

CAPTURERS' CANVAS (BCO)

BURDWAN CAPTURERS OFFICIAL

VOL.
01

BCO



The first Volume of the Magazine Published by Burdwan Captures Official.





Volume One

CAPTURERS' **CANVAS** (BCO)



EDITION

***“PHOTOGRAPHY IS AN AUSTERE AND
BLAZING POETRY OF THE REAL.”***
- ANSEL ADAMS

VOLUME - 1

PILLARS OF THIS MAGAZINE

ASHIRWAD DUTTA

ARPAN GANGULY

MRS SUSHMI OLIVIA FRANCIS

ANJISNU MUKHOPADHYAY

SUSMITA HALDER

NOT FOR SALE

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ABOUT

BURDWAN CAPTURERS OFFICIAL



Well, we are Burdwan Capturers, the leading community page of Burdwan, where you can express and feel the creativity in the various modes of display, as ... photographic captures, cinematic shots , writings on any genre and more.

For us , photography means capturing any moment in a unique way and depicting it from the perspective of the artist alive in us.

We are incredibly grateful for having a group of enthusiastic photographers, writers and PR members who are always in the backend, supporting the whole family of BCO, everytime.

We would love it if you visited our community and showered some love on the beautiful presentations and creations of the photographers and writers, respectively, on our page.

Logo designed by - Arpan Ganguly

Calligraphy of Curzon Gate designed by - Sriza Pramanick

Front cover photo captured by - Aniket Thopate



BECO Photography

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SOM
(PHOTOGRAPHER)



SOUMINA
BISWAS
(EDITOR)

PHOTOGRAPHS



Anirban Dutta



Artist's Perspective

poor girl helping her mother in selling christmas hats
at a very young age.



Souhardya Dutta



Artist's Perspective

Every morning waking up early going to work for trying
to make their child's life better... that's the life of a
middle class man.

REFLECTIONS



Arpan Ganguly

লোকে যায় বলক !!!
আমার রাগী , ত্রিনয়নী শ্যামা মা কে , আমি তালোবেসে
বরণ করলাম

PERFECTIONS



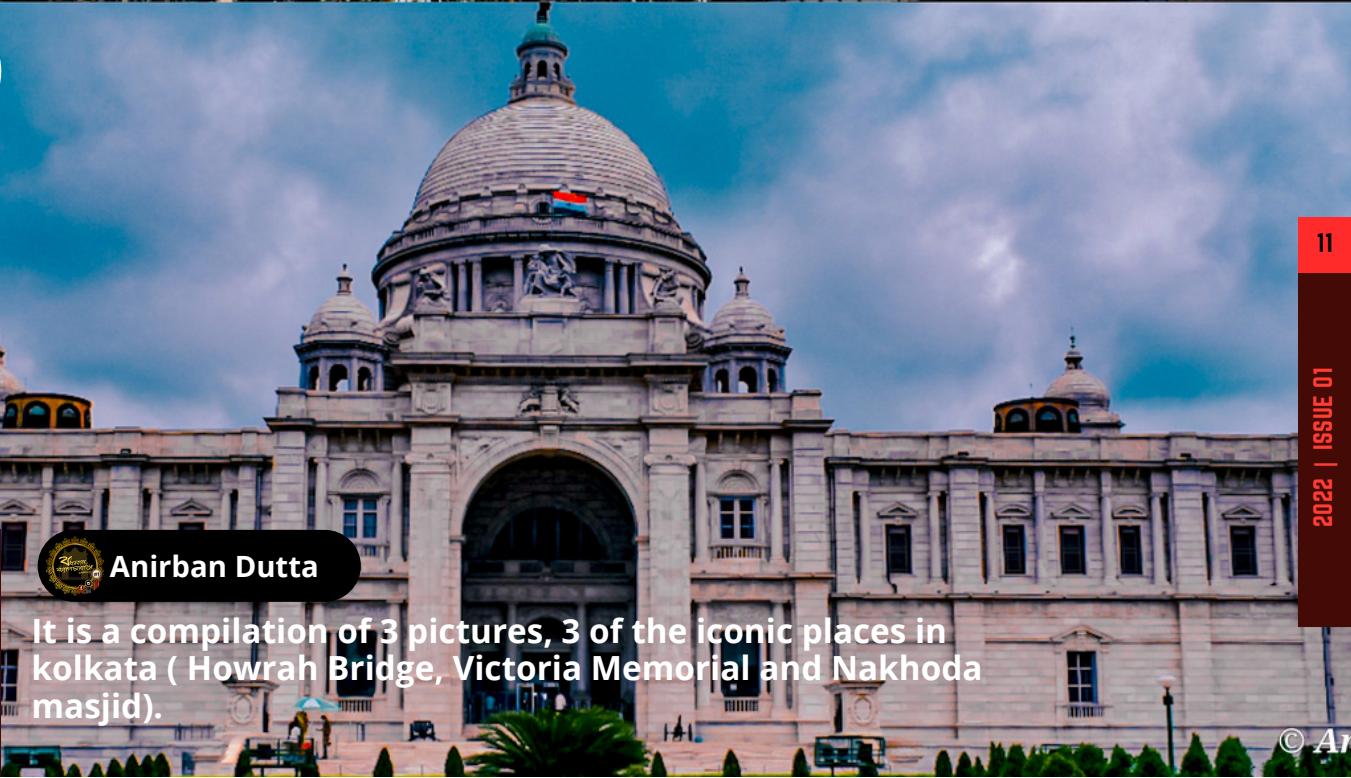
Adrija Paul



Biryani is a mixed rice dish originating among the Muslims of the Indian subcontinent. It is made with Indian spices, rice, and usually some type of meat (chicken, beef, goat, lamb, prawn, fish) or in some cases without any meat, and sometimes, in addition, eggs and potatoes.



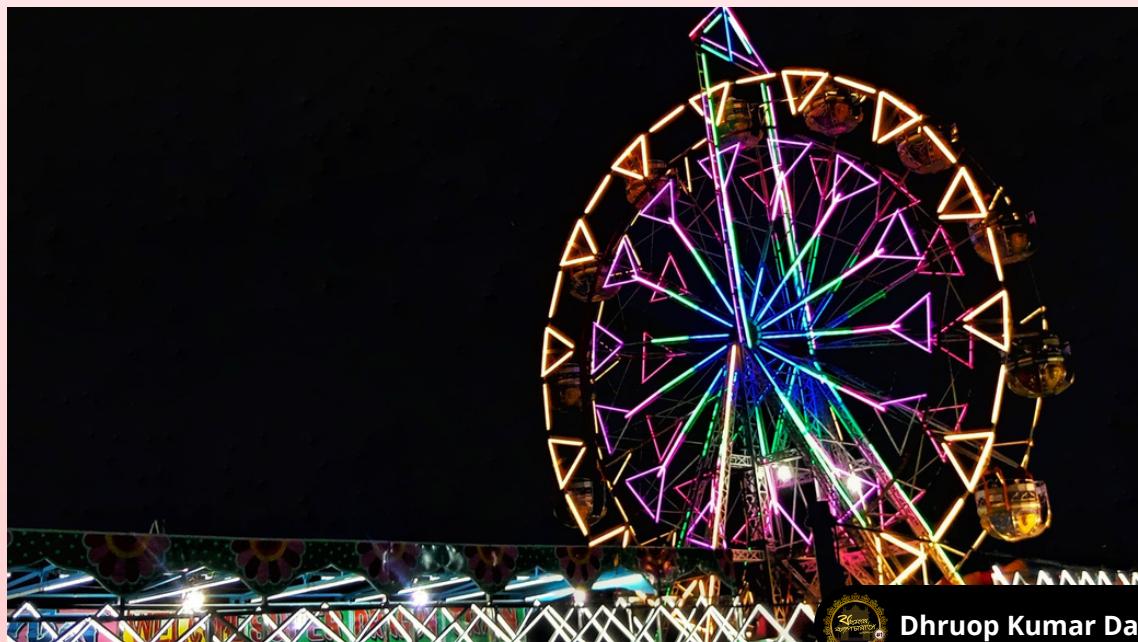
RECAPTURED VISIONS



Anirban Dutta

It is a compilation of 3 pictures, 3 of the iconic places in kolkata (Howrah Bridge, Victoria Memorial and Nakhoda masjid).

PHOTOGRAPHS

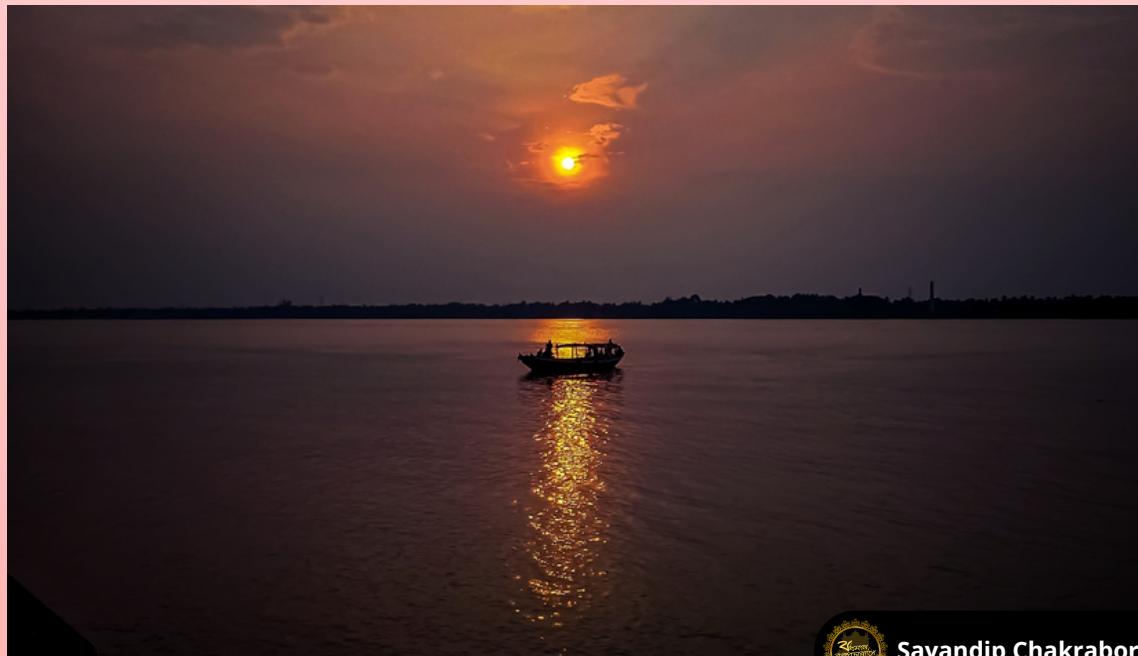


Dhruop Kumar Das



Artist's Perspective

Life is like a Giant-wheel, we often end-up where we started, but it should not stop us from shining.



Sayandip Chakraborty



Artist's Perspective

The best time to enjoy the nature is the time of sunset... You can feel the Pure Naturestic view on that time... The pic was taken from Batanagar Ghat..

REFLECTIONS



Somesh Kanti Saha

Doors of the Vintage Kolkata. Every door tells a story about this amazing city and we just need our eyes & ears to be active for enjoying this vibe.



Revered & Decadent



Anwesha Mukherjee

Women are the source of all energy. A woman is a mother, on one side and an armed protector, on the other. Like Maa Durga, women rise up whenever there is need to destroy the enemy and restore good and justice.



REFLECTIONS



Soumarup Ghosh

Mother nature is everything, even we are a part of her , but we are destroying her from every angles, every second, Wildlife traditionally refers to undomesticated animal species, but has come to include all organisms that grow or live wild in an area without being introduced by humans. Wildlife was also synonymous to game: those birds and mammals that were hunted for sport. Wildlife can be found in all ecosystems. Even if we don't save it,we should not destroy it.

PHOTOGRAPHS



Adrija Paul

Artist's Perspective

Custard is a variety of culinary preparations based on sweetened milk, cheese, or cream cooked with egg or egg yolk to thicken it, and sometimes also flour, corn starch, or gelatin.



Souhardya Dutta

Artist's Perspective

ITC Royal Bengal, Kolkata

REFLECTIONS



Ashirwad Dutta

While capturing the photograph, it refreshed my mind , and always gives a feel that "most awaited festival of bengalis- Durga Puja" is coming soon ,which is much relaxing!

PERFECTIONS



Waffid Islam Khan

It's a picture of a blue whistling Thrush, the bird looks dark from distance but it's purplish in colour with white spots on it and in this image the bird is with it's hunt or food that is a grasshopper. This image describes how a bird feeds on insects.

REFLECTIONS

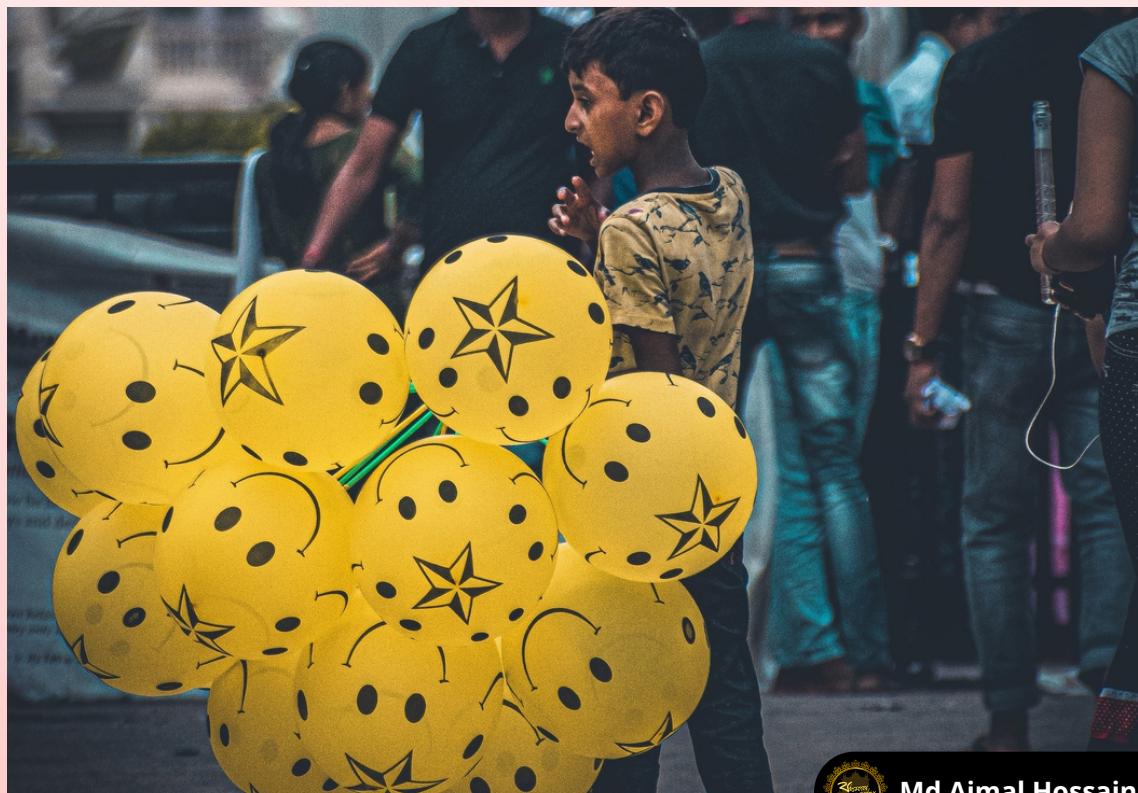


Argha Sikdar

Durga Puja, major festival of Hinduism, traditionally held for 10 days in the month of Ashvina (September–October), the seventh month of the Hindu calendar, and particularly celebrated in Bengal, Assam, and other eastern Indian states.



PHOTOGRAPHS



Md Ajmal Hossain

Artist's Perspective

Poverty is not only a weakness for low-income families but it also represents the feebleness of a nation. In Indian streets we can always find these little champs selling small things and doing petty jobs. They are forced to crush their dream.. and sell away their happiness to put smile on us. This pic is a tribute to those kids.



Soumyadip Majhi

Artist's Perspective

The beauty of Ganga River & Princep Ghat

REMEMBERINGS



Soumyadip Majhi

Princep Ghat & The second bridge

REFLECTIONS



Md Ajmal Hossain

You were born with wings, why prefer to crawl through life. Capturing wildlife is one of my favorite hobby. Capturing bird photos in their habitat is pure bliss.

REFLECTIONS

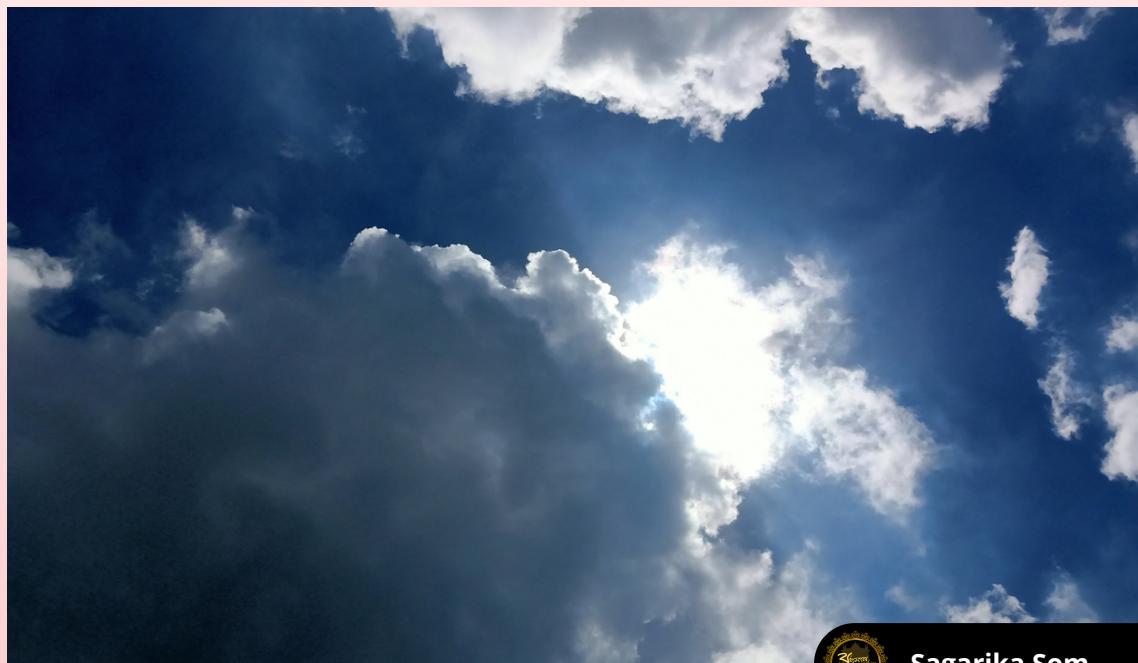


Souhardya Dutta

Flag changing ceremony of Puri Jagannath temple.

PERSPECTIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS



Sagarika Som

Artist's Perspective

Hidden treasures will fly with flying colours one day



© Shatadru Roy



Soumyadip Majhi

Artist's Perspective

A cup of tea is a cup of peace. A sip of tea calms your soul. If the weather is rainy and your mother makes you ginger tea it feels heavenly. This pic shows my love for tea and not only my love but for all the tea lovers present out there.

REFLECTIONS



Ranit Pramanick

Nature is the most beautiful and precious thing and it runs on its own will . We are not able to interfere in it .

REFLECTIONS



Soumyadip Majhi

A cup of tea is a cup of peace. A sip of tea calms your soul. If the weather is rainy and your mother makes you ginger tea it feels heavenly. This pic shows my love for tea and not only my love but for all the tea lovers present out there.

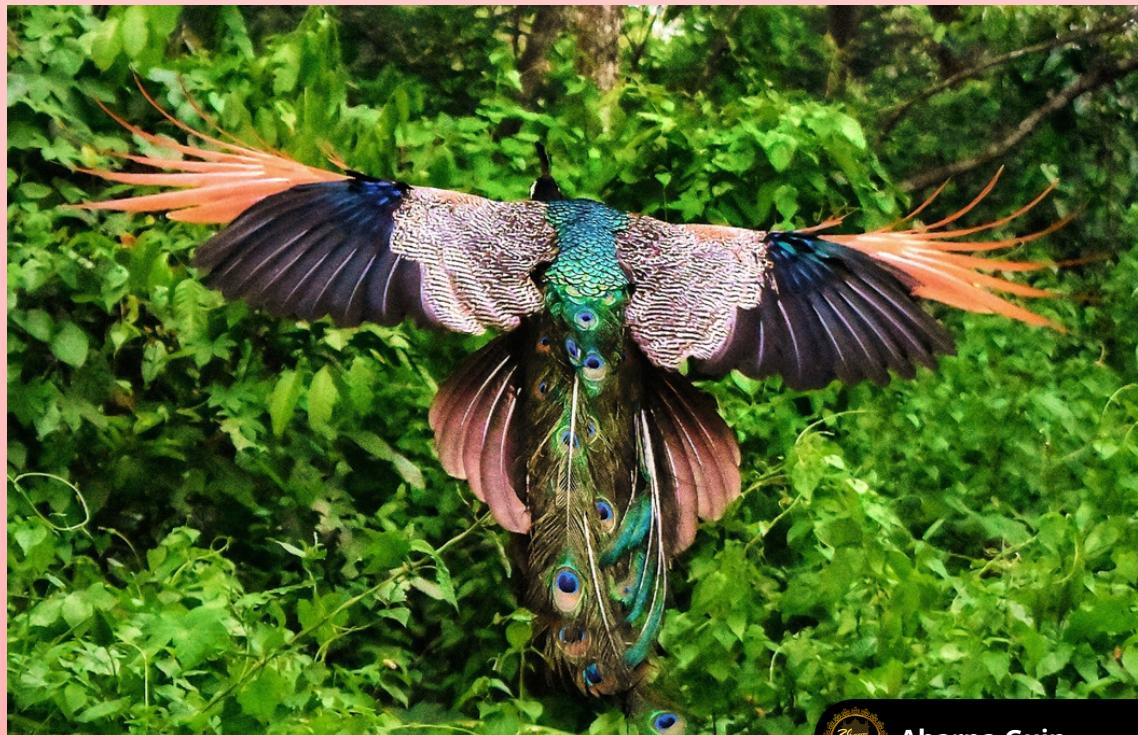
PHOTOGRAPHS



 Saumyadip Bhowmick

Artist's Perspective

Survival : Amidst the darkness of streets, they find their light to survive in their own colours.



Aharna Guin

Artist's Perspective

This is a sudden click of a flying peacock. Recently we went to Dooars and the picture is taken there in the Gorumara National Park.

REPRESENTATIONS



Arpan Ganguly

"কাজ তো শুধু পুজো তে পাঁঠা কাটা ..."
দয়া করে এরকম কথা কখন বলবেন না।
কারণ যে করে, সেও দিনের শেষে দুটো ভাতের
জন্য করে।

PERFECT PERFECTIONS



ଯାମାରେ
ଗୋଡ଼୍ୟା ଗାନ୍ଧୀ
ତାମାକ
ଦୋଲାବୀମି... ❤



Soumyadip Majhi

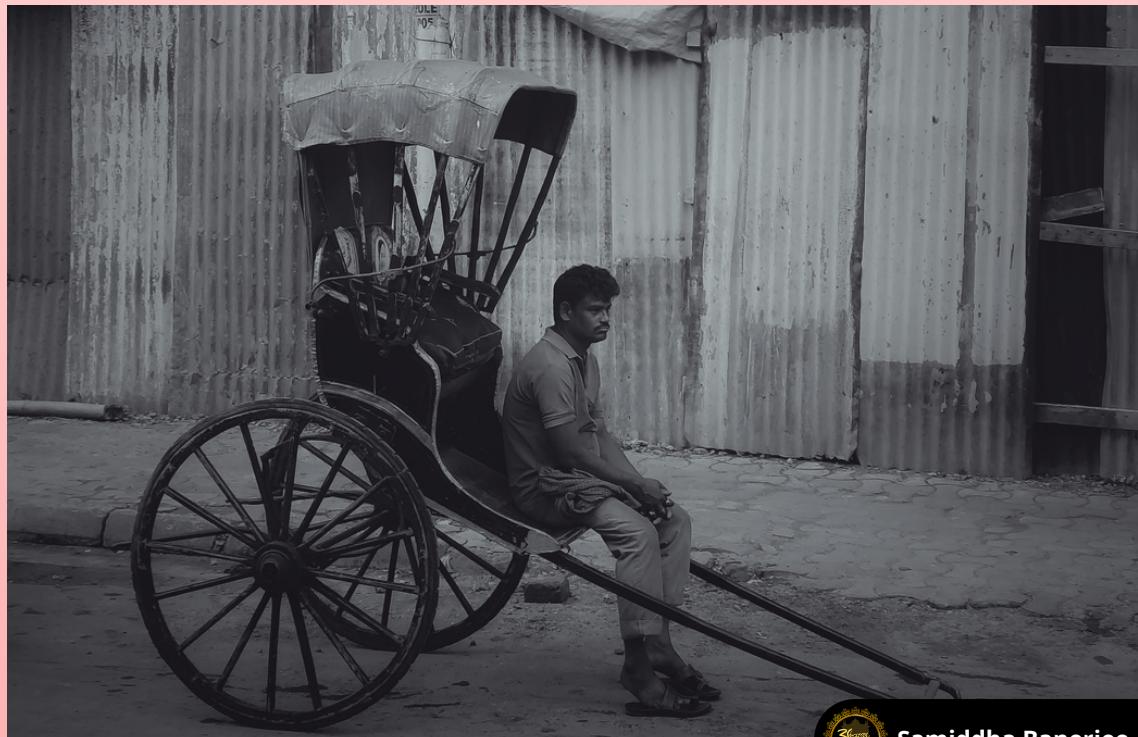
PHOTOGRAPHS



Soumya Bhattacharya

Artist's Perspective

Work Hard. Hard work is the best investment a man can make.



Samiddha Banerjee

Artist's Perspective

Hand drawn rickshaws are a tradition in Kolkata. These rickshaws can be seen all over India only in Kolkata. This rickshaw was introduced before the British period. Very. Due to the old tradition, it is still in force

ART'S



Kaushik Debnath

Artist's Perspective

ধর্মের ব্যাপারে যারা অঙ্গ, তারা কখনো
স্বাধীনভাবে চিন্তা করতে পারে না। -
"বার্নার্ড রাসেল "



Sriza Pramanick

Artist's Perspective

Title- "The Vivid Beauty". Idea-
There are no colours to describe
one's beauty. A tribute to George
Floyyd.



Ankita Dey

Artist's Perspective

Creation of arts, with full
devotion , is always the best
example of love

ARTISTRY



Sayantika Marik

নারীই শক্তি।।

যেমন একটা পুরুষ ছাড়া সমাজ চলেনা তেমনি একটা নারী ছাড়া পৃথিবী চলবেনা।।

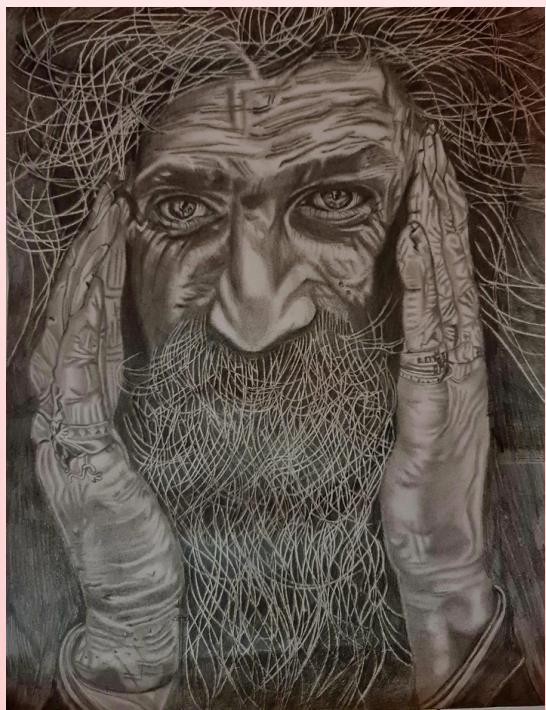
প্রত্যেক নারীরই নিজের নিজস্বতা গড়ে তুলে নিজের পায়ে দাঁড়ানো উচিত।
নিজের আত্মরক্ষার জন্য কোনো পুরুষের কাছে সাহায্য চাইতে যেতে যেনে
ভাবতে না হয়।।আমরা নারী আমরা সব পারি যেমন রাখতে পারি তেমনি
নিজের আত্মরক্ষা ও করতে পারি।।

ARTISTRY



Rohan Xavier Francis

Wrinkled and Wise

ART'S

Olivia Francis

Artist's Perspective

He has aged with my dreams.... and to my soul his mind screams., asking why I stopped believing in what I grew up knowing..... and again my dreams have started flowing.....I remembered how I had begun and thus will it all come to a conclusion.... with a prominent dream.



Rimi Bhattacharjee

Artist's Perspective

No love is greater than that of a father for his son.



Smritikana Dutta

**Artist's Perspective**

Love is blind. If you are in a Love with someone blindly, you won't see his/her bad habits. His/her everything will be right for you.

ARTIST

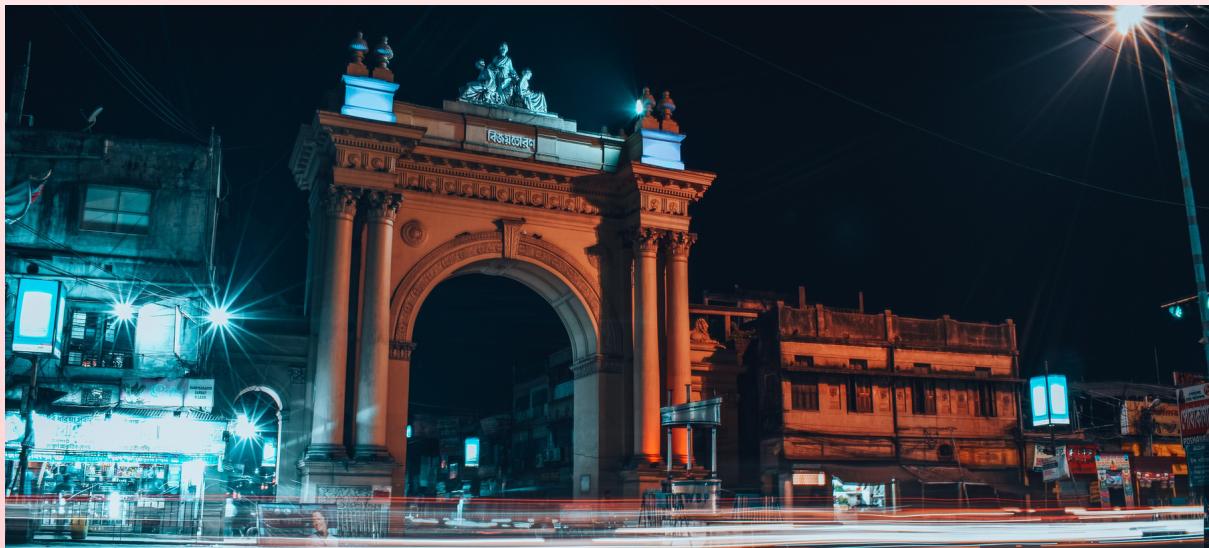


Rupsa karmakar

Lalmohan Ganguly also known as Jatayu is a character from the books of 'Feluda' written by Satyajit Ray, who is one of the most treasured characters for Bengalis.

HISTORICAL PLACE OF BURDWAN

Curzon Gate



The majestic Curzon Gate was famously erected in 1903, by the king of Burdwan Maharaja Bijoy Chand Mahatab to celebrate Lord Curzon's visit. Then Viceroy of India was invited to inaugurate the ceremonial gateway on March 1904. The former name of the gate was the 'Star of India' which was later changed. It is a prominent landmark in Bardhaman city in Purba Bardhaman district in West Bengal, India.

Though it is just an archway towering over the road, the majestic structure will easily grab your attention, especially at night. The Royal Palace is situated one km from the gate.

The gate arch is supported by eight circular columns. Three female figurines, with swords, boats, and sheaves of corn in their hands, on the arch signify progress in agriculture and commerce.



Captured by - Arpan Ganguly



Captured by - Ashirwad Dutta

The side arches are topped with statues of lions while the central arch is flanked on both sides with twin Corinthian columns. There are twenty-one circles with twenty-one illustrations at the top portion of the gate. The gate also has its share of stucco work. The structure was constructed by masons from Italy.

HISTORICAL PLACE OF BURDWAN

Sarbamangala Temple



Captured by - Arpan Ganguly

This temple is highly respected by the local people of Burdwan. It is also believed that the Goddess fulfills every desire with a sincere heart. This temple is located on Sarvamangala Road. Sarvamangala is a different form of Goddess Durga. Another interesting feature of the temple is that the idol of the goddess and the surrounding temple was built decades later. The goddess was founded by King Kirti Chand in 1740 AD and the temple structure was built by King Mahatab Chand. From this point of view, the age of creation of this deity is two thousand five hundred years ago.



Captured by - Arpan Ganguly



Captured by - Arpan Ganguly

The idol of Mata Sarvamangala has been around (around 2500 years) since ancient times, people have felt its existence in old literature and holy books. It is a statue of Mother Durga with eighteen hands and is named "Mahishasurhamardini" and is the first Navratna temple in undivided Bengal. The structure of the temple has a unique blend of terracotta style paintings and the popular architecture of Bengal. Historians show its historical importance and the archeological value of the temple.

WRITINGS



Mohona Mukherjee

Sunset sky gets me high everytime,
Drunk kissing the sunrays, I'm feeling
alive;
Heart afire and burning skin,
Its just the warm rays and me,
nothing in between.

Standing on the balcony with a glass
of champagne in my hand,
While I tried sorting my feelings, time
slipped away like sand.
It's all a mess which can't be sorted
out,
Even I don't understand what exactly
this silent chaos of mine is about.

Now the moon is out, so bright yet
dull,
My one and only spectator who saw
me when I was the most vulnerable.
The moon playing hide and seek with
the clouds like my feelings play with
my mind,
Sometimes the hatred and rage
overpower my senses and makes me
go blind.

Now most of the times I am numb,
Feelings are gone, the voices in my
mind yelling "you are dumb!"
With a cigarette between my lips I
stare,
Zoning out and drowning in despair.

How long will I be able to keep up
this act,
Acting as if nothing happened when
everything is shattered for the
matter of fact.
Sometimes tears cascade down my
cheeks, while most of the times I
scream inside,
Sometimes they coincide.

The cigarettes and champagne are
now both gone,
It's time when i get tangled in sheets
and like always fall asleep alone.



Devakash kar

Life is a beautiful and an unexpected
journey don't let some small
obstacles ruin it. Move forward in
your life . If any bad things happen
remember that it's just a bad day not
a bad life. Everything happens for a
reason,in your entire life their would
be some bad things and some good
things take the good things as an
achievement and the bad things as a
lesson. In this way you can move far
away in your life.



Olivia Francis

Benison and Bane

On an evening cold,
My spirit I sold,
To nature who made me old
With paying me in teachings wrapped in
pure gold.
On a day when daylight had tired of
itself
I wanted to hang around with it and play
mischief like an elf
With my mind in tow, which was earlier
left on my favourite shelf
And I waited too long but it all came to
an end for the charm was limited till
midnight... till twelve.
And I tried many a way
To let my spirit freely sway
But the time never arrived as it had just
drifted away
And I realised in dismay
That it was finally the end of day.
So what I learnt and what I did gain
Was measured in joy, was weighed
against pain,
And at the end of the cliff I stood
realising that the wait had always been
in vain,
And finally the confusions left shadowed
demarcations between
benison and bane.

Capturers

WRITINGS



Ashirwad Dutta

শেষের কবিতা

নির্ঘূম রাত আমার পেরিয়ে যায় ,
হয় অনুত্তাপ ,
তাকে শেষের কবিতা টা আর বলিনি !!!!

নিষ্ঠক, নিঃসঙ্গ বৃষ্টি গুলো , আজও
অপেক্ষায়
শুধু একটু মিথ্যা আনন্দ , যদি আবার দেয়
ডাক

তোমার চোখের অভিমান আর অধিকারবোধ
আমার খারাপ লাগতো না ,
কিন্তু গহীন রাতের শেষে, যখন যখন ক্লান্ত
চোখে নামে ঘুম
দীর্ঘশ্বাস গুলো আরো বেড়ে যায় |

শেখের ফুল দানি টা যত্ন করার ইচ্ছা ছিলো খুব

ইচ্ছে ছিলো রঙিন ফুল দিয়ে সাজিয়ে রাখবো
।

কিন্তু একটু ভূলের জন্য,
সেই ফুলদানি আজ গেছে হারিয়ে ,
নষ্ট হয়েছে অনেক ছোটো গল্ল!!!
জোড়া লাগাতে গেলেও
শেষের কবিতা আর বলা হলো না ।

আগে ফোনের রিংটোন বাজলেই , যখন
তোমার নাম ডেসে উঠতো ,
মনে ভিড় করতো হাজার উত্তেজনা !!!
কিন্তু লুকোচুরি কথার ভিড়ে যখন হারাতাম
দুজনে

আমার শেষের কবিতা আর বলা হতো না ,
আবার অপেক্ষা করতাম , প্রথম থেকে সেই
প্রহরের জন্য ।

ভিড় বাসের লাস্ট সিটে , ফিরতাম যখন বাঢ়ি
, কংক্রিটের এই মিথ্যা জঙ্গাল শহরে ,
হয়ে যেত দম বন্ধ ॥
কিন্তু তোমার প্রাণখোলা হাসিতে,
সব ক্লান্তি যেনো হয়ে যেত শেষ।

আমার মন খারাপ এর রাতে ,
রাত জাগা ধ্বনি তারা হয়ে এসেছিলে তুমি।

আমি বুঝিনি ,আমি ছিলাম তোমার গল্লের
একটা সামান্য চরিত্র
ভয় পেয়েছিলাম , আমার শেষের কবিতা যদি
তোমায় করি উপহার
তুমি বুঝবে তো!!!!????

ভুল টা হয়তো ছিলো সময়ের !
কলেজের শেষ দিন, ভাবলাম
আজকে তোমায় আমার কবিতা নিবেদন
করবো ,
কিন্তু যখন দেখলাম তুমি তোমার গল্লে
অনুরাগের ছোঁয়া বদলেছ,
আমি বলিনি !!
আমার হাতে তখন ডায়েরির ছেঁড়া পাতা, বৃষ্টি
তে ভিজে নষ্ট হয়ে গেছে
তুমি তখন নতুন করে ভিজছো।
আমার শেষের কবিতা তোমায় দিতে
পারিনি....

ঠিক চার বছর পর,
ডেজা রাস্তায় , সেই লোক শূন্য বাস স্ট্যান্ড এ
আমার চোখ আজও খুঁজে বেড়ায় তোমাকে ।
কিন্তু যখন ভির বাসে চোখাচোখি হয় আবার
,
আমার শেষের কবিতা তোমাকে বলা হয়ে
ওঠেনা
ভয় !? এক অসীম বিরহের এবং পুরনো
ব্যথার !!!।



Adrija Paul

Journey Till Serenity

"Broken Hearts" - Are they allowed to
beat again
The girl sitting at the corner replied
with downcasted eyes "Yes" in an
undertone...

The pages might not be the same
But the grief inside are still of your
name
Those tears might not travel through
the cheeks nowadays
But the heart still aggives those gaze

WRITINGS

All the encompassing viridity in me
 Has somehow made me to forget the affinity
 Was this really supposed to be ensued
 Or it was just me who screwed
 Weren't we on the same chapter
 Or
 it was you to skip the vector ...

The abendrot doesn't leave me in remorse
 Rather brings vehemence aboard
 Are you the same i knew decades back
 Because I see a differently in contrast

I tried acclimating with the fact ,
 You aren't the same i wondered
 Nevertheless forgot,
 Sometimes the clouds always rain
 after a heartbreak of thunder ...

I wrote our story with a non permanent ink
 Never knew the story was actually gonna be non permanent
 Things in life never fall in places like we want
 But you were definitely the one I wanted

I'm happy
 I'm happy being with you fictiously
 We dance and swirl
 We twitch and twirl
 I love how we spend every moment together in this World
 Amongst the rainy days till the fendi nights
 My love for you nevertheless is like the lights
 Never dim and forever shiny
 With a lil pinch of a overland journey..



Anjishnu Mukhopadhyay

I am a tree

Last night I saw a dream
 It was a huge tree with lots of leaves
 Each one of them was pride and power
 They had a lot of light to devour

I was happy with those leaves
 They would hide all the darkness underneath
 And glisten brightly under the morning sun
 Each of them different, knots of beauty undone.

But soon there came the others
 New trees with feathers
 Light, elegant, and able to fly
 It was the only one stuck behind.

So it chose to lose all its leaves
 Or I suppose, it was me who chose
 For I was the tree, with my emotions gone
 I hoped for new feathers to grow
 So even I can go with the flow
 Of the wind, of the time
 Those leaves weren't as beautiful
 They were almost beslimed.

I waited, and it didn't happen
 No more leaves grew on me
 It wasn't a dream anymore
 It was reality.
 I feel naked and hollow
 Hard to dive yet shallow.
 I was a failure
 In flying or in being myself.
 I drowned that night
 In the soothing rain.

WRITINGS



Rituparna Ghosh

A Visit to Changthang Region of Ladakh:

We started early morning from nubra valley to reach pangong lake via shayok Road .It took six hours to reach there . Pangong lake is situated on 4350 meters i.e. 14270 FT approx. It was an amazing feeling when the pangong lake was visible for the first time to us under the blue sky and in the lap of snow clad mountains. The colour of the lake water was as deep blue as ink in the blue ink pot .

We reached Lukung and took a halt . Exactly four colours of Lake was clearly visible from our car. Sea green, sky blue, deep blue and greyish pink . That view made me spellbound for some time . Almost till 6.30 I enjoyed the colour change of the lake . After this we moved towards Our tent which was at spangmik village just nearby the bank of Pangong Tso. That night was chilly and freezing . We had our dinner by 8.30 PM and went to bed with the mindset that next morning will wake up early to witness the colour change of the lake .

I woke up at 5.30 AM next morning, just removed the curtain of our tent window and saw the light blue colour of pangong lake .There was no-one near the shore. I came out from the tent to enjoy the morning view, it was so clam and refreshing that couldn't be explain in words. I took a deep breathe and lost in the beauty of nature. I was excited, as for the next few days I will spend like this, exploring the new places in this wonderland , and enjoying the magnificent landscapes.

After enjoying the stunning view for some more time, I got back to tent to pack our bags .We had plan to visit Tsomoriri on the same day and it's a long 260 kilometers journey from pangong.

I packed my luggage and came outside the tent and got amazed with the colour of the lake .Within a matter of 35 to 40 minutes, the colour of the lake was almost pink from one side and deep blue from the other . And the middle of the lake was turquoise Blue. We started walking towards the lake, it took 10 minutes to reach near the lake . Sat there for hours to witness to the beautiful lake with it's frequently changing colours according to the Sun's position in the Sky . Probably that colour change is due to the sun light reflection from the hills. Lake lies in the lap of colourful mountains like brown , yellow, white pink etc. We didn't want to get back from there, but as we had a long journey plan on that day, we had to leave that amazing place .

We started for tsomoriri via Man-Merak-Chusul-Tsaga La road .We choose this road because this road runs along the shoreline of Pangong Lake till chusul and the road is very scenic. This road is considered to be one of the remotest route of Ladakh. We left spangmik and started our journey towards Man,Merak . Beauty of those two villages are unexplainable. A less number of tents and tourists were there . We took a halt at Merak and it was such a heavenly place . Merak seems more beautiful than Spangmik and less crowded as well.

WRITINGS

We asked our driver to stop the car at Merak , We spotted a place near shore of deep blue pangong lake. we all came down from the car .I moved a bit far from my group . Omg! that place was really a bliss of solitude. I wanted to seat there for long and just doing nothing. My insignificant seemed even more insignificant to those big mountains , pristine blue water lake . After spending some time there and photo session also we returned to our car.

On our first two hours of journey pangong lake was visible on our left side in turquoise Blue, deep blue, light pink colour . Pangong Lake takes a turn towards China just before sometime to reach chusul and was not visible after a certain point.

After reaching chusul we took a break to visit Rezang La war memorial . Rezang La is mountain pass located on the line of actual control (LAC) between India administrated Ladakh and Chinese administrated Spanggur Lake . These pass is located in chusul valley .In 1962, China acquire Rezang La pass and a company of 124 Indian soldiers fought against Chinese soldiers. The company was led by major Saitan Singh, who won a Posthumous Paramvir Chakra for his contribution. China declared ceasefire after watching the bravery of Indian soldiers in this battle. One side of that war memorial is India and China on the other. We were very close to the China that time . And Chinese bunkers were clearly visible from the road . All the circumstances gave me goosebumps and I felt immensely proud to see the Indian flag was flying in its own glory in the mid of big colourful mountains.

After Chusul we observed a different landscape. It was quite different in comparison to Man Merak Pangong road . There were no particular roads after Merak . Our car was running in the mid of a vast valley. Here and there greenries and grass lands were observed. And Pashmina goats , Kiyang (Tibetan Ash) , and other wild animals were seen everywhere in the green fields. A turquoise blue water river was flowing along with us .Our driver also can't recall the name of that river. Some times our car was running on the mid of green field , some time on the white sand desert. Vivid colours of mountains were visible all around like white , pink, brown, yellow even on a greenish shade also . Sun light reflection on those colorful mountains made that whole place heavenly. We entered at the Changthang plateau of Ladakh which is considered to be the nomad region of Ladakh. And obviously this area is less explored and much beautiful also . And we watched hardly any other vehicles except our car on that route.

After chusul we reached Loma bend . From Loma bend a road takes turn towards the Hanle village which has the worlds highest observatory. At night millions of starts and milkyways can be observed in naked eyes from Hanle village. It also has wonderful landscapes . Due to lack of time it was out of our plan and we enroute our journey towards Tsomoriri via Nyoma-Mahe-Sumdo.We reached Sumdo at around 6PM and took a tea break in a small shop. Sumdo is around fifty kilometers from Tsomoriri. It was very cold and windy there.

WRITINGS

EXPLORATIONS

The small shop was inside a tent ,which is just mid of a grassland and there was a narrow stream flowing just beside the shop. Wild animals like Tibetan Kiyang, Yak, Pashmina goats were grazing there.

We were not able to stand beside the shop for much time because of chilly wind. After Sumdo before heading to Korzok Village,Tsomoriri on the way we saw another small decent lake TSO-Kiyagar. Not many people know about Kiyagar TSO and only discover it on their way to Tsomoriri. But I had research about the lake and asked our driver to halt there. It is very small in comparison with Pangong, Tsomoriri but heavenly beautiful. It can be spotted from its turquoise green colour. As we get closer to the lake we noticed salt deposits on its bank. It was too pretty for words. We were at Tso Kiyagar for fifteen to twenty minutes .

Reaching Korzok village took almost twenty-twenty five minutes from Tso Kiyagar. Korzok village is the nearest settlement of Tsomoriri Lake, Which is probably the highest permanent settlement in India. Our car was heading towards the Korzok village by side of the Tsomoriri Lake. We reached Tsomoriri at around 6.45 PM. Due to lack of sun light water colour of the lake looks light blue. Almost we drive for half an hour by side of the lake and reached our hotel. It was freezing temperature there at that time .

We checked-in to the hotel , after freshen up and dinner went to bed early as we planned for next morning sunrise in Tsomoriri at 5AM. Next morning we woke up by chirping of birds. That sound was music to my ears. We removed the curtains of our room and became surprised with the beauty of outside window.

Pristine turquoise blue coloured lake was surrounded by snowcapped mountains. A lush green pasture was there till bank of tsomoriri. Local animals were grazing there and many unknown species of colourful birds were chirping . A few villagers were cultivating in their land near the shore of Tsomoriri in that chilly morning.

It was a lesson of hard work and commitment from those local villagers; that in so harsh weather condition, how they are struggling to live with some basic facilities only.

We came outside from our hotel and started walking to the bank of tsomoriri and sat there for an hour almost. Lake water was with combination of pink , turquoise blue and deep blue.

Green pasture all around the lake Tsomoriri made it much beautiful than Pangong . Korzok village gives an amazing experience of local habitant's life and their culture.

We enjoyed the view of Tsomoriri till almost 11.30 PM that day and then returned to Leh via Chumathang . Our Ladakh trip was coming to an end and I was started feeling nostalgic from then . I was also feeling immensely satisfied inside by heart to be witnessed the wonderful landscapes. We were returning home with the promise to visit Ladakh again in near future and will try to explore the other unexplored areas.

WRITINGS



Anurag Ghosh

"Listen what your soul commands", has a universal accord amongst every seeker of the self.

But what often we go on to ignore is the rust within our souls which need hours in friction with the sand paper. The soul needs an adjustment with the conscience in order to stand congruent with this "listen to your heart" notion. A bit of "rub off the rubbish" is quite expected.

Just because we are blind to every advice..we have got one mouth to speak infinite but two ears to perceive less(thats more human today) and one foolish grey matter to persist upon.

This ignorance of the human soul has crossed the fence of true realisation. Like whatever our soul wants, we move on with it. But is that really what the atma seeks?

Well, not at all.

We are foolish enough to abide by another fool, the human brain.

Tis the human brain which the slave of Agyana and we turn out to be the slaves of the brain and serve a "visionless" wise population.

And then we seek for motivation. Psychological sublimation.

Saints come and go.

They say, "Follow your soul", " Follow all that is the heart's desire."

And we follow it. And we don't follow it

Suppose my soul says, "I feel like chilling".

I do go for it.

But I did not listen to my soul here.

It is this that I call, "foolishly abiding by the fool.

It is this foolish grey matter that says, "Look! This is what the soul actually wants. "Though not actually so
And then. ."

The Inward theatre plays.

Emotions and hormones follow.

And we are like, " Let us do this. " But ultimately we appease the brain and not the soul.

"My soul tells me to take Sanyas"

"My soul tells me to love someone"

"My soul tells me to worship god"

"My soul tells me to score good marks"

And my brain plays the nitwit by aping the voice of the soul

We do solemnly follow it. And we are following it.

Now the question may arise, "What next to do?"

Well, to make your soul speak or to prevent your brain from imitating the soul and enlighten you in wasted doings..you need to learn how to communicate with it..

ANT PILE

(A poetical triplet)

Fun-sized dots, piled up red-
Just one Pat!

Stays

a whispered,pointless,bangarang.

Capturers

WRITINGS



Sunrita Sarkar

PETITION

It's my petition
 It's our petition
 Because we all own it
 And it's often not mentioned

We all own our own Skies
 We can share it
 With someone else's
 But we can't take over it
 No we can't
 Nobody can
 Because it's their Sky
 Not ours
 We have our own
 We must preserve and paint that

Not everyone's sky is blue
 For some it's Pink
 It can be Red, White, Yellow
 Anything they themselves want it to be
 It might not be according to our desire
 But it's beautiful
 Because it's theirs, their own
 We can't decide the color of their sky
 No we can't
 Nobody can
 We have our own
 We must preserve and paint that

In love,
 We find company, strength,
 We find comfort and health
 We mention respect
 But we don't find it
 We don't
 Love is sharing
 Not taking over someone else's
 It's a small world
 That we all create for ourselves
 We can share it
 If we want
 But we cannot let someone take over it
 Neither should we do it

No

It's not about money, race or stress
 It's not about family, friend or success
 It's not a request, wish or command
 It's a petition
 Mine, Yours and Everyone's
 To Respect
 To Respect
 To Respect



Krishti Podder

An unsolved mystery

Well after so many nos,
 I fall for you without knowing
 I don't believe in Love at first Sight
 But yes for you I did and I fall for you.
 Going down the memory lane
 Searching for excuses ,
 And drowning in your eyes for seconds,
 Though you were not aware
 But I knew that my heart was falling for you!
 Which I can't confess,
 Cause fear of loosing you.
 But yes with or without my conscience
 I committed that mistake
 Falling for you again and again,
 Mustering up the courage to
 Have a good fight with one own self
 Over the only reason LOVE.
 Sometimes thinking of the day ,
 When you're leaving me
 Foolish me !
 Still my soul was waiting to love you
 And I confessed, "My love"!!!

Capturers

WRITINGS



Ashirwad Dutta

মিডলবেঞ্চার

আমি একজন মিডলবেঞ্চার,
না না , আমি ক্লাসে প্রথম সারিতে বসি
কিন্তু তবুও আমি মিডলবেঞ্চার।

ক্লাসে টপ করার চেষ্টা করি ,
তবে ব্রেকে একটা জোক্য পড়তে দম ফাটানো
হাসি হাসতে দুবার ভাবিনা।
কারণ আমি মিডলবেঞ্চার তাই !

ক্লাসে কোনো প্রশ্নের উত্তর দিতে হাত আমিও
তুলি,
জানি কিছু চোখ জোড়া চেয়ে থাকে ,
আমি আজও বুঝতে পারিনা ,
সেই চোখের গভীরতায় কি আমার জন্য
উৎসাহ আছে??
নাকি সবার চোখে অন্তুত কৌতুক !!
বুঝতে পারিনা , দ্বিধায় থাকি
কারণ আমি মিডলবেঞ্চার , তাই !!!

ঘন্টার পর ঘন্টা এক জায়গায় বসে থাকতে
বিরক্ত আমারও বিরক্ত লাগে ,
তবে বেলা শেষে মেঘলা আকাশ জড়ানো
ভেজা হাওয়া তে ক্লান্তি খানা হারিয়ে যায় ,
আমারও ইচ্ছে করে , দুহাত ছড়িয়ে বৃষ্টি তে
ভিজতে!
কিন্তু পারিনা ,
কারণ কোথাও মাঝখানে আটকে যাওয়া
আমি একজন মিডলবেঞ্চার তাই আর কি !!!

পরিশ্রম মোটামুটি করি ,
এবং ভিড়ে মেশার চেষ্টা করি
তবে চেনা ভিড়ের মধ্যে , এখনও নিজেকে
অচেনা লাগে ,
কারণ অনেকে আমায় চেনেনা ,
বোধয় চেনার দরকার পড়েনি ।
লাস্ট বেঞ্চে যারা বসে , গোটা ক্লাসের
খোশমেজাজ
তারাই বজায় রাখে ,
এবং ক্লাসের প্রথম সারিতে যারা বসে , তারা
বজায় রাখে ক্লাসের সম্মান ,
এই একদম ভাববেন না এটা আমি বলি ,
এরকম কথা তেনারা বলেন ,
আমি ত কেবল দর্শক!!
ওই যে বললাম , মিডলবেঞ্চার , তাই আর কি!

সঙ্গে নামার পরে , যখন ভেজা রাস্তায় হাটতে
থাকি

আমি বন্ধুদের সাথে রাস্তায় যেতে হই- ছল্লোড়
করিনা

এবং একা থাকলে ভবিষ্যতের গঞ্জে ভাবিনা।
এমনি আর কি ! ভেজা মাটির ঘ্রাণ নাকে নিয়ে
নিজের গোটাদিনের ব্যস্ততার গঞ্জ গুলো

নিজের সাথে করিব।

মন্দ লাগেনা !!!

কেউ তো আছে যাকে নিজের গঞ্জ বলবো
আর যাইহোক! সে আমাকে বিচার করেনা!!!
অথবা আমার গঞ্জে বিরক্ত হয়না ,
ওই আর কি , সাময়িক ভালোলাগাণ!!!!

রাতের অন্ধকারে

যখন নিকোটিনের কড়া ধোঁয়া কে উন্মুক্ত
করি,

আমি হিসেব করতে ভুলে যাই , যে আমি
কোন দলে!

সবার সম্মানিত প্রথম সারির দলে ,
নাকি সেই দলে , যারা সবাইকে হই ছল্লোড়
করে মাতিয়ে রাখে !

কোথাও গিয়ে ইচ্ছে আমারও জাগে ,
আমিও মেলবো ডানা , থাকবেনা কোনো
মানা।

উঠবে রামধনু এই আকাশে !!!



CONCOURS

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST RESULTS

CONCURSO DÈ FOTOGRAFIA



(ADMIN CHOICE WINNER) **ANWESHA MUKHERJEE**

Experience - It was a very good experience. Each Participant was very good. The Team have done a great job. I hope the team will do more great works in the future. Thank to all the members of team Bardwan Capturers Official.



(1ST)
AHANA DAS

Experience - Amazing



(2ND)
ARGHA SIKDAR

Experience - Amazing arrangement by whole team of Burdwan Capturers Official



(3RD)
SOUVIK GHOSH

Experience - I had a new experience, This is the first time I have participated in a contest I like it very much



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