abinitio

2023 - 24

Haldia Institute of Technology

An Autonomous Institute of ICARE
Pioneer in Technical Education(Estd: 1996)
Largest self Financed Institute in West Bengal

abinitio
2023 - 24

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Member

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Member

Ashutosh Kumar Pathak - ECE, Batch of 2026
Member

FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIRMAN, HIT

Beyond providing a sound education, we aim to offer our students a holistic learning experience for life. Our goal is to teach students to LEARN, not just STUDY. Hence, we strive to go beyond the boundaries of mere books. We have realized that although the future is abstract and unknown, the youth in our hands are real and can be molded. It is our fervent hope that the students of HIT are equipped with leadership and managerial skills. We invest our trust in you. We don't just create the future; we craft you for the future. While there are strong challenges to great efforts, always remember that great effort bears the sweet fruit of success. We want you to taste the fruit of success once and for the rest of your Life.

Creativity is at the heart of technology innovations. And, what can be a better way of unleashing the creativity of student life than by publishing in an annual print magazine at the institute level? As I see it, 'Abinitio' offers a rich mix of sections well-planned, structured, and effective. To see one's name and article in print is an eternal craving for students. 'Abinitio' offers them the right enabling platform, creating a healthy academic ambience in the backdrop, which is so desirable. I would like to congratulate all the students, staff, and faculty members of HIT for taking this initiative of publishing 'Abinitio'. The magazine is a reflection of our values and beliefs, which we have been inculcating in our students for decades. I would be very happy and excited to see many more of this kind in the near future.

Dr. Lakshman Chandra Seth, D. Litt
Chairman
Haldia Institute of Technology
Haldia

FROM THE DESK OF THE PRINCIPAL, HIT

I am extremely glad to note that the students of HIT are set to publish an institute-level annual print magazine, 'Abinitio'. It is an immense pleasure to know that the magazine will cover literary and artistic segments that cater to present-day interests, representing a great achievement for HIT students.

In today's society, there is a demand for a generation of young people who are not only enlightened but also trained to think innovatively. This magazine, with its vast diversification, will aid our young generation in becoming proficient across various fields. The eyes of budding engineers should be open to observing all types of innovative ideas and thoughts being implemented worldwide. They must understand the synchronism and interrelation between technical and cultural activities in human life. A magazine is one of the best mediums to gain insights into these aspects.

I take this opportunity to convey my best wishes and congratulate all the publication committee members for their hard work. I hope 'Abinitio' will come as a breeze of fresh air, encouraging the youth to engage in constructive work and propel the nation forward.

Prof. (Dr.) Subrata Mondal
Principal,
Chairman,
Publication Committee
Haldia Institute of Technology
Haldia

FROM THE DESK OF THE REGISTRAR GENERAL, HIT

It fills my heart with immense pleasure and anticipation to know of the forthcoming release of our Annual Magazine - ABINITIO, from the hallowed halls of our esteemed institution. This is a platform designed to capture and showcase the talents flourishing within our fraternity. The pages of this magazine serve not only as a chronicle of events but as a canvas for the diverse talents and achievements that define our academic community.

While our academic achievements continue to undeniably reach commendable heights, it is heartening to witness our students consistently channeling their creative energies into literary and artistic expressions, adding a unique dimension to the educational experience we offer.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to the editorial team and contributors who have dedicated themselves to curating this year's magazine. Their diligence and creativity have brought forth a publication that mirrors the essence of our institution. May this Annual College Magazine serve as a source of inspiration and pride for all of us. Let it be a reminder of our shared journey and the collective strides we continue to make in the pursuit of knowledge and excellence.

Wishing you all an enriching and joyous exploration of the pages that encapsulate our college's story.

Dr. Anjan Mishra
Registrar General,
Haldia Institute of Technology
Haldia

FROM THE DESK OF THE CONVENOR

I am pleased to know that our students are taking the initiative to publish an annual magazine, 'Abinitio,' at the institute level. This magazine is not just a publication; it's a milestone that marks our growth, unfolds our imaginations, and gives life to our thoughts and aspirations. Techno-culture is embracing a diverse range of creative works, especially those that utilize new media and focus on the subject of technology. Additionally, we welcome essays from a broad spectrum of academic disciplines that focus on the cultural studies of technology. Through the publication of this magazine, students, teachers, and staff can share and spread their information and ideas globally.

I would like to extend my congratulations to the entire editorial team and contributors for their hard work and dedication in making this dream a reality.

Prof. (Dr.) Chanchal Kumar De
Convenor,
Publication Committee
Haldia Institute of Technology
Haldia

FROM THE DESK OF EDITORIAL BOARD

It is an immense gratification to learn that our revered Haldia Institute of Technology is set to publish its Annual Magazine, ABINITIO, which aims to encapsulate and showcase the literary and artistic talents of our teaching and student fraternity. Adhering to the mission and vision of the Institute, the entire fraternity has relentlessly devoted, dedicated, and extended its efforts towards the wholesome quality improvement of the students.

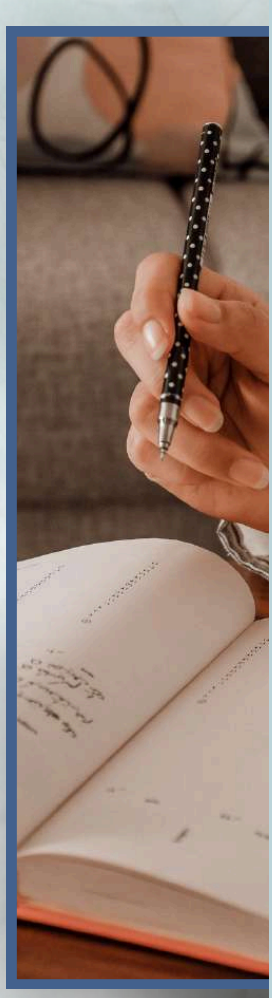
We presume that the magnanimity of our academic achievements has already reached its pinnacle, but we must continue to address and mitigate any lacunae in our pursuit of excellence. To me, science should always be blended with a sense of humanity in the process of educating and nurturing our students, and in this pursuit, our students and staff members have consistently showcased their innate creative talents in the form of literary and artistic upshots.

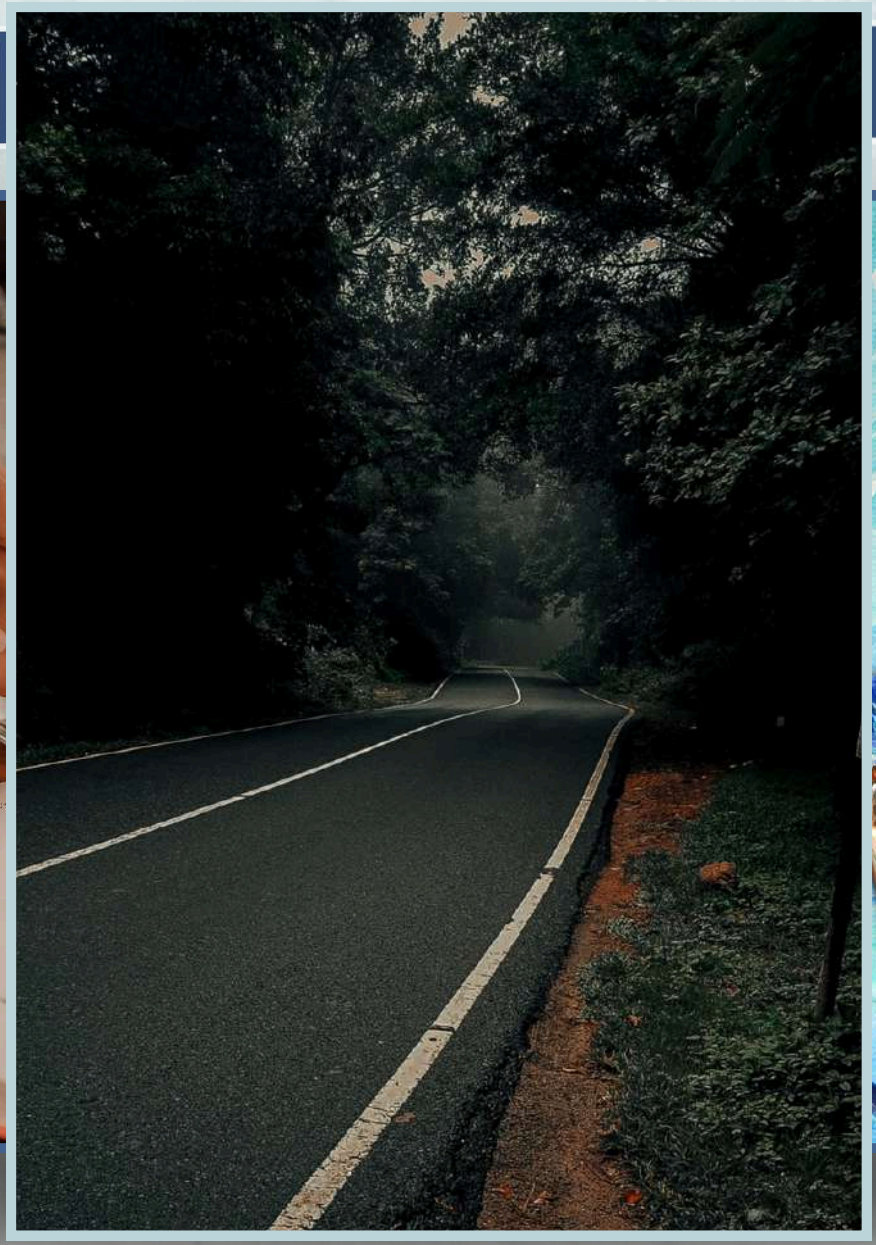
We solemnly trust and anticipate that our Institute will unfurl its vitality and vigor towards achieving academic excellence, underpinned by a strong foundation in literary senses. We appreciate the relentless efforts put in by the members of the committee in bringing out this issue of the Annual Literary Magazine.

Prof. Bikash Bepari, ME, Chief Editor
Mr. Tirthadip Sinha, ECE, Jt. Editor
Ms. Nirmala Kaur, SASH, Jt. Editor

PHOTOGRAPH

WRITI WORK





Ramesh Mondal

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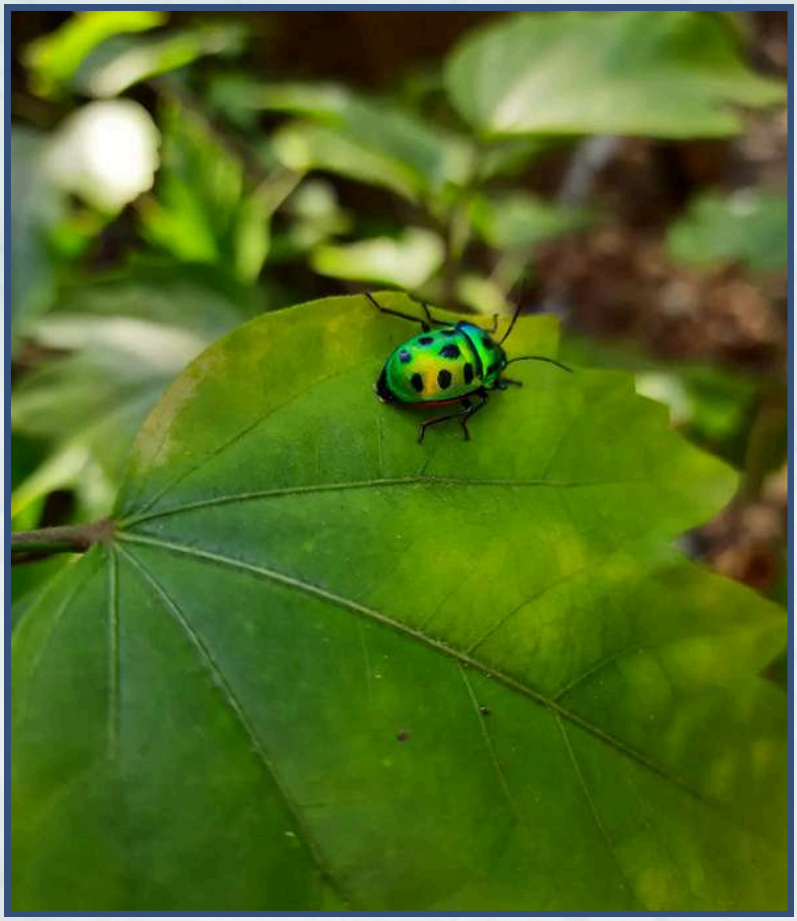

Saloni Kumari

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Aaryan Raj

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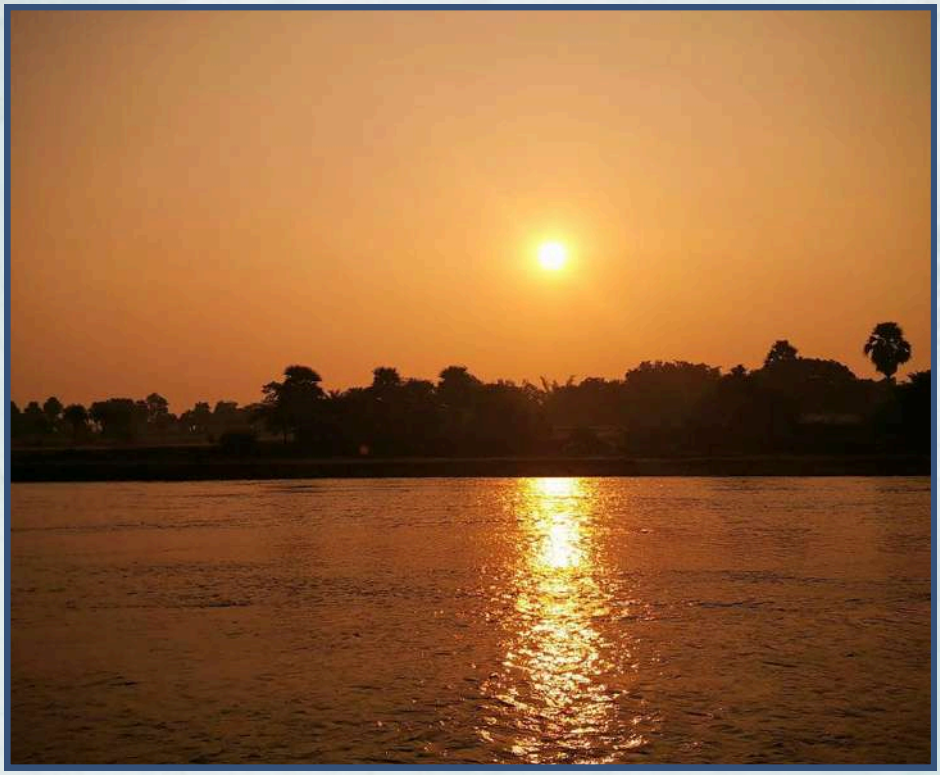

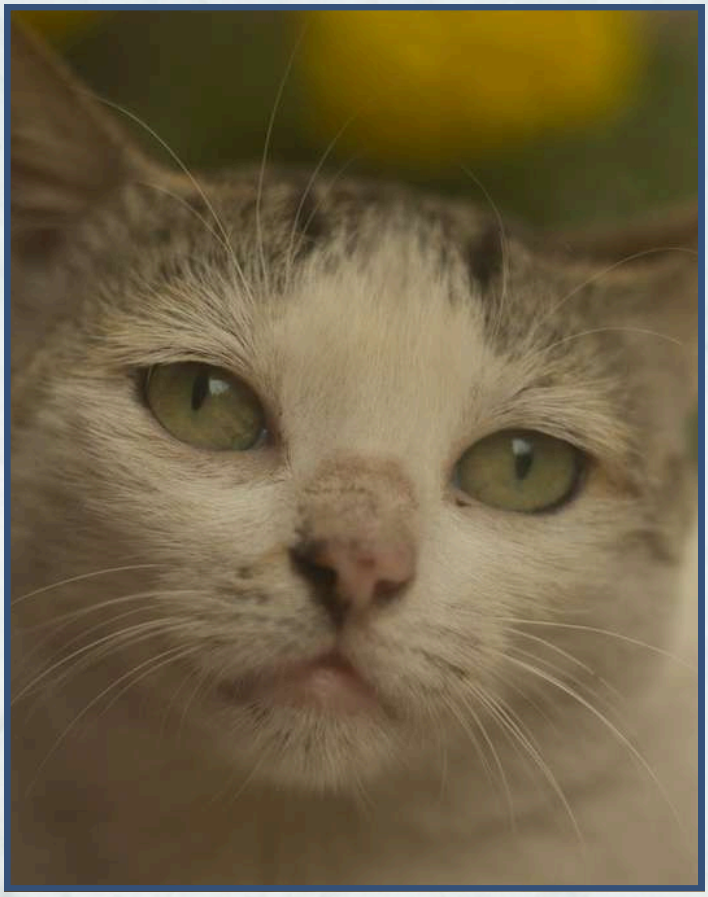

Shanu Kumar

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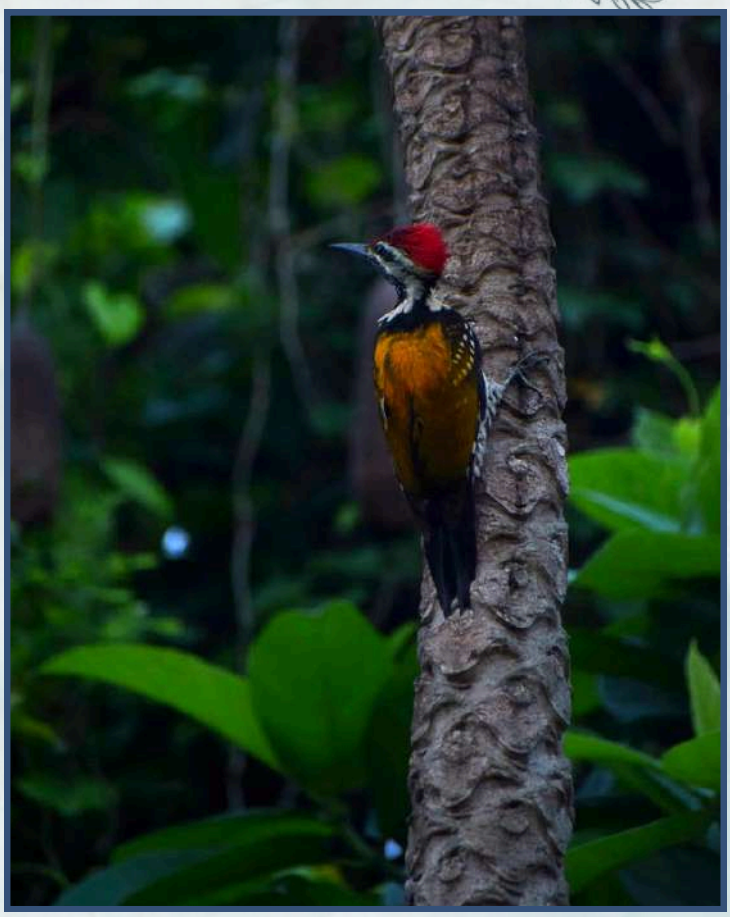

Suman Samanta

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Sayantan Ghosh

22/BT/036

Sayantan Ghosh

22/BT/036

Suman Samanta

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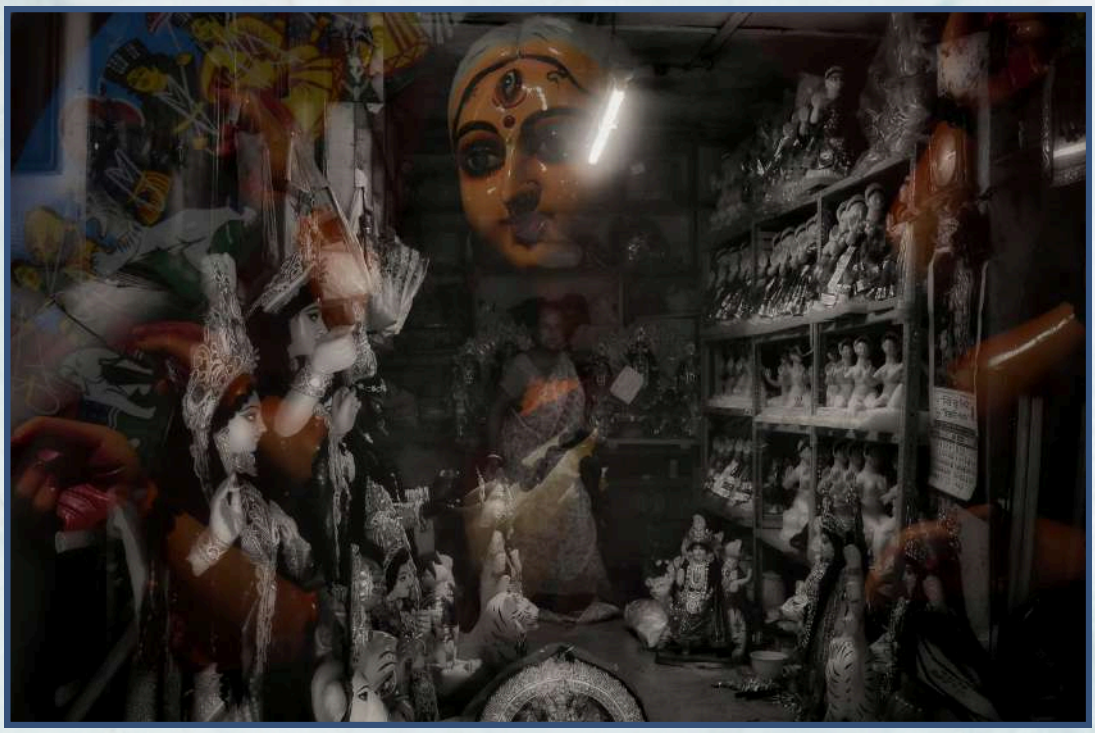

Saptak Mandal

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Abhishek Gupta

21/IT/008

Saloni Kumari

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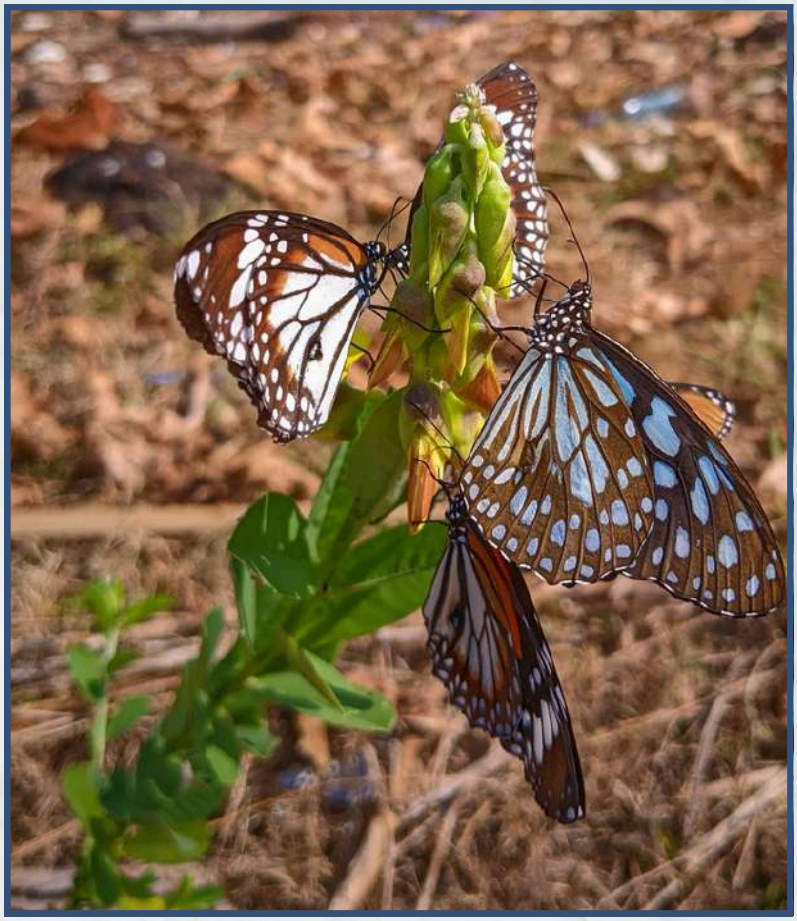

Lata Pattanayak

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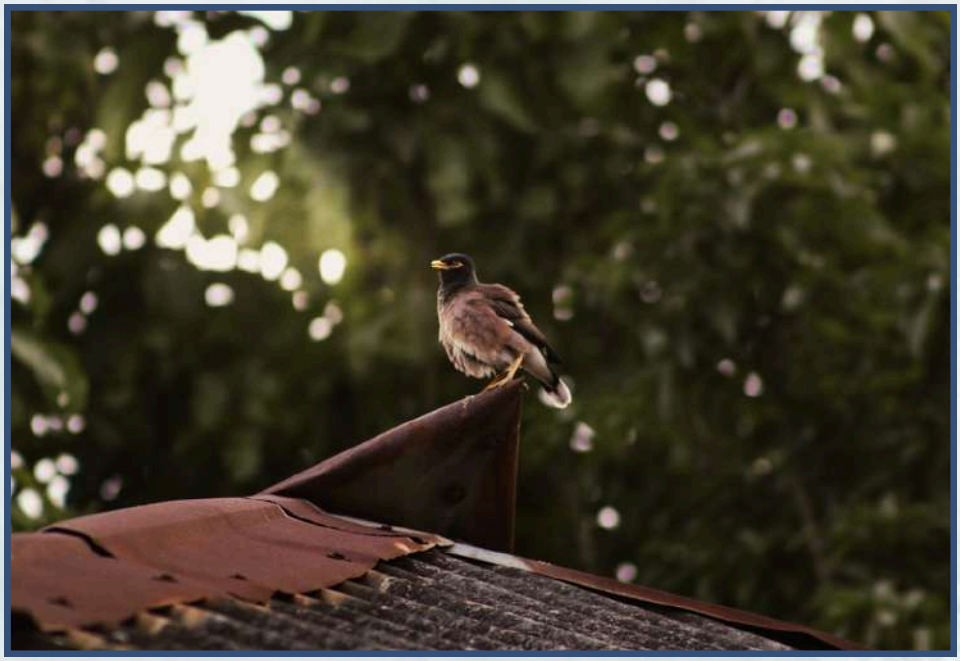

Souptik Mitra

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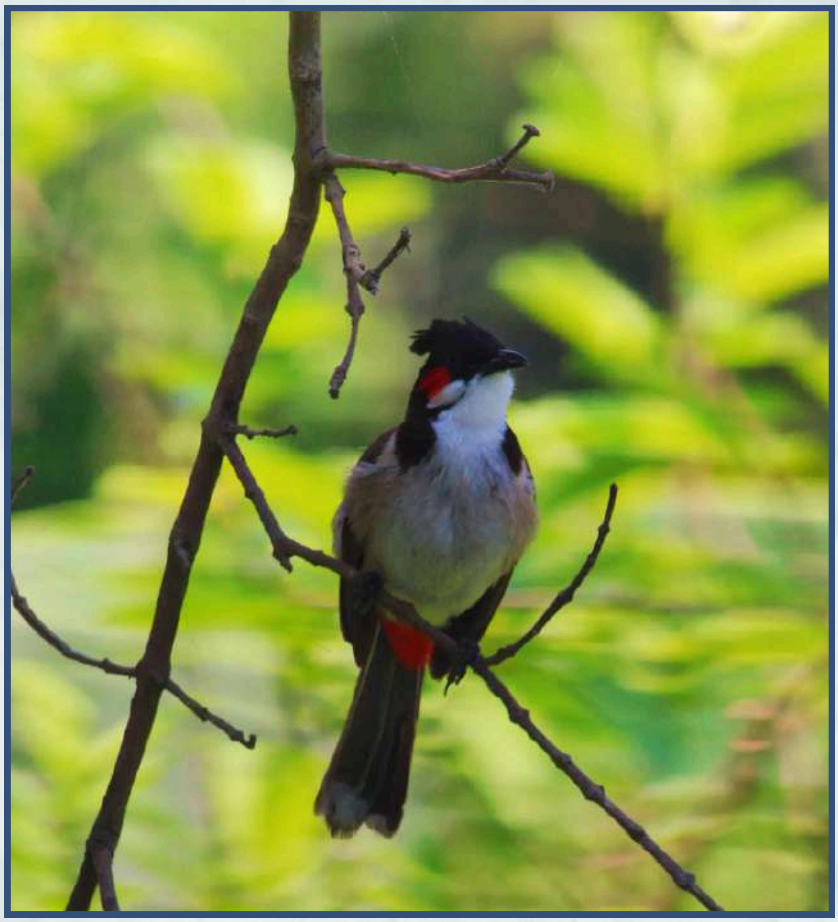

Sovana Pathak

23/BT/54

Alapan Das

22/BT/003

Sujal Kr Singh

23/ECE/164

Atanu Maji

23/AGE/02

Ashutosh Kumar Pathak

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Aman Keshri

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Ujjwal Ghosh

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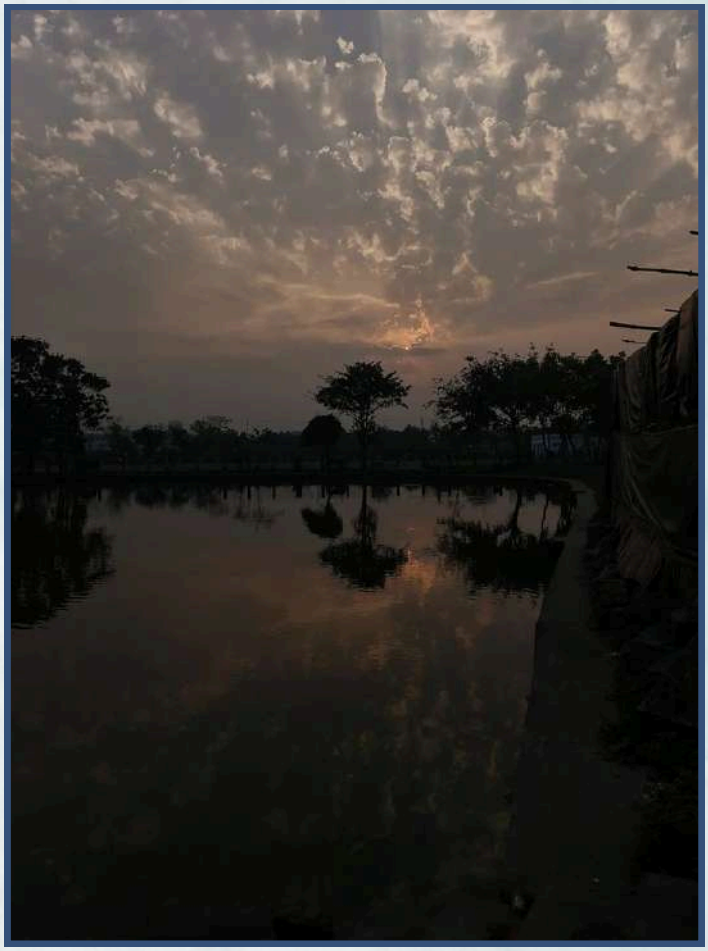

Ayan Barman

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Ayan Barman

22/CSE-AIML/021

Riya Kumari

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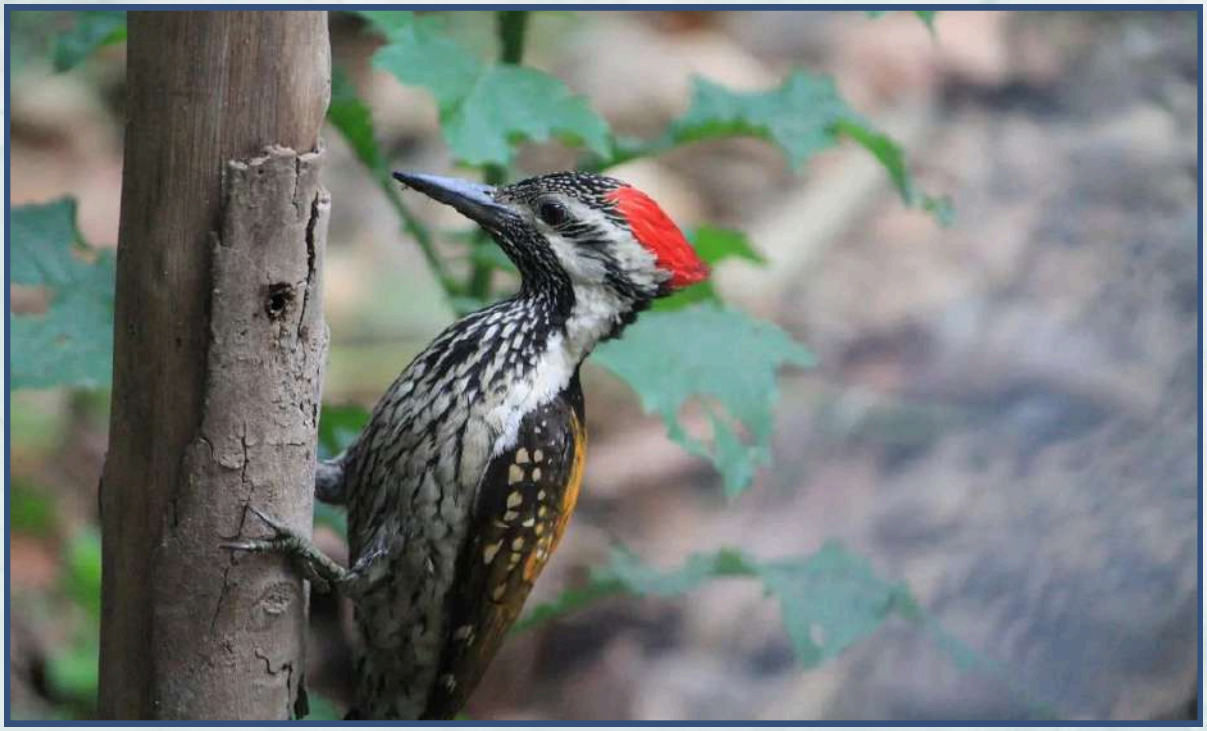

Biplab Hazra

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Aditya Prakash

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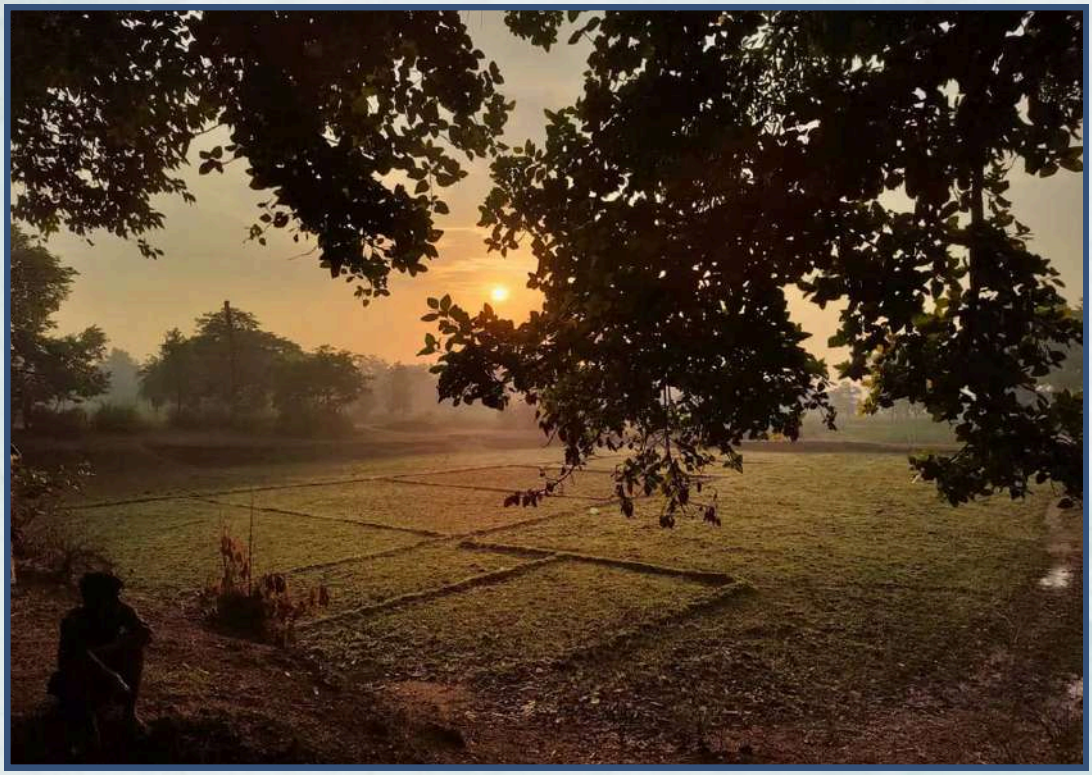

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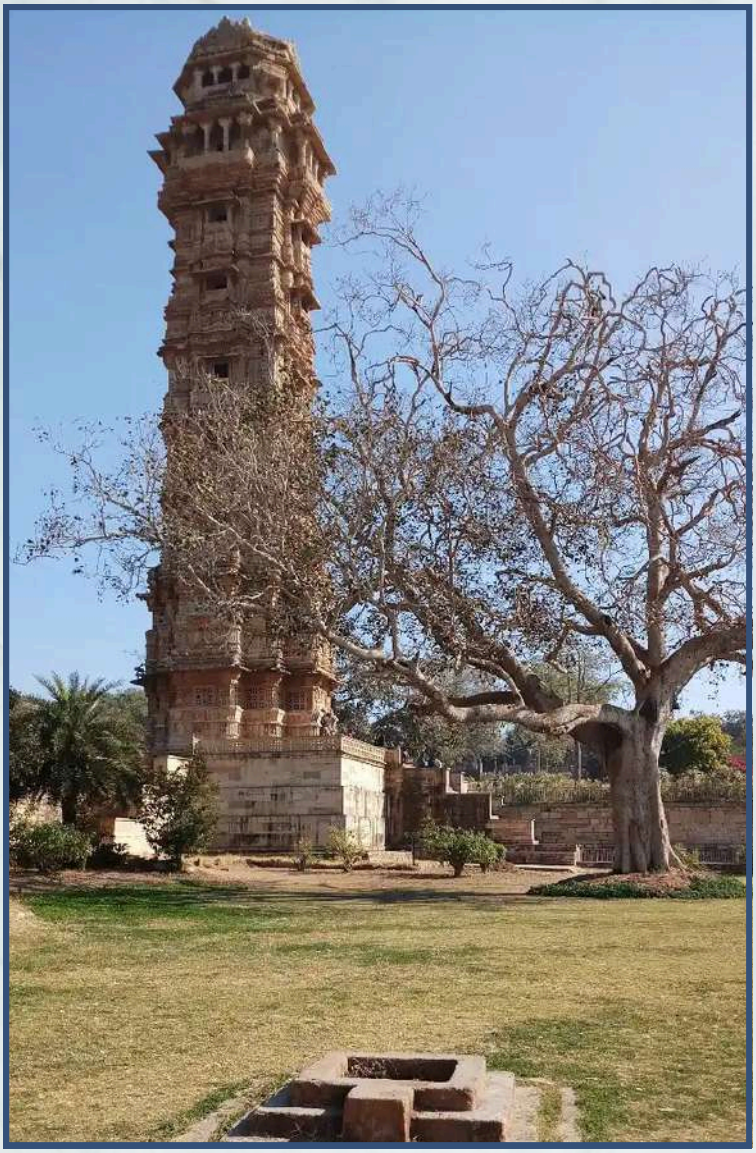

Ipsita Maity

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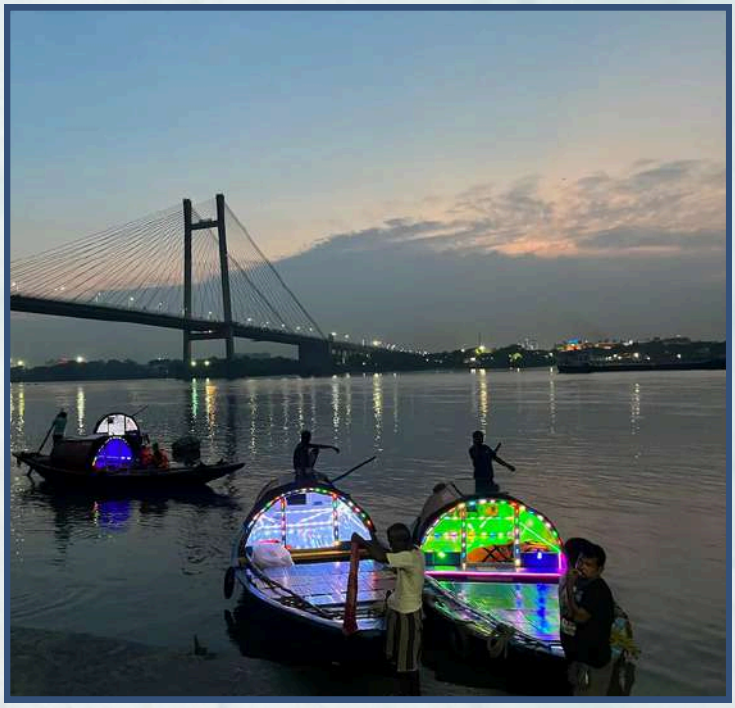

Arundhuti Dey

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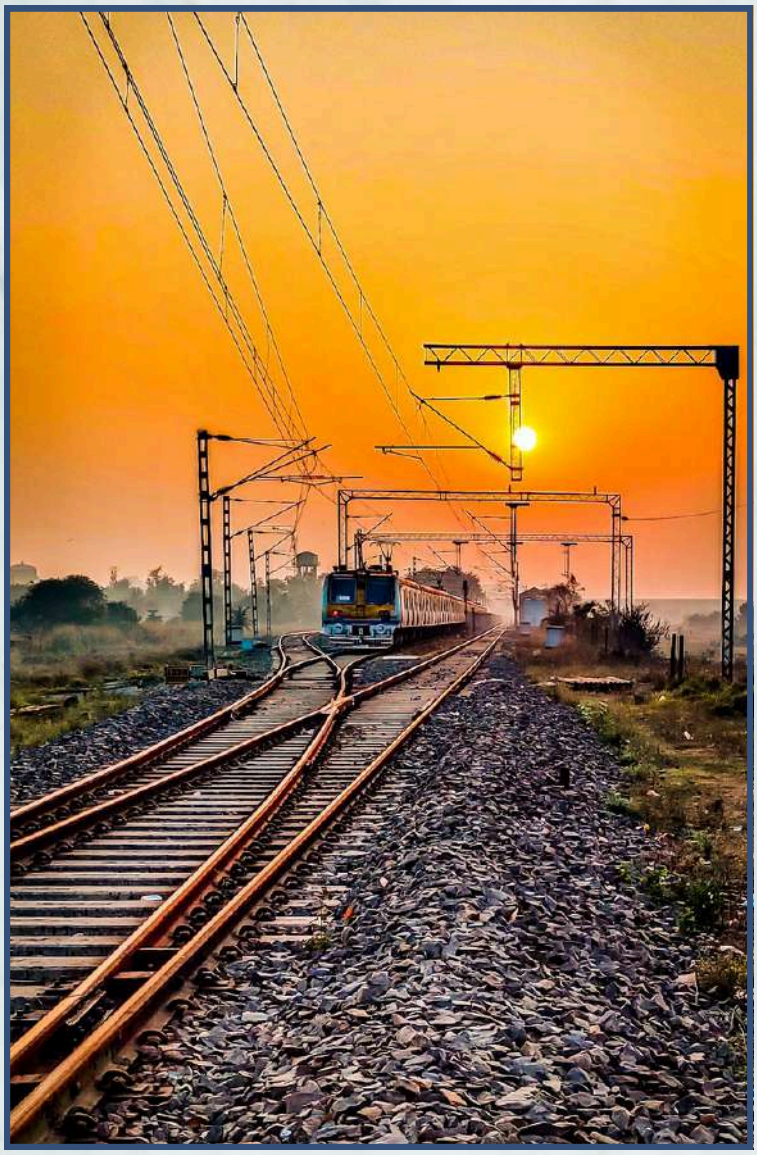

Aman Kumar

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Ankit Sinhamahapatra

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Gautam Kumar

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Anirban Roy Chowdhury

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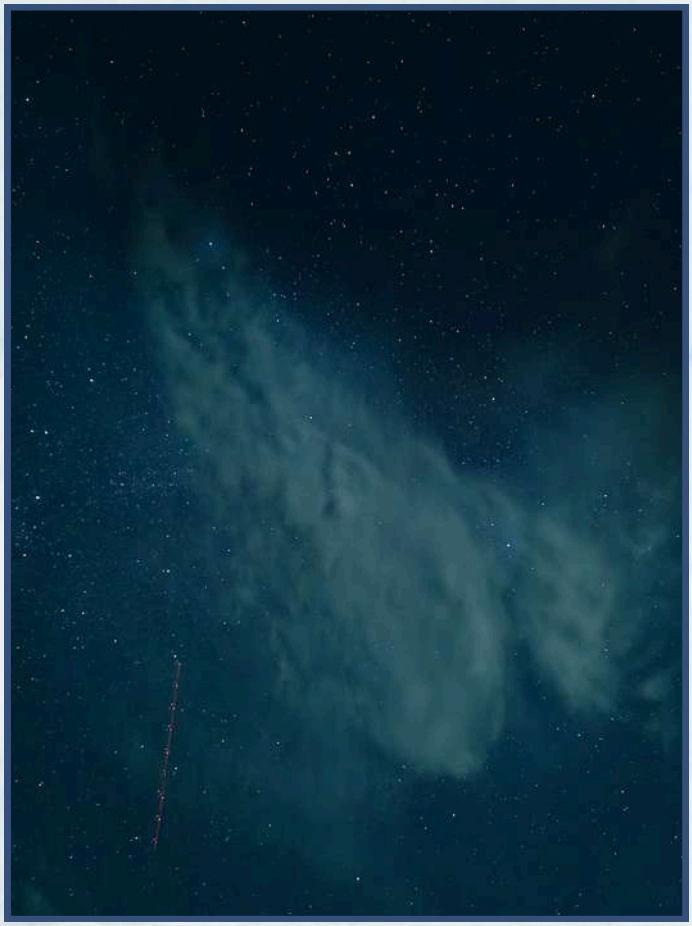

Ankit Sinhamahapatra

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Ankit Sinhamahapatra

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Trisrota Dhar

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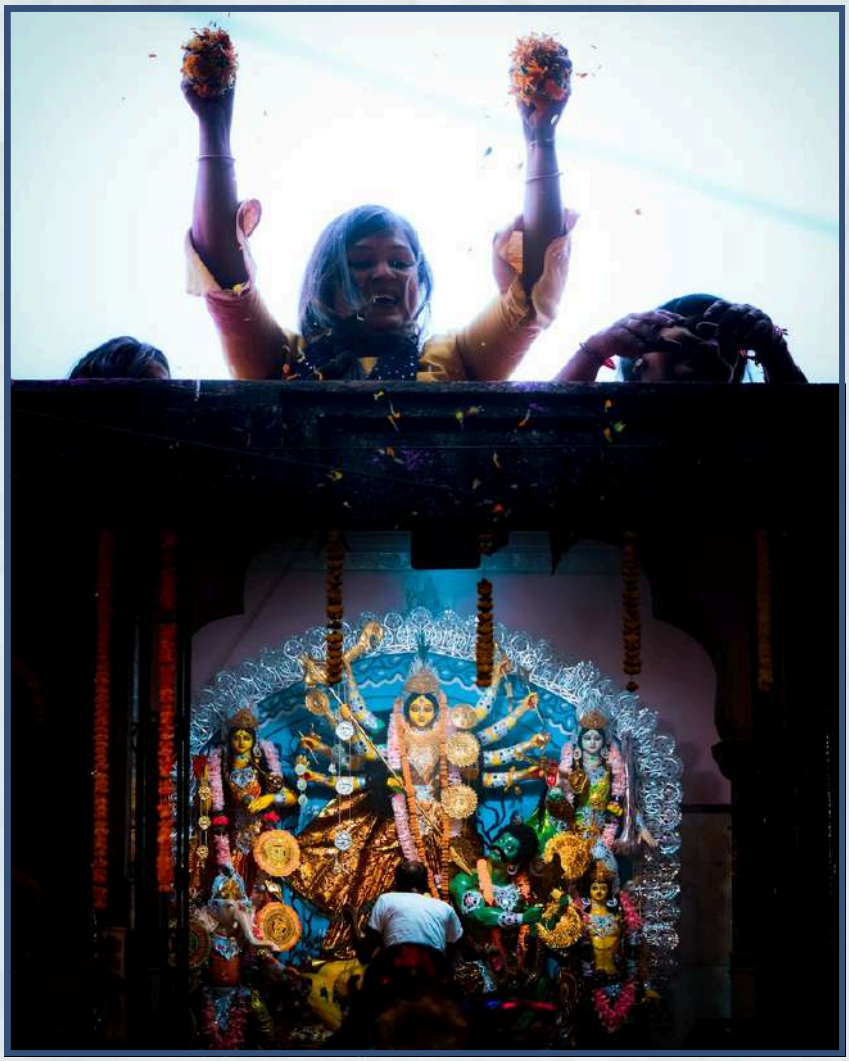

Antarip Kabiraj

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Sandeep Roy

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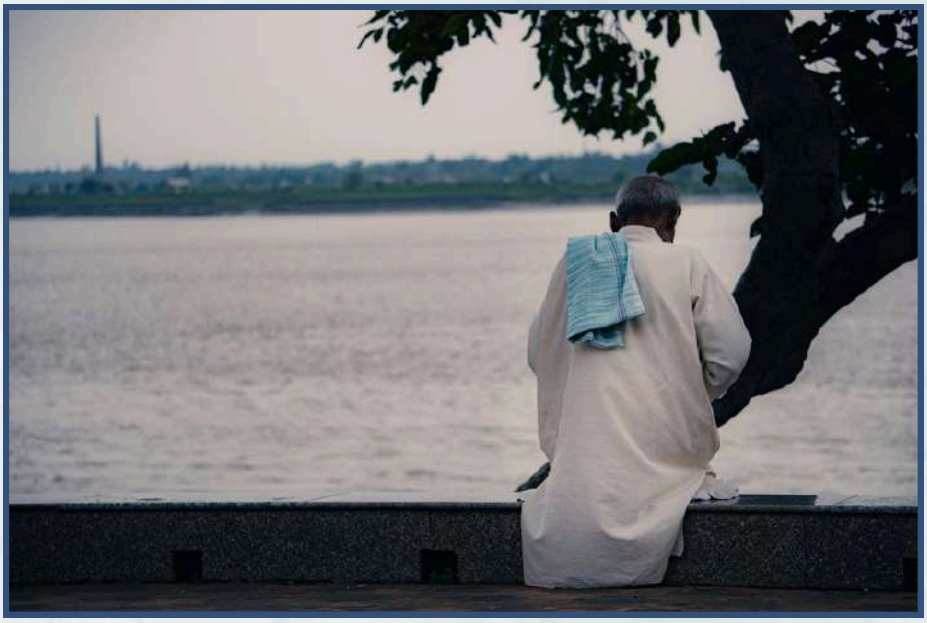
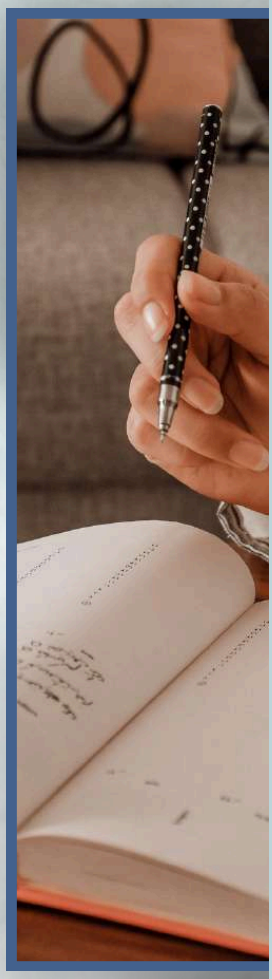
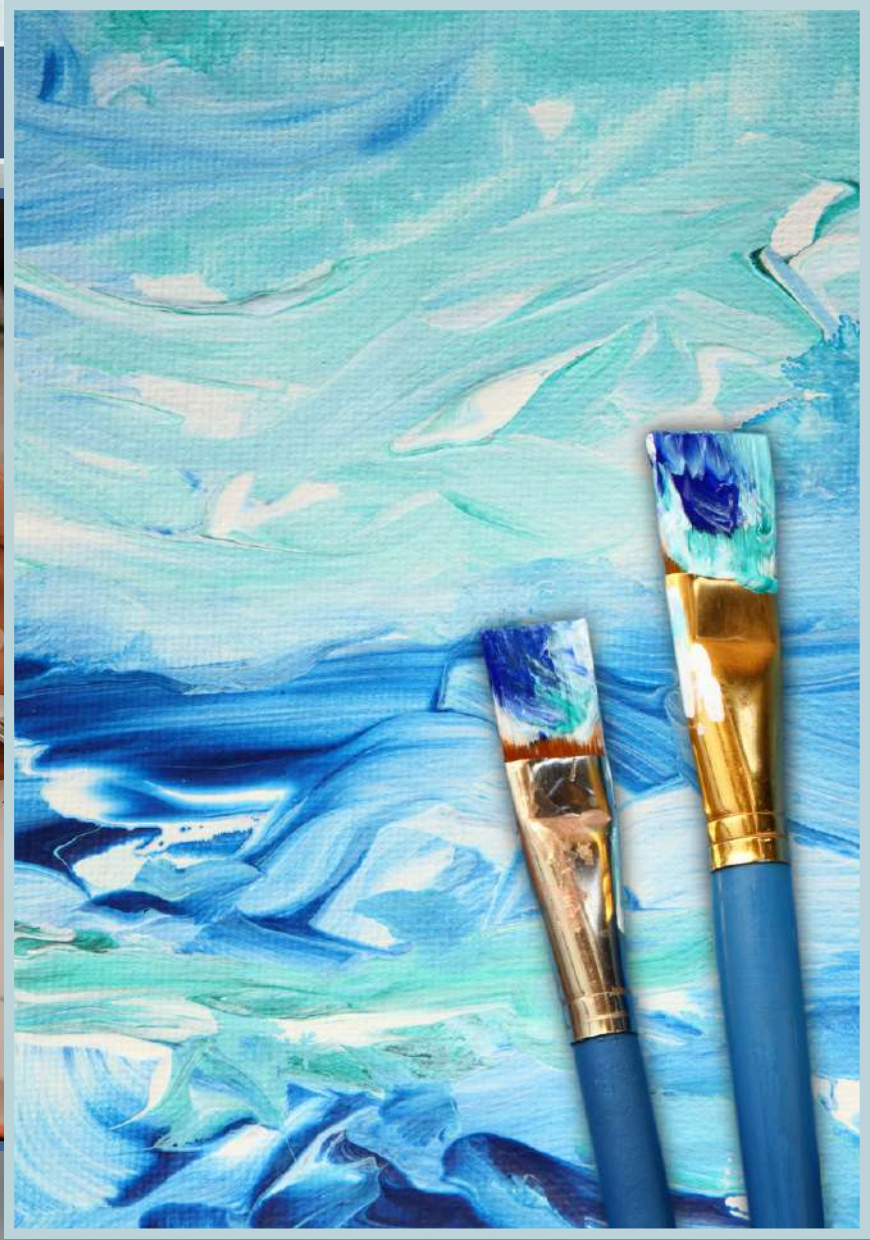
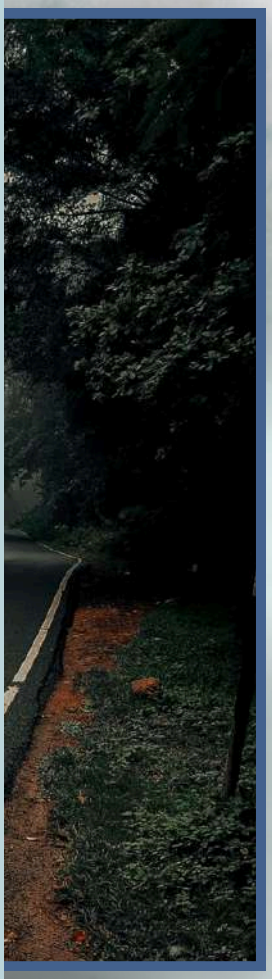


ART WORK

WRITI GRAPH







Abhinav Maity

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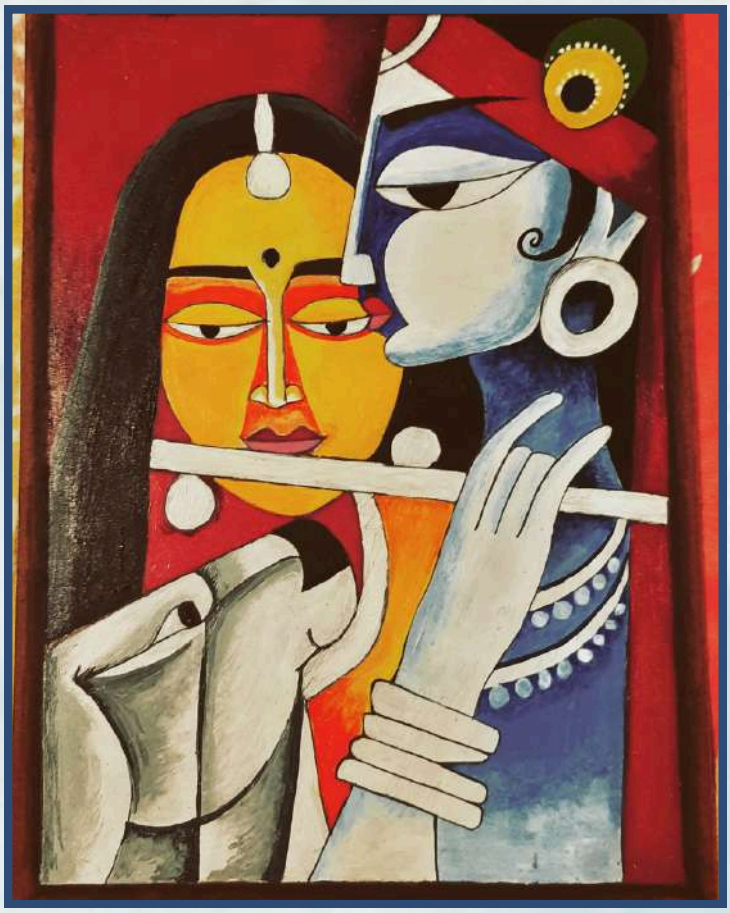

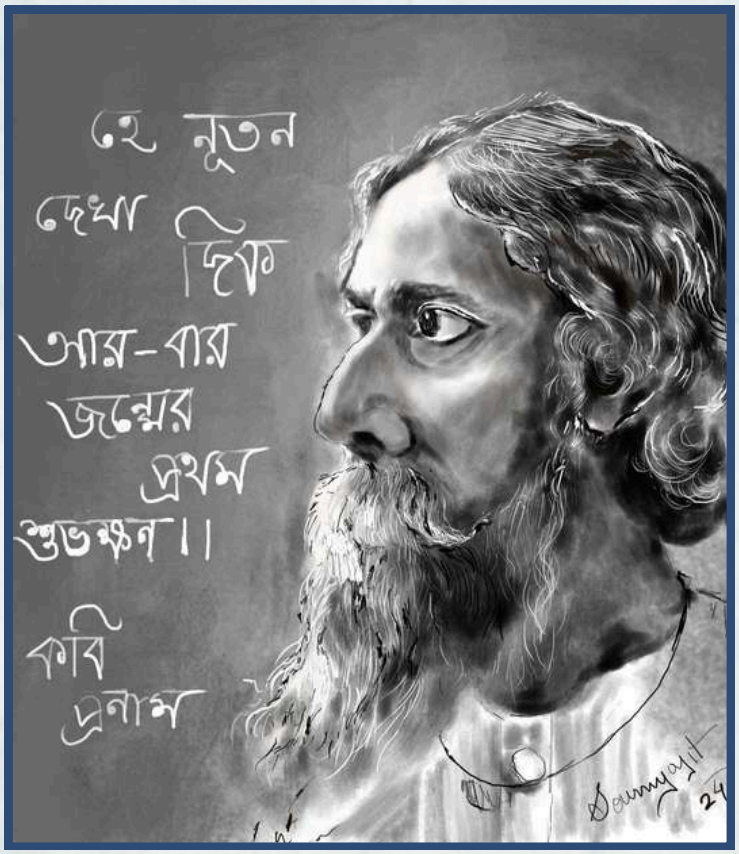

Soumyajit Paul

23/CSE/167

Aqusa Abid

23/CSE-AIML/022

Saptak Mandal

21/CHE/081

Supriti Das

23/FT/044

Shiwangi

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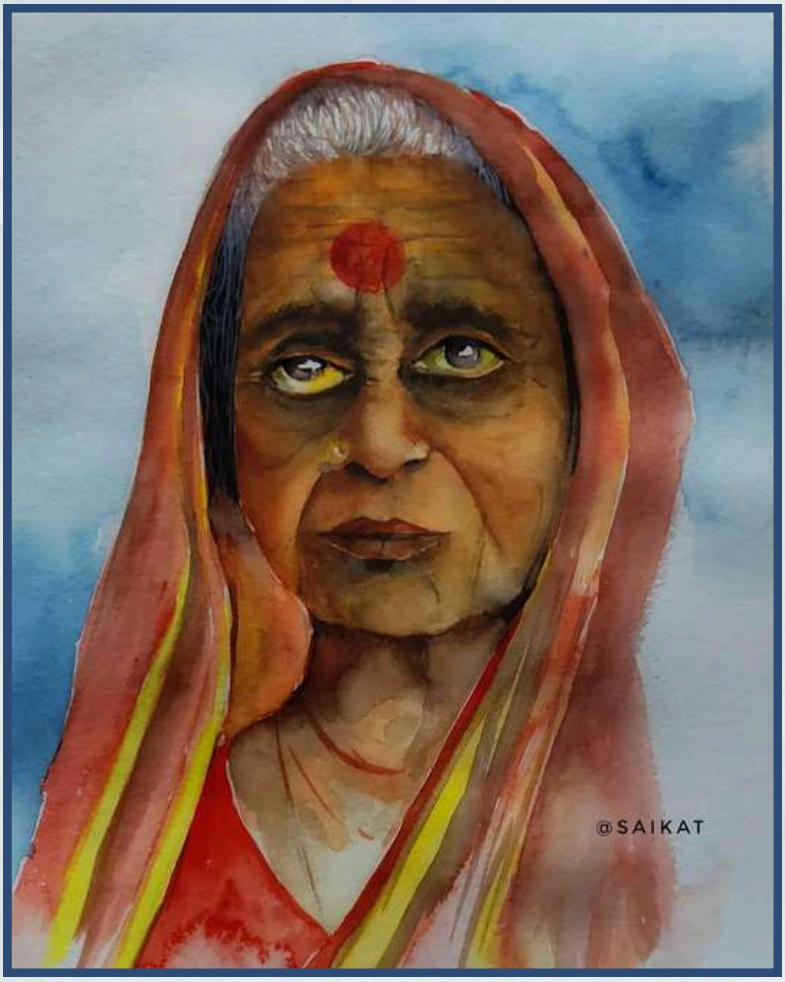
Kriti Divyansha

22/CSE/088



Saikat Samal

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Suriti Manna

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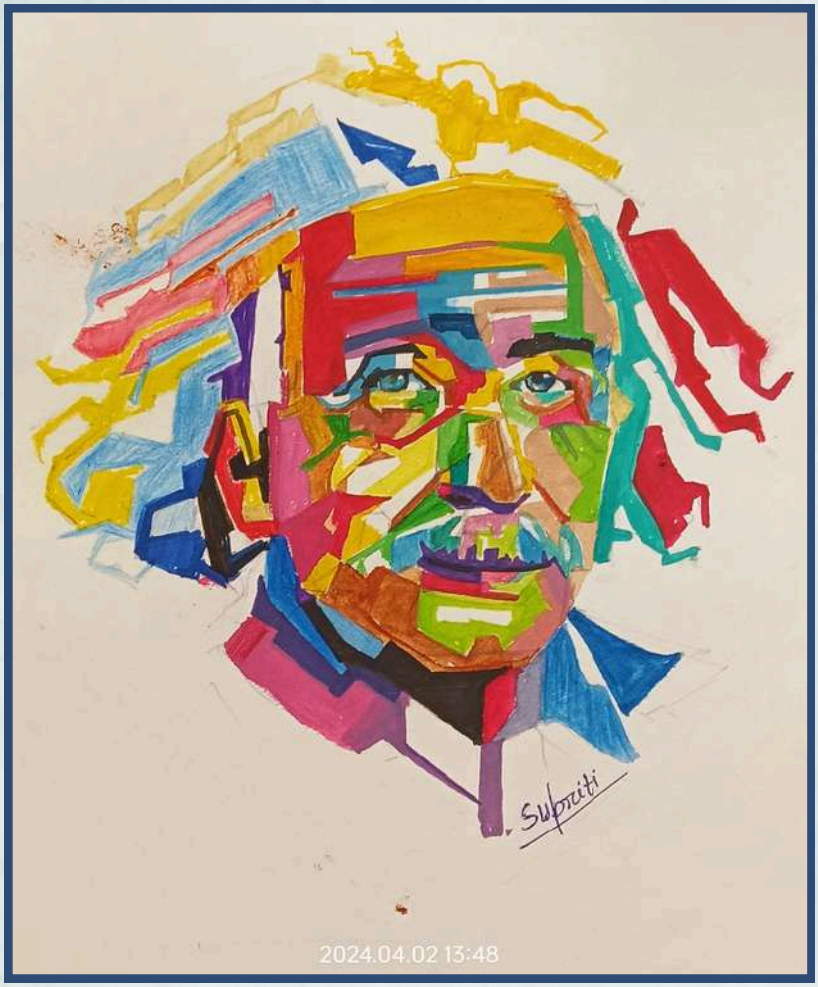

Supriti Das

23/FT/044

Ankit Sinhamahapatra

22/CSE/088

Anuska Chatterjee

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Sourav Chatterjee

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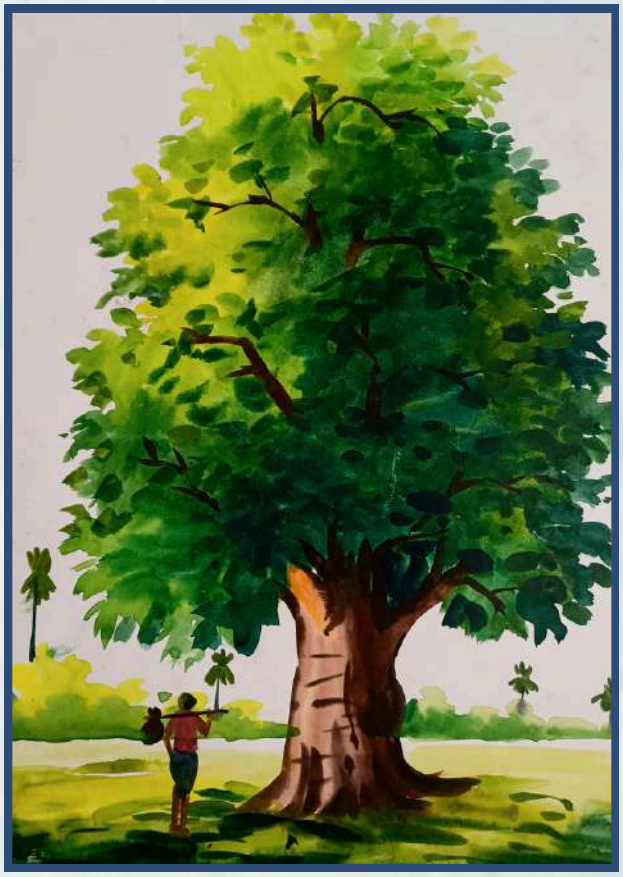
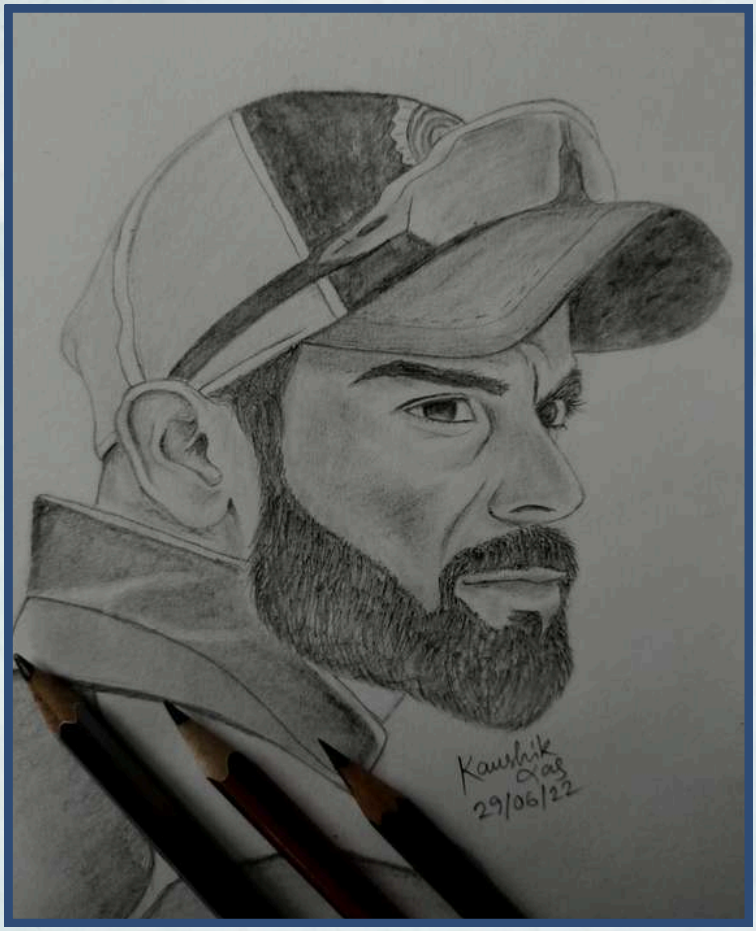
Anindita Das

22/ECE/039





Kaushik Das

23/CSE-AIML/051

Kyamelia Pramanik

23/BT/022

Bidisha Paul

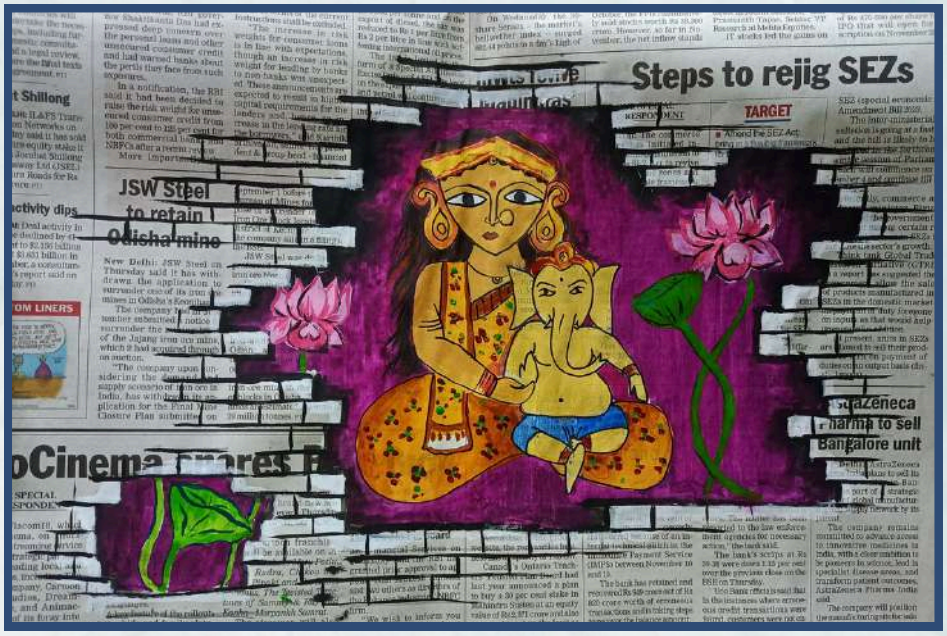
23/FT/011

Kousani Banerjee

23/CHE/042

Bidisha Paul

23/FT/011



Sunanda Maity

23/CSE/112

WRITEUP

PHOTO WORK

हालात और जज़्बात

काश ये हालात कुछ और होते
कश जज़्बात कुछ और होता
जो मुझे तुमसे मिला ना होता
जो मैं तुमसे इत्ता खुला ना होता
ना तू कहती है कि मैं कहानी अच्छी बना लेता हूं
ना मैं कहता तू बातें अच्छी घुमा लेती हूँ
ना तू मिलती ना मैं खुलता
ना तू मिलती ये सब होता
ना मेरे जज़्बात निकलते
ना मेरे हालात बिखरते
काश मैंने वो चाँद लव कहा ना होता
काश वो लम्हे जब तुमने मुंह मोड़ लिया बन ना होता
हो सकता है बातों से कोई फ़र्क तुम्हें पड़े ना
लेकिन ये दिल हालात और जज़्बात के बीच अब फ़सा सा है

माँ

कितनी करूं तारीफ उसकी..
क्या क्या लिखूं तारीफ में उसकी
एक उसकी तो कई जीनें मुझे बार-बार संभाला है..
हो ये वही है जिसने 9 महीने मुझे खुशी से पाला..!!!
सहर बदला...
समाज बदला और बदला ये मौसम भी
बदले कितने दोस्त ना जाने, बदला खुद का आलम भी..
जो नहीं बदला वो आँचल था उसका
जिसे मैं उम्र भर खुद पर कहती कई लोग अम्मी भी!!
जानते सब हैं कि माँ कभी बुरी नहीं होती
काश समझ भी जाते पहले तो आज ये दूरी नहीं होती...
माँ सुलगती हुई थी मेरी
मगर दिल से मैं बुरी नहीं...
क्या करूं आपसे माफी मांग कर,
माँ तो माफ ही देगी.
ये बार-बार ज़रूरी तो नहीं!
फिर भी आज दिल से माफी मांगना चाहते हैं..
हाँ, खूब सताया मैंने आपको
फिर भी मनाना चाहती हूँ..
पहला प्यार थी तुम मेरी.
हर बुरी चीज़ से बचाया करती थी..
मुझे बचाने के लिए तुम पापा से भी लड़ी थी..
तेरे समय की बात
आसमान में सितारे जितने
मुझे भी याद नहीं कि दिल तुम्हारे हमें
बार-बार दुखाया कितने!!
आपसे खीसे की चीज़ें भी वो हमें बांटा करती थी..
थक जाती तो खुद जो दिल खोल के डांटा करती थी!!
वो दूर गया वो चला गया..
मेरा दिल भी माँ के नाम गया..
काश किसी कीमत पर लौटा दे कोई मुझे मेरा बचपन वाला माँ!!
जिसमें बस थी माँ मेरी और था मेरा बचपन!!

তৃপ্তি দিদা

- এ কি তৃপ্তি দি তোমার চোখে জল কেন? কী হয়েছে?
- জল? কই না তো! কিছুই হয়নি আমার। এই ছেলের লেখা বেরিয়েছে এবারের শারদীয়াতে, ওটাই পড়ছিলাম!
- ও তাই নাকি! পড়তে পড়তে ছেলের কথা মনে পড়ছে বুঝি?
- হ্যাঁ, ওই বলতে পারো!

শরতের এক গোধূলি বেলায় এমনই কথা চলছিল "আলোর দিশা" বৃদ্ধাশ্রমের দুই বাসিন্দার মধ্যে। ঘরের বাইরে দিয়ে যেতে যেতে কথাগুলো আমার কানে এলো।

ওহ, আমার পরিচয়টা দিই! আমি স্বর্ণা মুখার্জি, আই টি সেক্টরে কর্মরত। আমি কিন্তু একেবারেই লেখিকা নই তবু যখন এক একটা ঘটনা মনের গহীন কুঠিটাকে নাড়িয়ে দিয়ে যায় তখন ডায়েরিটার সঙ্গে সেগুলো ভাগ করেনি। যাইহোক, আজকের ঘটনায় ফিরি।

" আলোর দিশা "তে আমি মাঝে মাঝেই আসি। এখানের ঠাকুমা, দাদুদের সাথে গপ্পে গানে বেশ খানিকটা সময় কাটালে সারা সপ্তাহের জমে থাকা ক্লান্তির আস্তরণ নিমেষে ম্লান হয়ে যায়।

এখানে কারোর ছেলে বিদেশে চাকুরীরত, কারোর মেয়ে নামকরা ব্যবসায়ী-কিন্তু নিজের বাবা মায়ের দায়িত্ব নিতে তারা অপারগ। তেমনই তৃপ্তিদিদার ছেলে বিখ্যাত একজন লেখক। প্রায়শই দেশে বিদেশে বিভিন্ন লেখক সম্মেলনে বা সাহিত্য উৎসবে তাকে দেখা যায়। বেশ ব্যস্ত মানুষ তাই তৃপ্তিদিদার সাথে দেখা করার আর সময় হয় না তার। দিদাও তাই আশা রাখে না আর।

সূর্য অস্ত গেছে বেশ খানিকক্ষণ হল। আকাশে চাঁদটা উঠব উঠব করছে। রাস্তায় গাড়ির আওয়াজ বেড়েছে কিন্তু "আলোর দিশা"-র অন্দরে তার কোনো প্রভাব নেই। কি মনে হল একবার তৃপ্তি দিদার ঘরে উঁকি মারলাম। দিদা দেখলাম তখনও শারদীয়া বর্তমানটা হাতে নিয়ে বসে আছে একভাবে। কৌতূহল ধরে না রাখতে পেরে আমি জিজ্ঞেস করেই ফেললাম,

- লেখাটা আমায় একবার পড়তে দেবে দিদা?
- কে? ও তুই! হ্যাঁ হ্যাঁ, এই নে পড়।

বইটা হাতে নিয়েই চোখ পড়ল গপ্পের নামের দিকে "দুগ্গা মা", কলমে-অনিরুদ্ধ দাস। বেশ খানিকটা পড়ার পর গপ্পের বিষয়বস্তুটা আমার কাছে পরিষ্কার হল আর তার সাথে তৃপ্তি দিদার মনখারাপ করে বইটা হাতে নিয়ে বসে থাকার কারণও বুঝতে পারলাম। অনিরুদ্ধ দা সম্পূর্ণ গপ্পটা লিখেছে কিভাবে একটা ছোট্ট মেয়ে তার দাদুকে বৃদ্ধাশ্রমে রাখতে যাওয়া থেকে আটকেছে সেই নিয়ে আর গপ্পের শেষে তাই দাদু তার নাতনিকে "দুগ্গা মা" নামে অভিহিত করেছে। কি অদ্ভুত তাই না! যার নিজের মা কে দেখার সময় নেই সে কিনা সমাজকে বার্তা দিচ্ছে মা বাবাকে বৃদ্ধাশ্রমে না পাঠানোর! গপ্পটা পড়ার পরে ঠিক কী বলে সান্ত্বনা দেওয়া উচিত তৃপ্তি দিদাকে বুঝতে পারলাম না। বইটা রেখে দিয়ে শুধু বললাম,

- "ভালো থেকো দিদা। আমরা তো আছি সবসময়|"

দিদাও নিজের কষ্ট চেপে রেখে হালকা হাসিতে আমায় বিদায় জানালো। বাইরে বেরিয়ে মনে হল শরতের সান্ধ্য হাওয়াতেও যেন কেউ বিষণ্ণতার প্রলেপ মাখিয়ে রেখেছে।

কলমে- কৌমানি ব্যানার্জী

দীপান্বিতা – আশার আলো

কলমে – অনুপ কুমার পাঁজা

আলোর রোশনাই ও আতশবাজির ঝলকানিতে
দেশজুড়ে মাতোয়ারা হয় আপামর জনগন ।
প্রদীপের বহ্নিশিখা ক্রমে হয়ে যায় ম্লান
আঁধারের নিস্তব্ধতায় দীর্ঘনিঃশ্বাস ফেলে অসহায় মন।।

আগ্রাসী সমাজের রক্তচক্ষু আর সংহারী রূপ
কেন সমগ্র বিশ্ব মত্ত লালসার উন্মত্ততায়?
স্তব্ধ ও ছারখার হয় সত্যের আঙ্গিনা
কেন মাতৃরূপের সম্মান ভুলুণ্ঠিত হয় অবলীলায় ?

বড়ই কণ্টকাকীর্ণ আজ সত্যের পথ
মিথ্যে মায়াজালে ভুলুণ্ঠিত যখন মনুষ্যত্ব ।
দীপান্বিতার আলোয় বিকশিত হোক হৃদয়
আলোকিত হোক আমিত্ববোধ, ঘুঁচে যাক দাসত্ব।।

"গাহি সাম্যের গান", "ভক্তের ভগবান".....
মনীষীদের কত কথাই তো মেলে না আজ।
সত্য ও সুবিচারের পথ রচিত হবেই একদিন
যেদিন হাতেহাত রেখে গড়ে উঠবে সত্যিকারের সুস্থ সমাজ।।

অন্ধকার থেকে আলোয় ফেরার আশায় -
প্রজ্জ্বলিত হোক শতসহস্র দীপ জগতময়।
দীপের আলোয় আলোকিত হোক জ্ঞান চক্ষু
দীপাবলি উৎসব হয়ে উঠুক আরও আনন্দময়।।

-অঞ্জন মিশ্র

প্রিয় শিক্ষকেরা

তব চরণে করি আমি মাথা নত
অনেক ভুলে করেছি আপনারে বারেবারে আহত,
দেখতে দেখতে এই বছর তিনেক চলে যাবে অনেক দূরে
আমি পলি হয়ে মিশেছি আপনার তীরে।

আপনার হাতে তৈরি আমি
ভুলবো কেমনে আমি এ জনমে,
জীবনে চলার পথে এসব স্মৃতি থাকবে সাথে
ফিরবো আবার নিশ্চয় এখানে এক সুপ্রভাতে।

শত পুষ্পে আপনাকে করি পুষ্পিত
হৃদয়স্পুঞ্জে সারাজীবন রইবেন আপনি,
হয়তো আর ফেরা হবেনা এই স্থানে
এই নতুন জীবনের নতুন শিক্ষার আপনিই জননী।

হয়তো আর এই মুখটা থাকবেনা পুরোপুরি মনে
শেষ সময়ে হয়তো পরিবে মনে এক ক্ষনে,
কিন্তু আমরা জানি আপনার মনে থাকবে আমাদের মুখ আঁকা
আবার দেখা হবে, কিন্তু ততদিন ভালো থাকবেন প্রিয় শিক্ষকেরা।

-প্রিতম সাহা

~ মাতৃভূমি ~

তোমার জন্য মাগো দেখেছি পৃথিবীর মুখ
তোমায় ছাড়া পাবো কি মাগো পৃথিবীর সর্বসুখ।
জন্ম থেকেই দেখছি পৃথিবীর এই আলো,
তাই তো মা তোমার এই মাটিকেই বেসেছি যে কত ভালো।
তুমি হলে রত্নময়ী, দেখিয়েছো কত রঙ্গ
তাই তো মাগো তোমার আশীর্বাদেই রঙিন হয়েছে বঙ্গ।
বঙ্গে আছে নানান রঙ্গ আছে লালমাটি,
মাঠে ফলছে সোনার ফসল আর মুখে ফুটছে হাসি।
কল্পিত স্বপ্ন মাগো করবো সোনার বঙ্গ,
করতে পারবো কি মাগো তোমার স্বর্ণ অঙ্গ?

-শাম্ব সেন

ছোট্ট জীবন

পূব আকাশে মেঘ করেছে, সূর্য হয়েছে নিস্তেজ
ক্লাসরুমে আলো জ্বলছে টিম-টিম করে,ফিরে যেতে চাইছে আমার আবেগ।
আজ সময় শেষ, শুধু মনে পড়ে যায় কিছু ধোঁয়াশা
আজ হৃদয় ভার হয়-ভেবে স্যার-ম্যামের বকুনি আর লাস্ট বেঞ্চের রেসের কথা ভেবে|

মাথায় মিশ-মিশে তেল দেওয়া আর সাথে হাফ প্যান্ট
সেদিন ছিল প্রাথমিকের শেষদিন, বুঝতে পারিনি সেদিন কিছুই।
তবে আজ বুঝি সেদিনের অবুঝ ছেলেটা আজ বাস্তব জীবনের পথ ধরেছে
প্রাথমিক থেকে কলেজ প্রত্যেকটাই জীবনের এক-একটি অধ্যায়|

পঞ্চম শ্রেণীর প্রথম দিন-সে কি হুল্লোর, আনন্দে আত্মহারা আর একটু ভয়;
মারপীট,টিফিন কেড়ে খাওয়া বেশ কাটছিলো দিনগুলো।
দলে-দলে বিভক্ত হয়ে গেল সব, যন্ত্রদানবের থাবায়
দশম শ্রেণীর শেষ দিন হাসি-কান্না, গর্ব-বিষাদে এক হয়ে বিচ্ছিন্নতায় মিশলো জীবন সবার|

বিভাগ বিচ্ছেদে মেতে ওঠে সবাই, একাদশের যৌবনতায় কে আর ঠাঁই পায়;
কেউ সারাদিন অঙ্ক কষে, আবার কেউ অধ্যয়ন করে ইতিহাস।
অল্পবয়সের বিভিন্ন ফাঁদে পা দেয় অনেকে, আর ফোনের আশীবাদ তৈরি করে তাদের জীবন্ত লাশ;
অহংকারের চাবুকে দ্বাদশ শেষে ইঞ্জিনিয়ারিং, মেডিক্যালের থাবায় দাঁড়িয়ে থাকে শুধু তাদের জীবন্তলাশ|

কলেজের সেই প্রথমদিন চিনিনা কাউকে , কিন্তু সবাই হয়ে ওঠে একে একে বন্ধু;
রাতগুলো কাঁটতে থাকে সোনালি মুহূর্তের আলমোড়ায়।
সেমিস্টারের চাপ আর সময়ের কাপ ভরতে থাকে একসাথে ভালো থেকো প্রিয় কলেজ, আমি জানি তোমার-
আমার দেখা হবে এক প্রাতে|

-প্রিতম সাহা

In the Ashes, I Rise

They said my scars make me weaker,
I said, 'Scars are not my weaknesses; they're the proof:
proof of the battle I fought,
proof of the victory I got,
proof of the sleepless nights I thought,
'Why me, God?'
I didn't even let the man sitting next to me know that
my soul is burning and turning into ashes,
but like a phoenix, I gathered it all
and recreated my divine self again.'
After the metamorphosis,
now when they see my scars, they said, 'How hard a fighter you are!'

-Lata Pattanayak

The Other Side

Standing on the other side!
I have forgotten the struggle, the pain.
Even with small victories, I stand pride,
Sometimes ecstatic, sometimes it all seems in vain.
The late nights and the early morning,
The sleepless nights and gloomy ordeals.
The sacrifices of my body and mind,
In cash and kind!
But now, it’s all so forgetful...
Nights peaceful and mornings pleasant.
But in somber, silent and sleepless nights
It all comes back, not the pain but the memories.
So, I ask, have I forgotten?
Standing here on the other side.

-Aryan Sharma

True Independence

My cradle is now empty, my life truly dull
Haven't you taken plenty? Leaving my house as morbid as a severed skull.
Years twenty and four I raised him, fed him at my teat
To motherland's glory I sent him, how can I live with this deed?
Once filled with love, today my heart bleeds.
How can it fall on deaf ears? Oh god, please hear my pleas.

Lone in this world, muffling my cries
A happy world, now dries.
His foe, my friend; Death
To you I say, how can the lord have a sway?
I fed him, bathed him, coddled him to sleep
Death, be my friend, is the God's rule so deep?

I curse you freedom, you made me free
From my motherly duties, now a fruitless tree.
My heart torn out, and for what?
Independence? I say nought.
The tyranny is gone, but so is my son.
Truly, it's just someone else's chance at fun.

Another king, another dictum
True independence, well that's just fictum.
You think you are free, played by pauper's tread
Like hungry pigeons, flocking to stale bread.
Like Midas' prize
It is all a guise.

True independence is knowing it's fake,
Filled with secrets as deep as a lake.
Wake up! Don't let him die for nought.
Remember what history has us taught!
True independence is a sham, a scam, a swindle, a snare
Dead they are, those who dared.

-Aryan Sharma

MEMOIR

"I am a failure! I will never amount to anything. Tripti, you were right.
But; does this mean I don't deserve love? I don't deserve a family? I don't deserve YOU!
I do not believe this.
This cannot be true.
Maybe I don't.
But, but I need you..."

I was the first ranker in my childhood—a real go-getter. But after my mother's passing, I was not the same. I was a quiet kid. Though a bit lonely, school was good.

I crawled to any college I could. Always shy, friendly to talk to but shy. Never had a lot of friends, and the ones I had, I abandoned them. This new class, I was not the same, nobody picked on me but nobody really talked to me either. Even the seniors, the ferocious beasts they were, did not notice me. "In a room teeming with life, I was a ghost unseen."

But Tripti saw me, I didn't see her, but she saw me.
"Hey! Did a cat get your tongue or what?"
I just stared at her, "Here comes trouble", I thought.
But she was not trouble.

She became my friend. Without my consent. She would sit with me, blabber on about God knows what, just yammering on. Such a headache! She was nice, but I liked to be alone. But soon her yammering was tolerable, weirdly I was interested. When she would be absent, my eyes would look for her. I didn't know how this came to be!

Soon, the college was about to end. One day, Tripti was sitting on the bench looking so sad.
"Tripti?"

My heart sank to see tears in her eyes. Turns out her grandma had passed. We spent the entire day sitting in the library. When she was to leave, she kissed my cheek.

It clicked; I was in love! Why else would I like to hear some blabber in my ear? It took me a long time to figure this out. I guess because this was new, people were rarely interested in me, let alone a beautiful girl like her.

I did not get a good job, but Tripti was there for me.
We got married! No surprises there, at least not yet.
Menial job, not a lot of success, but a happy and loving family! I could have powered through. But that day, seeing her with him, like that it broke me. How could she?
"You are a nobody! A failure! You are never there for me. He was there."
"Don't you dare blame me! You are half the man he is."
It was too good to be true. I know I was not a winner. But Tripti you loved me. What happened to our love? Was it ever there?
I KNOW I AM A FAILURE!!!
BUT GODDAMMIT I DESERVED LOVE!
God played a cruel prank on me, the only person who ever loved me, my mother, he took her away. I thought maybe somebody may have loved me again. I am a fucking idiot. Like I deserve somebody. I was perfectly happy being alone, it was you who came into my life, and now you abandon me like this. How could you? But how dumb am I? I still love you. Tripti, I still love you. Even this hate-filled monster you have become, I still love you! I do not blame you. I hope we may meet again.
Goodbye.

HARMONY

Somber night,
Stars gleaming the sky.
When they fly flee,
looks just like you and me.

Oh! how lonely I am,
but would walk a thousand miles,
to see you smile.
We can be family;
when you hold me,
to escape this reality

You be my symphony.
With you by my side,
We're in harmony.

You are my energy,
You are my driving force;
With you by my side,
We're in harmony.

They Say Every Cloud has a Silver Lining

A jazz symphony unfolds,
Who knows what mystery it holds?

Time through time,
The same bell does chime.

One of agony, despair and cruel suffering,
Never knowing what it might next bring.

Off key, though may some notes sound,
It's only in the end you know where you were bound.

A meager word it is, hope,
But it's the only thing that guides us when we cannot cope.

In history, we find the testament,
That even when people do lament,
It's this hope that helps us cross the road,
Even when the ballad changes its mode.

A jazz symphony unfolds,
Who knows what mystery it holds?

Remember that child that once stood tall and bold?
Facing his fear, eager to share stories untold?
Through the wormhole of life does he pass,
His strings distuned, as he flows with the mass.

Every cloud has a silver lining they say!
But whether it'll be enough, one can only pray.
Even the fideler has to embrace his flaws,
When besieged by life's cruel claws.

History worships the successful and the great,
The others? "Ah, it was in their fate!"
Still, they hoped for life, they hoped for love,
Isn't it cruel, how it never was enough?

A jazz symphony unfolds,
Lost to the ages, what mystery it holds.

-Srijan Mukherjee

The Forgotten Doll

In the dimly lit attic of an old Victorian mansion, a forgotten doll sat atop a dusty chest. Its porcelain face was cracked, and its once vibrant blue eyes now stared blankly into the darkness.

The doll had been a cherished possession of a little girl who had lived in the mansion many years ago. But as time passed, the girl grew older and forgot about her beloved toy, leaving it abandoned in the attic.

One stormy night, a young couple seeking shelter stumbled upon the mansion and decided to take refuge inside. As they explored the dusty rooms, they came across the attic and discovered the forgotten doll sitting on the chest.

Ignoring the sense of unease that crept over them, the couple decided to take the doll with them as a memento of their eerie adventure. But as soon as they touched the doll, a chilling wind swept through the attic, blowing out the candles and plunging them into darkness.

Amidst the blackness, they heard the sound of tiny porcelain feet tapping on the wooden floor. Panicked, they fumbled for a way out, but the door to the attic was locked tight, trapping them inside with the haunted doll.

And as the couple stood frozen in fear, the doll's cracked face twisted into a malevolent grin, and it whispered in a voice as cold as the grave, "You cannot leave me here alone..."

The next morning, the mansion stood silent and empty, with no trace of the young couple who had sought shelter within its walls. And to this day, locals whisper about the haunted doll that roams the attic, searching for companionship in the darkness...

Souptik Bhattacharya

The Rise of Artificial Intelligence

AI has emerged as one of the most significant technical developments of our time, altering business, transforming economies, and reshaping how we live and work. It has progressively gained traction due to its ability to replicate human intelligence and automate complicated jobs, enabling organizations to improve efficiency and driving innovation across multiple sectors. In this essay, we will look at the rapid emergence of AI, its impact on society, and the implications for our future.

Machine learning, a subset of AI, allows computers to learn from data and make predictions or judgments without the need for explicit programming. Deep learning techniques, which use artificial neural networks, have enabled AI models to process vast volumes of data while achieving speech recognition.

The rise of artificial intelligence has resulted in a technological paradigm shift and its impact on society. AI is poised to revolutionize the way we live and work, to leverage its capacity to drive innovation, enhance lives, and design the future.

Kanchenjunga

All my life, I wished to visit Darjeeling. I had heard so many tales of the mighty Kanchenjunga and seen it portrayed spectacularly in the media. It was always my wish to come to Darjeeling, the Bengalis go to hill station and see the Kanchenjunga. After much cajoling, I convinced my family to go on a short trip to Darjeeling.

I was rudely awoken by my brother at 3 am to get ready. We left at 4 am and traversed steep roads with hair pin bends to climb up Tiger Hill. We could see the moon clearly, a white orb in the sky. As we travelled, we could see the sky clearing and light emerging. The road to the top was framed on both sides by mountains, one side going up and the other down. Both sides are laced with high pine trees and different unknown plants and the floor covered by large ferns and small flowers.

We climbed to the top of the hill and waited for the sun to rise. We could see the Kanchenjunga already lit up in white light. It was one of the most beautiful sights I had ever laid my eyes on. Three of the peaks could be seen in their snow covered glory, while the main peak was yet to receive the sun's rays. I could see the dark ridges in the snow, where shadows had fallen. Kanchenjunga stood tall and high, and my heart was filled with happiness. Words cannot do justice to the it's beauty.

Suddenly there was a shout as the sun emerged from behind the clouds. The orange sphere slowly rose above the clouds changing colours from orange to yellow to white. A more majestic view was of the Kachenjunga's. Another peak had lit up showcasing its snow covered top. All the peaks had a golden tint, and the whole top seemed to dipped in gold. I feasted my eyes upon the sight. But, as the sun rose, fog accumulated further. The mountains were slowly hiding behind the haze when we descended.

The Kanchenjunga is a sight to behold and should be seen by everyone atleast once. Being able to see it was an indescribably wonderful feeling and it was once in a lifetime experience.

Fading Echoes

In the tender years of teenage bloom,
A soul awakens, casting off the gloom.
Boundless dreams once filled the mind,
But slowly, a shadow of doubt entwined.

Wild emotions now start to wane,
As conformity casts its heavy chain.
Seeking approval, losing authenticity,
In the storm of societal conformity.

Innocence fades, as masks conceal,
Hiding true self to better appeal.
Yearning for acceptance, sacrificing essence,
Drowning in the sea of peer influence.

Through compromises, identity is blurred,
The heart whispers softly, but goes unheard.
With each facade, and every lie told,
A spirit fades, as the price of approval unfolds.

Fading wings, and clipped flight,
Like a caged bird trapped in the night.
A teenager's life, a shadow of smothered light,
Lost echoes, drifting away from sight.

So let the spirit weep, in silent despair,
Forgetting who they once were, unaware.
In the echoes of conformity's sly sway,
They lose themselves, day by day.

Souptik Bhattacharya

DREAM

A lovely dream? Or so it seems...
I have dared,
But I am scared.
Cannot fail,
I must prevail.
What if life isn't fair?
This lovely dream turns into a nightmare.
Fighting, drowning, trying to get by
Alone I am, hear my cry!
While the world sees my gloom,
Under my God, I might just bloom.
In victory will I bask?
Or is this just a Sisyphus task.

Castles in the air

You really are beautiful,
Other than that, I lack the words...
The moments we shared under the moon
Like rain on barren land
Water to a thirsty man
Midas' touch to my iron heart

You really are kind
I was stranger to love, you made me a poet
A stoic set on his way to a zealot
Made a stone bloom,
End to the world of gloom

You really are witty
Bound the chaos, that is me
Had me making a plan
Let my imagination free
You, me, and our clan

You really are perfect
But you were never mine
I never had an effect
I let my dreams fly
But you had me making castles in the sky...

-Aryan Sharma

Heart on the line

How do you fall in love, knowing it's a dream?
To love someone, impossible as it may seem.
With all your heart, with all your mind,
Sharing thoughts, your words entwined.

It started as a bloom, tender and sweet,
A scent so pure, for that one to meet.
But then it withered, faded away,
Destroyed before it saw the day.

You laugh with others, smile with grace,
And I am just a shadow there,
Always near but never close enough,
Content to watch you from afar,
A silent wish inside my heart.

Love someone who you can't have.
I see you in the morning light,
A distant dream just out of reach.
I know that you will never be mine,
Yet still, I love you quietly,
Holding on to what could never be.

Yet deep down, I always knew,
You'd never choose me, though I chose you.
Still, I kept going, heart on the line,
Couldn't you open up, and just say you are mine?

I feared, "Will he get angry? Am I too much?
Am I really part of his world, or just a crutch?"
But in the beginning, you were there,
Do you remember when you cared?

I had someone, never mine,
No fallouts, just memories fine.
A love so sweet, a heartbreak near,
Yet I'd do it all again, without a fear.

Present ma'am

My class started at eight,
and then teacher started to dictate,
My eyes were on board,
and i was listening every word,
But in back of my mind,
everything felt so blurred.

In the middle of that situation,
I started thinking random .
The class was full of chaos,
But for me it was like a sanctum.

How empty is the space,
Cosmos expanding in what pace,
Why we trapped in rat race,
This was Covering my headspace.

Why we are buried in load,
If the universe is so broad ,
Do all these really matter?
Or the world's a stage,
and we are back-stage clapper.

In the meantime,
Teacher started calling roll,
I was present there,
But I doubted my soul.

Oh Love

Oh Love, I hate you
Your promiscuity is well known, in bed with pauper to a king
But a great celibate when it came to me, left me blue
Oh Love, I hate you.
Cupid shoots to kill, but I guess she had her armor on
Had me spent and my heart torn
Torn in many pieces with each piece having you
Oh Love, I hate you...

-Aryan Sharma

Bucket list

Do you wanna see my bucket list ?,
then, beware of the crazzy twist,
climbing the mountain, covered with mist,
and sleeping in the tent ,which is make-shift.

with a hat on my head, boots on my foot,
i want to roam around the scary dark wood,
i would survive this as long as i could
and if it feels easy, i'll make it livelihood.

i have some bamboo-stick ,it's time to use my craft ,
i have tied those together , you can call it a raft,
i don't need to row, already going downstream,
This can't be real ,i know it's a dream,

lost in the desert ,and thirsty as hell,
and all i need is a bucket and a well,
and then i saw a mirage, I know it's a fake,
but when i walk closer, i found it's really a lake.

my mind is full of these mad desire,
and i know some of these can really misfire,
if you think this is insane, I can go even higher,
and if you wanna join, i am open to hire.

-EKANSH

5 steps for not writing a poem

Staring at the pen you got,
Although your brain is suffering from a drought,
You're thinking of a revolutionary theme,
then write the poem in your dream.

You've got the theme, now pick your mighty pen,
And remember how you wrote, that poem back then.
Just think of two lines and then go with the flow,
How could you think anything, with morale so low?

You've got a good start, now follow a rhyming scheme,
If you can't do so, just stick to the theme.
You just need a little kick, then you will surely kill,
Yes, you are thinking right, you are lacking that skill.

First stanza is looking fine, just needs a little edit
Just make it little meaningful, for those who might read it
you can't even think of anything relevant, you-good-for-nothing-brat,
You need a brain for thinking, one should be aware of that.

This is not an easy task, be happy, at least you tried,
Don't think about that pen, who just committed suicide.
This is not for you; you are going down wrong lane.
Have some shame on you and don't try it again.

-EKANSH

Digital Anonymity: Is It a Concern?

It is a very rare and elusive treasure: anonymity in this intricate web that the digital age has become. With every keystroke, every click, at the sharing of each moment, a tapestry of data narration is weaved for life—most of the time—involuntarily. The question that comes up is, are you concerned with the loss of anonymity in this digital age?

Anonymous used to stand behind a door one could close. Conversations were transitory and disappeared into the ether directly after being spoken, leaving only memories behind. Today, digital granularity characterizes our personal and professional lives. Laid bare are intimate details about our preferences, habits, and secrets through a mosaic of social media profiles, search histories, and online purchasing.

Others have succumbed to the fact that this transparency of theirs is a very small price one pays among other conveniences and connectivity in the digital world. Sociabilities help us stay connected with our family and friends all over the world. Search engines give access right at one's fingertips to information on any subject. These opened out online shopping avenues through which goods from across the world now arrive at our doorsteps with a rapidity hitherto unforeseen. At what cost?

The consequences of the erosion of anonymity are huge. A right which was once regarded as anecdotal now increasingly feels like luxury. Too many times, the harvesting and selling of our data is a matter of advertisement or even influencing opinion and manipulation at elections. The blur between the public and the private human sphere exposes people to identity theft, cyberbullying, and surveillance.

Imagine a day when every conversation, whim of thought was recorded forever and retrievable. It might well be dystopia for our future. The threat of repercussions could then inhibit freedom of speech, art stifled by loss of spontaneity.

So, are you concerned that there's no anonymity in the digital age? Not just as cloaks and covers, that would be rather trite—more like preserving the spirit of man. The anonymity makes experiments, mistakes, and growth possible without eternal judgment.

Entangled in the details of such a deeply interconnected planet, we have to struggle with more robust privacy and more ethically formidable data protection practices. In that struggle, part of anonymity that basically is going to assure can actually be recovered, as proved by whatever the digital era did, will ennoble our humanity, not reduce it.

A Farmer: Is That Your Dream Job?

The sun looks through the horizon—fields bathed in gold. On this land, there stands a lonely figure, standing proud amongst the damp grass. This man, a farmer, guards the earth and helps nature thrive, but is this a job that interests you?

Farming has charisma—its basic, rustic life and association with the land. Just imagine waking up to the melodious songs of birds, feeling a mass of dirt in your hand, and watching seeds germinate into sedentary crops. Farmers radiate tenacity and composure in their work, skilled at working according to the seasons and moods of nature.

Yet farming ain't all roses. Farming requires full dedication, a strong body, and profound knowledge of the world around. The 'risers' are out of bed at sunrise and work until after sunset. They stand up against that which they cannot control – dry spells, floods, bugs, and wild markets. Wins in this life are as hard to guess as tomorrow's weather. Each new day means a new gamble against Mother Nature.

It's a deeply rewarding profession: farming. The act of planting food and feeding people does something to a person that is special in its own kind of joy. Being a farmer means to be at the root of society, yet it's often thankless work. Their toil keeps us related to nature in our tech-filled world.

Yet will farming really turn out to be an ideal career? That depends on what one wants out of life. You may really love farming if you like being outdoors, getting sharp results, and exercising both your mind and muscles. This job needs a tough body and a strong will but above all, real love for the earth.

Ultimately, dream jobs come from passion and not glitz or the ease of employment. Some find their calling in the rhythm of each farm day and in the promise of each new crop. So as the sun sets over lush fields, think hard: Could farming be your true path?

-EKANSH

The Forever Flow

Running through the rugged terrains,
gushing amidst rocks,
I stumble upon multiple pebbles
Chipped, coloured, large and small...

Flowing into gulfs and bays,
I gush through to the town
Shaking hands with sailors and surfers...
I nourish the Earth
Parched and burned....

Whispering to the misty air,
chattering with the rocks;
I flow amidst rain forests,
Mangrove and grasslands.
Traversing the plains,
Crafting the canyons...
I flow...
Treasuring mysteries, Murmuring stories
I move on....
For
"Men may come,
men may go
but I'll go on forever".....

-Basundhara Bera

Not Just Another One

"Another one-" he said with a sigh, neatly folding the letter before throwing it on top of the alarmingly growing pile of papers on his desk. The room was small, yet cozy. There was a small window, facing the open street below, and attached to it was his desk. Apart from the colossal bookshelves, which occupied almost all of the remaining space on the other three walls, there wasn't anything else of much interest in there.

He ran his hand through his disheveled hair, as the weight of disappointment made him sink lower into his chair. It had almost been two years since he moved out, eager to start his journey as an independent author. The first few months were the best of his life, as he was free to explore every genre and try anything and everything that piqued his interest. Hailing from a rather wealthy family, he never really had to worry about making ends meet before.

Now, sitting in this cramped apartment, surrounded by rejection letters from almost all of the publishing houses in the country, the stark reality of his situation dawned on him. His funds were dwindling, much faster than he had anticipated. The once-promising path to success seemed almost nonexistent now. Maybe he wasn't simply good enough. Maybe he should have just gone with the flow and helped his father manage the family business. But he knew that he would have failed at that too. Writing was his passion, and there was no nine-to-five job that he would have been able to spend the rest of his life in if it wasn't literature.

He rose from the chair and slouched his way across the room to the bookshelves, which once served as a testament to his love for literature, and now felt like silent witnesses to his struggles. He skimmed through the books with one hand, almost causing a sudden miniature dust storm inside the room. Every single book was special to him, each one carried a special memory. The smell of the pages, the rustling sound while flicking through them - that was all he wanted in life.

It was around this time that one particular book suddenly caught his attention. It was a dusty old leather-bound diary. Pretty sure that he had never seen it before in his life, he popped the book off the shelf and took it to his desk. The bookshelves had been there since he rented this apartment, and although he remembered finding some old books with several torn pages when he first arrived, he could not quite trace the origin of that particular diary.

What intrigued him the most was the lack of a clear title on its cover. Instead of bearing any English or Latin characters, it was covered in what appeared to be some kind of ancient runes. He wiped the dust off the cover with his hands and hesitantly opened the book. It was empty. Desperate to understand what it all meant, he flipped through the pages, among which almost all were blank except for a few rune-like drawings scattered here and there. Frustrated, he threw the book aside and sank back into his chair. The sun had almost crossed the horizon and it was already getting dark, but the faint evening light coming in from the small window helped calm his nerves. Within seconds, he had dozed off.

It was almost half past noon when he woke up. At least that was what he could make out from the old grandfather clock ticking away above the fireplace. “What on earth-” he exclaimed, suddenly bolting upright as if hit by lightning. His room wasn't supposed to have a fireplace, neither was the clock supposed to be there. This time, he cautiously got up from his chair, which had somehow metamorphosed into an uneasily comfortable leather couch. With a pounding heart, he examined the room he was in. It was of around the same proportions as his own room, but everything seemed to have been altered, albeit subtly. It almost felt like he was in a different reality altogether.

Having grown up reading the likes of The Chronicles of Narnia, A Wrinkle in Time, and various other fantasies, the possibility of entering a different dimension did not scare him. Instead, he experienced a surge in adrenaline and rushed down the stairs into the open street. It was only then that the weirdness hit him. Everything seemed to be considerably smaller than what they were supposed to be - the houses, the cars, the trees, and most importantly, the people. And it was not only their size that seemed off, it was their behavior that seemed estranged the most. All the people in the street walked in the exact same fashion - shoulders pulled back, their faces expressionless, and at the exact same pace. It felt almost robotic. But what happened to be even peculiar was how they reacted upon coming near him. As if hit by a wave, their faces regained expression, and their behavior turned almost normal. But the effect was temporary. As soon as they walked away from him, they regained their unusual robotic, almost lifeless demeanor.

Perplexed, he started walking down the street, in search of answers. It seemed to be the same city alright, but with subtle changes and nuances that gave him the feeling of not belonging to the real world. Everywhere he went, the people behaved the same way. Their outfits betrayed a staple 90’s look, yet their actions remained eerily normal, despite their expressionless and emotionless disposition. As he walked across the city, his mind racing with questions, he stumbled upon an elderly man, who was the only person who didn't gape at him and looked bewildered when he came near him.

Even though the man's height was only just crossing his waistline, there was something uncannily familiar about the way he looked straight into his eyes. "It's been a long wait, sire" the old man exclaimed, his voice breaking as tears filled his eyes. "So long without life, so long." "Umm, sir, can you please tell me where I am?" the author muttered, with a voice that gave away his sense of confusion and genuine concern. "Can you not remember this town sire? The one whose every nook and cranny had been painted by your imagination? The one you abandoned? The one you never granted life to?" Bewildered, the author slowly turned around, processing what he had just heard. He glanced at the signboard across the street above the coffee shop, which read, 'Cafe Mezuna'. The name was familiar to him, but he just couldn't place how.

It was around then, that a sudden realization dawned on him. Several memories flooded back, and it all clicked into place. This lifeless town was indeed one he created, many years ago, when he had started writing his first book. But he had lost motivation midway through, and never actually got around to completing it. In the process, he abandoned the town's inhabitants, lifeless. It was only he who had the power to grant them life, and that was the reason their faces regained expression when they neared him. He turned back to face the old man.

"Please help us sire!" the elder exclaimed. "We have been in here, trapped, forever. Free us, sire, free us", he implored as he reached out to the author's hands, pleading for help.

The moment the man's cold skin touched the author, the world started spinning, and he passed out.

When he woke up, he found himself back in his chair, the light from the streetlights outside filtering through the window, faintly illuminating the room. He turned on the desk light and picked up the diary. It was no longer a dusty old empty rune-filled leather-bound one, but rather a five-year-old half-filled notebook. With a newfound sense of motivation and determination in his heart, he picked up his pen again, ready to breathe new life into his old creation and free the town's inhabitants from the lifeless cycle they were trapped in.

-Srijan Mukherjee

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