

NAVEEN PATNAIK
CHIEF MINISTER, ODISHA



LOKASEVA BHAVAN
BHUBANESWAR

M E S S A G E

I am glad to know that the Navodaya Alumni Association of Odisha (NAAO) is organising its 7th Annual Meet on 4th February 2024 at Bhubaneswar and bringing out a souvenir in commemoration.

I extend my warm greetings to the members of NAAO on this memorable occasion and wish the Meet and publication all success.

n—nic.
(NAVEE~~N~~ PATNAIK)

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MESSAGE

Dear Esteemed Alumni Family,

Greetings on the occasion of 7th NAAO Annual Meet!

I'm honoured to stand with you as a Navodayan first then a Volunteer on a President's role. Our JNV has provided us with invaluable education, Navodayan brotherhood (Navodayahood), values and experiences that have shaped us into who we are today. Now, it's time for us to give back and pave the way for future generations.

I am very happy to see the growth and continuity of Navodaya Alumni Association of Odisha, the umbrella organization taking all district alumni associations from Odisha. Our state organization, NAAO is always standing for Navodaya family, Alma mater, district alumni body and society. We started this organization from few volunteers in 2016, then added few district bodies and now all 31. This is possible because of we all Navodayans emotional bonding and our volunteerism. I really appreciate each and everyone for this success of NAAO so far. The journey so far is giving us colourful fruits, happiness and urge to do better and better for the organization, and for the community. Let's uphold the spirit of fraternity and volunteerism to achieve the vision of NAAO further.

"I envision our alumni association as a transparent, inclusive, and trustworthy platform where every member feels represented and empowered. Let's come together to transform our network into a global community that not only supports each other but also contributes meaningfully to society and our alma mater."

Wish our Navodaya family enjoy the 7th NAAO Annual Meet happily and take back some goodness and come with determination to move forward together.

My sincere thanks to the organizing team of volunteers and Souvenir committee for their efforts and giving this privilege for putting my message for our family and society.

Jai Navodaya!

With warm regards,



Ashabhanu Swain

President, NAAO

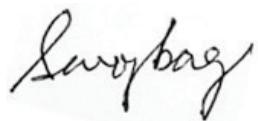


MESSAGE

My hearties congratulations to all members of the NAAO family on the momentous occasion of 7th NAAO Annual Meet. This Souvenir pays homage to his venerable association in its 7th NAAO Annual Meet and attests to its spirit of selfless service and remarkable ability to stay relevant despite changing times. NAAO has faced all challenges with courage and fortitude, and I am proud to note that it is fast emerging as one of the best state level alumni associations in India.

The association is committed to a model of quality Navodayan Culture that is committed for proving every Navodayan's mantra "Come to Learn and Go to Serve." The association focused on uniting all the alumni of 31 schools and adding values in society for building a "Swachha, Sabuja and Samruddha Odisha." In associating district level associations, we have strength to strength, with adding all 31 schools of Odisha. We have invested in "Say No to Single use Plastic", "Cancer Walkathon-CANWALK", "Rehabilitation for Cyclone affected people", "COVID care", "Plantation drive" "Blood donation" and many more.

May this souvenir serve as a tangible reminder of the shared moments, laughter, and accomplishments we celebrated together. Grateful for the memories and looking forward to many more.



SAROJ KUMAR BAG
General Secretary | NAAO

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Mr. Smruti Ranjan Sahoo
Joint Secretary
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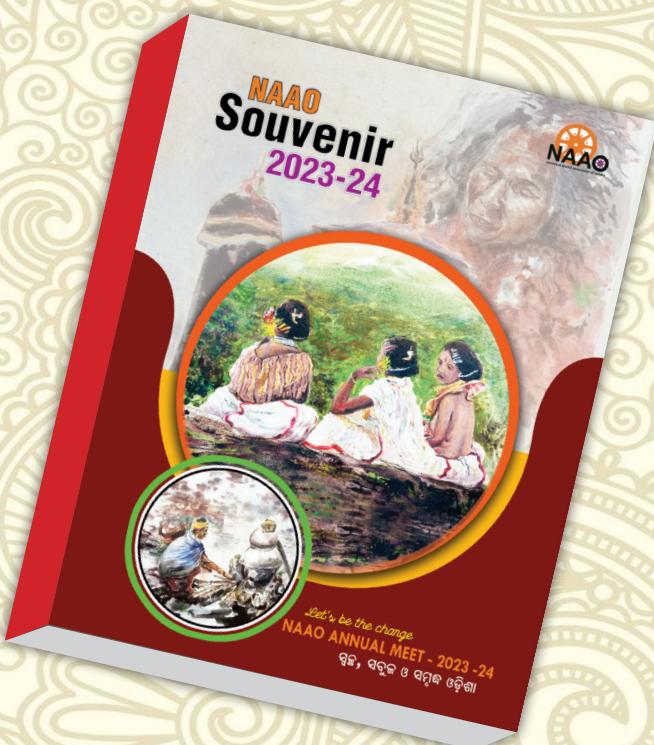
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Joint Treasurer
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Souvenir Team

Bharati Chakra (JNV Koraput)

Sushant Kumar Sahu (JNV Ganjam)

Jitendra Kumar Shao (JNV Angul)

Sampad Sahoo (JNV Khordha)

Er. Manas Ranjan Mandal (JNV Balasore)

Gyana Ranjan Mallick (JNV Narla)

Premlal Seth (JNV Sonepur)

Smruti Ranjan Sahoo (JNV Nayagarh)

Tapan Kumar Pattanayak (JNV Ganjam)

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LIST OF GC



Bipul Barik
BARGARH



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GAJAPATI



Premalal Seth
SONEPUR



Rohitangshu Sekhar Pratihari
MAYURBHAJ



Punyatosh Mund
NUAPADA



Bindia Seth
SAMBALPUR



Shobha Bhanja
SUNDARGARH



Shantanu Sia
BALASORE



Jashobanta Sahu
DHENKANAL



Rajkumar Kurami
MALKANGIRI-2



Soubhagya Ranjan Behera
ANGUL



Sai Prasad Dash
KHORDHA



Deepak Kumar Jena
GANJAM



Ashabhanu Swain
CUTTACK



Smruti Ranjan Sahoo
NAYAGARH



Nishut Suman Mahunta
JAJPUR

LIST OF GC



Saroj Bag
KORAPUT



Sitaram Beria
BOLANGIR



Pravasini Mohanty
NABARANGPUR



Dr Khemeswar Agasti
BHADRAK



Ramjilal Pradhan
BOUDH



Geetikrishna Naik
JHARSUGUDA



Saumyakant swain
PURI



Sakti Kishor Panda
JAGATSINGHPUR



Bibhanjan Bisoyi
RAYAGADA



Atulya Kumar Sahu
DEOGARH



Shoubhagya Sundar Nayak
MALKANGIRI-I



Lipika Das
KALAHANDI



Anil Mishra
Kendrapara



Ratikant Parida
KEONJHAR



Bikash Digal
PHULBANI



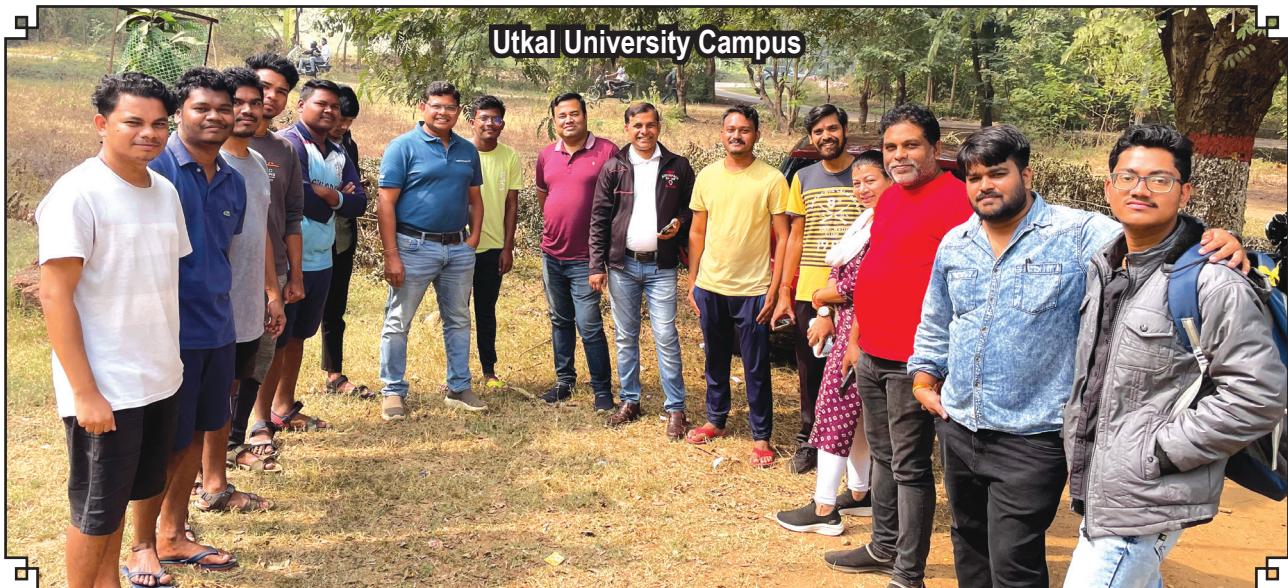
NAAO CAMPUS DRIVE



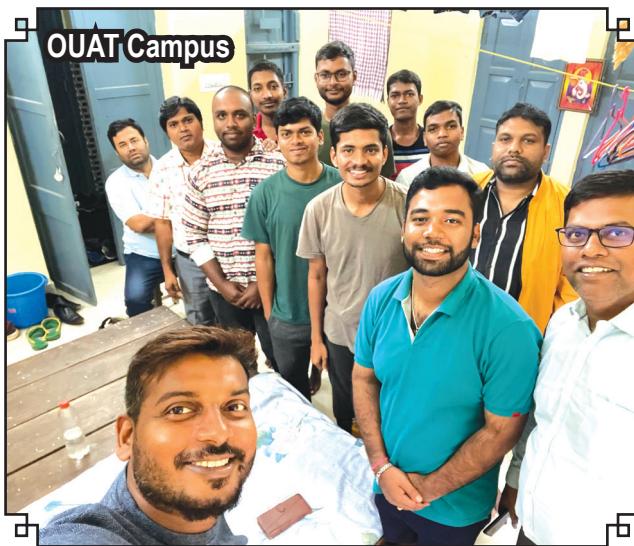
BJB Campus



Utkal University Campus

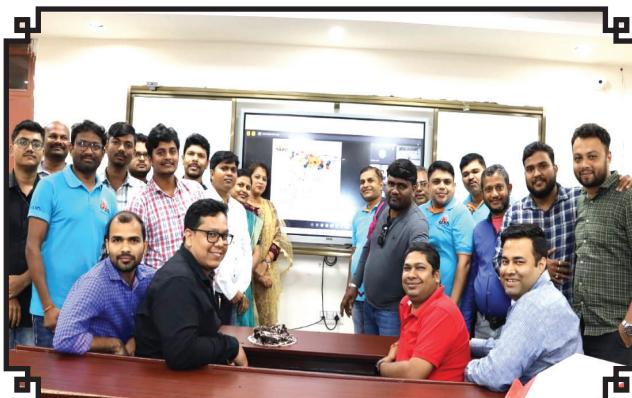


OUAT Campus



**Ravenshaw University CONVENTION CENTRE
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM**











DISTRICT ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES



NAAO TILL NOW...

Navodaya Alumni Association of Odisha

(NAAO) is an independent society, association of all JNV alumni associations in Odisha, applied for its registration under the Societies Registration Act, 1860.

1. THE 1ST NAAO ANNUAL MEET

Date: 13th Nov2016

Venue: Utkal Mandap Bhubaneswar

With a gathering of 1500+ alumni from across Odisha plus eminent guests, our current/retired Navodaya Commissioner, Principals, Teachers, and alumni from other states joined and made this event truly colourful. It was the first ever biggest Navodayan alumni gathering in India. Among the eminent guests, Chief Guest-Mr. Subroto Bagchi, Head of the Odisha Skill Development Authority, Guest of Honour-Smt. Parvati Pradhan, Joint commissioner, Navodaya Vidyalaya Samiti and Chief Speaker-Dr. Prafulla Kumar Jena, Padmashree, Scientist and Educationist.

2. THE 2ND NAAO ANNUAL MEET

Date: 12TH NOV, 2017

Venue: KSAC Ground, Campus-13, KIIT, Bhubaneswar

Around 2000 alumni from across Odisha, our current/retired Navodayan Principals, Teachers and alumni from other states joined and made this event successful from all ground. Among the eminent guests, Chief Guest-Prof. Soumendra Mohan Patnaik, Vice Chancellor-Utkal University, Chief Speaker Prof. Dr. Omkar Nath Mohanty, FNASC. Director, Technology & Academic Initiative, RSB Metaltech, RSB Group, Guest of Honour, Shri Nayan Kishore Patel, Asst. Commissioner (Acad.), Navodaya Vidyalaya Samiti, Bhopal Region and Shri M. Mariappan, Asst. Commissioner, Director, NLI, Puri.

3. THE 3RD NAAO ANNUAL MEET, 11TH NOV.

Date: 11th Nov 2018.

Venue: KIT AUDITORIUM, BHUBANESWAR.

More than 1500 alumni from across Odisha, our current/retired Navodayan Principals, Teachers and

alumni from other states joined and made the event successful. Among the eminent guest, Chief Guest: Sudhakar Panda, Director, NISER, Chief Speaker: Dr Biren Sahoo, Medical Director, Gemini Healthcare, Guest of Honour: Mrs Parvati Pradhan, Asst. Commissioner, Navodaya Vidyalaya Samiti.

NAAO ELECTION: The NAAO General election was successfully held on dated 10th March 2019 and new office bearers elected as per NAAO bylaw.

FANI SERVICES: After the severe super cyclonic storm 'FANI' the volunteers of NAAO served a major role in relief work in various affected places:

1. Drinking water distribution at various places of Cuttack city.
2. Drinking water distribution at local areas of Bhubaneswar.
3. Dry food packets, mosquito incense sticks, toys for kids, etc. were distributed at various cyclone affected places of Puri district.
4. A health camp was organized by doctors of NAAO in association with Red Cross at various places of Puri district.

RELIEF WORK AT SONEPUR: Water distribution and dry food packets were distributed by NAAO in association with JNV Tarbha alumni association at Sonepur district during flood.

SPOKEN ENGLISH CLASS: A spoken English workshop was carried out for alumni in association with English Club for enhancement of spoken English skills.

TALENT HUNT THROUGH NAAO CALENDAR: A talent hunt initiative was started in search of good painters/artists through NAAO Calendar.

AWARENESS CAMPAIGN FOR 'SAY NO TO SINGLE USE PLASTIC': Awareness drive held at different parks of Bhubaneswar by 'Say no to single use plastic' in which jute bags were distributed in exchange of 10 single use plastic item.

NAAO SCHOLARSHIP: A sum of 3000 rupees is being given as scholarship to the meritorious financially poor alumni for higher studies.

LAKSHYA SESSION: Lakshya is an initiative where we organize series of interactions of younger alumni with alumni who have proved their excellence in different spheres. Idea is to provide a platform where speakers can share their life journey, career opportunities, employment scopes, institute providing courses, scholarships available in their respective disciplines.

UPCOMING EVENTS:

- Workshop for entrepreneurs to encourage in house entrepreneurs.
- Regular campus visit in different institution campus.
- Construction of a dynamic website where alumni can get all kinds of information in a single click.
- Establishing an emergency 24*7 service for all Navodayan family.
- Ensure talent search, incubation and grooming after being alumni through linkages and self-funding.
- Plantation and cleanliness drives throughout Odisha.
- Creation of a blood bank of Navodayans and conducting blood donation camps across Odisha.
- Scholarship programs for meritorious financially poor background alumni for higher studies.

4. THE 5TH NAAO ANNUAL MEET, 11TH NOV 2021.

Navodaya Alumni Association of Odisha has always been striving to serve its alumni, alma mater and society at large. We are thankful to all the past office bearers for their phenomenal contribution in this regard. This brief annual report highlights some of NAAO's accomplishments and activities in the last one year.

Reaching out to individual JNV alumni associations:

We started our journey with a motive to reach out to all the school alumni bodies and with a pointed approach we focused on meeting individual school associations to understand their views, ideas and also their expectations from NAAO.

- Discussed with Malkangiri, Boudh, Phulbani, Balasore, Ganjam, Gajapati and Kendrapada JNV Alumni Associations over online platform.

- Visited JNV Puri, JNV Sonepur and JNV Jajpur and interacted with the alumni members and future alumni to connect with them.

Revamping the Cells:

With an objective to make the cells more productive, we have taken steps to decentralize them.

We have picked HRD, IT and Cultural cells to start with and appointed Conveners and Co-conveners for each cell. For a better coordination between these cells and NAAO office, we have assigned one office bearer as the coordinator for each cell.

HRD Cell Activities

1. NAAO Talk:

Indian Independence and Our National Heroes

Date: 15th August 2021

Speakers: Mr. Byomkesh Meher (2002 passed out from JNV Kalahandi) and Mr. Debendra Kumar Sarangi (Retired PGT History and Principal in charge JNV Cuttack).

2. NAAO Lakshya:

Life Skill Education and Motivation

Date: 29th August 2021

Speakers: Dr. Manoj Sahoo and Ms. Kalyani Sanghamitra (OAS)

3. Career in Science and Research

Date: 19th September 2021

Speakers: Dr. Kalicharan Patra, Dr. Tanmaya Kumar Sahu, Dr. Anupama Pati, Dr. Sesha Kisan and Mr. Rinku Ranjan Sarangi

4. Career in Engineering and Technology

Date: 7th November 2021

Speakers: Mr. Nilachala Mohapatra, Mr. Kharavel Ghadei, Ms. Girija Kumar Sethy, Mr. Dayanidhi Mahanta, Mr. Mausamjeet Khata, Mr. Debu Kumar Pradhan and Mr. Ashok Nayak

5. Career in Academics

Date: 19th December 2021

Speakers: Dr. Debabrata Sahoo, Dr. Hemant Kumar Dash (OES), Mr. Prakash Kumar Behera, Mr.

Bhagirathi Behera (OES), Dr. Sanjay Kumar Raul and Ms. Sarita Rath.

6. NAAO Pathashala: Strategy to Clear UPSC

Date: 5th September 2021

Speakers: Mr. Sunand Jhodia (IRS), Mr. Byomkesh Meher (Faculty for IAS Coaching) and Mr. B. Gangadhar (IPS)

7. NAAO Swasthya: Panel Discussion on “COVID Awareness and Care”

Date: 16th January 2022

Panelists: Dr. Sangram Keshari Biswal, Dr. Rusheekant Mohanta, Dr. Banshidhar Tarai, Dr. Binod Kumar Behera, Dr. Subrat Kumar Majhi, Dr. Suman Kumar Jagaty and Dr. Udayabhanu Rout.

8. NAAO Super Quiz 2:

A large number of registrations were received from various alumni organisations in response to the online invitation to participate in the quiz event. The preliminary round took place on September 11, 2022, while the elimination round took place on October 9, 2022. These two rounds were conducted entirely online. The final round was held live on stage in Bhubaneswar on November 26, 2022. The event was organised and Sponsored by Dr. Rusheekanta Mohanta, Heartmate Institute, Cuttack respectively.

9. IT Cell Activities

- The IT cell and its members have taken the challenge to develop our website totally in-house.
- The online sessions and webinars conducted by HRD cell are also facilitated by NAAO IT Cell.
- The NAAO website renewal is done for 2022-23.

10. Cultural Cell Activities

• To celebrate the Independence Day, we organized a cultural competition “Dil Mein Hindustan” in the month of August 2021. Many alumni members have taken part in the competition actively and the winners were selected based on the basis of maximum likes in Facebook.

- Ms. Sagarika Behera, 1999 batch of JNV Phulbani won the dance competition.

- Mr. Samanta Hemanta Kumar Nayak, 2013 batch of JNV Gajapati won the painting competition, whereas Ms. Anushree Pattnaik, 2002 batch, JNV Phulbani won the competition in singing category.
- NAAO Souvenir team is formed and the team is empowered to collect, edit and finalize the souvenir to be launched during the upcoming NAAO annual meet 2022.

11. NAAO Pre-Meets 2021

Pre-Meets were organized at Deogarh, Balangir, Jeypore, and Kendrapada for the year 2021. The theme for these pre-meets were:

Reforestation: Need of the hour
Impact of single used plastic on our environment

Deogarh Pre-Meet:

The first “Pre-Meet” was organised at JNV

Deogarh by JNV Deogarh Alumni Association and NAAO on 7th of November 2021.

- A well planned career counselling session followed by the plantation program was carried out in JNV campus. We had an engaging session with the Principal, teachers and students about mission, vision and work of NAAO.

Bolangir Pre-Meet:

On 14th November 2021, we organized the second NAAO Pre-Meet event in collaboration with JNV Bolangir alumni association and other nearby school associations.

A brain storming session “Manthan” was followed by the plantation drive, where we discussed about the problems faced by school, alumni associations, and individual alumni members.

Jeypore Pre-Meet:

- It was organized by NAAO in association with Malkangiri, Koraput, Rayagada and Nabarangpur alumni associations on 21st Nov 2021.
- A meeting was also organized by NAAO followed by the awareness rally.
- Many Navodayans including Principal JNV

Koraput put their views and suggestions in the open forum.

Kendrapada Pre-Meet:

On 28th Nov 2021, the NAAO Pre-Meet was organized at JNV Baro, Kendrapada by NAAO in association with JNVKAA and other nearby JNV alumni associations successfully.

- A wall painting was also unveiled on this occasion followed by the awareness rally.
- A plantation program was organized by the alumni members and teachers.

Registration of NAAO under Society Registration Act:

The registration process is in its final stage.

The file is at the BDO office for physical verification and issue of NOC.

- BDO office has asked for few more documents like:
- Membership book
- Cash book
- Resolution book
- Notice book
- Rent agreement of the office

NAAO office is working on preparing these books. Once these documents are ready, and verified at the BDO office, an NOC will be issued after which the Registration certificate will be issued by the competent authorities.

5. THE 6TH NAAO Annual Meet (Online Mode):

Date: 9th January 2022

Venue: Online Mode

The COVID19 pandemic has restricted physical gathering, therefore the annual meet was conducted successfully in the virtual platform on 9th January 2022.

The program was live on NAAO YouTube channel as well as NAAO Facebook page.

NAAO GB Meet:

- Post pandemic, the GB meet was organized on 15th May 2022 at Bhubaneswar.
- Many important issues were discussed and a review of the progress of NAAO activities was also carried out by the GB members.

NAAO CARE:

In order to directly cater to the society, NAAO office has constituted a special program in the name of NAAO CARE. Two events were successfully conducted by NAAO under this banner.

Sanitation and personal hygiene awareness during the Menstrual Cycle: This event was organized in a rural village Kusumakana and Bhogabadi Sevashram of Nayagarh on 15th April 2022.

Van Mahotsav: NAAO has successfully executed this program at JNV Puri, JN Jajpur and Baripada in association with the respective alumni associations on 31st July 2022.

- This team along with the NAAO office is working to frame strategies for the fund raising and optimal usage of fund for various activities of NAAO.

Inclusion of left-out/inactive JNV alumni associations:

- **Reaching out inactive school alumni members:** NAAO office has been in touch with these alumni members. Office bearers have already met the alumni members of Jajpur, Nayagarh, Angul, Jharsuguda, Bhadrak, and Puri to understand their concerns and facilitate their joining in NAAO
- **Invitation to Kalahandi and Koraput associations:** NAAO office is in conversation with Kalahandi and Koraput alumni associations and already invited them officially to join NAAO by sending their GB/GC representatives. Very soon these two associations will be a part of NAAO.
- **Formation of Mentors Team for inactive JNV alumni associations:** In order to bridge the gap between the inactive JNV alumni associations, NAAO has formed a special pool of seniors and influential NAAO members as mentors, who will be working with the NAAO office to facilitate the process of their inclusion in NAAO.

NAAO Pre-Meets 2022:

- Pre-Meets were organized at Boudh, Gajapati, Dhenkanal and Nuapada for the year 2022. The theme for these pre-meets were:
- Encouraging everyone to use Jute Bags and avoid the use of single used plastic.

- Impact of single used plastic on our environment

Fund Raising:

- Collection of Membership Fees: All the active alumni associations are being communicated with their cumulative dues. NAAO office is following up with individual associations for the clearance of the dues.
- Formation of Financial Strategist Committee: A special team is constituted by NAAO office to enhance the financial management of NAAO.

Boudh Pre-Meet: The first “Pre-Meet” was organised by JNV Boudh Alumni Association in collaboration with NAAO on 23rd of October 2022 at Boudh. A walkathon was organized to aware people about the hazardous effects of using single use plastic on the environment. A total number of 100 alumni have attended.

Gajapati Pre-Meet:

On 30th of October 2022, second NAAO Pre-Meet event was organized in collaboration with (JAAGO) Jawahar Alumni Association Gajapati, Odisha. A walkathon session organized as part of this event, later a meeting was held at RSETI Building where several dignitaries participated. A cultural presentation was organised and performed by our alumni to raise awareness of the purpose of the pre-meet. A total number of 130 alumni have attended.

Dhenkanal Pre-Meet:

It was organized by NAAO in association with Dhenkanal alumni association on 6th of November 2022 at Dhenkanal. A walkathon was organized to aware people about the hazardous effects of using single use plastic on the environment. A total number of 65 alumni have attended.

Nuapada Pre-Meet:

On 13th of November 2022, the last NAAO Pre-Meet of the year was organised by NAAO in association with Alumni Association of Navodaya Tarbod. (AANT). As part of this gathering, we organised a walkathon session, in which various dignitaries also took part. After the walkathon, our alumni planned and performed a cultural display to promote the significance of the pre-meet. A total number of 113

alumni have attended. This is for the kind information of all the stakeholders of NAAO. Thanking you for all support and love.

6. THE 7TH NAAO Annual Meet: 04 FEBRUARY 2024

VENUE: RAIL AUDITORIUM, BHUBANESWAR

With a gathering of 1000+ alumni from across Odisha and other states plus eminent guests, our current/retired Navodaya Principals, Teachers, and alumni from other states joined and made this event truly colourful. Among the eminent guests, Guest of Honour, Prof. Bidhu K Mohanti and Chief Speaker, Col Dr. Lalita Patnaik, MD (Obstetrics and Gynaec).

In this tenure of 2023-25 for the first time, all the 31 JNV School Alumni Associations has been included in the NAAO and participating in the annual meet.

NAAO achievements and events in last 4months of new tenure 2023-25(from 20th Sept 2023 till now)

- This time, 31 JNV alumni associations participated NAAO Election process and all the office bearers got elected unanimously without any voting. Credit goes to our Navodaya values, our bonding and credible candidates who withdrew their nomination for other ones as a mark of respect and noble thoughts.
- Cleanliness drive at Shikharchandi temple, Bhubaneswar was organized on 1st October 2023 in which more than 50 volunteers participated and cleaned the Shikarchandi temple surroundings.
- Arranged an online NAAO TALK on Gandhiji on 2nd October 2023
- For the first time, NAAO created a culture of giving farewell/ thanks giving to previous term office bearers. Organized Farewell-Welcome ceremony for outgoing office bearers and new office bearers on 8th Oct 2023
- Held Annual General Body Meeting on 5th Nov at Bhubaneswar for planning, Team formation and budgeting
- NAAO Volunteers Meeting for NAAO Annual Meet held at Jaydev Vatika Bhubaneswar on 10th December. Decision taken to go for NAAO Annual Meet.

7. NAAO Super Quiz 3.0 organized in 3 rounds (Prelim -1 on 14th Jan, Prelim -2 on 21 Jan and Final on 4th Feb 2024 on stage)
8. For the first time, NAAO has conducted the NAAO TECHNOVATION to provide 1st hand experience to the alumni in solving problem statement.
9. NAAO has also conducted the NAAO FILM FESTIVAL for the first time to provide a platform to the young innovative creative film makers to show case their talent.
10. NAAO Annual Meet Preparatory meeting held on 13th January 2024 at Bhubaneswar. GB members and volunteers discussed about the annual meet and prepared the detailed plan for the meet.
11. Different campus drives organized at different university campuses where our alumni are pursuing their higher education. Like Utkal University, BJB, OUAT, RIE, Ravenshaw etc.
12. NAAO organized a pre-meet event on Plastic awareness (Say No to Single use plastic) at Berhampur city on 21st Jan 2024 in association with Pollution Control Board regional office, Gopalpur port trust with the support of JNV Ganjam Alumni Association.
13. NAAO organized another pre-meet event on Pediatric cancer awareness (NAAO CanWalk) on 3rd Feb 2024 at Bhubaneswar. The walkathon was organized in association with UMEEDEIN



NAAO ACHIEVER AWARD - 2023-24 WINNERS

SUBJECT/FIELD	JNV NAME	ACHIEVER'S NAME
Art and Culture	Kalahandi	Siddhanta Kumar Nanda
Entrepreneurship	Koraput	Santosh Kumar Khemundu
Public Service	Kalahandi	Ajit Pradhan
Science and technology	Dhenkanal & Sundargarh	Satya Tapas & Hari Prasanna Das
Social Service	Cuttack	Alok Ranjan Das
Sports	Jajpur	Sritam Behera

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AWAKENING DREAMS

— Bibhuti R. Mishra

In a world of endless skies,
Where dreams as vast as oceans rise,
Unleashing potential, a brilliant scheme,
A world of boundless, shimmering dreams.

Opportunities, like stars, they gleam,
In life's vast, uncharted stream,
Each moment, a canvas, an open theme,
Unleashing potential, a beautiful dream.

With courage and hope, we sail upstream,
Facing challenges with a resilient team,
In this world of chances, it may seem,
Unleashing potential, a lifelong scheme.

So grasp the opportunities, chase the beam,
In this world of possibilities, we redeem,
Unleash your power, let your spirit beam,
A world of potential, your endless dream.

Librarian, JNV Angul Odisha



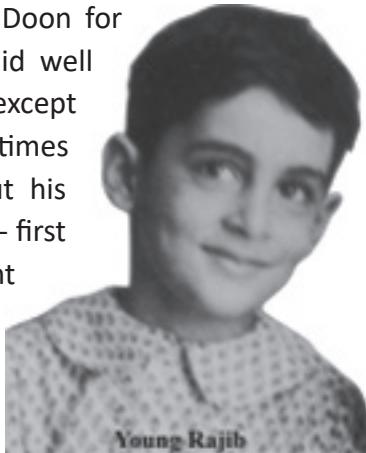


NAVODAYA- That Was, Now Is, And That Can Be.

— Dr Kalicharan Patra

Prelude

Rajib was a shy introvert boy with big, dreamy eyes and he loved to paint. At the age of eleven he was sent to a residential school called The Doon for seven years. He did well in all subjects except Chemistry. In free times he imagined about his country by reading- first from the letters sent by his grandpa to his mother when she was ten years of age, and then a book



Young Rajib

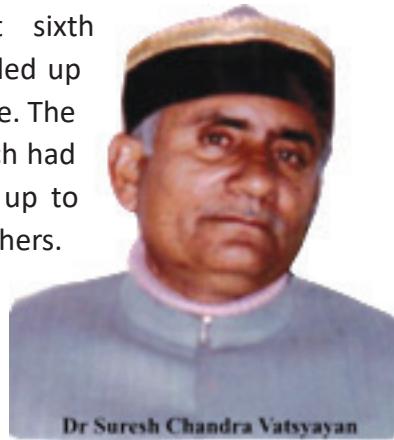
written by his grandpa titled The Discovery of India. That was how the first Prime Minister, and the first woman Prime Minister shaped the youngest Prime Minister of India. For a major part of his short life, he stayed a dreamer dreaming about the characters from those letters and that book. Amongst many of his dreams one was of The Rural Doons... and we are the living characters of that dream.

Navodaya that was.

Thus in 1985 two candles were lit in the opening ceremonies of a school system named Navodaya, one at Jhajjar and one at Amravati. Following years saw the success of the program and witnessed such candles glowing in their full

glory in almost all districts of India barring Tamil Nadu. Although the school system was primarily inspired by The Doon curriculum, the intrinsic differences were hard to miss. The Doon had been established as a private boarding school catering to the elite few in the society who could afford. The motto was to inculcate aristocracy in service. In a stark difference, Navodaya was established to cater to the rural innocent talents who could not afford. The motto was to hone these rural talents who would then have a profound sense of giving back to the society where they would treat everyone above and beyond the shades of caste, colour and creed.

The years between admission and farewell of the first batch in a Navodaya Vidyalaya were the formative years for that Vidyalaya. This was a time when the school evolved in its entirety; staff and students moved from one place to another until the buildings were complete, the relationship evolved between and among all involved, and annual waves of entrants at sixth grade happily filled up the existing space. The senior most batch had nobody to look up to except the teachers. In whatever they did they set the trend. The class



Dr Suresh Chandra Vatsyayan

topper, the sportspersons, the school prefect would all be spoken of with reverence, not just respect. The teachers and the non-teaching staff of that period would all hold very special positions in the hearts of all the students and vice versa. Some permanent changes brought uniformity in all Vidyalayas. For example, the house names were fixed, and the best part... the Navodaya prayer was introduced. No one believes now that our houses were called Peace, Progress and Prosperity. We sang Daya kar daan vidya ka hame Parmatma dena (O' Lord please bestow upon us knowledge). Dr Suresh Chandra Vatsyayan, a celebrated Hindi poet penned 'Swaraj ka Navodaya sukt' for which he got a national award; and its meaningful and passionate lyrics became the Navodaya prayer, Hami Navodaya ho. This prayer, when sung with intention and understanding, made a sort of war cry to earnestly become the torch bearers of a new era, to be the change that our motherland wanted us to be.

Navodaya that is.

Today 649 JNVs in 638 districts are gestating ~290000 future leaders of the country. A vast majority of vidyalayas has full infrastructure, including smart classroom set ups. The facilities and the facilitators make Navodayas the top CBSE schools with 99.7% student passing rate. Today, imagine yourself as a 11 yr. old entering the school for the first time. How awestruck are you, looking at the huge buildings and hundreds of students? Imagine how your parents may have prepared you for this day, telling success stories of other JNV students from your village or a nearby village. You want to feel good about passing the test, instead you become nervous thinking what now may be expected of you!

This expectation is new. It was completely out of picture in the formative years. We were only expected to follow the routine. It is funny to

think this way, but everyone- ministry, samiti, schools and parents- all were experimenting on us. The topic: what happens if kids follow this routine for 7 years. However, now there is

expectation that the new students follow a particular path, a tested path already followed by senior students and alumni. This expectation differs between schools. For example, students of JNV Minicoy, Lakshadweep would be expected to finish studies and join merchant navy, whereas students of JNV Mahendragarh, Haryana would aspire to join IIT or armed forces or to follow the footsteps of Ms Divya Tanwar, our sister- the youngest IPS officer (2021) at the age of 21 who is now an IAS officer (since 2022). So, the culture of a school is set by the staff and students; the new entrants are expected to follow that line.

We should always remember that the between Minicoy and Mahendragarh are 647 JNVs where situations are different and unique. Neither one size fits all nor all that glitters is gold. Heartening stories of current students participating in NASA projects gets mixed with distressing stories of students undergoing depression, facing discrimination, and even committing suicide. And all these stories send the stakeholders into spirals of self-reflection as to what could be done. A proper engagement initiated from both sides, the Samiti and the alumni who can provide professional guidance, is thought to be an effective solution.



Divya Tanwar, JNV Mahendragarh

A humble estimation of alumni strength would be about one million. In a country with a population of 1.4 billion every Navodayan is hazaron me ek. Navodayans like Surendra Poonia, Ummer Fayaz, Hima Das, Pawandeep Rajan and Surender Dabas are in fact lakhon-karodon me ek. India may not, but we Navodayans know many such names that have not flashed on the TV screens but silently proved their mettle. Except for our rustic background and a long transformative spell of seven years we do not carry extra baggage, which keeps us light-feet. We are not afraid of falling as we arose from the ground. So, in the long race of life, we tend to run better. Compared to our fellow citizens, we Navodayans don't do different things, we just do things differently. We add a pinch of perfection, a spoon of simplicity, a cup of compassion and a glass of grace to whatever life gives us on our trays. The elite aristocracy of The Doon is obscure amidst growing and glowing elegance of The Rural Doons.

We are the Navodaya; *Hami Navodaya Hain.*

Navodaya that can be.

What Navodaya can be can't be spelled out by an individual. Instead, I put the facts on the table for every Navodayan to decide. Currently, we consist of the biggest alumni network of school pass-outs in India, no kidding! We are not the only nor the strongest alumni network. The reason is quite simple- we are diverse and divided. But the silver line is that our tendency is to unite in the name of Navodaya. We see the tag and invariably associate, may it be a coffee table, a picnic, a digital platform or a physical meet. The day we start to make a coordinated move the earth below should shake, the wind should carry the dust of our boots and once that settles, we shall see a world that we wish to see. For that to happen, we need to rise high and have a bird's-eye view, then we need to make

efforts. And we should not wait for someone else to do this for us.

There are still more countries to conquer. With the outflow each year, we shall soon be there. In so many cases we are unaware of Navodayans'



presence. Efforts are underway to bridge that gap. Meets such as the one organized by NAAO are an essential wing to achieve the heights we are aiming for. We should be proud that NAAO is setting examples in many ways- conduct, decency, decorum and democracy.

It is time, NAAO should take a lead to organize meetings among state bodies, and involve Samiti when time comes. The process of integration has to start from the lowest level and grow. As NAAO is an association of school associations, so the apex body shall be an association of state bodies. Such a body shall comprise of emissaries sent by the states and a panel of eminent visionaries to make Navodaya a force to recon.

We are almost there!

Proud to be one among you!

Jai Navodaya!

JNV Belpada, Bolangir, 88–95
Member of JNAAB, Current Advisor to NAAO,
Patron Member of Navodaya Family Worldwide, EU
coordinator for Global Navodayans
Dementia Scientist, Karolinska Institute, Stockholm,
Sweden



PM SHRI SCHEME IN NAVODAYA VIDYALAYAS AND ROLE OF ALUMNI IN COMMUNITY PARTICIPATION FOR ENHANCING QUALITY EDUCATION

– Jyotsna Rani Bishoyi

As we all aware that now our JNVs have been upgraded into PMSHRI JNV under Pradhan Mantri School for Rising India Scheme which are envisioned to be exemplar schools that will meet the demands of the 21st Century . This initiative is intended to prepare more than 14,500 exemplar schools in which every student feels welcomed and cared for , where a safe and stimulating learning environment exists ,where a wide range of learning experiences are offered. In this connection the expert committee approved 317 Navodaya PMSHRI schools across the country for the first phase selection in NVS. Out of 31 JNVs of Odisha, 26 JNVs directly selected under PM SHRI in 1st phase.

PM SHRI SCHEME which is launched in 37 Kendriya Vidyalayas and 26 Navodaya Vidyalayas of Odisha on 19th Nov 2023 by Honorable Education Minister Mr Dharmendra Pradhan ji with the presence of both commissioners of KVS and NVS .PM SHRI is a centrally sponsored scheme by the Govt of India aims to showcase the implementation of National Education Policy 2020 and will emerge as exemplar schools over a period of time. These schools will provide leadership in their respective regions in providing high quality education in an equitable ,inclusive and joyful school environment that takes care of the diverse background, multilingual needs and different academic abilities of children and make them active participants in their learning process. Among

other things, PM SHRI will provide high-quality education in an equitable, inclusive and joyful school environment as per the vision of NEP 2020. Effective implementation of this scheme will enable depiction of all components of NEP 2020, ensure quality education to our students and enable PM shri schools to represent as brand for quality education in the country.

In the beneficiary satisfaction under PM SHRI , the alumnus plays an important role in school transformation and community participation .Some suggested action items under programmatic norms under the scheme are involvement of alumni in volunteer efforts for enhancing learning, introduction of Mentor-Mentee concept for teaching support and Guidance for educators, Career guidance and Mentoring to students involving retired academicians or Alumni ,Support of alumni to develop the infrastructure and Enhancement of learning outcomes, Individual or private providers with relevant knowledge and expertise can also provide mentorship through Vidyanjali .Under standard norms , the school should provide a platform for alumni to share their feedback on the on-going process of the school and review the same for improving performance of the school. There is a formal mechanism for relationship management (staff, parents, community ,alumni etc) .

Surprisingly, all the above mentioned activities already have been started in our Alma maters

by the Alumni of different JNVs including NAAO many years before the PM SHRI scheme . Isn't ? We do counselling , Providing free coaching to our Juniors , Organizing free medical camps, conducting blood donation camps, procuring infrastructure development and doing many awareness programs to sensitize the students by the Alumni Association of respective JNVs and finally creating NAAO - a larger Alumni Body at state level by including all the 31 Navodaya Vidyalayas of Odisha in one platform to serve our Alma mater and the serve the society as an volunteer organization.

To bring all the Alumni officially in one platform , NVS has developed an Alumni portal where Alumni can create and manage their profile in the given portal to connect and share their experience , stay informed about alumni events and can contribute to society in the form of services and assets .The main purpose of this portal is to facilitate interaction among NVS Alumni and connecting Alumni to JNVs. The "

Mentoring "and "Extension of Support "features of the portal acts as platform for one to support the students and JNV through various ways and mechanisms . now its time to encourage our enable alumni for more participation in Vidyanjali and involving ourselves in this scheme to enhance quality education in our alma mater. Let's come together and register ourselves in the alumni portal . Let each and every Alumnus of NAAO to be connected with the Alumni management system and to share their experience of mentorship through Vidyanjali to provide quality education to our Alma mater in different categories. All to register and participate and contribute to this portal not just a cog in the wheel but as a thread in the colourful fabric call NVS and bring one another closer to each other, providing once again " the Whole is greater than the sum of its individual parts ."

HAMI NAVODAYA HO !

JNV SURANGI, GANJAM (1998)



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ଅୟମାରୟ

– ଭାରତୀ ଚକ୍ର

ପାଖାପାଖୁଆଜିକୁ ଶାଷ ବର୍ଷ ତଳର କଥା । ସେତେବେଳେ ଆଜି ଭଲି ଗାତି ମୋର, ଟେଳିଫୋନ ଆଦି ସୁବିଧା ନ ଥିଲା । କଟକ ବା ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରୁ ମାଲକାନଗିରି ବା ଜୟପୁର ଯାଉଥୁବା ସରକାରା ରାତି ବସି କୁ ଆମେ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରୁ ରାଯଗଡ଼ା ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟରେ । ‘ଆମେ’ ମାନେ ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋ ବାପା । ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରୁ ଘର ବାହାରି ଆସିବାକୁ ହୁଏ । ତା ପରେ ଆଉ ରାଯଗଡ଼ା ଆସିବାକୁ ଗାତି ନ ଥିଲା । ମାଲକାନଗିରି କିମ୍ବା ଜୟପୁର ବସି ଆସୁଆସୁରାତି ବାରଟା କି ଗୋଟାଏ ବାଜେ । ଠିଆ ହେଇ ହେଇ ଗୋତ କଷ୍ଟ ହୁଏ ଆଉ ମଣା ବି ଖୁବ ଉପ୍ରାତ କରନ୍ତି । ଆଉ ଆମ ଦୁଃଖ ବଢ଼ିଯାଏ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଦୂରଗାମୀ ସେହି ବସି ରେ ବସିବାକୁ ଜାଗା ଟିକେ ନ ଥାଏ । ଅନେକ ଥର ତଳେ ପେପର ପକେଇ ବସି ଯାଇଛୁ । ଆମ ସହିତ, ତା ପରର ଏହି ଯାତ୍ରାଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ନବୋଦୟରେ ପଢ଼ୁଥୁବା ଆଖପାଖର ଆଉ କିଛି ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥ୍ ବି ଯୋଡ଼ି ହୋଇଗଲେ । ସବୁ ଥର ସଭିଙ୍କର ସମଦଶା!

ପ୍ରଥମଥର ସ୍କୁଲ ଯିବାବେଳେ ଜୟପୁର ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟରେ ଭେଟିଥୁଲି ସ୍ଥିତାକୁ, ମୋ ସହପାଠିନୀ (ସେତେବେଳେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହେଇ ନଥିଲୁ, ପରେ ହେଲୁ ତ!) । ଆମେ ସେଦିନ ଜୟପୁରରୁ ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ମିଶିକରି ଯାଇଥୁଲୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ବସରେ । ସେ ମଧ୍ୟ ରାଯଗଡ଼ାରୁ ଆସିଥୁଲା ଓ ବୋଧେ ଆମ ସହ ସେହି ସମାନ ବସରେ ଜୟପୁର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆସିଥୁଲା । ଆଜି ଆଉ ଠିକ ଭାବେ ମନେ ନାହିଁ । ସେ କହେ ଜୟପୁର ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟରେ କାଳେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ବାପାଙ୍କ ସହ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ଥିଲି ଆଉ ତା ବାପା ଆମକୁ ଦେଖୁଆମା ପାଖକୁ ଆସିଥୁଲେ । ତାକୁ କହିଥୁଲେ ‘ଦେଖେ ସେ ଝିଅଟି କେତେ ଖୁସି ଅଛି ଆଉ କଥା ହେଉଛି, ତୁ କାହିଁକି ଏତେ ମନ ଦୁଃଖରେ ଦୁଃଖରାପ ଅଛୁ?’ ସ୍ଥିତା ସେଦିନ ଭାବିନେଇଥୁଲା ମୁଁ ବୋଧେ ଭାରି ଗପୁଡ଼ି ମାନେ ଫତପଡ଼ି, ଆଉ ମୁଁ ଭାବିଥୁଲି ସେ ବୋଧେ ଭାରି ଦୁଃଖରାପ ଆଉ ଶାନ୍ତ! ସମୟ କିନ୍ତୁ ପରେ କାହାଣୀରେ ଅନେକ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ଆଖିଲା, ମାନେ ଯାହାକୁ କହନ୍ତି କାହାଣୀରେ ଅନେକ ନୂତନତା ଓ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚ ଭରିଦେଲା । ଆମ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କର ଫାଷ୍ଟ ଇନ୍ଡ୍ରୋପନ ଆଉ ଲାଷ୍ଟ ଇନ୍ଡ୍ରୋପନ ହେଇପାରିଲାନି! ଆଜିବି ଭାବିଲେ ଖୁବ ହସ ମାଡ଼େ । ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପହାଦି ସେ

ଭଙ୍ଗାଯର, ପଡ଼ିଆ, ଗଛପଡ଼, ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ଦେଖୁ ସ୍ଥିତା ପଚାରିଥୁଲା “ଆମେ କଣ ଏଇଠି ରହିବା?” ଆଉ ମୁଁ କାଳେ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଇଥୁଲି “ଆଉ ତୁ କଣ ଏଠିକୁ ବୁଲିବାକୁ ଆସିଛୁ?” ସ୍ଥିତା କଥା ଏଠି ଲେଖିବାର ତାପୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେଉଛି ଯେ ନବୋଦୟରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଦିନ, ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ପହାଦିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ, ନବୋଦୟ ପରିବାରର ପ୍ରଥମ ସଦସ୍ୟ ଭାବେ ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଭେଟିଥୁଲି । ଆମ ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କ ଅଜାଣତରେ, ସେଇଠି ଗୋଟିଏ ଆଜୀବନ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ମୂଳଦୁଆ ପଡ଼ୁଥୁଲା । ବାକି ସବୁ ଆଜି ଇତିହାସ!

ହଉ, ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ିବା । ବଢ଼ି ଭୋର ସମୟରେ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ବସରହେ ସପ୍ତଶମ୍ୟା ପାଖରେ । କଣ୍ଠକୁର ତାକ ଛାଡ଼ିନ୍ତି କିଏ ଯିବେ ବାହାରକୁ ଯାଇକି ଆସନ୍ତୁ । ସପ୍ତଶମ୍ୟା ଗୋଟେ ଅଳସ କନ୍ୟା ଭଲି ନିଦରୁ ଉଠେ । ତା ଜଳଧାର ଗଭାର ନୁହେଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ବିକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ । ଛୋଟ ବଢ଼ି ଅନେକ ପଥର ତା ଦେହ ସାରା । ମୁଖ୍ୟ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଉପରେ ପେଟେଇ ରହିଥାଏ ସେ । ବର୍ଷାଦିନେ ତା ରୂପ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଟିକେ ଭିନ୍ନ ହେଉଥୁବ, ହେଲେ ଅନ୍ୟଦିନେ ସେ ଭାରି ଶାନ୍ତ ଓ ଅମାୟିକ । ସିନ୍ଧୁରା ପାଠିବା ବେଳେ ସପ୍ତଶମ୍ୟା ମୋ ପିଲା ମନରେ ଆଜି ବି ଆଜି ରହି ଯାଇଛି । ଏବେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସପ୍ତଶମ୍ୟା ଆଉ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଉପରେ ବହୁନି, ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଏବେ ତା ଠାରୁ ଖୁବ ଉପରେ ରହିଛି, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ତିଆରି ହେଉଛି, ଆଉ ସପ୍ତଶମ୍ୟା ନିଜ ବିଛଣା ବିଛେଇ ଚିରାଚରିତ ଭାବେ ତଳେ ସେମିତି ବହି ଚାଲିଛି ।

କିଛି ସମୟ ସେଠି ରହଣି ପରେ ଠିକ ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ଗାତି ଯାଇ ପହାଦିବା ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ଛକ ମାଲକାନଗିରି ସହର ଠାରୁ ୪-୭ କିମି ପୂର୍ବରୁ ପଡ଼େ । ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ଛକରୁ ମାଲକାନଗିରି ଆଉକୁ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ଟିକେ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠି ଚାଲିଲେ (ସେଇ ପାହାତିଆ ବାଟା ଗୋଟେ ଛୋଟ ଘାଟି ଭଲି ଥିଲା) ପାତେ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ଶାଳ । ସେଠି ରାତିମତ ଅନେକ ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ଙ୍କର ବସବାସ । କେବେ କେବେ ବସ ସେହି ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ଶାଳ ପାଖରେ ଯାଇ ରଖେ । ଏବେ ସେଠି ମନ୍ଦିରଟିଏ ଗଢ଼ା ହେଲାଣି । ଭକ୍ତଙ୍କର ଭିଡ଼ ବି ହେଉଛି । ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ଯିବା ବା ସେଠୁ ଆସିବା ସମୟରେ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସେହି ଛୋଟିଆ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ଶାଳ ଥିଲା ଆମର ସାମନ୍ତିକ ବିଶ୍ଵାମ ସ୍କୁଲ । ସେଠୁ

ସମସ୍ତେ ମନ୍ତ୍ରିଙ୍ଗ ଓକରେ ଯିବେ ସ୍କୁଲ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ମୋଟ ୨-୩ କିମି ବାଟ ହେବ, ହେଲେ ଆମ ଛୋଟ ପାଦକୁ ତାହା ୨୦-୩୦ କିମି ଭଳି ଲାଗେ । ରାସ୍ତା କତରେ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ଆହୁରି ଭରାଏ । ସତେ ଯେମିତି ସେ ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ଭିତରେ କିଏ ଗୋଟେ ଆମକୁ ଚାହଁ ରହିଛି । ତା' ଭିତରେ ବି କଥ୍ରଳ ମନ କୋଉଠି ନା କୋଉଠି ବାଉଳି ହୁଏ, ଯେତେବେଳେ ବାପା ମୋ ଜିନିଷ ଥୁବା ଗ୍ରଙ୍କୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ବୋହି, ହାତରେ ବ୍ୟାଗ ଧରି ବାଟ ଚାଲୁଆନ୍ତି । ମୋତେ ଲାଗେ ପାହାଡ଼ର ମାନେ ଆଉ କଣ କି, ଅବିକଳ ବାପାଙ୍କ ପରି ଏମିତି ଗୋଟେ ଅବିଚଳ ଅଟଳ ଆମା ବୋଧେ!

ସ୍କୁଲ କହିଲେ କେତେ ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ସିମେଣ୍ଟ ଘର, ଉପରେ ଆଜବେଷ୍ଟ ଛାତ ଆଉ ବାହାର ପାଖରୁ ଫଟା କାନ୍ତ । ଚାରିକତେ ପାହାଡ଼-ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ଭରା ଗୋଟେ ଛୋଟ ମଇଦାନ । ସେ ମଇଦାନରେ ୦୧ ଟାରେ ବଖରା ଘର । କେଉଁଟି ସ୍କୁଲର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳୟ, କେଉଁଟି ହଷ୍ଟେଲ, କେଉଁଟି ମୋସ (ରୋଷେଲ ଓ ଖାଇବା ସ୍ଥାନ) ତ ଆଉ କେତୋଟି ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଶିକ୍ଷୟତ୍ରୀମାନଙ୍କ ରହିବା ପାଇଁ ଘର ଆଉ ମୋସ ପଛପଟେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଚଳିବା ପାଇଁ ଗୋଟିଏ ନଳକୂଆ! ସ୍କୁଲକୁ ଗଲାବେଳେ ରାସ୍ତାର ବାଁ ପାଖରେ ପୋଷ୍ଟ ଅପିସ, ଭେଟେନାରା ଅପିସ ଆଉ ତା ସାମାନ୍ୟରେ ରାସ୍ତାର ଡାହାଣକୁ ସ୍କୁଲର ଅଗଣୀ । ରାସ୍ତାରୁ ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ଗଲାବେଳକୁ, ପ୍ରଥମେ ପଡ଼େ ଶରତ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କ ଦୋକାନ । ଆଜିକାଳିକା ଭାଷାରେ ତାକୁ ଭେରାଇଟି ଷ୍ଟୋର କୁହାୟାଇପାରିବ । ସେଠି ନିତିଦିନିଆ ଜିନିଷ ଯେମିତିକି ବ୍ରସ, ପେଷ୍ଟ, ସାବୁନ, ତେଲ ଆଦି ସହିତ ମିଳୁଥିଲା ବିସ୍ତୁତ (ସେତେବେଳେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣକାରର ବିଲ ବିସ୍ତୁତ ମିଳୁଥିଲା), ନଳୀ ପାମ୍‌ଡ଼, ଚେନାରୁର, ଦାନ୍ତକିଲି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଜୀବନ ରକ୍ଷକାରୀ ଉପାଦାନ । ମୋ ଜାଣିବାରେ ସେ ଆଖପାଖରେ ଆଉ କିଛି ଦୋକାନ-ବଜାର ନ ଥିଲା । ସ୍କୁଲ ପରିସର ବାହାରେ ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ଗାଁ ବୋଲି ଛୋଟିଆ ଜନବସତିଟିଏ ଖେଳେଇ ହେଇ ରହିଥିଲା ।

ସ୍କୁଲର ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଉଥିଲା ଗାଁର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ରାସ୍ତାରୁ ଆଉ ଶେଷ ହେଉଥିଲା ଖେଳ ପଡ଼ିଆ, ତା ପରେ ଝରଣା-ନାଳ ଆଉ ତା ପରେ ଦୂର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବ୍ୟାପି ଥୁବା ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ସହିତ । ହଁ, ମୋତେ କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ମନକୁ ପାଇଥିଲା ସେ ପରିବେଶ । ହେଲେ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ନିଜେ ମା ହେଲା ପରେ ହୃଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କରିପାରୁଛି - ମୋ ଯିବା ଖବର ପାଇବା ଦିନଠାରୁ ବୋଉ କାହିଁକି ମୁଁ ଶୁଣେଇ ରହିଥିଲା, ରହି ରହି କାହୁଥିଲା, ମେଲାଣି ଦେଲାବେଳକୁ ବସ ଶାଶ୍ଵତରେ ବସ ଆସିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କାହୁଥିଲା; ଆଉ ସେବିନ ମୋତେ ସେଠି ଛାଡ଼ି ଘରକୁ ବାହୁଡ଼ିଲା ବେଳକୁ, ମୋ ପାହାଡ଼ ଭଳି ସ୍ଥିର ବାପାଙ୍କ ଆଖୁ କାହିଁକି ଛଳଛଳ ହେଇ ଯାଇଥିଲା ।

ହଁ, ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ସେତେବେଳେ ସାଧାରଣ ଲୋକଙ୍କ

ପାଇଁ ଏକ ମାତ୍ର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ପରିଗଣିତ ହେଉଥିଲା । ପିଲାଟିଏ ନବୋଦୟ ପ୍ରବେଶିକା ପରାକ୍ଷାରେ ଉଭାର୍ତ୍ତ ହେବା ବାପା-ମାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁକି ଗର୍ବର ବିଷୟ ଥିଲା, ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର କଥ୍ରଳ ବୟସରେ ଶିଶୁର ଉଭମ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ତାକୁ ନେଇ ମୌଳିକ ସୁବିଧା ରହିତ, ଦୂରତ୍ତ କେଉଁ ଜଙ୍ଗଳରେ ଅବସ୍ଥିତ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଛାତି ଆସିବାର ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ ନେବା ସେତିକି କଷ୍ଟଦାୟକ ଥିଲା!!

ମୋତେ ବାପା ସୋଠରେ ଛାତି ଗଲାପରେ କେମିତି ଗୋଟାଏ ଖାଁ ଖାଁ ଭାବ ମନକୁ ଘେରି ରହିଥାଏ । ନୂଆ ଜାଗା, ମୂଆ ଲୋକ, ନୂଆ ପରିବେଶ ବି ମନରେ ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ଆସାନ ଜମାଇବାରେ ଲାଗିଥାଏ । ଭଲ ଲାଗୁ ନଥାଏ ହେଲେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ପରି ମୁଁ କାହୁ ନ ଥାଏ । ହଁ କହିରଖେ, ହଷ୍ଟେଲରେ ଆମେ ଗୋଟିଏ ରୂପ ରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ୮ ଜଣ ରହିଥିଲୁ । ଧାତି ଧାତି କରି ଲାଗିଲାଗି ବେଡ଼ ପଢ଼ିଥାଏ । ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ହେଉ ହେଉ ସବୁ ଝିଅମାନେ ଗୋଟିଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଘର କଥା ମନେ ପକାଇ କାନ୍ଦିବାରେ ଲାଗିଲେ । ବଡ଼ ଅପା ମାନେ, ମ୍ୟାଡ଼ାମ ମାନେ, ମାଉସା ମାନେ (ସାରଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ) ଆସି ବୁଝାଉଥିଲେ । ହଁ, କହୁଥିଲି ନା, ମୁଁ କାହୁ ନ ଥିଲି । କାହିଁକି କାହୁ ନ ଥିଲି ଆଜି ବି ଜାଣେନା । ଏତିକି ଜାଣିଥିଲି ଯେ ମୋତେ ମନ ହୁଣଖ ଲାଗୁଥାଏ, ହେଲେ କାନ୍ଦି ମାତ୍ର ନ ଥାଏ । ମୁଁ ବୋଧେ ସେଇ ପ୍ରଥମ ଦିନରୁ ହଁ ଆଉଟକାଷ୍ଟ ବା ‘ଗୋଠନତ୍ରୀ’ ହେଇଯାଇଥିଲି, ମାନେ ଭିଡ଼ରୁ ଅଳଗା । ଆଉ ସତ କହୁଛି, ଭିଡ଼ରୁ ଅଳଗା ଚାଲିବାଟା ଭାରି ବିପଦପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଓ କଷ୍ଟଦାୟକ - ଏତିକି ଅନ୍ତରେ ମୋର ଅଭିଜ୍ଞାନତାରୁ ଜାଣି ପାରିଛି ।

ଆମେ ଥିଲୁ ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ଢତୀୟ ବ୍ୟାଚର । ଆମ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ବୁଲୁଛି ବ୍ୟାଚର ଅପା - ଭାଇନା ମାନେ ସେଠି ଥିଲେ । ଆଉ ଆମର ଅବିଭାବକ ଭାବେ ଥିଲେ ଆମର ସାର ଆଉ ମ୍ୟାଡ଼ାମମାନେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଭୂମିକା ଆମ ଜୀବନରେ ଥିଲା - ଶିକ୍ଷକ କମ, ମାତାପିତା ଅଧିକ । ବିକୁଳିପାଣିର ସୁବିଧା ନ ଥିଲା, ପାଇଖାନା, ଗାଧୁଆଘର ସୁବିଧା ନ ଥିଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରକୃତି କୋଳରେ ହଜିଯିବାର ଏକ ଅନୁପମ ଆନନ୍ଦ ସର୍ବଦା ଅନୁଭବ ହେଉଥିଲା । ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ଭୋରରୁ ଆମ ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗେ ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ଡ୍ୟାମ ପାଖେ ଥିବା ଶିବ ମନ୍ଦିରର ମାଇକରେ ବାକୁଥିବା ହନ୍ତୁମାନ ଚାଲିଶା ସହିତ । ସେଇ ବାକୁତ କାଳରୁ ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ ବୋଧେ ହନ୍ତୁମାନ ଚାଲିଶା ଆମର ଆଜାବନ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନାର ଏକ ଅଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି । ଜୀବନରେ ଯେଉଁଠି ବି ସେହି ସମସ୍ତରେ ହନ୍ତୁମାନ ଚାଲିଶାର ବାଜିବାର ଶୁଣିଲେ, ସତିଗୁଡ଼ା ମନେ ପଡ଼େ । ହେଲେ ସତିଗୁଡ଼ାର ଶିବମନ୍ଦିରରେ ବାକୁଥିବା ହନ୍ତୁମାନ ଚାଲିଶାର ସର ଯେମିତି ସେ ପରିବେଶରେ ଆମ ହୃଦୟକୁ ଝଙ୍କିତ କରୁଥିଲା, ସେମିତି ଅନୁଭବ

ଆଉ କେଉଁଠି ହୁଏନି । କହିରଖେ, ଅନେକ କିଛି ବଦଳି ଯାଇଛି, ସତିଗୁଡ଼ାରେ ଆଉ ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ନାହିଁ ହେଲେ ଆଜି ବି ସେ ଶିବ ମନ୍ଦିର ଅଛି ଆଉ ସେମିତି ସକାଳେ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ହବୁମାନ ଚାଳିଶା ସହିତ ଅନ୍ୟ ଭଜନ ମାରକରେ ବାଜୁଛି । ସେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଅନୁଭବ କରିବାକୁ ହେଲେ ସତିଗୁଡ଼ାରେ କିଛି ସମୟ ବିତାଇବାକୁ ହେବ!

ସ୍କୁଲ କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ ପାଖରେ ଥାଏ କେନାଲଟିଏ । ଆମର ପ୍ରାୟତ୍ତ ରବିବାର ସକାଳ ଗାଧୁଆ, ଲୁଗାଧୁଆ ସବୁ ସେଇଠି । କୁନି କୁନି ହାତରେ ଲୁଗା ସଫା କରିବା, ବେଡ଼ୁସିଟ ସଫା କରିବା, ଧଳା କ୍ୟାନଭାସ ଜୋଡ଼ା ସଫା କରି ରଙ୍ଗ ଦେବା, ବେଡ଼ୁସିଟ ଚିପୁଡ଼ି ନ ପାରି ଅନ୍ୟର ସାହାୟ୍ୟ ନେବା, ନିଜ ବାସନ ନିଜେ ମାଜିବା, ନିଜ ଘର ଓ ଶ୍ରେଣୀଗୁହ ନିଜେ ସଫା ରଖିବା, ସକାଳ ପି.ଇ.ଟି ୦୧ ନେଇ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ପାର୍ଥନା ଓ ପାଠପତ୍ର, ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତିରେ ମେସକୁ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଯିବା ବାଟରେ ଭୁତ ଭୟ - ତାରି ଭିତରେ ଆମେ ନିଜ ଅଜାଣତରେ କେତେବେଳେ ଆମ୍ବନ୍ତିର ହୋଇଗଲୁ ଜାଣି ହେଲାଣି । କେତେ ଯେ ପାଣି ବହି ଯାଇଛି ସେବେଠାରୁ ଏବେ ଯାଏଁ ସେ କେନାଲରେ, ତାର ହିସାବ ନାହିଁ । ସେଇ ସବୁ ଛୋଟ ବଢ଼ ଦିନଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ କାହାଣୀ । ସବୁ ବଖାଣିବାକୁ ସମୟ ନାହିଁ କି ସାଧ ନାହିଁ । ହେଲେ ସେଇ କାହାଣୀଗୁଡ଼ିକ ହିଁ ଆମକୁ ‘ଆମେ’ କରି ଗଢ଼ିତୋଳିଛି । ଆମ ଜୀବନର ଅବିଛେଦ୍ୟ ଅଙ୍ଗ ପାଲଟିଯାଇଛି । ସେ କଥା ଥାଉ ଆଉ କେବେ କଥା ହେବା । ଆଜି

କେବଳ ମନେ ପଡ଼ୁଛି ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ପାଦ ରଖିବାର ପହିଲା ଦିନ, ପହିଲି ପୁଲକ, ପ୍ରଥମ କରି ପରିବାରଠାରୁ ଅଳଗା ରହିବାର ଅନୁଭବ, ଆଉ ‘ଗୋଠନତା’ ହେବାର ମୋର ଦୁଃଖ! ହେଲେ ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ ମୋ କାହାଣୀ କେବଳ ମୋର ନୁହେଁ, ମୋ ଭକ୍ତି ଅନେକ ମୋର ଏ କାହାଣୀର ଜଣେ ଜଣେ ଅଂଶାଦାର । ଏ କାହାଣୀ ମୋ ଭଲି ଅନେକ “ଆମ” ମାନଙ୍କର!

ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଓ ସାମାଜିକ ଜୀବନରେ ଶୁଙ୍ଗଳାରକ୍ଷା, ସର୍ବଧର୍ମ ପ୍ରତି ସମାନ ଶ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟା, ମାନବିକତାରେ ପ୍ରୁଗାଡ଼ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଓ ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିରେ ସାହସର ସହିତ ଲଢ଼ିବା ଶିକ୍ଷାଏ ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ । ୩୦ ବର୍ଷରୁ ଅଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ସମୟ ଧରି ଉତ୍କୃଷ୍ଟ ଶିକ୍ଷାଦାନ ସହିତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିହର ସର୍ବାଙ୍ଗୀନ ବିକାଶ ପାଇଁ ଆଜି ଏହି ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ସମୂହ, ସାରା ଭାରତରେ ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱରେ ସୁବିଜ୍ୟାତ ଅଟେ । ଏହି ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ପ୍ରାକ୍ତନ ଛାତ୍ରାତ୍ମା ରୂପେ ଆମେ ସତିଏଁ ଖୁବ ଗର୍ବ ଅନୁଭବ କରୁ । କହିବାକୁ ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଆମ ପିଲାଦିନର ଅନେକ କାହାଣୀ ଅଛି । ଅନେକ ଝତ ବହି ଯାଇଛି, ଅନେକ ବର୍ଷା ନୂଆବାଜି ବିବୁଣ୍ଣିଛି । ଆଉ ପରିଶେଷରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଛାତ୍ରାତ୍ମା ନିଜ ନିଜ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଜଣେ ଜଣେ ମହାଦୂମ ହୋଇ ଦେଶ-ଦଶରେ ନିଜର ପରାକାଷ୍ଟାର ନିଦର୍ଶନ ଦେଇଚାଲିଛନ୍ତି । ଏ କାହାଣୀ ଅସରନ୍ତି । ଏ କାହାଣୀର ଆରମ୍ଭ ସିନା ଅଛି, ହେଲେ ଅନ୍ତ ନାହିଁ ।

କୋରାପୁଟ, ୧୯ ୯୪



With best compliments from:

M/s. SHANTILATA KHUNTI
Super Class Contractor
Cuttack



YES IT 'S MY NAVODAYA

— Dinesh Kumar Patra

In the world where spirit dies
 Lies a place who teaches to fly
 With blue,red,yellow and green
 Pushes us to our extreme
 It's not a tale about a hero
 Who turns the world with feather
 But of my Navodaya and my brothers
 Class six was a dream come true
 With lovely mates and friendly guru
 Seventh class brought challenges and friendship new,
 In junior house our dreams grew
 Sunday garden cleaning was pompous and grand
 Bonds were formed with broomstick in hand
 Eight class laughter echoed in air,
 Being senior of junior house,moments we share
 Evening prayer, quiet, reflective tone
 Under the silver lining of golden moon
 In class nine a new journey unfolds,
 A chapter of life where tale of migration is told
 Familiar warmth of home now a distant song,
 In new terrain of Uttar Pradesh with friends along
 Tenth class was serious one
 where morning starts with study
 No PT class,but in classroom with silent buddies

Embraced our lessons in Navodaya's beauty
 Marched towards goal,gracing right duty
 In eleventh class,dreams took flight
 Expectations high,like king of Navodaya might
 Yet, COVID emerged,a tempest unkind
 Our ambitions shattered,a dream left behind
 In class twelfth,board exam arrived
 Sports and study entwined, last days we strive
 Navodaya essence, like a body, strong and whole,
 By twelfth grace,we were its soul
 Leaving Navodaya, sorrow weigh the heart,
 Empty hands,yet treasure impart
 Emotion, happiness, friendship, love we've found
 In Navodaya premises, memories profound
 Late night parties, soft laughter
 Jumping boundary, will be remembered ever after
 Inter-house matches, fun and cheer
 Friends box's looted when parents weren't near,
 Special feeling,like a work of art
 Proud to have these memories in my heart
 And yes it's my Navodaya where my heart finds tune
 No other thing,under the moon,can croon.

**JNV ZINCNAGAR, SUNDARGARH
 (2022)**





TINY TIME TO TIE A TIE

— Sanghamitra Sarkar

It was after supper at 9.30 p.m. and every day as it was, the yellow house shone on its level. Prior to the arrival of the head girl, everyone was giggling and imitating one another. There was a dead stillness for a moment. Nothing to move. Not wishing anyone well. Twelve ceiling fans making only one sound “What is it? What’s happening in this situation? Are any of you concerned about tomorrow? You guys, the eighth-class girls, oversee tomorrow morning. Bring some concepts that the assembly needs to consider. It also needs to be enjoyable. Every house has given it their best shot. Now it’s our turn. Make sure you do it even after it has been spoken. Just make it feasible. No more justifications. Something flashed in my mind in between these. We must take an original, distinctive, and captivating approach. At first, I suggested that we unroll the bed sheet and time how long it takes to fold it using a timer. Every member of every house will take part in it, and a reward will be given to the winner. It’s possible that the concept was common, and it was inconvenient that we required gorgeous bed linens to draw in guests. That was the eighth grade for me. I used to like tying my

skirt, shirt, shoes, belt, and tie every day. Even though the hooked ties were pre-made, only one student in my class had one—it was taken from a senior and wasn’t even his. I requested him to teach me the art of tying ties. I dashed to the senior home right away, determined to knot a tie in the shortest period possible. It was a green signal this time. Because all I knew about the girl’s hostel was the routine. Additionally, at that time, everyone was kept in the dark about every extracurricular activity that needed to be performed in assembly. It was only an efficiency test. But this is not where the plan ends. For my house to win the efficiency game, I would have to teach one of my seniors what I learned on the junior side. I had to wait till the lights went off at 10.30 p.m. I then made my way silently to the senior hostel. Everything went smoothly and in accordance with the strategy I created. Additionally, the Yellow House benefited from the circumstance. For the boys’ and girls’ sides alike. as the boy who instructed me comes from UDAYAGIRI HOUSE as well.

JNV-1, Malkangiri
(2014)





A CALL TO UNITY AND PATRIOTISM

— Anasuya Pradhan

In the realm of duty,
O' Countrymen!
Serve our motherland with unwavering commitment,
Shoulder responsibilities sans evasion,
Our duty—to uplift the public with benevolence,
Guard against the misuse of held powers,
Punish corruption, halt the cycle of bribery.
Teach the essence of humanity, morality, and patriotism,
Reject the divisive whispers of casteism and communalism.
Stand united against unemployment and poverty,
Eradicate disparity, leaving no soul untouched.
Embrace 'unity & brotherhood,' dissolve the echoes of 'divide and rule'.
O' Countrymen!
Our duty—to bring joy to the needy,
Abstain from laughter entwined with political grace,
Strive for betterment, a legacy etched in memories,
Let our beats soar with cherished desires.
To make our land smile, our flag ascend high,
Invoking jubilation in every Indian,
Free from treachery, exploitation, and violence,
Let Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya be our pride,
A symbol of national unity, our mentor and guide.

JNV, Bagudi, Balasore
(2008)





MY NOSTALGIC DAYS WITH JNV FOOD!!!

— Dr. Suryakant Khilar

The trip to Varanasi was on. I had the Side lower berth to myself. Leaning against the seat, I was busy running through the digital pages of “Who Will Cry When You Die? ” by Robin Sharma. As our train reached Sambalpur station, a gentleman with his son got onto the train and asked me if he could sit on my seat for a while as his stop was an hour and half away. I hesitantly said yes as I did not prefer allowing general passengers to sit on my reserved seat due to past experiences. Once during my journey to New Delhi, while the train was passing through Bihar at night, a man got into my compartment and requested me to allow him to sit on my seat for a while after which he said he would get down at his station. A while passed and thus passed an hour. He gradually started lying down by my side. I was surprised and asked him to get down to which he folded his hands and said, “Please, aur ek ghanta ka rasta he.. Thoda madad karo please.” I took pity and decided to help him, but strangely he slept by my side over night, while I myself could not sleep. Anyways, coming back to present, after allowing them to sit on my seat, I again got lost in the Robin Sharma creation. After a while, that man offered me an aarisha pithaa, which I politely refused saying that I don’t eat aarisha pithaa. Thereafter our conversation started from the condition of our trains to the rising price of fuels . During our discussion, I came to know that his son has got admission

in MBBS at VIMSAR, Burla. After knowing this, I also gave my introduction as a medical student from SCB, Cuttack. That man was very happy knowing that I was a medico too and he started asking various questions about medical colleges. As he was asking about my education and coaching, I proudly said that I belong to Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Dhenkanal. He was surprised to know that JNV has such an excellent atmosphere to study as well as great teachers. Then he said, “ମୋ ପୁଅଟା କ୍ଷେତ୍ରେ ନବୋଦୟ ପାଇଥିଲା ଯେ, ଆମେ ତାକୁ ଛାତିଲୁ ନାହିଁ । ଆମ ପୂଅ ସେ ହଳଦା ମିଶା ଭାବ ଆଉ ପାଣି ଉଳି ଖାଇ ରୋଗିଣୀ ହୋଇଯାଇଥାନ୍ତା । “ Listening to these words, I said, ”Uncle, all these are myths. I don’t know who put these ignorant thoughts about JNV in your mind, but I know very well what kind of food JNV kitchen serves.” He became curious and asked me, “Tell me then, is JNV food actually good?” Before i could speak anything, the loud words of the tea vendor “Chai Garam, Garam Chai” interrupted me.

I closed my phone, sat straight and after taking a few sips of water from my water bottle, said, “You see, Uncle, the word “good” messes it all here. For someone who is used to fill his stomach with the crushed content of dried mango seed (ଆମ୍ବ ଟାକୁଆ ଜାତ- in odia), even a burnt offering of a roti would be of world class quality. Isn’t it? But what about the kid who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth and since childhood, has been blessed with delicacies like “mutton

biryani" or "yoghurt" or "hot milk before bed" everyday? A balanced thali of curry, roti, dal, chicken would not be considered good quality food according to that kid. Now coming to JNV or Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, where I have spent 7 fine and unforgettable years of my life, I would love to reveal the quality of food in a single word- i.e balanced (neither excellent nor the worst).

Students spend 7 years of their adolescence in JNV. And a little knowledge in biology will tell you how crucial are these years are in a person's life. Almost 40 to 50% of your growth takes place during this period. And to be frank, let me tell you that food definitely gets to play a major role there. The food that we are served at JNV is very balanced and serves its purpose very well. We get food that's rich in protein, carbohydrate, fat and vitamins. Taking examples from our JNV where we stayed from around 2010 to 2017, I will try to throw a glimpse of the food provision at there.

If you are a sports person, or a class 12th student the school mess would provide you sprouted seeds in the early morning hours, which, to be honest, most students wouldn't eat it, because people these days love Kurkure and Lay's more than these vitamin rich seeds. Now coming to the breakfast, it was fully nourishing and energising to start the day with. Sooji ka halwa, poha, idli, vada, puri, sooji upma, khichdi are some of the things I can never forget. They were not mere halwa, or poha or khichdi as someone may find in the roadside stalls. Rather they were delicious, full of supplementary ingredients like nuts, cashews, cherries, carrots, beans and a lot other things. And ultimately, they tasted so delicious because they were not merely cooked to be sold, rather had the input of all the love and hardwork of our mess workers (whom we called bhai). Again during recess hours of school we would be given a biscuit or somedays nimbu pani, jaljeera pani etc depending upon season.

The lunch was the most awaited meal of the day. As soon as the last bell of the day would ring, there would be a competition(literally) among us on who would be reaching the mess first. The food was always rice and dal with some kind of additional curry, salads, sometimes sautéed leaves, or pickle or papad. We had chicken and fish in the menu once a week, and egg twice. On the other days, we would have cauliflower or parwal curry or something else as per the season.

Then in the evening we would have our snacks, which included cream biscuits, plain marie biscuits, sometimes spicy matar masala, bun cakes, watermelon slices, samosa, alu-chops or muri masala.

The dinner in JNV is something you love during std 6th to 8th, and find okay-ish in 9th and 10th and ultimately start making a face about in the last two years (don't know about the other JNVs, but this was very common in my JNV). The dinner menu although was not that bad, but you see, if someone takes you to visit heaven every other day, "heaven" would no longer seem to appear as alluring to you, would it? The same applied here too. The Egg tadka, aloo bhindi bhujia, aloo bean bhujia, chhole matar, mixed veg curry, or pakode ki curry, though tasty and nutritious, were still considered as boring dishes by the big boys i. e the 11th and 12th boys (girls were not an exception because monotony is always boring plus most of us did not feel that hungry at night to take enough food).

We also had bread, jam and milk available for sick students too.

From the list of food items you have heard by now, I hope you can guess the quality of the food we got there. And to remind you here, that the daily budget per student was 48 Rs. (allotted by the government of India). In 2016, when I was in

class 12th, the price of the food we got exceeded that budget by a huge margin, I believe. And the food menu was not the same always. We had mess meetings every month, attended by class captains, house/hostel captains, the teachers, the mess incharge, the principal and the vice principal. And based on the price and season, we used to decide the menu. In summer, we got watermelons in snacks, sometimes icecream after lunch.

I wonder how many of us would get that same balanced diet while at home. On some occasions, at home there would be excess of carbohydrate or on other days, there would be excessive protein, but in JNV uniformity is assured. For your information, let me tell you that to ensure the quality and safety of the food prepared everyday, we had our staff nurse madam who would taste and check the safety of food before the students would consumed it.

Lastly to be honest, once we enter this holy family of Navodaya, we students hardly care about the food quality, because there are a lot other things in JNV which are worth living with, to create memories with. Once we leave JNV, we dearly miss it. Especially the food. The taste of that dilute daal and that victorious feeling of slurping it the fastest from the plate, while your friends would still be licking the plates (yes, we used to slurp dal from the plate like some uncivilized creatures), those moments of closeness with your friends sitting around the same dining table can hardly be found while sitting in air conditioned restaurants, in taking selfies with the food and in ordering some unpronounceable, unheard chinese cuisine. Believe me, uncle, when I say this. A bowl of chhatua eaten with love and interest will give you more energy and power than a bowl of protein powder. If you visit to any JNV on the occasion of their alumni meet , you will find the

precious smiles on the faces of alumni while eating lunch from the school mess. Moreover, it is not the taste of food that matters, it is your own feelings with which you take it matters. Even today after 6 years of graduating from JNV, we friends while talking with each other wish that we could go back to JNV even if for one whole day and eat our mess food in the same dining hall, with the same friends like we used to."

As I finished talking about the JNV food, I noticed that every one of my co-passengers were listening to me intently. Uncle said, "I really had some misconceptions about JNV food quality till today, but no more." A few minutes of silence followed. Then I spoke again, "If I ever get reincarnated, I wish to be a student of JNV again and have the same set of friends, the same set of teachers and staffs and ofcourse the same Mess Menu and mess worker bhais" . Uncle looked at me, smiled and said, "God bless you. Thank you for helping us." He got up with his son and after taking my phone number, walked to the door. I looked out of window as the train entered another station. The sweet voiced lady in the automatic station speaker announced "May i have your attention please? Train number ***** has arrived on platform number 1." Taking my attention away from the sounds of vendors outside, I again got lost in the world of my digital book as before.

(To every navodayan reading this, let me tell this with utmost guarantee, that never in your life will you enjoy your food like you do or did in JNV. It is very rare to get such good quality free of cost food outside, which is so tasty and nutritious and even if you have the best food quality anywhere, , you will miss the JNV dining table Company the most. So while you are in JNV, enjoy the food as much as you can.)

JNV Dhenkanal (2017)





CULTURE OF SAVING LEARNED FROM JNV DAY, STORY OF SANCHAYIKA

— CA Sitaram Beria

When I was in class 7th I did not have a bank account but I had an account in "Sanchayika" managed at our JNV school. I learned saving culture, budgeting and cost control from our beloved teacher shri Gokulananda Thakur who was working as TGT Odiya at JNV Belpada, Bolangir. He is a soft spoken, punctual, active and student friendly teacher who cared all students just like his own son.

I still rememberd one instant when my father visited JNV on parents' day. At evening Thakur Sir enquired about my parents and asked me to deposit the full amount given by my father. The next day I deposited Rs 90/- and kept Rs 10/- with me for petty expenses. One fine morning I went to his residence for withdrawal of some amount required for meeting expenses. He desired to know why I am in need of money and advises me to make expenses only if necessary.

He used to announce names of students on stage in morning assembly class or any function, who did not withdraw any money from his sanchaya khata during the preceding month.

I learned about saving, investment, expenses, costing, cost cutting etc from JNV days which helped me in my student life and professional life too. Financial planning, budgeting, goal setting is a key to healthy financial management.

What I experienced during my professional journey as a Chartered Accountant that people don't have knowledge on financial planning. Majority of people think that financial planning

is big task and is needed for wealthy people only.

Financial planning is the process of systematically planning of your finances towards achieving your short-term and long term life goals.

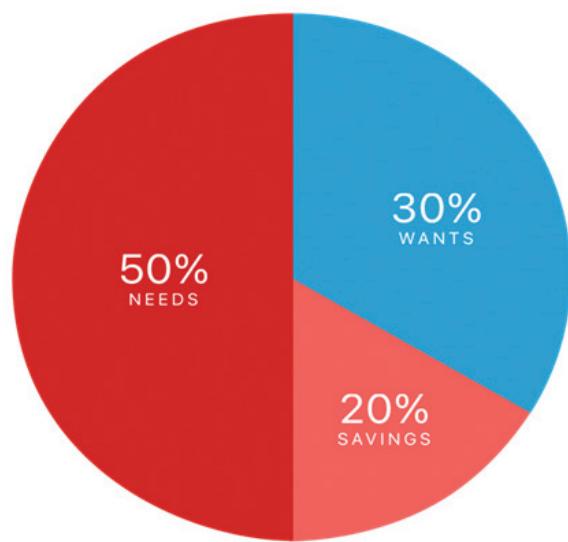
Benefits of Financial Planning

- Helps monitor cash flows and reduces unnecessary expenditure.
- Enables maintenance of an optimum balance between income and expenses.
- Helps boost savings and create wealth.
- Helps reduce tax liability.
- Maximizes returns from investments.
- Creates wealth and ensures better wealth management to achieve life goals.
- Financially secures retirement life.
- Reviews insurance needs and therefore also ensures that dependents are financially secure in the unfortunate event of death or disability.

What is Financial goal?



How to allocate your monthly income:



Concept of Saving, Investment & Wealth Creation

- You must save certain of amount from your income
- Saving must be a culture
- Budgeting for expenses
- Big saving by cutting unnecessary expenses
- Saving is for better financial future
- Better financial strategy for current and future life

Important Financial Tips

- Creating a Emergency Funds
- Adequate Health Insurance
- Adequate Life Insurance
- Invest in Tax Deductible Instrument

- Invest in Fixed Return Instrument
- Invest in Growth Instrument
- Invest in Real Estate

Whenever one starts earning, one must take a health insurance and term insurance immediately. Health insurance is cheapest way to deal with medical emergencies. While taking a health insurance plan one should provide true information to insurers and enquire about company's tie up hospital list, pre and post hospitalization rules and other details.

Most JNVIans are first generation learners and hence their financial family support system is weak. In this context, it is essential that all of us take term insurance policy (unlike traditional, endowment policy, term policies have very high coverage amount, that too at a very cheap price).

These days, Indian economy is growing by leaps and bounds. So, in order to take benefit of it, people of 25 yrs-50 yrs age group can invest in equity market. However, an average person who has no knowledge of share market stay away from it. I think, mutual fund and particularly SIP (Systematic Investment plan wherein a pre-decided amount is debited from your bank account on a fixed date of every month and get invested in share market) is panacea of all problems. Mutual fund is indeed a right solution for retail, small, salaried investors.

If one still feels confused by the thought of financial planning I urge them to approach any financial planners/ professionals for it.

**JNV BELPADA, BOLANGIR
BATCH 1995-2002**





A COLOURFUL CRIME

— Ashutosh Kar

I remember my two plants in Pune, India, that never came out of their owner-induced coma. The Gerbera only opened its nursery-gifted buds and died a few days after I sprayed water on its pink flowers and relished the clichéd shot of a greenhorn photographer. And the Monkey's Puzzle, too small to trouble any of our forefathers, had its claws constantly turning brown one after the other before the entire plant morphed into a sad puzzle of wilted branches.

I must be a bad copy of my father, I thought.

Baba had a way with plants. Like a creative chef who arranged his craft well, one season he would make concentric circles in the garden and the another, rectangles, to arrange his seasonal plants. His most debatable design was a closed semicircle, like the shape of a 'D', which Maa had serious trouble digesting. He would painstakingly arrange the little saplings according to their size and colour, spending a great deal of time looking at them, caressing them, watering them, and tying them to bamboo sticks with banana fibre.

Every winter, our backyard was filled with marigold, rose, zinnia, dahlia, calendula, dianthus, petunia and many more. For us, the ability to regurgitate these exotic names in front of the classmates was as much a matter of pride as the partial ownership of the plants themselves.

We saw father toil in his modest garden, carefully preparing the soil, tossing it up with his self-cooked compost and fertilizers, making

little holes in the amorphous grey mix to bury the seeds in. Squatting beside him under a lukewarm sun casting golden shafts of light as fat as the gaps between the large teak leaves, watching him go about doing everything methodically was one of the easiest family activities. Of course, we too contributed. Either by occasionally watering the bed, or — if we had a passionate 'catch-me-if-you-can' race with the cousins — trampling all over it, even though the hardest slaps were reserved for rendering this service.

Though we loved the flowers and therefore, sometimes the plants too, we showed it in ways slightly different than his. We would break off a slender stem from a wild shrub and subject his plants to the same treatment that George Washington did to his father's cherry tree. We would swing the stem so fast that it neatly cut through Baba's plants, through the stems, leaves, or even the tender shoots. The challenge was the neatness of the cut, and we strove to achieve perfection in that art. Of course, at the cost of swollen, broken skins.

My love for plants, even if slightly unusual, didn't die entirely even when I started my career as a software coolie (this was how an engineering professor disparagingly referred to us as). I tried my best to have a small garden in my flats at both Pune and Ahmedabad, but only managed to produce stunted, stooping plants that eventually died a slow death. I either baked them too much in the sun or made a soup of their soil, never really figuring what these little things wanted. I was really a bad copy of my father!

I rebooted my efforts after coming to Bhubaneswar, a sweltering city in Eastern India. After a few months of trying to build a small garden, I realized — and quite depressingly so — that the flat I had purchased with so much hope for a better life had its face permanently turned away from the sun. In the absence of sufficient light, nothing grew except the mealy bug, a soft-bodied parasite that proliferated with an unknown vengeance.

Desperate to grow at least some greenery around me, I started to look for plants that grew in the shade but got repeatedly ripped off by unscrupulous nursery owners, one of whom once tried to pass off even a cactus as a shade-lover. Frustrated, I began with the basics; a money plant and a few others borrowed from friends and relatives. Most died. Few got crippled or froze in their first leaves. Only some lived to spin an additional leaf or two. And I still had no flowers. All flowering plants craved for the sun and gave up.

My desperate attempt at ‘shade flowers’ took me to orchids, an entirely different ballgame which I didn’t know then. I kept watching YouTube videos and kept buying them until I realized that none of the predominantly American lessons applied to my city. However, I refused to give up even though dying orchids kept burning a rapidly expanding hole in my pocket.

Eventually, my plant collection, including the orchids, which started with just one, grew to ten, to fifty, to a hundred and to over one hundred fifty now! So much so that the kids who came to play in our house have made a competition out of counting my pots. Before I realized, I had almost everything in my medium-size apartment that my father had in his asbestos-roofed outhouse. Shovels, fertilizers, sprays, organic manure, a bunch of insecticides, neem oil, little packets of compost, mustard cakes and more.

My plants are still a humble collection; there is no real garden, but they make me happy, even though my remote parents think this is too much domestic responsibility for their “perpetually troubled” son. Some well-wishers have incorrectly attributed my obsession to the luxury of me being a teacher, and yet some others have found the occasional water dripping from my balcony an invasion of their privacy and security. And my wife, kind-hearted otherwise, has gone as far as calling the collective presence of the plants a ‘souten’, a nomenclature Indian wives have historically reserved for the most despised.

The plants, however, have only grown. They surreptitiously encroach upon many things, the kitchen sill, the utility slab, the corridor, the clothesline. Some are gifted, some are plucked from the roadside. Some are collected by the son who, at best, has a sinusoidal love for them. Some are even ripped from the barks of trees in jungles that I rather frequently visit. A few have now crossed the four walls of my house and found happy homes elsewhere. They have been carried in the train too, neatly packed, by none other than my father, the man who taught me everything about plants.

‘They grow so well in your house,’ he tells me one day. ‘My leaves are not even half as green. Teach me what you do.’

I am suddenly rendered speechless. He is the man who has given me the lasting love of plants through his genes. So much so that I can’t stop acquiring more even if the house is overflowing. And now, he just hands out my biggest award and doesn’t even realize!

I am reminded of his passion in his younger days and his angry slaps on my guilty cheeks. I am guilty, even today. Of a colourful crime!

JNV: Bagudi, Balasore (1995)





ଜନାବ ଆଜମାଇୟେ: JNAAB A-Z.maiye

— Dr. Swapneswar Sahu

Dear Navodayans,

As a proud member of JNAAB (Jawahar Navodaya Alumni Association, Belpada), I am attempting to enlist the numerous benefits that I and my fellow members have received time and again from the JNAAB community. Though the list could have reached an even greater number, for the satisfaction of my poetic self, I have managed to keep it at 26 and also arranged the benefits in an alphabetical order from A to Z.

So, with all glory to The Almighty, here I begin.

Assurance:

Knowing and believing that someone is always there beside you to protect and support in the testing times of unexpected troubles is such a wonderful feeling. JNAAB assures all its alumni members of a timely helping hand always and everywhere.

Brand:

A sense of self-worth is crucial to human existence. JNAAB is a brand in itself, and becoming a member of JNAAB gives the alumni a sense of pride to thrive in life.

Connection:

A sense of belonging is at the core of emotional well-being. JNAAB offers all its alumni a community that they can proudly belong to and continue sharing and caring for each other.

Database:

Having all the required information at the fingertips is such a relief. Through a structured

database of all its alumni members, JNAAB makes finding any contact information a breeze.

Entrepreneurship:

For the millennials and the Gen-Z, entrepreneurship is no longer a thing of the privileged. It has become a way of life. JNAAB offers all possible help and hand-holding so that any of its alumni members can stand up and start up at the very first moment of inspiration.

Fulfillment:

Without a sense of fulfillment, life is just a waste of time. Through its well organized community service events, JNAAB offers all its alumni members an opportunity to come forward and give back to society and feel fulfilled in the process.

Guidance:

While navigating through the maze of life, many a time, we feel lost and clueless. In those moments of helplessness, JNAAB serves as a friend, philosopher, and guide for its alumni members and brings them out of those debilitating dilemmas of life. Career counseling is one of the most common occurrences as an example.

Home:

Ask any JNAAB member, and s/he will strongly agree that JNAAB is our second home (even first home for some). In some instances, JNAAB has been instrumental in literally building a home (house) for the less privileged alumni members.

Inspiration:

Its alumni members are making the JNAAB flag always fly high with their commendable professional performance and enviable social standing. That keeps all alumni members of JNAAB deeply inspired day in and day out.

Job:

With its alumni members working in every possible walk of life, JNAAB is well positioned to facilitate or provide a job to the alumni member seeking a job.

Karma:

Life is all about Karma. As you sow, so you reap. By providing frequent occasions to do good to others, JNAAB offers all its alumni members so many golden opportunities to collect (Good) Karma Points.

Learning:

Education is vital for career and life. Through its entrance examination coaching initiatives and scholarships, JNAAB facilitates higher education for talented but underprivileged alumni members.

Money:

When life gives you lemons, make lemonade, they say. But, what if you don't have the money to buy sugar? Money is power. In those unforeseen lean periods, JNAAB serves as a beacon of light and hope by empowering its alumni members through its customized and transparent fundraising campaigns.

NAAO:

Growth is one of the distinctive features of living things that distinguishes them from non-living ones. Being a member of JNAAB (the district level alumni association) makes the alumni eligible to become a member of NAAO (the state level alumni association) and grow their reach, contributions, impact, and sense of fulfillment.

Outreach:

To so many alumni members who are self-employed or are doing businesses, JNAAB offers a far-reaching platform for self-promotion or business promotion.

Partnership:

Life is a game, and you need to form a team of partners to play efficiently and effectively. So, be it professional or personal life, JNAAB offers all its alumni members a reliable community from where they can choose and pick partner/s (co-founders/ spouse) for themselves.

Quest:

Curiosity is what keeps us alive. Drop curiosity, and you are dead. With all the exhilarating things happening daily in the JNAAB community, its alumni members are always in a feeling of awe and never fall short of quest.

Recognition:

Compliments are food for our mind. With regular awards and recognitions, JNAAB keeps on nourishing the hearts and minds of all its alumni members.

Skills:

Knowledge can land you on a job. But, without the requisite skills, you can not keep it for long. Skills are the lifeline of a career. JNAAB always strives to keep the lifeline intact by organizing frequent seminars/workshops on the most-in-demand skills for the 21st century.

Talent:

People are the backbone of any organization. Without talented and committed people, any business is doomed to fail. For all those alumni members who are self-employed or are doing businesses, JNAAB offers a reliable source for talent acquisition.

Upliftment:

Whatever may be the degree of disappointment, no sorrow can withstand and survive the gentle touch and the reassuring smile of our loved ones. With JNAAB beside them, all its alumni members are always assured of that touch and smile in the moments of despair.

Values:

A life without values is akin to a body without soul. By belonging to JNAAB, undoubtedly a community of good-hearted people, all its alumni members rest assured that their values are always intact and never compromised.

Wellness:

Health is wealth. With so many doctors and healthcare professionals as its members, and through its enriching health camps, JNAAB helps everyone in safeguarding the treasure of health with utmost diligence. Moreover, in thousands of instances, the medical needs of its alumni members and their dear ones have been promptly met with unfathomable compassion by the JNAAB community.

eXcellence:

When you are surrounded by all highly motivated people doing amazing things in their life, mediocrity is not at all an option. As JNAAB keeps on driving its alumni members towards excellence in life, they are always up for reaching higher heights and achieving newer milestones.

Youth:

Research on longevity suggests that, by spending time in an environment that reminds us of our young age, we can trick our mind into believing that we are in our youth and our health parameters start to align accordingly. By invoking loving remembrance of the Navodayan days with frequent reunion events, JNAAB ensures that all its alumni members remain in their youthful spirit.

Zest:

With every sunrise, we are given another wonderful day to make the most of our human existence. For all its alumni members, JNAAB serves as the icing on the cake by providing the ultimate zest to live the day wonderfully.

Finally, here is a shoutout to all alumni of JNV Belpada (Balangir) to join JNAAB as soon as possible and experience the thrill of JNAABian spirit. जनाब आजमाइये.

I also extend my heartiest welcome to Navodayans from other JNVs to get associated with JNAAB and explore possible avenues of collaboration. JNAAB will be more than happy to host you with utmost sincerity and affection. जनाब आजमाइये.

*Jai Navodaya
Jai Jagannath*

(HealthTech Innovation and Entrepreneurship Consultant) JNV Belpada, Balangir, Odisha (1990-1997)





ସେହି ସ୍ମୃତି ସବୁ...

– ଆଦ୍ୟାଶା ଆନନ୍ଦିତା ଛୋଟରାୟ

ମୋ ଜୀବନର

ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ମୃତି ସବୁକୁ ନେଇ
ମୁଁ ବଞ୍ଚି,
ଆଉ କିଛି ଭୁଲ କଲେ, ପ୍ରତିଥର
ପଛକୁ ଚାହିଁ ଚାହିଁ
ସେ ଭୁଲ ସବୁକୁ ସୁଧାରିଛି ।

ମୋ ଜୀବନକାଳର

ସେଇସବୁ ମହିତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଦିନଗୁଡ଼ିକ
ମୋତେ ବହୁତ କିଛି ଶିଖେଇଛି,
ଆଉ, ଏକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ମଣିଷ ହେବାର
ଅନେକ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେଇ
ମୋତେ ବାଟ କଢ଼ାଇଛି ।

ମୁଁ ଭାବେ,

ଯଦି ସେ ଦିନସବୁ

ମୋ ଜୀବନେର ନ ଥା'ନ୍ତା

ମୁଁ କ'ଣ ସେଇଭଳି ମଣିଷଟେ ହୋଇଥା'ନ୍ତି
ଯାହା ମୁଁ ଏବେ ଅଛି?
ମୁଁ ନିଜେ ବି ଜାଣିପାରେ
ମୋ ନିଜ ଭିତରର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନକୁ
ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ, ମୁଁ ଶିଖୁଛି
ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ସହ ଖାପ ଖୁଆଇ ଚଳିବାକୁ ।

ମୁଁ ମାନେ, ମୁଁ ଅନେକ ଭୁଲ କରିଛି

କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ଭୁଲରୁ ଶିଖୁଛି ମଧ୍ୟ
ଆଉ ଯେପରି ଦୁନିଆ ଶିଖାଏ
'ଭୁଲ ମାନେ ପାପ', ଏହାର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ
'ଭୁଲରୁ ଆମେ ଶିଖୁ', ଏହି ଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇଛି ।

ଜୀବନର ନିୟମ ବି

ଏକ ବିଚିତ୍ର

ଆମେ ଅଜାଣତରେ ସେଇ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ଭୁଲ କରିଥାଉ
ଯେହିଁ ସ୍ଥାନକୁ ଫେରି, ପଶାତାପ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ମଧ୍ୟ
ଜୀବନ ଆମକୁ ସୁଯୋଗ ଦିଏ ନାହିଁ ।

ତେଣୁ ଜୀବନରେ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଭୁଲେ
ବରଂ

ଥରେ କିମ୍ବା ବିଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଭୁଲ ମ କରିବା ପାଇଁ
ମୁଁ ଶିଖୁଛି ।

ମୁଁ ଏବେ ବି ଚାହେଁ

ଯଦି ଜୀବନ ମୋତେ ଆଉ ଏକ ସୁଯୋଗ ଦେବ,
ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଫେରିବାକୁ ଚାହିଁବି ସେଇ ଦିନଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ
ଆଉ, ସୁଧାରିଦେବି
ମୋର ସବୁ ଭୁଲଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ
ସେଇ ଜାଗାରେ ।

ନା ଗଛ,

ନା କବିତା,

ନା ଉପନ୍ୟାସ,

ସରିବନି, ଯେତେ ବି କରିଲେ ଏହାର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା
ଏହି ସ୍ଥାନ ପ୍ରତି ଥିବା
ମୋର ଉଚ୍ଚକୋଟୀର ସମ୍ମାନ ଏବଂ ଭାବନା ।

ମୁଁ ସାରାଜୀବନ ରଣୀ

ସେଇ ଜାଗା ପ୍ରତି, ଏହାର ପରିବେଶ ପ୍ରତି
ମୋତେ ଶିଖାଇଥିବା,
ପ୍ରତିରି ଜିନିଷ ପ୍ରତି ।

ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ମାୟା ବି ଅଭୁତ

ସେ ଆମକୁ ତାହା ପାଇଁ ରଣୀ କରନ୍ତି,
ଯାହାର ଆମେ

କିଞ୍ଚିତ୍ ହେଲେ ବି, ରଣ
ସୁଖିପାରିବା ନାହିଁ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ

ଜିଶ୍ଵରଙ୍ଗୁ ମୋର କୋଟି ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ
ମୋତେ ସେଇସବୁ ଦିନଗୁଡ଼ିକର
ଅଂଶ ହେବାର
ସୁଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥୁବାରୁ,
ଅନେକଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ମୁହଁର୍ ହୋଇ

ମୋ ସ୍ତୁତି ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ବି
ସୁନ୍ଦର ବନେଇଥୁବାରୁ,
ଯାହାକୁ ମୁଁ ପଛକୁ ଚାହିଁ
ଥରେ ନୁହେଁ, ବାରମ୍ବାର ଦେଖୁଥୁବି
ଆଉ ନିଜକୁ ଭାଗ୍ୟବାନ ମନେକରି
ଜିଶ୍ଵରଙ୍ଗୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଉଥୁବି ॥

ଜବାହର ନେବାଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ,
ଗୁରୁଜଙ୍ଗ, ଖୋରଧା (୨୦୧୩-୨୦୨୦)



OURS MOTHER EARTH

– Arnav Sahu

This is our mother earth,
Who gives us a chance by giving us birth.
It is very pretty and beautiful;
Those who didn't respect her as a mother are the biggest fool.
She gave us everything food, water & land
But now we are polluting it and destroying it like sand.
We have already distributed her water and land
Those who are destroying the nature must be banned
She gave us the permission to see her nature,
Let us save it for our bright future
The diety is nothing but the mother earth,
Because it is the incharge of giving us death and birth

Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya,
Tarbha, Sonepur, Odisha
Class-IX





ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି

- ହୃଷ୍ଣୁ କୁମାର ବେହେରା

ଏଇ ନବୋଦୟ ଯେତିକି ସୁନ୍ଦର
ଯାର ଅଭ୍ୟଳା ସ୍ମୃତି ସେତେ ମନୋହର,
କବି ରୁହେଁ ମୁଁ ରୁହେଁ ଲେଖକ
ଏଇ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ପ୍ରେମିକ,
ଭାବୁ ଭାବୁ ଭାବିଦେଲି,
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି ।

ଖୋଲିକି କହିବି ତୁମ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ
ମୋ ନବୋଦୟ କାହାଣୀ
କେତେ ଭଲ ଥିଲି କେତେ ଦୁଷ୍ଟ ଥିଲି ତା ପରେ ପାରିବ ଜାଣି,
ବ୍ରଦ୍ଧପୁର ଲୋକାଳ ପିଲା ଯେ, ଶିଶୁ ମନିର ରେ ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲି,
Entrance ଦେଲି, ଉଚ୍ଚିଷ୍ଟ ହେଲି, ନବୋଦୟ କୁ ଆସିଲି
ଏଇଠି ଖାଇଲି ଏଇଠି ରହିଲି, ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ବଡ଼ ହେଲି,

ହୃଦୟର କଥା କାଗଜ ଉପରେ
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି

ଯାହା ଭି ପାଇଛି ଯାହା ଭି ଶିଖିଛି
ସବୁ ସେ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଦାନ
ତାଙ୍କ ପାଦ ତଳେ ପ୍ରଶାମ କରୁଛି
ରଖିବି ତାଙ୍କର ମାନ,
ଏ ଇ ନବୋଦୟ ସୁଖ ଆଉ କି ପାଇବି
ପାରୁନି ମନ ରୁ ଛୁଲି,
ମନ ପଢ଼ିଗଲେ ଅଭ୍ୟଳା ଅତୀତ ଆଖୁ ହୁଏ ଝିଲିମିଲି
ଆଉ କି ପାଇବି ସେଇ ପିଲା ଦିନ, ଯାହା ନବୋଦୟ ରେ କାଟିଲି,
ମନରେ ଭାବିଲି, କଲମ ଧରିଲି
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି ।

ଆଜି ବି କହୁଛି କାଲି ବି କହିବି
ଏ ଇ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ର ସଭିଙ୍କୁ,
ନବୋଦୟେ ପଡ଼ି ଜୀବନ ରେ ଭୁମେ ଯେତେ ଯାଅ ଉପରକୁ,
ହାତ ଯୋଡ଼ି ମୁଁଛି ଅନୁରୋଧ କରେ,
ଭୁଲିବନ୍ତି ଏ ଇ ସ୍କୁଲ୍,

କାହିଁକି ନା ସତ ରେ ମୁଁ ଗୋଟେ ପାଗଳ ଥିଲି
ସେଥୁପାଇଁ ଦଶମ ପରେ ଛାତି ନବୋଦୟ ରୁ ଆସିଗଲି,
ଜାଣିନି ଠିକ୍ କାଲି କି ଭୂଲି କାଲି ?
କହୁ କହୁ କହିଦେଲି
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି

ଏଇ ସ୍କୁଲ୍ ରେ ବହୁତ ପଡ଼ିଛି, ବହୁତ ଖେଳିଛି
ଦୁଷ୍ଟାମା କରିଛି ପ୍ରବଳ,
ଏତେ ଦୁଷ୍ଟାମା ଯେ କହିପାରିବିନି
ପାଠ ରେ ଥିଲି ମୁଁ ପୁରା ଦୁର୍ବଳ
କ୍ଲାସ ନ କରି ଅସୁସ୍ତ କହିକି ହଷ୍ଟଲ ରେ ରହୁଥିଲି
ଯେତେ କହିଲେ ବି ଆଗ ରେ ନ ବସି
Backbencher ଥିଲି ।

ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ରେ ଥିବା ସମୟରେ କୁଳୁ କୁଳୁ ହେଉଥିଲି
ଅତାତକୁ ଗଲି, ଅତାତ ଭାବିଲି
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି ।

ପାତେରୀ ଡେଇଁକି କେତେ ଯେ ଯାଇଛି
ଦିନ ରାତି ମାନି ନାହିଁ
ଧରା ବି ପଡ଼ିଛି, ମାଡ଼ ବି ଖାଇବି
ହେଲେ ବି ସୁଧୁରି ନାହିଁ
ହଷ୍ଟଲ ଭିତରେ ମୋବାଇଲ ରଖିକି highlight ଯେ ମୁଁ ଥିଲି,
ସବୁ ଶନିବାର ରାତି ନ ଶୋଇ ରହୁ କିଲା କରୁଥିଲି,
ରବିବାର ଦିନ P.T ନ ଯାଇ 10 ଯାଏ ଶୋଉଥିଲି,
ବେଶୀ ଲେଖୁ ଦେଲେ ଭୁମେ ବି କହିବ
ତିନି ପାଞ୍ଜି ରୁ ମୁଁ ଗଲି
ସେଥୁପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ଏଇଠି ରହୁଛି ଲେଖା ମୋର ବନ୍ଦ କଲି ।
ଆଉ କହିବିନି ଯା ପର ଧାଡ଼ିରୁ
ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁ ଲେଖୁଦେଲି ।

JNV Ganjam
(2012)





କିଛି କଥା

- ବିଶ୍ୱଜିତ ସାହୁ

୧. ସ୍କୁଲ ଗେଟ୍: ଯେତେ ଥର ନବୋଦୟକୁ ମନେ ପକେଇ ବନ୍ଦ
ହୁଏ ଆଖୁ ସେତେଥର ଦେଖାଯାଏ come to learn
go to serve .
୨. ହର୍ଷମାନ ମଦିରଃ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷାର ସବୁ ପରାକ୍ଷା ପୂର୍ବରୁ,
ଦହି ଚିନ୍ମି ଖାଇବାର ଖୁସି ଆଉ କେଉଁଠି ମିଳିବ ?
୩. Assembly: ସ୍କୁଲ ସାବଧାନ, ସ୍କୁଲ ବିଶ୍ୱାମ, ଫ୍ଲେଜ୍,
ନେସନାଳ ଆଛେମ୍ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ, ଏବେବି କାନକୁ
ଅସତୋ ମାଂ ସଦଗମଯମ ଶୁଭେ !
୪. ରିସେସ୍ ବେଳ୍: ଉଦ୍ଧବ ଭାଇ ସହ extra ବରା ଟେ
ପାଇଁ ଯୁକ୍ତି ସେତେଥର ମନେପତେ ଯେତେ ଥର ଘର ପାଖ
ଦୋକାନରେ ଏ ହାତ ବରା ଢୁଙ୍ଗା ଧରେ !
୫. ଭୋଲା ଭାଇ ଦୋକାନ: ବୋଉ ସହ କଥା ହେବା ପାଇଁ ସେ
ଜଳାରଙ୍ଗର ଜିଓ ଫୋନ୍ ହିଁ ସତ୍ୟ, ଦୁନିଆରେ ବାକି ସବୁ
ମିଛ !
୬. Smart class: ୪୫ ମିନିଟରେ ସାମସଙ୍ଗ ଲାପଟପ୍
ହିଁବେଷ୍ଟ ପ୍ରେଣ୍ଟ ହେଇଯାଏ ।
୭. କ୍ଲାସ୍ ପ୍ରୋଜେକ୍ଚର : କେନା ସାରଙ୍ଗ ପାଞ୍ଚାର ପଥଣ୍, ମ୍ୟାପ
ପ୍ରାକ୍ତିକ, ମାତା ମ୍ୟାମ୍ ଙ୍କର sample paper
ଏବେବି ମନେଅଛି ?
୮. PT Class : ରାତି ଅନିଦ୍ରା ହୋଇ ଠିକ୍ ପାହାନ୍ତା ବେଳକୁ
ଶୋଇଲେ, ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗେ ମହାନ୍ତିସାର ଙ୍କ ହୁଇସିଲ !
୯. ବେଞ୍ଚ: କ୍ଲାସରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ପରେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ବ୍ୟାଗ ରେ ବେଞ୍ଚ
ପୋଛିଥୁବା ପିଲା ହିଁ ଜାଣିଛି ତାଳଚେରକୁ City of
Black Diamond କାହିଁକି କୁହାଯାଏ ।
୧୦. ପରାକ୍ଷା ହଲ୍: ପରାକ୍ଷା ପୂର୍ବ ରାତିରେ ହୋଲ୍ ନାଇର୍ ପଡ଼ିଲା
ପରେ , ହଲ୍ ରେ ନିଦ ଲାଗିଲେ ପିଲାଟେ ପାଇଁ ପାସ ମାର୍କ
ବି କ୍ଲାସ୍ ଟପ୍ ହେବା ଭଳି ଖୁସି ଦିଏ !
୧୧. ବାଲି ପଡ଼ିଆ: ସକାଳ ଟଟା ରେ ପୁଲ୍ ସାର୍ଟ, ପୁଲ୍ ପ୍ୟାଣ୍,
ସବ୍ର, ବୁଟ୍, ଟାଏ, ବ୍ୟାର୍, ଆଇ କାର୍ଡ ପିଣ୍ଡିଥୁବା ପିଲାଟେ
ଉପର ଓଳି ସାତେ ୪ଟା ବେଳେ ହାଉସ୍ ତ୍ରେସ୍ ପିଣ୍ଡି
ବାଲିରେ ଗଢ଼ଥୁବାର ଦେଖାଯାଏ !
୧୨. Evening Assembly: ରୁପଚାପ୍ ଶ୍ଵିର ହୋଇ
ବସିପାରୁ ନଥ୍ବା ପିଲା, ଶ୍ଵିର ଚିତ୍ରରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ବୋଲୁଥୁବାର
ଦେଖାଯାଏ “ ଯେ ମାଲିକ୍ ତେରେ ବନ୍ଦେ ହମ୍ ”
୧୩. School Captain: ଦିନେ କ୍ଲାସରେ ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇ
ଉଡ଼ର ଦେବାକୁ ଡରୁଥୁବା ପିଲାଟିଏ ୪୭୦ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ
ସାବଧାନ ହେବା ପାଇଁ କମାଣ୍ଟ ଦିଏ...
୧୪. Class: ସବୁବେଳେ ରୁପଚାପ୍ ଶୁମସୁମ୍ ରହୁଥୁବା
ପିଲାଟେ ଆଜି ସବା ପଛ ବେଞ୍ଚରୁ ମଜା କଥା କହିଲେ ୪୦
ପିଲା ଆଉ ତା ସହ ଚିତର ବି ନିଜ ହସ ଅଟକାଇ ପାରନ୍ତିନି ।
୧୫. ନବୋଦୟ: ସାତବର୍ଷ ପଡ଼ିବା ପରେ ଏଠି ସମାପ୍ତେ ଗୋଟିଏ
ପରିବାରର ହେଇଯାଆନ୍ତି ନାହିଁକି?
୧୬. ବାସାମେଆସିବା, ଆମେୟିବା, ହେଲେ ନବୋଦୟ ସବୁବେଳେ
ଆମ ଭିତରେ ଆମ ସହ ରହିବ....

ଜବାହାର ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ,
ସରାଙ୍ଗ, ଭେଙ୍ଗାନାଳ, (୨୦୧୫-୨୨)





ପରିଚୟ
– ସୌମ୍ୟା ସ୍କ୍ରେଂ ପ୍ରଭା



ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର
– ଶୋଭନ କୁମାର ବେହେରା

ଜୀବନର ହାତଗଣତି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ
ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ପରିଚୟ
କହିପାରିବ ତାକୁ ମଣିଷ ତିଆରି କାରଖାନା
କେତେ ଯତ୍ନର ସହିତ ଗଡ଼ା ହୁଏ

ନିଶ୍ଚାନ୍ତା କାରିଗରୀ,
ନିପୁଣ ସେ କାରିଗର
ପିଣ୍ଡଟାରେ ଦିଆଯାଏ ଜୀବନଦାନ
ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ପରିଚୟ
ଏ ନବୋଦୟ...

ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ସାତ ଦିନ ପରି ବିତିଯାଏ
ଏରୁଣ୍ଟ ବନ୍ଦ ଡେଙ୍ଗୁ ଆସିଲେ ବି,
ସୃତି ସବୁ ବନ୍ଦା ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ
ହୃଦୟର କୋଣ ଅନ୍ତରେ

ଦୁନିଆର ଏ ଭିଡ଼ କଣେ କଣେ ମନେ ପକାଇ ଦିଏ
ସେହି ମଣିଷ ତିଆରି କାରଖାନା କଥା
ବନ୍ଦୀ ଜୀବନର ମିଠା ବନ୍ଦନ
ସ୍ଵାର୍ଥହୀନ ସେ ସବୁ ସମ୍ପର୍କ
ନବୋଦୟର ମୂଲ୍ୟଟା ଯେ
କେତେବେଳେ ଅମୂଳ୍ୟ ହୋଇଯାଏ...
ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ପରିଚୟ
ଏ ନବୋଦୟ ।।

JNV, Nayagarh (2020)



୬ୟ ଦିନ ଅପିସ ଛୁଟି ଥୁବାରୁ ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ଭୋଜନ ଖାଇ ମୁଁ
କହିଲେ, ଯାଇକି ଦେଖ ଟିକେ ତମର କଣ ଗୋଟେ ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର
ଆସିଛି । ମୁଁ ବି ଶୁଣିକି ଆଶ୍ରମ୍ୟ, ଏ phonepe, Paytm
ଯୁଗରେ ପୁଣି ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର ! କୌତୁହଳ ବଶତ ଯାଇ ଦେଖିଲା
ବେଳକୁ, ଆରେ ଏ କଣ ବାପା... ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର କରିଛନ୍ତି ! ବାପାଙ୍କ
କଥା ମନେପଡ଼ି ଆଖୁ ଟିକେ ଓଦା ହେଇଗଲା । ଗୋଟେ ସମୟ
ଥିଲା, ମୁଁ ଯେତେବେଳେ କଲେଜରେ ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲି, ମାସ ନପୁରୁଣ୍ୟ
ବାପା ମୋ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚକୁ ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର କରିଦେଉଥିଲେ । ଆଉ ତା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ
ଖଣ୍ଡ ଚିଠି ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ, “ପୁଅରେ, ଭଲରେ ଖୁଅପିଆ କରିବୁ ।
ତତେ ବାରମ୍ବାର କହିଛି ଆଗ ପେଟ ତାପରେ ପାଠ । ଆଉ ଯଦି
କିଛି ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦରକାର ହୁଏ, ମତେ ଚିଠି କରିବୁ ମୁଁ ଯେତେ
ଶାଘ୍ର ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର କରିଦେବି । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଦିଧାର ଲୁହ
ମୋ ଗାଲ ଦେଇ ବେଳ ଆଡ଼କୁ ବୋହି ଗଲାଣି । ହେଲେ ବାପା ତ
ପ୍ରାୟ ୩-୭ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ବୃଦ୍ଧାଶ୍ରମ ରେ ରହିଲେଣି । ମନିଆର୍ତ୍ତର
ଖୋଲିଲା ବେଳକୁ ପ୍ରାୟ ୫-୬ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା । ଏତେ ଟଙ୍କା ବାପା
କୋଡ଼ି ପାଇଲେ, ପୁଣି ମତେ କଣ ପାଇଁ ପଠେଇଲେ, ଏମିତି
ବହୁତ ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ମୋ ମନକୁ ବ୍ୟଥୁତ କଲା । ହେଲେ, ଟଙ୍କା ସହ
ବାପାଙ୍କ ସେଇ ଚିରାଚରିତ ଉଙ୍ଗରେ ଚିଠିଟେ ବି ପାଇଲି । ବାପା
ଲେଖୁଥିଲେ ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ ଟଙ୍କାଟକ ଦେଖୁ ତୋ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଅନେକ
ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଘୁରି ବୁଲୁଥିବ । ଦେଖା ବାବା ଏଇ ଆଶ୍ରମରେ ମତେ ଛାଡ଼ିଲା
ବେଳେ ତୁ ମତେ ହଜାରେ ଟଙ୍କା ଦେଇଥିଲୁ । ମୋର ତ ସେମିତି
କିଛି ବଦ୍ର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ନାହିଁ, ଆଉ ତା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଏଠି ସବୁ ସୁଖ ସୁବିଧା
ଅଛି । ତେଣୁ ଟଙ୍କାଟକ ନିକଟସ୍ଥ ଡାକଘରେ ବାନ୍ଧିଥିଲି ।

ସମୟକୁମେ ସେଇ ଟଙ୍କା ତକ ସୁଧ ବାବଦକୁ ବଢ଼ିଗଲା । ଭାବିଥିଲି
ତୁ କେବେ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ଆସିଲେ ତୋ ହାତରେ ଦେବି, ତୁ ତ
ଆସିଲୁନି । ଏବେ ତ ବୁଢ଼ା ହେଲିଣି, ତେଣୁ ଟଙ୍କା ତକ ତୋ ପାଖକୁ
ପଠେଇ ଦେଲି । ନିଜ ସ୍ଵାସ୍ଥ୍ୟର ଯତ୍ନ ନେବୁ ଆଉ ବୋହୁ ମା'ର ମନ
ନେଇ ଚଳିବୁ । ଏତିକି ପଢ଼ିବା ଭିତରେ ମୁଁ ପାଇସା ପାଇସା ଯାଇଥିଲି ।
ଯା' ଭିତରେ କେତେବେଳେ କେଜାଣି ମୋ ଧର୍ମପଦ୍ମ ଟଙ୍କାଟକ
ମୋ ହାତରୁ ନେଇ ଗଣିବାରେ ଲାଗିପଡ଼ିଥିଲେ ।

ଜବାହର ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ, କୋଣାର୍କ, ପୁରୀ (୨୦୧୯)





ନବୋଦୟ

– ବୁଦ୍ଧଦେବ ନାୟକ

ସକାଳର ମନ୍ଦିର ପିଟି
ପିଟି ସାରଙ୍ଗ ସିଟି
ଛଙ୍ଗା ନ ଥୁଲେ ବି ଶୋଯ ଛାଡ଼ି
ଆମେ ଆସୁଥିଲୁ ଉଠି ।

ପଡ଼ିଆରେ କେତେ ଚାଲୁଥିଲେ
ସେ କୁହୁଡ଼ି ଅକ୍ଷାର ବେଳରେ,
ତ୍ରିଲ ସରିଯାଏ ପଛେ ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇ
ଗପୁ ଗପୁ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମେଳରେ ।

ମନ ଲୋଡ଼ା ଥିଲା ସେ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ନବୋଦୟ ଛଡ଼ା କେଉଁଠି ଏ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ଖୋଜିଲେ ବି ତାହା ମିଳେନା
ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କଞ୍ଚନା...
ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ସେ ପାହାନ୍ତିଆ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ଏ ଛାଡ଼ିକୁ ଦିଏ ମୋ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା....
ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କଞ୍ଚନା.... ।

ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ସେଇ ସକାଳର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ଲେଟ ହୋଇ ଗଲେ
ପାଞ୍ଚ ମିନଟର ସେଇ ବାହୁରେ,
ରେଡ଼ି ହୋଇ ଦ୍ୱୁଲ ଆସିବା ବେଳକୁ
କେହି ତ ନ ଥାନ୍ତି ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରାରେ
ଚାଲିବାକୁ ଆମ ସାଥୁରେ.....
କେତେ ଶାନ୍ତି କେତେ ଖୁସି ଦେଉଥିଲା ।

ସକାଳ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା.....
ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କଞ୍ଚନା....
ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ସେ ଅତୀତର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ଏ ଛାଡ଼ିକୁ ଦିଏ ମୋ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା....
ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କଞ୍ଚନା.... ।

ପ୍ରତେକ ଦିନର ସକାଳ ଭୋଜନ
ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ନୁଆ ନୁଆ
କେବେ ତ ଛଢ଼ିଲି କେବେ ପୁଲିହରା
କେବେ ପୁରୀ କେବେ ଉପମା ।

ଚମାଟୋ ରାଇସ ପ୍ରାଇଡ଼ ରାଇସ
ଖାଉଥିଲେ ମନ ଭରେନା
ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କଞ୍ଚନା.....
ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ସେ ଅତୀତର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
ଛାଡ଼ିକୁ ଦିଏ ମୋ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା..... ।

ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ଗୁରୁ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ବିଦ୍ୟା
ଭିନ୍ନ ସେ ପଢା ରାସ୍ତା / ଶୈଳୀ
ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ସବୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ମୁଣ୍ଡେ ଆମ
ଘାଣି କରୁଥିଲେ ଗହଳି ।

ଛାତ୍ର ନୁହଁ ତୁମେ ଆମରି ସନ୍ତାନ କହି
ଆଦରି ସେ ନେଉଥିଲେ
ବିଦ୍ୟା ସାଥେ ସାଥେ ସେହି କରୁଥିଲେ
ଆକଟ ବି କରୁଥିଲେ ।

ଯେଉଁ ଗୁରୁ କଥା ଲାଗେ କଣ୍ଠା ଭଳି
ଦିଏ ସେ ମନରେ କଣ୍ଠ,
କିନ୍ତୁ ହୃଦୟ ତାଙ୍କରି କୋମଳ
ତାକୁ ଯଦି ତୁମେ ଆଶାର୍ବାଦ ଭାବ
କେବେ ହେବ ନାହିଁ ନଷ୍ଟ ।

ଭୁଲିପାର ଏଇ ସାଙ୍ଗ ପରିଜନ
 ଭୁଲିପାର ଏଇ ମାଟି
 ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ସେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ
 କଟାଯାଇଛି ଉଚ୍ଛିତ ଉଚ୍ଛିତ ।
 ଜୀବନେ କୋଉଁଠି ଏମିତିକା ଗୁରୁ
 ଖୋଜିଲେ ବି ଆଉ ମିଳେନା
 ଚଙ୍ଗା ଦେଇ କିଣିଲେ ବି ଆଉ ମିଳେନା....
 ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କହନା..... ।

ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ସେ ଅତୀତର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ
 ଏ ଛାତିକୁ ଦିଏ ସେ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା.....
 ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କହନା..... ।
 ଆମର ପୂରୁଣା ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଏଠାର
 ଭେଟ ହେଲେ କେଉଁଠାରେ,
 ଭୁଲି ନାହାନ୍ତି ନାମ ଗ୍ରାମ ଆମ
 ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦ ଆଜି ପଚାରେ ।

ମାନେ କେତେ ଅତୁଟ ଥିଲା ସେ
 ଗୁରୁ ଶିକ୍ଷ୍ୟର ସମ୍ପର୍କ
 ନବୋଦୟ ଛଡ଼ା ସେ ଅତୁଟ ସମ୍ପର୍କ
 କୋଉଁଠି ଆଉ ମିଳେନା.....
 ତାହା କରିହେବ ନାହିଁ କହନା...
 ମନେପଡ଼ିଗଲେ ସେ ଅତୀତର ଗୁରୁ
 ଏ ଛାତିକୁ ଦିଏ ମୋ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା.....
 ତାହା କରି ହେବ ନାହିଁ କହନା..... ।

ଜବାହର ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ,
 ବେତାଗୁଡ଼ା, ପାରଳାଖେମୁଣ୍ଡି, ଗଜପତି
 (9090)



ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ

- କାଳୁଚରଣ ସାମଳ

ଏ ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ।

ମେଧାବୀଙ୍କ ବହୁ ସହାୟ ॥
 ଗରିବ ମେଧାବୀ କେତେକ ।
 ଶିକ୍ଷା ଯେ ନିଅନ୍ତି ଅନେକ ॥
 ପାଠ ସହ ଖେଳ କୌରୁକ ।
 ନାଟ ଗାତ ବାଦ୍ୟ ବିବେକ ॥
 ଖାଆନ୍ତି ସୁଷମ ଆହାର ।
 ପାଆନ୍ତି ସ୍ଵାସ୍ଥ୍ୟର ସମ୍ଭାବ ॥
 ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଯେ ଦକ୍ଷ ଥାଆନ୍ତି ।
 ଶିକ୍ଷାରୀଙ୍କୁ ଆଦର କରନ୍ତି ॥
 ଶିକ୍ଷାରୀ କରିଆନ୍ତି ଶ୍ରମ ।
 ବୁଝିଆନ୍ତି ଏହାର ମର୍ମ ॥
 ହୁଅନ୍ତି ଯେ ଜଞ୍ଜିନିଅର ।
 ସୈନିକ ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଡାକ୍ତର ॥
 ଭାରତର ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ସତାନ ।
 ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତି କରି ଯତନ ॥
 ନେହେରୁଙ୍କେ ଏକ ପ୍ରୟାସ ।
 ହେବ ଯେ ଉତ୍ସୁଳ ଭବିଷ୍ୟ ॥

JNV Surangi
(2000)





ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ଉଚ୍ଚତା

- ଶଙ୍କର୍ଷଣ ସାହୁ

ଅତୀତର ପୋଡେ ବସି କାଳସ୍ତ୍ରୋତେ
ସ୍ଵରଙ୍ଗ ଅତୀତ କଥା,
ମଣିଷ ତିଆରି କାରଖାନା ଦିନେ
ପାଇଥିଲା କେତେ ବ୍ୟଥା ॥
ସ୍ଥାପନା ଯାହାର ଦୁଇ ହଜାର ଏକ
ନେଇ ଚାଲିଶଟି ଛାତ୍ର,
ନ ଥିଲା ନିଜସ୍ଵ କିଛି ଘରଦ୍ୱାର
ନ ଥିଲେ ପାଖରେ ମିତ୍ର ॥
ପି. କେ. ରଥ ନାମେ ପ୍ରଥମ ସାରଥୀ
ଏହି ରଥର ସାରଥୀ,
ଅହୋରାତ୍ର ଜାଗି ଛାତ୍ର ନିଜ ଦେଶ
କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ ରତ ଜାଗି ରାତିରାତି
ତାଙ୍କୁ କି ପାରିବା ଛୁଲି ॥
ଜୟରାମଙ୍କର ଜୟ ଜୟ ରାବ
ଉଡ୍ରୁ ଶିକ୍ଷାନିକେତନେ,
ସପରିବାରକୁ ସଂଖୋଳି ରଖନ୍ତୁ
ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ନାମେ ॥
ପରିଚୟ ନିଜ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର କରିଛି
ଆନ୍ତର୍ଦ୍ଵାରା ଗ୍ରାମରେ ଆସି,
ମନ ଭରିଯାଏ ଦେଖୁ କଳେବର
ଆଖୁ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଖୁସା ॥
ମଣିଷ ତିଆରି କାରଖାନା ଆଜି
ବିଶ୍ୱାରିଶ ନିଜ କାଯା,
ଚାରି ଶ ବୟାନରେ ଆଗାମୀ ପିଢ଼ିକୁ
ଦେବ ସୁଶାତଳ ଛାଯା ॥

ଏହି ଉପୋବନେ ଗର୍ଭିବେ ଜୀବନ
ଦୀଘ ସାତବର୍ଷ କାଳ,
ମିତାମାତା ସ୍ନେହ ବଂଚିତ ହେଲେ ବି
ପାଇବେ ବାଞ୍ଛିତ ଫଳ ॥
ଆଗାମୀ ବରଷେ ରଜତ ଜୟନ୍ତୀ
ଦୁଇ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଦୁଇ ପାଞ୍ଚ,
ପୁରାତନ ସଂଗେ ନୃତ୍ୟର ଭେଟ
ଏବେଳୁ ସମୟ ସଞ୍ଚ ॥
ଯିବାକୁ ଅଛି ହେ ପଥ ବହୁଦୂର
ଏତ ପ୍ରଥମ ପାହାର,
ଅତିକ୍ରମେ ଶକ୍ତି ସଂଚିତ ରଖୁଛ
କେବଳ ସାହସ ସଞ୍ଚ ॥
ଦେଖୁ ଛାତ୍ରଗଣେ ଭାବେ ମନେ କ୍ଷଣେ
ଅଗଣ୍ୟରେ ପୁଷ୍ପସମ,
ତୁମେ ସବୁ ଦକ୍ଷ କୁଶଳୀ ସାଜିଛ
ଆଲୋକିତ ଧରାଧାମ ॥
କାକ ସମ ତବ ସ୍ଥାନ ନିରନ୍ତର
ବକ ସମ ଥିଲା ଧ୍ୟାନ,
ନିଦ୍ରାକୁ ତୁମେ ସ୍ଥାନ ସମ କରି
ଅରଜି ଅଛି ହେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ॥
ଆମେ ସିନା ତୁମ ଦ୍ରୋଣଗୁରୁ ନୁହଁ
ତୁମେସବୁ ଏକଳବ୍ୟ,
ମାଗୁନ୍ତ ଆଙ୍ଗୁଳି ଉଚ୍ଚାସନେ ବସି
ଏହି ଦକ୍ଷିଣାଟି ଦେବ ॥
ଯାଆ ବୀରଗଣେ ଦେଉଛୁ ମେଲାଣି
କର୍ମଷ୍ଠ ନିଷ୍ଠାପ ରଥେ,
ଜୟଯୁକ୍ତ ହୁଅ କର୍ମର ପଥରେ
ବିଜୟର ଚଲାପଥେ ॥

କର୍ମଚାରୀ, ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ଉଚ୍ଚତା, ସୁରକ୍ଷାପର ଓଡ଼ିଶା





ନବୋଦୟ: ଏକ ପ୍ରେମ କଥା

- ପାର୍ଥ ସାରଥ ବେହେରା

ବାର ବରଷରୁ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ରେ ପଡ଼ିଲି,
ଅଜାଣତେ ମନ ତୁମକୁ ଯେ ଦେଲି ।
ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ମତେ ଏମିତି ବାନ୍ଧିଲା,
ସାଇତି ରଖିବି ସାରା ଜୀବନ ବୋଲି ପ୍ରତିଶୁଦ୍ଧ ମୁଁ ଦେଲି ।

ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ଯେବେ ମାଆ କୋଳ ଛାଡ଼ି ତୁମ କୋଳ ମୁଁ ପାଇଲି,
ପ୍ରଥମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ମାଆ କୋଳ ବିରହ ରେ କେତେ ଯେ କାନ୍ଦିଲି ।
ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ କେବେ ବର୍ଷେ ବିତି ଗଲା,
ଆଉ ଧୂରେ ଧୂରେ ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ମତେ ଯେ ଆଦରିଲା ।

ମନେ ପଡ଼େ ସେଇ ସବୁଦିନିଆ ପାହାନ୍ତା ସକାଳ,
ଯେବେ ପି. ଟି. ସାର ଙ୍କ ସିଟି ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଦେଇ କରେ କଲ ବଲ ।
କିନ୍ତୁ ଭାରି ତର ଲାଗେ ସାର ଙ୍କ ବାଢ଼ି,
ସେଥୁପାଇଁ ଅଧୁଆ ମୁଁହ ରେ ଯାଏ ଦୌଡ଼ି ଦୌଡ଼ି ।

ପି. ଟି. କ୍ଲାସ ପରେ ଧାଡ଼ି ଲାଗିଯାଏ ,
ବେଗେ ଗାଧୋଇବା ପାଇଁ ।
ନହେଲେ ସକାଳର ସେଇ ବରା ତରକାରୀ
ସରିଯିବା ତର ଚେନସନ ଦେଉ ଥାଇ ।

ହେଲେ ବରା ସରିଗଲେ ଚଳିବ ,
କିନ୍ତୁ ସକାଳ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ରେ ଡେରି ହେଇଗଲେ
ପି. ଟି. ସାର ଙ୍କ ବାଢ଼ି ମୂଳ ରୁ ଚୂଳ ଯାଏ ପଡ଼ିବ ।
ସେଇ ତର ଲାଗି ସକାଳ ପହର ଧାଇଁ ଧାଇଁ ଯାଏ ସରି ।

ସେଇ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ରେ ହାତ ନ ଯୋଡ଼ିଲେ,
ଆଖ୍ଯନ ବୁଝିଲେ, ପି. ଟି. ମାମ ଙ୍କ ର ପଛଆନ୍ତୁ ପଡ଼େ ଗାଲି ।
ପୁଣି ଯେବେ ପଡ଼େ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ସଭା ରେ ଉଦୟଗିରି ର ତିଉଟି ,
ଫ୍ଲେଜ, କୁଇଜ, ଥଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଗୋଡ଼ ହାତ ଥରୁ ଥାଏ ଟି ।

ପ୍ରଥମ ଚାରିଟି କ୍ଲାସ ସରିବା ପରେ ,
ହୁଏ ଯେବେ ଚା ବିରତି ।
ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଚା' ଦି' କପ ପାଇଁ,
ମହୁଆ ଭାଇନାଙ୍କୁ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ଭାରି ମିନତି ॥
ସାଢ଼େ ଗୋଟେ ବେଳେ କ୍ଲାସ ସରିଗଲେ,
ଦୌଡ଼ି ଦୌଡ଼ି ଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ମେସ କୁ ।

ନହେଲେ ଥରେ ଲମ୍ବା ଧାଡ଼ି ହେଲେ,
ଖାଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ପୁଣି ଶେଷ କୁ ॥

ଖାଇ ସାରି ପୁଣି ମୁଁ ଯେବେ ଯାଏ ରେମେଡ଼ିଆଲ କ୍ଲାସ କୁ,
ନିଦ ମାନେ ନାହିଁ ବନ୍ଧ ବାଡ଼ କିଛି,
କେତେ ବେଳେ ଆଖ୍ ଆପେ ବୁଝି ଯାଏ,
ବେଞ୍ଚ ଉପରେ ମୁଁ ଶୋଇ ପଡ଼େ ଶେଷକୁ ।

ତାପରେ ଖେଳ କ୍ଲାସ ବେଳେ ଟିକେ ଖେଳିଦେଇ,
ପାରେବା ତେଣୁ ମୁଁ ବରା ଆଲୁଚପ୍ ପାଇଁ
ଯାଏ ଭଜ ଭାଇ ଦୋକାନକୁ ।
ପ୍ରିମ୍ବିପାଲ ସାର ଯେତେ ବୁଝାଇଲେ ,
କିଏ ଭୁଲି ପାରେ ଅବା ଭଜ ଭାଇ ବରାକୁ ॥

ପୁଣି ଇଭେନିଁ ସଭା ପରେ,
ଟକ ଶପ ଯାଏ ଘର ସାଙ୍ଗେ କଥା ହେବାକୁ ॥
ଜଳଦି କଥା ହେଇ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ ଆସି,
ରେତି ହେଇଯାଏ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା କ୍ଲାସ ପୁଣି ଯିବାକୁ ॥

ରାତ୍ରି ଭୋଜନ ଓ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ ଖାତ୍ରୁ ପରେ,
ସାଇନ୍ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ ରେ ।
ନହେଲେ ହାତସ ମାଷ୍ଟର ଆସି ଥୋଇ ଦେଇଯିବେ
ଶାଲି ମୁଷ୍ଟୁଳିଆ ବିଧା ସିଧା ପିଠି ରେ ପିଠି ରେ ॥

ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ମୁଁ କେବେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲି ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମ ପାରତିରେ,
ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ପୁଣି କେବେ ସରିଗଲା ସାତ ବର୍ଷ
ସେଇ ପ୍ରେମ ପ୍ରଥାରେ ।

ତୁମକୁ ମୁଁ ପାଇ କେତେ ଯେ ଗର୍ବିତ,
କହି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ତାହା କଥାରେ ।
ତଥାପି ବି ମୁଁ ଭୁଲି ପାରୁନାହିଁ ଆମର ସେ ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ଵୃତିକୁ,
କଥା ଦୋଉତି ମୁଁ ସାରା ଜୀବନରେ ସାଇତି ରଖିବି
ଆମର ସେ ଅଭୁଲା ପ୍ରେମ କାହାଣୀକୁ ।

ଜୟ ନବୋଦୟ

JNV JAJPUR (2019)





ବାସ... ଆଉ ଥରେ

-ସୁଶ୍ରୀ ନିବେଦିତା

ନିରୀହ କୋହକୁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ
ସଙ୍ଗୋତ ମନରେ ଜାଗେ,
ପୁରା କରିବାକୁ ଅଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମା କବିତା
ଶଙ୍କ ଅସହାୟ ଲାଗେ ।

ଅସହାୟ ଶଦର ରଙ୍ଗ ନେଇ ମୁଁ
ଭାବନା ଆଞ୍ଚଳି କବିତାରେ,
କେତେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ କେତେ ପୂରୁଣା କାହାଣା
ସାଇତି ରଖୁଛି ସ୍ଵଯନରେ ।

କୋଉଁ କହିବି, କେମିତି ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବି ?
ଦଶ ବର୍ଷ ତଳ କଥା,
ଗାଁ, ଘର, ସାଙ୍ଗ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆସିଥିବା
ଶିଶୁର ନିରୀହ ବ୍ୟଥା ।

ମୁଆ ପରିବେଶ ମୁଆ ଶୈଳୀରେ
ପିଲାଦିନ ଗଲା ବିତି,
ଗୁରୁ ଗୁରୁମାଙ୍କ ଆକଟରେ ଥିଲା
ଜୀବନର ରଣନୀତି ।

ସହପାଠୀ ମୁହଁ ସବୁ
ସଖା ସଖୀ ଥୁଲେ,
ଖୁଣ୍ଡିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ
ହାତ ଧରି ନେଲେ ।

ବନ୍ଧା ହୋଇ ରହିଥିଲୁ ଆମେ ସାତ ବର୍ଷ
ମୁକ୍ତ ଚିକକ ଆଶାରେ ହେଇ, ଅପେକ୍ଷାରତ,
ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ସତରେ ଦିନେ ଆମେ ମୁକ୍ତ ହେଇଗଲୁ
ଆଉ ସେ ହେଇ ରହିଗଲା, ଗୋଟେ ଅଫେରା ଅତୀତ

ଅତୀତ ମୁହଁ ତ ଥିଲା ସିଏ ଆମ
ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତାର ପୋଥୁ,
ସେବୁ ଶିଖୁଥିବା ପ୍ରତିଟି ଶିକ୍ଷା
ଆମ ଜୀବନସାଥୀ ।

ବରଦାନ ଯଦି ମିଳେ କେବେ ମତେ
ମାଗିନେବି ମନ ଖୋଲି,
ବାସ ଆଉ ଥରେ ମତେ ନବୋଦୟ ଜୀବନ
ଜିଇଁବାକୁ ଦିଅ ଖାଲି ।

JNV KHORDHA
(2020)





ନବୋଦୟ: ସାତ ବର୍ଷର ସ୍ମୃତି

-ହରିହର ପ୍ରସାଦ ରଥ

ନବୋଦୟ ଓ ସେହି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ପଢା ସମୟ କଥା ଭାବିଲେ ୨୮ ଜୁଲାଇ ୨୦୧୩ ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ ସେ ସମୟରେ ବିଷମକଟକ ସ୍ମୃତି ଜବାହର ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ରେ ମୋର ନାମ ଲେଖା ହେଇଥିଲା । ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ରେ ନାମ ଲେଖା ହେଲା ପରେ ମୋତେ ଆରାବଳୀ ହାଉସ ମିଲିଥୁଲା ଯାହାର House Master ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ସାର ଓ Associate House Master ସନ୍ଦେଶ ସାର ଥିଲେ ଏବଂ Captain ନବକିଶୋର ଭାଇନା ଓ Vice captain ନବୀନ କୁମାର ଭାଇନା ଥିଲେ । ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ମା' ବାପାଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଦୁରରେ ହୋଷ୍ଟେଲ ରେ ରହିବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ନଥ୍ବା ଯୋଗୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ମୁଁ ଘର କଥା ମନେ ପକାଇ କାହୁଥୁଲି । ତେଣୁ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ସାର, ସନ୍ଦେଶ ସାର, ନବ ଓ ନବୀନ ଭାଇନା ଏବଂ ଆମ ହାଉସ ର ଅନ୍ୟ ଭାଇ ମାନେ ମୋତେ ବୁଝେଇଥିଲେ । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ନୂଆ ସହପାଠୀଙ୍କ ସହ ମିଶିଲା ପରେ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ ରେ ରହିବା ରେବେଶା କିଛି ଅସୁରିଧା ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ମୁଁ ହୋଷ୍ଟେଲ ର ଚାଲି ଚଳଣି ସହ ଖାପ ଖୁଆଇ ଚଳିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲି । ଆଜି ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ହସିଲାଗେ ଯେ ଯେଉଁ ନବୋଦୟ ଆଜି ମୋ ଜୀବନର ଅହୁଲା ସ୍ମୃତି ପାଇଲି ଯାଇଛି ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ରେ ଦିନେ ସେହି ନବୋଦୟରୁ କେବେ ଜଳି ଯିବି ବୋଲି ଭାବୁଥୁଲି ।

ସାତ ବର୍ଷର ନବୋଦୟ ଜୀବନ ସରିଯାଇଛି ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେହି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ର ଅନୁଭୂତି ଛାତି ଯାଇଛି ବାକି ଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଚିର ସ୍ମୃତିରାଯ୍ୟ ସ୍ମୃତି । ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ର କଥା ଭାବିଲେ ମନେପତେ welcome day ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର stage କୁ ଯାଇ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସାମାରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ମାରକରେ କିଛି କହିଥୁଲି । ମନେ ପତେ ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ର ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ବାର୍ଷିକ ପରାମା ପରେ ହେଇଥିବା Candlelight Dinner, ଆଉ Projector screenରେ ସିନେମା ଦେଖିବା । ମନେ ପତେ ମୁନିଗୁଡ଼ା ନିକଟସ୍ଥ କୁମୁଡ଼ାବାଲିରେ ବଂଶଧାରା ନଦୀ କୁଳରେ ସ୍ମୃତି ବାଲୁଙ୍କେଶ୍ଵର ମନ୍ଦିର ଠାରେ ପିକନିକ କଥା ଆଉ ମନେ ପତେ ମୋର ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ସ୍କୁଲ ରେ ନୂଆ ବର୍ଷ ପାଇନ । ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ରେ ଏମିତି ବହୁତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକର୍ମ ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ବହୁତ ସ୍ମୃତି ଭରି ଦେଇଛି ।

କେବଳ ଷଷ୍ଠ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ କାହିଁକି ତା ପରେ ସପ୍ତମ, ଅଷ୍ଟମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର field trip, Olympiad ପରାମା ହେଉ ଅବା Science Club ଏଗୁଡ଼ିକ ର ସ୍ମୃତି ନିଆରା । ଶନିବାର ଦିନ ହେଉଥିବା CCA ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗାତା ହେଉଥିଲା ଯେଉଁଥିରେ କିଛି ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗାତା ରେ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗା ଆଉ କିଛି ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗାତାରେ ଦର୍ଶକ ଭାବେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ନେଉଥିଲା । ଅଷ୍ଟମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର କଥା ଭାବିଲାବେଳକୁ ମନେ ପତେ ବାର୍ଷିକ କ୍ଲାଡା ଯେଉଁଥିରେ ମୁଁ ୪୦୦ ମିଟର ଦୌଡ଼ରେ ଭାଗ ନେଇଥିଲି କିନ୍ତୁ ହାରିଯିବି ବୋଲି ଭାବି ଦୌଡ଼ ପୁରା ନ କରି ଅଧା ରୁ ଛାତି ଦେଇଥିଲି କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେ ଭାବୁଛି ଯେ ଜିତିବା କିମ୍ବା ହାରିବା କଥା ଚିନ୍ତା ନ କରି ମୋତେ ଦୌଡ଼ ପୁରା କରିବା ଥିଲା । ସେ ସମୟରେ ଯାହା ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରି ନଥୁଲି ଆଜି ତାହା ହୃଦୟଙ୍କମା କରୁଛି ଯେ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତାରେ ହାର ଜିତ କଥା ଚିନ୍ତା ନ କରି ଶେଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ।

ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ଅଷ୍ଟମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରୁ ଉଚ୍ଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀକୁ ଆସିଗଲୁ । ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ମୋର କିମ୍ବା migration ରେ ମଧ୍ୟପ୍ରଦେଶର ଶାଜାପୁର ଜିଲ୍ଲା ସ୍ମୃତି ଜ.ନ.ବି. କୁ ଯାଇ ଥିଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ପାଇ ନଥୁଲି । ହେଲେ ସେ ବର୍ଷ ମୋତେ କିଛି ନୂଆ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଲିଥୁଲା । ବିଷମକଟକରେ ରହି ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜାରେ Dance କରିଥିଲି । ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର Dance କରିବାକୁ ଯାଉଛି ଶୁଣି ବହୁତ ଜଣ ମୋର ଉସାହ ବଢ଼େଇଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଛି ମୋତେ ଠିକ ରେ ନାଚିବା ଆସେ ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଦିନ stage ରେ ନାଚିବାରେ ଥିଲା ଏକ ଅଳଗା ଅନୁଭୂତି । ସେ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଲି ଯେ ଜୀବନରେ କିଛି ନୂଆ କରିବା ଅସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ ତା ପାଇଁ ଦରକାର କେବଳ ଚିକେ ସାହସ । ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ରେ କେବଳ ନାଚ ର ଅଳଗା ଅନୁଭୂତି ନଥୁଲା, ଅନୁଭୂତି ଥିଲା ପୁରୁଣା କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସକୁ ଛାତିବା ଆଉ ନୂଆ କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସକୁ ଯିବା । କୁହକ୍ତି କିଛି ନୂଆ ପାଇବା ପାଇଁ କିଛି ପୁରୁଣା ଛାତିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ନୂଆ କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ ମନରେ ଉସାହ ଥିଲା ତା ସହ ପୁରୁଣା କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ ଛାତି ଯିବାର ମନରେ ଦୁଃଖ ଥିଲା କାରଣ ସେହି ବିଷମ କଟକ ଥିଲା ମୋ ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରଥମ ହୃଦୟଙ୍କମା । ସେ ଯାହା ବି ହେଉ ନା କାହିଁକି ଆମେ ସେହି ବର୍ଷ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ମାସରେ

ବିଷମ କଟକ ଛାତ୍ର ଥେବୁବାଳି ଆସି ଯାଇଥିଲୁ । ସେତେବେଳେ ମନକୁ ଆସିନଥୂଳା କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେ ଭାବୁଛି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ମୋର ନବୋଦୟ ଜୀବନ ର ଠିକ ଅଧା ସମୟ ବିଷମ କଟକରେ ଏବଂ ଆଉ ବାକି ଅଧା ସମୟ ଥେବୁବାଳି ରେ କଟିଛି ।

ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ସରିଲା ଆଉ ଆସିଗଲା ଦଶମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ଆଉ ତା ସହ ନେଇ ଆସିଥୂଳା ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା । ଦଶମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ରେ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ଥୂଳା ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ସ୍ଵାଧାନତା ଦିବସ ପାଇଁ ନାଟକ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା ରେ ଜେନରେଲ ଡାଏର ହେଉ ଅବା ଶିଶୁ ଦିବସ ରେ ଜବାହାର ଲାଲ ନେହେରୁଙ୍କ ଭୂମିକା କରିବା ସୁଯୋଗ କୁ ହାଥ ଛଡା କରି ନଥୁଲି । ତା ସହିତ ପରାକ୍ଷାକୁ ନେଇ ମନରେ ଆଶା ଓ ଉତ୍ସାହ କମ ହେଇ ନଥୁଲା । ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ପାଇଁ ପରାକ୍ଷା ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲା ଏବଂ ସରି ମଧ୍ୟ ଗଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ବର୍ଷ ଗଣିତ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ପତ୍ର ଲିଙ୍କ ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ଥିବା ଯୋଗୁଁ କାଳେ ପୁଣି ପରାକ୍ଷା ହେବ ତାହା ମନରେ ଝୁଲଞ୍ଚା ଖଣ୍ଡା ପରି ରହିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଭାର୍ଯ୍ୟବଶତଃ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ପରାକ୍ଷା ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ତା ପରେ ଏକାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରିଲୁ ତ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷାର ବୋଝ ହଟିଲା ଆଉ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ବିଭିନ୍ନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକର୍ମ ଆୟୋଜନ କରିବାର ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ଆସିଗଲା । ଆମେ ଏପ୍ରିଲ ମାସରେ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ବାର୍ଷିକ ଉତ୍ସବର ଆୟୋଜନରେ ସହଯୋଗ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲୁ । ଗ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଛୁଟି ପରେ ଆମେ ୧୧ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀ ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା ହେଉ ଅବା ସରସ୍ଵତୀ ପୂଜା, ସ୍ଵାଧାନତା ଦିବସ ହେଉ ଅବା ଗଣତନ୍ତ୍ର ଦିବସ ସବୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକର୍ମର ଆୟୋଜନରେ ସହୋଯୋଗ କରିଲୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଆମ୍ବସତ୍ତ୍ଵଜନକ ଅନୁଭୂତି ମିଳିଥୂଳା ବହୁତ ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ପୁଣି ପିନିକି ଆୟୋଜନ କରିବା । ଏହି ସବୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ସବୁ ବର୍ଷ ଏକାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ଛାତ୍ର ଛାତ୍ରୀ କରନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମେ ତା ଠାରୁ କିଛି ଅଳଗା ଏସ.ରାମାନୁଜନଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମ ଦିନରେ ଗଣିତ ଦିବସ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗାତା ଆୟୋଜନ କରିଥିଲୁ । ନବୋଦୟ ଆମକୁ ଏହି ସବୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଆୟୋଜନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ସୁଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥାଏ ଯାହା ଆମକୁ କେମିତି management କରାଯାଏ ତାହା ଶିଖାଇ ଥାଏ । ମୋ ଜାଣିବାରେ ସ୍କୁଲ ସମୟରୁ ଏହି ପରି ଶିକ୍ଷା ଅନୁଭୂତି ନବୋଦୟ ଜୀବନରେ ଆଗାମୀ ଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଗୁରୁତ୍ବପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭୂମିକା ରଖୁଥାଏ ।

ବିଭିନ୍ନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଆୟୋଜନ କରୁ କରୁ ଏକାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ସରିଗଲା ଆଉ ତା ପରେ ଆସିଲା ନବୋଦୟର ଅନ୍ତିମ ଏବଂ ମହଭୂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବର୍ଷ, ଦ୍ୱାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ । ଦ୍ୱାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ଜୀବନର ଏକ ଗୁରୁତ୍ବପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମୁହଁର୍ତ୍ତ ଥରେ ତେଣୁ ଦ୍ୱାଦଶ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ଆରମ୍ଭରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ପଢା ପଢି ରେ ଲାଗି ପଡ଼ିଲେ । ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ସହିତ କେହି

ଇଞ୍ଜିନିୟରିଂ ତ ଆଉ କିଏ ମେଡିକାଲ ପରାକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଦେଇ ଥିଲେ । ଏମିତି ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ କେତେ ବେଳେ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ନିକଟକୁ ଆସିଗଲା ଜଣା ପଡ଼ିଲା ନାହିଁ ଆଉ ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଲା ଆଉ ସରି ମଧ୍ୟ ଗଲା । ସେତେବେଳେ କେବଳ ବୋର୍ଡ ପରାକ୍ଷା ସରି ନଥୂଳା ତା ସହ ସରି ଯାଇ ଥିଲା ଆମ ନବୋଦୟ ଜୀବନ, ସେହି ସାତ ବର୍ଷର ଜୀବନ ଯାହା ୨୦୧୩ ମସିହା ରେ ବିଷମ କଟକରେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଇଥିଲା । ଶେଷ ଦିନ ଆମକୁ ଭୁନିୟର ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣାମାନେ farewell ଦେଲେ । ସେବିନ Stageରେ farewell ଭାଷଣ ଦେବାକୁ ଯିବା ସମୟରେ ମନରେ ସେହି ବିଷମ କଟକରେ ସେହି welcome dayରେ stageକୁ ଯିବା କଥା ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ବିଷମକଟକ ର ସେହି welcome day ଆଉ ଥେବୁବାଳିରେ farewell ଭିତରେ ନବୋଦୟର ସେହି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ଶେଷ ହୋଇଗଲା । ୧୮ ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ୨୦୨୦ ଥୂଳା ମୋର ନବୋଦୟରେ ଶେଷ ଦିନ ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ସ୍କୁଲ ପଢା ଶେଷ କରି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଥିଲି । ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ଘରକୁ ଯିବା ସମୟ ରେ ମନରେ ସାତ ବର୍ଷର ଘଟଣା ଆଖୁ ସାମା ରେ ଖଲସି ଉଠିଲା ।

ଆଜି ଆଉ ମୁଁ ନବୋଦୟ ରେ ନାହିଁ ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ସହ ଅଛି ସେହି ଦିନ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ସ୍କୁଟି । ସ୍କୁଟି ଅଛି ସକାଳର ପି.ଟି. କ୍ଲାସ ପାଇଁ ବାଜିଥିଥିବା ହୁଇସଲ ଯାହା ନବୋଦୟ ଛାତ୍ରିଲା ପରେ ଆଉ କେବେ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ମିଳିଲାନି । ଏଇଟା ସତ ଯେ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ଥୂଳାବେଳେ ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ହୁଇସଲର ଶବ ମଧ୍ୟମଧ୍ୟ ନା ଥୂଳା କିନ୍ତୁ ସ୍କୁଲ ଛାତ୍ରିଲା ପରେ କିଛି ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ମୋ କାନ ହୁଇସଲର ଶବକୁ ଖୋଜିଥିଲା । ସ୍କୁଟି ଅଛି ମେସରେ ଲାଇନରେ ଠିଆହୋଇ ଟ୍ରେ' ବଢାଇ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଆଣିବା । ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ନବୋଦୟ ସମୟରେ ମୁଁ ବହୁତ କିଛି ସ୍କୁଯୋଗର ଲାଭ ଉଠାଇ ନାହିଁ ଯେମିତିକି କୌଣସି ଖେଳରେ Cluster, Regional ଯିବା ଅବା ନବମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ Migration ଯିବା କିନ୍ତୁ ହେଲେ ବି ନବୋଦୟର ସ୍କୁଟି ମୋ ପାଇଁ କମ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଇନି । ଏମିତି ବହୁତ ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ସ୍କୁଟି ଅଛି ଯାହା ନବୋଦୟରେ ପଢ଼ିବା ଯୋଗୁଁ ମୋତେ ମିଳିଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ସ୍କୁଟିକୁ ଶବ ଜାଲରେ ବାନ୍ଧିବା ସମୟ ନୁହେଁ । ତେଣୁ ସ୍କୁଟିର ଗନ୍ଧାରକୁ ଏକଠି ବନ୍ଦ କରି କେବଳ ଶେଷରେ ଏହା ଜଣାଇବାକୁ ଚାହେଁ ଯେ ନବୋଦୟରେ ଆସିବା ଆଗରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଅଜଣା ଥାନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ ନବୋଦୟ କୁ ଆସିଲା ପରେ ପୁରା ଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ସମସ୍ତେ ନବୋଦୟ ପରିବାରର ସଦସ୍ୟ ପାଲକି ଯାନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଗର୍ବରେ ନିଜକୁ କୁହନ୍ତି ନବୋଦୟାନ ।

JNV Rayagada (Therubali)
(2020)





ଅନ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସନ୍ଧାନ

— ମନୋଜ କୁମାର ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ଆଜି କାଳି ମୁଁ ପାଉନି ନିଜକୁ ଖୋଜି
ଆଜି ମୁଁ ସେ କାଳି ର ଦିନ ରେ ହଜି
ଥକିଲି ନିଜକୁ ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ଆଜି
ଆଜି ମୁଁ ପାଉନି ନିଜ କୁ ଖୋଜି
ଆଉ ପାଉନି ନିଜ କୁ ଖୋଜି ଆଜି ॥

ଆଜି ଥୁଲା ସେ ନୂଆ ଜୀବନର ବାଜି
ହାରି ଥୁବା ସେ ପୁରାଶ କାଳି ର ବାଜି
ନିଜର ସନ୍ଧାନ ପାଇଁ,
ଆଜି ଖେଳୁ ଥୁବା ସେ ବାଜି
ପୁଣି ଖେଳୁ ଥୁବା ସେହି ବାଜି ॥

ଆଖୁରେ ଆଜି ସେ କାଳି ର ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦର ଝର
କହୁ ଥୁଲା ମତେ ନିଜର ସନ୍ଧାନ କର
ପାଇ ସାରି ତମେ ନିଜେ ନିଜକୁ

ମତେ ଝରିବାକୁ ଦିଅ ଝର ଝର
ଆଜି ମତେ ଝରି ବାକୁ ଦିଅ ଝର ଝର ॥

କାଳିର ବେଦନା କେତେ ବାନ୍ଧି ଦେଇ ଥୁଲା ମତେ
କାଳିର ଦୁଃଖର ଗାତ ଆଜି ବି ବାକୁଚି କେତେ
ସେ ଗାତ ର ତାଳେ ତାଳେ
ବୁଦ୍ଧି ମୁଁ ଯାଏ ଦୁଃଖର ଆକାଶ ତଳେ
ଦୁଃଖର ଆକାଶ ତଳେ ॥

ପାଇବାର ଆଶା ଆଜି ପୁଣି ନିରାଶାର ରୂପ ନିଏ
ଆସନ୍ତା କାଳିର ଦିନ ପୁଣି ଆଜିର ରୂପ ଯେ ନିଏ।
ଆଜି ବି ମତେ ସେ ପୁରୁଣା (ଗତ) କାଳି ପରି ଲାଗେ
ଆଜି ବି ମୁଁ ନିଜର ସନ୍ଧାନ ଖୋଜେ
ମୁଁ ନିଜର ସନ୍ଧାନ ଖୋଜେ ॥

ଗଜପତି ନବୋଦୟ ବିଦ୍ୟାଲୟରେ
(୨୦୧୦)



Special thanks to

Mr. SUBRAJIT PRADHAN
1994-2001 Batch
JNV Phulbani



A TALE OF ENDURING FRIENDSHIPS, LIFELONG LESSONS, AND LOVE BEYOND THE GATES

– Sampad Sahoo

Introduction:

There's something truly magical about the corridors of Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya (JNV) Khordha, where every day was a chapter in the book of a remarkable journey. As a proud JNVian, I find myself reminiscing about those golden days, the lessons learned, friendships forged, and the lifelong bonds that continue to shape my life even after stepping out into the world beyond JNV.

Life at JNV Khordha:

My journey at JNV Chuda (temporay Site) and Gurujang (Permanent Site), Khordha was not just about textbooks and exams; it was a holistic experience that moulded me into the person I am today. Nestled in the serene landscapes of school mapus, our JNV was more than just a school; it was a home away from home. The vibrant cultural activities, spirited sports events, and engaging classroom sessions made every moment special.

The camaraderie among we Navodayans is unparalleled. Whether it was preparing for exams, participating in inter-house competitions, or simply sharing stories under the starlit sky, the bonds we formed were unbreakable. The hostel life taught me resilience, independence, and the art of building relationships that withstand the test of time.

Life After JNV:

As I stepped out of the familiar gates of JNV Khordha, I carried with me not just a bag full of memories but also the values instilled by my teachers and the unwavering support of my peers. The real world beckoned, but the lessons learned at JNV and along with other JNVians became my compass.

One of the most heart-warming aspects of my life after JNV is the love story that unfolded. On December 8th, 2023, I tied the knot with Ms. S Subhasmita my JNV classmate, surrounded by the blessings of our teachers, the love of our seniors and juniors, and the presence of our cherished batch mates. Our union is not just a celebration of love but a testament to the lasting connections formed during those unforgettable JNV days.

The Power of JNV Bonds:

The network of friendships formed at JNV and other platforms is a treasure that keeps giving. Whether it's career advice, emotional support, or simply reliving the nostalgia of our youth, the JNV connection is a lifeline that transcends time and distance. The shared experiences create a unique bond that enriches every aspect of our lives.

Motivating the Younger Generations:

To the younger generations who are yet to embark on their JNV journey, I say this: cherish

every moment. Embrace the diversity, participate in every activity, and forge connections that go beyond the classroom. JNV is not just a school; it's a community that nurtures your growth in every possible way.

The friendships you build, the lessons you learn, and the memories you create will become the pillars of your future. And who knows, like me, you might find a life partner among your JNV peers, turning your love story into a beautiful chapter of your JNV legacy.

Conclusion:

JNV Khordha will always hold a special place in my heart. The memories, the friendships,

and the invaluable life lessons have shaped my journey and continue to influence my choices. As a JNVian, I carry the torch of positivity, resilience, and the spirit of unity that defines the essence of Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya.

To all the current and future JNVians, may your journey be as enriching and transformative as mine. Embrace the magic of JNV, and let it be the guiding light in your pursuit of knowledge, friendship, and a future filled with endless possibilities.

**JNV: Khordha, Odisha
(2013)**



MY MAGICAL SCHOOL DAYS

– Madhusmita Bishi

In Navodaya's embrace, where memories gleam, Jawahar Navodaya, a cherished dream. Six years of laughter, joy untold, In corridors of time, our stories unfold.

Exams and CCA, a thrilling ride, Games and meets, side by side. Chit chats echo, in corridors long, Parents' day and packing, a pre-vacation song.

Assembly hours, where pledges ring, Musical notes, in harmony, we do sing. Cultural meets, a stage ablaze, Cluster meets, where friendships raise.

Happiness woven in each classroom's air, Bad times too, the burdens we bear. Mess benches witness tales untold, CT school fun, in memories, we hold.

Mini stadium parade, a grand display, Exam nights, where nerves held sway. Results in class, a momentous decree, Principal's lecture, a guide's decree.

Teachers' scolding, a stern rebuke, Yet, in those moments, lessons took. Reliving today, forevermore, Navodaya in my heart's core.

**JNV, Nuapada /Narla
(2003)**





घर वापस में आऊं

– वेद प्रकाश साहू

पैसों का है खेल नीराला, दुर से पहचानी जाऊं,
राजतंत्र की कड़वा सत्य हुं, रस्ता नापे जाऊं,
खुद के दर्द का अहसास कहां, औरों से साहस पाऊं,
निर्वाचनी माहोल नहीं, बस उस पल को तरसा जाऊं।
पैरों में है छाले, पर में लंबी दुरी जाऊं,
सर पे है सामान ढोया, बच्ची भी गोद उठाऊं,
किसी को घर पे छोड़ते देखा, पर में रोका जाऊं,
भुखी पेट की ताडन देखे, एक सहारे को निहारूं।
घर आए थे कुटुम्ब सहीत, याद शायद होगा नहीं,

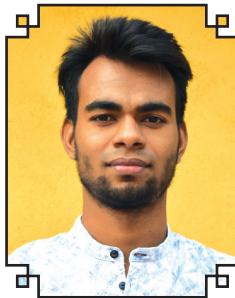
मांग रहे थे द्वार खड़े, अब शायद लज्जा नहीं,
पछताऊं किस मुँह से में, बस खुद को है धिक्कारूं,
कमर कसे परिवार सहित, लक्ष पे बढ़ता जाऊं।
महीमा मंडीत गानों से, अब मैं बहक न जाऊं,
भारी पड़ा लेना वो दान, अब ब्याज सहित लौटाऊं,
अंतरात्मा है जाग उठी, अब मैं बिक न जाऊं,
धर्म ज्ञान की सिख लिए अब, घर वापस में आऊं।

ज न वि बलांगीर
1995 - 2002



With best compliments from:

M/s. BMT Profile
Super Class Contractor,
Mayurbhanj



ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର ପ୍ରିୟା

— ଶୁଭମ ଶାଶ୍ଵତ ସାହୁ

ମଥିଲା ବୈଶାଖ ମାସର ଅଦିନିଆ ହେତୁ । ନା ଥିଲା ଆକ୍ଷାତ ଆକାଶରେ ଉଛି ଉଠିଥିଲା ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା ରାତିର ସଫା ଜହୁ । ଭାଦ୍ରବ ମାସର ଆଗମନରେ ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ଫୁଟି ଯାଇଥିଲା ଫଳଗୁଣର ଫୁଲଟିଏ । ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଜ୍ୟେଷ୍ଠ ମାସର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା ଖରାରେ ଡହଳବିକଳ ହେଉଥିବା ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ଭରିଯାଇଥିଲା ଶ୍ରାବଣ ମାସର ଏହି ଛିଟା ଛିଟା ବର୍ଷା । ଛିଞ୍ଚିଦେଇଥିଲା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର ଅନ୍ଧକାର କୋଠରୀରେ ଆଲୋକର ଆଶା ।

ଯଦିଓ ମୁଁ ମୋ ବୟସର ପୂର୍ବାହ୍ନରେ ଥିଲି, ତଥାପି ପ୍ରେମ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ନୁଆ ନଥିଲା । ବୟସର ରାଜପଥରେ ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ିବା ସମୟରେ ମୁଁ ସପ୍ତରେ ଦେଖୁ ସାରିଥିଲି ମୋ ମନର କହିତ ପ୍ରିୟାକୁ । ମୋ ହୃଦୟର ରାଣୀକୁ । ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଜୀବନସାଥ୍ ପାଇବାର ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳ ଏହିକ୍ଷଣି ଅବସାନ ଘଟିଛି । କିଛି ବଦଳି ନଥିଲା ସତ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେବିନ ତା ସହ ପ୍ରଥମ ଦେଖାରେ, ସେ ମଞ୍ଚ ଉପରକୁ ଆସି ନିଜକୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ଆଗରେ ପରିଚିତ କରିବା ସମୟରେ ମୁଁ ନିଜକୁ ହଜାଇଦେଇଥିଲି ତାର ଝଙ୍ଗରାଜୀ ଦକ୍ଷତା ଆଗରେ । କେମିତି ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କରିବି ତାକୁ? କେଉଁ ରୂପରେଖରେ ସଜାଇ ଦେଇ ତାର ଶୌଦ୍ଧର୍ୟର ଚରିତ୍ରକୁ ସଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ତୋଳି ଧରିଲେ ତାର ଉପମାରେ କିଛି କମି ରହି ଯିବନି?

ସୁନ୍ଦର ଓ ମାର୍ଜିତ ଶରୀର । ଗୋରା ତକ ତକ ଚେହେରା । ପୁଷ୍ପରିଣୀର ଶୋଭାକୁ ଦ୍ଵିଗୁଡ଼ିତ କରୁଥିବା ପଦ୍ମ ପରି ଦୁଇ କଳା ଜାଇ ତା ମୁହଁରେ । ଛେନା ପରି ମଧୁର ହସ । ହସିଦେଲେ ଦେଖାଦେଇଥାଏ ଧଳା ଫର ଫର ଦାନ୍ତଗୁଡ଼ିକ । କାନରେ ଝୁମୁକା ତ ହୁହେଁ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ପୁଷ୍ପ ଉପରେ ଗାତଗାଇ ଉଡ଼ିବୁଲୁଛନ୍ତି ଦୁଇ ଭର୍ତ୍ତାର । ଓ ତାର ସାକ୍ଷାତ ସତେଜ ରକ୍ତ ଗୋଲାପ । କଥା କୁହା ଆଖୁ ଦୁଇଟି ନାଚି ଉଠୁଥିଲା ତା ହରିଣୀ ଚାଲିରେ । ସମ୍ବଲପୁରା ଧାଢ଼ିରେ ସୁସଞ୍ଜିତ ତାର ଧଳା କଳା କୁର୍ତ୍ତା ଓ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ କଳା ରୁନରୀ । ବାମ ହାତରେ ଟାଇଟନ ଘାତି ଓ ତାହାଣ ହାତର ଶୋଭା ବଢ଼ାଇଥିଲା ଏକ ଛୋଟ କଙ୍କଣ ।

ବର୍ଷାର ଶିଉଳିରେ ଗୋଡ଼ ଖସିଯିବା ଭଳି ମୁଁ ଖସିଯାଇଥିଲି ମୋ ସପ୍ତର ନାୟିକାର ହୃଦୟର ପାଦଦେଶରେ ।

ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର ଗଳି ଗଳିରେ ପାର୍ବତୀ ରତ୍ନ ମାହୋଲ । ସାଜସଜାରେ ପରିପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ମଞ୍ଚ । ଆମ୍ବ ତୋରଣ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଲିରୁ ଲାଇଟ ଦେଖଣାହାରୀଙ୍କ ଆଖକୁ ଝଲକାଇ ଦେଇଛି । ଆସନ୍ତାକାଳି ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା । କାଳିଆ ନନା ତା ଦୋକାନରେ ତା ପିଇ ଦେଇ ଫେରି ଆସି ମୁଁ ମୋ ବସାକୁ । ବାହାରେ ଝିପଝିପି ବର୍ଷା । ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ସୁଲୁସୁଲିଆ ପବନ । କରେଣ୍ଣ ଖେଳୁଛି ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳ । ମହମବତୀ ଜାଳି ମୋ ରୁମକୁ ଆଲୋକିତ କରିଦେଇଛି ମୁଁ । ବହିଆକରୁ ବିଭୂତି ପଙ୍କନାୟକଙ୍କ ଗଛ ପୁଣ୍ଡିକା “ପ୍ରେମିକା”କୁ ହାତରେ ଧରି ଚାଲି ଯାଇଛି ମୁଁ ମୋ ଭାବନା ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ । ଆଖୁ ଆଗରେ ଝଲସି ଉଠିଛି ମୋ ମନର ମାନସା ।

ଗାଡ଼ିର ସାମ୍ବା କବାଟ ଖୋଲି ବସି ପଡ଼ିଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟା । ହସର ଆଦାନପ୍ରଦାନ ପରେ ଶକ୍ତି ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କ ‘ବୟସ ରାଜପଥରେ’ ଗୀତରେ ଗୁଣୁଗୁଣୁ ହୋଇ ଗାଡ଼ି ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିଛି ଜଙ୍ଗଳ ଭରା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁର- ମୁନିଗୁଡ଼ା ରାଜରାସ୍ତାରେ । ସୁଦୂର ହନମନ୍ତପୁର ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଫଳପଳିଆ ନଦୀ କୁଳରେ ଅଟକି ଯାଇଛି ମୋ କାର । ପାଦରେ ପାଦ ମିଶାଇ ହାତରେ ହାତ ଦେଇ ଚାଲିଯାଉଛୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଠିକଣାରେ । ଦେହରେ ଶିହରଣ ଖେଳିଯାଇଛି । ମୁହଁରେ ଚେନାଏ ହସ । ହୃଦସ୍ତନର ବେଶକୁ ମାପିବା କଷ୍ଟକର । ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ଘରକୁଙ୍କିରୁ ତେଙ୍କାନାଳ ଖବର । ସପ୍ତର ରାଜକରେ ହସଖୁଦିରେ ବିତି ଯାଉଥିଲା ସମୟ । ହଠାତ୍.....ହଠାତ୍ ବାସ୍ତବତାର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାଣରେ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରକୃତିଷ୍ଠ ହୋଇ ଫେରିଆସିଛି ମୋ ଅର୍ଜନଗୁ କୋଠରୀକୁ ।

ପ୍ରେମିକା? ପ୍ରେମିକାର ଅର୍ଥ କଣ ତୁ ନିଜେ ବି ଜାଣିଛୁ? କଣ ସେ ରୂପସୀ ସତରେ ତୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା? ତୁ କଣ ସତରେ ତାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇ ବସିଛୁ? ପ୍ରେମ ତୋର ଶାଶ୍ଵତ? ନା ତା ରୂପର ଗରୀମାରେ ତୋ ଲୋଭ? ନା ତା କୋମଳମତୀ ଦେହକୁ ଉପଭୋଗ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ତୁ ଲାକାଯିତ? ପ୍ରେମର ଉଭର ଯଦି ନା ଆସେ ତେବେ? ବଞ୍ଚିପାରିବୁ

ତା ବିନା? ଯଦି ହଁ ତେବେ? ଅଜାତି ପାରିବୁ ଦୁନିଆର ସବୁ ଖୁସି
ତା ପାଦ ତଳେ? ହଁ ନା ଭିତରର ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା। ସେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରରେ
ପାଦ ଥାପିବାର ଦଶଟି ଦିନ ହେଲନି, ଏତେ ଜଳଦି ତୁ ତୋ ପାଦ
ଖସାଇ ଦେଲୁ? ପ୍ରେମ କଣ ତୋ ଜୀବନର କେତେବିହୁ?

ଧୈର୍ୟର ସହକାରେ ଏହି ଜଟିଳ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ସାମନା ତ
କରିନେଲି କିନ୍ତୁ କି ଉଭର ଦେବି?

ପ୍ରେମ ରୂପକ ନଦୀର ସ୍ରୋତ ଏତେ ଯେ ପ୍ରଖର ମୁଁ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନରେ କେବେ
କଞ୍ଚନା କରି ନଥିଲି । ତା ଚୋରା ଚାହାଣୀ, ତା ଗୋରା ଚେହେରା,
ତା ପଢ଼ୁ ପାଖୁଡ଼ା ପରି ମୁଁ, ତା ରୂପର ଖଣ୍ଡା ଧାର ଯେ ସବୁ ବନ୍ଦ
ବାଡ଼ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ମୋ ପାଦ ତଳ ମାଟି ଅତତା କୁ ଖସାଇ ଦେଇ ତା ପ୍ରତି
ମତେ ଆକୃଷ କରି ନେବ ତାହା ମୁଁ ଭାବିନଥିଲି । ପ୍ରେମର ଭ୍ରାଳା
ରେ ଛାରଖାର କରିଦେଇଛି ମୋର ଏଇ ଅଣ୍ଟିର ମନକୁ । ପ୍ରେମର
ପଞ୍ଚୁରାରେ ଆବଦି କରିନେଇଛି ମତେ । ପ୍ରଥମେ ମନ, ହୃଦୟକୁ
କାବୁ କରି ପୁରା ଶରାରକୁ ବଶ କରିନେଇଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା ।
ବସିଲେ ତା ଚେହେରା, ଶୋଇଲେ ତା ଚେହେରା । ଚାଲିଲେ ତା
ଚେହେରା, ଖାଇଲେ ତା ଚେହେରା । ଏହା କଣ ସତରେ ପ୍ରେମ?
ବିଭିନ୍ନ କବି ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ଉପାୟରେ ଦେଇଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ପ୍ରେମିକାର
ଅର୍ଥ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଖୋଜିପାରିଲିନି ପ୍ରେମିକାର ପ୍ରତିଶବ୍ଦ । ଦେଇ
ପାରିଲିନି ବାପ୍ତବତା କୁ ତା ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ସଠିକ୍ ଉଭର ।

ଆଜି ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜା । ଗଜାନନ ବିରାଜମାନ କରିଛନ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କ
ଆବାହକ ସହ । ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ନନ୍ଦା ବିଧୁ ଅନୁସାରେ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ
କରି ଅଜାତି ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି ଉଚ୍ଚ ମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରେମ । ଗୀତ ସହ ତାଳ
ଦେଇ ନାଚରେ ବିଭୋର କୁନିକୁନି ଛୁଆ । ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଗହଳିରେ ଆଖୁ
ମୋ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲୁଥୁଲା ମୋ ଅପସରାକୁ । ତାକୁ ନ ପାଇ ମୋ ମନ
ଆଶଙ୍କାରେ ଭରି ଯାଇଛି । ବିଚଳିତ ହୋଇ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲିଛି ସାରା
କ୍ୟାମ୍ପିବା । କିଛି ସମୟ ଅନ୍ତରରେ ପାଇଥିଲି ତାକୁ ଷାଫ୍ଟ ରୂପ ର
ଗୋଟେ କୋଣରେ । ସର୍ବଦା ହସ୍ତଥିବା ମୋ ମୁହଁରେ ହଠାତ୍
ପଡ଼ିଯାଇଛି ଏକ ମଳିନ ଦାଗ । ଭାଙ୍ଗିପଡ଼ିଛି ମୋ ହୃଦୟ । କାହିଁକି
ଶୁଣୁ ଯାଇଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରଜାପତିର ମନ? କାହିଁକି ମଉଳି ଯାଇଛି ତା
ଚାନ୍ଦ ମୁହଁ? ମୋ ମନରେ ଅଜସ୍ର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ । ଉଦାସ ଚେହେରା ଯେ
ତାକୁ ଶୋଭା ପାଉନି କିପରି କହିବି ତାକୁ । ମୋ ଆଖୁରେ ତା ଆଖୁ
ମିଶି ଯାଇଥିଲା ।

କାଳ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ରାତି ଆସ୍ତେ ଆସ୍ତେ ସକାଳର ସୁରୁଜ ପରି, ବର୍ଷା
ଘଡ଼ିଯତିର ଆସ୍ତେ ଆସ୍ତେ ରଙ୍ଗବେଳଙ୍ଗ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁ ପରି, ଉଲ୍ଲ
ଆସିଥୁଲା ତା ମୁହଁରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ହସି । ସେଇ ସୁନ୍ଦର ହସି
ଯେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଉଦ୍‌ଦିଷ୍ଟ ନଥିଲା ତାହା ମୁଁ ଠରେଇ ନେଇଥିଲି ।
କୋଣରେ ଥିବା ଗୋଟିଏ ଚଉକିରେ ଯାଇ ବସି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ଅନ୍ୟ
କୋଣରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ଚଉକିରେ ବସିଥିଲା ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟ । ତାର ବୁଲ

କଞ୍ଚଳ ହାତ ମଣିରେ ଧୂସର ରଙ୍ଗର ଫୋନ । ବୁଲ ଆଖୁ ଫୋନର
ପରଦା ଉପରେ କାଟୁଛନ୍ତି ଅହରହ ଚକର । ଆଙ୍ଗୁଠିର କରାଳ
ଗତିରେ ଲେଖ୍ୟାଉଛି କିଛି ସଦେଶ । କିଛି ମୁହଁର୍ଭରେ ପ୍ରତଣ୍ଟ ଶବ୍ଦ
କରି ପହଞ୍ଚି ଯାଇଛି ତାର ପ୍ରତି ଉଭର । ମନେ ମନେ ହସୁଛି ମୋ
ରାଧା । କାହା ସହ ଖୁସିଗପ କରୁଛି ସେ? କାହା ସହ ଭାବ ଦିଆ
ନିଆ? ପରିବାର ସହ? ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ସହ? ହେଲେ ଏ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟାସ୍ୟ
ର କାରଣ କେବଳ ନିଜ ପ୍ରେମିକର ପ୍ରତି ଉଭରହୋଇପାରେ ତାହା
ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥିଲି । ମୋ ହୃଦୟରେ ଜାତ ହୋଇଛି ଭୂମିକମ୍ ।
ଦୋହଳାଇ ଦେଇଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣ କୁ । ଦୂରରେ ପଡ଼ିଯାଇଛି ମୁଁ ।
କନଳ ସୁଷ୍ଠି କରୁଛି ଅଶୁଭ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ।

ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକାର ପୁଣି ପ୍ରେମିକ? କଣ ଆଲୋଚନା କରୁଥିବେ
ସେମାନେ? ତା ପ୍ରେମିକର ଏ କି ସଦେଶ ଯାହା ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା
ମୁହଁରେ ଖେଳାଇ ଦେଇଛି ଅସରନ୍ତି ହସ? ହୁଏତ ହୁହେଁ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ
ସହରରେ ମସଗୁଲା । ହୁଏତ ତା ପ୍ରେମିକ ଉସେଇ ଦେଇଛି ଅସୀମ
ସଂଖ୍ୟାର ପ୍ରେମ ଭରା ଚିଠି । ହୁଏତ ମୋ ପାଗଳପଣ ଜାଣି ନେଇ
ମୋ ଉପରେ ହସୁଛନ୍ତି? ଅସହଜ ମନେ କରୁଛି ମୁଁ । ହଠାତ୍
ଚେବୁଲ ଉପରେ ପୋନ ରଖି ମୁହଁ ମାରିଦେଇଛି ସିଏ । ମନେ
ମନେ ଭାବୁଛି ତା ପ୍ରେମିକର କଥା । ତାର ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଯାଇଛି
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁର ରେ ଚାକିରା ପାଇବାର ପୂର୍ବ କଥା । ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁରରେ ସାତକ
କରିବା ସମୟରେ ପ୍ରେମିକ ସହ ବିତେଇଥୁବା ସମୟ ଓ ସେଥିରୁ
ସାଉଁଟି ଥିବା ସବୁ ସ୍ଥତିକୁ । ଉଦାସ ମୁହଁ ନେଇ ବସିରହିଛି ସେ
ସେବେବୁ । ଆହାଶ ବିଚାରା, ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଦୁନିଆର ସବୁ ଦୁଃଖ
ତା ଉପରେ ଅଜାତି ହେଇ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ତା ଦୁଃଖରେ ସାଥୀ ହେବାକୁ
ଆଗେଇ ଆସିଛି ମୁଁ ଦୁଃଖର ଭାଗୀଦାର ହେବାକୁ । ବିବେକ କିନ୍ତୁ
ବାଧା ଦେଇଛି ମତେ । କିଏ ତୁ? କାହିଁକି ବାଣିବ ତା ଦୁଃଖ ତୋ
ସହ? କାହିଁକି ବଖାଣି ଦେବ ତା ହୃଦୟରେ ଲୁଚିଥୁବା ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାକୁ
ତୋ ସାମାରେ? କାହିଁକି ଅଂଶୀଦାର କରିବ ତା ପାଢ଼ା ସମ୍ପତ୍ତି
ତୋ ସହ? ବିନା ଉଭର ର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାଣକୁ ସାମା କରିବା ମୋ ପାଇଁ
ଦେହସୁଆ ହେଇପଡ଼ିଛି । ଷାଫ୍ଟ ରୂମ ର ବାହାରକୁ ଚାଲିଆସିଛି ମୁଁ ।
ବାହାରେ ଦେଖାହେଇଛନ୍ତି ସହକର୍ମୀ ଯୋଗେଶର ବେହେରା ।
ପଚାରିଛନ୍ତି ତାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଇବାର କାରଣ । ଅନେକଙ୍କ ଏହି
ସମାନ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନରେ ମୁଁ ଅସ୍ତର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଘଟିଥିବା ଘଟଣା ଓ ଏହାର କାରଣ ପିଲାଙ୍କ
ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇବା ମୋର ଦାୟିତ୍ବ । ପରନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ଜୀବନ
ପରିଧିରେ ଘଟି ଯାଇଥୁବା ପ୍ରେମର ଘଟଣାକୁମର କାରଣ ଯେ
ମୁଁ ଖୋଜିପାଇବାରେ ଅସମର୍ଥ ତାହା ଏକ ଲଜ୍ୟାକର କଥା ।

କୋଠରାକୁ ଆସି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ପୁଣ୍ଡାନୁପଞ୍ଜ ଡର୍ଜମା କରି ଖୋଜି ବୁଲୁଥାଏ ତାର ସଂକଷିତ ଉଭର। ମେନକା ପରି ରୂପ? ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ପରି ଗୁଣ? ନା ଏକୁଟିଆ ହେଇ ବୁଲିବାର ନିଷ୍ଠଗତା? ନା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୂର ରେ ସମୟ ବିତେଇବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଆକର୍ଷଣ? ବହୁ ବିକଳ୍ପ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ପରି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଅନାବଶ୍ୟକ ବିକଳ୍ପକୁ ବିଲୋପ କରି ସଠିକ ବିକଳ୍ପକୁ ବାଛି ନେଇଥିଲି । ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଉଭର ମିଳି ଯାଇଛି । ଆକର୍ଷ କାଗଜ କଲମ ଧରି ଆଗେଇ ଯାଇଥିଲି ଆଙ୍କିଦେବା ପାଇଁ ତା ରୂପର ସୋଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେଇ ଯାଇଛି ମୋ ଉର୍ବଶୀର ରୂପର ବ୍ୟଖ୍ୟା ।

ଭାଦ୍ରବ ମାସ ଶୁକ୍ଳ ପକ୍ଷ ଚତୁର୍ଥ ତିଥ୍ୟା ସମୟ ସକାଳ ନଅଟା । ତେବେବା ଆଶଙ୍କାରେ ଗାଡ଼ିର ବେଗ ବଡ଼ାଇ ଆଗେଇ ଯାଉଥିଲି । ହଠାତ୍ ରାସ୍ତାର ବାମ ପାଖରେ ଥିବା ଏକ ଆଜବେଶ୍ଵ ଘର ସାମାରେ ମନ୍ତ୍ରର ହେଇ ଯାଇଥିଲା କାର ର ଗତି । ଭାବିଥିଲି ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ସମୟ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଚୋରାଇ ନେବି ମୋ ରମ୍ଭାର ଝଲକ । ହତାଶ ହୋଇଥିଲି ଏହି ପ୍ରୟାସରେ । ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ପାଠକ ପାଖରେ ଅଟକିଲା ଗାଡ଼ି । ଓହ୍ଲାଇ ପଡ଼ି ଗୋଟିଏ ନିଃଶାସରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଯାଇଥିଲି ଷ୍ଟାଫ୍ରୁମର ରୁକ୍ଷ କୋଠରା ପାଖେ । ପୁଣିଥରେ ହତାଶ ହୋଇଛି ମୁଁ । ଅପଳକ ନୟନରେ ଚାହିଁରୁହିଁ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଫାଟକକୁ । ଆହୁର ହୋଇ ବର୍ଷାକୁ ଚାହିଁ ରହିଛି ଏ ଚାତକ ପକ୍ଷା । କେତେବେଳେ ଆସି ମୋ ମନର ମଦିରରେ ଦେବ ଦର୍ଶନ । ଘୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଉ ନାହିଁ ମୋର । ଅଥୟ ହେଇଛି ମନ । ଧାର ବେଗରେ ଗତି କରି ସମୟ ଯେ ମୋର ଶତ୍ରୁ ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଛି । କିଛି କ୍ଷଣ ଅପେକ୍ଷାର ଅବସାନ ଘଟାଇ ମୋ ଆଗରେ ଉଭା ହେଇଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରେମର ମହାରାଣା । ତଳି ତଳି ଆସି ଯାଇଛି ମୋ ସାମାକୁ ।

ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି କରି ବାଲଶି ଗୋଟି ଫରୁଣ ଆସି ଛୁଇଁ ସାରିଛି ପ୍ରୟାସକୁ । ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ଯୌବନରେ ପାଦ ଥାପିଛି ସେ । ଲାଗୁଛି ମଣିଷ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସହରରେ ସେ ସାକ୍ଷାତ ପରାଟିଏ । ବସନ୍ତର ପତ୍ରଙ୍ଗଡ଼ା ପରେ ଶ୍ରୀବଶରେ କଥୀଳି ଥିବା ସବୁଜ ସତେଜ ଶାଖା ପରି ଶରୀର । ସମୁଦ୍ରର ବି ଅଧୂକ ଗଭୀର ଦୁଇ ନୟନ । ଆଖୁରେ କଜଳ ର ଧାର । ସୁନ୍ଦର ଭାବେ ସଜା ତା ଭୁଲଦା । ନାକଟି ସରୁ ଓ ଲମ୍ବା । ଷ୍ଟ୍ରେବେରା ଆସାଦିତ ଲିପଣ୍ଡିକରେ ଲିପି ହେଇ ଯାଇଛି ତା ଓଠେ । ଲାଗୁଛି ଚିନି ଠାରୁ ବି ଅଧୂକ ମିଠା । ମଥାର ସୁନେଲୀ ଚିକିଲି । ପବନର ସନ୍ଦେଶ ରେ ତା ଖୋଲା ଘନ କୁଞ୍ଚିକୁଞ୍ଚିଆ କେଶ ଆସି ଖେଲି ପଡ଼ିଛି ତା ଛାତି ଉପରେ । ବାମ କାନଟି ଲୁଟି ଯାଇଛି କେଶର ଚକ୍ରବ୍ୟହରେ । ତାହାଶ କାନ ରେ ଚିକମିକ୍ କରୁଛି ଚକ୍ରାକାର ଆକୃତିର ସୁନେଲି ରଙ୍ଗର ବାହୁଟି । ହସିଦେଲେ ଲିପଣ୍ଡିକ ଭରା ଦୁଇ ଓଠେ ମିରୁ ଝଲସି ଉଠୁଛି ମଣି ମୁକୁତା, ପ୍ରଜାପତି ମନ ମୋର ଉଡ଼ି ବୁଲୁଛି ତା ହସର ଜିଶାରା ରେ । ଦୁଇ ଗାଲରେ ଖେଳି ଯାଉଛି ଦୁଇ ଭାଙ୍ଗ । ମୁହଁରେ

ଚମକ । ହାତ ନଖରେ ବାଇଗଣା ରଙ୍ଗର ନେଲପଲିଶ । ବେକରେ ପଡ଼ିଛି ସରୁ ସୁନା ଚେନ୍ । ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଉପରେ ପଦ୍ମପୁଲ ଡିଜାଇନ୍ରେ ସଜା ହେଇଛି କଳା ରଙ୍ଗର କୁର୍ତ୍ତ । ହାତ ପାଖ ଧଡ଼ିରେ ଗୋଲାପା ରଙ୍ଗର ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ । ସୁନେଲୀ ରଙ୍ଗର ପୁଷ୍ପ ବର୍ଷା ହେଇଯାଇଛି ହାଲକା ଗୋଲାପା ରଙ୍ଗର ବୁନରାରେ । ଚନ୍ଦନ ଅତରର ବାସନାରେ ଚହୁଛି ଆଖପାଖ । ତା ଚାଲିରେ କଳା ରଙ୍ଗର ଚପଲରୁ ଆସି ଯାଉଛି ମୁଁ ଲାଗୁଛି ସତେ ଯେମିତି ପ୍ରିୟା ମୋର ସଜବାଜ ହେଇ, ବଧୁ ବେଶ ହେଇ ଆସୁଛି ତା ବାହାଘର ବେଦୀକୁ ।

ଗଣେଶ ପୁଜା ସମ୍ମନ ହେଇଛି । ମଳିକେଶର ବାବୁ ସ୍କୁଲର ସରବର୍ଷକ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରରେ ବଜାଇ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି ଭେଳିକି ଭଳି ଗାତ । ସମ୍ମନପୁରୀ ଗାତ 'ଚିକ୍ ଚିକ୍ ଚିକ୍ ତୋର ତେବରୀ ଗାଲ, ଚିକ୍ ଚିକ୍ ଚିକ୍ ତୋର ବୁଜନୀ ଗାଲ'ର ଧୂନ ରେ ମସଗୁଲ ପିଲାମାନେ । ଶିକ୍ଷକ ଶିକ୍ଷୟିତ୍ରୀମାନେ ବି ଲୋଭ ସମ୍ମରଣ କରିପାରି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ପାଦ ଦୋହଳି ଯାଉଛି ଗାତର ତାଳେ ତାଳେ । ଏହି ସମୟରେ ଦୁଇ ଚାରି ଛିଅ ଧାଇଁ ଆସି ପାଛୋଟି ନେଇଛନ୍ତି ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟାକୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସାଥୀରେ ନାଚିବା ପାଇଁ । ମନା କରିପାରିନି ସେ ପିଲାଙ୍କ । କହିପାରିନି ତା ହୃଦୟର କୋହ । ଜଣାଇପାରିନି ତା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ କଷ୍ଟ । ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ କଷ୍ଟକୁ ବରଦାସ୍ତ କରି ନେଇଛି । ନାଚି ଉଠିଛି ସେ । ସରଗ ର ମେନକା, ରମ୍ଭ, ଉର୍ବଶୀ ଭଳି ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀୟୀ ପଛରେ ପକାଇବାକୁ ପଛର ନାହିଁ ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟା । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅଙ୍ଗଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ କରିଛି ମତେ ପାଗଳ । ଆଖୁ ମିଟିକା ମାରୁନି ମୋର । ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଇଛି ତା ସାଥେ ପାଦରେ ପାଦ ମିଶାଇ ନାଚିବା ପାଇଁ । ନାଚିବା ଦୂରର କଥା, ପ୍ରିୟା ଆଖୁରେ ଆଖୁ ମିଶେଇ ପାରୁନି ମୁଁ । ମନରେ ଗଢି ଉଠିଛି ଲାଜ, ଭୟ, ତରର ଗନ୍ଧାଘର ।

ସମୟ ପାଖାପାଖ ଦୁଇଟା । ପୁଜା ଓ ନାଚଗାତର ଆସର ସରି ଯାଇଛି । ବାହାରେ ଭାଷଣ ଖରା । ପେଟ ଭୋକରେ ଆଉରୁପାଉରୁ । ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ସହି ନପାରି ପ୍ରିୟା ବସି ଯାଇଛି ମୋ ଗାଡ଼ିରେ । କାରର ହାଇକୁଲ ଏସିରେ ମୋ ହେମାଳ ଶରୀର ରେ ପୁଟି ଯାଇଛି ଗମ ଗମ ଖାଲ । ବୋହୁରାଣା ପରି ସଜା ହେଇଥିବା ମୋ ପ୍ରିୟାକୁ ପଛରେ ବସାଇ ଶ୍ରିଅର୍ଦ୍ଦି ଧରି ମୁଁ ଆଗେଇଛି ଆମ ଗନ୍ଧବ୍ୟ ସ୍କୁଲରେ । ହଠାତ୍ ନିଜକୁ ଗାଡ଼ିର ଦର୍ପଣରେ ଦେଖୁ ଚମକି ଯାଇଛି ମୁଁ । ମଥାରେ ନାହିଁ ମୋ ଚନ୍ଦନ ଟିପା । ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ନାହିଁ ମୋ ପଗଡ଼ି । ଦେହରେ ନାହିଁ କୁର୍ରା ପାଇଜାମା । ବର ବେଶରେ ସଜା ହେଇନି ମୁଁ । ଦର୍ପଣ ଦ୍ଵାରା ପାଇନି ଆଖୁ ମିଶି ଯାଇଛି । ସେହି କ୍ଷଣିକ ମୁହଁରୁରେ ଆମ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ହେଇ ଯାଇଛି ଏକ ନିରବ ବୁଝାମଣା । କୋହଭରା ହୃଦୟ, ଅଧମରା ମନ ଓ ରାଗ

ମିଶା ଆଖୁରେ କହି ଯାଇଛି ସେ ତା ମନର କଥା ।

ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁରର ସହରା ଦୁନିଆ ଛାଡ଼ି ଚାଲି ଆସିଛି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର
ଗାଉଁଳି ଗଲିକୁ । ସହରର ଗାଡ଼ିଘୋଡ଼ା, ଲୋକସମୁଦ୍ର ଛାଡ଼ି ଆସି
ପହଞ୍ଚିଛି ଶାର କିଛି ହାତଗଣଟି ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ । ସେଠି
ହାତପାହାନ୍ତାରେ ସବୁ କିଛି ପାଇୟାଉଥୁଲା ବେଳେ ଏଠି ହାତ
ପତାଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଛି ତାକୁ । ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁର ସହରର ଚକାଚକ କୋଠାଘର
ଛାଡ଼ି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର ମାଟି ଲେପ ଆଜବେଷ୍ଟ ଘରକୁ ବନାଇ ଦେଇଛି
ତା ଠିକଣା । କାଲିର ନିଜ ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଜୀବନରୁ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ଆଜିର
ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଗଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଶିକ୍ଷୟିତ୍ରୀ । ଜୀବନର
ପ୍ରଥମ ଚାକିରା । କମ୍ ବୟସରେ ସରକାରୀ ଚାକିରା ଖଣ୍ଡ
ପାଇବା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଭାଗ୍ୟରେ ନ ଥାଏ । ନୂଆ ଜାଗା । ନୂଆ ଲୋକ ।
ନୂଆ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା । ନୂଆ ଏକ ଦୁନିଆ । ଆଖିରେ ଅସୁମାରୀ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ।
ପାଦ ତଳେ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ । ବାପା ମାଙ୍କ ଖୁସି ବି କହିଲେ ନସରେ ।
ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁର-ଗୋପାଳପୁର ସାମୁଦ୍ରିକ ପରିବେଶକୁ ଭୁଲି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁର-
ମୁନିଗୁଡ଼ା ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ଭରା ଝରଣା କୁ ଆପଣେଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଛି ।
ଘରେ ନପଶୁଷୁ ତା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଚାଲ ବାଜିଛି । ଝୁଣ୍ଡି ପଡ଼ିଛି ସେ
ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟର ମୁଖ୍ୟ କବାଟର ହୁଆରବନ୍ଧରେ । କର୍ମକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ
ପାଦ ଥାପୁଆପୁ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡ଼ିଛି ତା ହୃଦୟ । ରୁଦ୍ଧ କୋଠାର ଅଜଣା
ଡରରେ ଭୟଭାତ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଛି ସେ । ଅଣ ନିଶ୍ଚାସୀ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଛି ।
ମନ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁନି । ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ପଡ଼ିଛି ଚତକ । ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ତାର ଅପସରା
ଯାଉଛି । ନୂଆ ଚାକିରାର ନୂଆ ସ୍ଵତ୍ତିରେ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଇଛି କଳାଦାଗ ।
ସୁଷ୍ଠି ହେଇଛି ଅପାତିକର ପରିବେଶ ।

ପୁଲକଢ଼ିର ଆବିର୍ତ୍ତାବରେ ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାରେ ଭାବେ ଖାମୀ ପଡ଼ିଛି
ତାକୁ ନିଜର କରିବା ପାଇଁ । ରୂପ, ସୋଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଭରା ପୁଲ ପାଖୁଡ଼ାର
ମଧୁରେ ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାର ଲୋଭ । ହେଲେ ପୁଲକଢ଼ି ଯେ ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ
ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି ହେଲନି ଏକଥା ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାକୁ ଅଛପା । ପୁଲକଢ଼ିର ବିନା
ଅନୁମତିରେ ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାର ଜଣାଇ ଦେଇଛି ନିଜ ମାଲିକାନା ସାରା
ଦୁନିଆକୁ । ପୁଲକଢ଼ି ଅସହଜ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଛି ଭାର୍ତ୍ତା ସାମନାରେ ।
ବାଧ ହେଇଛି ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାକୁ ଡଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ ।

ନଥୁଲୁ ଆମେ ସ୍କୁଲ ବା କଲେଜର ଛାତ୍ର ଛାତ୍ରୀ । ନଥୁଲା ଆମ ପାଖେ ପ୍ରେମ କରିବାର ତରୁଣ ବୟସ । କର୍ମକ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଏ ସବୁକୁ ପ୍ରଶଯ୍ୟ ଦେଇନି ସେ । ପଣ କରିଛି ମୋ ସହ କୌଣସି ସମ୍ପର୍କ ରଖିବ ନାହିଁ । ମୋ ଚାଲି ଯାଉଥୁବା ବାଟକୁ ଅଣଦେଖା କରିଛି । ମୋ ଛାଇ ଯେପରି ତା ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ିବ ନାହିଁ ତା ପଢ଼ି ଯନ୍ତ୍ରବାନ ହେଲପଡ଼ିଛି

ସେ । ଚାରି ହାତର ଦୂରତା ବଜାୟ ରଖୁଛି ସର୍ବଦା । ଭୟ ଗ୍ରୁଏଟିକ୍ ତାକୁ । କାଳେ କିଏ ତାକୁ ପଦେ କହିଦେବ । କାଳେ ତା ମାନସନ୍ଧାନ ରେ ଆଞ୍ଚ ଆସିବ । ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୂର ବାସୀ ତାକୁ ଚରିତ୍ରହୀନ ରୂପେ ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟା କରିବାର ଡର । ସହିପାରିବନି ସେ ସହକର୍ମୀଙ୍କ ଟାହିଟାପରା । ସାମନା କରିପାରିବନି ସାହି ପଡ଼ିଶାଙ୍କ ନିଦା, ଅପମାନ ଓ ଅପବାଦ । ମନା କରିଦେଇଛି ତା ପଛରେ ଗୋଡ଼ାଇବା ପାଇଁ । ମନା କରିଛି ବାମନ ହୋଇ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରକୁ ହାତ ବଡ଼ାଇବା ପାଇଁ । ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ପ୍ରତିଉଭରରେ ଅସମ୍ଭବ ଜଣାଇ, ମୋ ପ୍ରେମ ନିବେଦନକୁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟାନ କରି ଶେଷଥର ପାଇଁ ଶାତିରୁ ଓଲାହି ବିଦାୟ ନେଇଛି । ପାଷାଣ ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଛି ଶରୀର । ପାଦ ତଳୁ ଖସି ଯାଇଛି ଅତତା । ସ୍ଵପ୍ନର କୁଆରରେ ଆସିଯାଇଛି ଡଙ୍ଗା । ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯାଇଛି ତାକୁ ନିଜର କରିବାର ସ୍ମୃତି । ମଉଳି ଯାଇଛି ତାକୁ ସାତ ଜନ୍ମର ସାଥୁ କରିବାର ଆଶା । ଧୂରେ ଧୂରେ ବାଷ୍ପବତାର ଉଳ୍ଳଙ୍ଘ ଚିତ୍ରକୁ ଆପଣେଇବାକୁ ବାଧ ହେଇଛି ମୁଁ । ଅତେଇ ଦିନର କୁଣିଆ ହେଇ ଆସିଥୁଲା ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ । ଉପହାର ସ୍ଵରୂପ ତେଟି ଦେଇଥୁଲା ଅଜ୍ଞ୍ଵେ ଖୁସି, ପ୍ରେମ ଓ ପ୍ରେମର ନିଆରା ଅନୁଭୂତି । ଚାଲିଯାଇଥୁଲା ବହୁତ ଦୂରକୁ ସାଥୁରେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଯାଇଥୁଲା ମୋ ହୃଦୟରେ ଏକ ବିରାଟ ବଡ଼ କ୍ଷତି ।

ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ଦୋଷାଗୋପ । ଦୋଷ କାହାର? ପ୍ରିୟା ରୂପା
ନଦୀର ନା ପ୍ରେମ ରୂପା ସ୍ତ୍ରୋତର ନା ପହଞ୍ଚିରା ନ ଜାଣି ନଦୀକୁ ଡିଆଁ
ମାରିଥିବା ଏ ହୃଦୟର? ଦୋଷ କାହାର? ଫୁଲକଢ଼ି ପ୍ରିୟାର ନା
ତା ସୋନ୍ଦର୍ୟ ରେ ହଜିଯାଇଥିବା ଭାର୍ତ୍ତାର ରୂପା ମୋର? ମନର
ନ୍ୟାୟାଳୟରେ ପୁଞ୍ଜାନ୍ତପୁଞ୍ଜ ବିଚାରକରି ଦୁଇପକ୍ଷ ର ପକ୍ଷ ଶୁଣି
ପ୍ରିୟାକୁ ମୁଁ ଦୋଷମୁକ୍ତ କରି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶରେ ଖଲାସ କରିଛି । ନିଜକୁ
ଦୋଷୀ ସାବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କରି ଶାସ୍ତି ସ୍ଵରୂପ ଦେଇଛି ମାନସିକ ଦୁଶ୍ମିତା,
ପାପର ପାଯଶିତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ।

ଘୋଟି ଆସିଛି ଅଦିନିଆ ଖଡ଼ି । ମାଡ଼ି ଆସିଛି ଅଦିନିଆ ତୋପାନ ।
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରପୁରର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା ରାତିର ସପା ଜହଁ ଲୁଚି ଯାଇଛି କଳା ବାଦଳ
ତଳେ । ଫଙ୍ଗୁଶର ଫୁଲଟି ଖାଉଁଲି ପଡ଼ିଛି । ଧୂରେ ଧୂରେ ସକାଳର
ପାହାନ୍ତିଆ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଛୁଆଁରେ ଅପସରା ଯାଉଛି ପ୍ରେମର ନିଶା ।
ଲାଗୁଛି ସତେ ଯେମିତି ମୁଁ କୁହେଁ ବରଂ କାହାଣା ହିଁ ନିର୍ଭରିତ
କରିଥିଲା ଏହାର ସମାପ୍ତି ।

ଜେଏନ୍‌ଡି, ପୁଲବାଣୀ (2014)





ବାଉଳା ମନ...

– ସ୍ଵରୋଜୁ ବାଗ୍ରମୀ

ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ବୁଲିବୁଲି ବଉଳା ହୋଇବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯା ରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ପିଇ ଶୋଇ ଅୟସ କରିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯା ରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ନାଚି ନାଚ ଦେଖେଇବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ପଛରେ ପଡ଼ିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଜା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ବାଟ ବଜାର ବୁଲିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଜା, ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ତୁହି ମଦ ମାସ୍ତ୍ର୍ୟରେ ବୁଡ଼ି ରହିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯା ରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେଦିନ ତୁହି କାଳବିଳମ୍ବ କରିବୁ ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେଦିନ ତୁହି କାହା କଥାରେ ଚଳିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେଦିନ ତୁହି ଦୁଷ୍ଟାମି କରିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେଦିନ ତୁହି ଅବାଟେ ଚଳିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ମନ ରହିଯା, ଆଉ କେତେଦିନ ତୁହି ପରକୁ ନିଦିବୁ, ରହିଯା ।
 ରହିଯାରେ ରହିଯା, ତୁ ବାଉଳା ମନ ॥

ଜେଏନ୍ଡି, କୋରାପୁଟ୍ (୧୯୯୭)



Special thanks to

Ms. ITISHREE DAS
1992-1999 Batch
JNV Balasore



ଚିହ୍ନା ଚିହ୍ନା ଲାଗୁଛି

– ସରୋଜ ନାୟକ

ହଳଦିଆ ରଙ୍ଗର
ସେ ଅଣାଳିକା
ଏବେ ଚିକେ
ପୁରୁଣା ପୁରୁଣା ଲାଗୁଛି ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ସ୍ଥାଦ
ଏବେ ବି ସମାନ ଅଛି ।

ପାଖ ଭୋଜନାଳୟର
ବ୍ୟଞ୍ଜନରେ

ଚିକେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ
ଓ ନା ନା ରକମର ଦିଶୁଚି ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ସ୍ଥାଦ
ଏବେ ବି ସମାନ ଅଛି ।

ଆମ ଛତ୍ରାବାସ
ରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଚେହେରା
ପୁରା ନୂଆ
ଅଚିହ୍ନା ଅଚିହ୍ନା ଲାଗୁଛି ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଦିନଚର୍ଚା
ପୁରା ପରିଚିତ ଲାଗୁଛି ।

ଏ ହେଉଛି ମୋ
ପିଲାଦିନର ନବୋଦୟ
ସେଥୁପାଇଁ
ଚିହ୍ନା ଚିହ୍ନା ଲାଗୁଛି ।

JNV NARLA, Kalahandi,
(2001-2008)



LAKHANI

VARD AAN





JNV: A SAGA TO BEHOLD

– Soubhagya Sundar Nayak

In quiet corners of the land, far and wide,
Where dreams take flight and hopes reside,
Stands a heaven, a place so grand,
JNV, where futures expand.

Nurtured in valleys, midst hills so high,
A treasure trove where bright minds vie,
With each drawn, a canvas anew,
JNV, where aspirations brew.

Through corridors of wisdom's embrace,
Echoes of laughter, ambitions grace,
From every corner, tales untold,
JNV, a saga to behold.

From diverse lands, they all convene,
United in purpose, a vibrant scene,
Where knowledge blooms in fertile ground,
JNV, where brilliance is found.

With teachers' guidance, stars align,
Igniting passions, igniting minds,
In this cradle of learning's quest,
JNV, where excellence nests.

Oh, alma mater, beacon of light,
Guiding through the darkest night,
In memories woven, forever to stay,
JNV, in our hearts, you'll forever stay.

**JNV: MALKANGIRI-1
(2014)**





2023 NOBEL PRIZE IN PHYSICS: ATTOSECOND LIGHT PULSES AND ELECTRON PHOTOGRAPHY

— Nutan Prabhash Taria

The 2023 Nobel Prize in Physics was announced on 03rd October. It was conferred jointly to French Physicist Pierre Agostini of Ohio State University, Hungarian Physicist Ferenc Krausz of Max Planck Institute of Quantum Optics in Germany and French Anne L'Huillier of Lund University in Sweden, for developing experimental methods that generate attosecond pulses of light for the study of electron dynamics in matter. In this article, I will try to explain in simple words about their work and its importance in three aspects- Attosecond light pulse, electron dynamics and the importance of this research.

An attosecond (10^{-18} s) is an extremely small period of time. It is one billionth of a billionth of a second. To put it in a layman's context, there are more numbers of attoseconds in one second than there are total number of seconds that have passed since the birth of universe, 14 billion years ago.

Every matter is made up of tiny particles called atom. Every atom in turn is made up of three major constituent particles- electron, proton and neutron that are also called as sub-atomic particles. Chemical combination of atoms of different types gives different matter and their different physical arrangement gives us different states of matter- solid, liquid and gaseous. In the matter, atoms are not fixed. There are various atomic processes that go on- interaction with neighbouring atoms and external electric and

magnetic fields resulting in vibrations and other atomic transitions. These atomic transitions take place in the time period of femtoseconds (10^{-15} s) or the millionth of a billionth of a second. However, electrons, which are the most important sub-atomic particle which makes every atom and is mainly responsible for the inter-atomic interactions of physical and chemical nature, is million times lighter than an atom. Inside an atom, the electrons move and interact much faster than an atom-in attosecond time. Electron dynamics refers to the study of the properties, motion, behaviour and interactions of electrons inside matter.

We know that, light is what makes us able to see. When light from a source falls on an object which is then reflected and when the reflected light is received by our eyes, the object becomes visible. Most of the objects we encounter in our daily life have very large size compared to the wavelength of the light wave. So they are easily reflected. However, atoms and atomic particles are too small to be viewed by our naked eyes. They are even smaller than the wavelength of visible light. Hence we can't use visible light to study the behaviour of the atomic particles.

Imagine yourself in a dark room. You can not see anything around you because there is no light. If a flash of light is switched on for a very short duration of time, you can view an object only for that short period of time. In fact, that is the principle behind a camera. The lens shutter is

opened for a very short duration of time and the light that is received by the lens during that time when the shutter was open, forms the image of the object. If we open the shutter for a longer duration (long exposure photographs), the lens will receive light for a longer duration and if any object is moving during the time when the lens shutter was open, the image will look blurry. That is why, moving objects look blurry in long exposure photographs.

Since the electronic interactions and transitions take place in few attoseconds, we have to flash a light for a duration of few attoseconds inorder to capture the image of an electron movement and its interactions. The works of the three Nobel Laureates opens the gateway to the attoseconds physics and electron photography.

The attosecond pulses of light are a burst of light that lasts for a brief period of few attoseconds.

When laser light is transmitted through a gas, ultraviolet overtones arise from the atoms in gas arising from atomic vibrations due to the electric fields of the incident laser light. When these overtones mixes with a part of the incident laser light (coinciding the two waves in phase), attoseconds pulses of light is generated.

The attoseconds pulses of light has major applications in studying short lived processes of atomic and electronic interactions, Medical diagnosis to detect specific molecules, development of faster electronic devices and enhanced imaging and spectroscopy for the characterization of materials.

JNV Bargarh (2014)
Asst. Prof. of Physics, Govt. Autonomous
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NAVODAYA CHRONICLES: AN ODE TO SCHOOL LIFE

— Gourav Anubratta

In the heart of my memories, a place divine,
 Navodaya, you are more than a school, a mother's sign.
 A journey that began when I was just ten,
 You were a park of nature, not just a school's den.

In the corridors of innocence, laughter and play,
 Mourning and laughter, in your lap, held sway.
 A cage of love, in the beginning, you seemed,
 Yet, as the years unfolded, within you, dreams beamed.

Holistic whispers from outsiders, tales untold,
 In your embrace, Navodaya, love and allure unfold.
 Teachers, pillars of strength, more than kin,
 A confidant in struggles, as life did begin.

Academic seas, from library's Nalanda breeze,
 Yet, a regret lingers, the library I couldn't fully seize.
 Inter-regional excursions, a broader view,
 Navodaya, you're bigger, in experiences true.

Before, studies were just a pursuit for a degree,
 Now, Navodaya, you've unveiled the real key.
 Love, affection, emotions, style, laughter's glee,
 You've filled me with all a human need to be.

Stages were demons, till your touch did sway,
 A mother's stage, where words found their way.
 Dorms, a melting pot of stories and glee,
 From cooking to fashion, a diverse company.

Megakitchen mess, where laughter was the feast,
 Your vast land, a world, never felt the least.

Thirst quenched by trees, sweet and divine,
Teachers as parents, friends in every line.

Playgrounds stretched like Modi Stadium grand,
Handball, kho kho, cricket, football's band.
Each game a chapter, etched in the field,
In Navodaya's embrace, sportsmanship revealed

Time flew within you, a guardian's role,
In the realm of responsibility, we found our goal.
Co-curricular activities, a stage to play,
A performer in life's unfolding display.
Observation days, from Independence to Ganesh Chaturthi divine,
Filled my heart with true kinship, a celestial sign.
In rituals and celebrations, a bond did weave,
Navodaya, you're the magic that I forever believe.

As a poet, I fear, for my pen and page,
Cannot capture seven years in this stage.
Longing to return, the outer world's confusion,
Navodaya, you're a stream in life's illusion.
As I step beyond your hallowed halls,
Into the world's vast expanse that calls.
Carrying the lessons, imprinted deep,
Navodaya, in my heart, forever you'll keep.

Dear Navodaya, a promise to keep,
'll return with talents, love, and affection deep.
Defining and summarizing, my words fall short,
For within your embrace, infinite stories caught.

To the upcomers, a message sincere,
Navodaya's treasures, hold them near.
Utilize the moments, each lesson, each phase,
In the tapestry of Navodaya, leave your blaze.
Never mourn a day, for beyond these gates,
Something better awaits, as destiny narrates.
Be happy where you stand, in the present's grace,
Fly with colors vibrant, when you leave this space.





MY ALMA MATER

— SUDIP KUMAR SAHOO

In the heart of hadagarh, where dreams take flight,
 Jnvh stands tall, bathed in morning light.
 Residential vibes, a second home so true,
 Lovely teachers guiding, shaping me and you.

A beautiful life at JNV Hadagarh,
 From dawn to dusk, a packed schedule's charge.
 Teachers from every corner, a diverse array,
 They've crafted the path for us, day by day.

Salandi echoes with stories untold,
 In the embrace of learning, we all unfold.
 Morning pt kicks in, the energy so high,
 A symphony of passion beneath the open sky.

Mess food brings us together, a culinary delight,
 Shared laughter, shared moments, every single bite.
 JNVH, my haven, where friendships grow,
 In the echo of Salandi, the memories flow.

I am what i am, thanks to these walls,
 JNVH's spirit in every step, in every halls.
 A tapestry of culture, woven so grand,
 In the heart of Hadagarh, we firmly stand.

So here's to jnvh, our alma mater true,
 Salandi's whispers and skies so blue.
 Morning pt and mess food, cherished and above,
 In the embrace of JNV Hadagarh, we find love.

JNV hadagarh (2000)





FROM DORMITORIES TO DESTINY

— Aradhi Aradhana

In the heart of Navodaya's embrace,
Seven years, a journey, a special space.

Dormitory whispers, friendships grew,
Residential echoes, memories true.

Morning bells and uniformed stride,
Classroom tales where knowledge abides.

Teachers shaping futures, dreams unfold,
In Navodaya's corridors, stories told.

Mess hall laughter, shared meals in delight,
Midnight studies, chasing dreams at night.

Sports fields echoing with youthful cheer,
Seven years, a chapter so dear.

Cultural fests, talents on display,
Navodaya's spirit, lighting the way.

A mosaic of moments, woven and spun,
In the tapestry of school days, the setting sun.

Farewell echoes, a bittersweet song,
Seven years passed, but memories strong.

Navodaya, my alma mater, holds the key,
To a treasure trove of moments, forever free.

In the tapestry of school days, the setting sun,
Yet, Navodaya's lessons have only just begun.

The bonds of friendship, eternally strong,
In my present, echoes of those years prolong.

Learned in the halls, beyond textbooks and chalk,
Adjustment's art, in life's varied walk.

Love and care, sown in those youthful years,
Now blossom, calming present-day fears.

Emotions controlled in the residential embrace,
Navodaya's gift, an enduring grace.

Seven years sculpted character and art,
A foundation for life, a heartfelt start.

JNV Jajpur (2019)





ବୋଉ

— ସ୍ମରଣୀ ବେହେରା

ମୋ ଜନମ କାଲୁ କେତେ ଯେ ସହୁଛୁ,
କେତେ ବା ସହିବୁ ଆଉ ।
ନିଜେ କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ମୋତେ ହସେଇଛୁ,
କେତେ ସୁଖ ତୁ ଯେ ଦଉ ।
ରାତି ଅଧେ ମୋତେ ନିଦ ନ ଆସିଲେ,
ତୁ ଯେ ଶୋଇ ନଥାଉ ।
ମଜା ମଜା କେତେ ରାଜା ରାଣୀ ଗପ,
ପେଡ଼ି ତୁ ଖୋଲି ଆଉ ।
ବିପଦ ଆସିଲେ ମୋ ଉପରକୁ,
ତୁ ଯେ ସୁରକ୍ଷା ଦଉ ।
ସବୁବେଳେ ତୁ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖେ,
ମୋ ଶୁଭ ମନାସୁ ଆଉ ।

ଆଏଟ କଲେ ମୁଁ ଗାଳି ମୋତେ ଦେଇ,
ପରେ ଦୁଃଖ କରିଥାଉ ।
ଘରେ ମୁଁ ନଥୁଲେ ଖୁସି ବାସୀ ଦିନେ,
ମନେ ତୁ ପକଢିଥାଉ ।
ଭୁଲି କରେ ଅବା ଠିକ୍ କରେ ମୁଁ
ସପକ୍ଷରେ ମୋର ଥାଉ ।
ସଠିକ୍ ପଥରେ ଚାଲିବା ପାଇଁ ତ,
ସବୁବେଳେ ପ୍ରବର୍ଦ୍ଧାଉ ।
ମୋ ଜୀବନ ଲାଗି ତୋ ଜୀବନ କୁ ତୁ,
ଦବାକୁ ଆଗେଇ ଥାଉ ।
ତୋ ଜୀବନ ଠାରୁ ମୋତେ ଭଲପାଉ,
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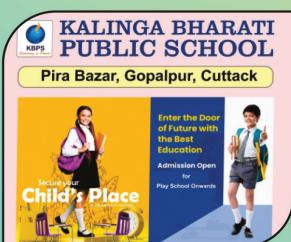


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