

ARTISTS GALORE

Sreemoyee Bhattacharya
(Boston, Massachusetts)

A girl from a broken home grew up to be an epitome of commitment and sincerity

Never faltered or fell prey to emotions that let her feel dismayed.

She believed in love and gave it all, perhaps knowing that seldom she would fall

The boy next door so cheerful and lively,

His mirth so infectious his laughter livid,

Bespectacled quietly proving his mettle with thought provoking deeds

The mark of a gallant hero would I reckon.

Not once did we know or could have faintly imagined his past

A childhood of hardships, every kin lost early in life

Indelible were his wounds, deeper did they last

His roots yet firm and strong he went on playing his part.

Contributing to a cause and binding people miles apart

The pearl of inner strength steering them through a fresh start.

A tribute to life, a testimony they bore on their shoulders.

Aren't they true artists playing a part to perfection?

Indulgent of every moment basking in the glory of the present

Allowing us all to experience the beauty so serene

Yet deftly shielding away the brutal truth unseen.

COLOURS UNSEEN

Sreemoyee Bhattacharya
(*Boston, Massachusetts*)

The chillness of the milder winds the growing shoots over the sill
The stillness of the dark, the wait to welcome the snow appears less than far.
The last specks of green almost being whisked away by colours so bright
The fall is here to everyone's delight.

Brighter days with sudden bursts of fleeting rain
It seems so uncertain the fervor of the season
It's mood unpredictable and hard to reason.
A walk on the dew laden grass appears refreshing.
Splendidly panoramic is the view of its colours unseen.

BOUNDLESS

Priyhvijit Gupta

Why? For what my friend
Have you brought things to this?
When all the doors have been shut,
I scramble for answers to regain my bliss.
The time ticks away, leading both of us to the unknown,
While you remain confined in your fortress of lies,
I gain my wounds that will stay for eternity,
Each moment a little of mine sanity cries.

Just a whisper, enough to tear my future away,
Now I sail like a wind for yet another day.

I have metamorphosed to a gale, a storm,
Sometimes I blow over the Savannas like a hurricane,
Searching for the logic of your defiance,
Searching when a mountain had reduced to a grain,
And many a times you have sold your soul,
For a dime when every nightmare has turned to me,
Now I have become what I never wanted to be,
And yet you did not see what was in me.

Just a whisper, enough to destroy my past,
Now I sail like a wind to regain broken trusts.

I don't stay in a street for too long, and you bet,
This wind can never be tied down as you had tried,
Yet no more than a chain I carry to keep my past to myself,
Last night and every last nights my sanity has died.
Now I blow over the horizons to catch my tears,
While you smile the smile of a tyrant,
I have moved to a higher court of time to balance the scales,
Forget God, Today even the Devil has to bend.

Just a whisper, enough to tear my present away,
Now I sail like a wind for just another day.

GRAVELS MUST BREAK INTO SAND

Priyhvijit Gupta

GRAVELS MUST BREAK INTO SAND

Keep it safe, keep it within,
Don't let it go, keep it where it had always been,
Just nourish it, stronger, make it stronger,
Make it safer, burn it till once again you begin.
Don't speak loud, don't show it,
For all the wrongs there is just one right,
A million scars that you should everyday heal,
For all these wounds there is just one night.

Rage, And Rage, burn it till as far as you can burn,
For when it dies, the stronger you are at every turn.

Don't forget it, don't pacify it,
Just don't listen to what others say,
They are meek, subdued, no identity,
For them struggle is for just another day.
They are born no one, they die no one,
And Good Old Martin said they feel no crime,
So follow, just follow, keep it glowing,
Till it is quenched by the wheels of time.

Rage, and Rage, let him take care of the wrongs,
Rage, and Rage, let him crush the Devil's songs,
Rage, and Rage, go with him together hand in hand,
For every new chapter, gravels must break into sand.

“For every beginning there has to be an end...” – Gita, Bible,

Friend

Sneha Dhar Chowdhury

Who is a friend? My friend, she is the one

Who lights up my life like the sun!

A friend is a needed answer

A friend is a wish always remember!

A friend is a feeling you share

A friend is an adventure that you dare!

A friend is a language that needs no words

A friend is a thought that needn't be uttered!

A friend is a blanket on a windy day

A friend is a rainbow when the clouds are grey!

A friend is a consideration, concern and care

A friend, my friend is always there!

DAYS OF A WEEK

Durba Pramanik

One day Monday,
Went to Tuesday,
To see Wednesday,
And ask Thursday,
Whether he has told Friday,
To tell Saturday,
That Sunday is a HOLIDAY

EXAMS

Durba Pramanik

Excuse me exams can I ask you something?
Why do you act like a healthy, wealthy, wise king?

Exams, exams why do you come?
I'm very happy once you are done!

English, science, math, history
If I get bad marks I'll tell I'm sorry!

We have to study and study all the time,
I'd stop and refresh with a juice made of lime!

Exams, exams why do you come?
I'm very happy once you are done!!!

FLOWERY LIFETIME

Durba Pramanik

I was very small, deciding to grow tall
Will I be him? Will I be her? What will I be in the future?

I was in a closed space, thinking about having a race,
It was all very quiet and silent, all that grew me violent!

The quietness and silence grew me to violence,
Which lead me to break open the space full of silence!

I'd grown many pretty petals and the air had blown off my sepals.

I was as sad as a caterpillar before I grew into a beautiful pink flower!
I had four sisters and four brothers standing up so fine,
Thus, ends the story of a flowery lifetime!!!

THE JUMBLED WORLD

Durba Pramanik

There lived a girl in a jumbled world,
Whose hair was straight but legs were curled!
She loved to jump like a kangaroo,
And would sleep inside her daddy's shoe!
She loved to cuddle a cubby bear,
But would sometimes get stuck under a rocking chair!
She would wear her socks on her hands,
And would take bath with sand!!!

There lived a boy in the jumbled world,
Whose legs were straight but hands were curled!
He would chase blue birds at night,
And would sleep on top of a kite!
He would bake cakes in order to eat,
But instead would just sit and bleat!
He would play with girls and boys,
And would just sit and break his toys!!!

They would make fun during day and dawn,
Instead of wishing good morning they would yawn!!!

PAYMENT BANK: A BIG LEAP FOR INDIAN BANKING SCENARIO

Dibakar purkayastha

It is a new dawn to India and its financial market. It's a dream come true for many small and big players in this arena whose long wait is at last over. Reserve Bank of India at last accorded license to eleven strong contenders in the country who applied for license for entering in banking sector. This license given to them is at bit different. This license is given for the first time to function as 'PAYMENT BANK'. The term needs some details clarification towards it's functioning for the common man who many not be aware of the technical term. The major difference between a normal Bank which is termed as 'Universal Bank' and a payment bank is as under:

- a) The payment bank may open account without any minimum balance and in the viral world. It will be totally hassle free something like getting a prepaid SIM card.
- b) Payment Bank can receive deposits from account holders up to Rs.100000/-
- c) They cannot sanction any loans
- d) They are permitted to issue debit card but debarred to issue credit cards.
- c) They can function as 'Business Correspondent' of Universal Bank and cover rural area of the country as well as agent for mutual fund and insurance sector of parent Universal Bank.
- d) The deposits received from public must be invested in Government Bonds.
- e) They are to maintain Cash Reserve Ratio with RBI.

Now, among these eleven players, who have been given license RIL (Reliance Industries Ltd) has already made an agreement with market leader SBI and Kotak Mahindra Bank and has reached with an agreement with Airtel. With the strong workforce of these two Payment Banks SBI and Kotak Mahindra will definitely spearhead for Financial Inclusions under the central scheme of ' Pradhan Mantri Janadhan Yojana'. The chairman of SBI Ms Arundhuti Bhattacharjee has rightly commented on her action plan.

Quote

Our partnership with RIL brings together the strengths of two of India's Fortune 500 cos committed to making an impact on financial inclusion landscape. We see this license is an opportunity to promote financial inclusion by providing banking and transaction service to unbanked, under banked and small business.

Unquote

Among other player biggest is India Post who with its 1.55 lakhs strong branches have the highest presence in rural areas. But they may take more time to come out with full-fledged technical back than their rival private players like Vodafone, Airtel, and Paytm etc.

Vodafone with its strong thirty thousand plus team members may be waiting to go with any of big Universal Bank like ICICI Bank or HDFC Bank etc.

So, under this present scenario, probably those small PSU Banks will lose in this rat race because they will initially not be in a position to coup up with other big players.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA: GRAVE YARD OF MANKIND

Dibakar purkayastha

Global temperature in Middle East and east Africa became so hot in recent time that cold sea water was required to extinguish the heat. Yes, the scenario is so horrific throughout and bone chilling that one post has been required by the media world to bang the door of the civic world. Wake up call has been so necessary that everyone in different countries of civilized world had to shiver inside their comfortable rag at the wee hours of the day.

Such a scenario did not come in one single day. Cruelties of terrorists in the name a religion (although they do not have any faith or religion) is constantly massacring innocent and ordinary citizens in countries like Syria and Iraq. Thousands and thousands of people have been brutally murdered. And all the women of the conquered areas have been taken away forcefully and made them sex slaves. This gives horrific remembrance of the medieval period. Thousands of innocent youths of different parts of this globe are being brainwashed to join in certain group of terrorists in the name of Islam.

A couple of months back few Indian citizens have been caught in Saudi Arabian airport and deported back to India who tried to cross the border to join in the terrorist group of ISIS. There are other instances also. About a few months back a family of eight from Hyderabad went for holiday in Middle East and intended to join in ISIS. They were again deported back to India. So, my question is that who are the representatives are working on terrorist's behalf in India and other east African countries like Libya, Algeria etc. countries and instigating innocent citizen to join in the 'Jihad' and thus increasing their sphere and control all over the area slowly.

Reports of beheading people from Christian faith with video recording has been common and shown in international media. But the scenario remains unchanged till date. Five persons have been blind folded and tied with crucifix and charred to death gave me remembrance Quo Vadis the immortal film I saw in my childhood and recent times the infamous Khmer Rouge at Cambodia.

Citizens who are elderly members of both divorced countries by destiny - India and Pakistan, might well remember the horrific days of partition during August 1947. Maddening

crowd from both side of the border tried to cross by hanging on the foot board of the running train in hundreds. Some even climbed on the rooftop of the train for safe passage to a new world, new destination and to start a new life. How many of them fell down from train or fell down from the steamer on the mighty Padma or Bias in both side of border, none could earmark.

Now the scenario is same in other part of the globe. Refugees are same all over. They try for a new life, new address with a new hope. But how many can achieve this? How many die in boat capsize or from the running train while fighting with their destiny?

UN and its eldest son remained silent spectator of this planned pogrom and neither a single protest from members of NATO and nor from emerging superpowers of BRICS countries. The bone shivering photo of the dead child is not the answer but it raised thousand questions to mankind. If these questions are unanswered immediately the quest of refugees for new life will continue and till that time Mediterranean Sea will turn into a graveyard of mankind in days to come.

DIARY OF A WIMPY MOUSE

Syamantak Das

Hey dudes, I am Jerry, I like to go to the school. But, I don't like Tom, the cat, he always troubles us.

I have four friends – Nicky, Marry, Rodrick and Julie. Rodrick is my big brother. Today I and Rodrick are going to the park. When Tom came to us, he started to pull our tails. We told to mom, but she was on the phone.

The next day is Sunday. We were playing in the park. Suddenly Tom came and was tickling ours underarms.

But Mom was out today, so we tried to trouble him. But, he was much stronger than we thought. So that's why, we went back to our home. The next day, we had to go to our school. So we got ready and packed our bags.

Today, we were writing our work peacefully. At the end of the class, our teacher Mrs. Shilpee madam told that we will be having sports days on Friday. So, we had to practice on the hot, sunny ground. So, basically I will be tired over there. Today, we all learn all the steps; we need to do in sports day. The steps are very exhausting.

There are eight steps. All with "Hoopla Hoops".

Today is Tuesday; we were practicing at the very first period. It was good until BOOM! Tom jumped on me. He was so heavy that he totally smashed me!

The next day is Wednesday. Today we practiced with the hoops. It was hotter than usual. My dad came from Chennai today. I and Rodrick were going to the park. My friends came to play with us. We were on the way when, Tom jumped on us. We dodged him at the last moment. But, he pulled our tails again. We could not manage it more. So, we went to mom and dad to inform them. They scolded Tom for teasing us. So, Tom did not show up the very next day. So, we did our work peacefully. After that, he did not trouble us at the park also.

Today is Friday and finally sports day. Today, we are given our costumes for wearing. We started our steps. When, it got over, we were going back to our classroom. Tom jumped on us again. But, it was against the school Rules. So, he got TC. We were really happy!

My Trip to Kashmir

Aritri Banerjee (Class-II, Age-7yrs.)

Kashmir is known as the heaven on the earth. It is a very beautiful place. I went to Kashmir on the Month of April 2015. It was a family Trip with my parents & my grandparents. We started from Bangalore and went to Delhi first by Rajdhani Express.

In Delhi we saw Red Fort, India Gate, Lotus Temple and Qutab Minar. From Delhi we went Jammu. We visited Vaisno Devi temple using a helicopter. I liked the helicopter trip very much. From Jammu We went to Srinagar by car. It was a very long & tiring journey that took eleven hours. In Srinagar we Saw the beautiful Tulip Garden which was full of different types of colorful flowers .We hired a Shikara & enjoyed the beauty of the famous Dal Lake.

From Srinagar first we went to Gulmarg & then to Sonamarg. Both the places were covered with Shining white snow. We rode sledge at Sonamarg. It was an awesome experience for me, to play on the snow. We saw lots of apple trees & big mountains there.

We enjoyed a lot our trip to Kashmir & after spending ten days at Kashmir we returned to Bangalore by Flight.



ROSI AND HER KITTY

Deyasini Goswami (Class-I, Age-6yrs.)

Once upon a time there was a girl named Rosi. She had a cat, named Silky. One day Rosi gone for a walk with Silky. She met her best friend Bob they gone to the picnic. In the middle of the picnic they saw the cat is not there. They run and run they saw a big tree. On the tree Silky is sitting and Rosi got an idea. Rosi saw a pond. She got a big fish from the pond and Silky jump to see the fish. In the evening Rosi and Bob were talking and no one is talking with Silky. Silky was very sad and thinking she will jump in the pond and she will die. Silky gone out to jump Rosi caught her and gone home. She knew why she is trying to jump! Silky was trying to jump because we are not caring for her.

Moral : We should always take care of someone.

(Editor's note : The story has been reproduced without any spelling or grammatical corrections deliberately as the unedited version dishes out a splendid flavor of an innocent child trying to tell a story in her own sweet way)