She was so very out of his league. If it wasn’t for Shaadi.com, he would not have ever cross paths with her. And why not? The anticipation of a refusal was so obvious.

Yet, there she was in that coffee shop, waiting for him. They had not clicked instantly, they were but very different. He was outgoing and brash, and she was delicate and regal. He had a choice to move on, and so did she. And, in the end they both stayed.

Maybe because, in a way, they completed each other; Rohan could never get a girl prettier than her, and Natasha never had so much fun merely by doing things her parents has forever tagged as evil.

The cab almost screeched to a stop. They had not yet reached Candolim. “What’s wrong?” Rohan checked with the driver. Disgruntled, the driver pushed open the door.

“Flat tire” He said over his back.

“Turn off the meter, bhaiya” Nita called from behind.

The driver gave her an angry glare. “I will madam”

Rohan too disembarked. He stood behind the driver watching him expertly fix the tire.

“Just 5 minutes, Sir” He glanced up at an anxious Rohan.

Rohan nodded. They were just twenty minutes away from Candolim, yet metaphorically he was perhaps miles away from Natasha

“No?” He looked at her in surprise.

She didn’t answer. It was her silence which irritated him.

“What do you mean by No, Natasha?” He stiffened his tone.

“No means No.... Rohan” She tried not to create a scene in that crowded café. “I can’t marry you”

He hadn’t realized when he had fallen in love. He hadn’t even realized when he grew ready for a marriage? But then, it was the most obvious thing to do after their two years of togetherness.

Wasn’t it?

Rohan swallowed his angst.

“Why do you don’t want to marry me?” Unsure, he allowed his hand to brush against hers’.

She pulled away her hand. “Because of what is happening between us” She admitted bitterly.

“What is happening between us?”

“This marriage proposal, Rohan.” She was still bitter. “How do you know for sure if we can spend our lives together? It is a big decision, for both of us”

“And you think I haven’t thought about all this?” Rohan looked at her, hurt.

“Have you?” She challenged.

“Of course I have” He snapped. “I have thought about it from the very day we met”

“Exactly” Natasha took a deep breath. “You wanted to marry me from the day we met”

Rohan looked at her, wide eyed. He couldn’t reason with her apprehensions. “So what Natasha?”  
“So Rohan, all you had in mind was this marriage. But, it wasn’t the case with me. I met, liked you, fell in love too..... But marriage, I had never contemplated”

“Why not?”

“Because, I don’t want to institutionalize this relationship.” She took both his hands into hers.

“You know what keeps hitched to you? She looked at him with affection.

“It is the freedom of this relationship..... I like my space, I like spending time with you. You make me laugh, cry sometimes, but you keep me engaged. There is always this thrill that something new would come out any moment. But, I have seen marriages, take my parents’ for example. You know, marriage is a weird institution. It brings two strangers together so that they end up hating each other, forever. I don’t want this to happen to us. I love you and I don’t want anything like marriage to spoil that equation between us”

Rohan undid his hands. "I don't know what to say" He really didn't.

"You know Rohan, even you know what I am telling is the truth." She sighed. "Yet, like a kid you want to hide me in your closet. You are scared that you will lose me someday if you don't imprison with the marriage"

Rohan had no answer. She buried her eyes into the coffee cup on the table.

"But, I can't impose my decisions on you. If it is marriage that you are looking for, then I recommend you to move on." There was a strange coldness in the way it was said.

The driver tapped over his shoulder. "Sir, let's go"

Rohan turned to find Nita and Natasha chatting animatedly inside the cab.

Natasha smiled as the men entered the cab. "Your wife is very sweet, Rohan"

Puzzled, Rohan looked at Nita. "What did you say?"

"I invited Natasha to join us for the dinner tonight" It was his wife, Nita who spoke this time.

For Rohan, it called for mixed reactions. But, he chose to display none.

"Where in Candolim do you want to get down?" The driver looked at the girls through the rear view mirror.

"You know where Novotel is?" Natasha asked the driver.

He nodded.

"Drop me there"

"How far is your uncle's house from Novotel" Nita asked Natasha.

"It is bang opposite" Natasha smiled.

Rohan glanced over his shoulders. "So what time should we pick you, then Natasha?"

"No, I will drive down to Vivanta" She said. "You guys, don't fret"

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"Rohan" He heard her voice.

"Yes?"

"In case Natasha calls, tell her we will meet her at the lobby by 8"

Rohan waited impatiently on the bed. "How long will you take?" He yelled at the bathroom door.

“Ten minutes” Nita yelled back from inside.

“Tinnngggggg!”

His mobile screen blinked. He set the half consumed bottle of Glenmorangie away.

‘Natasha: I will be late by an hour. My cousins have arrived. Inform Nita. I was trying to call her but mobile it is not reachable’

This was it! He had to tell her. There was no way it could wait any further.

“Natasha called?” Draped in a white towel she emerged out of the bathroom.

Rohan unbuttoned his white shirt and threw it carelessly over the bed.

“No, she texted me that she will late by an hour”

“My phone must be out of charge then” Nita groaned. She wondered if she had packed her charger. Oh No! It was a still lying on their dining table. She had forgotten to pick it up on her way out.

Rohan banged the bathroom door. She could hear him turning on the shower. She picked up his crumpled red shirt from the bed, folded it neatly and stuffed it into the wardrobe. And there it was. The hotel staff these days always kept a spare mobile charger in the wardrobe. She switched on her mobile, and plugged it into the charger. There was one unread message. Must be from Natasha. Nita thought.

She unlocked her mobile and opened the message box.

“Rohan: Dear Natasha,

I can no longer wait..... There are things I need to talk out with you, but barring this message there is no alternative to reach you personally. Yes, I know I have wronged a million things, but there is something I desperately want to right. Three points therefore are rather important for me to clarify.... But, let me forewarn you that this message will be long. So, you can either choose to read it later or delete it if you want to. No compulsions.

Point No. 1: You must be stunned how come I hadn’t accepted your FB friend request in spite of unblocking you recently. That is because I fed up of social media. I can no longer be pretentious as others. Putting up pictures on FB, liking them for the sake of it, give me a break! I now want to connect to people I really want to, and that too personally. So why haven’t I deleted by FB profile, if you may ask. Then out of everyone, you know me. You know how lazy I can at times be. So some day, when I get back to my sane self, I can’t go through all that trouble of reconnecting again. So let it be..... But, yes, don’t get discouraged by me not accepting your friend request. You know you are much more important to than just a FB friend request.

Point No. 2: I have observed that you have started to alienate yourself from me. And I know the reason. I know the reason why you had kept that condition to meet Nita when I came back to you after one year of my marriage. You wanted to intervene and improve things between me and her. But, trust me it is over between me and Nita. No, we no longer fight bitterly. We have matured beyond that. We now just behave like two roommates, who have to stay together. The acknowledgement and interactions are bare minimum. You know, you were right, marriage is a weird institution. It does bring two strangers together so that they end up hating each other forever.



Sometimes, I wish I could spin back time. I wish I could stop my earlier self from abandoning our relationship for something as dreadful as my marriage. I was immature then, angry perhaps. I married the first girl my parents found me. Sometimes, I do think it was my ego which parted us. I was complacent too (No, I don't mind confessing). After dating you, I thought I could get any girl, no matter how pretty; and a girl as pretty as Nita liking me for marriage only bolstered my puffed ego. But, now when I look back to see what connected us, I don't see reflection of looks in it.

Point No 3: You have seen Tamasha, right? I have become like that Product Manager Ved types from that movie lately. Yes, I live a monotonous, boring life. I come back home, sleep next to Nita, and still don't any warmth. Not that it is her fault. She came back abandoning everything for the marriage-her career, her family, her friends. And the least I could do was making her sacrifice worthwhile. But, I couldn't. You know why? Maybe because, I had by then become absolutely incapable of loving anybody else but you.....

Today, as I am standing at crossroads of a highly unsuccessful life, I don't know which way to head. I don't know if you would ever come back to me. I just wish I had the power to undo things..... I just wish I could spin back time.....

Love  
Rohan”

She wiped a small tear from her cheeks. She stepped back, away from message, away from the life she had inflicted upon him. An empty bottle of Glenmorangie blocked her way. She picked it up and set it atop the study table.

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“Pass me the towel Nita” Rohan stretched his hand.

There was no answer. Annoyed, he walked out of the bathroom dipping in water, naked. “Don't blame me for this mess” He glanced down at the wet footsteps he had left behind. But, Nita was nowhere to be seen. Irritated totally, he picked up his mobile to call her.

There was one unread message. Natasha replied? He wondered.

He picked up his mobile and opened the message.

“Nita: Dearest Rohan, you had by mistake sent Natasha's text to me. But, don't worry, I have forwarded it to her from your mobile.

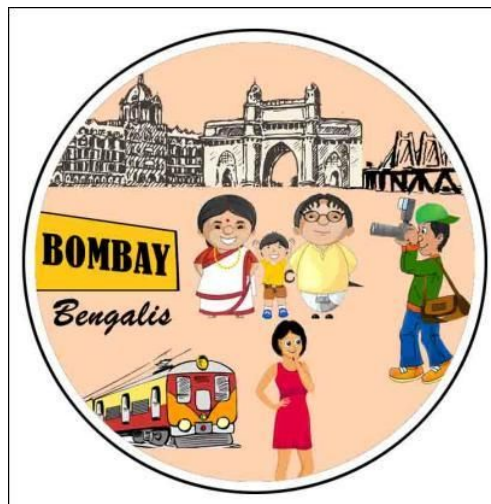
Perhaps the time has come to discuss this with you..... I know I have never been and could never be like Natasha. She is your first love as you are mine. So probably, I know how it feels to lose someone you love so much. I had understood your withdrawnness in the first few months had to be about your past. You introducing me to Natasha as an old friend only strengthened my worst fears. And, that is why I had brought you both to Goa. To let you reconcile. I knew you are too shy to confess your feelings for her. That is why I had invited her for dinner tonight. So that I could ask you both to stop torturing yourselves in order to make me happy (Because, I am not happy). As I am leaving Goa now, I don't know why but I feel relaxed, unburdened if you ask me. Probably because, I have done something good for the boy I love. That is what loves does to you..... It frees you.

Don't worry about me anymore. I am happy. I will send you the divorce papers once you are back to Delhi. I have come to realize that not everyone can have a fairytale ending to their love stories. But then, for them who don't, the least they can do it try to create a fairytale ending for those they love, so dearly.

Love  
Nita''



- Debjit Chatterjee.



# LET'S TALK ABOUT THE PEDIATRICS'!!!

- **Anindita Banik & Aninda Duti Banik**

In children, Speech and language disorders refer to problems in speech, communication and related areas. These delays and disorders range from simple sound substitutions to the inability to understand or use language or use the oral-motor mechanism for functional speech. Some causes of speech and language disorders include hearing loss, neurological disorders, brain injury, mental retardation, autism, attention deficit hyperactive disorders drug abuse, language learning disability, specific language impairment, physical impairments such as cleft lip or palate, and vocal abuse or misuse etc.

A child's communication is considered delayed when the child is noticeably behind his or her peers in the acquisition of speech and/or language skills. Sometimes a child will have greater receptive (understanding) than expressive (speaking) language skills, but this is not always the case. A communication disorder is any disorder that affects an individual's ability to comprehend, detect, or apply language and speech to engage in discourse effectively with others.

Speech disorders refer to difficulties producing speech sounds or problems with voice quality. They might be characterized by an interruption in the flow or rhythm of speech, such as stuttering, which is called dysfluency. Speech disorders may be problems with the way sounds are formed, called articulation or phonological disorders, or they may be difficulties with the pitch, volume or quality of the voice. There may be a combination of several problems. People with speech disorders have trouble using some speech sounds, which can also be a symptom of a delay.

A language disorder is an impairment in the ability to understand and/or use words in context, both verbally and nonverbally. Some characteristics of language disorders include improper use of words and their meanings, inability to express ideas, inappropriate grammatical patterns, reduced vocabulary and inability to follow directions.

However, the main question arises... when it comes to find out, label and think of the management of children with these problems...!!! Where do you find a solution for it? Assessment and treatment of children's communication problems involve cooperative efforts with others such as parents, audiologists, psychologists, social workers, classroom teachers, special education teachers, guidance counselors, physicians, dentists, and nurses. Speech-language pathologists work with diagnostic and educational evaluation teams to provide comprehensive language and speech assessments for children.

Services to children with communication problems may be provided in individual or small group sessions, in classrooms or when teaming with teachers or in a consultative model with teachers and parents. Speech-language pathologists integrate children's communication goals with academic and social goals.

Speech-language pathology services can help children become effective communicators, problem-solvers and decision-makers. As a result of services such as memory retraining, cognitive reorganization, language enhancement, and efforts to improve abstract thinking, children can benefit from a more successful and satisfying educational experience as well as improved peer relationships. The services that speech-language pathologists provide can help children overcome their disabilities, achieve pride and self-esteem, and find meaningful roles in their lives!!!!

# THE CHATTERJEE'S

- Arin Paul, 9<sup>th</sup> November, 2016.

The Chatterjee's this year had planned a long religious trip. It is a trip they were longing for many years but it was never materializing. Brojonath Chatterjee, 80 was getting old and he knew that in sometime his body would not respond to tiring long trips. He was pressuring his son, Nanda Kishore Chatterjee, 58 for long now. Nanda Kishore is a businessman and hardly gets time for his family. His wife Kamalini, 50 is a typical bong housewife. She has for the past 30 years anchored the whole family like a rock. She has witnessed the lows and highs of Nanda Kishore and is happy with the fight they have given together for their existence. Initially, Kamalini was also not being able to conceive, they had visited many doctors and tried quite a few medicines. It was then her late mom-in-law prayed at places and in a few years she gave birth to their only son, Surjo, 15. The family stayed at their old mansion in Bhawanipore, Kolkata. Apart from their weekend trips to Digha, Puri or Darjeeling they in the last few years had not gone anywhere. This was also taking a toll on Kamalini as she likes travelling a lot and with Brojonath getting old, she also wanted her father-in-law's wish to fulfilled. With all this pressure mounting, Nanda Kishore finally made a religious holiday plan. They would first go to Ajmer Sharif from Kolkata, move on to Vaishno Devi darshan, then straight to Tirupati and back to Kolkata. This had made the Chatterjee family very happy. Train tickets were booked, hotels done, itinerary made and it was only the wait. End October the family set out on the journey with loads of faith and excitement. Surjo and Brojonath looked to be the most happy as they boarded the Sealdah – Ajmer express. Surjo doesn't remember his last trip to Rajasthan, he, then was only 6 or 7. He seemed very excited.

The Chatterjee's had a nice journey and reached Ajmer on time. They moved to the scheduled hotel and freshened up for the early morning visit to the Sacred Ajmer Dargah. It was very pleasant time for all of them.



Photo: The Dargah of Moinuddin Chishti also known as Dargah Sharif, Ajmer.



They had a couple of days more and hence they made the most of it. Taragarh Fort, Akbari Fort, Anna Sagar Lake, Foy Sagar Lake, Soniji Ka Nasihan, Pushkar and many other places they explored. It was pure joy as the family was going around. A second visit to the Dargah was done with full faith as the family rushed to catch the Puja Express to Vaishno Devi at noon after lunch. They were just in time. Nanda Kishore was furious over his wife for getting late.



The next day when the family woke up they were crossing Pathankot. There was chill in the air and visuals were completely different. Brojonath smilingly remarked to his grandson, “Incredible India, What say”? Surjo smiled but he was more than happy catching up with beauty outside. Brojonath was sipping his morning tea and chatting with Kamalini as Nanda Kishore was still snoring to glory. At around 9am they reached and checked in to the hotel. They had a more or less relaxed day as the plan was to start walking the uphill journey to the Shrine from the evening. Nanda Kishore also went to the SBI branch of Katra and withdrew some amount of money and then proceeded to the Yatra Parchi Counter and got the travel slips for all the Chatterjee’s. He could have got the Yatra Parchi online but Brojonath who was not much tech savvy didn’t agree to the idea. It was also due to Brojonath that the Chatterjee’s were carrying cash and cheques. Brojonath was never confident about ATM cards and all and so he never allowed anyone in the family to use them. Nanda Kishore being an obedient son didn’t want to upset his father. On the other side, Kamalini was furious as her pre-paid cell phone was not working. Only Nanda Kishore’s post paid phone was working. Well, after Nanda Kishore returned they had some good vegetarian lunch which Surjo didn’t enjoy much. Surjo was a chicken fan and could survive only on chicken diet. Brojonath was worried about the journey as he he knew he will not be able to walk the 14 kilometres uphill trek to the shrine. Nanda Kishore assured him that he will arrange horse rides for all of them. The assurance made the old fellow bit comfortable. As the day came to an end, the Chatterjee’s started off for the journey.

Nanda Kishore was seen negotiating with a few horse owners about the rates and finally they came to a conclusion. Kamalini was very skeptical about riding a horse. Brojonath was busy narrating Surjo how during his hay days he would ride horses at Mirik. How easily he would ride them to glory. Surjo was ecstatic as he would be riding a horse for the first time. After much delay, the Chatterjee's started. Kamalini had already wrapped the entire family in sweaters, mufflers and all, though it was not that cold.



**Photo: The Town of Katra from Vaishno Devi Hills**

After many a breaks, loads of security checking and lots of butt pain the Chatterjee's reached the Shrine at around 3am in the morning. It was worth all of it.



Surjo was dead asleep with Nanda Kishore over the same horse. Finally, after freshening up they stood in the queue and in an hour they had made the Darshan and were free to go back. Nanda Kishore wanted to go further upto Bhairav Ghati which was 5 kilometres ahead but seeing the condition of the other three he dropped the idea. They had some refreshments and started their journey back in the battery operated cars till Adh Kuwari. From their, they walked a few kilometers and enjoyed the amazing sun rise. Brojonath was too tired to walk. So, they had to hire horses once again and were back to their hotel by late morning. Totally exhausted, all of them got refreshed, had lunch and slept like there is no tomorrow. They actually woke up the next day to everyone's surprise. Nanda Kishore had anticipated this much before, so he had an extra day at Katra. It was a relaxing day for them. Brojonath chose to remain indoors. Nanda Kishore, Kamalini and Surjo went for some shopping as Kamalini bought something or the other for every relative of theirs. It was Sunday, 6<sup>th</sup> November, 2016. They had their train to Tirupati the next day evening.

The Chatterjee's board the Himsagar Express from Katra at 21:55 hours on 7<sup>th</sup> November, 2016 to witness there last part of their trip, Tirupati Darshan. All of them had their share of rest and truly refreshed for the final round. The train zoomed through Pathankot, Ludhiana and many other places to reach New Delhi at around 1.30pm where it had a 45 minutes halt. Surjo was excited and wanted to get down for a while. Kamalini was dead against the idea but with persistence from Surjo, Nanda Kishore took him out for a while. Brojonath meanwhile had found another aged Bengali couple and they were busy discussing everything on earth. Kamalini took the opportunity to call a few relatives and share their experience of the journey so far. Nanda Kishore and Surjo were just back in the nick of time as the train started it's onward journey. Surjo had got some burgers and all and happily eating them. Nanda Kishore was busy reading a newspaper he just bought. After a while, they had their afternoon nap and by evening and woke up as the train left Agra Cantt. at around 6.30pm. Well, dinner usually is served very early in trains and around 8/8.30pm the Chatterjee's had their dinner. Brojonath immediately went to sleep. Surjo was also asleep soon. Nanda Kishore and Kamalini chatted for a while and then slowly moved to their respective berths and slept.



The train reached Nagpur at 9am on 9<sup>th</sup> November. Nanda Kishore had just got up, had his cup of tea. A newspaper vendor was selling newspapers and everyone was getting a copy as he was shouting, “**Breaking News!!!**”, “**Breaking News!!!**”. Nanda Kishore also got a copy and to his utter shock and disbelief read the front page headline which read, “**Blackout? Rupee 500, 1,000 Notes No Longer Valid**”. Brojonath, Kamalini and Surjo were still sleeping while a tensed Nanda Kishore almost gulped the whole newspaper in a few minutes. He was very nervous. He went to the area near the door and switched on his cell phone. He found many a missed call alerts, sms'es and all. He called up his main man at his business centre. They talked for a while and Nanda Kishore seemed much upset. He slowly came back to his berth to find Brojonath and Kamalini discussing something over their cup of tea unaware of the whole scenario. On seeing Nanda Kishore, both, Kamalini and Brojonath asked what had happened but he was silent. After a while, Nanda Kishore just bursted out on Brojonath like anything. Kamalini tried to pacify Nanda Kishore but to no avail. Surjo was watching all this dumb founded as Nanda Kishore continued;

“It is because of you today we are in so much trouble.”

“What trouble? I can't understand one bit.”

“You can't understand? Did you ever try to understand Dad? Never. The world has progressed so far, but you, you are still back in time. Neither did you allow us to digitize nor did you. Do you know in what trouble we are right now?”

“No, I don't and I don't understand one line of what you are saying”.

“See this, see.” Nanda Kishore shows the newspaper to Brojonath. “**Blackout? Rupee 500, 1,000 Notes No Longer Valid**. You get it? What will we do now? It is for you we do not use ATM or Debit Cards, It is for you that I have to carry cash all the time. This is one of the reasons I never agreed to come on long trips. O My God. What will I do now?”

“Relax Nanda” said Kamalini. “We will find a solution”. Though, she also looked tensed. But Nanda was in no mood to listen. Brojonath was very serious and reading the newspaper.

“Relax... Relax... Relax my foot. Saturday only I withdrew money at Katra. And all I have is 500 and 1000 rupees notes. What will I do now? Bank is closed today, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Only open on Thursday and Friday.’

“Why on Monday”? asked Kamalini.

“Guru Nanak Jayanti. I think Bank's are closed. Do you understand Kamal, what soup we are in? The money I have got is only a piece of paper now. Can you imagine what rush it will be like at banks on Thursday and Friday? How will we survive these few days till we get back to Kolkata? It is all (turning towards Brojonath) because of this old man and his old theories that we are in such a terrible situation.”

Brojonath doesn't pay much heed as he is still busy reading the newspaper. Kamalini also doesn't know what to say. Surjo comes up and says, “Father, I'm hungry. What will we have for breakfast?”

Nanda Kishore looses his cool at this point and slaps Surjo hard. Surjo starts crying as Kamalini goes and takes care. Slowly, Nanda Kishore breaks down,



“Father, I truly don’t know what to do? All I have is a few hundred rupees and we need to survive till we reach home. What do I do?”

Brojonath after a while says, “Nanda, don’t worry, have faith in God, some alternative will come up for sure”.

Kamalini says, “Nanda, don’t worry, if be I will sell a couple of ornaments and it’s okay in this situation.”

Nanda Kishore doesn’t say anything and walks away towards the area near the door.

“Sir, Not only you, but everyone will be facing some trouble, please keep cool.” Said the Train Attendant.

“Shut up.”

Nanda Kishore didn’t return to his berth till evening. Kamalini ordered some food for Brojonath and Surjo. She didn’t have anything. It was late evening and they prepared to get down post mid-night. The train arrived at Tirupati more or less on time. They checked in to their booked hotel. All this while, Brojonath was dead silent. He had turned into a rock. Kamalini urged him to have some food but to no avail. Brojonath watched all this but chose to remain silent. Nanda Kishore couldn’t sleep that night.

Early morning around 6am he rushed to the nearest State Bank of India Branch, only to find a huge queue already. A few thousand of people had already gathered and it was total chaos. A few hours later the bank opened but there was so much confusion and chaos that police had to be involved and no transaction could be done by most who gathered apart from a lucky few. Shattered, Bruised, Helpless, Tired, Beaten and almost Devastated Nanda Kishore comes back to the hotel room. Seeing him Kamalini was shocked and rushed for some first aid. Brojonath seemed a bit worried.

“Nanda, Don’t Worry Son. I have a solution.”

“What solution are you talking about? Selling Kamal’s ornaments?”

“Aah Nanda, listen to what father has to say.”

“Nanda, I would have liked to tell you this yesterday, but I preferred to stay silent as I wanted to see how you react.”

“What?”

“Yes... As you alleged that we all are in this situation due to me, I would like to clarify that you, yourself was not ready to tackle a situation like this. Forget this ban, what would have you done if the money was stolen? Or lost?”

“See, Kamal, what all is this old man saying?”

“Did you have any back-up plan in your mind, Nanda? I don’t think so. And for your mistake, you are blaming me. But listen, I am the father and I have a responsibility too. I have seen life and times much more than you. I have seen it all son.”

Nanda Kishore was not getting anything.

Brojonath takes out a packet from his suitcase and hands it's over to Nanda Kishore.

"Take this. There is some twenty five thousand rupees cash in it and yes all in 100 and fifty rupee notes."

Nanda Kishore couldn't believe his ears.

"I had this money with me from day one but I preferred not to tell you as this was for any emergency. And as you know I am very finicky about fakes so I had not brought any 500 or 1000 rupee notes. Now call that luck, destiny, idea or anything. But, it is the faith which keeps us going. Son, today you must have learnt something which will help you when I will not be around. Always have a back-up plan."

Suddenly, we see a totally bald Surjo running into the room. Nanda Kishore seemed dumb founded again.

"I have donated all my hair to Balaji. Don't I look cool, Dad?"

Nanda Kishore had tears in his eyes as he hugged Surjo and then touched feet of his father and apologized. Brojonath smiled and gave him blessings and said,

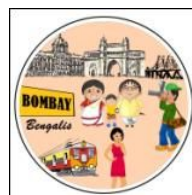
"Now get ready and let's all go for Lord Tirupati Darshan."

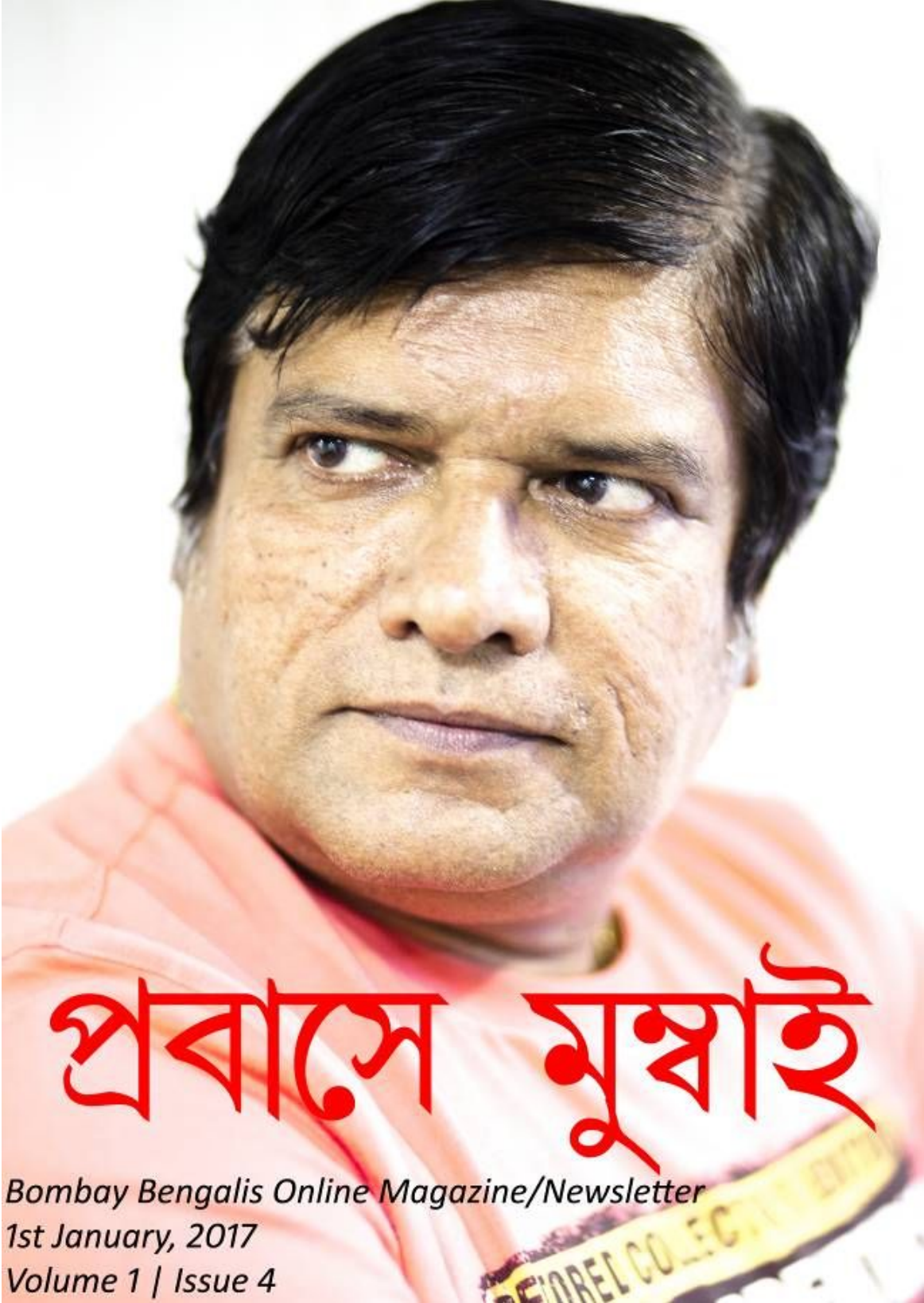
## **BOMBAY BENGALIS 37<sup>TH</sup> MEET, KANDIVALI**



Photo: Swadhin.

See all the photos at [www.bombaybengalis.in](http://www.bombaybengalis.in)





# প্রবাসে মুম্বাই

Bombay Bengalis Online Magazine/Newsletter

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Watch The Teaser: <https://youtu.be/fQ2UGYdxQDw>

# THE TEMPTING ZONE:

## **Receipe: PUDINA FISH**

We have eaten variety of fish dishes like fish curry, fish fry using chili powder, fish Kabab, fish masala. I thought to try a different version using mint leaves, greenchilli, lemon and cilantro. Hope everyone likes this Pudina fish or Mint fish fry.

### **Ingredients:**

Mackrel - 10 thick slices  
Lemon juice - 1 table spoon  
chopped pudina/ mint leaves - 1/2 cup  
chopped cilantro - 1 table spoon  
Ginger garlic paste - table spoon  
Black peeper - 4  
Green chilli - 2  
salt as per taste  
Turmeric powder - 1/4 tea spoon  
corn flour - 2 table spoons

### **Method :**

1. Grind green chilli, cilantro, mint, ginger garlic paste, black peeper to smooth paste.
2. To the mackerel pieces, add the grinded masala, salt, turmeric powder, corn flour and lemon juice.
3. Mix well and keep for marination for 2 hours
4. Later shallow fry marinated fishes on both sides.
5. Pudina fish is ready to serve.





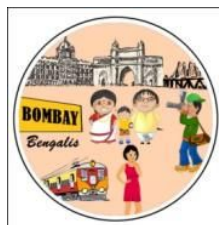
## **Recipe: EGG MANCHURIAN**

Manchurian is a Chinese recipe. The method is adapted from China and seasoning is done to suit Indian flavours. Manchurian can be prepared in either way, gravy or dry. The main ingredients used in manchurian are corn flour, cauliflower or cabbage or chicken or egg along with Indian spices and variety of sauces. It's prepared in two stages; deep frying corn flour dipped egg and in second stage seasoning with spices and sauces.



### **Ingredients:**

Egg fry  
Boiled Eggs -2  
Corn Flour - 1/2 tbs  
Rice flour - 1tbs  
Red chilli powder - 1 spoon  
Salt as per taste  
Garlic ginger paste - 1 spoon  
Oil for deep frying  
Onion - medium size  
Capsicum - one medium size



### For the Sauce:

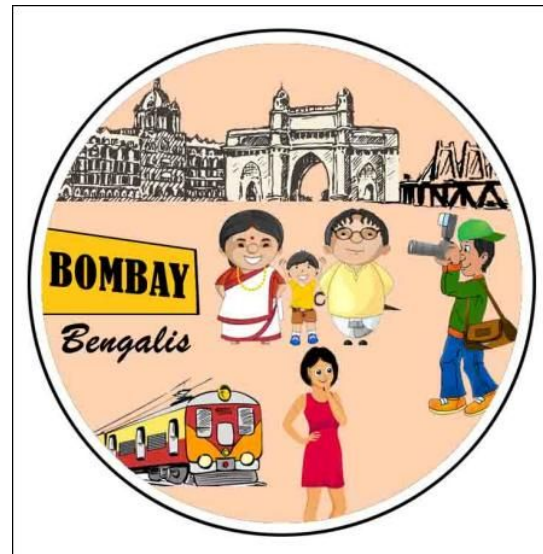
Oil - 3 tsp  
Chopped garlic – 3 tsp  
Ginger paste - 1/4 tsp  
Green chillies chopped - 2  
Chopped onions or spring onions - 1  
Soya sauce - 1/4 tsp  
Tomato Ketchup - 2 tsp  
1 tsp red chilli sauce - 2tsp  
Salt as per taste

### Method:

1. Corn flour, Rice flour, garlic paste, red chili powder, and salt in a bowl. Mix it well. Add the cut pieces of boiled eggs and make sure that a thin layer is coated on eggs.
2. Heat oil for deep frying in a pan. Fry corn flour coated eggs until it reaches golden colour and take it out from the oil.
3. Sauce - Take 3tspoons of oil in pan, add chopped onion, chopped garlic, choppe capsicum, ginger paste, chopped green chili, salt as per taste, tomato ketchup, soya sauce, chilli sauce and stir well and boil.
4. Then add deep fried egg and mix well with the spices and sauces added in step 3. Cook for 3 more minute and its done.

- Anuran Mitra.

Anuran has done his **Hotel Management** from **M.S Ramiah College of Hotel Management** (Bangalore). After completing the course he got a chance to work with Taj Lands End, Bangalore. He worked there for three years as a **Sous-Chef** [A sous-chef de cuisine (French for "under-chef of the kitchen") is a chef who is "the second in command in a kitchen; the person ranking next after the head chef."]. After that he moved to Delhi and worked for **Hotel Ashok** with the same designation. Over the span of five years he learnt many things and many cuisines. He was in the Chinese & Continental department. Anuran will be regularly sharing his recipes for the readers of "**Probash Mumbai**".



## **Receipe: Chiku Mawa Cake**

- Balai Saha.

Balai Saha is a **Chef de partie** [A chef de partie, station chef, or line cook, is a chef in charge of a particular area of production in a restaurant.] at **Yellow Banana Food Pvt. Ltd., Mumbai**. Balai is sharing the recipe of Chiku Malai café;

### **Ingredients:**

Buffalo milk: 5 litres  
Sugar: 200 grams  
Amul Mithai Mate: 100 grams  
Chiku: 10 pieces  
Vinegar: 1 tea spoon  
White Mawa: 150 grams  
Kaju: 100 grams  
Badam: 100 grams

### **Method:**

1. Heat the milk to the boiling point and add sugar.
2. Stir and add the vinegar.
3. Keep boiling the milk till becomes grainy and then let it cool.
4. Now chop the Chiku, Kaju and Badam and spread over it.
5. Take a baking bowl and put half of it, then add the Amul mithai mate and then again add the rest it.
6. Now, grate the white mawa and sprinkle over the mixture.
7. Bake it at 150 degrees for 3 to 5 minutes.

And your **Chiku Mawa Cake** is ready to eat.

## **BOMBAY BENGALIS BIJAYA SAMMILANI (37<sup>TH</sup> MEET), KANDIVALI**



See all the photos at [www.bombaybengalis.in](http://www.bombaybengalis.in)

## **Receipe: Chicken Cutlet**

- Pampa Nag.

Preparation for four people.

### **Ingredients:**

Chicken breast - 2 pieces.  
Olive Oil - 3 teaspoon  
Origano - 2 teaspoon (optional)  
Grated Garlic  
White Pepper powder  
Black Pepper powder  
Salt to taste  
Maida  
Egg  
Bread Crumb

### **Method:**

1. Slit each breast pieces horizontally to make it two. Now marinate the chicken pieces with all the ingredients mentioned. Keep the marinated chicken at least for 10 hours in the chiller (You can keep over night as well).
2. Take out the marinated chicken pieces from the chiller. Coat them with Maida on both sides and dip in the egg batter. Again cover it with bread crumbs and fry in slow flame. The Cutlet is ready.

### **Accomplishments:**

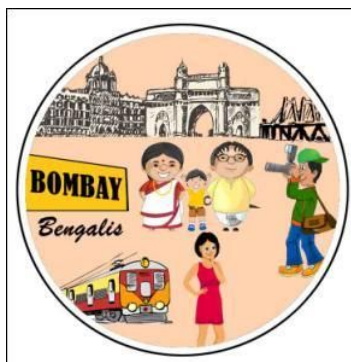
You can serve the cutlets with sautéed vegetables of your choice (broccoli, carrot, French beans, zucchini).

### **For sauté:**

Cut the vegetables in one inch pieces. Now use one teaspoon olive oil, put grated garlic, but don't burn the garlic. Add the veggies and sauté in slow flame, covered. To add more taste, put a slice of cheese on the veggies and immediately put off the fire once the cheese starts melting.

Serve with Garlic Bread

**Tips** - Don't put the marinated chicken immediately in the fridge. Put inside after 30 minutes.





# PHUCHKA



**Want to have some mouth watering phuchka, alu kabli or churmur?**

**Rush NOW!!! Call Dhananjay at [+91-9619758853](tel:+91-9619758853) to locate his shops.**

## **Roadside Shop 1:**

Vashi: Sector 10, Near Vijaya Bank, Near Shabri Hotel.

## **Roadside Shop 2:**

Koperkairane: Infront of Sai Kripa Diary, behind D-mart.

## **GOOD NEWS:**

He is also planning two new outlets, one at Thane and the other at Khargar.



# HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS

Bombay Bengalis wishes 'Baishali & Debdutta' and 'Sayan & Olivia' the very best for their wedding.



**Baishali & Debdutta.**



**Sayan & Olivia.**

The Fourth Issue is COMING SOON. To send your photographs and articles mail to [bombaybengalis@gmail.com](mailto:bombaybengalis@gmail.com)

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Download The 2<sup>nd</sup> Issue: <https://www.pdf-archive.com/2016/10/31/probashe-mumbai-issue-two/>

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