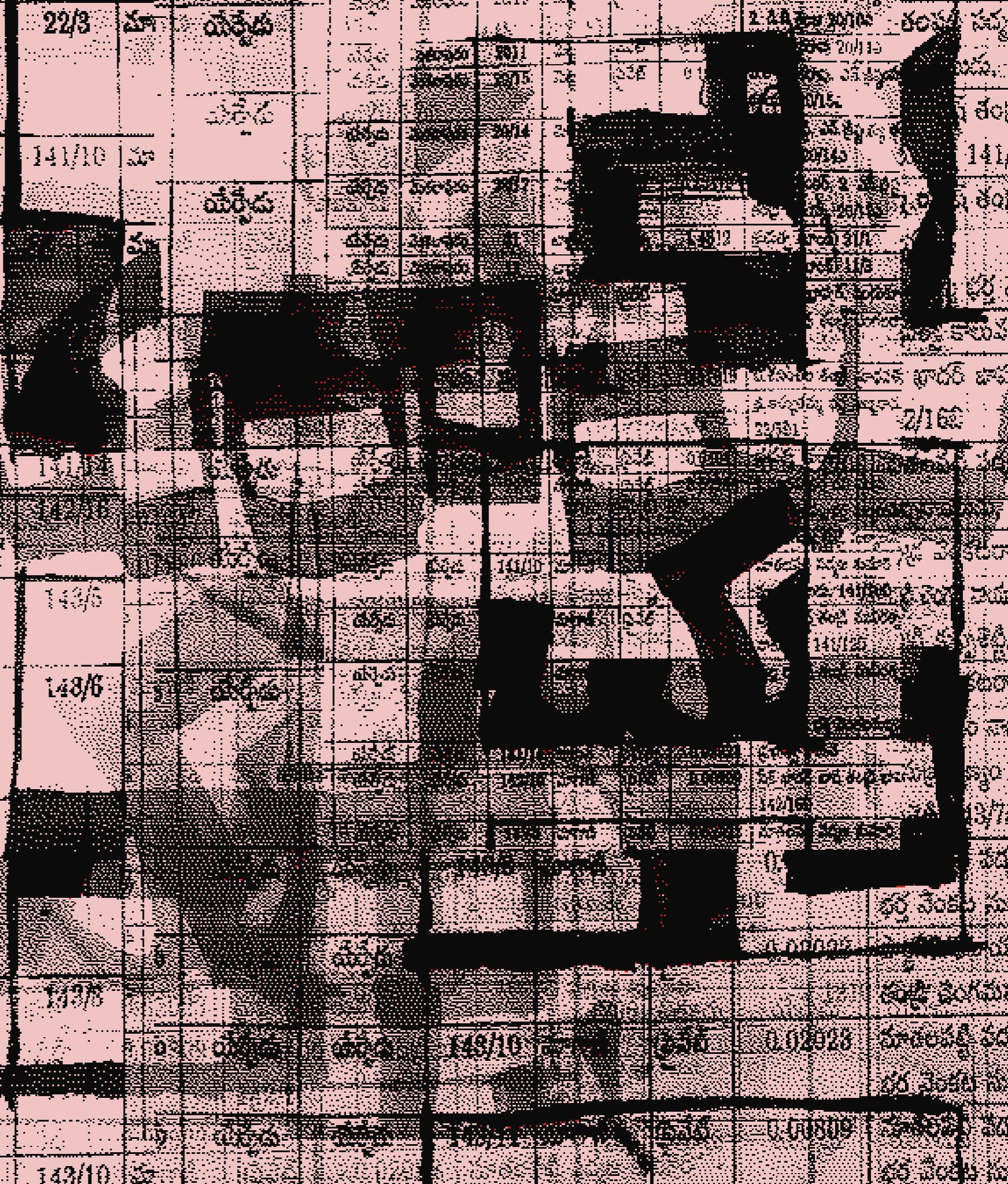


Kichurai

A Comix Journal

How I try to run a tabloid for another India

by PVV Karthik Hanumantha Rao





Cross-ventilation.
Vigyanwada weather.

- 1. Why this project**
- 2. Context**
- 3. Method: Improvisation**
- 4. meagre Manifestos and dreaded Dreams**
- 5. Developing story/ies and treatment**
- 6. Editorial decisions/Identity/structure**
- 7. Ethical issues**
- 8. Publishing**

Den.
Kulturb.
Magazine
copy
Junk Publishing
Makery of Modern India
Orient & Latin, Scotland
Art Publishing
KULTURAT
Plans
exp.Drake

1. Why this project

The thought of a Comic journalism magazine started as I was thinking about mediums that involve the author (Comic Artist) actively to make a parallel markets for his content. Comic books in the present day are rare and budget heavy and young authors try to price their work accordingly, this shooes away potential reader base. Until unless a platform for more frequent periodical formats are tried to find and create a market in India for alternative comics. The medium can't flourish in it's full capacity and involve the authours to expend their efforts for the same.

It quite seems to be led by my personal motivations to look for opportunities to make comics that are engaging. I came across comic journalism through Orijith Sen's River of Life and Joe Sacco's Palestine. It led to an attempt of redesigning NID Vijayawada student magazine BUTT. A trial at making it more relevant and appropriate.

Questions were once more asked to establish the reasons to run a student magazine,

What is BUTT?

Why BUTT?

Why a collaboration of colleges?

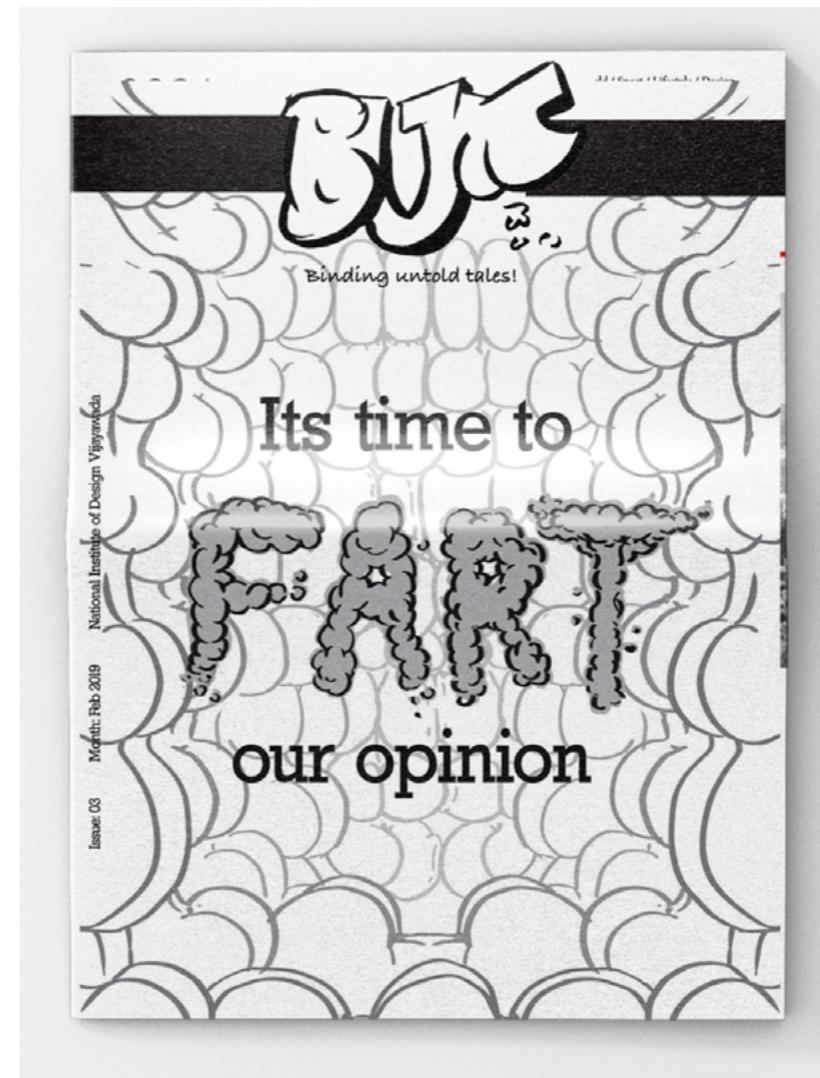
How to make it happen?

Me, Deeptanshu Sanyal and Roshan Paul discussed the need for an immediate platform for expression and discourse. A student magazine run independently by students. Its values being alternative, independent, democratic. The publication's biggest setback was its communication. It failed to proclaim its reason to exist—The need for free conversation and discourse through quality gossip in the college. Yet the reception of the zine was observed to be a desire to have a physical copy.

A refined extension of this project to the outside world increases the scope of participation and conversations around it, is what led to this project. Trying to see Journalism as a form of literature with the aid of comics. To document the talks of the streets, unheard voices and unconventional ideas—A reportage of history from below.



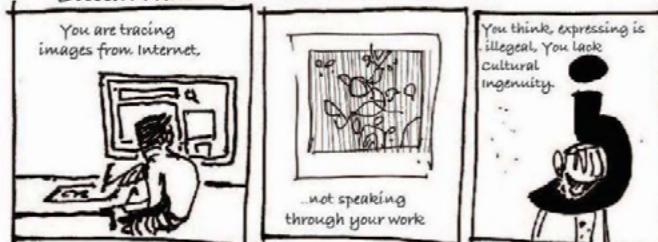
My Professor Deb Kumar Mitra



Why Butts and Farts?



Butt.. What about the Time inbetween Protests?



A society should always try to question its values. The norms that it has set, the ideals it dreams of, the taboos it shuns away. So here comes Butt. Packed with opinions on events in and around the college, on its culture, on its politics. To question the norms, ideals, and taboos. And to give space for alternative models with a twist of grim satire. Because Butt thinks good satire comes from tragedy, in times of torment to see the better part.



2. Context

Comics/Cartoons either they are marginalised or considered as an elite's hobby. Still, not many people miss the daily cartoon scape of a newspaper—But many and many more skip the very content heavy middle pages of it. There is a potential opportunity for the medium of comics to create a market through Journalism/ Reportage. As a significant rise in the newspapers and periodicals published every year¹, Combined with an increase in regional language publications suggests a growing need for new and original content in Indian readers.

India did see cartoon journalism with periodicals like Shankar's weekly, the first political punch of India. It paved the way for many young cartoonists of the '50s, nurturing the young talent and adding some satire into the new democratic recipe. While Bal Thackeray's Marmik had its own mission. Both of these periodicals have dealt with the elite of society. Their comment was on the policy maker and the effects of it, a usual trend in present-day journalism consisting of opinions and ideological waves that go through or formed by the academicians and the ruling government. This overlooks the opinions of people of nothing and the silent subaltern movements, which need careful analysis and first-hand documentation.

Today most of the mainstream journalism has to deal with the State, Bigger firms and The world. This leads to poor quality and inconsistencies in their local tabloids and Magazines. They only cater to the rawest needs of the public and the state—Sensationalism, Yellow Media or Happy go lucky columns. Amidst all of this, there are people who want well researched original opinions and Long-form narratives.

The newspaper from the age old tradition transformed into a ledger of vicarious glimpses of suffering and success. It delivers to the most rawest needs of the present day society. The most fitting format of this delivery is the tabloid.

The regional newspapers inform the local happenings. In the process of informing and delivery the media overlooks certain important

Hello! Mr. Idiot Box

(EDITORIAL)



RAHAK

human factors. A good example would be to understand portrayal of death in Newspapers in India. Mainstream journalism demands for an objective reportage, it employs language and tools neutral in political sense yet sensational for the mind of the reader. Mugshots or full blown photographs of the victim and the crime scene capture the smallest detail of gore. The dead body of the victim which still belongs to the dead (or to nobody if looked in a different perspective - elaborate), the photograph still forever belongs to him. Death is a private affair there is an intimacy even when the person is killed the intimacy of him with his existence/soul. It is by far the most intimate of human lifespan. The photograph involving in death belongs not to anyone other than the dead. A beholder (artist) of such occurrence is different from a camera. He selects the essential elements that form the crux of the story and with an immediacy that words alone can't match² he transfers it to the canvas. A camera's nature makes it more objective making it capture everything it points to and cannot let the author to be more free until unless he decides to tamper with it. My study is not about attacking the medium of photography but to see the scope of the intervention of author in journaling stories.

Werner Herzog in the Grizzly Man (2005) portrays the death of Timothy Treadwell in an ingenious way, and in many such occasions We see Herzog's sensibilities to portray certain aspects of human lives was dealt in his films. Game in the Sand Spiel im Sand (1964) is one such film about a few children playing with a rooster and as he says "I might even destroy the negative before I die." Tells us about the nature of the film and why it shouldn't be seen. I think as much as it is concerned with the event it is also the nature of the photographic image to embalm the event³.

Comics are one of the most affordable visual mediums. It doesn't require big teams and laboratory equipment. It gives the author a control that many mediums cannot afford. The metaphors he can deliver the imagery he can produce are unique and deep convictions that might seem rudimentary but involves serious contemplation. The power to control the narrative also lays with reader as much as it lays with the author. He is actively engaged trying to piece together the puzzle presented to him. When I first discovered comics, it was a revelation— I could flip back and forth and go through the story as I wanted to unlike television where the advertisements interrupt me or how a story ends only to be continued. In a close

The newspaper from age old tradition transformed into a ledger of vicarious glimpses of suffering, success. It delivers to the most rancid needs of the present day society. The regional newspapers (Eenadu, Sakshi and others) provide us with murder stories and accidents. It is necessary to inform But death is a private affair. One ~~body~~ has a right over ~~body~~, ~~death~~. privacy & dignity of death.



(fig) NO reference
!maginative sketch
for sake of
explanation

This is a quick sketch
of dead body belonging
to a person. The body
still its crime scene at
the time of accident.

Werner
Hergog.
grizzly man.

(Ref.)
→ Andre
Benzin
- Oh Photograph.

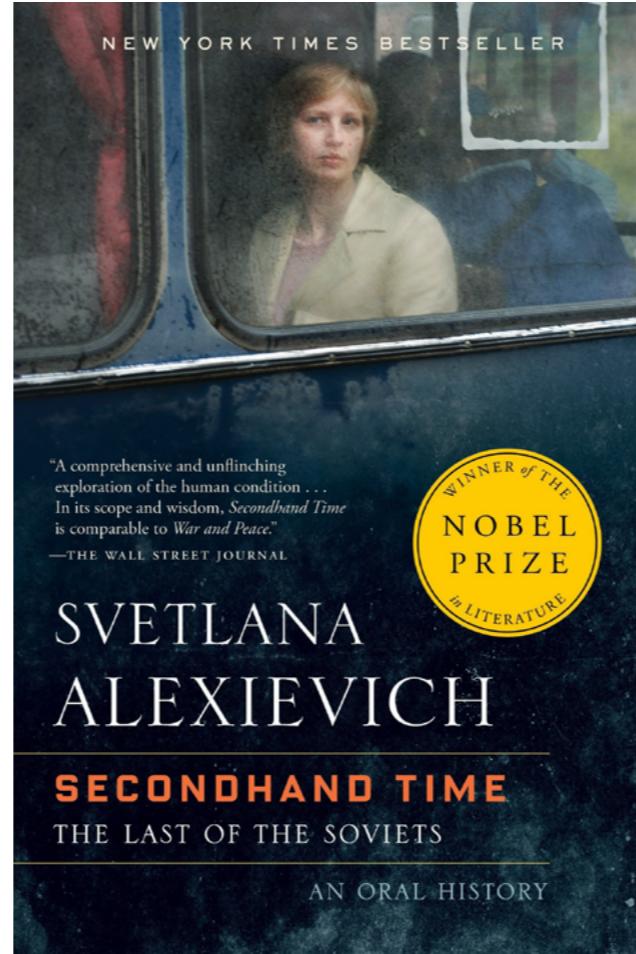
The Society shoud look at the photograph
belonging to the dead. At least it's something that
the dead person doesn't want.



(Fig.) A picture
obtained from
Esteban
Vasquez's edition

conversation with Deb Kumar Mitra said "Comics are the fastest moving films ever made, you don't even see them moving. Sekhar calls them Personal cinema". Comics shared the characteristics with the internet, It's affordability to distribute the authoring power to the masses still retaining the social and humane qualities.

To understand and answer the question "Can comics with an essentialist and subjective approach operate in the realm of Journalism?" Is an essential part of this project. When one is ready to believe any news delivered to him on his palm, the secret agreement of the reader and the journalist is long gone. Today the immense amount of news and photographic images flooding through internet and the means to tamper them leads to the question of objectivity being the point of discourse anymore. Although it is vital for a journalist to base his work on the actuality the very nature of comics demands human attention and engagement⁴. The comic artist and his participation in the story brings his testimony that he alone can add. This acceptance of subjectivity in his work is honest and is more truthful compared to claims made about objectivity in mainstream media which undermines its own foundational principles. To have a much better understanding and argument for the subjective nature in journalism and it's application in comics, I went through works of Joe Sacco and Hunter S. Thompson's works.



3. Method: Improvisation

A lot of time has gone into the research and reading. Most of it gave me a direction indirectly to work on this project. A modest yet a variety of reading and other media material influenced me during the course of the project. The journey embarked tried to explore the subterranean world of visual language present in the local area and to consider the level of familiarity of people with the medium of comics. This means the aptitude of people to make meaning out of unfamiliar medium or visual styles and how ideas are translated into material forms. During the course of time I have improvised the working method.

College magazine was taken up to understand the production management, Content generation and to stay myself motivated. It gave me necessary understanding of printing, paper and audience. This opportunity made me write the necessary literature.

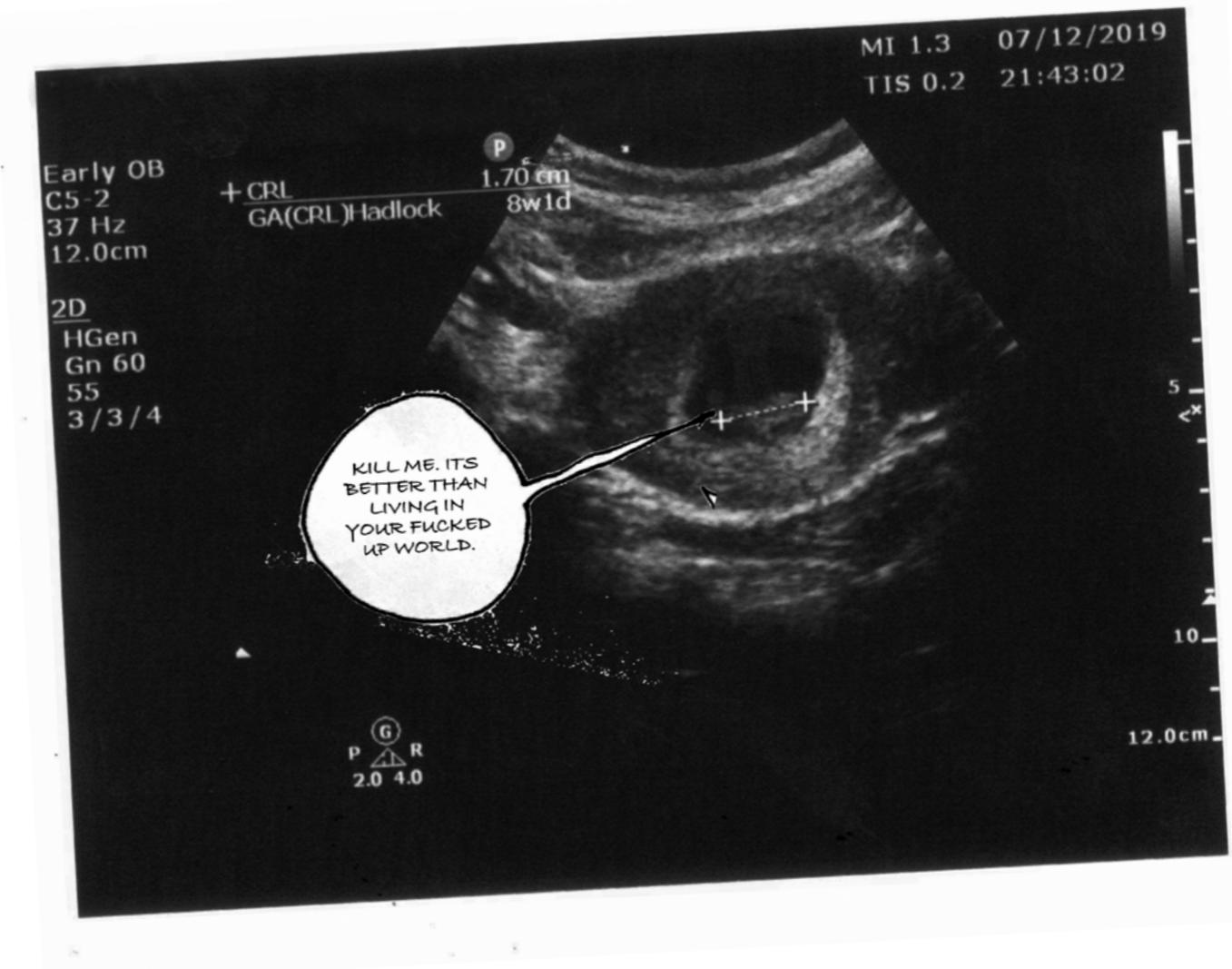
Being a student pursuing visual communication there was a clear inclination towards western outlook of design and the discourse that plays an important role in its evolution. But, it is necessary for students of design to make such discourses in their own languages. I was being careful by considering the graphic language present in Andhra Pradesh to derive at not so conclusive parameters of graphic tropes. That needs an extensive study and is not the main subject of interest in this piece of writing.

During my stay at Machilipatnam to assist NID faculty in the course Environmental perception (Foundation programme, March, 2019) I took it up as an other chance to perform ethnographic observations on the culture of Andhra Pradesh's rural fishing community. I had to involve and let myself open to the forms of graphic expression found in various communities around Andhra Pradesh and what kind of behavioural patterns do people have in expressing themselves.

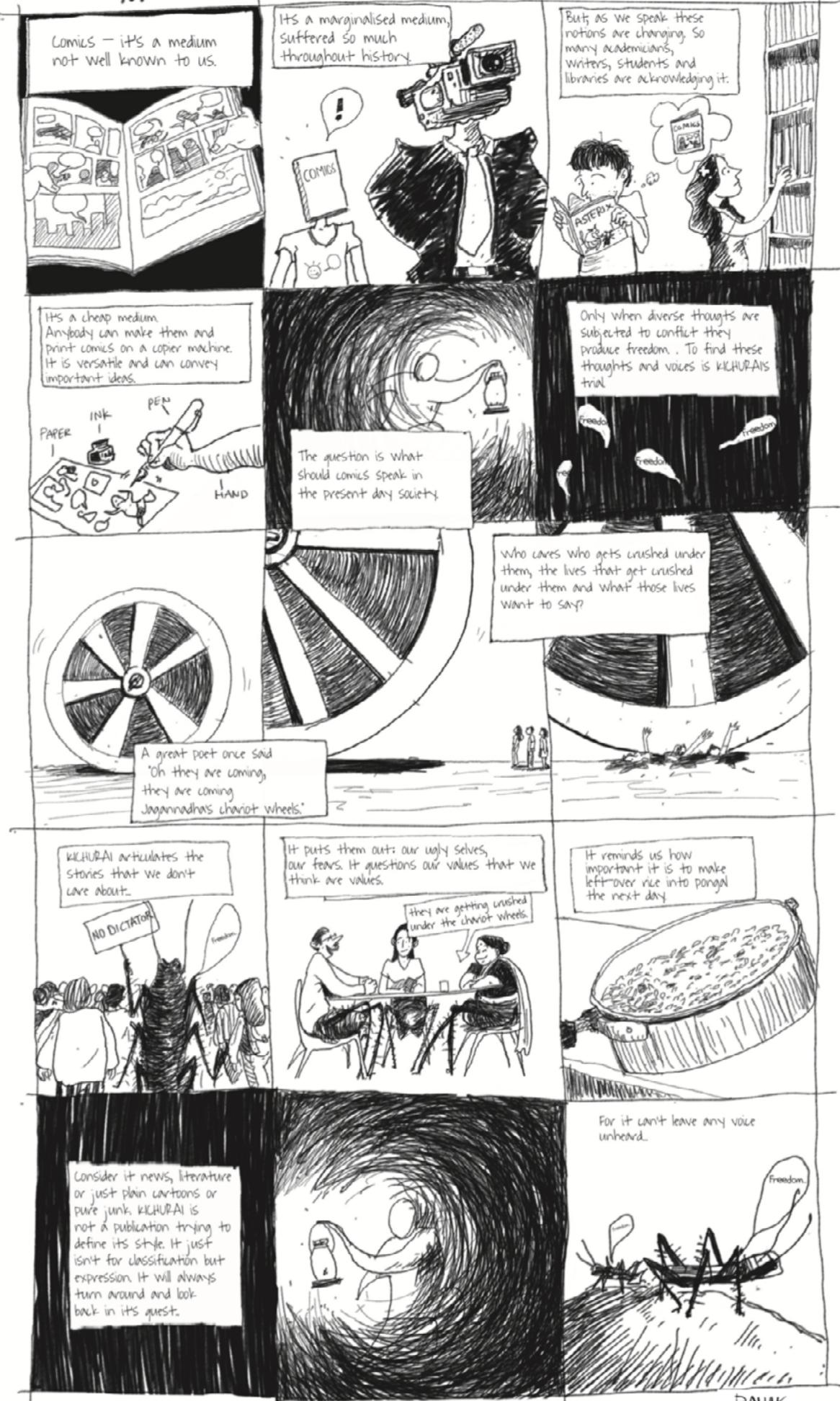
4. meagre Manifestos and Dreaded dreams

A sound that a rich man wouldn't want in his house. A poor man would sleep peacefully with. For some it gives chills down the spine, others don't get effected and only few get lost trying to find it. Kichurai is that sound that comes out of unquenched thirst. It tries to pour out in many ways, only to beat a retreat. To suppress it is a sign of epilepsical stagnation. You can't move yet your insides start howling. An agitation disorienting and bombarding. At most to find that you don't even realise the state of affairs you are dealing with. Sporadic spasms make you MAAR FOOTPATH WALEH KO! Nights yes only nights do that to you.

Like a cricket you screech. You know nothing about your mates location. you screech to relay something. A scalpel digs in and scrapes the bone convulsive pain and insomnia a necessary darkness with no more distinction between night and day the screeches become nuisance. No one can articulate it. This sound is peculiar but indistinguishable unclear. It's found in meaningless markets, sterile paradigms, and Consider it News, literature or just plain cartoons or pure junk. Kichurai is not a publication trying to define its style. It just isn't for classification but expression.



SINGING AND SONGS. THE NIGHT CRICKETS STOPPED SINGING.



5. Developing story/ies and treatment

The process involved finding appropriate stories to make content for the magazine. Interviewing, iterating to pull story structures which needed attention. Audio recording and photographs were part of research.

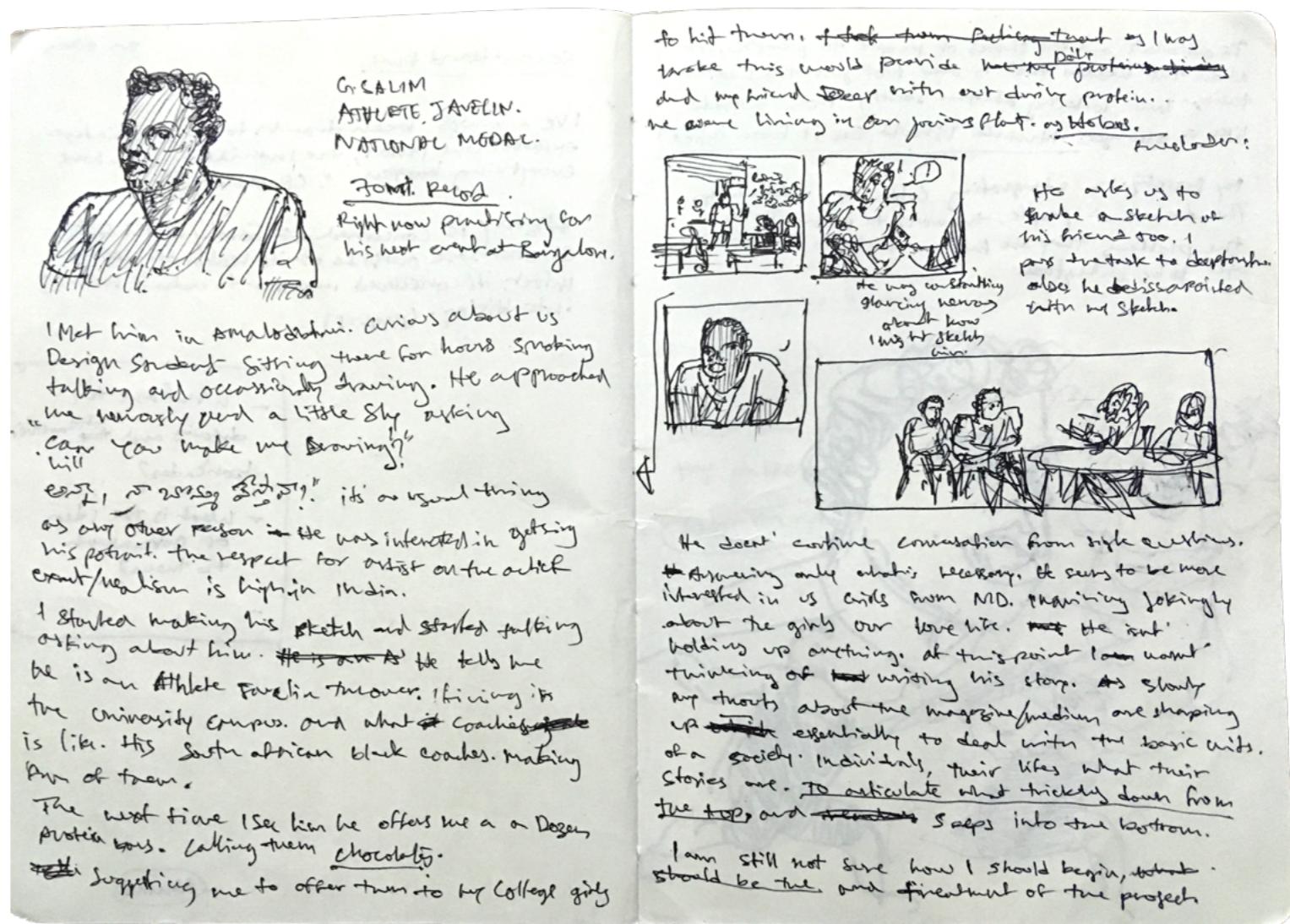
Journal entry / Amalodbavi / 29. 07. 2019

G. Salem or Salim or he has many more names. A Javelin athlete from Acharya Nagarjuna University. National medal of 70 mt record. Right now practising for his next event at Bangalore.

I met him in Amalodbavi. He was curious about design students hanging around sitting, talking smoking for hours and occasionally sketching. He approached me nervously and was little shy, asking "Can you make my drawing?" (Insert telugu trans.) Its a usual thing as any other local, he was interested in getting his portrait made from a bunch of freaks in hanging in their area at the same time an unknown respect for an artist is high in these areas. I started making his sketch and started talking, mostly asking about him.

He is a well built, bulky guy. Tall, curly haired. In his early twenties or so dressed in his sports wear. He starts telling me that he is an athlete, javelin thrower. Training in the university campus. The south African black coaches and he makes fun of them.

The next day I see him. He offers a dozen protein bars calling them chocolates as his token of thanks for the sketch I made. Suggesting me to offer them to my college girls to hit on them, toying he smirks. I was broke that month, I felt a relief that our daily dose of nutrients are procured for few days. (The condition was worse, as we even don't have a room. Freeloading in juniors flats). This time He requests to make his friends sketch too not noticing that we are tired of sketching strangers portraits. I pass the task to Deeptanshu(Salem is disappointed with my sketch). He was constantly glancing at



our sketchbooks nervously for the next disastrous sketch. It's hard for me to encourage a stranger's presence in our coffee table chat. Yet I try to make it feasible thinking about the disparity that exists between me and him. So I try to make conversations that involves my classmates (from another language) in this conversations. He doesn't continue conversation from a question but answers only what is necessary. Seeming to be more interested in girls hanging around from NID. Inquiring jokingly about my love life. He isn't holding up anything relevant. All he wants is involvement.

At this point I wasn't thinking of writing his story. Slowly my thoughts about a magazine/medium are shaping up. It isn't how I thought when I was reading Svetlana Alexievich's Second-Hand Time. That these stories are just in some Post dictatorial world or a remote village without telecommunications or any basic resource for progress. It was a hit. You find them, they are every where. Essentially to deal with the most basic unit of a society. Individuals, their lives, what their stories are. To articulate what trickles down from the top and seeps to the bottom. All of India other than the intellectual vocal sections, there are many strata of people, educated yet an undefinable confusion, Ignorance or innocence or plain humbug surrounds them.

I am still not sure how to begin or the treatment of the project—to articulate and tell stories of people to people, for whom the medium itself is anew.

Continuation / Amalodbavi / 08. 2019

The usual sit-outs at Amalodbavi continue planning and writing for the project. Salem arrives on a old but a shiny Royal Enfield with another friend of his. This time I started intruding a lot enquiring about his routine, national events he participated and He answers were straight forward without a second thought trying explain certain things. I asked what was his record in javelin and He replies saying 70 metres without any injection. I was curious and astonished what did he mean. I probed more by asking him "what injection?" He doesn't get surprised or worried but tries to remember and replies "The ones which makes us throw better"(trans.) for muscle power."

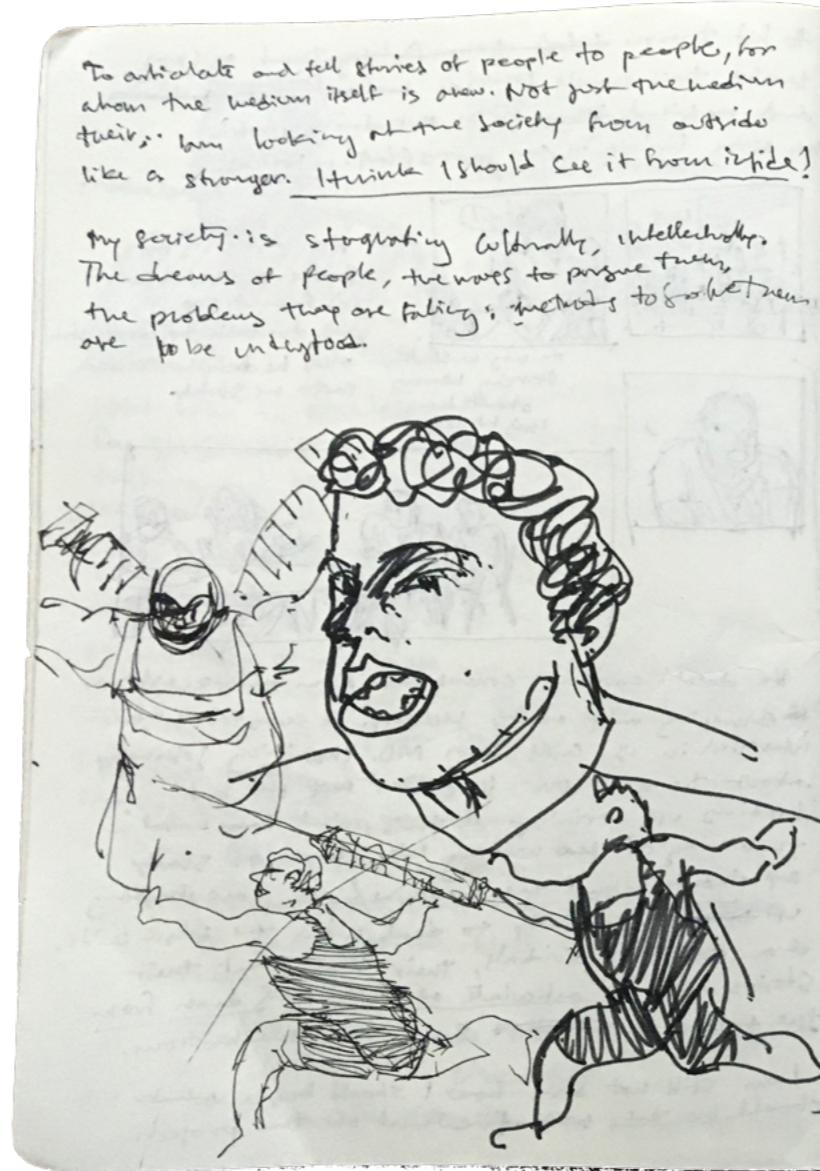
Me: Do the coaches know?

Salem: of course. They themselves ask us to use.

Me: How do you know about usage?

Salem: Arey! Its common. You've got know it if you want to stay in the field.

Me: But who tells you about them?



To articulate and tell stories of people to people, for whom the medium itself is anew. Not just the medium itself, but looking at the society from outside like a stranger. I think I should see it from inside!

My society is stagnating culturally, intellectually. The dreams of people, the ways to pursue them, the problems they are facing; methods to solve them are to be understood.

RMP.

Registered Medical Practitioner
Rural medical Practitioner.

Interview kiran.

Cont room illustration.
try different.

Satpathavans.

Salem: (Rubbing his head) Seniors, coaches friends.
Me: How much do they cost? An approximate?
Salem: fifty...
Me: (trying to understand) Fifty?
Salem: Lets talk no it's nothing, leave it (trying to be modest)
Me: thousand?
He nods his head.

I was taken aback. About such openness and transparency. For a moment I was thinking, trying to evaluate the issue that if all athletes use steroids there's nothing wrong in the competition but, more than the usage of steroids I am interested in his understanding of the sport. What draws him to it and how he sees the world apart from his sport.

Journal entry / Amalodbavi / 10. 2019

In my usual sit outs in Amalodbavi I come across people, many people from the nearby Namburu, Students from the University, people commuting and also new waiters who join the place. Every time a waiter changes a new relationship starts. In these sit outs I am figuring out the Magazine. My plans of finding stories far off, exotic and engaging have some inherent flaws. Stories are not somewhere in fabulous otherworld, although they are seemingly boring and invisible they are always around us.

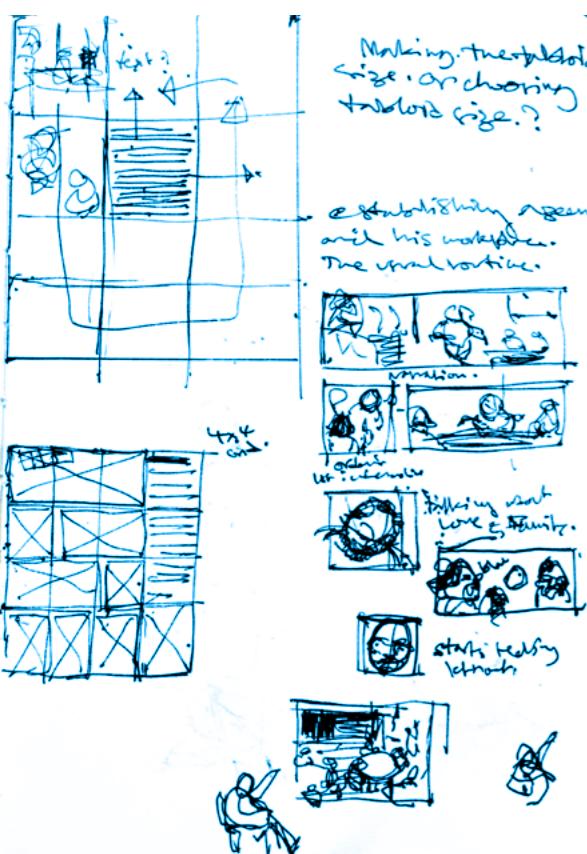
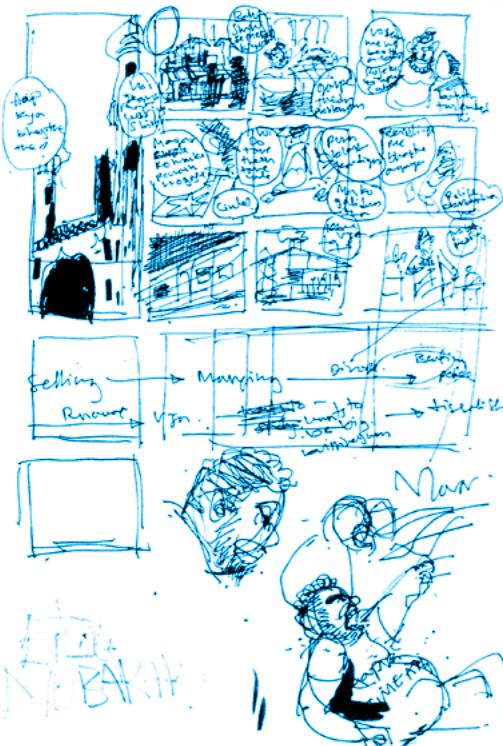
I understood this after coming across this 23 year old Azeem from Hyderabad who is on a run and hiding in Vijayawada. He is on a run from police. He joined recently in Amalodbavi as a waiter. Because of my frequent visits to the Dhaba I got Aquatinted to him. It was Ramzaan and He broke his routine with a new Kurtha. He wished us and We wished him. Usual routine is unending conversations for hours and my struggle to look for motivation for people's actions and their reflexes to the conditions put forth.

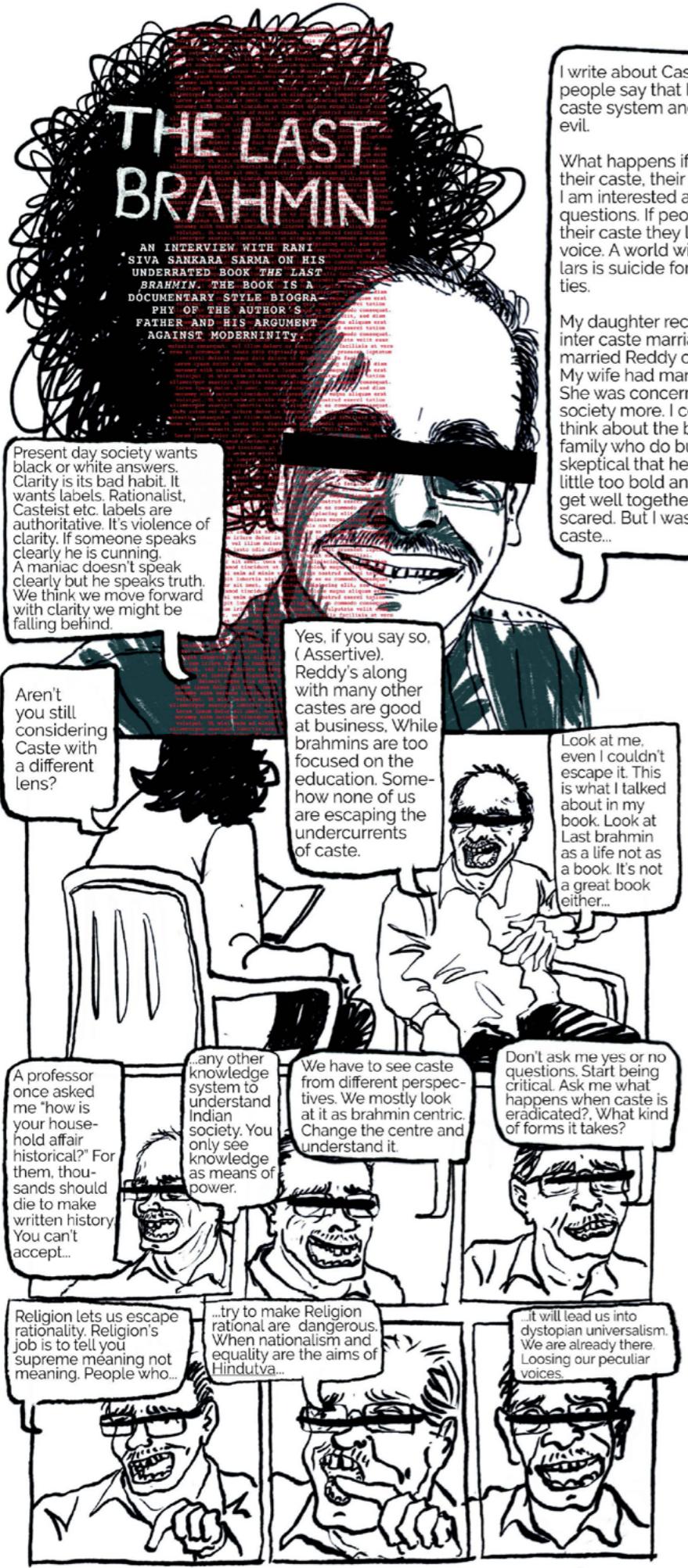
Azeem is your usual loweclass youngman He is of my age and I could easily start talking to him. His language is a mix of Hind and Urdu, usually called Hyderabadi Hindi. A very peculiar dialect with a different kind of syntax and colloquial words.

Again I start my intellectual exploitation. My fancy of glorifying poverty stories. In all my interactions with him he was putting up happy faces. Yet It's not difficult see him see us students of his age and get sad. It's a very small gap unlike how anyone would say it's not the good clothes, Very costly gadgets or lazy leisure we hold. It's Knowledge that made the gap. Nothing more.



BAHAR
LEKE CHALNA,
DATE PE...
PHIR EK DIN NIKAH
PADHANE LEKE
GAYA. PEGNENT
BI HOGAYI
THI.

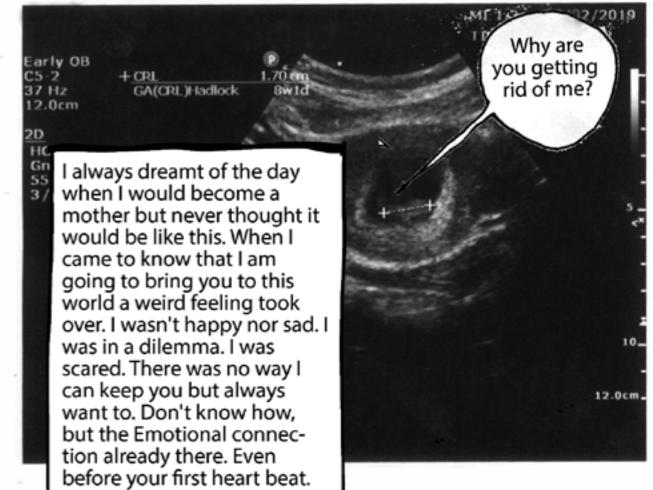




I write about Caste, many people say that I support caste system and declare me evil.

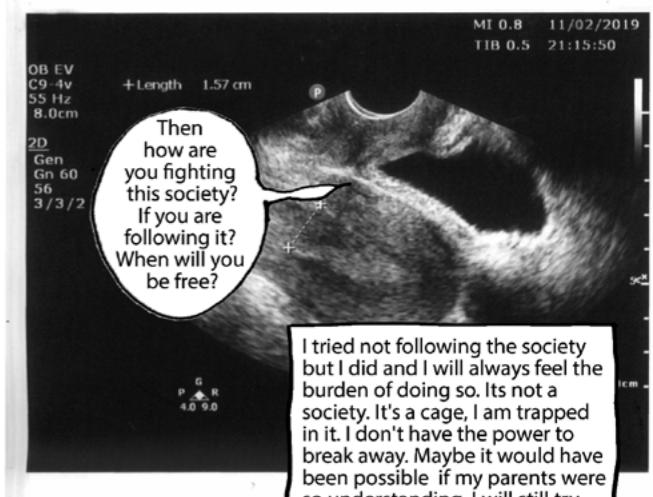
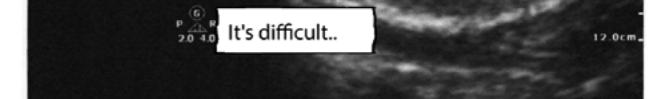
What happens if people loose their caste, their community? I am interested about these questions. If people loose their caste they loose their voice. A world without particulars is suicide for communities.

My daughter recently had an inter caste marriage. She married Reddy caste groom. My wife had many doubts. She was concerned about society more. I could only think about the bridegroom's family who do business. I was skeptical that he might be a little too bold and might not get well together. I was little scared. But I wasn't thinking of caste...

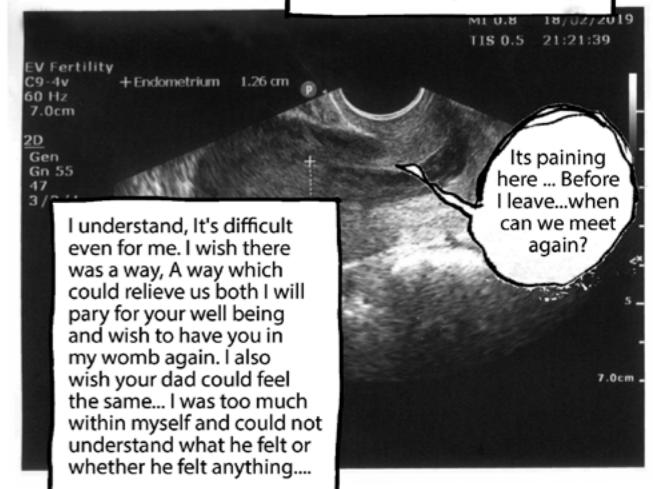


I always dreamt of the day when I would become a mother but never thought it would be like this. When I came to know that I am going to bring you to this world a weird feeling took over. I wasn't happy nor sad. I was in a dilemma. I was scared. There was no way I can keep you but always want to. Don't know how, but the Emotional connection already there. Even before your first heart beat.

Nobody knows. But the two days that I spent with you were the most wonderful days of my life, I could feel your presence in me, looking into the mirror I talked to you for hours before going to the doctor. I hope I have taken the right decision. And please forgive me, I am in this agony which nobody can imagine.



I tried not following the society but I did and I will always feel the burden of doing so. Its not a society. It's a cage, I am trapped in it. I don't have the power to break away. Maybe it would have been possible if my parents were so understanding. I will still try.



I understand, It's difficult even for me. I wish there was a way, A way which could relieve us both I will pray for your well being and wish to have you in my womb again. I also wish your dad could feel the same... I was too much within myself and could not understand what he felt or whether he felt anything....

6. Editorial decisions/identity/structure

Content (Editorial decisions/format/structure)

Unlike the comic book format the tabloid is wide and big, designed to hold more bits of information in a single platter. People can choose what they want to scan and the page environment acts as an ensemble. The size of it makes it a playground for a comic book author. Its vast and the reader doesn't have to tire himself by flipping more pages. It's not Beringer size big. This size factor supports reading without any hassle. The important issue with the size is its layout. While it gives enormous space for creative outbursts it needs to be understood thoroughly. Factors like serial and lengthy stories might consume the space making it boring and can get out of control.

For its diversity of content variety of decisions are thought of. The kind of written and drawn formats that engage audience with not an objective neutrality but with reflections and conclusions. For the first issue the types of content chosen are Documentary, Investigative reportage, Socio-political commentary, Biography, Interview, Auto biography.

The tone of the magazine because of its amateur nature would not try to preach. I have decided to author the content with a perspective that accepts my inability on certain content but would not try to withhold the critical thought. Its advantage lies in its incapability and innocence, just like a kid looking at the world. Not to withhold questions. A young mind of this society trying to make sense of the world around.

The magazine's inclinations and agendas will be spoken in its editorial. A social critic and self critical piece of work. It addresses those issues which are important and need of careful human attention. Its intentions are to support, seek and brew ideas.

An interview with a conversational mode and



spontaneous reportage or make a planned comic, post interview. Although interviewing plays a major role in the whole project a particular personality and their ideas and practices are to be captured. Again in such an interview the tone is kept in mind. "I am no expert on every discipline that exists, so the character of the writer's voice is to be a student. A present day youth trying to know."

A comic book review. This address the issue of the lack of awareness of the medium. A medium marginalised. It introduces the reader to a new comic book. This is why I personally think its fitting for the medium to address its issues.

A reportage or investigative journalistic piece trying to piece together clues to get a picture of the assumed subject area.

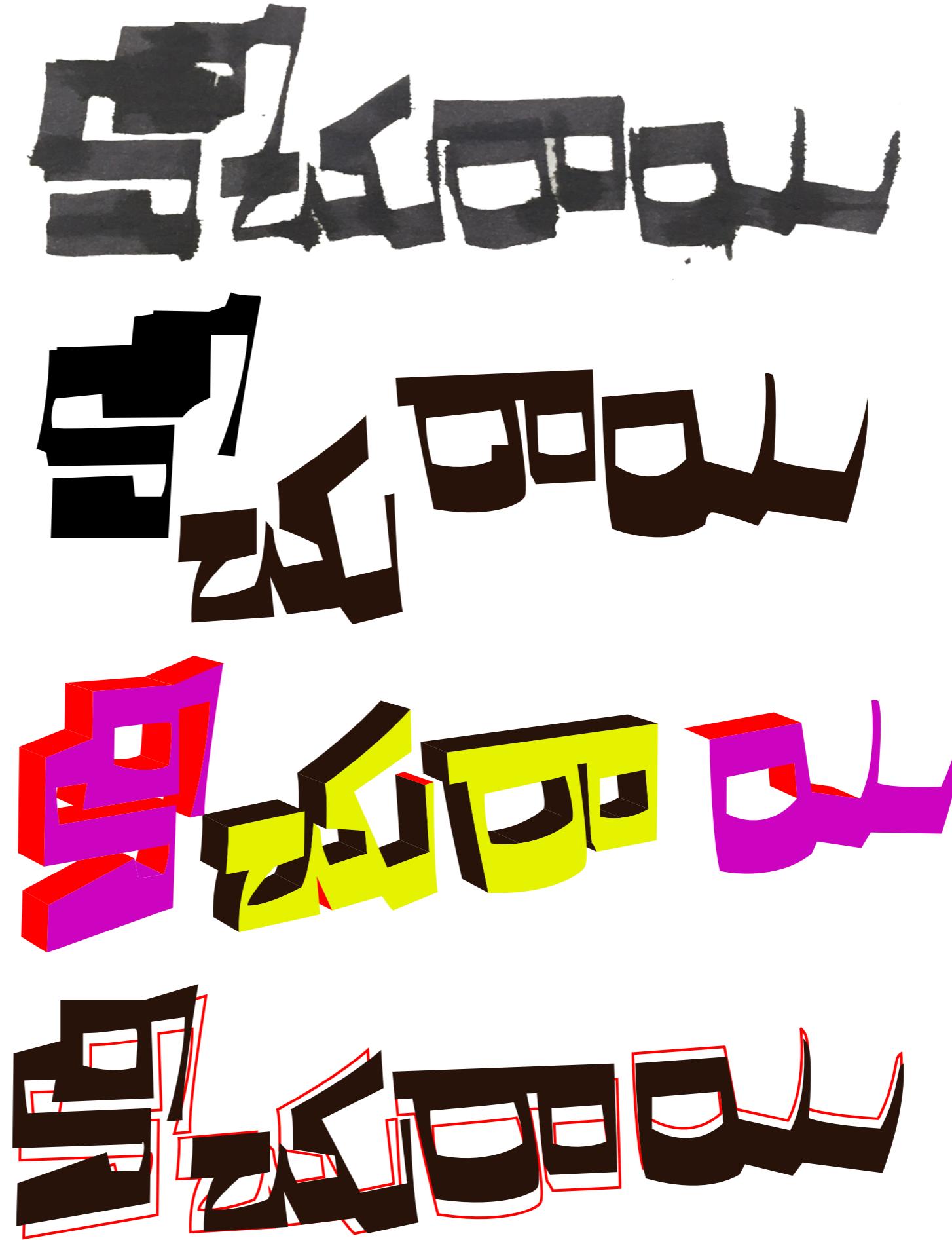
Identity

Identity of the magazine or the masthead in periodical terms is the name of the magazine designed and printed on the first page. It should be able convey the basic principles and values of the publication. This is the stage where I had to even choose another name leaving the working title. The process had begun with loose sketches and calligraphy. The name is a Telugu word and I was trying transliterated text for masthead.

An important realisation is that a logotype usually from a particular regional language doesn't have to be transliterated into English. It can convey its message through it's form and by juxtaposition of transliterated text along with the logotype would reach more audience కీచురాయ Kichurai Any individual reading these words would try to read the language that he understands or both the words.

The form of it was derived from the wall advertisements and the movie posters that are seen around Andhra Pradesh. The decision came from the argument that these local graphic forms that are not done by designers of academia and they belong to a discourse un-presented and undeveloped. It should be noted that the logotype is designed in the local graphic language for the sake of it's participation in discourse of aesthetics and not just pertaining it to association and identification for the audience of Andhra Pradesh.

The word Kīchurāi translates to "cricket (insect)". The sound of a cricket is acoustic in nature, omnipresent and no-one knows where it comes from. The literal meaning or breakdown of the word says Screeching stones. Just like an individual' voice



Kīchurāi: A Comix Journal

Finalised concept of logo
and its initial sketch

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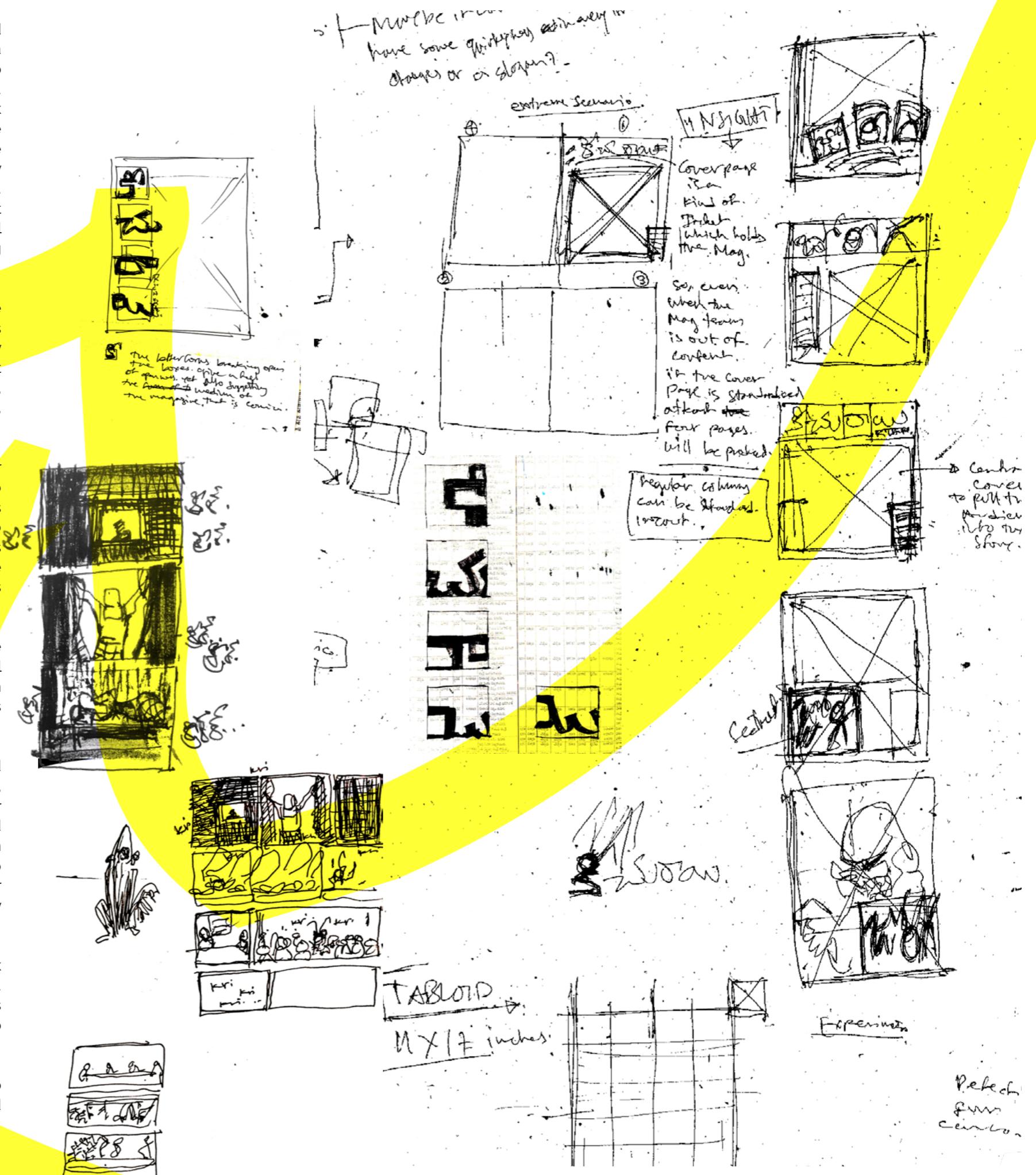
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7. Publication

A small note on Web

Finding Tabloid size digital printer is adifficult. So, the only way I could test is to make mockups of layout of Tabloid size and get an idea. One way to test is by printing individuals articles and paste them on the newsprint mockup to get the idea of size structure and flow.

When Pandemic had it's own plans and the 4000 copies of magzines were rotting in under my bed. I had to started to look at the brighter side of things and started learning Htlm, CSS and githubbing.

Comics in digital spaces is an intersting field. There is still a lot to do. Though I couldn't harness the world wide web's complete potential, I hope to see myself making my work more accesible and opensource.

With modern technologies like git and version control systems I think a more nuetral editorialship can be achieved to make the magazine more sustainable. This way more people can collaborate making it democratic.



WRONG SHOT AND OTHER STORIES

The highway, as usual was alive with all kind of activities and the life was moving at 80km/h. On the side, The Great Amalodhavi¹ was filled with emptiness and barely buzzing. Its pace and the contrast with the highway felt just right for a having a coffee in a laid back manner.

This place had become ours in a manner hard to put in words. It should suffice to tell that I have been living in Nimbura, Andhra Pradesh for more than four years and a day feels incomplete without a visit to this place and now when I am about to leave this place, it has almost become a ritual to sit here and talk for hours.

Me and Deep were talking about India and something about history and such. It was just like any other evening and we had ordered our coffees, the waiter was new so we told him to put less sugar. The shop kept changing its workers and waiters time to time, the few who had stayed long enough knew us by name and didn't require to be told how we like our coffees. But as this new guy, who told his name as Balurao, came with the coffee he also brought some stories from his past. And once he started with it there was no leaving. I must say that we had interacted with him once before and shaken hands and had a little chat, so when we came back today, it didn't surprise me much that he opened up the way he did.

I must tell you, that this was not something which was new to us, workers in this place had often gotten close to us and had spent hours talking about their lives and what brings them here. They all have their own songs and stories and no language barrier could stop them. And most of these people working at Amalodhavi are quite young, most of them under forty. But Balurao was different, around fifty, short white hair and beard, knew six languages including Telugu and had the air of well travelled person. Proudly he would say, "If I start talking about my life, the stories will go on for nights".

For his story today, he took us back to 1994, he was still in high school. He used to have a Muslim friend who used to *Continued in page 6 ...*



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Cvr: April 13th Bandra station, Mumbai by Debkumar Mitra

Issue #3



Colophon

Type-faces

Source-code Pro bold for the headings, Raleway semi-bold for sub headings and Raleway regular for the body text.

Format

Digital PDF published for web and Desktop.
This book requires the presence of the author for it is designed as presentation to support oral narrative.
(! made in hurry so typos are to beared)

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Author

Rahak

Kichurai Mag

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Thank you

	22/3	ను	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.41/10/2010	తండ్రి స్వామి కుమార్ భరత్ కు		
	141/10	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.41/10/2010	తండ్రి స్వామి కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1204 విశ్వామి
	141/10	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.41/10/2010	తండ్రి స్వామి కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1205 విశ్వామి
	141/10	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.41/10/2010	తండ్రి స్వామి కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1206 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1207 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1208 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1209 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1210 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1211 విశ్వామి
	143/6	మృ	యెద్దు		కొరు	22/10	30	పిల్ల	0.3376	1.43/6/2010	ముఖ్య మండల కుమార్ భరత్ కు		1212 విశ్వామి