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(ଐତରେୟ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ୭.୧୫ - ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ୩: ଖଣ୍ଡ ୩)

Winter 2022
UTKARSA
ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ



The Odisha Society of the Americas

Editorial Team 2021-2023



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NOTE: Photographs for the front and back covers of Utkarsa, 'Sunrise at Falls lake Raleigh' and 'A village road, Odisha' are from Dharendra Kar of North Carolina. Thank you Dhira!

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OSA President's Message

Dear Members,
Namaskar!

It gives me immense pleasure as the Publication Team works enthusiastically to release our quarterly journal, Utkarsa, this week. The quarterly publication aims to contain information about various important activities of Odias across the USA and Canada. I'm sure our Chapter representatives are busy providing news along with pictures and video clips. OSA has been the oldest organization of Odias in North America for long 53 years. Though more than thirty thousand Odias are here, our organization's membership is not even three thousand yet. Members provide strength and stability to an organization. The more the number, the better we are! To make this organization more visible and vibrant, we need to increase our membership substantially.



Under the leadership of Manoj Mahapatra, our Membership drive team is working very diligently to meet the goal. On behalf of our organization, I request fellow Odias to take advantage of our Life Membership promotion and be part of this historic organization. To bring our next generation Odias under the umbrella of the OSA, Next Generation Leadership Team is working very passionately. No doubt this will change our demography noticeably. Our Innovation Council meets every week to foster a partnership with young entrepreneurs of incubator of NIT Rourkela and KIIT with like-minded Odias here. It is gaining momentum, and our organization is proud of the initiative. Odia Learning Team is at the forefront of teaching our language and culture to the next generation.

OSA Health & Wellness Team periodically arranges COVID-related seminars by bringing together physicians across the globe. Our people should take advantage of these opportunities. Women Forum of the OSA is a role model team arranging webinars on various topics to bring social awareness and relief guidance in a crisis. Regional Drama Festival Team with vibrant volunteers is gearing up for national drama in March. OSA Higher Education Team, Public Library Team, and IT Team are all working sincerely with a committed agenda.

We are very excited as our next Odia Convention will be hosted by the energetic California Chapter at Sacramento. Contracts have been signed with Sacramento SAFE Credit Union Convention Center Performing Arts Theater and Hyatt Regency and Sheraton hotels. Please check the Convention website @ <http://www.osa2022.org> and be part of this exciting Odia gathering. On behalf of our Executive Council and Board of Governors, I command the relentless effort of all our teams and volunteers for our organization.

Regards,
Gyana Patnaik, President OSA

Editorial, Utkarsa Winter 2022

Dear friends, identity is the theme for the winter issue of Utkarsa. Let us look at the lines on the cover page of the journal and begin our discussion on identity.

“The humble bee is busy collecting nectar all day
Birds fly afar for luscious figs
The peerless Sun never dozes off for a moment!
Don't, therefore, cease making an effort o man !
Keep moving, keep moving!”

(*Aitareya Brahmana* 7.15)

These iconic lines (translation mine) from *Aitaraya Brahmana*, inspire man to learn from the actions of the humble honey bee, bird and the mighty sun. The honey bee is never tired of collecting nectar, birds do not stop from looking for ripe figs, and the Sun shines without fail every day. Man, therefore, should not give up striving and march towards his goal with single-minded devotion. Journey, the above stanza implies, is integral to human identity.

Down the ages, humans are variously identified as children of God and the crown of creation. Such sayings inspire man and instill the confidence in him to thrive in the face of challenges he faces from the elemental forces, and tragedies such as the conflict between nations, forceful occupation, or exodus. But ironically, since the advent of the industrial revolution and proliferation of science and technology, though the world has seemingly become a smaller place, our identity as humans has been under scrutiny. Man is responsible for the mindless exploitation of natural resources, pollution, and global warming that cause irreparable damage to the earth. Brutal human actions such as war, ethnic cleansing, colonization, caste system, and callous exploitation of the powerless force us to rethink the exalted status we have crowned upon ourselves. Slavery, the Holocaust, and Europe's colonization of the greater part of the world are chapters of history that remind us that man is selfish and susceptible to greed and violence. We seriously doubt if man was created “after the likeness of God.”

Identity is a very fluid term. In recent times, globalization, migration, and displacement have changed human identity to an extent never imagined before. An immigrant and a refugee carry identical memories but with certain glaring exceptions. If the former is nostalgic and longs for the smell and sight of the place she has left behind voluntarily, the latter is uprooted forcefully. She is traumatized and doesn't think of returning to the soil without threat to her life. The splash of blood and shreds of human limbs on the wings of the overcrowded US military aircraft carrying Afghan refugees symbolize the desperation of some of our fellow human beings. What's their identity? Where do they belong?

In the existential realm, our multiple identities are often compressed into a badge. It is not just about who we are, how and why we landed somewhere, what we do for a living, which god we worship, which language we speak, or what is our race or color -but everything, taken together. We carry that badge in our everyday life when we go to work, visit a doctor, board a plane or say, do a simple financial transaction. Political ideology and sexual orientation too define us. These identities are transactional.

In a free society, we believe that humans have limitless potential and that one can excel in multiple areas simultaneously. A neurosurgeon can be a reporter for CNN, an immunologist can be a writer for *The New Yorker*, a chemistry major can be a human rights activist, or an engineer can be an accomplished pianist or a classical singer. Some say the ethos of a time produces a Renaissance polymath like Leonardo Da Vinci –a painter, sculptor, mathematician, engineer, and many other identities to the credit of the genius. But there are instances of human beings who are able to create their distinct identities in the most adverse of circumstances. They are our heroes.

Take, for example, Odisha's healthcare worker Matilda Kullu (45) from the remote tribal village, Gargabahal in Sundargarh District who features in Forbes India Power Woman, 2021 list. For the last 15 years, Matilda has been instrumental in bringing healthcare services closer to the people on her bicycle. She is a covid warrior and has devoted her life to looking after 964 people in the area. Another example of someone forging her own identity is the late poet and activist Maya Angelou –the first black woman ever to appear on a US quarter, January this year. Her autobiographical, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings* (1969) is a moving account of racial discrimination she faced in her growing up years in Arkansas. Similarly, we can celebrate the two recipients of the Nobel prize for Peace in 2020. Journalists Dmitry Muratov of Russia, the editor in chief of *Novaya Gazeta*, and Filipina journalist Maria Ressa, the C.E.O, and co-founder of *Rappler*, a digital newspaper in Manila are iconic figures of courage against state censorship. Both dare to publish free and fair information despite living under regimes that notoriously deny freedom of speech. The duo's mission is their identity. The Noble committee in the announcement says that the prize is "for their effort to safeguard freedom of expression, which is a precondition of democracy and lasting peace."

After reading about these extraordinary individuals, I will go back to the beginning, to the quotation from Aitairaya Brahmana, and say that " There's no end to striving! Keep moving, keep moving!" That's our identity.

Thanking you all,
Dr. Kanak Hota
On behalf of the OSA Publication Team

In Memoriam(ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି)

A social worker, Gandhian follower and Padma Shri, Shanti Devi.



April 18th,1934 to Jan 16th 2021.

Shanti Devi, a well-known Gandhian and social worker from Odisha, passed away recently, at Gunupur in Rayagada district of Odisha. She was 88. She worked selflessly to remove suffering and create a healthier as well as just society for 6 decades. For her work, Shanti Devi was recently conferred with India's third highest civilian honor, Padma Shri.

Born on April 18, 1934, in Balasore, Shanti Devi had moved to Koraput after her marriage to Dr Ratan Das at the age of 17. She started her career as a social worker with the support of her husband. At Gunupur, she founded the Seva Samaj ashram in 1964 to provide education to tribal girls.

Her legacy & noble service will be forever known as the 'voice of the poor and underprivileged

Congratulations!

Padma Bhusana

This year, from Odisha **Pratibha Ray** has received **Padma Bhushan** for her contributions in Literature and Education field.



Pratibha Ray

Padma Shri

Padma Shri has been conferred on **Srimad Baba Balia** in Social Work, **Aditya Prasad Dash** in Science and Engineering, **Shyamamani Devi** in Art and Music, **Pramod Bhagat** in Sports, **Narasingha Prasad** in Literature and Education, and **Guruprasad Mohapatra** (Posthumous) in Civil Service category.



Shyamamani Devi



Aditya Prasad Dash



Srimad Baba Balia



Guruprasad Mohapatra



Pramod Bhagat



Narasingha Prasad



Newsletters

OSA Odia Learning Team Report

Team Members:

Bigyani Das – DC, Lead
Kuku Das – CA
Suvasri Das – NY/NJ/PA
Surya Misra – Mt. Hood
Ulasini Sahoo - South East
Sujata Patnaik – Chicago

The team had its first event on November 14, 2021 with the celebration of Shishu Dibasa. The program included group prayer, two Kahoot activities, a segment on “I wish I knew Odia” and video presentations by the children on various topics, mainly “Children’s Day”. The program was virtual through Zoom. Glimpses of the program can be watched at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gG94Qa96A6s>



Certificates were presented to all the child participants and winners in Kahoot game.

We also celebrated Makara Sankranti on January 15, 2022. The theme of the program was “Odia Rituals”. The program included a Kahoot game on Odia rituals as well as presentations on favorite rituals.

We will end the first OSA fiscal year with two more programs: Utkala Dibasa on Saturday, April 2, 2-4 PM EST (Theme: Odisha history, Patriotism and Identity) and Odia Vocabulary and Speech (During OSA Annual Convention)

From July 2022 until June 2023, we will again repeat the same activities with the same themes. Here is our complete 2-year event calendar.

The team has two more goals to be completed before the first fiscal year ends. These include:
Odia Learning Curriculum Development by OSA, Examination, Grades, Certificates,
Odia instructional materials (Base: For English speakers)

All announcements regarding our Chapter events will be made on OSAnet. Reports will be shared in OSAnet and through Utkarsa publication.



OSA Women's Empowerment Forum Event

Team Members:

Aparajita (Jitu) Misra – Lead, NY/NJ/PA
Tapti Panda - NY/NJ/PA Smriti Panda – MI
Kuku Das-CA Tapasi Misra – South West
Neeta Mohanty – DC Anu Biswal - DC
Rajashree (Tunu) Mohanty - Florida
Sujata Patnaik – Chicago
Subhashree (Susi) Joshi – Chicago

On Sunday, December 12th, OWE (OSA Women's Empowerment) hosted its final webinar of 2021. Titled "Behind Locked Doors?" and featuring three principal speakers and two dramatic presentations, the webinar discussed various faces of Domestic Violence (DV), its far-reaching ramifications, and intergenerational impact. The goal of this particular event was to build awareness about DV and debunk common myths.

Aparajita Misra (New Jersey) welcomed the audience and introduced the speakers. We had three outstanding speakers for the seminar. The guest speaker was Dr. Pravati Panigrahi. She is a medical professional, a social justice advocate, and the founder of a public charity organization called Pink Umbrella International. The organization works for the immigrant communities for their physical and social health status and creates awareness of mental health and social health (social or domestic injustice).

Dr. Panigrahi based her talk on years of experience as a doctor, domestic violence advocate, and human rights academic and activist both in Australia and India. She bolstered her thesis by highlighting examples from a dramatic presentation. *Meena's Story*-that was written by Tapasi Misra and created by Pravati and Pankaj Upadhyaya (Euphony Films) and acted by Mamta Upadhyaya and Anwasha Pati. Pravati discussed the invisible psychosocial components of violence and emphasized the impact of violence on children from a scientific perspective.

The next speaker was Tapasi Misra, one of the founders of AWAAZ San Antonio, a 501c 3 nonprofit working with South Asian women, men, and children affected by family and intimate partner violence in San Antonio and South Texas. She currently serves at Awaaz as a Board member, Director of Outreach Services, and Client Advocate. Tapasi Misra has worked with people affected by DV in the mainstream and refugee communities and victims of human trafficking in South Asian communities in South Texas and India. She has organized and presented at many women's conferences and seminars on several topics. The topics range from DV, women's mental health, raising children in a multicultural world, and other related issues for Awaaz, San Antonio Police Department, universities, sister agencies in San Antonio, and organizations in Odisha.

Tapasi Misra elaborated on certain myths and misconceptions perpetuated around DV and the relevance to the Indian/Odia communities. She urged the audience to reflect upon the question — embedded in the title itself — do DV and its consequences stay behind closed doors, or does it spill over the threshold and infiltrate our community, having a far-reaching and intergenerational impact? She structured her talks around *Meena's Story* and another play presented at the event, *Ranu's Story*, also written by her and produced and directed by Sujata Pattnaik (Chicago). All narrators and actors were fellow Odias from the US and Canada-Shivani Zaveri, Soni Sahoo, Manoranjan Sahoo, Tapti Panda, Gagan Panigrahi, Sabita Panigrahi, and Satavisha Pati.

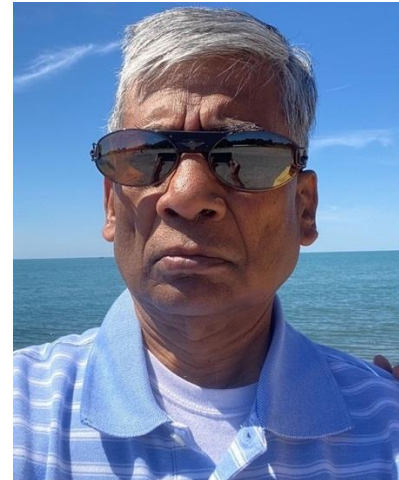
The third speaker, Dr. Tapti Panda MD, is an Obgyn-FACOG and a social activist well-known in Hudson Valley, NY. She is a member of several respected associations too. As a social activist, she has helped the Indian community in the USA through various charitable activities. She initiated mobile Covid relief and screening units in Odisha and launched Breathe India with her husband, Dr. Rajan Subbiah (pulmonary critical care specialist), during the second wave of the COVID pandemic.

Dr. Tapti Panda gave a detailed analysis and slide presentation on the obstetrical and gynecological impact of Domestic Violence. She focused on its adverse impacts on pregnant woman and the child, including the fear of loss of lives of the child and the mother due to trauma, suicide, poor nutrition and increased risks of infections. Gynecological problems such as chronic pain, reduced use of contraceptive options, higher rates of unplanned pregnancies, illegal abortions and infanticides have been observed in women subject to domestic violence.

During the seminar participants and doctors communicated through questions and answers in the chat window. The moderator opened the floor to more questions after the talks and provided a list of resources and assured the audience that they would be available to help with questions, concerns, and problems as needed. Mrs. Anu Biswal concluded the event with a vote of thanks.



OSA NATIONAL DRAMA DAY



Birendra Jena, Cortland Ohio

In order to promote Odia drama in North America, Odisha Society of Americas started a new initiative known as Regional Drama Festival (RDF) in 2008 with the objective to “develop closer relationship among communities of people from Odisha residing in a region through a festival with a special focus on drama”. RDF was the brainchild of drama aficionados, Dr. Sri Gopal Mohanty and Mr. Sandip Dasverma who envisioned that in addition to promoting Odia drama and recognizing new talents, the RDFs will enhance comradery among neighboring Odia communities.

The first batch of RDFs were held in April, 2009. The first one was held in Dallas (Southern Region) on April 4th, followed by Washington, DC (Eastern Region) and Michigan (Northern Region) on April 18th and 25th respectively.

In spite of various obstacles (persuading chapters to host the event, getting the chapters to participate and scheduling the event at a mutually agreeable date etc.) RDF gradually inched ahead. By 2019, close to 100 dramas were staged in several drama festivals in various parts of the US and Canada. Then the unprecedented pandemic struck and disrupted normal life all over the world. As the large social events including OSA Convention were cancelled, RDF had to take a pause, waiting until normalcy was restored. The last RDF before the onset of the pandemic was held in 2019 in Nashville, TN.

In 2021, the RDF Coordination team was reorganized by OSA with following team members:

Dr. Basant Mohapatra, Chair and Coordinator, Northern Region (CanOSA, Ohio, Michigan, Chicago and Minnesota)

Mrs. Ullasini Sahu, Coordinator, Atlantic Region (New England, New York/ New Jersey, Washington DC, OSA Southeast, OSA Southern, Florida and Georgia)

Mr. Khitish Pradhan, Coordinator, Southern Region (OSA Southwest, Arkansas)

Mr. Dillip Praharaj, Coordinator, West Region (California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Colorado)

Dr. Birendra Jena, Advisor

NATIONAL DRAMA DAY 2021

In early 2021, when the Covid-19 was rampant playing havoc all over, it was not considered safe to organize regional drama festivals in the conventional way of performing dramas on stage in front of a live audience. In view of this, the new RDF team came up with the idea of streaming the dramas on a virtual platform. Drama teams produced their drama videos by avoiding contact with each other and submitted the productions to the RDF team. The RDF team selected a day to stream them continuously on a YouTube channel. This offered some advantages as well as challenges. The drama teams of various regions did not have to travel to perform on a stage and the audience could remotely watch the drama in the comforts of their living rooms. But it was a challenging job for the actors who are more comfortable with acting on a stage, to perform in front of videographers. It was also a big challenge for the RDF technical team to prepare the videos for streaming.

The videos were streamed on May 30, 2021 and the day was declared, **National Drama Day**. It was a grand success. Nineteen dramas, fifteen from adults and four children, were streamed. The event started at 1 PM EDT (10AM PDT) for the convenience of the west coast audience. The streaming was done in four segments. The themes were very diverse and covered many issues such as Covid-19, virtual marriage negotiations, robots and treatment of elderly parents by their children. The technical team led by Mr. Utkal Nayak did a great job of splicing the videos together and streaming them. The quality of the dramas and the videos were of very high quality and the audience appreciated them very much.

The major highlight of the National Drama Day was that dramas produced by drama teams of North America could be watched simultaneously by people from all over the world, which would not have been possible in the conventional RDF format. Buoyed by the success of the first ever NDD it was decided that RDF will continue to organize the NDD every year and stream the dramas on that day. Since **World Theater Day** is celebrated on March 27th of every year, it was decided that OSA NDD will be organized around the weekend of World Theater Day.

National Drama Day 2022

This year the National Drama Day will be celebrated on March 26th and 27th, coinciding with The World Theatre Day. Our format will be the same as the last year. The drama teams are encouraged to submit both adult and children's drama. This year's theme will be "American Life Experience". Help will be provided to the teams in terms of drama scripts and other technical issues.

Following are the details of National Drama Day 2022:

Date: March 26-27, 2022

Theme: American Life Experience

Duration: 30 minutes for adults. 15 minutes for children

Last date for submission of videos: March 6, 2022

All the drama groups are invited to participate in National Drama Day, 2022. Please contact the RDF coordinator of your regions for further details.

Finally, I would like to thank all the past and present RDF Coordinators, participants of the dramas during the RDF and NDD and numerous volunteers without whom the RDF would not have been successful. Special thanks are due to Dr. Sri Gopal Mohanty and Mr. Sandip Dasverma for their dedicated efforts and valuable advice without which the RDF would not have been possible.



A scene from CanOSA Chapter Children's Drama



A scene from OSA South East Chapter Drama

Last but not the least, I would like to thank the OSA leaderships, both past and present, for their continuous encouragement and support.



ODISHA SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND (OSNE)

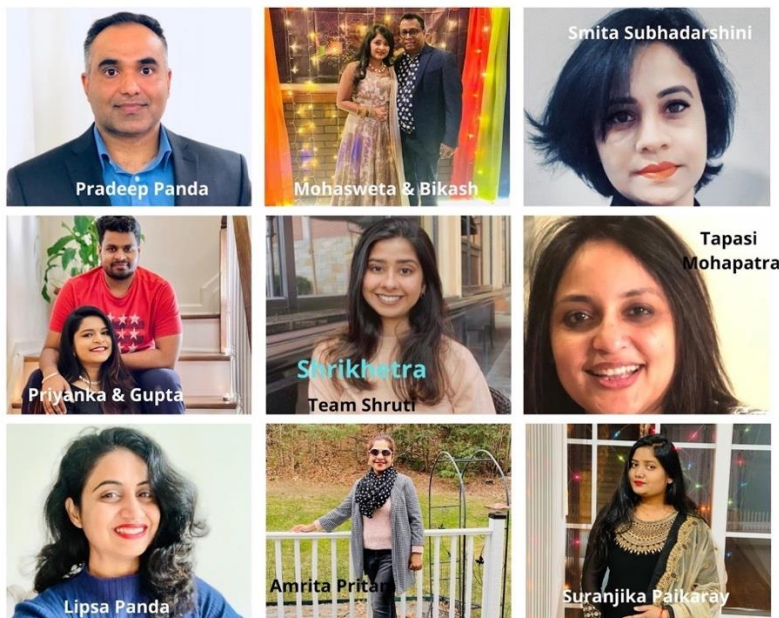


KUMAR PURNIMA CELEBRATION

We celebrated the 7th Annual OSNE Kumar Purnima on October 24th afternoon at Newtown, Connecticut. The celebration incorporated the traditional chanda puja and puchi khela followed by a cultural evening and dinner. The cultural program consisted of a variety of programs, including dance and songs performed by OSNE children, a skit, kids' and women's fashion shows, and an Odissi dance performance by Mrs. Anindita Nanda.

YOUTH LED PROGRAM ZOOM PE DHOOM

OSNE youth organized a virtual Antakshari program, "ZOOM pe DHOOM " on November 13th. Global Youth Icon awardee Munmun Singh emceed the event. In addition to OSNE members, Odias from other states across the country also participated in the event. Team Shrikhetra and Team Kalinga were both the 1st place winners.





OSNE BIDAYA 2021

On December 18th, OSNE organized a musical evening, "Bidaya 2021" to bid farewell to the previous year. The event featured renowned singers Shasank Sekhar, Dipti Rekha Padhi and Abhijeet Mishra along with musicians RK Baitharu, Ramesh, Suresh and Prabhas. The live event was hosted at Smruti Ranjan Studio in Bhubaneswar. The singers started with a Jagannath Bhajans followed by numerous Odia and Hindi songs. It was a memorable event.



News-fuse from Minnesota



Election of new Executive Committee: The election process was completed and there was a successful transition to the new Executive Committee that is led by the President, Mr. Anjan Pradhan.

New Year's Celebration: New Year 2022 was celebrated with pomp and grandeur while following CDC guidelines. Food was cooked and served in the Hindu Mandir and approximately \$1000 was raised for Hindu Mandir. It was followed by a scintillating cultural program with dance, drama, fashion show and music to celebrate the arrival of 2022!

Men's Sports Club: We have formed a much-needed sports club for our men in the community to increase camaraderie, socialization and improve health and wellbeing. Men are busy playing badminton and table tennis to keep themselves occupied during these long months of winter.





OSA NYNJPA Chapters Sep-Dec 2021



Kumar Purnima, October 2021

OSA NYNJPA organized the Pioneers Dinner and Kumar Purnima on Saturday, 23rd October at the Ananda Mandir auditorium followed by dinner. The organizing team made extensive efforts to execute the event safely. The Pioneer Dinner was an effort to meet and celebrate our pioneers and founding members.

The program started with lighting up the ceremonial lamps by our beloved Ms. Kabita Patnaik. The pioneers then shared their thoughts and experiences and reminisced about their experiences and relationships in OSA.

A special segment in 2021 was the Volunteer recognition where all community volunteers of 2021 were recognized and thanked for their service and contribution.

Kumar Purnima cultural event started with performances in the Lata Misra Champu Chanda and Odissi. In NYNJPA, the Champu Chanda tradition of Odisha's rich classical music is guided by Guru Riti Mohanty.

Odissi dance performances brought alive the beauty and grace of our rich and traditional classical form. The dances were performed by many children and youth under the guidance/training of guru Bani Ray and guru Aradhana Das.

Fusion dances were performed by kids and adults. These were choreographed by Anita Pradhan, Seema Senapati, Pavani Patnaik, Satya and many more who put their own stamp on the dance form.

The cultural program included a beautiful Odia drama, "Katha o Kahoot" performed by children of Odia-school and directed by Mrs. Suvasri Das and Mrs. Manasi Nayak. An entertaining adult drama, "Mo Sala ra Bahaghra," directed by Pradeep Tripathy, was also performed on stage.

The program ended with a sumptuous dinner served safely. The NYNJPA artists delivered melodious light music and songs during dinner, which was greatly enjoyed by all attendees.

Christmas Dinner in a Box, donates \$2000 to the Community Food Bank of NJ.

The OSA NYNJPA chapter raised \$2000 in December 2021 for providing Christmas dinner to 50 area families. The Community Food Bank of NJ supports 15 out of 22 NJ counties as well as other Food Banks and Soup Kitchens.

For the past 8 years, families and children have volunteered at the Community Food Bank in Hillside, NJ for one day every month. The initiative consists of volunteers of all ages, ranging from elementary school children age 9 to 60 year old seniors. The volunteers are directed in their tasks by Community Food Bank

leaders in sorting food, making boxes, conducting factory line production for care packages, and pasta packaging. Each visit helps about 350 – 400 families in the area.

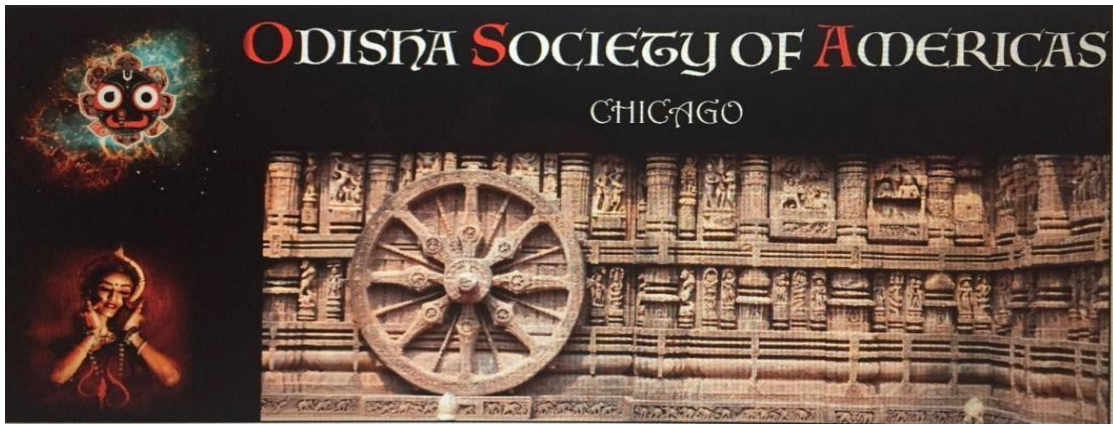
The Community Food Bank of NJ applied the donation towards matching challenges from other donors and doubled the donation amount. "The enormity of the need is significant and may still grow in the coming weeks and months," said Karen Leis, VP of Development at Community Foodbank of NJ. "Together, we can bring food, help and hope to our neighbors in need all year long".

NYNJPA families create significant impact in their communities through volunteering time and financial contributions.



Odisha Society of Chicago

Report By Santwana Dash



Diwali Celebration

The Odias of Chicago, the land of Abraham Lincoln, celebrated Diwali on December 4, 2021. This was the Chapter's first in-person gathering after conducting a lot of activities online during the pandemic. We followed the CDC guidelines strictly during this annual event.

With lots of enthusiasm kids and adults participated in a variety of programs. Many volunteers came forward to put their hands together to make this event a great success.

Starting from Sloka to Odissi dance to food, everything was highly appreciated by the audience. Dance, drama, melody, kabita patha, each and every performance was wonderful.

The most attractive segment was Odia prarthana "Ahe dayamaya" by our little kids, Diwali dance by all our senior ladies, fashion show with the concept of Maa Durga, and the drama based on the world's current situation.



Kids are singing Odia Prathana



Fashion Show



Dance performances



Odia Drama



OSA California



OSACAL - Sewa Diwali Food Drive
OCT 27 - NOV 22 2021

WHAT CAN YOU DONATE ? ONLY NON PERISHABLE ITEM

• CANNED FOOD WITH POP-TOP LID	• NEW BLANKETS
• PASTA & PASTA SAUCE	• NEW SLEEPING BAGS
• HEALTHY SNACKS (GRANOLA BARS, NUTS..)	• SHAMPOO AND BAR SOAP
• RICE BAGS OF ANY SIZE	• NEW TOOTHPASTE & TOOTHBRUSH
• CEREALS (LOW SUGAR WHOLE GRAIN)	• NEW SOCKS
• MAC & CHEESE	• NEW UNDERWEAR
• PEANUT BUTTER (IN PLASTIC JARS)	• INFANT FORMULA

Where you can drop the items:

CUPERTINO : 18366 CHELMSFORD DR CUPERTINO, CA 95014
DUBLIN : 3653 BRANDING IRON PLACE, DUBLIN 94568
FREMONT : 259 OLD GLORY CT, FREMONT CA 94539
 43686 SKYE RD, FREMONT CA 94539
LOS ALTOS : 2141 VIA ESCALERA, LOS ALTOS, CA 94024
MOUNTAIN HOUSE : 1339 SOUTH DURANT TER, MOUNTAIN HOUSE, CA 95391
PLEASANTON : 673 CONCORD PL, PLEASANTON CA 94566
SANTA CLARA : 1179 DOYLE CR, SANTA CLARA, CA 95054
SAN RAMON : 658 KARINA CT, SAN RAMON, CA 94582



କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସୋସାଇଟି (ଓସା କାଲ୍)ର ସହାୟତାରେ “ସେବା ଦିୱାଳି ଫୁଡ୍ ଡ୍ରାଇଭ୍” ଦ୍ୱାରା ୬୦୦ ପାଉଣ୍ଡ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଡୋନେସନ୍ ହୋଇଛି । ସମୟ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ କୋଭିଡ ମହାମାରୀରେ ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତ । ତଥାପି ନିଜର ବହୁମୂଲ୍ୟ ସମୟ ଓ ଶ୍ରମ ଦାନକରି ଯୁବା ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ-ବିବେକ ଏବଂ ସୁସନ୍ ଏହି ମହତ କାମରେ ସହଯୋଗର ହାତ ବଢାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଜୀବନର ବ୍ୟସ୍ତତା ଭିତରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏଥିରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିବା ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାସେବୀ ଏବଂ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଦାନ କରିଥିବା ପ୍ରଣବ ମହାପାତ୍ର, ଦେବୁ ପଣ୍ଡା ଫ୍ୟାମିଲି , ଗିର୍ଲିସ୍ ଦାସ୍ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଅନ୍ତରୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ନୂଆ ବର୍ଷ ୨୦୨୨ ଅବସରରେ ଗୀତିକାର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ଦାଶ ଏବଂ ଦିଲୀପ ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶନାରେ, “ଆସିଛି ନୂଆ ବରଷ, ଆଣିଛି ମନେ ହରଷ” ଗୀତଟି ସାନ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ସୁମଧୁର କଣ୍ଠରେ ସମସ୍ତ ଶ୍ରୋତାଙ୍କୁ ଭାବ ବିହ୍ୱଳ କରିଛି ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ । ଏହି ସଙ୍ଗୀତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ଅଭିଭାବକ ଓ ଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ୟମ , ସାନ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପରିଶ୍ରମ ପ୍ରଶଂସନୀୟ । ଭଲ କରି ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହିନପାରିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆରେ ଗୀତ ଗାଇଲା ସମୟରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ସାହ ଦେଖିଲା ଭଳି ଥିଲା ।

ଓସା-କାଲ୍ ର ଉଦ୍ୟମରେ କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆର ଅନୁକୂଳ ଜଳବାୟୁ, ମନୋରମ ପରିବେଶ ଭିତରେ ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ଏକତା ଅସ୍ପୃଷ୍ଟ ରହିଆସିଅଛି । ଓସା-କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ ଆନୁକୂଲ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ଏହିପରି ଅନେକ ଉଚ୍ଚକୋଟିର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ହେବା ଜାରି ରହିଛି । ଏହା ପଛରେ ଥିବା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଓସା-କାଲ୍ ତରଫରୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଶୁଭେଚ୍ଛା ।



OSA Georgia Chapter



The OSA Georgia Chapter has been actively organizing events throughout the year. During the past quarter, we hosted Kumara Utsava - a multi cultural event as well as Kalyan Jyoti - a community giving back event with active and enthusiastic participation of our youth. In keeping with our tradition, we welcomed 2022 with Avahana - a spiritual and devotional evening on January 22, 2022.

Kumara Utsava 2021

On the fall evening of October 23rd 2021, the Georgia Chapter of the Odisha Society of Americas (OSA-GA) celebrated Kumara Utsava at North Gwinnett High School in Suwanee, Georgia, USA.

The festive extravaganza showcased the traditions of Odisha with an amazing cultural tableau of music, dance, songs, drama, and other vivid art forms from all regions of Odisha. The grand celebration started with a video message from the honorable Consul General of India in Atlanta Dr. Swati V Kulkarni, wishing all success for the event. Our honorable chief guest, Additional Consul General of India in Atlanta, Mr. Madan Kumar Ghidiyal inaugurated the event by lighting lamps and addressing the audience.

During this auspicious month, we worship the divine mother invoking the feminine energy within every life force. For this Sharad Purnima, OSA-Georgia Chapter made great efforts to celebrate womanhood in all its forms, colors, and manifestations.

The traditional depiction of Kumar Utsav includes maidens offering prayers to the Sun God early in the morning; as the full moon adorns the sky, they worship Lord Kartikeya (son of Shiva and Parvati). During the evening prayers, they offer moon-shaped prasada to the Moon God and pray for a beautiful successful life. In the end, everybody enjoys the moonlit night with the traditional songs and dances of Kumar Purnima.

The Georgia Odia families volunteered enthusiastically to make this event a memorable one for the 400 guests. Members donated a portion of the proceeds to Adruta Children's Home, an organization in Odisha focused on rehabilitating children in need of care and protection.

The motto of the Georgia Odia community has been to offer the next generation Odias here an awareness of their unique cultural inheritance through such celebrations.

Lastly, this event brought together the spirit of harmony and camaraderie in the community. Smiling joyful faces of all the participants were a testimony to the grand success of this maiden event of OSA-Georgia in the Atlanta region.



Kalyan Jyoti 2021

On December 27th, OSA Georgia partnered with another charitable organization, "Meals by Grace" to bring food and happiness to area families. We brought in food supplies for the items they were running low in stock to help feed families in need. We also helped pack and organize the food supplies to make it easier for distribution.

We had 19 members (11 kids and 8 adults) who spent about 4 hours helping sort and pack the food items as well as pack birthday bags for families in need. It was especially heartening to see our children making a connection and working enthusiastically to get things done. We did a lot and did it with a smile. The leaders at "Meals by Grace" appreciated our contribution and recognized the impact we made. In their words, what we did in 5 hours usually takes 3-4 weeks to complete. We, as OSA-GA volunteers, could invest a part of our day and make an impact as a group. We are really happy that we could start the trend of giving back to the local community for our chapter, with active engagement from our youth. We look forward to continuing this going forward.



Youtube link: <https://youtu.be/s57PkdQE7yA>

Upcoming Event in January: Avahana, 2022

Keeping with our tradition of welcoming the new year with spiritual and devotional thoughts, we will host Avahana on January 22, 2022. The event will be well rounded with Yoga, spiritual discourse and bhajans and patriotic songs as we celebrate New Year, Makar Sankranti and Republic Day. The event team has started preparing for it and will need active participation and engagement from members across all chapters to make it successful.



OSA GEORGIA PRESENTS

AVAHANA - 2022

A DEVOTIONAL EVENING TO WELCOME THE NEW BEGINNING



LET'S CELEBRATE TOGETHER

ମକର ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ଓ ସାଧାରଣତନ୍ତ୍ର ଦିବସ

SATURDAY 22ND JAN, 6 PM EST

LIVE ON ZOOM AND YOUTUBE



GUEST SPEAKER

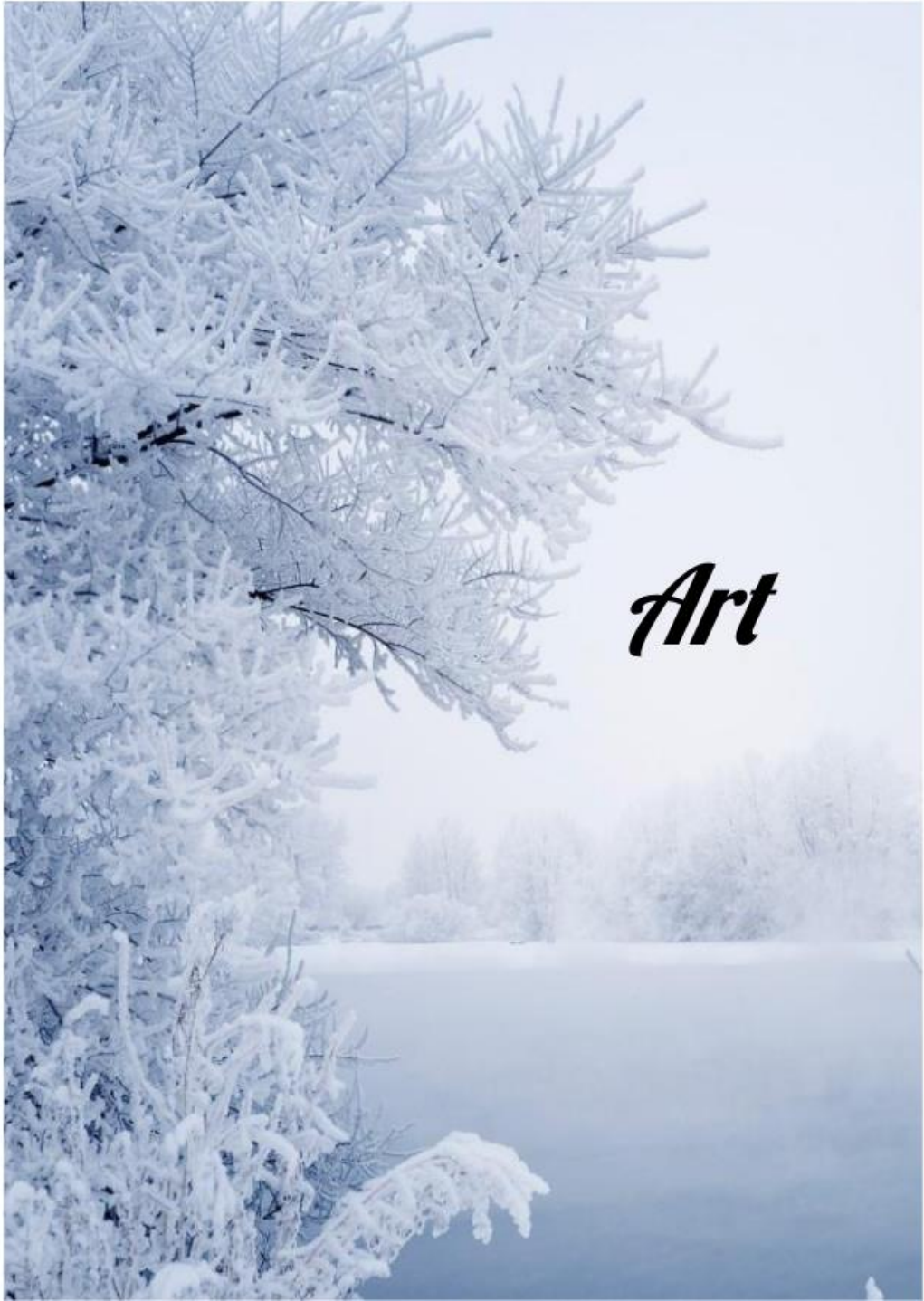


MS. NIVEDITA GANAPATHI

WE INVITE YOUR PARTICIPATION IN SINGING AND YOGA

DONATIONS TO SUPPORT ARTISTS FROM ODISHA ACCEPTED BY ZELLE OSA-GA@ODISHASOCIETY.ORG





Art



Avahan Nanda, North Dakota.



Shreya Panigrahi,
9th grade, Chicago.



Debashree Pati, Ohio.





ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ

ପଦ୍ୟ ଭାଗ

ନାରୀ, ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ

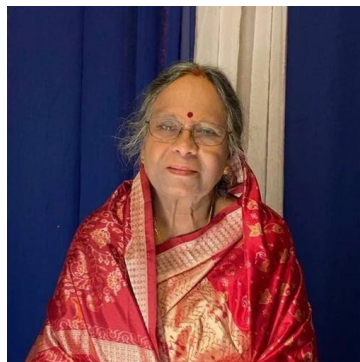


ପ୍ରବୀର ଦାଶ, ଚେନେସି

ନାରୀ ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ଆଜି ଲୋଡ଼େନା ବନ୍ଧନ
ନଦୀ ମୁଁ ଯେ ସାଗରେ ଚାହେଁନା ମିଳନ ।
ହୋଇପାରେ ଲତା, ତେବେ ଖୋଜେନା ଶରଣ
ହେ ଦୁନିଆ, ତୁମେ ସବୁ ଶୁଣ ବା ନଶୁଣ । ।
ଜଳେ ଥାଇ ମୀନ କାହିଁ ରହିବ ବା ଶୋଷି
ବାର୍ଦ୍ଧି ବେଳାରେ କିଏ ଖୋଜେ ବାଲୁରାଶି ।
ପାଇଛନ୍ତି ଭଲ ମୋତେ କେତେ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଜନ
ମମତା ସ୍ନେହରେ ମୋର ଭରିଛନ୍ତି ମନ
ତୃପ୍ତ ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ପକ୍ଷୀ ଖୋଜେନା ବିଲଗ୍ନ । ।
କାହିଁକି ଖୋଜିବି ପୁଣି କେଉଁ ପରଦେଶୀ
ଅଜଣା ଅଶୁଣା ସାଜେ ହେବି ନୀଡ଼ବାସୀ ।
ପିକ ମୁଁ କଳା ମୋ ମୋକ୍ଷ କଳା ହିଁ ସାଧନ
ହେ ସମାଜ, ତୁମେ ସବୁ ମାନ ବା ନମାନ । ।
ତୃପ୍ତ ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ପକ୍ଷୀ ଖୋଜେନା ବିଲଗ୍ନ
ନାରୀ ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ଆଜି ଲୋଡ଼େନା ବନ୍ଧନ । ।



ମୋନାଲିସା ତୁମେ!



ବିଜୟା ପରିଡ଼ା, ବୋଷ୍ଟନ .

ଚିର ଯୌବନା ମୋନାଲିସା ତୁମେ
ଅଧର ବାଙ୍କ ଠାଣି
ମନ ମୋହିନିଏ ଚାହାଣୀ ଚୋରା ଏ,
ଦର୍ଶକ ମନ କିଣି । ୧ ।
ଚିତ୍ରଲେଖା ଗୋ ତୁଳିରେ ଅଙ୍କା
ଅମଳିନ ରୂପ ଗାଥା
କୁହୁକ ଜଗାଏ ମନରେ ସବୁରି,
ତୁମରି ଅଜଣା କଥା ।
ମୁଖରେ ତୁମରି ଅକୁହା ବେଦନା
ବିଷାଦ ଯାଇଛି ଛାଇ
ଅପରୂପା ତୁମେ ରୂପସୀ ଲାବଣ୍ୟା
ନ ପାର କି ମନ (କଥା) କହି ?
ଅଧୁରା କାହାଣୀ ଅଧରୁ ଝରୁନି
ଅକୁହା ଗୋ କାହିଁପାଇଁ
ଗୁପ୍ତ ରହିଛି ଜୀବନର ଗାଥା
ନୀରବେ ରହିଛ ଚାହିଁ ।



ମଉଳା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକା



ସ୍ନେହ ମହାନ୍ତି, କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକା ନିଶ୍ଚଳ ଆଜି ମୟୂର ସେ ଅନ୍ତିମ ପ୍ରହରେ
କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଉଗ୍ର ମନ ପ୍ରାଣ ଖୋଜେ ଛାଇ ଲତାର ଗହଳେ
କିବା ଉପହାର ଦେଇ ବନ୍ଦାବ ଅତୀତକୁ ଆଜି
ଭୁଲି ସେ ଯାଇଛି ଦିନେ ନାରୁଥିଲା ମେଘର ନୂପୁରେ । ।
ପରିଚୟ କିବା ଅଛି, ନାହିଁ ଏବେ ଦର୍ଶକ ଗହଳି
ସାଥ୍ ମେଲେ ନାରୁଥିଲା ସେ ଗିରି ବନ ଧାରେ
ସବୁର ପତନ କିବା ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ସମୟରେ
କହିବାକୁ ଆହା ପଦେ ଶୁଭେ ନାହିଁ କାନକୁ ତ ଥରେ । ।
ଦିନଥିଲା, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକା ଶୋଭା ପାଉଥିଲା ଦେବ ମଥାପରେ
ମୟୂର ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକା ପଞ୍ଜା ଚାମର ସେ ଛଳିରେ
ଅସ୍ତମିତ ଏବେ ସବୁ ଏ କି ନିୟତି କବଳେ
ଆହା ଏକ ପରିଣତି ଭଙ୍ଗୁର ଏ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରାରେ । ।
ଜୀବନର ମାୟା ଯେବେ ସରି ଆସେ ଅନ୍ତିମ ପ୍ରହରେ
ବନାନୀର ଶୀତଳତା ରହିଯାଏ କାହିଁ କେତେ ଦୂରେ
ଜୟ ଆଉ ପରାଜୟ ଆଶା ଆଉ ନିରାଶ ଖେଳରେ
ଅସ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ଗୋଧୂଳିର ମନ ଲୋଭା ଛବି ଉଙ୍କିମାରେ । ।
ନ ଥାଏ ଜୀବନ ରଙ୍ଗ ସରି ଆସେ ଜୀବନର ସ୍ବାଦ
ସବୁ ଆଜି ଶ୍ଵିର ଶୂନ୍ୟ, ଥମି ଯାଏ ବରଷାର ଛନ୍ଦ
ନିଜକୁ ପଚାରେ ଆଜି, ପରିଚୟ କି ପାଇଛି ଶେଷେ
ହଜିଲା ଦିନର ସ୍ମୃତି, ଖୋଜିବାରେ ମନର କି ହୃଦ । ।
ଏହି ସେ ଅଧର ରମ୍ୟ ରଙ୍ଗଭରା ଅରୁଣିମା
ଏହି କି ଜୀବନ ଗତି, ଜନ୍ମ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ମରତ ମଣ୍ଡଳେ
ବିହରନ୍ତି ପ୍ରାଣୀମାନେ ଜୀବନର ରଙ୍ଗ ଭୂମି ପରେ
ଲଭନ୍ତି ଏ ଦଶା ଦିନେ, ସଭିଙ୍କର ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଅସ୍ତ ବେଳେ । ।



କାହାର ମାୟା?



ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ, କାନାଡ଼ା

ଧୂସର ଆକାଶ ଅବିରତ ବାରି
ଝରିଯାଉ ଥାଏ ଝର ଝର,
ଘଡ଼ ଘଡ଼ି ରତି ବିକ୍ରମି ଚମକେ
ଧରା ହେଉଥାଏ ଥର ହର,
ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଜଳ ହେବାରୁ ପ୍ରବଳ
ମୁମ୍ବାଇ ହୋଇଲା ଜଳମୟ ,
ଯାନ ବାହାନର ଚଳାଚଳ ବନ୍ଦ
ହେବାରୁ ଘୋଟିଲା ବିପର୍ଯ୍ୟୟ ।

ଝିଅ ମୋ କିପରି ଫେରିବ ସ୍କୁଲରୁ
ଭାବି ଦକ ଦକ ହେଲା ଛାତି,
ସେ ପାଇଁ କୁଆଡ଼େ ମନ ନଳାଗିଲା
ଦେହ ଥରି ଭରିଗଲା ଭାତି ।
କ୍ଷଣିକେ ବିଳମ୍ବ କରି ମୁଁ ନପାରି
ଧାଇଁଲି ନ ମାନି ପାଣି ସୁଅ,
ମା ମନ ପରା ଭାରି ଅମାନିଆ
ଭେଟିବାକୁ ଅଲିଅଳି ଝିଅ ।

ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଦେଖିଲି ଝିଅ ମୋ
ଘର ଫେରିବାକୁ ଅସ୍ତ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ,
ଉପାୟ ଖୋଜୁଛି କିପରି ଫେରିବ
ହେଉ ନାହିଁ ଯାନ ଯାତାୟତ ।
ମୋତେ ଦେଖିଲାରୁ ଜାବୁଡ଼ି ଧଇଲା

ବୋହିଲା ଆଖୁରୁ ଲୁହ ଧାର,
ବିଳମ୍ବ ନକରି ଖୋଜିଲୁ ଉପାୟ
କିପରି ଫେରିବୁ ଦୁହେଁ ଘର ।

ସକଳ ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟା ହେବାରୁ ବିଫଳ
ଶେଷେ ଦୁଇ ଜଣ କଲୁ ସ୍ଥିର,
ଯାହା ହେଉ ପଛେ ଯେତେ ଦୂର ହେଉ
ପାଦେ ଚାଲି ଲେଉଟିବୁ ଘର ।
କ୍ଷଣିକ ଭିତରେ ରବି ଗଲେ ଅସ୍ତ
ଅଇଲା ଅନ୍ଧାର ବେଗେ ମାଡ଼ି,
ମୁମ୍ବାଇ ନଗରୀ ବିନା ବିଜୁଳିରେ
ଘୋର ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ ଗଲା ବୁଡ଼ି ।

ବଢ଼ିର ପ୍ରକୋପ କ୍ରମେ ବଢ଼ି ବଢ଼ି
ଖର ସ୍ରୋତା ହେଲା ପାଣି ସୁଅ,
ହାତେ ହାତ ଛଦି ପାଣି ସୁଅ କାଟି
ବାଟ ଚାଲି ଥାଉ ମାଆ ଝିଅ ।
ମଝିରେ ମଝିରେ ପ୍ରଖର ସୁଅରେ
ଯେବେ ଯାଉଥାଏ ହାତ ଛାଡ଼ି ,
ପର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଜୀବନ ବିକଳେ
ଧରୁଥାଉ ହାତ ଦୁହେଁ ଭିଡ଼ି ।

ଆଶୁଆଏ ପାଣି ଆଜାନୁ ରୁମିଲା
ଉଦର ଛୁଅନ୍ତେ ଜଳ ରାଶି,
ଭାବିଲୁ ଆମର କାଳ ଶେଷ ହେଲା,
ଏକ ସାଥେ ଯିବୁ ଦୁହେଁ ଭାସି ।
ବହୁ ଦୂର ପଥ ଲାଗେ ଅସରନ୍ତି
ବଢ଼ି ଚାଲିଥାଏ ବଢ଼ି ପାଣି,
ଲାଗୁଥାଏ ଯେହ୍ନେ କେହି ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଜାଳ
ବିଛାଉଛି ଆମ ଆଗେ ଆଣି ।

ଏକାକେ ଜାଣିଲୁ ଥାଉ କେଇ ଜଣ
ଆସି ହେଲେ ଆମ ସମ୍ମୁଖରେ,

ମୁହଁ ଦିଶେ ନାହିଁ ଜଣା ପଡୁନାହିଁ
କିଏ ଏଇ ଜନ ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ ।
ଶବ୍ଦ ବାରି ବାରି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଧରୁ କେଇ
ଜଣ ଆମ ଚଉପାଶେ ରହି,
କଜାଇଲେ ବାଟ, କିଏ ଏଇ ଜନ
ଅନ୍ଧାରେ ଜାଣିବା ଚାରା ନାହିଁ ।

ସାହା ମିଳିବାରୁ ଭାବିଲି ମନରେ
ଏକି ମାୟା ଅଟେ ପ୍ରଭୁଙ୍କର,
ପଠାଇ ଅଛନ୍ତି ଏ ମହା ସଙ୍କଟେ
ସାହା ହେବା ପାଇଁ ସହଚର ।
ଆସିଲା ସ୍ମରଣେ ବସୁଦେବଙ୍କର
ଉଜାଣି ଯମୁନା ପାରି କଥା,
ବାସୁକି କିପରି ନିଜ ଫଣା ତୋଳି
ଭାଙ୍ଗି ରଖୁଥିଲା କୃଷ୍ଣ ମଥା ।

ଶେଷେ ଯାଇ ଆମ ଘର ଆସି ହେଲା
କାଳ ରାତ୍ରି ଶେଷେ ଗଲା ପାହି,
ଯିଏ ଯେଝା ବାଟେ ଚାଲି ଗଲେ ଦୂରେ
ବହୁ ଦୂରେ ଚିରଦିନ ପାଇଁ ।
କିଏ ସେହି ସାଧୁ ଜନ ମାନେ ଥିଲେ
ଜାଣି ହେଲା ନାହିଁ କେବେ ହେଲେ,
ଅଜଣା ହେଲେ ବି ମରଣ ମୁଖରୁ
ଜୀବନ ଆମର ଫେରାଇଲେ ।



ଶୋଇଛି ମୁଁ ମା କୋଳେ



ତାପସୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର, ହାର୍ଟଫୋର୍ଡ୍, କନେକଟିକଟ

ଶୋଇଛି ମୁଁ ମା କୋଳେ,
ଦୁଃଖ ଶୋକଠୁ କୋଶେ ଦୂରେ,
ବାଦ ଅପବାଦର ଉହାଡରେ,
ନା ଅଛି ପାଇବାର ଲୋଭ,
ଅବା ହରେଇବାର କ୍ଷୋଭ,
ନାହିଁ ଲାଭ କ୍ଷତିର ପରଖ,
ସ୍ୱଭାବ ଆଜି ଶିଶୁ ସୁଲଭ,
ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟ ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟ ଅନୁଭବ,
ମା କାନିର ମୁଲ୍ୟାୟନ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣରେ,
ସପନ ସାଉଁରୁଛି ଭାବାବେଗରେ,
ମା ହାତର ନରମ ଛୁଆଁରେ,
ଶୋଇଛି ମୁଁ ମା କୋଳେ,
ଦୁଃଖ ଶୋକଠୁ କୋଶେ ଦୂରେ । ୧ ।

ନା ମୁଁ ଆଜି ଜନକ ନନ୍ଦିନୀ,
ନା ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟବଂଶର ବୋହୂ ଶିରୋମଣି,
ନା ଅଯୋଧ୍ୟାର ରାଜରାଣୀ,
ନା ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟଦାପୁରୁଷ ରାମଙ୍କ ପତ୍ନୀ,
ଅବା ଲବ କୁଶଙ୍କ ଜନନୀ । ୨ ।

ଛିଣ୍ଡେଇ ଆସିଛି ସବୁ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଶୃଙ୍ଖଳ,
ଲିଭେଇ ଦେଇଛି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣ ରେଖାର ଗାର,
ଖୋଲାମେଲା ଆଜି ସୁନା ପଞ୍ଜୁରିର ଦ୍ୱାର,
ଓହ୍ଲାଇ ଆସିଛି ମୁକୁଟ, ସୁହାଗ, ସିନ୍ଦୂର,
ଲଂଘି ସାରିଛି ସ୍ମୃତିର ପାରାବାର,
ରଚିବାକୁ ମୋ ଜୀବନଚର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟ,
ଏକ ନୂତନ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ
ନିଜେ ବାଛିଥିବା ପଥରେ ଆଗୁସାର । ୩ ।

ହସିବାକୁ ନିଜ ଚୁକ୍ତିରେ,
ରପିବାକୁ ନିଜ ଉକ୍ତିରେ,
ଚାଲିବାକୁ ବାଟ ମୁକ୍ତିରେ,
ଲୋଡ଼ା ନାହିଁ ମୋତେ ଅନୁମତି,
ପ୍ରମାଣ ଅବା ସାକ୍ଷୀ,
ଅନୁକମ୍ପା ସହାନୁଭୂତି,
ବର୍ଜନ କରୁଛି ଆଜି ସମାଜ ସ୍ୱୀକୃତି,
ତ୍ୟାଗ କରୁଛି ସତୀ ଉପାଧି । ୪ ।

ମୋ ପରିଚୟ ମୁଁ ନିଜେ,
ଭଙ୍ଗାରୁଜା ପରିଚୟଟେ
ଅଥଚ ବେଶ୍ ନିଜସ୍ୱ । ୫ ।

ମୋ ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ
ମୋ ବିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ଉଚ୍ଛ୍ୱାସ
ସେଇ ମୋର ସର୍ବସ୍ୱ । ୬ ।

ରତୁଛି ମୋ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ନିଜେ
ଟାଣୁଛି ହାତରେ ଗାର
ଆଶା ଯେ ଅଜସ୍ର । ୭ ।

ଭସ୍ମରୁ ଗଢୁଛି ଅଛି
ଅଛିରୁ ଜୀବନ୍ୟାସ
ସେଇ ମୋର ଅଛିତ୍ୱ । ୮ ।

ମୁଁ ସୀତା,
ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟମାତା,
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରସିନ୍ଧୁ,
ମାଟିର ମଣିଷଟିଏ,
ଶକ୍ତିରୂପିଣୀ ନାରୀଟିଏ,
ବଶୁଆ ଝରଣାଟିଏ,
ଖୋଲା ଆକାଶର ପକ୍ଷୀଟିଏ,
ଆଗରେ ମୋ ପୃଥିବୀ ଅନନ୍ତ,
ଉପରେ ମୋ ଆକାଶ ଦିଗନ୍ତ,
ସୀମା ମୋ ଅଶେଷ ବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ,
ସାହା ମୋ ସାହସ ଅତୁଟ । ୯ ।

ଦେଶା ଝାଡ଼ି ଝାଡ଼ି,
ଉଠିବି ପଡ଼ିବି,
ଉଡ଼ିବା ଶିଖୁବି,
ନିଜ ଚେଷ୍ଟାରେ,
କାହାଣୀ ଲେଖୁବି,
ନିଜ ପୃଷ୍ଠାରେ,
ମାଟିର ମଣିଷଟିଏ ମୁଁ,
ହସି ହସି,
ମିଶିଯିବି ହଜିଯିବି,
ପୁଣିଥରେ ଧରାବନ୍ଧରେ । ୧୦ ।



ନିଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ



ଶ୍ଵେତପଦ୍ମା ଦାଶ, ସାନହୋଜେ, କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ କରିଦିଅ ମତେ ନିଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ, ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ
ଏ ମନ, ଏ ଆତ୍ମା ମୋର ହେଲାଣି ଅଥୟ ।
କରିପାରିବିନି ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଆଉ ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ମାନ୍ତର
କରିଦିଅ ମତେ ନିଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ ।

ଶକ୍ତି ଯଦି ଦେଲ ବୁଝିବାକୁ, ମୁଁ ଚାଲିଛି ବିପଥ ଦିଗରେ
ଦୟାକରି ତେବେ କରିଦିଅ ମନ ପ୍ରାଣ ଏକାନ୍ତ ତୁମର ।
ଏ ମନ ଏ ଆତ୍ମା ମୋର ହେଲାଣି ଅଥୟ
କରିପାରିବିନି ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା ମୁଁ ଆଉ ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ମାନ୍ତର ।

ସନ୍ତାପ ଲୁହରେ ଧୋଇ ଦିଅ, ମୋ ମନର ସମସ୍ତ କାଳିମା
ତୁମ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗରେ ପୋଛି ଦିଅ ଅଜ୍ଞାନ, ଗାରିମା ।
ଦେଖିପାରେ ମୁଁ ମୋ ଭିତରେ ତୁମ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ଵଳ ପ୍ରତିମା
ଆତ୍ମା ହେଲାଣି ଅଥୟ, କରିଦିଅ ନିଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ ।

ତୁମଠାରୁ ପୃଥକ ଏ ଦେହ-ମନ ମୋର;
ହଜିଯାଉ ଆଜି ତୁମରି ଭିତରେ.
ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ପାଇପାରେ ମୁଁ ତୁମକୁ ମୋହରି ଅନ୍ତରେ
ଦେଖିପାରେ ଅବିନଶ୍ଵର-ଅସୀମ-ଆନନ୍ଦ ସ୍ଵରୂପ ମୋହର
ତୁକୁ ମୋ ସଂଶୟ, ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ମିଳିଯାଉ ନିଜ ସଙ୍ଗେ, ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ !

(ଉପନିଷଦର ବାଣୀ : ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ନଶ୍ଵର ଦେହରେ ଅବିନଶ୍ଵର ଆତ୍ମା, ଅନ୍ତରରେ ତାକୁ ଉପଲକ୍ଷି କଲେ ନିଜର ପ୍ରକୃତ ପରିଚୟ ପାଇ ପାରିବା)



ଜାଣିଲି ମୁଁ କିଏ



ସାନ୍ତ୍ୱନା ଦାଶ, ଚିକାଗୋ

ଘର ଅଗଣାରେ ଖେଳି, ବୋହୂଚୋରି ଖେଳ
ଅଲିଅଲି ରାଜଜେମା
ଥୁଲି ମୁଁ ଘରର,
ନିଜକୁ ପଚାରି ନିଜେ, ପାଏ ମୁଁ ଉତ୍ତର
ଝିଅଟିଏ ପରା ମୁହିଁ
ଅତି ଗେଲ ବସର ।
ସଞ୍ଜବେଳେ ଜାଳେ ବତୀ ନିତି ଚଉରାରେ ,
ହସି କରିଯାଏ କାମ
ଅତି ଶରଧାରେ ,
ନାଇ ଶଙ୍ଖା ସିନ୍ଦୂର, ଝୁଞ୍ଚିଆ ପାଦରେ
ବଧୂ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସାଜିଲି ମୁହିଁ
କର୍ମର ରାଜଜେ ।
ଖୁଲି ଖୁଲି ହସ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଚିକେ
ବୀରାଂଗନା ସାଜେ
ଜଗତର ଆଗେ,
ବାହୁଲ୍ୟ ମମତାର କୋମଳ ପରଶେ
ପାଇଲି ଏ ସରାଗ ମୁଁ
ମା' ହେଲି ଯେବେ ।
କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟକୁ ସାଧୁ କରି ଚଳାଇଛି ସଂସାର
ତୁମରି ଅଂଶ ମୁଁ ଯେ
ଏହା ଆଉ ନାହିଁ ଅଗୋଚର,
ପ୍ରୀତି ପୁଷ୍ପ କରେ ଧରି, କରେ ମୁଁ ଜଣାଣ
ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କର ମୋତେ, ଖୋଲି ତୁମ ହାର ।



ପ୍ରବାସୀର ଜୀବନ



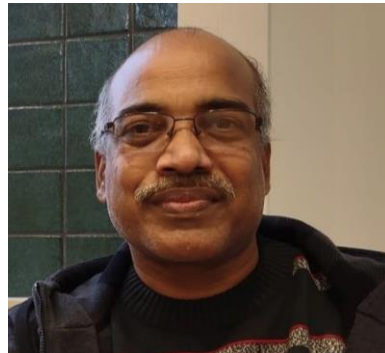
ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଲତା ରଥ, ମିଡ଼ିଗାନ୍ଧ

ଏଠି ଥାଇ ସେଠି ଥାଏ
ସେଠି ଥାଇ ଏଠି ଥାଏ
ଏଇ ତା' ଜୀବନ !
ଏଠି ଆଉ ସେଠି ,
ଦୁଇଟି ଭିନ୍ନ ଦୁନିଆର
ମଝିଆ ମଝି କୋଉଠି ଝୁଲୁଥାଏ
ବସାଟିଏ ... ତା ନିଜର
ରଂଗ ବିରଂଗ କାଠି କୁଟାର ବସା ଟିଏ
ସ୍ମୃତିରେ ... ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେ ... ଭରପୂର
କୋଣ ଅନୁକୋଣ
ତଥାପି... ମୋର ... ବୋଲି
ଦାବି କରି ପାରେନା
ଅବା...ମୋର ନୁହଁ ...କହି
ଏଡେଇବି ପାରେନା
ଶୀତଳ ଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଅହରହ ଜାରି ରହେ,
ଶୀତଳତାର ଡିଲ୍ଲ ଅନୁଭବ
ତିଳ ତିଳ କରି ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱକୁ ଗ୍ରାସୁଥାଏ
ତଥାପି ଜିଉଁଥାଏ ,
ନା ମାୟାର ବନ୍ଧନ ଥାଏ
ନା ମୁକ୍ତି ର ମୋହ ଥାଏ ।
ପ୍ରବାସୀ ସେ...
ନା ସେ ଏଠି ଥାଏ,
ନା ସେ ସେଠି ଥାଏ ।



ଗଦ୍ୟ ଭାଗ

ଆତ୍ମକାହାଣୀ



ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ଭୂଆଁ, ଚରୋଷୋ.

ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ଆଉ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ମୋ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତି । ହାତରେ ଲେଖନୀ ଥିଲେ ଆଉଁବା କଣ ଦରକାର । କେତେବେଳେ କବିତା, କେତେବେଳେ ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧ; କେତେବେଳେ ଗଳ୍ପ କେତେବେଳେ ଗୀତ; କେତେବେଳେ ଚିତ୍ର'ତ କେତେବେଳେ କଥା ଲେଖିଚାଲେ । ଲେଖକଟିଏ ମୁଁ; ଲେଖିବା କଳା ଶିଖୁଛି, ମନରୁ ହୃଦକୁ, ହୃଦରୁ ଲେଖନୀକୁ; ଆଉ ସେଇଠୁ ସେ ଝରିଯାଏ, ବ୍ୟାପିଯାଏ ପୁଣି ମନକୁ, ହୃଦୟକୁ ସୁଧ ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କର ।

ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଗାର ଚାଣିନିଏ ଏଇ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପୃଷ୍ଠାରେ ପ୍ରକୃତି ଉପରେ ସୀମା ସରହଦର ଗାର ଚାଣି ପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖର ଦୁନିଆକୁ ଆଣି କାଗଜ ଉପରେ ରଖିଦିଏ ହେଲେ ଦୁନିଆକୁ ଦୁଃଖ ଦେବାକୁ ଚାହିଁ ନାହିଁ । ସତ ଲେଖେ କେବେ, କେବେ କଳ୍ପନା; ହେଲେ କପଟ କରେ ନାହିଁ ନିଜର ଆଉ ନିଜର ଚରିତ୍ରସମୂହଙ୍କ ସହ । ବିଶ୍ୱଭାତୃତ୍ୱର ଆଶ୍ରୟ କରେ ହେଲେ ସେହି ଅଭ୍ୟୁପଗମ ସଦା ମିଳେନାହିଁ । ଏବେ; ମୁଁ ଆଗେଇ ଯିବାର ସାମର୍ଥ୍ୟ ବୁଝିଲିଣି, ଶିଖିଲିଣି ଖୁଣ୍ଟଣା ଖୁଣ୍ଟିରୁ ନିଜର ପଢା ଖୋଲିବାର, ଜାଣିଗଲିଣି ଚଡ଼କାକୁ ପକ୍ଷତ କରିବାର କୌଶଳ । ଏଣୁ, ଆଉ ପଛକୁ ଅନାଇ ଅଇରି ଖୋଜିବାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନାହିଁ ବରଂତ ଆଗସରିବା ହିଁ ଏକମାତ୍ର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ମୋର ।

ମନରେ ଚରିତ୍ରଚିତ୍ରଣର ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟାନ କେବେ ଅକ୍ଷର ହୋଇ ଲେଖି ହୁଏ'ତ କେବେ ଚିତ୍ର ହୋଇ ଗାରେଇ ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଏଇ ମୋ ଆତ୍ମକାହାଣୀ ଗାରେଇବାର ପ୍ରୟାସ କରିଛି; ଆଶା, ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ସନ୍ତୋଷ ଦେବାରେ ଅକରମଣିଆ ହେବ ନାହିଁ ।

॥ ୧ ॥

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

ଶବ୍ଦ ପାରାବାରରୁ ସାଉଁଟି ଆଣେ ମୋର ମନପସନ୍ଦ ଶବ୍ଦକୁସୁମ ଆଉ ଗୁଞ୍ଜିବସେ ମୋର ସୃଜନୀ ସମଗ୍ର । କାଗଜର ସେହି ମସୃଣ ବୁକୁପରେ ଆଙ୍କିଦିଏ ମୁଁ ଭାବନାର ଅମରାବତୀ । ଦୁଇଧାର ସାହିରେ ଝରାଇ ଦିଏ ଭାବପ୍ରବଣତାର କୁଳୁକୁଳିଆ ଝରଣାଟିଏ ।

ମୋ ସମ୍ବେଦନାର ଢେଉରେ ଖେଳାଇଦିଏ ଉତ୍ତୁଙ୍ଗ ଲହରୀ। କାଗଜ ଧାରରେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ ଶାଣିତ ତରବାରୀ । ପୁସ୍ତକର ଛାତିତଳୁ ଝଙ୍କୁତ କରାଏ ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନର ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ବନି । ପ୍ରତି ଶବ୍ଦନାଦରେ ଠିଆ କରିଦିଏ ଅମ୍ଳାନ ଚରିତ୍ର । ଶବ୍ଦର କାଷ୍ଠ ପାଷାଣରେ ଶବ୍ଦର ନିହତ ଦ୍ଵାରା ତିଆରି କରେ ଶବ୍ଦର ମହଲ । ସାରା ସଂସାରର ଚରିତ୍ରକୁ ମୋ ଭିତରେ ଅନୁଭବ କରି ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅର୍ପଣ କରେ ସମ୍ପ୍ରେତ୍ତ ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣଟିଏ ଦେଇ । ମୁଁ ସମଗ୍ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିକୁ ଏକାକାର କରି କେବଳ ଭଲପାଏ ମୋର ଶବ୍ଦସମୂହକୁ । ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

॥ ୨ ॥

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭଦ ଆଉ ଅନ୍ତର୍ନାଦର ସାମାଜିକ ଦୁର୍ଗ ପ୍ରାଚୀର ସେପାରିରୁ ବେଳେବେଳେ ଶବ୍ଦାଙ୍ଗନାମାନଙ୍କ ନୂପୁର ନିରୁଣ ମୋର କର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଗହ୍ଵରରେ ଝଙ୍କୁତ ହୁଏ ଏକ ସମ୍ମୋହକ ଯାଦୁକରୀ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ପ୍ରାୟେକ । ଆଉ କେତେବେଳେ ଛାଇନିଦର ଝଙ୍କାଳିଆ ଗଛତଳେ ବାକ୍ୟ ସରୀସୃପ ଶ୍ରେଣୀ ମନର ଘଞ୍ଚ ବୁଦାରେ ଲୁଚିଯାନ୍ତି ଆଉ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ କଲମଧାରରେ ଅଡ଼େଇ ଆଣେ ମୁଁ । କଦାଚିତ୍ତ ହୃଦୟ ଝିଲ୍ଲୀର ଅବଗୁଣ୍ଠନ ତଳୁ ପଦ-ରାଗ-ଛାନ୍ଦ ତୁହାଇ ତୁହାଇ ମୋତେ ଡାକନ୍ତି ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଅମୃତବୋଳା ସମ୍ପ୍ରେତ୍ତ କଥା ଓ କବିତା । ମୁଁ ମନ୍ତ୍ରମୁଗ୍ଧ ହୋଇ ଅନୁସରି ଯାଏ ସେଇ ଅବିନଶ୍ଵର ଶବ୍ଦ ସମୂହକୁ ଆନମନା ହୋଇ । ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସଂସାରର ଅଲିକ ମୋହ ତୁଚ୍ଛ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଆଉ ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବେ ଶବ୍ଦାବଳୀର ଐଶ୍ଵରୀୟ ସଭା । ମୋ ଭିତରର ଏଇ ମୁକ୍ତ ମଣିଷଟା ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଆତ୍ମାର ସ୍ଫୁଲ୍ଲଧାରରେ ଶୁଦ୍ଧପୁତ ହୋଇ ଶବ୍ଦ – ବାକ୍ୟ –ପରିଚ୍ଛେଦର ପୁଷ୍ପାଞ୍ଜଳୀ ଅର୍ପଣ କରେ ସମଗ୍ର ବିଶ୍ଵବାସୀଙ୍କ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପୂଜାଥାଳୀ ନେଇ ।

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

॥ ୩ ॥

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

ଜାଗ୍ରତ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ, ବିଶ୍ରାମର ଘଡ଼ି, ତନ୍ଦ୍ରାଗତ ବେଳ ଆଉ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ସମୟରେ ମୁଁ କେବଳ ଖୋଜୁଥାଏ ମୋର ଶବ୍ଦ ସମୂହକୁ । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଭାବାର୍ଥ ସମର୍ପଣ କରି ଆତ୍ମାର ଏନ୍ତୁଡ଼ିଶାଳରୁ ମୋର ମାନସ ଚରିତ୍ରମାନଙ୍କୁ ତୋଳି ଆଣେ ମୋର ସୃଜନ ସଂସାରକୁ । ସମସ୍ତ ଚରିତ୍ର ମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଗୁଣ ଅବଗୁଣ ସହ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରାଏ ମୋର ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା, ସ୍ମୃତି ଓ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇ । ମୋର ସୃଜନର ସମସ୍ତ ଚରିତ୍ର ମୋର କଳ୍ପନାର ପିତୃଗୃହର ଏରୁଣ୍ଡିବନ୍ଧ ତେଇଁ ପ୍ରକାଶନର ସବାରୀରେ ବସି ଘରସଂସାର କରିବାକୁ ବିଦାୟ ନିଅନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ମୋର ସୃଜନୀକୁ ସ୍ନେହାଶୀଷ ଦେଇ ମୋର ଘରଅଗଣାକୁ ଶୂନ୍ୟ କରି ତୋଳିଦିଏ ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କ ହସ୍ତରେ । ଲେଖନୀଟା ଅଶୁଧାର ପ୍ରାୟେକ ଦୁଇଧାର ସ୍ୟାହିଁ ଢାଳି ଗୋଟିଏ କଣରେ ଭାଲିବସେ । ଦୁଆତଟା ଅଧାପେଟରେ ଆନମନା ହୋଇ ତୁପ୍ ହୋଇ ବସିଥାଏ । କାଗଜ ଫର୍ଦ୍ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ମେଜଧାରରୁ ତେଇଁପଡ଼ି ଏଣେତେଣେ ବୁଲୁଥାନ୍ତି ଘରସାରା । ଏଇତ ମୋର ସୃଜନ ସଂସାର ।

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

॥ ୪ ॥

ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

ମୋର ଜ୍ଞାନ ମାନସରେ, ଶବ୍ଦର ରତ୍ନସମ୍ଭାର ହୁଏ ମୋ ଆତ୍ମାର ରତ୍ନଚକ୍ରରେ । ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମର ପ୍ରଚଣ୍ଡ ଚୌଦ୍ରତାପରେ ଶବ୍ଦରଶ୍ମୀ ସବୁ ଭୂଇଁ ଫଟାଇ ଧରଣୀ ବୁକୁରେ ଲୁଚିଯାଆନ୍ତି । ପୁନଶ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷାର ଶବ୍ଦଧାରା ଚୁପ୍‌ଚୁପ୍‌ପୁରୁ ହୋଇ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅଙ୍କୁରୋଦ୍‌ଗମ କରାଇ ଆଣନ୍ତି ମାଟି ଉପରକୁ । ଶରତର ଶବ୍ଦବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣାଳୀ ଦେଇ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରକୃତିକୁ ଶବ୍ଦରଙ୍ଗରେ ରଙ୍ଗେଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ହେମନ୍ତର ଶବ୍ଦକାକର ସବୁ ଶୀତଳେଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଶବ୍ଦକୁଞ୍ଜକୁ ଆଉ ଶିହରୀ ଯାଏ ସମଗ୍ର କାବ୍ୟପ୍ରକୃତି । ଶୀତର ଶବ୍ଦଶିଶିର ସବୁ ରାତ୍ରୀର ଅଳସ ଘଡ଼ିରେ ଜାଗୁଡ଼ି ଧରନ୍ତି କାକର ମାଟିପୃଷ୍ଠାକୁ । ବସନ୍ତର ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଉଦ୍ୟାନ ରେ ଶବ୍ଦବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ମିଳନ ହୁଏ । ଆଉ ସେଇ ଅମୃତବେଳାରେ ଅପୁରନ୍ତ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଆଉ କୋଳାହଳରେ ଗୁଞ୍ଜରିତ ହୁଏ ଶବ୍ଦରତ୍ନର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ମଧୁଶାଳା । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମେଳରେ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ନବରସ ପାନକରି ମତୁଆଲା ହୋଇଉଠେ ମୁଁ ।
ମୁଁ ଲେଖକଟିଏ...!

-ପ୍ରଭୁ (ସମସ୍ତ ସାହିତ୍ୟପ୍ରେମୀ ସୁହୃଦଙ୍କ ସାଧନା ଜାରି ରହୁ ।) [ଆତ୍ମକାହାଣୀ ସଙ୍କଳନରୁ କିୟତଂଶ]



ଅଚିହ୍ନା



ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟସ୍ନାତା ରଥ ,ନର୍ଥ ଡକୋଟା

ବାହାରେ ଝିପ୍ ଝିପ୍ ବର୍ଷା । ଦି ଦିନ ହେଲାଣି ଘରେ ବସି ବସି ଭାରି ବିରକ୍ତ ଲାଗିଲାଣି । ଅଫିସ ଛୁଟି ଥିଲା । ଗାଁକୁ ନ ଯାଇକି ବଡ଼ ଭୁଲ କରିଛି ସେ । ଖଟରେ ଗତି ଗତି ଚିତ୍ତି ରିମୋଟକୁ ଚିପୁ ଚିପୁ ଭାବୁଥିଲା ଅଭିଷେକ । ଅଫିସ କାମ ଚାଲିଥିଲା ବେଳେ ଖାଇବାକୁ ସମୟ ହୁଏନା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେ ବନ୍ଦ ଅଛି ବୋଲି କ'ଣ କରିବ ସେ ବୁଝି ପାରୁନି । ନୂଆ ଜାଗା । ନୂଆ ଚାକିରି । ତାର କେହି ସେମିତି ସାଙ୍ଗି ନାହାନ୍ତି ଏଠି । ଗୋଟେ ଦିନ ମୁଖି ଦେଖିଲା ପରେ ଆଉ କିଛି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ନାହିଁ । ଚିକେ ଥଣ୍ଡା କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ଧରିଛି ତାକୁ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଏ ପାଗରେ ବାହାରି ହେଉନି ।

ଘରେ ମା' ପାଖେ ଥିଲେ ଏତେ ବେଳକୁ ଗୋଟେ କପ୍ ଅଦା ଚା ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଗରମ ଗରମ ପିଆଜି ମିଳି ସାରତାଣି । ଛାଡ଼.. ଭାବିକି ଲାଭ କ'ଣ .. ନିଜକୁ ହିଁ ତ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ରୋଷେଇ ଘରକୁ ପାଦ ବଦାଉ ବଦାଉ କଲିଂ ବେଲ୍ ଶୁଣିଲା ସେ । ଏଇ ଟାଇମ୍ ରେ କିଏ ହେଇପାରେ ! ରୁମ୍ ମେଟ୍ ଫେରି ଆସିଲା କି ତା ଗାଁରୁ ? ନା .. ସେ ତ ଲମ୍ବା ଛୁଟି ନେଇକି ଯାଇଛି । କବାଟ ଖୋଲିଲା ଅଭିଷେକ । ଆଗରେ ଠିଆ ହେଇଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ମଧ୍ୟବୟସ୍କ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି । ହସ ହସ ମୁହଁରେ । ପିନ୍ଧିଥିଲେ ସଫା ଧଳା କୁର୍ତ୍ତା ପାଇଜାମା ଆଉ ହାତରେ ଗୋଟେ ଛୋଟ ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ । ତାଙ୍କୁ କେବେ ଦେଖିଲା ପରି ଆସିବା ମନେ ପକେଇ ପାରିଲାନି ସେ । କିଛି କହିବା ଆଗରୁ ଭଦ୍ରବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲେ “ବାବା ପୁଅଲ .. କେମିତି ଅଛୁ କିରେ ? ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରିଲୁ ? ନା ନା.. ତୁ କେମିତି ଚିହ୍ନିବୁ । କୁନି ପିଲାଟେ ଥିଲୁ ଯେବେ ମତେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲୁ । ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ କହୁଥିଲୁ,ମଉସା,ଲତୁ ଆଣିଛ ? ମୋ ପିଠି ଉପରେ ବସୁଥିଲୁ । ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳୁଥିଲୁ । ଆଉ ଗୋଡାଗୋଡ଼ି ଖେଳିଲା ବେଳେ ମୁଁ ତତେ ନଧରି ପାରିଲେ ହସି ହସି ଗତି ଯାଉଥିଲୁ । ଆରେ.. ଏତେ କଥା କହିଲିଣି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ପରିଚୟଟା ଦେଇନି । ମୁଁ ସନାତନ ମଉସା । ତୋ ବାପାର ପିଲା ଦିନର ସାଙ୍ଗ । ଏଇ ସହରରେ ମୋର କିଛି କାମ ଥିଲା । ଭାବିଲି ତୋ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଚିକେ ଦେଖା କରିଦେବି । “ କହି କହି ଘର ଭିତରକୁ ପଶି ଆସିଲେ ଭଦ୍ର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଅଭିଷେକର ଉତ୍ତରକୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା ନକରି । ଚକିତ ହେଇ ଚାହିଁଥିଲା ଅଭିଷେକ । କିଏ ଇଏ ? କେବେ ତ ଦେଖିଲା ପରି ମନେ ପଡ଼ୁନି ! କିନ୍ତୁ ତା ତାକ ନା ଟା ଜାଣିଲେ କେମିତି ? ଘର ଫୋନଟା ଖରାପ ହେଇ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ନହେଲେ ହୁଏତ ଏବେ ସେ ମା'କୁ ପଚାରି ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତା । କଣ କରିବ ଭାବୁ ଭାବୁ ଦେଖିଲା ମଉସା ସୋଫା ଉପରେ ବସି ନିଜ ପସରା ମେଲେଇ ସାରିଲେଣି । ବେସନ ଲତୁ,କାକରା,ମୁଢ଼ି,ଗଜା ସବୁ ସବୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ କରି ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ ରୁ କାଢ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି । କହିଲେ “ଏସବୁ ଆଣିଛି ତୋ ପାଇଁ । ତୋ ରୋଷେଇ ଘରଟା ଦେଖେଇଲୁ । ତତେ ଆଜି ବଢ଼ିଆ ଚା' କରି ପିଆଉଛି ରହ । “ ଅତି ଆପଣାର ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲେ ସେ । ଅଳ୍ପ ସମୟ ଭିତରେ ତା ଅସ୍ତବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରୋଷେଇ

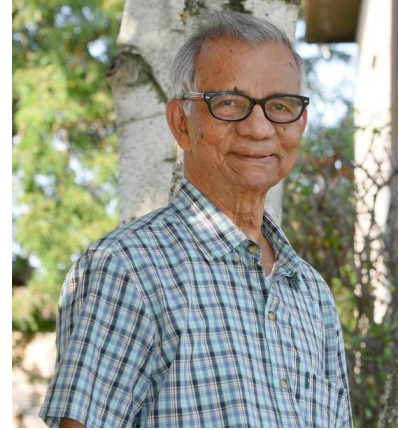
ଘରକୁ ସଜାଡି ପକେଇଲେ ସେ । ଗରମ ଗରମ ଚା' ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଗୋଟେ ଥାଲିରେ ପକ୍କୁଡି ତା ହାତକୁ ବଢେଇ ଦେବା ଭିତରେ କେତେ କ'ଣ ଗପି ଚାଲିଥିଲେ ମଉସା । ତାଙ୍କ କଥା ଭିତରେ ଏତେ ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ଥିଲା ଯେ ଚାହିଁକି ବି ମନା କରି ପାରୁନଥିଲା ଅଭିଷେକ । ରାତିର ଖାଇବା ମେନ୍ତୁ ବି ସ୍ଥିର କରି ସାରିଥିଲେ ମଉସା ଯା ଭିତରେ । ତାଲି,ତାଉଳ,ପରିବା ଘରେ ଯାହା ଯେମିତି ଥିଲା ସବୁ ବାହାର କରି ଧୁଆ ଧୋଇ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ସାରିଥିଲେ ତାର ବାରଣ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ । କହୁଥିଲେ “ଏକୁଟିଆ ବ୍ୟାଚେଲର ପିଲା । କ'ଣ ଖାଉଥିବୁ ମୁଁ କ'ଣ ବୁଝି ପାରୁନି ? ନିଶ୍ଚେ ସେଇ ତଳ ହୋଟେଲରୁ ଇଆଡୁ ସିଆଡୁ କିଛି ମଗେଇ ଖାଇ ଦେଉଥିବୁ ଆଉ ତା'ପରେ ପେଟ ଖରାପ କରୁଥିବୁ । ତୋର ଏଇ ନହ ନହକା ଚେହେରାକୁ ଦେଖୁ ମୁଁ ସବୁ ବୁଝି ପାରୁଛି । ଆଜି କାଲିକା ଟୋକା ତମେ ମାନେ । ନଖାଇଲେ ବଳ କୁଆଡୁ ଆସିବ ?” ମଉସାଙ୍କ ପାଟିରେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଗୋଟେ ଗପର ପେଡି ଥିଲା ଆଉ ହାତରେ ଥିଲା ଅମୃତ ! ତା ପରଦିନ ବି ରହିଲେ ସେ ଆଉ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ରକମର ଜିନିଷ ରାନ୍ଧି ଖୁଆଇ ଚାଲିଲେ ଅଭିଷେକକୁ । ରାତିରେ ଗୋଡ ହାତ ସବୁ ଘସାଘସି କରି ପୁରା ତାର ଦେହଟାକୁ ଠିକ୍ କରିଦେଲେ । ଇତ୍ୟାସତ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପଡିଥିବା ପୁରା ଘରଟାକୁ ଓଲଟେ ପୋଛି ସଫା କରି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । କେମିତି ଗୋଟେ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସ୍ନେହରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ପକେଇଥିଲେ ତାକୁ ମାତ୍ର ଗୋଟେ ଦିନ ଦିନରେ । ମନ କହୁଥିଲା ଏ ମଉସା ଯିଏ ବି ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ .. ଆଉ କିଛି ଦିନ ରହିଯାନ୍ତେ କି !

ପରଦିନ ସକାଳ । ଉଠୁ ଉଠୁ ଟିକେ ଡେରି ହେଇଯାଇଥିଲା ଅଭିଷେକର । ଉଠି ଦେଖିଲା ବେଳକୁ ମଉସା ନାହାନ୍ତି । ନା ଶୋଇବା ଘରେ.. ନା ଗାଧୁଆ ଘରେ .. ଆଉ ତାଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ ବି ନାହିଁ । ଟିକେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଲାଗିଲା ତାକୁ । ଦି ଦିନ ଏତେ ଗପିଲେ । ଆଉ ଏମିତି କେମିତି ହଠାତ୍ ଚାଲିଗଲେ ! କିଛି ନକହି ! ନିଜ ଫୋନକୁ ଖୋଜିଲା ସେ । ବ୍ରୁଇଂ ରୁମ ଟେବୁଲରେ ରଖିଥିଲା ବୋଧେ ସେ ଝଲେଟ୍ ସାଙ୍ଗେ । ଦି ଟା ଯାକ ନାହିଁ ! ତମକି ପଡିଲା ସେ ! ଅଜଣା ଅଶୁଣା ଲୋକକୁ ଏମିତି ମୂର୍ଖଙ୍କ ପରି ଘରେ ପୁରେଇ ସେ ଭୁଲ କରି ଦେଇନି ତ ! ଯେତିକି ଦୁଃଖ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ତା'ଠୁ ବେଶୀ ରାଗ ଆସୁଥିଲା ନିଜ ଉପରେ । ହଠାତ୍ ନିଜ ଫୋନ ରିଂ ରେ ପ୍ରକୃତିସ୍ତ ହେଇ କପବୋର୍ଡ ଖୋଲିଲା ସେ । ଝଲେଟ୍ ଟା ବି ସେଇଠି ହିଁ ଥିଲା । ସବୁ ଟଙ୍କା, ଏଟିମ୍ କାର୍ଡବି ସୁରକ୍ଷିତ ଥିଲା । ଆଉ ଥିଲା ଗୋଟେ ଚିଠି । ଛିଃ ! କେମିତି କେଜାଣି ସେ ସନ୍ଦେହ କରୁଥିଲା ! ପଢିବା ଆରମ୍ଭ କଲା ସେ.. “ବାବୁରେ.. ତୁ ନିଶ୍ଚେ ଭାବୁଥିବୁ କିଏ ଏଇ ମଉସା ଆଉ କାହିଁକି ଆସିଥିଲେ ? ସତ କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ମୁଁ ତୋର ବାପାଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗ ନୁହେଁ । ଦିନେ ଏମିତି ତଳ ଦୋକାନରେ ତତେ ତୋ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଙ୍ଗେ କଥା ହେଉଥିବାର ଶୁଣିଥିଲି । ସେଇଠୁ ତୋ ନା ଆଉ ବହୁତ କିଛି ଜାଣିଥିଲି ତୋ ବିଷୟରେ ..ତୁ କାହିଁକି ଭାରି ନିଜର ନିଜର ଲାଗିଲୁ .. ଠିକ୍ ମୋ ପୁଅ ପରି .. ଗୋଟେ ଦୁଇ ଦିନ ତୋ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ବିତେଇବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଲା । ବୟସ ଥିଲା ବେଳେ ବହୁତ ପଇସା କମେଇ ଥିଲି ମୁଁ । ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଚାଲିଗଲା ପରେ ବାପା ମା' ଦି ଜଣଙ୍କର ଭୂମିକା ନିଭେଇ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ବତ କଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ବିଫଳ ହେଇଗଲି .. ପାଠ ପଢେଇଲି , ଚାକିରି କରେଇଲି .. କିନ୍ତୁ ହୁଏତ ମଣିଷ ମଣିଆ ଟିକେ ଶିଖେଇ ପାରିଲିନି! ନିଜ ନିଜ ଜୀବନରେ ସେମାନେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଆଉ ସେଇ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଦୁନିଆରେ ନିଜ ବାପା ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ସ୍ଥାନ ନାହିଁ । ସ୍ନେହ କାଙ୍ଗାଳ ମଣିଷଟେ ମୁଁ ! ସବୁ ଚେହେରା ଭିତରେ ମୋ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଚେହେରା ଖୋଜେ..ଆଉ ଏମିତି ଘୁରି ବୁଲେ .. କେବେ କେବେ ଗୋଟେ ଗୋଟେ ମୁହଁ ଭାରି ଆପଣାର ଲାଗନ୍ତି ଆଉ ମୁଁ ସେମିତି ସୁଯୋଗ ଜମା ଛାଡିବାକୁ ଚାହେଁନା .. କିଛି ସମୟ ବିତେଇବାକୁ ପାଗଳ ହେଇଉଠେ ଆଉ ସେଇ ଭଲ ମୁହଁ ଗୁଡାକ ନିଜ ମନ ଭିତରେ ସାଉଁଟି ନିଏ । ଏମିତି ମିଛ ପରିଚୟ ଦେଇ ତୋ ଘରେ ରହି ଯଦି ତତେ କଷ୍ଟ ଦେଇଛି, ବୁଢ଼ା ଲୋକଟା ଭାବି କ୍ଷମା କରିଦେବୁ । ତୁ ଭଲରେ ରହରେ ବାବୁ .. ଭଗବାନ ତୋର ମଙ୍ଗଳ କରନ୍ତୁ “ ।

କୋହ ଉଠୁଥିଲା ଅଭିଷେକର । ଲୁହ ରୋକିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥିଲା ସେ । କେବେ କେବେ ପରିଚୟ ଦରକାର ପଡେନା .. ଅତିସ୍ନା ମାନେବି ସମ୍ପର୍କର ତୋରିରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ପାରନ୍ତି । କିଏ ଥିଲେ ସେ ଅପରିଚିତ ସତରେ ! କାନ୍ଧରେ ଲାଗିଥିବା ଫୁଲମାଳ ଦିଆ ବାପାଙ୍କ ଫୋଟୋଟାକୁ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା ସେ । ଆଜି କାହିଁକି ସେ ଭାରି ମନେ ପଡୁଥିଲେ !!!



କାଳିଆ ଧକଉଛି



ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋପାଳ ମହାନ୍ତି, ମାକମାଷୁର , କାନାଡ଼ା

"କାଳିଆ ଧକେଇ ହଉଛି, ପେଟଟା ଉଠୁଛି ପଡୁଛି, ଆଖି ଖୋଲୁ ନାହିଁ" -ତରତରରେ କହି ପକାଉଛି ବନବିହାରି (ଡାକ ନାମ ବନ୍ଧୁ)ଙ୍କ ପୁଅ ମୁନା ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ଦୌଡ଼ି ଆସି, ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ହାତ ଟାଣୁଛି ଦେଖାଇବ ପାଇଁ ।

କାଳିଆ ହେଉଛି ବନବିହାରିଙ୍କ ଘରର କୁକୁର । ବର୍ଷକୁବର୍ଷ ବୁଲା ମାଲକୁଟାଟାର ପେଟପାଖରେ କେଇଟ କୁନିକୁନି କୁକୁରଛୁଆ ଜାକିହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଥାଆନ୍ତି । କେବେକେବେ କିଏ ନା କିଏ ନେଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତା ଭିତର କେତୁଟାଙ୍କୁ । ମାଲକୁଟାକୁ କିଛି ଅଡୁଆ ଲାଗିଲା ପରି ଜଣା ପଡେ ନାହିଁ । ସେଥର ମୁନା କାଳିଆ ହୋଇ ବନ୍ଧୁଟେକୁ ଧରି କହିଲା 'ଏଇଟା ଆମେ ରଖିବା' । ସେବେଠାରୁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ତାକୁ ବଢେଇଲେ ନିଜ ଘରେ ରଖି ଓ ଡାକିଲେ କାଳିଆ ବୋଲି । ମୁନା ହାତ ଧରି ବନ୍ଧୁ ଦଉଡ଼ିଲାଭଳି ଗଲେ ଦାଣ୍ଡପିଣ୍ଡା ଆଡକୁ । ବନ୍ଧୁ ଦାଣ୍ଡରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବାବେଳକୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବାକି ପରିବାର ଲୋକ ପହଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେଣି । ସର, ଯେ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ଘରେ କାମଦାମ କରେ ତାଙ୍କ ବାପାମା'ଙ୍କ ଅମଳରୁ, ଯାହାକୁ ଚାକରାଣୀ ବଦଳରେ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ଭଉଣୀ ପରି ସମସ୍ତେ ଦେଖନ୍ତି, ସେ କଉଁଠି ଥିଲା ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସିଲା, 'ଏଁ, ଆମ କାଳିଆର କଣ ହେଲା' କହି ପାଖକୁ ଯାଉଁଯାଉଁ ଅଟକି ଗଲା । ସାଇପିଲା ଓ ବଡ଼ ମଣିଷ କିଛି ଗଦା ହେଲେଣି ଧୀରେଧୀରେ ।

କିଏ ପଚାରୁଛି ସେଇ ପଦେ, 'କଣ ହେଲା କାଳିଆର ?' ବନ୍ଧୁ ଦେଖନ୍ତି ତ କାଳିଆର ଓଠଟା ଉଠି ଯାଇଛି ଉପରକୁ ଦାନ୍ତ ନିକୁଟି ଯାଇଛି, ଆଉ ପାଟିରୁ ଲାଳ ଗଡ଼ି ଯାଇ ଭୁଇଁଟା ଓଦା ହେଇ ଯାଉଛି । ମୁନା ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ହାତ ଜାବୁଡ଼ି ହଲାଇ ଚପାଗଳାରେ ଅଧା ପଚାରୁଛି, 'ବାବା, କାଳିଆ କଣ...!', ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଏପଟସେପଟ ହଲି ଯାଉଥାଏ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ଆଡକୁ ଚାହିଁ, ଆଖିର ଜଳା ଲୁହ ଖସି ପଡ଼ିବା ଉପରେ । ବନ୍ଧୁ ମୁନାକୁ ଅନାଇ ହାତମୁଠାକୁ ଚାପିଦେଲେ, ମୁହଁର ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ ବହଲାଇବାର ଇସାରା । ମନେମନେ ଭାବୁଥିଲେ, 'କାଳିଆକୁ କିଏ କାହିଁକି ବିଷ ଦେଲା...' ।

ଚିକି କାଳିଆର ଜୁଲୁଜୁଲୁ ଆଖି ଦିଇଟା । ପାତଳିଆ ନାଲିଆ ଜିଭଟିଏ ପାଟି ପାଖରେ ବୁଲାଇଥାଏ । କୁନିକୁନି ଗୋଡ଼ ଜାକି ହେଇଥାଏ ପେଟ ପାଖରେ । ସେ ଏମିତି କୁତୁକିଆ ହେଇଥିଲା ଯେ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ପୁଅ ଓ ଝିଅ ଆଉ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ରହୁଥିବା ସାନଭାଇର ପିଲାମାନେ

ସବୁବେଳେ ତାକୁ କାଖେଇ କୁଣ୍ଠେଇ ବୁଲୁଥାଆନ୍ତି, ଖାଲି ଛାଡ଼ି ଦିଅନ୍ତି ମାଆ କୁଟାପାଖକୁ ପେଟ ଭରିବା ପାଇଁ । ଗାଁରୁ ଆଉ ପିଲାମାନେ ଆସନ୍ତି କାଳିଆକୁ ଧରିବେ, ତା କଅଁଳ ଦେହଟାକୁ ଆଉଁସିବେ, କୁଁକୁଁ ହେଲେ ଗେଲ କରିବେ । କାଳିଆ ଆଉ ମାଲକୁଟାପାଖରୁ ଖାଉନାହିଁ । ବଡ଼ ହେବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲାଣି । କୁଦାମାରି ଦଉଡ଼ିଲାଣି । କେବେକେବେ ମୁନା ଆଉ ପିଲା ମାନେ ତା ପଛରେ ଗୋଡ଼ାନ୍ତି, ମଜାଲାଗେ କେମିତି କୁଣ୍ଠେଇ ପକାନ୍ତେକି । ଥିଏର ଅଟକି ଯାଏ କାଳିଆ । ମୁହଁଟା ବୁଲାଇ ଜିଭଟାକୁ ହଲାଇବ ଚାଟିବା ପାଇଁ । ପିଲାଏ କୁଣ୍ଠେଇ ପକାଇଲାବେଳେ ସେ ଲାଞ୍ଜ ସହିତ ପଛପାଖଟାକୁ ଏମିତି ଜୋରରେ ହଲାଇ ଯେ କେହି ତାକୁ ଧରିବା ଆଗରୁ ସେ ଯାକୁଟାକୁ ବାଉଳାରେ ଚାଟି ପକାଏ । କେବଳ ଶୁଭୁଥାଏ ସେଇ କୁଁକୁଁ ଶବ୍ଦ, ଆଖି ଦିବାର କଅଁଳିଆ ଚାହାଁଣି - ମୋତେ ଗେଲ କର, ଆହୁରି ଭଲଭାବରେ, ମନଦେଇ । ପିଲାଏ ମାଡ଼ି ବସନ୍ତି । ଅସ୍ତବ୍ୟସ୍ତରେ ସେ ଭୁକିପକାଏ - ଭୋଭୋ । ସେମାନେ ଘୁଞ୍ଚି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ଚିକିଏ । ସିଏ ଆସି କାହାରି ଉପରେ ଚଢ଼ିଯାଏ, ଦାନ୍ତ ନିଫାଡ଼ି ହଲିଲା ଜିଭର ଦରଦଭରା ପୁଣି ସେଇ କାକୁଡ଼ି ମିନତି, ପୁଣି କେଁକେଁ ଶବ୍ଦରେ କହୁଡ଼ିକି - ମୁଁ ପରା ତମର ଗେଲ୍ଲା କୁନି ଭାଇଟିଏ ।

ସେଦିନ ଗାଁର ଜଗଦାଦାଦା (ମୁନାର ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ଜଗଦା ଦାଦା ହୁଅନ୍ତି) ଯାଉଥିଲେ ଏମିତିବେଳେ । ମୁରବି ଭାବରେ ଆକଟ କରିଲେ, 'ହେ, କାହିଁକି ସେ କୁକୁରଟା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଲାଗିତ । କାମୁଡ଼ି ଦବ ଯେ ମଜା ପାଇଯିବ । ଘରକୁ ଯାଅ, ନହେଲେ କିଛି ଖୋଳାଖୋଳି କର । ' ପିଲାଏ ସେତେବେଳକୁ କାଳିଆ ପାଖରୁ ଘୁଞ୍ଚିଗଲେଣି । ଆଉ କାଳିଆ ଗଲାଣି ଚିକିଏ ଦୂରକୁ ଯେମିତି ତାକୁ ବାଛନ୍ଦ କରାଯାଇଛି, ବିକଳ ତାର ଚାହାଁଣି । ଜଗଦାଦାଦା ଖୋଜି ହେଉଥିଲେ ଟେକା କି ପଥରଟିଏ ପାଇଁ । କିଛି ନ ପାଇ ଗୋଡ଼ିଟିଏ ଉଠାଇ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ କାଳିଆ ଉପରକୁ । କାଳିଆ କୁଦାଟିଏ ମାରି ଘୁଞ୍ଚିଗଲାବେଳେ ସେ ଖୋଜିହେଲେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟେ ଗୋଡ଼ି । ବିଚରା କାଳିଆ ଏତିକିବେଳେ ଦୂରେଇ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପଛପଟେ ପକାଇଲା ପରେ ଚାଲିଲା ତାର ପ୍ରକୃତିଗତ ଧାଇଁଲାପରି । ଜଗଦାଦାଦା ଯିବାବେଳକୁ ପିଲାଏ ଯାଇ ତାର ଶୁଖିଲା ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହିଁ ନିଜବାଟ ଧରୁଥାଆନ୍ତି ।

ମୁନା ପହଞ୍ଚି ଦେଖେ ତ କାଳିଆ ଆସି ଦାଣ୍ଡପିଣ୍ଡାରେ ଘାଲେଇ ପଡ଼ିଛି ଯେମିତି କିଛି ନ ହେଲାପରି । ତାକୁ ଦେଖୁ ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସି ଚଢ଼ିଗଲା ଆଗଗୋଡ଼ ଦିଟା ବଡ଼ାଇ ମୁନା ଉପରେ । ଆପଉ କଲା କୁଁକୁଁ ହେଇ - ମୋତେ ସିଏ ମାରିଲେ, ଆହୁରି ମାରି ଥାଆନ୍ତେ, ଆଉ ତମେ ସବୁ ଛିଡ଼ାଛିଡ଼ାଟାରେ ଖାଲି ଦେଖୁଥିଲ - କୁଁକୁଁ... । ମୁନା ଗେଲେଇ କହୁଥାଏ, 'ହଉ ହେଲା, ରହ ମ, ମୋତେ ଛାଡ଼ । ' କାଳିଆକୁ ଗୋଟେ କଅଁଳିଆ ଚଟକଣି ଦେଇ, ପେଲି ଦେଲା 'ତୁ ଖାଇବୁ ନାହିଁକିରେ ଆଜି'କହି । ଘର ଭିତରକୁ ଯାଉଁଯାଉଁ ବୋଉକୁ ଡାକ ଛାଡ଼ିଲା, 'ବୋଉ, ଏ ବୋଉ, ଆଜି କାଳିଆ ଖାଇବ ନାହିଁକି ?' କାଳିଆ ତା ପଛେପଛେ, ଅଟକି ଗଲା ଦୁଆର ବନ୍ଦ ପାଖେ । ବସିଗଲା ଖୋଲା ପାଟିରେ ହାଁହାଁ କରି । ବେଳେବେଳେ ଜିଭଟା ଚାଟି ପକାଉଥାଏ ପାଟିର ଦି'ପାଖକୁ । ଭଜା ହାଣ୍ଡିର ଖପରାଖଣ୍ଡକ ଯେଉଁଥିରେ କାଳିଆ ଖାଏ, ମୁନା ତାକୁ ଆଣିବାକୁ ଯିବାବେଳେ ଘରର ଆଉପିଲାଏ ଧାଇଁ ଆସିଲେ । ଉଠି ପଡ଼ି କାଳିଆ ଧାଇଁଲା ସେଇଆଡ଼େ ଭୁକିଭୁକି । ଖୁଡ଼ି ଆଣି ଖାଇବାଅଜାଡ଼ିବା ବେଳେ ତାର କି ଗଦଗଦ, ଖପରା ଚାରିପାଖରେ ଦି ଘେରା ବୁଲି ଆସିଲା । ଖୁଡ଼ି ଯିବା ପରେପରେ ବାବା ବୋଉ ଠିଆହେଲେ ଆସି । କାଳିଆ ଖାଉଁଖାଉଁ ତାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଯେମିତି ଆଖି ପଡ଼ିଲା ସେମିତି ଦଉଡ଼ିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡ଼କୁ ଭୁକିଭୁକି - କାହିଁକି ମୋତେ ଭୁଲିଗଲା ନା କଣ, ଏଁ ଏଁ । ବାବାବୋଉ ଧରି ଚିକିଏ ଗେଲ କଲେ । ବାବା କହିଲେ, 'ହଉ ଯା ଖାଇ ଦେ' ଚାପୁଡ଼ାଟେ ମାରି । କାଳିଆ ଫେରିଲାବେଳେ ପୁଣି ପଛେଇଚାହିଁଲା, ମନ ବୁଝି ନାହିଁ - ଆଉ ଚିକିଏ ଗେଲ ହୁଅନ୍ତା କି । ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆଖି ନଜରରେ ସେ ଖାଉଥାଏ - ଛାକୁଲୁଟାକୁଲୁ ...

କୁଆଡୁ କୁଆଡୁ ଘେରାଏ ବୁଲି ମଝିରେ କେତେବେଳେ ଆସି ଦାଣ୍ଡପିଣ୍ଡାରେ ଘାଲେଇ ପଡେ । ଖରା, ବର୍ଷାକି ଶୀତ ହେଉ, ସେମିତି କୁଦେ, ସେମିତି ତାର ଦଉଡ଼ା ଚାଲି ଓ ଘାଲେଇ ପଡ଼ିବା । କାଳିଆ ବଡ଼ ହେଲାଣି । ବନ୍ଦୁ ତାଙ୍କ ବାଡ଼ିଆଡେ ଗଲେ ସେ ପଛେପଛେ ଚାଲିଥାଏ, ତାକୁ ଘଉଡ଼ାଇଲେବି ଟିକିଏ କେଁକେଁ ହେଇ ଲେଉଟିଲା ପରେ ପୁଣି ସେଇକଥା, ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କ ପଛେପଛେ । କେବେ କେବେ ଫେରିଆସେ ଯଦି ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କର ଫେରିବା ଡେରି ହୁଏ ଅବା ସେ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣାକୁ ଗଲେ । ଘରୁ କେହି ବାହାରକୁ ଗଲେ ସେ ସେମିତି ଘାଲେଇଲା ବେଳେ ପିଣ୍ଡାରୁ ଡେଇଁ ପଡ଼ି ଧାଏଁ ପଛେପଛେ । ଟିକିଏ କଉଁଠି ଖୁସଖାସ୍ ହେଲେ ଉଠିପଡ଼ି ଖେପଟି ଯାଏ ସେଇଆଡକୁ । ଝିଟିପିଟିଟା ଖୁଣ୍ଟ ଉପରେ ଚଢ଼ି ଉପରକୁ ନ ଯିବାଯାଏଁ ସାମନା ଗୋଡ଼ଦିଟାକୁ ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ାଇ ଭୋଭୋ କରୁଥିବ ସେମିତି ଘର ମଣିଷ ତାକୁ ଆକଟ ନ କରିବାଯାକେ । ବର୍ଷାଦିନେ କେଉଁଆଡୁ ଅପରିଚିନିଆ କାଦୁଅରୁ ଘୋଷାଡ଼ି ଆସି ପିଣ୍ଡା ଉପରେ ଦେହଟାକୁ ଏମିତି ଝାଡ଼ିବ ଯେ ମୁନାବୋଉ ଚିତି ଉଠିବେ ଯେମିତି । ସର ବାହାରକୁ ଆସି, 'କଉଁଠୁ ଏମିତି ଗନ୍ଧିଆ ହେଇ ଆସିଲୁରେ ' କହି ପେଲିଦେଲା ଚାଳରୁ ବୋହୁଥିବା ପାଣିତଳକୁ । ସେ ମନକୁମନ କହି ଚାଲିଛି, 'ହଉ, ଚତୁର୍ମାସିଆ ଦିନରେ ପିଣ୍ଡାଗାତ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱସତ୍ତ୍ୱିଆ ରହିବ, ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଲିପି ଦେବି ନି । ' କାଳିଆର କିନ୍ତୁ ଏ ସବୁକୁ ଖାତିରନାହିଁ, ସେ ପିଣ୍ଡାକୁ ଚଢ଼ିଆସି ଖୁପୁରୁଖୁପୁରୁ ଡେଇଁଲା କୁନି ବେଙ୍ଗୁଲି ପଛରେ ଲାଗିଛି , ଯେମିତି ଲମ୍ବା ଚଉଡ଼ା ପିଣ୍ଡାଟା ତାର ଓ ଘରଲୋକଙ୍କର । ହେଲେ ତାକୁ ଛୁଇଁବ ନାହିଁ, ଖାଲି ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଚିହ୍ନଟା ଛାଡ଼ୁଥିବ, କେମିତି ସେ ପିଣ୍ଡା ତଳକୁ ଯାଉ । ଏବେ ସେ ମନଇଚ୍ଛା ବୁଲିଲାଣି କୁଆଡେ କୁଆଡେ । ଫେରି ଆସି ପିଣ୍ଡାରେ ଘାଲେଇ ପଡେ । ଖୁସକିନା ହେଲେ ଚରକରି ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଟାକୁ ଟେକି ଡିମା ଆଖିରେ ଚାହେଁ ।

ଖାଇଲାବେଳ ହେଲେ କାଳିଆ ମନକୁମନ ଆସିଯାଏ, ନହେଲେ 'କାଳିଆ କାଳିଆ' ଡାକ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ । ସେଦିନ ସେ ଖାଉଛି ଚାକୁଲୁଚାକୁଲୁ । ସରିଲାପରେ ଜିଉଟାକୁ ଏପାଖ ସେପାଖ କରି ଟିକିଏ ଭାଉଭାଉକଲାରୁ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଦେଖି ଡାକ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ, 'ଆଉ କାଳିଆ ପାଇଁ ଭାତ ଆଣ' । 'ଯେତିକି ଖାଏ ସେତିକି ତ ଦିଆ ହେଇଥିଲା-ଭିତରୁ ଶୁଣିଲା ପରେ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଟିକିଏ ଚିଡ଼ିଗଲେ । 'କଣ ହେଲା, ଆମେ ଚାରିବେଳା ଚଉକସ ଡେଇଁ ଦେଉଟେ, ଆଉ...' ତାଙ୍କ କହିବା ନ ସରୁଣୁ ସାନ ଭାଇ ଝିଅ କୁନି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା, ହାତରେ ଭାତ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ତା ହାତରୁ ନେଇ କାଳିଆ ଖାଇବା ଖପରାରେ ଢାକୁଡ଼ାକୁ ଗେଲେଇ କହୁଥିଲେ, 'ଖାରେ, ଖା, ଖା' । ଘର ପିଲାଏ ରୁଣ୍ଡ ହେଲେଣି ଆସି । କାଳିଆ ଖାଉ ଖାଉ ଅନାଉ ଥାଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ କଣେଇ କଣେଇ ଗର ଗର ହେଇ - ସେ କିଛି ଅବାଗ କରି ଦେଲା କି ?

ପହିଲିବାର ବନ୍ଦୁ ଯାଇଥିଲେ ହାଇଦ୍ରାବାଦ ତାଙ୍କ ଭଣଜା ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଖକୁ । ଦ୍ୱାରା ଘଣ୍ଟି ବାଜିବାମାତ୍ରକେ ଘରଭିତରୁ ଶୁଭିଲା ଭୋଭୋ - ତାହେଲେ ପ୍ରକାଶର କାଳିଆପରି ଗୋଟେ ଅଛି । କବାଟ ଖୋଲିଲା ମାତ୍ରେ କୁକୁର ଦୌଡ଼ି ଆସିଲା ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କ ଆଡକୁ । ଆକଟକରି ପ୍ରକାଶ ଆଦେଶ ଦେଲା, 'ଅସ୍କାର, ଅସ୍କାର ଷ୍ଟପ୍, ଷ୍ଟପ୍', ତାପରେ ହସିଲା ମୁହଁରେ କହିଲା, "ମାମୁଁ, ଟିକିଏ ଚିହ୍ନିଲା ପରେ ଅସ୍କାର ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଏମିତି ଗେଞ୍ଜି ହେବ ଯେ ଆପଣ ବିରକ୍ତ ହେଇଯିବେ । " ସତକୁସତ ଅସ୍କାର ଆସି ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଚଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା ।

ଏତିକିବେଳେ ପ୍ରକାଶର ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ମିନା ଆସି ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରିଲା ପରେ ଅସ୍କାରକୁ ଘୋଷାରିନେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ରୁମ୍ବେର ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେଲା । ଅସ୍କାରର କିଛି ଆପତ୍ତି କରି ନ ଥିଲା, କେବଳ ଭୁକିଥିଲା ଟିକିଏ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଦେଖିଲେ ଅସ୍କାର ସବୁବେଳେ ଘର ଭିତରେ, ମିଶେ ଓ ଖେଳେ କେବଳ ଘରଲୋକଙ୍କ ସହିତ । ବାହାରକୁ ଦିନକୁ ଦି'ଥର ପ୍ରକାଶ ନେଇ ଯାଏ ବେକବନ୍ଧା ଚେନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଧରି, ଯିବା ବାଟ ଧରାବନ୍ଧା । ତାର ଶୋଇବା ଜାଗା ଓ ବିଛଣା ଅଛି, ଆଉ ଖେଳନା ବି । ତାକୁ ପ୍ରକାଶ କି ମିନୁ ଖୁଆଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ନିଜପିଲାଟିପରି । ରାତିରେ

ସେମାନଙ୍କ ରୁମ୍ବେ ରହେ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଭାବୁଥିଲେ ଅସ୍ଵାଭାବର ଜୀବନ କାଳିଆଠାରୁ କେତେ ଅଲଗା । ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ବୁଢ଼ାଦାଦା ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କ ଘରେ ହାଜର । "କି କଥା କଣ?" ବନ୍ଦୁ ଆସିଲେ । "ସେ କାଳିଆଟା ବାକି କୁକୁରଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ମିଶି ଘାଉଁଘାଉଁ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ରାତି ସାରା, ମଣିଷକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଶୁଆଇ ଦେଉନାହାନ୍ତି । '

ବୁଢ଼ାଦାଦା ଗାଁରେ ମୁରବି, ଭଲମନ୍ଦରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଡାକରା ପଡ଼େ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଟିକିଏ ଶଙ୍କେଇ କହିଲେ, "ଦାଦା, ଗାଁରେ କୁକୁର ଥିବାରୁ ଚୋରଚମାର କେଇ ପଶିବାକୁ ସାହସ କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି...' । ଦାଦା ଟିକିଏ ଜୋରରେ, 'ତା ବୋଲି କେହି କଣ ଶୋଇବେ ନାହିଁ । ସେ କାଳିଆର ପାଟିଟା ବଡ଼, ତା ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ଆଉ ଦଳେ ଜୁଟିଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଆକଟ କର, ଟିକିଏ ତାରିଦା କଲେ ହବନାହିଁ,' କହି କହି ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ଦାଣ୍ଡରାସ୍ତା ଉପରେ କୁକୁର କେତେଟା ଏମିତି ଭୋଭୋ ହେଉଥିଲେ ଯେ କାନ ଅତଡ଼ା ପଡ଼ି ଯାଉଥାଏ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ବାହାରି ଆସି ଦେଖନ୍ତି ତ କାଳିଆ ତା ଭିତରେ ଅଛି । ଚଢ଼ାଚଢ଼ି କାମୁଡ଼ାକାମୁଡ଼ି ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ତା ଭିତରେ କାଳିଆ ଟିକିଏ ମୋଟାସୋଟା, ଟିକିଏ ବେଶୀ ଚଢ଼ି ଯାଉଛି, ସରଦାରିଆ ଗୁଣ ଦେଖାଉଛି । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଜୋରରେ ଡାକ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ, ଏ କାଳିଆ - ' ସେ ତ ଟିକିଏ ଖେଳୁଛି, ଆଉ କୁକୁର ହେଲାବୋଲି ତାର କ'ଣ ଜୀବନ ନାହିଁ -' ସର ଭିତରୁ ଆସି ଏତକ କହି ଚାଲିଗଲା । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଅନାଇଲେ ସରଥାଡେ । ମୁନା ଦାଣ୍ଡଆଡୁ ତାଟି ଧରିଲାବେଳକୁ ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସିଲା କାଳିଆ ତା ପଛେପଛେ । ମୁନା ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଧରି ପକାଇଲାବେଳେ ସେ ଭୁକି ଉଠିଲା ବନ୍ଦୁଙ୍କଆଡକୁ କିଛି ଆପଉ କଲା ଭଳି । ପିଣ୍ଡାକୁ ଖପ୍‌କିନା ଡେଇଁଦାଲେଇ ପଡ଼ିଲା କିଛି ନ ଜାଣିଲା ପରି । ସେତେବେଳକୁ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଖାଲି ଚାହିଁଆଆନ୍ତି କାଳିଆକୁ ।

ମୁନାବୋଉ ସଞ୍ଜଦୀପ ଦେବା ପରେପରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଟିକିଏ ଦୂରରୁ ହଠାତ୍ କୁକୁର ଭୁକିବାର ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଭିଲା । ଟିକିଏ କାନେଇବାରୁ ଜାଣିଲେ ଏଇଟା କାଳିଆ । ବନ୍ଦୁବାବୁ କି ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଇ, ଘରେ ନ ଥିଲେ; ସରକୁ ଡାକ ଛାଡ଼ିଲାରୁ ସେ ବାହାରକୁ ଆସି ଶୁଣିଲା ଯେ କାଳିଆର ଭୋଭୋ କେମିତି ଅଲଗା ବିକଳିଆ ଶୁଭୁଛି । ଚର୍କିନା ସେ ଦଉଡ଼ିଗଲା ବାହାରକୁ, ମୁନା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟନଟିଏ ଧରି ପଦାକୁ ଆସିଛି । କାଳିଆ ଆଉ ଦିଟା କୁକୁର ଖେପି ଆସିଲେ ତାଙ୍କରିଆଡେ, ପୁଣି ସେଇ ବିକଳିଆ ଭୋଭୋରେ ଦଉଡ଼ିଲେ, ସର ଓ ମୁନା ତାଙ୍କ ପଛେପଛେ । ଦାଣ୍ଡପଟକୁ ବାକି ସମସ୍ତେ ଆସି ଗଲେଣି । ମନଟା କେମିତି ଧକେଇ ହେଉଥିଲାବେଳେ ହଠାତ୍ ଶୁଭିଲା, 'ବେଙ୍ଗିଘର ପୋଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛି, ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସ...' । ପୁଣି ବାରବାର ସେଇ ରଡ଼ିଛଡ଼ା ଡାକ, 'ବେଙ୍ଗିଘର ପୋଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛି, ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସ... ନିଆଁ ଲାଗିଛି, ଦଉଡ଼ି ଆସ...' । ଏଥର ଶବ୍ଦଟା ସାହି ଭିତରୁ ଆସୁଥାଏ । ମୁନାବୋଉ କାଠ ହେଇଗଲେ ଖୁଣ୍ଟକୁ ଧରି । ହୋହଲ୍ଲରେ ସାହିବାଲା ବାଲ୍‌ଟି, ତସଲା, ହାଣ୍ଡି ଯାହାକୁ ଯାହା ମିଳିଲା ଧରି ଦଉଡ଼ିଲେ । ଯୋଗକୁ ପଙ୍କଗଡ଼ିଆଟା ପାଖରେ । ନିଆଁଟା ମାଡ଼ି ନଥିଲା, ଅଳ୍ପକେ ଲିଭିଗଲା । ସାହି ଭିତରେ ଏବେ ତର୍ଜମା ଚାଲିକାଣି - ନିଆଁ କେମିତି ଲାଗିଲା, କିଏ ଆଗେ ଦେଖିଲା, କାହିଁକି ନିଆଁ ମାଡ଼ିଲାନି, ମାଡ଼ିଥିଲେ କାହା କାହା ଘରକୁ ଆଗେ ମାଡ଼ି ଥାଆନ୍ତା... । ଘରେ ଚାହିଁ ରହିଥିଲେ, ମୁନା ପଛେପଛେ କାଳିଆ ଆସିଲା ଘରକୁ । ଖପ୍‌କିନା ପିଣ୍ଡାକୁ ଡେଇଁ ପଡ଼ି ବସି ରହିଲାଜିଭଟାକୁ ଚାଖଣ୍ଡେ ବାହାର କରି । ପାଟିଟାରୁ ଖାଲି ଶୁଭୁଥାଏ, ହେହେ । 'କାହିଁକି ରାତି ଅଧରେ ଏମିତି କାଳିଆ ରଡ଼ି ଛାଡ଼ୁଛି,' କହୁଁକହୁଁ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଶୋଇବା ଘର ଖୁଡ଼ିକିଟା ଖୋଲିକାହାରି ଛାଇ ଦେଖିଲେ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ଲେମ୍ବୁ ଗଛ ପାଖରେ । 'କିଏ କିଏ' ପାଟିକଲାରୁ ଲୋକଟା ଦଉଡ଼ି ପଳାଇଲା । କାଳିଆ ସେମିତି ଭୋଭୋ ହେଇ ଦଉଡ଼ିଲା କିଛି ବାଟ । ବନ୍ଦୁ ଠିକ କଲେ ବାହାରକୁ ଯିବାପାଇଁ । ସାନଭାଇ ଓ ସର ସହିତ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟନଟିଏ ଧରି ଦାଣ୍ଡକବାଟ ଖୋଲିଲାବେଳକୁ କାଳିଆ ଆସି ହାଜର । ସେମାନଙ୍କଆଡେ ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଆଁ କରି ଟିକିଏ ଭୁକିଲା ପରେ ଦିଖପ୍ ଟିଲାମାରି ଲେମ୍ବୁଗଛ ପାଖରେ ତ ପୁଣି ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ । ଦେଖାଗଲା କେଇଟା ଲେମ୍ବୁ ନାହିଁ,

କେତେ ପତର ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଛି । କାଳିଆ କେଁକେଁ ହେଇ ବୁଲି ଆସୁଥାଏ ତାଙ୍କ ଚାରିପାଖେ । ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଥାପୁଡ଼ାଇ ଘରକୁ ଗଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ । ସେ ଆସିଥିଲା ଦ୍ଵାରକବାଟଯାକେ । ଧୀରେଧୀରେ କାଳିଆର ଗୋଡ଼ ପଡ଼ି ରହିଲା, ଆଖି ଦି'ଟା ଓ ପାଟିଟା ବୁଜି ଆସୁଛି, ପେଟ ଆଉ ଧକଡ଼ ନାହିଁ । 'ନିଉଛୁଣା କାଳିଆଟା, କାହିଁକିରେ ତୋତେ...', ସେତେବେଳକୁ ବନ୍ଦୁ ଆଉ କିଛି ଭାବି ପାରୁ ନଥାଆନ୍ତି । ଖାଲି ଶୁଣୁଥାଆନ୍ତି, 'କୁକୁରଟା ମରି ଯିବ ନା କ'ଣ, 'କଣ ହେଲା ତାର'... । ବନ୍ଦୁକ ଆଖି ଛଳଛଳ, ମୁନା ଆଖୁରୁ ଠସକିନା ଲୁହ ବୋହିପଡ଼ିଲା ମାଟି ଉପରେ । ଘରମଣିଷ ନିଜନିଜର ବିକଳିଆ ଭାବକୁ କଣାଉଥାଆନ୍ତି ଯାରତାର ମୁହଁକୁ ଅନାଇ । ସର ସମ୍ଭାଳି ପାରିଲାନି ଆଉ, ଭାବୁଥିଲା କାହାରି କୁତୁରୁପିଆ ଗୁଣ ପାଇଁ କାଳିଆର ଆଜି ଏ ଦଶା । କାଳିଆବେଳକୁ ଧରି ବିକଳରେ ତା ପାଟିରୁ ବାହାରି ଯାଉଥାଏ, 'ଆମ କାଳିଆ କାହାର କ'ଣ କଲା, ତାକୁ ମାରି କି ଲାଭ ପାଇଲରେ -' । ତାଟି ପାଖରେପିଲା ଦିଟା କାନ୍ଦ ଉପରେ ହାତ ପକାପକି ହେଇ ବିକଳରେ ଦେଖୁଥାଆନ୍ତି ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ । ପାଟି ଖୋଲୁନାହିଁ, କିଛି କହନ୍ତେ କି -ବନ୍ଦୁ ଭାବୁଥିଲେ କି, କାଳିଆକୁ ଅସ୍ଫାର ଭଳି ବାନ୍ଧି ରଖୁଥିଲେ ହୁଏତ - ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଚିମାଭାଇ ତାଙ୍କ କାନ୍ଦୁଣୁମାନ୍ଦୁଣୁ ପିଲାଟାକୁ ଚାଣି ନେଇ ଯିବା ବାଟରେ କହୁଥିଲେ, "ସେ କୁକୁରଟା ଯାଉ, ମାଇକୁଡ଼ୀଚାର ପୁଞ୍ଜା ପୁଣି ହବ ନାହିଁ କି ଏବେ, ଆମେ ଗୋଟାଏ ଆଣିବା ନି...."

ରଚନା କାଳ, ୨୦୨୦



ଅନୁପ୍ରବେଶ



ଲିପିକା ମହାପାତ୍ର,କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ଶୀତ ଅପରାହ୍ନ । ନିରୋଳା ପାର୍କରେ ମୁଁ ମୋର ସବୁଦିନିଆ ବେଞ୍ଚରେ ବସି ଡାଏରୀ ଓଲଟାଉଛି,କିଏ ଜଣେ କହିଲା -ଆଜ୍ଞା ,ସେହି କାହାଣୀଟି ଲେଖୁଛନ୍ତି ନିଶ୍ଚୟ !ବିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ମୁଁ ମୁହଁ ତୋଳି ଚାହେଁ ତ ତେଜା ଲୋକଟେ ବେଞ୍ଚର ଆର ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ବସିଗଲାଣି । "ମୁଁ 'ବୀରେନ ଦଉ ' ।ଆପଣ ଗଳ୍ପରେ ଅପଭ୍ରଂଶ କରି 'ବିରୁ'ବୋଲି ଲେଖିବା ମୋତେ ମୋତୁରୁ ପସନ୍ଦ ନୁହେଁ । ""ମୁଁ ଗପ ଲେଖୁଛି ବୋଲି ଆପଣ ଜାଣିଲେ କିପରି ?ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ ଚିହ୍ନି ନି ମଧ୍ୟ,ଲେଖିବା କଥା ଉଠୁଛି କେଉଁଠି ?"ମୁଁ ସୌଜନ୍ୟରେ ରହିଲି "ଉଲଟା ଚୋର କତୁଆଲ କୋ ଡାଣ୍ଡେ । ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଦକ୍ଷ ଲେଖକଙ୍କର କାମ ହେଉଛି ମୋରି ପରି ସାଧାରଣ ମଣିଷଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଗଳି ପଶି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଗୋପନ ତଥ୍ୟ ସବୁ ବିନା ଅନୁମତିରେ ପଢ଼ିକ ରେ ପରଷିବା । "

ଲମ୍ବା କୋଟ ପିନ୍ଧା ଲୋକଟାକୁ ମୁଁ ସେତେବେଳେ ଭଦ୍ର ପୋଷକ ତଳେ 'ବିଚରା ପାଗଳ 'ଛଡ଼ା ଆଉ କ'ଣ ବା ଭାବିଥାନ୍ତି । ତା' ବକବକ ଶୁଣି ଲେଖିବା ଅସମ୍ଭବ । ମୁଁ ମୋ ଝୁଲି ନେଇ ଉଠିଲି । ପଛରୁ ଶୁଭିଳା, ମୋ କଥା ଆଜି ନ ହେଲେ କଲି ଲେଖିବେ । ହାଃ ହାଃ । ପଢ଼ି ଶୁଣି ହସିଲେ । ଦର୍ଶନ ଛାତ୍ର ବୁଦ୍ଧନର ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଥିଲା,ବାପା ଶୁଣ,ଗଳ୍ପରେ ଚରିତ୍ର ମାନଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମ ,କର୍ମ,ନାମକରଣ ,ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସବୁ ଜଣେ ଲେଖକର ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରଣରେ ରହିବ କଣ ଠିକ । ଅସନ୍ତୋଷ କିମ୍ବା ଇଚ୍ଛା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିବାର ଅଧିକାର କଣ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ନାହିଁ ? ଚରିତ୍ରର ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଲେଖକର କଲମରେ ବନ୍ଧା ନୁହଁରେ କାହାଣୀଟି ନିଜେ ଲେଖକ ଚୟନ କରେ ବୋଲି କହିଲି ସିନା କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରକୃତ କଥା ହେଲା ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗଟି ଉପରେ ମୁଁ କେବେ ଗଭୀର ଭାବରେ ଚିନ୍ତା କରି ନାହିଁ । ଶବ୍ଦ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଚରିତ୍ରଟି ତାହାର ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ଜାହିର କରେ ସତ ,କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ମସ୍ତିଷ୍କକୁ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କବଜା କରି କିଛି ଲେଖାଇ ଦେଲା ପରି ମନେ ପଡ଼ୁ ନାହିଁ ।

"ପିଛୁ ମିତ୍ର "ଜଣେ ଶିକ୍ଷୟିତ୍ରୀ । ପ୍ରାୟ ତିରିଶଟି ବସନ୍ତ ଅତିବାହିତ କିନ୍ତୁ ବିବାହ ହୋଇପାରିନାହିଁ । ସ୍କୁଲର ଗୋଟିଏ ଅମାନିଆ ଛାତ୍ର ପ୍ରତି କଠୋର ହେବା,ଅଭିଭାବକଙ୍କ ମିଟିଙ୍ଗ ଓ ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତିରେ ମିସ ପିଛୁଙ୍କର ବଦଳି ଏକ ଅପନ୍ଦରା ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ । କାହାଣୀର ସାରକଥା । ସେଦିନ କିଛି ଲେଖି ପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ ।

ପରଦିନ ପାର୍କରେ ଚିହ୍ନା ଚାହା ବିକାଳି ପିଲାଟି ଚାହା କପେ ବଢ଼ାଇ ଦାନ୍ତ ନିକୁଟାଇ ପଚାରିଲା , "ଗପ ଲେଖା ସଇଲା ସାର । "ବିରକ୍ତିରେ କହିଆସୁଥିଲି,ସରିଲେ ବହି ତୁମ ଘରେ ନେଇ ଦେଇ ଆସିବି । ତା ମାଲିକର ବିକଟାଳ ଡାକ,କୁଆଡେ ଗଲୁକିରେ କାଳିଆ -ଶୁଣ ପିଲାଟି ତିଆଁ ମାରି ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହେଇଗଲା । ମୁଁ ଡାଇରୀରେ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କଲି ଗୋଟିଏ ନୂଆ ପୃଷ୍ଠା । 'ବିରେନ ଦଉ'ପିଛୁର ପଡ଼ୋଶୀ ହୋଇ

ପଶିଆସିଛି । ସେ ପାଗଳ ମୋ ଡାଏରୀ ଚୋରେଇ ଲେଖିଦେଇନି ତ । ଅକ୍ଷର ନିଃସନ୍ଦେହ ମୋହର । ଏତିକିବେଳେ ବେଞ୍ଚ ର ଆର କୋଣରେ ଯିଏ ଆସି ବସି ପଡ଼ିଲା ସେ - 'ବିରେନ ଦଉ' ।

ଅମାନିଆ ଛାତ୍ରଟି ପ୍ରତି ପିହୁର ଚିକିତ୍ସ କଠୋର ବ୍ୟବହାରକୁ ନେଇ ତା ବଦଳି କିପରି ଏକ ଚକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ସେ ବୁଝାଇବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା । ପିହୁ ଉପରେ ପ୍ରିନସପାଲର ଖରାପ ନଜର ଅଛି । ଲୋକଟି ଗୋଟେ ଲମ୍ପଟ । ମୁଁ ଚାହେଁ ପ୍ରିନସପାଲର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ । ତା ଛଡ଼ା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମଣୀ ପ୍ରତିମା ପରି ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପିହୁ ନୀଳ ଶାଢ଼ୀରେ ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଦିଶେ ଯେ ପଡ଼ୋଶୀ ହୋଇ ତାର ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦ ବୁଝିବା କଣ ମୋର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ ? ପ୍ରେମ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଗୋଟେ ନିଶା ! ମୋ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ, ପିଲା ଜଞ୍ଜାଳ ଛାଡ଼ି କେଉଁ ଅପତ୍ନୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳକୁ ତାକୁ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ ଯିବା କେତେ କଷ୍ଟସାଧ୍ୟ , ବୁଝୁଛନ୍ତି ନା ।

କ୍ରୋଧକୁ ଯଥାସମ୍ଭବ ଅଭିଆରରେ ରଖି କହିଲି, "ନିଜ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଥାଉ ଥାଉ ... ଏ କି ପ୍ରକାର ମାନସିକତା ? ମୁଁ କଣ ଲେଖିବି ନ ଲେଖିବି , ଆପଣ କିଏ କହିବାକୁ ? ବିଚିତ୍ର ଲୋକ । ଚାହା ବିକାଳି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଆଉ କପେ ଚାହା ନେଇ ଆସିଥାଏ । ସେ ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ ଦେ, ପିଂଗିଲା ପରି କହି ମୁଁ ଯିବାକୁ ଉଦ୍ୟତ ହେଲି । କୋଉ ବାବୁ । ଏଠି ଆଉ କିଏ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଲୋକଟା ଆଖି ପିଛୁଳାକେ ଉଭାନ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଘରକୁ ଫେରିବା ବାଟରେ ମୋ ନିଜ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନରେ ଚମକି ଉଠିଲି । ଲୋକଟା କିପରି ଜାଣିଲା ମୁଁ ଗପରେ କଣ ଲେଖୁଛି ? ମୁଁ କହିନି ତ । କିଏ ସେ ଲୋକ ତେବେ ?

ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ନିଦ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ଡାଏରୀକୁ ଡକିଆ ତଳେ ରଖିଥାଏ । ପାହାନ୍ତରେ କେତେବେଳେ ନିଦ ଲାଗିଯାଇଛି । ପଢ଼ା କପେ କପି ଆଣି ମୋତେ ଉଠାଇଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ହାତରେ ମୋର ସବୁଠାରୁ ପ୍ରିୟ ତଥା ଲକି କପ ନଥିଲା । "ତୁମେ ରାତିରେ ପାଣି ପିଇବାକୁ ଉଠିଥିଲ । ରୋଷେଇ ଘରୁ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣି ମୁଁ ଦେଖେ ତ ଭଙ୍ଗା କପ ଖଣ୍ଡଚଟାଣ ସାରା ପଡ଼ିଛି , ତୁମେ ଯାଇ ଲେଖିବାକୁ ବସିଗଲ । ଲେଖାରେ ବ୍ୟାଘାତ ହେବ ବୋଲି ମୁଁ କିଛି କହିଲି ନାହିଁ । "ପଢ଼ା କହିଲେ । ଇମ୍ପରସିବଲ ! ମୁଁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଚିହ୍ନାର କଲି । ମୋ ଡାଏରୀ ପୃଷ୍ଠା ବ୍ୟାପି ବିରେନ ଦଉର ସ୍ଫୁଲ ପ୍ରିନସପାଲ କୁ ହତ୍ୟା କରିବାର ଯୋଜନା ପଡ଼ି ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ବୁଝାଇଗଲି । ମୋ କପି କପ ବି ଭାଙ୍ଗିଛି ତା ଇଚ୍ଛା ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଲେଖିଛି ବୋଲି । ରାତିରେ ମୁଁ ବଗିଚାରେ ଚଢ଼ିଲିବା ବେଳେ ଘରକୁ ପଶି ଆସିଥିବ । କାହାଣୀରୁ ପୁଣି ଠାରେ ଚିରି ଅଲଗା କରିଦେଲି ପୃଷ୍ଠାଟି । ଭାବିଲି ବାସ୍ତବ ଜୀବନରୁ ଏମିତି ପୃଷ୍ଠା ସବୁ ଚିରି ହୋଇପାରନ୍ତା ଯଦି ! ଏ ପୃଥ୍ବୀ ଆଉ ପ୍ରକାର ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ନିଶ୍ଚୟ । ଜୀବନର ବେଳାଭୁଲରୁ ଶାମୁକା ପରି କାହାଣୀ ସବୁ ସାଉଁଟିନିଏ ଲେଖକ । କେତେ କେତେ ନିରୀହ ମନର ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କୋହ ରକ୍ତ ପରି ଝରି ପଡ଼େ ଏ କଲମରୁ । ଜଣେ ଲେଖକର ନିରପେକ୍ଷ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା, କଲମର ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ମୁଁ ହରାଇବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁବି ନାହିଁ । ତା ହୁକୁମରେ ଶବ୍ଦଟିଏ ସୁଖା ମୁଁ ଲେଖିବି ନାହିଁ ।

ସେଦିନ ଆଉ ପାର୍କ ଗଲି ନାହିଁ । ପଢ଼ା ଘରେ ବସିଥାଏ । ହଠାତ ଟେବୁଲ ଆର ପାଖେ ତାକୁ ଦେଖି ଭୁତ ଦେଖିଲା ପରି ଚମକି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ଏଇଟା ପାର୍କ ନୁହେଁ ବିରେନ ଦଉ ମହାଶୟ, ମୋ ଘର । ଗୋଟିଏ ମିନିଟ ଦେଉଛି, ବାହାରି ଯାଆନ୍ତୁ । ନଚେତ ବୁଝିବି ଆପଣ ମୋତେ ପୁଲିସ୍ ଡାକିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । "ଉତ୍ତେଜନାରେ ଥରି ଉଠି କହିଲି ମୁଁ । ଲୋକଟା ଦରପୋଡ଼ା ସିଗ୍ରେଟ କୁ ଆସ -ଗ୍ରେ ରେ ମାଡ଼ିଦେଲା । "ଆପଣ ଲେଖକ ପରା , ତେବେ ପିହୁର ବଦଳି ଅର୍ଡର ବାତିଲ କରନ୍ତୁ । ଲୋକଟା ବାହାରିଗଲା ବେଳେ ଧମକ ଦେଲା ।

ପରଦିନ ଯଥା ସମୟରେ ପାର୍କ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଅଚାନକ ମେଘ ମାଡ଼ି ଆସିଲାଣି । ବିଜୁଳି ସହ ପବନର ଗତି ତୀବ୍ର ହେବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା । ମୁଁ ପାର୍କର ପ୍ରବେଶ ପଥରେ ଝୁଞ୍ଚୁଡ଼ି ଚାହା ଦୋକାନକୁ ପଶିଗଲି । ତାତିଲା ଚାହା କପେ ଯାଚିଦେଲା ଦୋକାନୀ । ମୁଁ ରାସ୍ତାକୁ

ଅନାଇ ଗଛଟି ବିଷୟରେ ହିଁ ଭାବୁଥାଏ । ଦେଖିଲି କିଏ ଜଣେ ଆସୁଛି ଏଆଡ଼େ । ଇସ୍ଵାତ ପରି ମୁହଁ ଆଉ ବେପରବା ଚାଲିବ ଠାଣି,ଜାଣିଲି
, 'ବିରେନ ଦଉ ' । ଯାକୁ ଆଉ ମୁହଁରେ ସହ୍ୟ କରିବା ନିଜ ପ୍ରତି ଅନ୍ୟାୟ ହେବ ।

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ହାବୁକାଏ ଉଦଣ୍ଡ ପବନ, ବତୀଖୁଣ୍ଟରୁ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ବିଜୁଳି ତାରଟିଏ ଛିତି ଓହଲି ପଡ଼ିଲା ରାସ୍ତା ଧାରାରେ । କାଠ ଚୁଲିରେ ପକ୍କୁଡ଼ି
ଛାଣୁଥାଏ ଚାହା ଦୋକାନୀ । ସେ ଭିତରକୁ ଉଠିଯିବା କ୍ଷଣି ଚଟକରି ଡାକରୀ ଟିଏ ପକେଇଦେଲି ଚୁଲିରେ । ଆକାଶର ଛାତି ଚିରି ବିଜୁଳି
ସତେ କି ଲମ୍ଫ ଦେଲା । ଲୋକଟା ସେଇ ଛିଣ୍ଡା ତାର ପାଖରେ ପହଂଚି ଥାଏ । ହୁତ ହୁତ ହୋଇ ଜଳିଗଲା । କେହି କିଛି ଜାଣିବା ଆଗରୁ
ବିରେନ ଦଉ ଆଉ ମୋ ଡାଏରୀ ଉଭୟ ପୋଡ଼ି ପାଉଁଶ ହୋଇଗଲେ । କିଛି ପରାହତ ଇଚ୍ଛାର ଧୂଆଁ କୁଣ୍ଡଳୀ ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ ମିଳାଇଗଲା ।
କେବେ କେବେ ଗଛଟି ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ମୁଁ ଭାବେ କେତେ ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ କାହାଣୀ ହୁଏତ ଲେଖାହେବକୁ ହିଁ ଚାହିଁ ନଥାନ୍ତି ।



ବେଡ଼ି



କବିତା ମୟୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର, କାଳିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ

ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ବିଛଣା ଛାଡ଼ିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସ୍ୱାମୀ କି ତାକରା ପଡ଼େ - "ଆରେ ! ତା ହେଉଗଲା ଉଠ ଏଥର " । ନିଦ କୁଆଡ଼େ ବାବନା ଭୂତ ଭଳି ଛୁ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ହୋଇଯାଏ । ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱାମୀ କି ହାତରୁ ତା ମିଳିବା କେତେ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଭାଗ୍ୟରେ କୁଟେ ? ମୁଁ ଥିଲି ସେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ଜଣେ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟବତୀ ନାରୀ । ଏ କଥା କହିବାକୁ ବି ଲାଜ , ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ବି ଲାଜ । ମାତ୍ର ମୁଁ ବୋଧେ ସେ ପରି ଜଣେ ନିର୍ଲଜ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ । ତା ପିଢ଼ ପିଢ଼ ମନେ ମନେ ଇଶ୍ୱରଙ୍କୁ ଏବଂ ସ୍ୱାମୀଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଇଦିଏ । ଏ ସବୁ ଥାଏ ମନର ନିତୁତ କୋଣରେ । ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାକୁ କେବେ ବି ମନ ବଳେନି । କେଜାଣି କାହିଁକି ସାମ୍ନାରେ କାହାର ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରିବାର ଗୁଣଟି ଭଗବାନ କାହିଁକି ମୋତେ ଦେଇ ନାହାନ୍ତି ! ମୁଁ ନିଜେ ତାହା ବୁଝି ପାରେନି । ତା ପିଢ଼ ପିଢ଼ ନା ନା କଥା ପଡ଼େ, ଦେଶ, ବିଦେଶ, ଗାଁ-ଗଣ୍ଡା, ନିଜ ଘର ପରିବାର ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ଆଲୋଚନା ଭିତରେ ତୁ ତୁ ମେ ମେ ଅଧିକ ଚାଲେ - ସେ ପାଇଁ ପିଲାମାନେ ଚିନ୍ତଣୀ ଦିଅନ୍ତି - ମା' ବାପା ସବୁବେଳେ ଟମ ଆଣ୍ଡ ଜେରି ପରି ହଉଛନ୍ତି ।

ତା କପ ଟି ଖାଲି ହୋଇଗଲା ପରେ ଭାବନାରେ ମା' ଚାଲିଆସେ । ଏଇ ବେଡ଼ି କୁ ନେଇ କଥା କଟା କଟି ଥକା ମଜା କେତେ କଣ ? ଛୁଟିରେ ହଠାତ୍ ଆସି ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଗଲା ପରେ ଲଜ୍ଜା ହୁଏ ବହୁତ ଡେରି ଯାଏ ଶୋଇ ରୁହନ୍ତି ହେଲେ ହୁଏନି ! ହଠାତ୍ ସକାଳ ଛ'ଟା ବାଜିଲା ମାତ୍ର ଘଣ୍ଟି ବାଜିବ । ପିଲାମାନେ ଉଠି ତାଜନିଂ କୁ ଖାଲି କପ ଧରି ଚାଲିବେ ତା ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ । ମାତ୍ର ଘରେ ମାଆର କଡ଼ା ଅନୁଶାସନ । ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଦୟ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ବିଛଣା ଛାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ, ନଚେତ ଗାଳି କରି ପ୍ରଳୟ କରିଦେବ । ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସେଇ ସମୟରେ ମାଆକୁ ଚିଡ଼େଇବାକୁ ଭାରି ମନ ହୁଏ - "ଓହୋ , ମଣିଷ ହଠାତ୍ ଥିଲା ଯେ ଭଲ ଥିଲା । କମ୍ ସେ କମ୍ ବିଛଣାରୁ ଉଠୁ ଉଠୁ ବେଡ଼ି ଟି ଟିକିଏ ତ ମିଳି ଯାଉଥିଲା , ଅଧର ଘରେ ମାନେ ମୋ ନିଜ ଘରେ ସକାଳ ପାହିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଉଠ - ପୁଣି ନିଜେ ତା ବନେଇକି ପିଅ , ଅନ୍ୟ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ବି ଦିଅ , ବଡ଼ କଷ୍ଟ ଏ ସବୁ । ମୋ ପାଟିରୁ କଥା ନ ସରୁଣୁ "ମା" କହିବ - "ହଁ! ତୁ ତ ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ନା, ବୋପା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଗୋଟେ କିଆଁ ପୁଞ୍ଜେ ପୋଇଲି ଦବ ଯେ , ଶାଶୁଘରେ ବସି ବେଡ଼ି ଟି ପିଉଥିବୁ । ଖଡ଼ା ଖୁଆ ମାଷ୍ଟୁଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ହେଇକି ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ କଥା କହୁଛି । "

ମୁଁ ବି ମା' କୁ ଛାଡ଼େନି ସହଜରେ । "ଆଜ୍ଞା ମା' ତୁ କ'ଣ ଜମିଦାରଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ବୋଲି ତୋର ଏତେ ଅହଙ୍କାର ଯେ ତୁ ମୋ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଖଡ଼ା ଖୁଆ କହିବୁ? ବୁଝିଲୁ ଜମିଦାରୀ ଗଲାଣି । ସେ କାଳ ପଖାଳକୁ ପାଶୋରି ପକା ମୋ ବାପା ମାଷ୍ଟୁ ହେଲେ ବି ସେ ବି ତ

ଜମିଦାରଙ୍କ ପୁଅ । ଲୋକେ ପଧାନ ଘର ପୁଅ ବୋଲି କେତେ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରୁଛନ୍ତି ମୋ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ, ତୋ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ କିଏ ପଚାରୁଛି କହିଲୁ?

ମା' ରାଗେନି !ତା ଓଜଣୀ ଭିତରୁ ତା ଆଖିରେ ମୁଁ ଖୁସିର ଝଲକ ଦେଖିପାରେ । ଏଇ ଖୁସି ମଜାର କଥା କଟା କାଟିରେ କି ଆନନ୍ଦ ନ ଥାଏ ସତରେ ?ଏବେ ସେ ସବୁ ତ ସାତ ସପନ । ଆଖି ଓଦା ହେଇଯାଏ ଆପେ । "ମାଁ" ଉପରେ ଥାଇ ଝିଅର ବେଡ଼ ଟି ପିଆ ଦେଖୁ ଖୁସି ହେଉଥିବା ନ ସ୍ଵାସ୍ଵାମୀ ହାତ ତିଆରି ତା ପିଇ ଝିଅ ପାପ ଅର୍ଜନ କରୁଛି ବୋଲି ରାଗୁଥିବ ,ସେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ମୁଁ ଖୋଜି କି ପାଉନି ।



କୁନା କକେଇ



କଳ୍ପନାମୟୀ ଦାଶ, ମିନିଆ ପଲିସ

କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି କିଛି ଦିନ ହେବ କୁନା କକେଇ ମୋର ବହୁତ ମାନେ ପଡ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି । କେବେଠାରୁ ସେ ସଂସାର ତ୍ୟାଗ କଲେଣି । ପୁନରାୟ କେଉଁଠି ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି କି, ମୋ ଓ ନିଜର ହୋଇ? ନାତି ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଚାହେଁ ନିଠେଇ କରି । ଆହା ଏଥୁରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ କି ମୋ କୁନା କକେଇ?ମା, ବାପା ,ନାନୀ ପିଉସା ଆଦି ପିତୃ କୁଳର ଗୁରୁଜନଙ୍କ ସ୍ମୃତିକୁ ଆଡେଇ ଦେଇ ଉଠି ମାରୁଛି କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କ ମୁହଁ ଚି ,କାନରେ ବାଜି ଯାଉଛି ତାଙ୍କର ଗୀତ "ରେ ବାଇଆ ତୁ ଗରିବ ବୋଲି ଜାଣିଥା - ଫଟା କପାଳକୁ ଆଦରି ବିକଲେ କଙ୍କାଳ ଶିରା ଗଣୁଥା " ।ଭିକାରି ବେଶରେ ,ଗୋଟିଏ ହାତରେ ବାଡ଼ି ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଅନ୍ୟ ହାତରେ ଭିକ୍ଷା ଥାଳି ଧରି ,ଷ୍ଟେଜର ଏପଟରୁ ସେପଟ ଚାଲିଗଲା ବେଳେ ସତସତିକା ଭିକାରିଟିଏ ପରି ଦିଶନ୍ତି ମୋର ସୋମ୍ୟ ଦର୍ଶନ କୁନା କକେଇ । କମ୍ପି ଯାଏ କଳ୍ପନା କୁବ, କମ୍ପି ଯାଏ କାମାକ୍ଷା ନଗର ।

କଅଣ ଗୋଟେ ଅଲଗା ନାଁ ତାଙ୍କର; ମୁସଲମାନ ନାଁ । ମନେ ନାହିଁ । "କୁନା ମିଆଁ ",କୁନା ଦରଜିରେ ନାଁ ତାକ । ଆମ ପିଲାଙ୍କର କୁନା କକେଇ । ସେ ସମୟରେ ଆମ ଗାଁ ଚି ସହରରେ ଗଣା ହୋଇ ନଥିଲା । ନିପଟ ମଫସଲ ମଧ୍ୟ ନଥିଲା । ଢେଙ୍କାନାଳରୁ ବସ ଆସିଲେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଆମ ଘର ସାମନାରେ ରହେ । ତିନିକଣିଆ ଛକ । ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରା ସେପଟେ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମନ୍ଦିର । ଆମ ଘର ବାଁ ହାତି ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ମୁସଲମାନ ଘର । ବସ୍ତି କହିଲେ ଚଳିବ । ଅଣ୍ଟା କୁକୁଡ଼ା ବିକା ଏବଂ ଖାସି ମାଂସ -ଛେଳି ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରି ଚାଷବାସ କରି ଚଳନ୍ତି ।ଘରର ଡାହାଣ ପଟଟି ବଜାର । ବଜାର ଶେଷରେ ଆଉ ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ମୁସଲମାନ ଘର ସେମାନେ ଚାକିରି-ବାକିରି, ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରି ଚଳନ୍ତି । ସମସ୍ତେ ଆମର କକେଇ, ଖୁଡ଼ି,ନାନୀପିଉସା ,ଜେଜେ ଜେଜେମା। ଖୁବ ଆଦର କରନ୍ତି, ଶାସନ କରନ୍ତି। ଅସୁବିଧା ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଆଡେଇ ନିଅନ୍ତି ପରିବାର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ପରି । ଉଭୟ ବସ୍ତି ବାସୀଙ୍କ ସହ ଆମ ଘରର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଘନିଷ୍ଠ -ଉନ୍ନତ ଧରଣର ।

ସେଇ ବଜାର ମଝିରେ କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କ ଦରଜି ଦୋକାନ । ନୂଆ କନା ଆସିଲେ କକେଇ ଖାତା, ମାପ ଫିଟା ଏବଂ କପଡା ଥାନ ମାନ ଧରି ଘରକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି । ଆମ ପାଞ୍ଚଭାଇଣୀ ,ଗାଁରୁ ପରିବାରର ଝିଅ ମାନେ,ବନ୍ଧୁ ମାନଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ଏବଂ ଆମ ବୟସର ଜଣା ଶୁଣା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କ ଝିଅମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆମରି ଘରେ ରହି ପାଠ ପଢୁଥିଲେ । ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ପୂଜା, ଗଣେଶ ପୂଜାରେ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଏକା ପରି ପିନ୍ଧିବାକୁ ହୁଏ । କକେଇ ମାପ ନେଇ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ସମୟର ଅନେକ ଆଗରୁ ଆମ ଜିନିଷ ଦେଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ପଛକୁ ଭିତ ଜମିଯାଏ । କକେଇଙ୍କ ଖାତାରେ ଆମ ଜନ୍ମଦିନ ଲେଖା ଥାଏ । ଦୋଳ ,ରଜ ଏବଂ କୁମାର ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀରେ ମଧ୍ୟ କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଆମର

ପୋଷାକ ପତ୍ର ତିଆରି ହୁଏ । ଘରୁ ଟିକେ ବାହାରି ଯାଇ ବୁଲି ଆସିବା ପାଇଁ ଧାଡ଼ି ବାନ୍ଧି କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କ ଦୋକାନକୁ ଚାଲି ଯାଉ ଆମ ନିଜ କକେଇଙ୍କ (ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତ ଗଗନ ବିହାରୀ ମହାପାତ୍ର) ସହିତ । ଯେଉଁ କପଡ଼ାଟି ମୁଁ ବାଛେ ,କଣ ପାଇଁ କେଜାଣି ସବୁ କପଡ଼ାଠୁ ଅଧିକା ଦାମ ହୋଇଥିବ । ମାଆ ବିରକ୍ତ ହୁଏ । କୁନା କକେଇ କୁହନ୍ତି ଥାଉ ବୋହୂ !ମୋ ମାଆକୁ ମନା କରନି । ସେ ଯଉଟା ବାଛୁଛି ସେଟା ତା ପାଇଁ କରି ଦଉଛି -ତୁମେ ତୁମ ସୁବିଧାରେ ମୋତେ ପଇସା ଦେବ ।

ଥାଉ ଜଣେ ତାଙ୍କ ସାହିରୁ ଶିକନ କକେଇ । ଏ ସମସ୍ତେ ଥିଲେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥ୍ । ମୋ ବାପା (ସ୍ୱର୍ଗତ ବସନ୍ତ ମହାପାତ୍ର)ଙ୍କର ଲୀଳା ସହଚର । ସମସ୍ତେ ସଂଗୀତ ପ୍ରିୟ । ତାଙ୍କ ମାନଙ୍କର ଏକତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇ ଡ୍ରାମା କରିବା-ଭେରାଇଟି ସୋ କରି ଅନ୍ୟ ଗାଁରେ, ବିଶେଷତଃ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ଉତ୍ସବ କରିବା ସଭକ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର । ବର୍ଷ ତମାମ ଯେତେ ଯାନିଯାତ୍ରା ,ପୁନେଇ ପର୍ବ ବା ସ୍କୁଲର ଉତ୍ସବରେ କୁନା କକେଇ ,ଶିକନ କକେଇ ନିଜ ନିଜର ପେଟ ପାଟଣାର କାମ ଛାଡ଼ି, ମୋ ବାପା କକେଇଙ୍କ ସହ ଡ୍ରାମା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । କାମାକ୍ଷାନଗର ଉଛୁଳୁ ଥାଏ । ମୋର ଲେଖା ଲେଖି ସଭକ ଦେଖି ଏମାନେ ବରାଦ କରନ୍ତି କିଛି ଲେଖି ଦେବା ପାଇଁ । ନୃତ୍ୟନାଟିକା,ଏକାଙ୍କିକା । ତାକୁ ସୁର ଦେଇ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଇ ମଞ୍ଚସ୍ଥ କରନ୍ତି ମୋର ଏଇ କକେଇ ମାନେ,ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଅଂଶ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥାନ୍ତି ମୋର ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀ । ଏଇପରି ବାଲ୍ୟ କାଳ କଟିଗଲା ।

ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିଲୁ ,ଶାଶୁ ଘରକୁ ଗଲୁ । ମନେପଡୁଛି ଆମର ପରୀକ୍ଷା ଫର୍ମ ଭରିବା ବେଳେ, ନ'ଲେଖା ସମୟରେ ,ଶାଶୁ ଘରକୁ ବିଦା ହେବା ସମୟରେ ବାପା ମାଆଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଟିପି ଚାଣିଆ ହେଇଯାଏ । ସେତେବେଳେ ଥାଉ ଜଣେ କକେଇ ରହନ୍ତ ଅଲୀ -ସୋନା କକେଇ ତାକୁ ଆମେ ପିଲା ମାନେ । ସେଇ ସୋନା କକେଇ ମାଆ ହାତରେ ପଇସା ଧରେଇ ଦେଇ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ବୋହୂ, ପଇସାଟା ରଖୁଥା ଦରକାର ହେବ । ପରେ ଫେରାଇଦେବ । ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ବେଳେ ସ୍ୱତଃପ୍ରବୃତ ହେଇ ସୋନା କକେଇ ଯେଉଁ ବନ୍ଧୁତାର ହାତ ବଢ଼ାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି -ତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଛପି ଥିବା ତାଙ୍କର ଆମ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ବାସ୍ତବ୍ୟ ,ଆମେ ଭୁଲିନୁ ଆମର ଜୀବନ ଯାକ ।

ଏଇପରି କକେଇ ମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ନେହ ଆଦର ଯତ୍ନ ପାଇ ଆମେ ବଡ଼ ହେଲୁ । ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବା ପରେ ଥରେ ମଧ୍ୟ କାହାକୁ ଥାଉ ଭେଟ ହେଇ ପାରିନି,ଯଦିଓ ମୁଁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଥର କାମାକ୍ଷାନଗର ଯାଏ । ବହୁତ କମ ବୟସରୁ ଶିକନ କକେଇ ବିଦାୟ ନେଲେ ଦୁନିଆରୁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଲେଖିଥିବା ନୃତ୍ୟ ନାଟିକା ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ କୁବେଦା ଖୁଡ଼ି ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ପଠାଇଦେଇଥିଲେ । ଶିକନ କକେଇ ମୋ ଲେଖାଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ସଂଶୋଧନ କରି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଥରେ କଥା ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ଶିକନ କକେଇ କହିଥିଲେ "ଝିଅର ଲେଖାକୁ କଅଣ ସଂଶୋଧନ କରିବି? ତହିଁରୁ ବାହାର ତାର ଲେଖା ,ଆମର ନାଁ ରଖିବ ଝିଅଟି । "

ଏଇପରି ଆଦର, ଯତ୍ନ, ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଏବଂ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆକାଂକ୍ଷା ,ମୋ ମନରେ ଭରିଦେଲା ଅଜସ୍ର ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ୱାସ । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଜୀବନରେ ଏହା ମୋର ପାଥେୟ ହୋଇ ରହିଲା । ଜୀବନ କାଳରେ କେତେ ଅପରିଚିତ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସଂସ୍ପର୍ଶରେ ଆସିଲି,କେତେ ଅପରିଚିତ ଲୋକ ମୋର ନିକଟତର ହୋଇଗଲେ-କେତେ ଅଜଣା ଅଥଚ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କର ପରିଚର୍ଯ୍ୟା କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଲି । କେତେ ଝିଅ ବୋହୂ ମୋର ଆପଣାର ହୋଇଯାଇଛନ୍ତି ତାର କଳନା ନାହିଁ । ପ୍ରକାରାନ୍ତରେ, ମା- ବାପା ପରିବାରର ସଂସ୍କାର ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଶିକ୍ଷଣ ଉତ୍ତାରେ, ଏଇ ମୋର ଗାଁ କକେଇଙ୍କର ସ୍ନେହଲାଭ ଯେ ମୋ ଉପରେ ଗଭୀର ପ୍ରଭାବ ପକାଇଛି -ଦ୍ୱିମତ ନାହିଁ । ସକଳ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତିର ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱରେ ଏ ଅନୁଭବ ।

ମୁସଲମାନ ବସ୍ତ୍ରର ଏତେ ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ଜେଜେ, ଜେଜେମା ,ଖୁଡ଼ି କକେଇ ,ନାନୀ,ପିଉସାଙ୍କର ସ୍ମୃତି ସଦା ସର୍ବଦା ମୋ ମନରେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିବା ସ୍ଥଳେ -କିଛିଦିନ ହେବ ,କେବଳ କୁନା କକେଇ କାହିଁକି ମାନେ ପଡ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି ?ସିଏ ସ୍ମରଣକୁ ଆସିବା ମାତ୍ରେ ,ଆଉ ସମସ୍ତେ ଯେମିତି ଠେଲି ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି ବିସ୍ମୃତିର ଅତଳ ଗହ୍ୱରକୁ । ସବୁକଥା ଯେମିତି ଓଲଟ ପାଲଟ ହୋଇଯାଉଛି ଆମ ପାଇଁ ।

ଅଠର ବର୍ଷ ହେଲାଣି- ଏ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଦ୍ଧାହକୁ ସାଥ୍ କରି ମୁଁ ସମୟ ଅତିବାହିତ କରୁଛି । ଆଜିକୁ ଅଠର ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ, ଦୁଇ ହଜାର ଚାରି ମସିହା, ମେ ମାସ ଏକୋଇସ ତାରିଖ ରେ ମୋର ବାପା ଦେହ ତ୍ୟାଗ କଲେ । ସଦା ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ସୁସ୍ଥ ମଣିଷଟି ୭୬ ବୟସରେ ଚିରଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଶୋଇଗଲେ । ମାଆ ଏବଂ ପରିବାର ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ଧକ୍କା ଲାଗିଲା । ଆମକୁ କେବଳ ଘରଭିତ୍ତି ଲୋକ ହିଁ ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଆମର ସବୁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ବାନ୍ଧବ ଘରେ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ଥିବା ସ୍ଥଳେ -ଗୋଟେ ଏକଲା ପଣ ଆମକୁ -ବିଶେଷ କରି ମୋତେ ଜାଗୁଡ଼ି ଧରି ଥାଏ । ସତସଙ୍ଗ ଚାଲିଥାଏ ଘରେ ,ପ୍ରତି ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ଭଜନ କାର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେଉଥାଏ । ସହରର ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କଳାକାର ମାନେ (ଯାମିନୀ ଦାଶ ,ଗଗନ ନନ୍ଦ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି)ଏବଂ ବାହାରୁ ସୁବାସ ଦାସ ,ରାଖାଲ ମହାନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ରାଧାକାନ୍ତ ନନ୍ଦଙ୍କ ପରି ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ସଂଗୀତଜ୍ଞମାନେ ସତସଂଗରେ ଯୋଗଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଠି କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଲି ନାହିଁ । କାହାକୁ ପଚାରିବି ?ମୋ ନିଜର କକେଇ ସମେତ ତାଙ୍କ ଗୁପ୍ତର ସମସ୍ତେ ତା ଅକାଳରେ ବିଦାୟ ନେଇ ଗଲେଣି !ମୋର ମନେ ହେଲା ବାପାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଆମର ମଧ୍ୟ ଗୋଟେ କଟି ପଡ଼ିଗଲା ଏଇ ମୁସଲମାନ ପରିବାର ସହ । ସାରା ବସ୍ତିତ ଆମର ପରିବାର ହିଁ ଥିଲେ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ କାମ ନିମିତ୍ତରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ ,ଆଜି କଣ ହେଲା ?

ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ସକାଳୁ ରାତି ଅଧ ଯାଏ ଆମକୁ ସଙ୍ଗୋଳିବାକୁ ଭିତ ଲାଗିଥାଏ ଘରେ । ଖୁଆ ପିଆ କାନ୍ଦ କାଟପ୍ରତି ରାତିରେ ପ୍ରୀତି ଭୋଜନ । ନବମ ଦିନ ରାତି ଲୋକ ବାହୁଡ଼ି ଗଲା ପରେ ଚିଠିଟିଏ ଲେଖିଲି । "କକେଇ ତୁମକୁ ମୁଁ ଦେଖୁନି । ବାପାଙ୍କ କାମ ହେଉଛି । ଶାସନ ଗାଁରୁ ସବୁ ଜାତି କୁଟୁମ୍ବ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । କାମାକ୍ଷାନଗର ଏବଂ ଆଖପାଖର ପ୍ରିୟ ପରିଜନ ଆସିଲେ ଗଲେ ,ତୁମର ଦେଖା ନାହିଁ । ମା କେତେ କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ,କେତେ ଝୁରି ହଉଛି ବାପାଙ୍କର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକଳାପକୁ । ଥରେ ଦେଖୁ ଯା'ଅ ତ । ମୁଁ ଦେଶାନ୍ତରୀ ହେବା ଦିନରୁ ତ ତୁମ ସହ ଦେଖା ସାକ୍ଷାତ ହେଇ ପାରିନି । ଗୋଟିଏ ଦିନ ତ ଆସିବ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ।ତୁମେ ବାପାଙ୍କ କାମରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ ମା ଏବଂ ଆମ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗିବ । "

ରାଧା ଦଶ ତୁଠ ପରେ ଚିଠି ନେଇ କାମାକ୍ଷା ନଗର ଚାଲିଗଲା । କକେଇ ଚିଠି ପଢ଼ି କହିଲେ "କେତେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ମୋର,ମୋ ମାଆ ମୋତେ ମାନେ ରଖୁଛି । ମୁଁ ଏଗାର ଦିନ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଯିବି । "ମୋ ମାଆ ଚିଠି ଦେଇ ତକେଇଛନ୍ତି-ପୁଣି ମୁଁ ଯିବିନି -ନିଶ୍ଚୟ କାଲି ପହଞ୍ଚିବି । ଏଗାର ଦିନ ସକାଳ ଯାଇ ସଞ୍ଜ ହେଲା, ସଞ୍ଜ ଗଡ଼ି ରାତି ଅଧା ହୋଇଗଲା ,ଘର ପାଖ ଲଟାରେ ପଡ଼ି ଲାଗିଥାଏ, ପଂକ୍ତି ଭୋଜନ । ଭାଗିରଥପୁର ଶାସନ ଗାଁର ସମସ୍ତ ଜାତି କୁଟୁମ୍ବଙ୍କ ମେଳରେ,କାମାକ୍ଷା ନଗରରୁ ଆସିଥିବା ବହୁ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଅଭ୍ୟାଗତଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ ,ସହର ବାସୀ ଅନେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବିଶେଷଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ, ଦୂର ଦୂରାନ୍ତରୁ ତଥା ନିକଟରୁ ଆସିଥିବା ଆମର ପ୍ରିୟ ପରିଜନଙ୍କ ମେଳରେ କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିଲିନି । କାହାକୁ ଅବା ପଚାରିବି ?ଅଭିମାନରେ ମୁଁ ବି କୁନା କକେଇଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଗଲିନି ।

ଶୁଣିଲି -କିଛି ଦିନ ପରେ ସିଏ ବି ଚାଲିଗଲେ,ବାପାଙ୍କ ପଛେ ପଛେ । ହଜିଯାଇଥିବା ଦିନ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ସ୍ମୃତିକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ବେଳେ ବେଳେ - ସବୁ ବେଳେ । କେଉଁ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିରେ ପଡ଼ି କୁନା କକେଇ ବାପାଙ୍କ କାମକୁ ଆସିଲେନି,ସବୁବେଳେ ମନକୁ ଉଠ ପଡ଼ କରୁଛି ଏଇ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନଟି। କିଛି ଦିନ ହେବ ସବୁ ସ୍ମୃତିକୁ ପଛକୁ ଠେଲି -କକେଇ ଉଭା ହେଇଯାଉଛି ଆଖି ଆଗରେ । ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ଏମିତି ଯିବ..କେତେ ଦିନ ଆଉ ବାକି ରହିଲା ଜୀବନରେ !.....



ଜେଜେମାର ଭାବ - ଜିନି ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ



ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ, ଡେପ୍ୟୁ, ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ

ସେଦିନ ସୋମବାର ଥିଲା । ବଡ଼ଝିଅକୁ ଅପରାହ୍ନରେ ଦନ୍ତ ଚିକିତ୍ସକ ସହିତ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଧାରିତ ସମୟରେ ଦେଖାଇବାକୁ ନେବାର ଥିଲା । ଛନ୍ଦା ତେଣୁ ଅଧାଦିନ ଛୁଟି ନେଇ ଗୋଟାଏ ବେଳକୁ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଆସିଲା । ଫେରି ଦେଖିବା ବେଳକୁ ଜିନି ରୋଷେଇଘର ପାଖରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଚେୟାର ଉପରେ ବସି ବୋଇତିକଖାରୁ ଫୁଲବରା ଖାଉଛି । ଛନ୍ଦାକୁ ଦେଖି ସିଏ ଫୁଲବରାର ସ୍ବାଦ ବିଷୟରେ ବଖାଣି ବସିଲା । ଇଂରାଜୀରେ କହିଲା, “ଜେଜେମା ବହୁତ ସ୍ବାଦିଷ୍ଟ ଚପ୍ ତିଆରି କରିଛନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ଏମିତି କେବେ ବି ଖାଇନଥିଲି ।”

ବୁଝିବାରୁ ଜଣାପଡ଼ିଲା ଜେଜେମା ଜିନିକୁ ଫୁଲବରା ଚାଖିବାକୁ ଦେଇଛି । ସେଇଟା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଗୃହିଣୀମାନଙ୍କର ଗୁଣ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ହାତ ତିଆରି ଖାଦ୍ୟପଦାର୍ଥ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଖୁଆଇବାର ପ୍ରବଳ ଇଚ୍ଛା । ସେଥିରୁ ଯେଉଁ ପରିତୃପ୍ତି ମିଳେ, ତାହାର ଅନୁଭବ ଅସ୍ମିତୀୟ । ହେଲେ ଜେଜେମା ଜିନିକୁ ଫୁଲବରା ଦେବାଟା ଟିକେ କେମିତି ଅତୁଆଅତୁଆ ଲାଗିଲା । ଏଥିପାଇଁ କି ଜିନି ହେଲା ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଲୋକ । ସିଏ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଭାଷା ଛଡ଼ା ଅନ୍ୟ କିଛି ଭାଷା ବୁଝେନି । ହୁଏତ ସ୍ବାନିତ୍ କିଛି ବୁଝୁଥାଇ ପାରେ, ତେବେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାଷା ଜମା ବି ନୁହେଁ । ଏଣେ ଜେଜେମା କେବଳ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କହେ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୁଝେ । ସିଏ ପୁଣି ଜିନି ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରିବା ଓ ତାକୁ ବୋଇତିକଖାରୁ ଫୁଲ ଭଜା ଯାଚିବା ବଡ଼ ଅଜବ ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା । ତେବେ ସେଇଟା ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇଥିଲା ।

ସେଇଦିନରୁ ଘରେ କିଛି ଭଲ ଜିନିଷ ତିଆରି ହେଲେ ଜେଜେମା ଜିନି ପାଇଁ ସାଇତି ରଖିଥାଏ । କହେ, “ଜିନି ପାଇଁ ଟିକେ ଛେନାପୋଡ଼ ରଖୁ ତ ।” ତାର କାରଣ ହେଲା ଯେ ଘରକୁ କିଏ ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ଆସିଲେ, ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଯାହା ବଳକା ରହେ, ସମସ୍ତେ ବାଣ୍ଟିକୁଣ୍ଡି ନିଜ ଘରକୁ ନେଇଯାଆନ୍ତି ଏଇଆ ଭାବି କି କାଳେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ସ୍ନେହରେ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ଏମିତି ସୁସ୍ବାଦୁ ଖାଦ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ଫୋପାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । କାଳେ ବନ୍ଧାବନ୍ଧିରେ ସେ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ସବୁ ସରିଯିବ, ସେଥିପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଜିନି ପାଇଁ କିଛିକିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ, ଯଥା ବରା, ସିଙ୍ଗଡା, ଆଳୁଚପ୍ କି ମିଠାମିଠି ଯଦି ବଳିଲା, ସେସବୁ ସ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡଉଇଚ୍ ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ରଖାହେବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲା । ତା' ପରଦିନ ଜିନି କାମକୁ ଆସିଲେ, ଜେଜେମା ତାକୁ ଅଳ୍ପ ଅଳ୍ପ କରି ପ୍ରଥମେ ଚାଖିବାକୁ ଦିଏ । ସିଏ ଯଦି ପସନ୍ଦ କରେ ତ ତାକୁ ଅଧିକ ଦିଏ ଓ ସିଏ ସବୁ ଖାଇ ଶେଷ କରିଦିଏ ।

ଏବେ ଜିନିକୁ ଟିକେ ପରିଚିତ କରାଇବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ଜିନି ଜଣେ ହ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡିମ୍ୟାନ୍, ମାନେ ସର୍ବକର୍ମକାର । ଘରେ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ଯାହା ମରାମତ କରିବାର ଥାଏ ଜିନିକୁ ଡକାଯାଏ । ତେବେ ସିଏ ବେସ୍ମେଣ୍ଟ୍ ଓ ଡେକ୍ ବି ତିଆରି କରେ । ଏବେ ଛନ୍ଦା ଓ ଆକାଶଙ୍କର

ବେସମେଣ୍ଟ ଫିନିସିଙ୍ଗ କାମ ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ଜିନି ସେସବୁ ଦାୟିତ୍ଵରେ ଥିଲା । ସିଏ ତା' ଲୋକ ଲଗେଇ ଓ ବେଳେବେଳେ ନିଜେ ମଧ୍ୟ କାମ କରୁଥିଲା । ସେଇ ଅବସରରେ ତାର ଜେଜେମା ସହିତ ପରିଚୟ ହେଲା । ଜେଜେମା ସେତେବେଳେ ଆସି ଆମେରିକାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ନାତୁଣୀ ଓ ନାତୁଣୀ କୁଆଁଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରହୁଥିଲା । ନାତୁଣୀ ଛନ୍ଦା ଓ ନାତୁଣୀ କୁଆଁଙ୍କ ଆକାଶ ଉଭୟ କାମ କରନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ତିନିଟି ସାନସାନ ଝିଅ । ବଡ଼ଝିଅ ମିଡ୍‌ଲ୍ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପଢୁଥାଏ । ମଝିଆଁ ଝିଅ ଓ ସାନ ଝିଅ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶିଶୁ ଯତ୍ନ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରକୁ ଯାଉଥାନ୍ତି । ଘରେ ରହେ ଜେଜେମା । ଜିନି ଓ ତା କଂପାନୀରେ ଚାକିରି କରୁଥିବା ଶ୍ରମିକମାନେ ଆସି ବେସମେଣ୍ଟର କାମ କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଜେଜେମା ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କବାଟ ଖୋଲିଦିଏ ଓ ସେମାନେ ଯିବା ପରେ କବାଟ ବନ୍ଦ କରେ ।

ପ୍ରଥମେ ତ ସିଏ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଏତେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରୁନଥିଲା । ତେବେ ଯେଉଁଦିନଠାରୁ ବୋଇତିକଖାରୁ ଗଛରେ ଫୁଲ ହେଲା ଓ ସେ ଫୁଲର ବରା ତିଆରି ହେବା ଆରମ୍ଭହେଲା, ଜିନିର ଘ୍ରାଣେନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟରେ କିଛିଟା ବାସ୍ନା ପଶିଗଲା । ତାପରେ ଯେବେ ଆକାଶଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତାର ବେସମେଣ୍ଟ କାମ ବିଷୟରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଚାଲୁଥିଲା, ସିଏ ମତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେଲା, “ଜେଜେମା କଣ ଗୋଟିଏ ବୋଇତିକଖାରୁ ଫୁଲରେ ତିଆରି କରୁଛନ୍ତି ଯେ, ତାର ବାସ୍ନା ମହକାଇଦେଉଛି । ହୁଏତ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭାରି ସୁସ୍ଵାଦୁ ଜିନିଷଟିଏ ହୋଇଥିବ । ”

ଆକାଶ ସେକଥା ତା' ପରଦିନ ଜେଜେମା କାନରେ ପକେଇଦେଇଥିଲେ । “ଜିନି ତମ ଫୁଲବରାର ବାସ୍ନା ବିଷୟରେ ଭାରି ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରୁଥିଲା । ” ସେଇଥିରୁ ଜେଜେମାକୁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ମିଳିଗଲା । ସିଏ ତା ପରଦିନ ଜିନିକୁ ଫୁଲବରା ଯାଚିଲା । ଆମେରିକାର ଅନେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବହୁତ ଖୁସିମିଜାଜର ଓ ସେମାନେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗକୁ ହାତଛତା କରନ୍ତିନି । ଜିନି ଜେଜେମାର ଠାର ବୁଝିଲା । ଫୁଲବରା ଚାଖୁଲା । ତାକୁ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା ଓ ସିଏ ଆହୁରି ମାଗିକରି ଖାଇଲା । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଓଡିଆ ଓ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଭାଷାର ବ୍ୟବଧାନ ଏତେ ଜଣାପଡିଲା ନାହିଁ । ସେମାନେ ସାଙ୍କେତିକ ଭାଷାରେ, ଆଖି ଓ ହାତ, ଗୋଡ଼ର ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ବୁଝିପାରିଲେ । ସେଇଠୁ ଚାଲିଲା ଜେଜେମାର ଜିନି ସହିତ ଭାବର ଆଦାନପ୍ରଦାନ ।

ଏମିତି ଯେତେଦିନ ଜିନି ବେସମେଣ୍ଟ ପାଇଁ କାମ କଲା, ଅଧା ସମୟରେ କିଛିନା କିଛି ଓଡିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଚାଖୁଥିଲା । ଜିନିକୁ ସିଙ୍ଗତା ଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା । ଜେଜେମା ସିଙ୍ଗତା କରି ଜାଣିନଥିଲା । ତେବେ ଯଦି କେବେ ସେମାନେ ଭାରତୀୟ ଭୋଜନାଳୟରୁ ସିଙ୍ଗତା ମଗାଉଥିଲେ, ଜେଜେମା ଅନ୍ତତଃ ଗୋଟିଏ ଜିନି ପାଇଁ ସାଇତି ରଖୁଥାଏ । ଜିନି ଆସିଲେ ସିଏ ତାକୁ ଦିଏ ଓ ସିଏ ଖାଇ ଖୁସି ହୁଏ ।

ଏମିତି ଠାରରେ ଠାରରେ ଜିନି ବିଷୟରେ ଜେଜେମା ଅନେକ କିଛି ଜାଣିଗଲା । ତା' ସହିତ କାମ କରୁଥିବା ଲୋକଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ବି ଅନେକ କିଛି ଜାଣିଗଲା । “ଏମାନଙ୍କର ଏଇ ଭଳିଆ ଠିକା କାମ । କାହା ଘରେ କାମ ମିଳିଲେ ରୋଜଗାର; ନ ମିଳିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ବିଚରା । ସେମାନେ ସବୁ କୁଆଡେ ଗୁଡାଏ ଲୋକ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହେଇକି ରହୁଛନ୍ତି । ”

ତା' ପରଠାରୁ ଜେଜେମାର ଇଂରାଜୀ ଶିଖିବାକୁ ଆଗ୍ରହ ଆସିଲା । ପିଲାମାନେ ତାକୁ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଶିଖାଇବାର ପ୍ରୟାସ କରି ବ୍ୟର୍ଥ ହେଲେ । ଏତେ ବୟସରେ ଏ, ବି, ସି, ଡି ଶିଖିବାର ମାନସିକତା ତାର ନଥିଲା । ଛନ୍ଦା କି ଆକାଶଙ୍କୁ ସମୟ ମିଳେନି । ତିନିତିନିଟା ଛୋଟପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ଭାଳିବା ଏତେଟା ସହଜ ହୁଏନି । ସେମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଅତ୍ୟଧିକ ପରିମାଣରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରହିଯାନ୍ତି । ସେ

ଦାୟାଦ୍ ଏବେ ଜିନି ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଆକାଶ ଜିନିକୁ ସେଭଳି ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏବେ ଠାରରେ ନ କହି ଜିନି ଜେଜେମାକୁ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଇଂରାଜୀରେ କହେ । “ହାଓ ଆର୍ ୟୁ ଟୁଡେ ଗ୍ରାଣ୍ଡମା ?”

ଜେଜେମା ସେ ଶବ୍ଦଗୁଡ଼ିକ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ କରେ । ଜିନିକୁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଅନୁରୋଧ କରେ, “କଣ କହିଲ, ଆଉଥରେ କହିଲ” । ସେ ଶବ୍ଦଗୁଡ଼ିକ ତା ଦୁଃଖରେ ଠିକ୍ ଶୁଭିଲେ ଜିନି କୁହେ “ଗୁଡ୍” । ଜେଜେମା “ଗୁଡ୍”ର ଅର୍ଥ ଭଲରେ ବୁଝେ । ସେଥିରୁ ଜାଣେ ଯେ, ତା ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ ଠିକ୍ ହେଲା । ପିଲାମାନେ ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ଫେରିଲେ, ଜେଜେମା ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରେ । “ଆଲୋ ହେ ମିନି, ଏ ହାଓ ମାନେ କଣ କହିଲୁ ।” ମିନି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭଲ ବୁଝିପାରେ ଓ କହିପାରେ । ସିଏ ଜେଜେମାକୁ ବୁଝେଇଦିଏ । ଏମିତି ଭାବେ ଜେଜେମା ଅନେକ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଶବ୍ଦ ଶିଖିଗଲା । ତାକୁ ସିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଖାତାରେ ଚିପିକରି ରଖେ । “ହାଓର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା - କେମିତି; ୟୁର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା - ତୁମେ; ଗ୍ରାଣ୍ଡମାର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଲା - ଜେଜେମା ।” ସେଇଥିରୁ ସିଏ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରେ । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବେଳେବେଳେ ଇଂରାଜୀ କହିପକାଏ । ଭୁଲ୍ ହେଲେ ପିଲା ହସନ୍ତି । ମିନି ସୁଧାରିଦିଏ, “ଆଙ୍କ୍ ଉ ନୁହେଁ, ଥ୍ୟାଙ୍କ୍ ୟୁ ।” ଜେଜେମା ଘୋଷେ ଓ ସଂଶୋଧନ କରିବାର ଚେଷ୍ଟା ଜାରି ରଖେ । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ କହେ, “ଜାଣିଲ, ତମ ମାମାକୁ ପରା ମୁଁ ଛୋଟବେଳୁ ସେଇ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେଇଛି, ଘୋଷ ବିଦ୍ୟା ଘୋଷ, ନହେଲେ ଚାଳରେ ଖୋସ ।”

ବେସମ୍ପେଣ୍ଟ କାମ ସରିଯିବା ପରେ ଜିନିର ଯିବାଆସିବା ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଗଲା । ତେବେ ଛୋଟ ମୋଟ ଘରକାମ କିଛି ଦରକାର ପଡ଼ିଲେ, ଆକାଶ ଜିନିକୁ ଡକାଇପଠାନ୍ତି ଓ ଜିନି ଆସେ । ଜିନି ଆସିବା ଖବର ପାଇଲେ, ଜେଜେମା ତା' ପାଇଁ କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ସାଇତି ରଖିଥାଏ । ବୋଇତିକଖାରୁ ଫୁଲ ସିନା ଖରାଦିନ ପରେ ଆଉ ରହେ ନାହିଁ; କିନ୍ତୁ ପୋଇପତ୍ର ତ ବର୍ଷସାରା ଚାଇନିଜ୍ ଗ୍ରୋସୋରି ଷ୍ଟୋରରେ ମିଳେ । ଜେଜେମା ପୋଇପତ୍ରର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରକମର ବରା କରେ, କେତେବେଳେ ଚାଉଳ ଆସ୍ତରଣ ଦେଇ ତ କେତେବେଳେ ମଇଦା ଆସ୍ତରଣ ଦେଇ, ଆଉ କେବେକେବେ ବିରିବଟାର ଆସ୍ତରଣ ଦେଇ । ସବୁ ରକମର ଆସ୍ତରଣରେ ପୋଇପତ୍ର ବରା ବହୁତ ସୁସ୍ୱାଦୁ ଲାଗେ । ଜିନି ସେ ସ୍ୱାଦ ପସନ୍ଦ କରେ । ତେଣୁ ଜିନିକୁ ଯେବେ ଘରକାମ ପାଇଁ ଡକାହୁଏ, ଆକାଶ ଥକା କରି ଜେଜେମାକୁ କହିଦିଅନ୍ତି, “କାଲି ତମ ଜିନି ଆସିବ, ତା ପାଇଁ କିଛି ବିଶେଷ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ରଖୁଥିବ ।”

ଜେଜେମାର ଭାବନା ବିସ୍ତାରିତ ହୁଏ । ଗତଥର ଜିନି କଣ ଖାଇଥିଲା । ଏଥର ଆଉକିଛି ଅଲଗା ତା' ପାଇଁ ତିଆରି କଲେ ହେବ । ଆକାଶ ଜେଜେମାର ବ୍ୟସ୍ତତାକୁ ଦେଖି ଆମୋଦିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ଛନ୍ଦା ଜେଜେମାର ବ୍ୟସ୍ତତାକୁ ଦେଖି ଭାବେ, “ଏଇ ବୋଧହୁଏ ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ନାରୀର ପରିଚିତି; ଅନ୍ୟକୁ ଖୁଆଇବା ଓ ସେଥିରେ ସନ୍ତୋଷ ଲାଭକରିବା ।





English Poems & Essays

Home



Shasyak Panda, Cumming, GA

I Walked the tightrope
To my home
While still traveling
On my own

Its walls greet me
With splendid smell stuper
As I walked across
Its honey oak, fir.

The light of my room
Is ray of bright hope
And as the the outside roars
I am not to mope.

The House calms me
During my time of stay
While I' hv kept cool
This is not true Today.

The evermarching clock
Is what worries me the most
As it chimes and chimes
And yet I still stay on.

I know I must retire
To leave and not return
Whilst I will not forget
I will surely miss my home.



PAPER



Sarvansh Mishra–Grade 4, Atlanta, Georgia.

I wanna know more of you
More than what you do
Help people, earn their living
Or help them build dreams too.
When felt, so light
Yet carry usages manifold to weigh
Giving happiness to kids
Being boats on a rainy day
Being so wise
Sharing knowledge to seekers all day
Being the letter kissed so many times
That the beloved has lived through the grey
Signal of the goal
That a desperate aspirant has proved
Celebrations of life and memories behold
A keeper of huge stories untold
Apart from blessings you owe
And relax in your nothingness yet so much
Wrapping up the love with glee.

Paper, yes paper you would be!!

Hobbies – Reading, Playing guitar, Football, Swimming, Talking.



Clouded Skies



Ankita Mallik, NJ

One trip to india was so much like the other
my face, my arms, my legs
darker than chocolate
the sleepless nights, and full days
I wander through the village
barefoot
ants climb my feet as mount everest
I speak
children stare
wondering where i have come from
I see where my roots lie
I walk through the narrow streets
still as snow
past the abandoned dogs
past the crying beggars
past the helpless
who cat-call after us
I turn to stop
to help
to care as Mother Teresa

My grandmother hurries me away
warning of the thieves
"you are not from here
you do not know," she says
furling smoke clouds
city of delhi
but I come back to the village
safe haven
away from the exquisitely loud highways
speckled with roaring machines and rickshaws
smoke colored huts
embellished with mud
caked with cow dung

I wonder
who can stand staying here
I wonder
the Ganges
bluer than sapphires
the cool water
soothing my feet
I see dancing on rooftops
flinging water balloons at the vulnerable cows

we fly home with memories
that are clouded
we forget
the hungry
the helpless
and the ones who must stay.



Mind In Motion



Debabandya Dash,7th Grade,Naperville,IL.

Identity, the 8 letter word of flurry,
Staying in your head with no singular worry,
But it causes your heart to beat with hurry,
And your head sees your own self, blurry.

The word of peace as well as war,
It shows yourself better than all,
It puts a reflecting mirror on a wall,
Displaying to you, your inner call.

An image you can't see,
yet made by yourself,
Showing you what to be,
The golden book on the shelf.

The heart, brain, and thoughts,
The three that make up identity.
Across the bridge they go,
Creating you, an entity.

Identity is you, explained.
It is your idea of life, and everything around it.
A broken identity is a broken person.
It is your major source of motivation.

Everything combined to create a notion,
The big answer to your mind's commotion,
A force as strong as the biggest ocean,
Identity is your mind in motion.



Perfection Is Within



Saanvi Panda, Suwanee, GA

The excruciating stress

It feels overwhelming.

The tears - they tumble down

My heart quivers as I am hurting

There is no time to turn around and now

I am left with my soul bleeding

I feel the rage hit hard like thunder

I fall hopelessly to the ground sobbing

My mind and body

Sinking down under my smile that you see

But not my heart throbbing

Curled up in a dark, empty room

Hiding from all

My fears nowhere to go

No one to talk to and now I am

Drowning in my own tears

I see all the pretty boys and girls

Gorgeous, perfect, skinny too

I don't look like the shiny pearls

Not only the stress
But the insecurities too

All the trash-talk feels as if
A huge wave crashes down on me
My feelings as dull as a grey rock
My personality is my only beauty

I hope the tragic stress will go away
I will desperately be waiting
For that amazing day
But I also don't understand
Why the world is so rough or is it
Just that I am not good enough

I know sometimes we wish we were others
We think we are not worth it
But life is a painting with both
Happy and sad colors and
NOBODY is perfect

Life isn't always a golden glimmer
Because sadness can be a bloody red scar
No need to be
perfect and thinner because
We are already perfect just the way we are.



Identity



Rohan Satpathy, 7th Grade, Avon CT

Identity is not what you may think.

It's not about your race,
and not about the color of your face.
It's definitely not about your name,
and obviously not how you are the same.

What is Identity?

It's not what you do when people are watching,
it's what you do when they're not.
Your identity is defined when you make the right choice,
or, the kind one.

Identity is what I learn from a mistake,
and the decisions I take.

It's not where I'm from,
but the challenges I overcome.

I am myself.
Who are you?

[Be Yourself :everyone else is already taken." -Oscar Wilde]



I AM



Shubhanshi Dey,4th Grade,Naperville,IL.

I Am

I am curious and wondering

I wonder at how people started living in this world

I hear the noise of the air conditioner

I see that I am making progress

I want to travel to Paris

I am curious and wondering

I pretend I am a spy agent

I feel my hands get dehydrated

I touch the keys on my keyboard

I worry about injuring myself

I cry from agony

I am curious and wondering

I understand that I need to behave more mature

I tell others to be kind

I dream about me painting magnificent pieces

I try my best at climbing rock, climbing walls

I hope I will be famous.

I am curious and wondering.



Teenage Years



Aarushi Mohanty, Simsbury, CT.

Sleepless nights,
Streaming tears,
Pointless fights
Loyal friendships,
Procrastination,
Terrible time management,
The need to escape,
Existential crisis,
Feeling lost,
Isolation,
Search for adventure,
Staying up late,
Ruining our sleep schedule,
Growing up,
Navigating life,
No motivation for interests,
Problems,
Responsibilities!
Confidence,
Finding ourselves,
Knowing our worth,
Less insecurities,
Getting more mature,
Handling situations
well..

At the end we all know,
That there will come a time, where we
grow up
And enjoy life as it comes,
Cause life never goes according to our plans, anyway.



Identity Crisis



Babru Samal, Rockville, MD

Who am I?

Without my consent,
I have a last name, first and a middle name
Tags to show my ancestry, gender, and religion.

My name has a prefix and a suffix
To show either my gender or education.
I have extensions like a car or a house
To show my status in society.
But are those my identities?

My childhood convictions about
religion, culture, dress or job
Got heavily edited
by my education, travel and exposure.
I undergo metamorphosis
Like a river fed by tributaries
Made with fresh or alien rain water.

I am an empty shell
An old dilapidated facade
Housing the contents of my vestigial past
Tinkering and flickering presence

And my future
A hallucination, like
The smartphone was
In the 20th century.



Am I dependable?



Sanskrit Jee, Robbinsville, New Jersey

I go to Elementary school in New Jersey. As a 4th Grader, it's a big responsibility to be a role model for the younger kids. Recently, as a Wingman leader, I helped my class introduce themselves to the kids in Pre-k, in some fun ways. We all shared our names, family origins, favorite foods, places, family member names, and some exciting facts from where we come from. Like when I share about the beautiful beach town of Puri in the state of Odisha in India where I come from, Davis and Zach are probably reminiscing a scene from Moana. It's so wonderful to help create a social circle and bring cheer to the little ones who may be nervous like a pack of velociraptors in a forest full of t-rexes. I'm a t-rex who was once a velociraptor who learnt the norms of the forest trotting up the mountains called Math, Science, Art, Music, Sports, and Literature, learning from my teachers, while playing around the trees called Library, Cafeteria, Gym, and Park, and having fun with my friends.

In the community that I live in, I wanted to start a community garden. I always alerted the residents to pick up after their dogs. I want to contribute to fundraisers, and organize drives for the under privileged as a social responsibility. My friends and I play football in Josh's yard after school, and I'm thankful that his dad rakes the leaves almost everyday and hopeful that I can return the favor the next season. It's interesting that football in America is played more with the hands and when I go back to my home country India, I juggle with a mixed identity. However, who cares as long as I'm having fun with my cousin Spandan kicking the ball right over me as I hurl it towards the goal post. We take pride in being nicknamed "the invincible brothers".

I had my first Christmas tree this year, the first time I believe Santa glided down the Chimney with gifts and filled up my stockings, so I was reassured that I am nice and not naughty ☺. My college-going new neighbor and his friends invited me to join them in lighting fireworks right after the Ball drop. I felt ecstatic having celebrated the best new year ever, with such cool friends and company. A car honked at us, and then another one as we were on the road. One of the boys threw an empty coke can at the killjoy car, it was New Years' after all! My dad suddenly asked me to come back home and instead watch the fireworks from the window. As I did so, and looked at what the group of youngsters went into, the Gandhi in me realized how I cannot have fun at the expense of others. We have to abide by the laws and create a distinct identity not momentarily created by the rush of youth but with a belief in self, we must live well and let live.

Holidays bring out the little boy in me – fun loving, curious, organizing, running errands, and fueling my heart with happiness and energy to keep me going into the New Year. When I'm home,

every time my mom needs water, or a helping hand with my brother, I run to fetch her whatever she needs, and I try to do a little extra bit by arranging the stuff around the house. I believe I'm dependable but I still have to improve because expectations are building up. This holiday season, I had made 4 different Vex™ builds and with each one I made a multitude of mistakes. In the second build, I made my first mistake that I couldn't fix with my hands or teeth. So I had to get crafty. I used a small 1*1 stud to dislodge a larger 1*2 studs from its hole and it worked. Just as I felt accomplished having completed my 4 Lego robots, I rushed upstairs from the basement and before I could share my accomplishment with my dad, I found him in deep trouble trying to fix a Kallax™ desk for me on his own. He had put a short stud in a long hole and it was stuck, and he couldn't get it out with his hands. Because I have small fingers, I was able to do the honors and then helped him fix the desk. After this I fixed my brother's desk, two bookshelves, and certainly didn't realize that I had transitioned from building with Legos to building real life furniture.

I want to ask my dad if he thinks I'm dependable, what do you think he would say? Open to hearing back from my reader at -- sanskrit.jee@gmail.com .



My Santa Rosa Trip 09-23-2021



Chirag Routray, 3rd grade, Dublin, California.

"Are we there yet?" I asked. "No," said my mom. We were going to Santa Rosa because every day I would moan "You guys take me nowhere!" So, my parents and I were going to Santa Rosa for three and a half days.

During the trip, I saw many beautiful things like the ocean, San Francisco, grasslands, cities, a factory and Adventure Kingdom, aka Six Flags. I may also have seen a shark!

When we got to the hotel, the service took our heavy luggage and we checked in at the front desk. They had a giant pool, wine bar, fireplace and a massive parking lot. Our room had a TV, two beds, a back porch with wood logs as seats, and a bathroom.

The next morning, we went to the Russian River. It was a very small river and the water was being used for showering and drinking. I saw some type of crane and some baby fish. The lifeguard said there were some other rivers and lakes. We went to the one he suggested. It was a giant lake and there were many more fish. The water stream was pushing the smaller fish away. After that we went to a few wineries, since my dad wanted to visit them. It was a long day and we decided to go get some dinner at a Himalayan restaurant. It was a family run restaurant (a whole family was running it). The food was warm and the drinks were refreshing. Finally, it was time to leave the hotel and go to Safari West!

Safari West is a safari in Santa Rosa, California. It was a thirty-minute trip. When I got there, I saw some birds that looked like turkeys. I asked our tour guide what they were and she said they were used for pest control. They would eat fleas and ticks. Our tour guide was super nice! (I have forgotten her name.) She told us that at the end of the visit, she would pick a number, and the person whose number came in closest would be the winner and would be allowed to sit at the top of the van. We saw giraffes, flamingos, antelopes, exotic birds, rhinos, ostrich, buffalos, zebras, and then again some different breeds of antelope. Lastly, we went on the walking portion of the trip. My mom was too tired to walk, so my dad and I did it together. First we got a better view of the flamingo and then we went inside the bird enclosure where we got to see the birds up close. There was a pretty gold bird that looked like a rooster. After that I saw some monkeys, cheetahs, some more birds, and some cute baby fennec foxes.

Finally, it was time to go home. We had some food and headed home after a fun-packed trip that I shall always remember fondly!



Let's unwrap the earth: Zero waste gift wrapping



Gauri Paikray, New Jersey

A few weeks ago, I went to my friend's birthday party. The gift was a science experiment set. My friend thanked me but his eyes and the eyes of all my friends were on the gift.

"Hey Gauri, do you not have wrapping paper at home?" questioned one of them.

The gift was wrapped in magazine paper and tied with twine. Atop it was a butterfly that my father and I crafted out of newspaper.

"Nothing like that," I replied quietly. "This is zero waste gift wrapping."

"What's that Gauri?" asked my friend's mom, her eyes big and round like eggs inside a carton.



I gulped and took a deep breath as I always do when speaking to lots of people in the room. "Basically, it's doing away with glittery, shiny, store-bought wrapping paper that wraps our earth in terribly harmful ways."

“What do you mean by terribly harmful?” someone asked.

“Well, the wrapping paper mostly lands up in landfills as it is not recyclable, and all for a two-minute pleasure of wrapping a gift.

“Really? Tell us more about it,” urged another friend.

Well one day I came home and asked my mom if she knew what a scrunch test is. She had never heard of the test.

“Well, look here.” I balled up a tissue paper and it remained in a ball. Then I balled up a piece of store-bought wrapping paper, the beautiful red one with golden stars on it. The ball of paper opened.

“Mom, the paper that retains the ball shape can be recycled, and the one that opens up goes to the landfill. The glitterier it is, the more harmful it is to our planet.”

“Oh, where did you learn all this?” mom asked, her eyes widening with surprise.

I told her I read about it in a library book.

Mom and I decided to research some more and realized that zero waste gift wrapping is fun, needs some preparation and most importantly goes a long way in unwrapping our precious planet..... our permanent home.

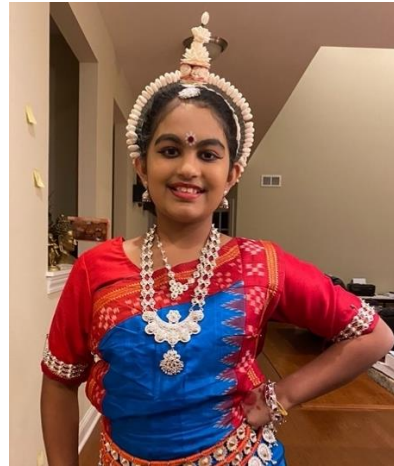
So, the first thing I did was to organize the supplies. I took a cardboard carton and then filled it with magazines, twines, pinecones, pine needle clumps. No one buys newspapers nowadays, but we get many free magazines in the post. They have thick, glossy paper. And then we prepared the glue with hot water and rice flour. The homemade glue felt sticky like slime. Sellotape is a plastic villain. Then I wrapped the Christmas gifts for all our friends with the supplies from the carton, with the help of baba and maa.

I had to glue at least six magazine pages to wrap a t-shirt or an art set. I took my parent’s help to tie up the gift with twine (not nylon string). Then the fun part came, decorating our gifts. I reversed the chip packets... lo and behold I had silver paper to craft flowers from. I also decorated the gifts with pinecones, lollipops, dry leaves, and newspaper butterflies. See the pictures please. We also tried making an origami star from a newspaper, but it turned out really clumsy. We placed all the wrapped gifts in front of the fireplace. Something told me that Santa would feel proud.

Do you know friends that if everyone in the United States adopted the zero-waste gift wrapping idea, the paper that would be saved can cover 45, 000 football fields? Think about it: our earth doesn’t need a wrap at all. If we do it together, we will go from I to us, and us is always a stronger identity.



Discrimination



Naihara Rout, 6th Grade, Naperville, IL.

The problem I would like to solve is “Discrimination”.

We humans do not treat everyone equally even though we call ourselves, collectively, “Humankind”.

Human. Don’t just read it. Look at it. Each letter is so different from the others and so unique. Yet, when you put them all together, they form a word: *Human*. Then look at each letter as a separate entity from all the other letters. What was once a word is now just alphabet soup. Separate from each other, the letters make no sense. This is representative of humankind. We are all different letters in the universe and we are all unique and different from each other. But rather than seeing this as a wonderful thing, as the beauty of nature, we see it as an abomination. Rather than coming together, we separate ourselves further. But it doesn’t have to be this way. We can jettison the differences we made in the first place. We can become *human* again.

Recently, I read a short story called “Main Street” by Jacqueline Woodson. It’s about a young white girl, named Treetop, who befriends a black girl, named Celeste, while her friends made racist comments about Celeste. When her friends looked at Celeste, they saw a black girl, but when Treetop saw Celeste, she saw a girl, just like her. She saw a friend, someone to trust. Treetop saw a human, plain and raw.

The friendship between Treetop and Celeste is a quintessential example of how putting aside our differences, can benefit everyone in the long run. There are so many misconceptions and stereotypes in the world, simply because of the way our society is. When we meet people, sometimes we don’t let them have a chance to introduce themselves because we immediately jump to conclusions. We need to give people the space that they need. We need to let them showcase themselves, and show us who they are. This won’t ever happen until we begin working together. We have to approach every person with an open mind and be ready to understand them. And it doesn’t always have to be about heavy topics, like race. It could just be about letting the teachers play with you at recess. Let people be themselves, irrespective of their backgrounds, race, age, gender, religion, or beliefs.

I ran for Student Council this year, with the motto “Rising together while continuously improving”. In my campaign (Manuscript of my Student Council campaign Speech is attached at the bottom of this essay), I discussed how important it is to raise awareness about diversity, equity and inclusion in our school community. With an inherent sense of inclusiveness and justice, I suggested the idea of us having days to mismatch our socks, or have crazy hair days to show off our quirks, and creativity, explore new ideas, and live freely. It’s important to be constantly adjusting and refining our thought process to accept others and make them feel more comfortable. We need to get rid of the divisions we have sown amongst ourselves to make this world a better place. Otherwise, we will find ourselves in a world where humankind is not kind anymore.



Climate Hero and Plastic Pulverizer



Tanya Das, Mount Laurel, NJ

17-year-old science star Tanya Das was recently interviewed by CNN for her commitment to cleaning up the world's oceans. Tanya is an environmentalist, STEM enthusiast, and lobbyist working to provide underserved students with educational opportunities and foster the next generation of scientists and leaders.

In a conversation with Deepti Paikray she talks about her journey so far. For Tanya identity is synonymous with following her passion, which for her is conserving the environment and exercising her civic rights. She believes each of us can change the world for the better by pursuing what makes us happy.

1. Tanya, please tell us about your journey so far.

The earliest I recollect is me picking up a flyer on solar panel installations walking out of Home Depot and asking my elder sister to explain it to me. After much discussion we took it upon ourselves to convince my parents to install solar panels - we were the first house on the block! I then started speaking with the school district by showing them both the financial and social benefits of moving to solar panels. Since those early years, I felt the urgent need to save the Earth, and I would pick up and trash every piece of litter I saw.

In middle school after leading my underwater robotics teams to place 4th internationally, curiosity compelled me to research real-life applications of underwater robots. Having grown up in NJ, a coastal state, I was shocked when I realized how little I knew, and the devastating human impacts on the ocean and environment! When I realized the issue of ocean pollution and its impacts, I truly wanted to save the ocean. Plastics are an invisible pandemic in our oceans and world. I immediately insisted that my friends and family ban plastics from their everyday lives. After many months, I realized I needed a collective voice.

I incorporated a non-profit, Motion for the Ocean and raised awareness among elementary school children by holding school assemblies where I read my self-published book *Magical Ocean Adventure*. Everyone pledged to protect the ocean. At the middle school level, I hold movie showings, skip the straw campaigns, and circulate petitions. For the high school audience, I empower youth to connect with their own stories and lobby policymakers for top-down policies to ban single-use plastics.

Simultaneously, I combine my interests in educational equity and STEM with my passion for the environment by hosting underwater robotics workshops for underserved youth (thus empowering them to also innovate). My endeavors have evolved from simply raising awareness to teaching

students how to follow the engineering design process through underwater robotics, and now, to civic empowerment virtual training at the onset of the pandemic.

The core philosophy of my philanthropy is for my actions to serve as drops. A drop might be small, but each drop causes a ripple, a wave. By cascading my skills, knowledge, and experiences to empower other youth leaders to empower other youth, I ultimately hope to cause a tsunami of change, catalyzing transformation in society.



2. Any specific incident or anecdote you would like to share with readers that triggered the journey of the plastic pulverizer.

On a visit to the Turtle Hospital in Florida, I was heartbroken to see the turtles recovering from entanglement or ingestion of plastic nets, straws, etc. Some of them will never be able to go back to their home in the wild due to the extensive damage caused by plastics. How can you survive and fend for yourself if one of your flippers has been sawed off by fishing gear cutting off circulation? Prosthetic flippers have allowed disabled turtles to swim again and provide hope, but they still can't survive in the wild. If we did them this injustice, we must right it for them, too.

3. Who are the people whom you look up to and why? (Within family, school, or mentors).

My parents have contributed a lot, and I always use them as a sounding board when an idea first takes shape in my mind. This gives me a way to play out the details and ensure that the premise I work off is hinged on reality and practicality. My mentors who I have always associated with everything I do have been my teachers.

My former gifted academic program (GAP) teacher, Mrs. Roberta Braverman, guided me through my first few depositions for educational funding and my first Hill Day with the National Association for Gifted Children (NAGC). She sparked my interest in lobbying and my ultimate goal of becoming an environmental lawyer.

My underwater robotics coach, Ms. Maureen Barrett, was also an influential figure. She is passionate about robotics and the ocean and is also a SCUBA diver. She was the one who fostered my love for the ocean!

4. Kindly tell us how underwater robotics work in cleaning up our waterways.

At the current time, I do not have a robust solution that can clean up all the waterways and oceans in the world. Also, when we clean plastic pollution and put it in incinerators, we will have

atmospheric pollution as we release toxic gases into the air. We must learn to reuse and recycle as much plastic as we can. The responsibility does not belong to one person; it is something that should hit the conscience of every person.

Hence, my solution is to create this awareness. This is where my underwater robotics workshops are targeted. I create the confidence and aspiration in every participant that they can do this. The robots I build can't really be applied to the vast ocean. I use underwater robotics as a tool to teach students about the engineering design process. This empowers them to unlock this way of thinking to brainstorm solutions to not just plastic, but any problem they see in the world. The robots can be used on a small scale to remove debris like plastic bottles, but it's more of an exercise in designing, redesigning, and overcoming challenges. When I did the underwater robotics workshop in Odisha, the kids deployed the ROV in the river behind their school and had fun cleaning up a lot of the floating plastic water bottles and bags.

5. Three simple ways every household can follow to support motion for the ocean.

It's important to be conscious of daily plastic usage. Although it's difficult to break old habits and eliminate single-use plastics at one go, you can start by choosing one thing and eliminate that. Stash a few reusable canvas totes in the boot of your car, that way when you need a single-use plastic bag, you have a handy canvas tote. If you always get plastic cups or straws at stores, carry a thermos and a reusable metal straw. Also, when you go out to restaurants and you know that there will be leftovers you want to carry back, you can take your own reusable containers to bring food back instead of asking the restaurant for their plastic or styrofoam containers to pack it in. You can also avoid purchasing small, individually wrapped packs of snacks and just get a single large pack and use reusable containers at home to distribute it to smaller portions. You can switch to cotton clothing instead of synthetics. Install a microfiber filter in your washing machine - 35% of microplastics come from washing synthetic clothing.

Small individual actions like the above can all add up to a better world.

6. How do you overcome challenges and obstacles?

Challenges and obstacles will happen no matter how well prepared you think you are. Do not get flustered. It is very easy to become frustrated and do things randomly without thinking, but remember it is how you react to the occasion that matters most.

There were quite a few obstacles that I faced during my international pilot underwater robotics workshop in my parents' home state. I had assigned a pre-reading, Chapter 6: Stability, Buoyancy, and Balance from the textbook Underwater Robotics. I realized at the workshop's start that no one was able to read English. Although I'd already planned out the 10-day workshop, I immediately re-worked the curriculum to fit in the basic theory as well.

When the students led me up to their classroom, I was shocked to see that it was one large room with no walls, just benches and a small blackboard at the front.

I picked up the stock underwater robot I'd brought from home and walked to the center of the rows. "If I attach *luah* (iron) here," I pointed to a corner of the frame. "*Bhasiba* (float) *na budiba* (sink)?"

"*Budiba!*" multiple students exclaimed.

"Ha, but *kemiti budiba?*" I asked. For a lack of technical words, I tried to move the robot to show that by *kemiti* I meant orientation. Notebooks and pencils clattered to the ground. Dozens of little hands covered my own as they guided the robot into the right orientation.

It's gratifying, yet terrifying to know everything hinged on those stumbling blocks - language barrier, lack of technical terms, lack of resources, less than ideal learning environment - where I

could've given up but chose to adapt. My students matched my efforts to convey my message because they recognized my resilience. We all have something unique to contribute, whether that comes in the form of music, activism through art, a knack for telling stories. Only by looking within can we find our passions and true identity.



Identity- Cultural and Behaviors



Debanshi Dey,8th grade,Naperville, IL.

The dictionary definition of identity is the characteristic that determines who a person is, however similarly, in my opinion, my definition is the characteristics that make a particular group of people different from others. A person's identity is influenced by many different factors such as his family, friends, religion, heritage, beliefs, etc. Each factor weighs differently for each person, however, in my view, it is our culture and behavior that shows our identity.

To me, culture helps define how individuals see themselves as well as others and it even shapes the development of their self-image. According to ER Services, in the essay: Communication in the Real World, it states, "...culture influences our beliefs about what is true and false, our attitudes including our likes and dislikes, our values regarding what is right and wrong, and our behaviors." Cultural identity is an influential supporter of people's welfare. When a person associates themselves with a certain culture it gives them a certain passion for belonging and protection. Additionally, it provides people access to a social platform that supplies support and shared values. By these cultural influences, our basis of identity is formed.

By our behaviors, we see that our actions are important to us and become a part of who we are. When individuals project an identity, the first thing that is reflected by that is their behaviors/actions. From frontiers in psychology, Habit, and Identity, "Self-identity has been studied as a potential addition to the theory of planned behavior. This theory poses an intention to act as the primary determinant of behavior, which in turn is determined by an attitude, normative pressure, and perceived control of the behavior...established that self-identity correlated with past behavior, which has often been considered as a proxy for habit." Our behaviors lead to affecting different factors. For instance, depending on your acts and behaviors whether they are positive or negative it can highly influence your career decisions. Such as a hard worker leads to more potential developments (growth opportunities). However, one who slacks in their work might end up getting into trouble or hired to a lower position, etc. All in all, your identity is echoed by your behavior.

Ultimately, the main message was to show how much our identity relies on two important factors, our culture and behaviors. Sure, other aspects play a role too but they are affected by these two main ones.



Karna



Ayaan Mahapatra, 6th Grade NC.

Once upon a time in ancient India, there was a king called Kuntibhoja. He had no kids, so he adopted his niece, named Kunti. One day, sage Durvasa, known to have a short temper. Kunti pleased him so much that he gave a special boon. She could say a certain mantra and whatever god she would have in mind would give her a son. She decided to test on the sun god, Surya. When she did it, she gave birth to Karna. Karna got armor & earring on birth that made him invincible. Kunti was scared as she was young, and unmarried. So, she cast Karna away on a river. Soon, a charioteer named Adhiratha, found the baby. He was childless so he adopted him. Meanwhile, Kunti married King Pandu, of Hastinapura who ruled for his brother blind Dhritarashtra. But because of a curse that he can't have children, Pandu has two wives, Kunti and Madri. Soon Kunti used the mantra to get Yudhishtira; son of Yama, Bheema; son of wind god, and Arjuna, son of Indra, king of gods. She then gave the mantra to Madri who got Nakula and Sahadeva; son of the Ashwin twins.

One day Pandu while hunting killed a deer while mating. The deer's wife said, "*I CURSE YOU THAT YOU WILL ONE DAY DIE LIKE THAT WHEN IN ROMANCE!!!*" Then, the deer's wife passed away. One day Pandu let go of his self-control and died. When Pandu got cremated, Madri jumped into the fire to join him. Kunti and her three sons with Madri's two sons went to Hastinapur to find refuge under King Dhritarashtra. Soon, when they grew up, a rivalry brewed between the Kauravas (children of Dhritarashtra) and between Pandavas (Yudhishtira, Bheema, Arjuna, Nakula & Sahadeva). Karna often came to Hastinapura and watched them fight among themselves. Drona, the Pandavas & Kauravas guru helped them in the princely arts. Karna soon became Drona's student, but his favorite was Arjuna, and he would never let anyone surpass him. Karna asked, "Sir, can I learn brahmastra?" Drona replied that it was only meant for Brahmans & higher kshatriyas.

One day without thinking Karna shot an animal. He realized it was a cow. The grieving owner cursed Karna that he would find himself helpless just like the poor cow. Karna soon learnt about an archery competition. At the competition, Arjuna was there. He was going to be the winner until Karna came and took the spotlight. Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kauravas, rejoicing at Arjuna's failure made Karna his friend. As time passed, relationships between Pandavas and Kauravas worsened until a game of dice was played between them. Shakuni used his talent to make the Pandavas lose everything. They went on exile for 12 years and in the 13th year, they had to go

into hiding. At the end of the 13th year, Duryodhana declared a war to see who would get the kingdom. Karna took Duryodhana's side.

Knowing this, Indra took the form of a beggar to get Karna's armor & earrings. Indra came and asked for the earrings and armor. Karna, knowing this, donated it to him. Appreciating it, Indra gave Karna his ultimate weapon-The Shakti. Then, Krishna tries to convince Karna to join his brothers and tells his story to Karna. Karna said that it will be against dharma to betray Duryodhana. Then, Kunti tried convincing Karna to join his brothers, but Karna said that it would be betrayal. But since he felt bad for his mom, he promised not to kill any of the Pandavas except Arjuna.

The battle was ferocious. Many great people died. Kaurava's first Commander Bhishma was defeated but not dead as he was given a power that allowed him to die when he wanted to. Then Drona became commander, but he too got defeated. Finally, Karna became commander. But he still remembered his promise to his mother. He was fighting Bhima and would have killed him but didn't due to the promise to his mom. Soon he used shakti on Arjuna. It would've been the end of Arjuna but Bhima's demon son, Ghatotkacha who sacrificed his life to do it. Finally, battle ensued between Arjuna and Karna. Just when Karna was going to win, his chariot wheel got stuck in the ground, he went off & tried to free the wheel. Then Arjuna, advised by Krishna, shot an arrow that beheaded Karna. Alas, the owner of the cow's curse wasn't in vain as his head flew in another direction & hit the Earth. The son of Surya, the Sun god's son was dead...

The victorious Pandavas made sacrifices to their fallen kinsmen. Then, Kunti said, "Wait! There is one more." "Who is it?" asked Yudhishtra. "Karna," she said. The brothers looked towards the sun and shared a moment of silence for Karna. Even though Karna was on the enemy side, I believe he was an example of courage and loyalty. If only he had been on the good side, who knows what would have happened?

Reference: "Karna" book from Amar Chitra Katha



Diary of a Witty Dog

Back in BusinessDiary Owner: Maple Buxi



Author: Anisha Buxi, 9th Grade, Suwanee, Georgia

Entry 8: Whoa! Welcome Back Again! Time to catch y'all up...



Boy oh boy! It has been a while, huh? Sorry, I have been so busy lately. We have finally gotten into traveling again and I NEED to fill you in on everything. It has been so exciting, going to all these places I have never seen. I have even started swimming! The water is so calming and being there with my family feels like I am on cloud nine. I do not know what the place I went to is called. I heard my family say PNC or something like that. Besides that trip, I also went to Savannah, Georgia. Oh, that trip was mAgICaL! Not only that, I went to Tennessee and saw 7 states from one spot! Anyways, I am getting ahead of myself and there is too much to write about these trips, so check out my other entries to hear more about them! I know I said everything was very exciting but, sadly, everyone has been out of the house lately and I feel lonely. Especially after they were all home with me for a very long time. My dad started traveling again, my mom is always working hard on her computer, my oldest sister is at college and my other sister is at school. That is why these trips are always so fun! When the whole family is together again my heart feels so warm!

Entry 9: PCB! Whew I got it! Beach Day Time!

I finally figured it out! So, I am in PCB, Panama City Beach, right now, NOT PNC. My family has been here 3 times in the past couple months. The first time for my sister's eighteenth birthday (first time I swam as well), another time for fun, and now for my parent's twentieth anniversary. If you could not tell, we really do like this place, I mean we stay at the same resort every time and go to the same Dog Beach. I still smell my marked territory on the grass outside from last time. Now let's talk about Dog Beach. This beach, let me tell you, is, by far, the best place I have ever

been. When you first lay eyes on the beautiful sand, you can see the dogs running and rolling around in it. It is the perfect sand to throw at my sisters' faces. Oh, and not to mention the water. The most clear, gorgeous water I have ever seen, but when I drink it I make a face. It is not the best refresher, but I mean at least it has some flavor, sAlTiNeSs. Best part of all this is swimming. My entire family is so amazed when I enter the water, like they do not know dogs can naturally swim. It is like they have never seen me wet before. This should not be that big of a surprise guys. Anyways, for some reason whenever I get a little bit deeper in the ocean, there are these ripples in the water, tossing me around. Seems like I am getting bullied here and so I stand up for myself. I fight back and go deeper in until I get hit by another one. At this point, I was tired, and so my sister held me and took me back to shore, where I shook off all the salty water. I always sniff around until my family is done with their fun.

Entry 10: Sleepover TINGZ

My first ever sleepover! I am so excited! Please help me through it.

To-do list:

- Pack (Make sure to take lots of treats and toys)
- Jump on my new friends
- Mark as much territory as possible
- Eat lots of treats
- Get a photoshoot
- Become friends with a deer

Everyone is packing their bags. Such chaos around me right now. All I could think about was, "WHERE ARE WE GOING? WHERE ARE WE GOING?" No one is paying attention to me. My mom is running up and down the stairs, my sisters' filling up these large boxes (by the way, I could fit in those), and my dad is filling up our car. I am so excited as I see my mom packing up my bags. I wonder where we are going, the beach again? Or maybe Disneyland! I heard a lot about that place and how my sisters and my mom saw Shah Rukh Khan there. We always watch his movies, but it would be cool to see the person at whom I always bark. Maybe we are going to Universal! There, I might become a wizard. Maybe now I can trick my family with treats and stuff like they do to me. Ahhh... one can only dream. My dad continues to fill up the car and just tosses my bed in there. Like it is floating in the air. How am I supposed to sleep on that for this road trip? I am sure they have something planned. And it turns out they do. Once everyone filled the car up, we drove for about two minutes and stopped at this house. Everyone got out and my sister put my harness on me. What is going on? They packed up the car for this? When I get out, I see this lady in red waiting for me on the porch. I eagerly ran up the stairs to greet them. I got lots of pets. Then, suddenly, my dad handed the leash off to the lady. Then, at that moment, I realized what was happening. They are not taking me on the trip, are they? I look at my family with tears in my eyes. The woman led me inside where I quickly ran around and explored. She showed me the backyard. It was HUGE! I just knew I had to mark as much territory as possible. I was sniffing around, and that is when I saw it, my new best friend. On the other side of the fence was a deer! The lady, I'll call her Red, brought the deer some bread and left it on the ground. This is when I decided I should become friends with the deer. We talked for an hour through the fence. I did not understand what she was saying but the conversation was still there and was meaningful. We had the most fun ever! We would run next to each other through the fence. Then, I got exhausted and Red saw that so she called me inside for some water. I chugged as much as I could and then took a nap on my bed. When I woke up, I was blessed with lots of treats - chicken, sausage, and bones! All the works. Red kept on telling me to do certain tricks and so I did to impress her. I would roll over, lay down, and shake her hand. My stomach was on the ground at this point.

Everytime I did a new trick, she would take a picture of me and send it to my mom. I feel like I am on top of the world, like a model. I love getting my picture taken. This was so fun, but I miss my family, even though they do not give me nearly as many treats.

My to-do list checked off:

- Pack (Make sure to take lots of treats and toys)
- Jump on my new friends
- Mark as much territory as possible
- Eat lots of treats
- Get a photoshoot
- Become friends with a deer

Entry 11: Rock City!

Hmmmm, what did I do this weekend? What about seeing seven different states from one spot! Impossible, right? Nope. I saw the seven states: Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. That's right! All those states from one spot and Rock City made that possible. Before we get to this part, let's discuss the Fairyland portion of Rock City. I mean are they trying to give me nightmares? The dolls there have red lights shining on their faces that still haunt me. They also move in ways that are not humanly possible. What is going through their minds. I feel like I am in a horror movie and the dolls will chase me. Anyways, I was leading the family, like always, and encountered stairs that lead to the seven states. I was completely in awe when I saw them. Like always I get my photoshoot done first before we do anything else. I was such a good girl and sat still in front of the cameras. I also got lots of love! I am so glad I decided to go. I was debating staying home with my comfortable bed and my snuggly blankets, but this sure was a good way to spend this weekend.

Entry 12: Truck Truck Truck!

Full truck. Half truck. Chopped truck. Cylindrical truck. All I hear around me is "truck truck truck." We have been in the car for about four hours and my entire family has gone insane. Every truck we come across has a name. They can be the oil trucks, cylindrical trucks, or even just normal trucks, full trucks. Finally, we reached the hotel in Savannah, Georgia and all this craziness came to an end. Or so I thought. The next day on the way to a Dolphin Cruise, my mom kept on identifying the trucks by their names, making sure my sister was educated on them. As soon as we stepped on the boat, we rushed to the bow of it, trying to get the best view. When we got settled in, I got to sit next to a hole in the bottom of the boat. The best view in the house. I could see the dolphins first but whenever I barked to tell everyone about them, I would get yelled at. They would tell me to be quiet, but I am only trying to help them. Ugh, humans, am I right? Anyways, once I saw a dolphin go right under us! But, of course, when I tried to jump through the hole and swim under us, I got in trouble. But it is all okay because I got lots of love from the other passengers on board. That night, I encountered a lot of cats. You heard me, cats. Usually, my kind are not much into cats, but if they stay out of my way, I do not mind them. The cats were all over the Crab Shack, a restaurant we went to that night. I think I behaved well for what I was faced with. I only barked a few times and I got lots of treats. I even got pets there. When some of the workers walked by me, they would stop and give me some love.

Thanks for listening y'all! See you guys next time!



Our Real Identity



Jnana Ranjan Dash, San Jose, California

I will divide this short article into two parts – the general view of what constitutes our identity; and a deeper look at our real identity. Let us summarize first the conclusion and then work backwards with the details.

Our true identity is something positive. Our external identities are passing and deluding. They come into being with our birth and disappear with our death. To discover our real, unchanging identity, and not adding to our temporary identities is the purpose of human life.

I can hear you saying, “Oh, that is heavy stuff!”

Let me elaborate.

Our Identity – the pedantic view

We have many identities – physical, societal, ethnic, religious, political, and professional. The first answer to the question, “Who are you?” is our name. Our name, height, weight, hair color, eye color, address, etc.. constitute our passport identity. Our family identity comes from our parents, spouse, siblings, children, relations, etc. Our ethnic identity is the nation/state/language/culture we belong to. I used to locate Odias in distant places like Brussels, Australia, and the U.K. The attraction was our common identity based on language and culture. An unknown Odia in Canberra, Australia drove 20 miles to meet me and have lunch after just an introductory phone call. Couple of years back in Shillong (Meghalaya), a previously unknown Odia dean at the National Institute of Technology organized an evening dinner with other fellow Odias for my wife and me. Such is the attraction of ethnic identity! Our religious identity is determined by the faith we practice. Sometimes the religious identity gets so powerful that it leads to fanaticism. And finally, as immigrants in a foreign country, we do have the immigrant identity.

Often, our professional identity becomes the dominant one. Sunder Pichai’s identity, for example, is first as the CEO of Alphabet (Google) rather than the husband of Anjali or father of his children or son of his TamBrahm parents from Chennai. When I was a senior executive at Oracle, my professional role defined my identity. When I left Oracle, one friend whispered to me, “You are so well identified with Oracle, what will you do now?” Senior level bureaucrats with tons of power (especially in India) get very disheartened after retirement, since they are no longer recognized by their professional identity. They go on ruminating over the power and prestige of previous years and suffer much mental agony, which sometimes leads to rapid aging and death. Many people

identify themselves through “reflected glory” of parents or parents-in-law or a well-known relative. Often, they introduce themselves not just by their own name, but also add the connection to the famous name. I remember a joke by yesteryear’s Bollywood comedian Mehmood, “When I was little, people pointed to me as Mumtaz Ali’s beta (son), now they look at my father as Mehmood’s baap (father)”.

All our identities are created on the basis of the body-mind combination. Of course these identities confer on us our distinct status, our individuality. But while this individuality has a functional importance, it is also the source of our sorrow and problems. All our struggles, competitions and heartburns, our social and personal prestige, are born of these identities. We see many examples of wealthy people having all sorts of mental and relationship problems. A simple, unknown villager in a remote corner of the world has better inner peace than the so-called successful person in an affluent society. Perhaps because his identity is not determined by his social status.

We identify so deeply with our body-mind-intellect equipment that we feel that is our real identity. How can there be anything beyond that?

We need to realize that there is a witness (beyond this body-mind-intellect package) who is always watching even when I am in deep sleep. Otherwise, how do I say, I had a good sleep when I had no body or mind awareness?

Discovering our true Identity (SwaRupa)

Swami Vivekananda said, “The human being is composed first of this external covering, the body; second, the finer body, consisting of mind, intellect, and egoism. Behind them is the real ‘Self’ of man. We have seen that all the qualities and powers of the gross body are borrowed from the mind; and the mind, the finer body, borrows its power and luminosity from the soul, standing behind”.

Our scriptures (Upanishad, Gita), which were written thousands of years ago, analyzed this issue and those scientists (our Rishis) recommended that we start looking inwards and discover our true identity. In the Chhandogya Upanishad, Narada asks his brother-teacher Sanat Kumar, “**Tarati shokam Atmavit**” – one who knows the Self (Atma) crosses the ocean of sorrow. The purpose of Self-knowledge is: “**atyantika dukha nivriti and paramananda prapti**”, cessation of sorrow and attainment of eternal bliss.

So, the seeker begins the inquiry, what is the knowledge that will give me permanent happiness, which I enjoy during deep sleep, but not during the waking state? That bliss I enjoy during deep sleep is achievable even in the waking state. All I need is to shift my vision from the small ‘i’ to the capital ‘I’. Even in math, the small ‘i’ represents an imaginary number, as the square root of -1. Similarly, our false ‘i’ is imaginary and we must shift our focus to the capital ‘I’, my real Self. This is beautifully portrayed in the Mundaka Upanishad via the metaphor of the two birds.

Dva suparna sayuja sakhya samanam vrksam parisasvajate Tayor anyah pippalam svadu-atti anasnann anyo abhicakasiti

The jiva bird (small i) is restlessly seeking, enjoying and suffering the taste of fruits and the witness bird (capital I) is just watching the whole show, both perched on (within) the same-body tree. The witness illuminates all simultaneously, effortlessly and spontaneously. It’s illumination is not an action but its very nature. The sun illuminates others simultaneously and effortlessly.

You may say that life is good as is and why do I need to know my true self (my real identity). Well, there is an ROI (Return on Investment) here also. Ramana Maharshi puts it aptly in Upadeshasara:

**Kim Swarupam iti atma darshane,
Abyaya abhaba aapurna chit sukham.**

(Abyaya = indestructible, abhaba = unborn, aapurna = complete/perfect, chit sukham = of the nature of consciousness and bliss).

Translation - By knowing my real Self or true identity, I can get that happiness that is always available and never exhausted.

Rishi Astavakra says to king Janaka in the Astavakra Gita:

**Yadi deham pruthak krutya chitti visramya tisthasi,
adhunaiva sukhi shanto bandhamukto bhabisyasi.**

Translation - If you detach yourself from the body and abide in Consciousness, you will at once become happy, peaceful and free from bondages.

On a practical level, just knowing this makes us better in handling difficult situations in life. Ramakrishna Paramahansa was suffering from throat cancer, but he always had a smile. He could dissociate his mind from the body. He said, pain is unavoidable, but suffering is optional. Another example is Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi who had cancer in the leg but his smile never left him. These examples give us hope that those rare few, who are able to see their real identity (self-realized), can rise above the world of sorrow and suffering.

In Summary

We have constructed our self-image or personality, based on many criteria – name, fame, relations, wealth, profession, religion, ethnicity, etc. We call each of these our identity. But there is a deeper dimension in each of us, and that is the true identity. Our 'Self', always happy and blissful, is much like what we experience during deep sleep. That discovery is done via spiritual inquiry and knowledge from our scriptures. Once we discover our true identity, life becomes a joyful experience forever.

The author is a life member & benefactor of OSA. He was the editor of the OSA Newsletter for 12 years in the 1970s and 1980s. He held senior executive positions in the software industry.



A living language changes and grows with time



Mamata Misra, Austin, Texas.

I left Odisha 50+ years ago and do not know how the language has evolved there. But cultures and languages are dynamic and they grow and change with time. The English language has acquired words from almost every part of the world (including numerous Indian words) and has embraced them. It also retires(discard) obsolete words from the dictionary from time to time.

I do not know what an eagle is called in Odia, if not eagle. I remembered the two words 'chila' which refers to a 'kite' I think, and 'shagunaa' that refers to a vulture perhaps. Neither are eagles I think. I wondered what kinds of eagles are found in India and learned that there are 24 species of eagles found in and around India. (<https://indiashine.net/indian-eagle/>)

To me, who grew up in coastal Odisha, 'ourat' is a hindi word but it is possible that it has become an Odia word now. It is possible that Odia has now acquired more Hindi words due to the influence of Hindi cinema or TV shows. It is also possible that the word 'ourat' is used in parts of Odisha closer to Jharkhand or Chhattisgarh. It is also possible that Hindi is taking over Odia.

The pictures of 'wool' looked like toilet tissue rolls to me and the word 'Oon' helped me understand that they are talking about 'wool'. I do not know the Odia word for 'wool'. We just called it wool growing up. The Hindi word 'oon' also probably comes from the English word wool.

Odia has acquired foreign words from the Portuguese too, like 'balti' for the water pot with a handle, 'chabi' for key, and 'girja' for church. Interestingly, in Turkey, the bird 'turkey' is called 'hindi'.

The Barnabodha that I read as a child was different (much harder) from the Barnabodha I had purchased for my kids. I would expect it to be different now as the language changes. While I care about my language that has been given the status of a classical language in India and has survived difficult times during colonial days thanks to the efforts of activists, I do not consider myself qualified to judge the modern Odia language textbooks.

When textbooks are not at the level of the child, the child is less likely to learn. Odisha has many adivasi dialects and lack of textbooks in those languages has been a reason for illiteracy among adivasi children.

Textbooks in the US have their share of problems too. From time to time I get petitions about problems in social studies and science textbooks in my state Texas. Petitions may raise some

awareness but have their limits in bringing about change. Then there are activist organizations that actively study the problems, produce research reports, and work with relevant agencies to bring about change. This is much harder but may be more effective.

I think people generally care about their language. Language is perhaps more of a binding force than other factors like religion. But caring about your language may not be enough to be able to save it. Languages are dying throughout the world. Is Odia dying a slow death again, not due to colonial forces but due to economic forces and migration patterns? I know that nowadays more kids go to English medium schools than they did when I was growing up. I also see kids speaking more Hindi than Odia. Is growing the language by embracing more popular foreign words a way to save it? I really don't know. But rigid things do break and flexible things do survive.



Dr. Debendra Das Sharma, prolific inventor and acclaimed expert and thought leader in interconnect technologies!



Rudra Kar, Saratoga, CA.

Our Odia diaspora is growing up over time. We have remarkable achievements in various fields. When one of us achieves extraordinary professional success, they make us all proud. I'll present Debendra, whose achievements are an inspiration for all of us, especially the younger folks to achieve even greater success.

Dr. Debendra Das Sharma is an Intel Senior Fellow and an internationally acclaimed expert and thought leader in interconnect technologies. Interconnects are essential for electronic components to communicate in any computer system. Debendra is a pioneer in driving standardization through industry consortiums so that different companies can innovate on any computing platform. PCI Express and Compute Express Link are examples of two such standards that Debendra has established and driven with 900+ companies world-wide that are used in all platforms from smartphones, desktop, servers, to supercomputers.

An Intel Senior Fellow is a senior executive position, with about 25 technologists at that highest level in the technical ladder at Intel, out of 120,000 employees. He was awarded the Distinguished Alumnus Award from I.I.T., Kharagpur in 2019. Recently he has been awarded the 2021 IEEE Region 6 Engineer of the Year award in recognition of his outstanding contributions in the field of computing.



(Dr. Debendra Das Sharma)

Debendra is a prolific inventor with about 150 US patents and more than 400 patents world-wide. He is a regular keynote speaker, distinguished lecturer, and panelist in various international conferences, IEEE societies, industry events, having delivered more than 100 talks.

Debendra completed his H.S.C. from P. R. High School, Bolangir and Intermediate Science degree from N. C. College, Jajpur under Utkal University. He earned his B. Tech. (Hons) in Computer Science and Engineering from the Indian Institute of Technology, Kharagpur in 1989 and his Ph.D. in Computer Systems Engineering from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, in 1995.

Debendra was born and raised in Odisha, India. His father, Bachaspati Das Sharma, is a retired Professor in Zoology and mother, Jagnyaseni, is a housewife. His grandfather, the late pandit Sadashiv Das Sharma, a Sanskrit poet laureate, given the title '*Abhinav Kalidasa*', was the head scholar (Pundit) and head priest of the princely state of Raigarh, India and subsequently a Professor in Sanskrit and Odia under the Govt of Odisha.

Debendra lives in Saratoga, CA with his wife Snigdha and two sons, Bikrant and Debesh. He is deeply involved with the Odia community in the San Francisco bay area. He led the "sthapana" of Lord Jagannath in Sunnyvale Hindu Temple. He conducts the pujas for Lord Jagannath (monthly puja, Deva Snana Purnima, Rath Jatra, Bahuda Jatra, Balarama Jayanti, Kartika Purnima, Padma Vesha, etc.) with the temple priests. He is very well-read in Odia literature, culture, and history of Odisha. He attributes his professional success to the education, both secular and spiritual, he has received from our homeland.

I have enjoyed my interactions with Debendra immensely over the years. Despite his success, he is very humble and is very proud of our shared heritage. I hope this article will inspire the younger generations to strive for the best.



My Love for Zumba Dance



Chandra Misra, Pennsylvania.

I thought of writing about my personal experience with Zumba dance that brought about a major change to my daily routine. I retired from my job in 2020. After seeing two of my friends having major heart attacks and diabetes I decided to look into my health seriously. It definitely made me take physical exercise seriously. Everyone has their own personal fitness story, whether it's Zumba or another type of activity that they love. As I get older I have become more *aware* to do exercise that keeps me fit. A close friend suggested I look into the Zumba dance. As per her, Zumba is a great alternative to traditional fitness programs and provides aerobic exercise. I thought it would be fun to do dancing for exercise since I always wanted to learn how to dance. I thought that if I enjoyed my exercise routine, then it was more likely that I would stick with it. Some of my friends say that they have so much fun dancing in the Zumba class that they forget that they are actually exercising. Doing a little research, I learned that Zumba is great for weight loss. It is a powerful exercise in which one can easily burn 600 to 1,000-calories in an hour.

Zumba helps to de-stress and one can have fun. I thought that turning my attention to dance and away from the daily complaints would be a great way to relieve stress since I was going through some stressful times at home. The writing of my memories was cathartic as I had begun chronicling my experiences after I retired from my job and to create my new life. However, it was also tiring. I came to learn that studies show that exercise is very effective at reducing fatigue and at improving alertness and concentration. It is also good for enhancing overall cognitive function. Upon scanning various websites on the internet I found that Zumba was born in Colombia in the 1990s, quite by accident. A fitness instructor forgot to bring her usual workout music to class, so she grabbed some Latin albums from her car, ditched the constraints of a traditional workout and danced just like she would at a club. Her class followed along, sweating to the salsa and rumba beats, and loving it. Since then Zumba has become quite popular with young and older people. I was a little hesitant to spend money on enrolling in the class since it would have been new to me. I kept on thinking what if I don't like the music or can't do the dance steps they expect one to know even as a beginner. After a lot of doubts I registered in our local YMCA gym for the class. I was happy to know that they do play and dance to our Bollywood music since it is fun and popular. I always advocate for dance as an exercise.

Immediately after taking a few classes I liked Zumba very much, because at the YMCA we all do the dance together. The students are from 18 year old to 88 year old, both men and women, which shows how dance can be enjoyed at any age and with any gender. I am used to watching our Odissi, Kathak and Bharatnatyam classical Indian dances, but there I am simply a spectator. That often made me a little restless since I always wanted to be on the stage. It takes years of training to master the classical Indian dance and only people with special training can be on the stage. As a child I always wished to learn dancing. Unfortunately it would have cost some money and my

father did not want to spend the extra money for me to get dance lessons. The desire to dance always comes to my mind when I see anyone dancing. I witnessed some Indians dance in dance-halls after I came to the USA. For me to enjoy dancing with my soul and body I have to participate in it, not to sit in the audience and watch in silence.

Zumba on the first day at the YMCA was very exciting. Our instructor had incorporated a few Bollywood style dances and we all had a lot of fun dancing to the music. My Zumba class is designed to bring people to sweat. A total workout, where my heart rate increases and sweat comes out drop by drop as my legs move to the music. It brings inner happiness to my soul-combining all elements of fitness – cardio, muscle conditioning, balance and flexibility. It boosts energy and provides a serious dose of awesomeness each time I am in the class. If you meet our instructor you will know why I say so. She really transports us to a place that feels like one is walking along the wonderful and gorgeous dance stage. If you see us in the Zumba class then you can see how big our smile is when we zoom to the music in the class. I felt taking her class is a gift to myself and a blessing from the universe.

Zumba gave me back a little piece of the things I'd missed so dearly as a child which is: fun of dancing. Dancing together taught me a new level of compassion and empathy, because you never know what the other participants are going through, or what their personal battles are. Before one class, a frequent Zumbie, who had always been so quiet, told me that she loved Zumba because she lost her child recently. The hour she comes to dance class takes her out of the thought of the death of her child. She mentioned that the one hour in the dance class takes her mind away from pain. Losing a child was something that she shared because of Zumba, and if she wouldn't have told me, I'd have no idea; I would just think of her as the cute, quiet person who took the same class. Everyone has a story about what brought them to the fitness passion. I find that when a person is given a chance to tell their story while being listened to and witnessed, the healing of their trauma can gradually take place. I love to be able to hear and/or share some of mine with them. I like to watch many dance styles (including ballet, jazz, modern, hip hop and Indian dance) but my new love is Zumba where I can participate. This Latin and international dance-inspired fitness program incorporates easy-to-follow choreography to get your heart rate up with intense exercises to keep your muscles working. Why I and you should like this dance: because you will participate rather than become a spectator, and that has many benefits. It is a perfect class to take with friends at any age. It uses international music. Where else can you dance to salsa, merengue, reggaeton, cumbia, Bollywood, bhangra, belly dancing, African and hip-hop music in one class? It is for everyone. I've even seen a girl dance alongside her mother and grandmother in our class, each of them dancing to the best of their ability. Zumba dance class has become one of my favorite daily routine exercises. It makes me smile when I am in the class. It involves something that I can definitely appreciate.

Above all it does not need me to spend much money on costumes and make-up except to have a nice pair of shoes and sports bra for women. All I need is a smile and my positive attitude. This exercise has helped me to enhance my creativity and ability to dance. I plan to forever hold this passion in my heart. So be a winner and try it. I am sure you will definitely appreciate it. I also discovered that writing about this personal experience can be as healing as speaking the story out aloud. Writing a personal story is profoundly personal, putting it out into the world is profoundly vulnerable. Everyone has a story to tell, I am glad that I am able to share my love for Zumba dance with all of you here.





Photography

By Sujit Kumar Mahapatra, Cary, North Carolina





“In the social jungle of human existence, there is no feeling of being alive without a sense of identity.”
-Erik Erikson



Know, first, who you are, and then adorn yourself accordingly. -Epictetus

UTKARSA

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

... Robert Frost



The Odisha Society of the Americas