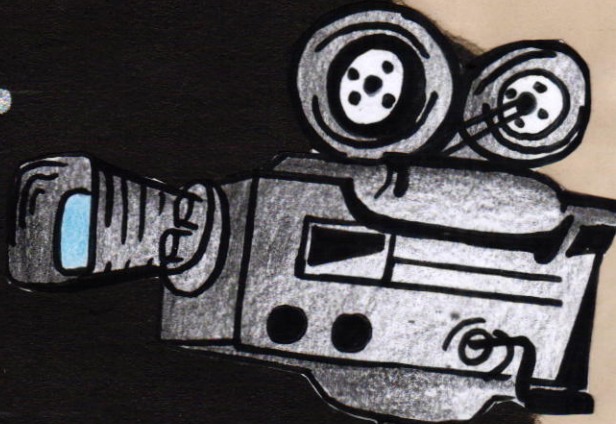
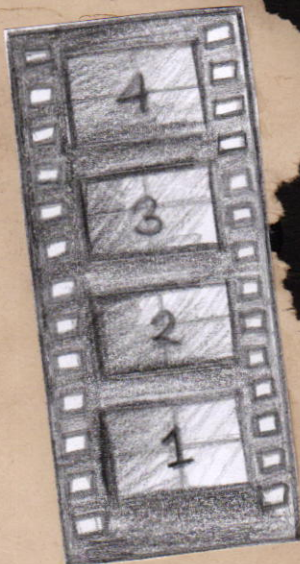




ବଜ୍ରା,

a ray of hope..

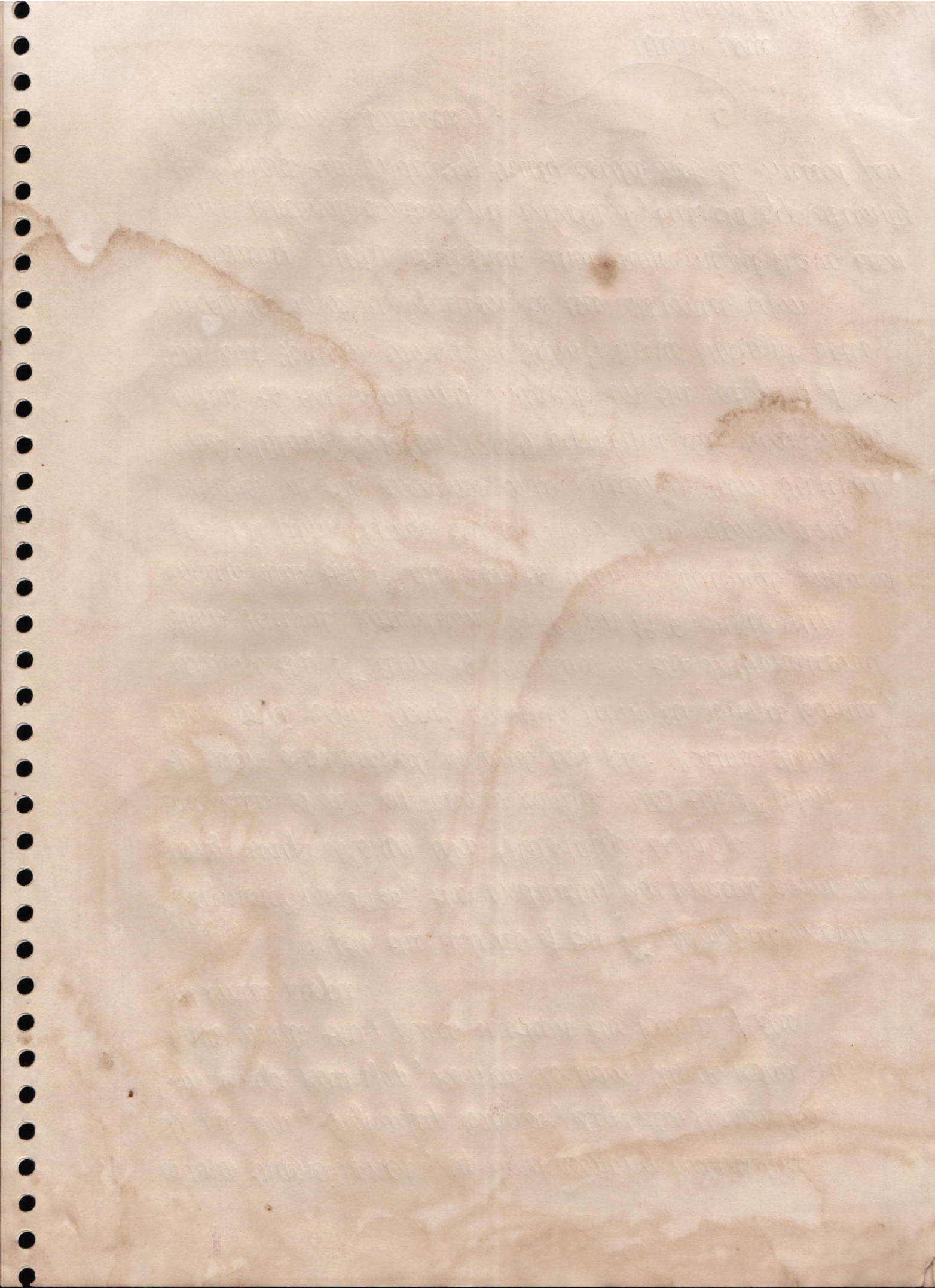


Editorial Column

Well, that honestly can be considered the closest definition of cinema as can be said from a viewer's experience. Movies not only let us feel varied emotions but also allow us to view the world beyond the periphery of our vision, the

"CINEMA IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FRAUD IN THE WORLD." most out-of-the-box incidences and extraordinary ideas all while giving us glimpses of lives that most of us can only dream of living.

Growing up in a quite essential Assamese household, movies have always been a major part of the family sphere. Uncountable memories have been made while watching stellar performances by stalwarts like Nipon Goswami, Chetana Das and Biju Phukan. As the likes of Japan Das, Jatin Bora, Barasha Rani Bishaya and Angoorlata Deka graced the screen of Assamese films, a new wave of commercially successful movies made their way to the audience. As the ever-changing





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Articles...



FILM INDUSTRY OF ASSAM

Assamese cinema is an Indian film industry of Assamese language. It is based in Assam, India.

The origins of Assamese cinema can be traced back to Rupkumar Tyakiprasad Agarwala, who was also a noted poet, playwright, composer and freedom fighter. Agarwala is considered as the father of Assamese cinema.

The industry was born in 1935 when he released the film *Toymoli* or *Toimoli*. Based on Lakshminath Bezbaroa's play about the 17th century Ahom Princess Toymoli Jhenuari, the film was starred by Sider Handique and acclaimed stage actor and playwright Phani Sarma. The film, shot between 1933 to 1935, was released by Chitralekha Motion Picture on 10 March 1935 and marked the beginning of Assamese cinema. Since then the Assamese cinema has developed a slow ~~period~~ paced sensitive style. In beginning the industry were called Tollywood, named for Agarwala's Tyoti Chitranabon Film Studio.



Tyde chitaban Film studio is the first and only state owned film studio in Northeast India. It is a society under the Government of Assam, and has all the modern facilities for sound recording, video shooting and film making.

The cinema industry of Assam has celebrated its golden period around the 60's as cinema was produced regularly. During this period about 25 cinemas were produced and of which nine won National Award.

Despite its long history and its artistic successes for a state that has always taken its cinema seriously, Assamese cinema has not break through on the National scene despite its film industry making a mark in the National Awards over the years.

Recently in the year 2023 the movie directed by suvat Kakoti; 'Sri Raghupati' became the highest grossing Assamese film of all time earning ₹ 13.81 crore. And slowly the film industry of Assam is being known and celebrated worldwide.



THE BARD OF BENGAL

Tagore has grown up amidst Bengal which marks the culture and essence of long British rule and slavery.

Rabindranath Tagore was the 14th born child to his parents, Debendranath Tagore and Sharada Devi.

Tagore's presence at home and around has been one of a kind which marks a departure for a literature of his own created at a time when Tagore's mother

Sharada bade goodbye from the soil of Bengal and his brother Jyotindranath Tagore who gave Tagore the right to live and laugh. Next to his mother was

his sister-in-law, Kadambari who urged and ushered a sense of love and hope to take Tagore's brilliance into possibilities of changing the world through poetry and tales. Tagore's poems act as a

necklace of eternal bliss and solitariness. One of his most outstanding poems was "Walk alone" better known in Bangla as "Eka Cholo Re". It says if no one listens to you and the world turns around, you should

walk your path alone. With several other poem collections like "Baghban", his early days of romanticism were forever printed in the Kolkata diaries.

"Gitanjali" which won the 'Nobel prize' for literature marks the budding of his time and devotion to his poetry. It is said Human reaches to its peak

of creativity being alone and it did for Tagore.

He is also known widely as 'Kobi Gurudev' meaning

'Poet Gurudev'. Anything that one wants to say,

Tagore says it better. Reading Tagore can make you travel the golden realms of variety and wonder.



— Deepita Saha
Department
of English

Micro Tales...

MICRO TALES

Looking at the moon, she sighed. It's been ages since she last saw her husband. She could only endlessly wait, but never call out. The bastard had slashed her throat.

The red stain on the skirt of her school uniform made it difficult for her to face the class the next day. After that ominous night, her neighbour faced the world with a red stain on her face everyday.

Feeling like indulging herself after so long, she visited her parents for a week-long stay. As she was enjoying her favorite dish, something she hasn't had in a while due to her husband's dislike, her mother asked - "When are you planning to invite us to your place?"

She touched the fabric of her brother's newly sewn shirt and felt a pang of grief. Going to do the dishes, she saw her mother use the remaining fabric to patch the holes in her shirt.

She came to her cabin with a dejected face. He, meanwhile, celebrated the promotion she worked so hard for. They would both become parents. Him, with a promotion and her, without. It was his wife who resigned after the marriage, who was now pregnant, not him.



— Shreyashi Baruah
Department
of English

Book Review...

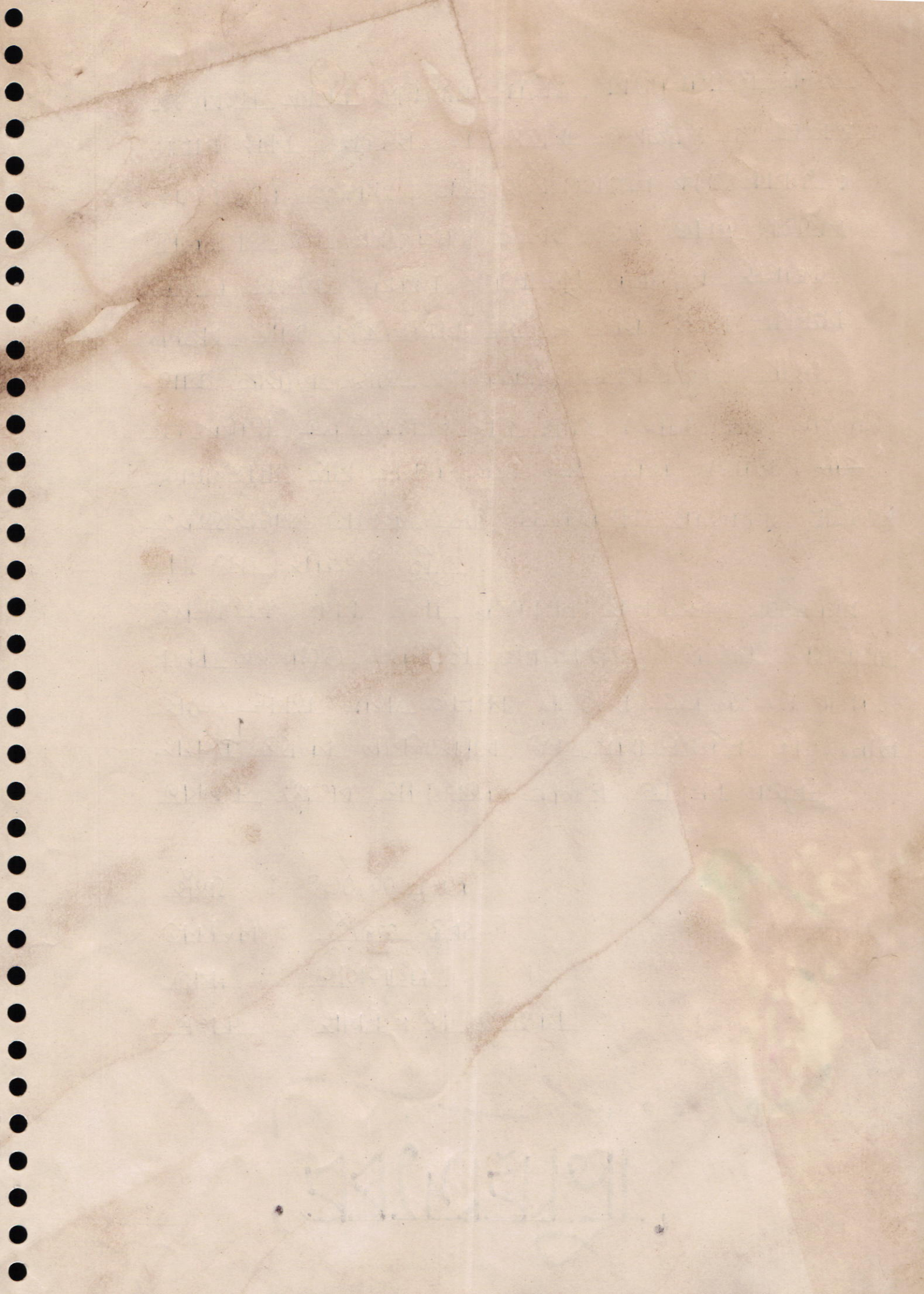
‘বৰদোৱানী’

লিখক : স্নানিকুন্তলা ডেটাচাৰ্ম
প্ৰেমা : অসমীয়া
প্ৰকাশক : ষ্টুডেন্ট ইন্স
মূল্য : ১২০.০০ টকা



অমূল্য প্ৰেমৰ আকুলতা, ব্যস্ত জীৱনৰ কঠৰ্য, স্নানিতা, ত্যাগৰ পৰিকল্পনাৰে, এক নাৰীকেন্দ্ৰিক দৃষ্টিভঙ্গীৰে সাজে সৰল প্ৰামাণ্য জীৱনৰ পটভূমি হিচাপে লৈ ৰচনা কৰা বহুপাঠিত উপন্যাস ‘বৰদোৱানী’; প্ৰসিদ্ধ অসমীয়া ঔপন্যাসিক, কবি তথা গল্পকাৰ স্নানিকুন্তলা ডেটাচাৰ্মৰ অন্য এক সফলৰ স্ৰষ্টি।

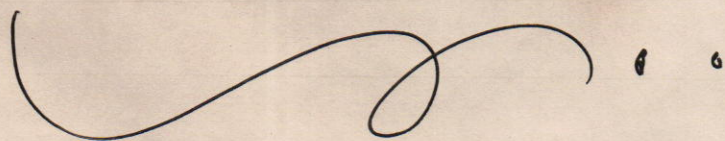
উপন্যাসখন আৰম্ভ হৈছে বৰদোৱানীৰ মাহেকীয়া স্মৃতিৰ তিনিদিনীয়া স্মৃতি সন্মান কৰি শুদ্ধ হোৱা কথাত। শাস্ত্ৰ, বৰদোৱানী উপন্যাসখনৰ মূল চৰিত্ৰ। শাস্ত্ৰ, নন্দ, বাইশাস্ত্ৰ আৰু আশীৰে সৈতে বৰদোৱানীৰ পৰিচালনা। আশী পূৰ্ণৰ আৰু বৰদোৱানীৰ নিৰ্ভীৰ প্ৰেম, স্নান-চেতনৰ পিছতো কিদৰে এগৰাকী কণ্ঠবোৰৰ পৰিচালনা সন্মানিত আশীৰিত হয় বৰদোৱানী, তাৰে এটা জীৱন প্ৰতিচ্ছবি স্নানিকুন্তলা ডেটাচাৰ্মৰ অতি সাৱলীলভাৱে বৰ্ণনা কৰিছে। নাৰীৰ স্নানৰ নিৰ্ভীৰ আকুলতাক জলাঞ্জলি দি কোৱল বংশৰক্ষা কৰিব নোৱাৰাৰ বাবেই বৰদোৱানীয়ে যুগুত



শিল বান্ধি নিজ অমীক দ্বিতীয় বিবাহৰ বাবে আঙু
 কৰিছিল আৰু ভাৰ্জন কৰিছিল অমীৰ হাত অন্য প্ৰকাৰী
 নাৰী বেণুমাৰ্হৰ হাতত । নাৰী ত্যাগৰ প্ৰতীক । কিন্তু
 কিমান তাপ কৰিব পাৰিলে প্ৰকাৰী নাৰীয়ে তেওঁৰ -
 প্ৰিয়তম পুৰুষজনক জানপ্ৰকাৰী নাৰীৰ হাতত দিব পাৰে
 তাৰেই এক সুন্দৰ বৰ্ণনা দাঙি ধৰিছে ভূপ্ৰমাৰ্হ ।
 দিন বাগৰিলে । পূৰ্ণধৰ আৰু বেণুমাৰ্হৰ অংসাৰ বাঢ়িল ।
 দুয়োৰে অংসাৰলৈ দুই সন্তান কমে লক্ষ্য আৰু কান্ধা
 আগমন ঘটিলৈ । সন্তানৰ সুখৰ পৰা বঞ্চিত বৰদোহনীয়ে
 সন্তিনীৰ সন্তানকো নিজ সন্তানৰ দৰে চেনেহ দিছিল ।
 অমী পূৰ্ণধৰ, সন্তিনী বেণুমাৰ্হ আৰু সন্তিনীৰ দুই সন্তানক
 কেন্দ্ৰ কৰি বৰদোহনীৰ পৃথিৱীখন চলি আছিল । চমুপনী
 দিনিক লুপ্তবাহুৰ বাগি আশুৰাৰ্হ দিছিল বৰদোহনী । নিজে
 সেয়াও নো কিমান দিলে । সন্তানৰ কৰাল প্ৰাপ্ত
 পূৰ্ণধৰৰ বংশধৰ লক্ষ্যৰ স্মৃতিদেহ উদ্ধাৰ হৈছিল বড়ৰ
 হিতৰত । কোনো দুবুড়ৰ আক্ৰমণৰ বালি হৈ মানমান
 হৈ গৈছিল বৰদোহনী আৰু বেণুমাৰ্হৰ সৰু পৃথিৱীখন ।
 পুত্ৰশোকত দুয়োটা বৃদ্ধ বিকল হৈ পূৰ্ণধৰেও বিদায় লৈছিল
 হৃদয়সংসাৰৰ পৰা । বেণুমাৰ্হৰ চূৰৰ ওপৰত মে আকণপ্ৰল
 গ্ৰহি পৰিল । অমী-পুত্ৰৰ স্মৃতিৰ শোকত জ্ঞানসিক অৱসান
 হেৰুৱাই পেলাইছিল তাই । আৰু বৰদোহনী, প্ৰচণ্ড শ্বশুৱাৰ্হ
 মান-বান কৰি মোৱাৰ দিহতো বৰ্জৰ দৰে আৱৰি ৰাখিলে
 বেণুমাৰ্হ আৰু কান্ধা । নিজে বৰদোহনীৰ পৰিচৰ্যা
 কৰিছে বেণুমাৰ্হ, কান্ধাক শিদ্ধিত কৰি নিজৰ ভৰিত

থিয় দিবলৈ লিকাইছে । বৰদোৱানীয়ে এতিয়া বুজি উঠিছে
তাৰ্হু ভবাৰ দৰেই পৃথিৱীখন চেপেটা নহয় । " কোনো
কাৰিকো নৰম হুঁমাত - ঘুৰাই ঘুৰাই ঘুৰনীমাকৈ লৈ
গৈ থাকে সন্ময়ে । বহলাই মেলিদিয়া দাঁঘল দলিচাৰে ... । "

জাহাজী, দুট আৰু অপ্ৰতিৰোধী বৰদোৱানীক নিমিত্তে
বাৰে বাৰে অতিৰ যোজাৰ পিছুতো জীৱনৰ ওচৰত হাব
নামানি আনৰ বাবে জীয়াই থাকি, আমাৰ মৃত্যুৰ পিছত
জাতিৰ আৰু জাতিৰ সন্ধানক চালিৰ দৰে আৱৰি বৰদোৱানী
কোনো নাৰীৰ বাবে একেবাৰে সাধাৰণ কথা নহয় ।
বৰদোৱানী এক অসাধাৰণভাৱে অদ্বিতীয় ব্যক্তিত্ব
অধিকাৰী । আৰম্ভণিতে সন্মাজে পুৰ্তি দুৰ্ভিৰে চোৱা
এপৰাকী বন্ধ্যাক ঔপন্যাসিকে পেমলৈ পৰিণালৰ মৰমলত
ছিচাপে উপন্যাসখনত সু-সৃজনীপালতাৰ পাঠকৰ বচিসমত
হোৱাকৈ এই বিপ্লৱ চৰিত্ৰটোৰ উত্তৰন ঘৰোৱাৰ লগে
লগে বৰদোৱানী চৰিত্ৰটোৰ জৰিয়তে প্ৰত্যেক নাৰীৰে
অন্তৰ্ভাৱনাক প্ৰতিনিধিত্ব কৰিবলৈ সক্ষম হৈছে ।
বিপ্লৱকৈ নাৰীজনক ক্ষণ কৰি, নাৰী মানোভূতৰ সূনৰ
প্ৰতিফলন কৰাৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত ঔপন্যাসিক স্নিগ্ধতাৰে উচ্চাৰ্য
সমল হোৱা বুলি ক'ব পাৰি ।



সুদুষ্টিতা বৰা,
হুঁহাজী বিভাগ

Poems...

মৃগতৃষ্ণা



নিজ্জীব্য জোনা কত ভিত্তি বুঝি

পালতব্যা খানলৈ বুলি

তাঁহঁ আঁহে গোপালি ছালি

আমাৰ মাজত দ্বন্দ্ব লগ্নান নদীৰ

কিন্তু নদীয়ে জানো পাৰে বখাব

ফেল আঁহৰ ছোজক

আজি জোনটো বেছিকৈ ওলাইছে

বেছিকৈ ওলাইছে তাঁহঁৰ মুখৰ হাঁহিৰ্টিও

তহঁ আঁজিও আঁহিছে?

উন্ন, তোক এৰি যায় নো কলৈ

বলিয়া মি নকৰ

হঁহ তহঁ হে বলিয়া

বলি বড়ীয়া তাঁহঁৰ গালত

ফুটি উঠে মোলৈ বুলি অভিমান

একে কব নোঁপাওঁ তেহঁ অভিমানো ডাঙে

মোক কেতিয়া নিবি?

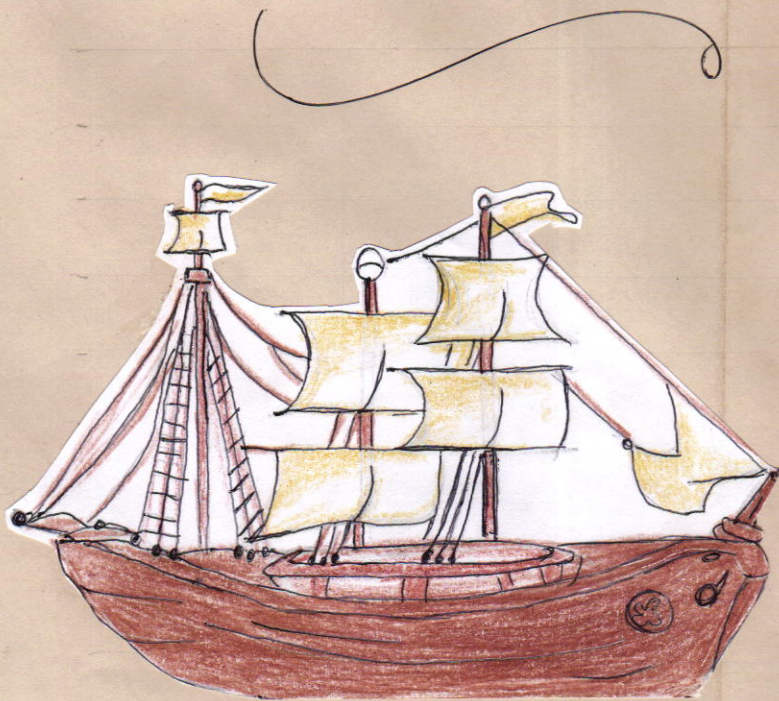
নোৱাৰোঁ

‘জোন অকলে অকলে কি কবিছ’ ইমাত...!!!!

এৰি হৈ কিম্ব গুটি এলি??

ভেঁ য়ে কৈছিলি আমাৰ সাজত এখান নদীৰ দূৰত্ব
কৈয়ে নহয়

দূৰত্ব এখান আকাশৰ...!!!



০ ০

— স্মৃতিত বৰা
অংকাজী বিভাগ

ফাগুন ...



তই ফাগুন তই নিলাজ নহ'বি ।

পুলিফাৰি ফাকু খেলি
কোনো প্ৰেমিকৰ বুকুৰ আঁচল উলিয়াবলৈ
মেলি প্ৰোৱা ছলিকোছা কাটলি কৰি
কোনো প্ৰেমিকৰ বুকু কঁপাবলৈ
ফাগুন, তই আৰু ইমান চঞ্চল নহ'বি ।

মনপৰশা উন্মাদ পছোৱাজাকক
নিমিষতে গিহৰিত পুগুহা কৰি
প্ৰাণচক্ৰলৈ ওঠৰ জীপাল হাঁহিৰোক
পলকতে উৰুঙা কৰি
ফাগুন, তই আৰু ইমান বলিষ্ঠা নহ'বি ।





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PEOPLE



The sea of people ceases to wait
It's you who has to take the Bait
Howling, yelling, Beckoning and edging
On goes the crowd

The lights glow
As if justifying the busy flow
With numb, oblivious neighbours
It's one merciless world

Cornered amongst the wolves
A little mouse duells
Struggling to make ends meet
Fighting till its last breath.

— Shreyashi Baruah
Department of English

3003.7

PEOPLE



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— Shreyashi Baruah
Department of English
_____.

নিৰৱ প্ৰেমিকা

আপোনাৰ বন্ধিনী হোৱাৰ
হাবিহাস নাই মোৰ
সেঁন্দুৰেৰেওঁ আঁকিব নাল্লা
আপুনি মোৰ ঠকা কপাল
বেনামী হিচাপেই বণ্ড
আপোনাৰ মোৰ ভালপোৱা
গুই ভালপোৱাৰ
প্ৰতিদান নিবিচৰোঁ গুই
কোনো অভিযোগো নাই মোৰ
আপোনাৰ ওপৰত
স্মৰ্থোঁ আত্মীয়ৰ বৈ মাদম গুই
আপোনাৰ নিৰৱ প্ৰেমিকা বঁৰা কপো।



— গীতু বৰলিতা
অসমীয়া বিভাগ

পুৰনি কেনডাচৰ পৃষ্ঠা



আজি
প্ৰতিটো প্ৰশ্নৰ আদিতেই আছে !

আৰু সম্ভাৱিতটো আছেই।
কিন্তু মোৰ জীৱনমোৰা
কাহিনীটোত কোন ?

জীৱনৰ অথলা বগাব,
ঝুজিব নতলা ছোৱালীজনীয়ে

আজি নিজৰ অনটোক সকলোৰে পৰা
বাঞ্ছি ৰাখিলোঁ।

প্ৰায় দেখি অহা,
মোক ৰাৰি অহা অৱহেলাবোৰ,
আৰু সকলো না 'বোৰ !

কেতিয়াবা ডাকো,
ইমানেই নিষ্ঠুৰ তালো আছে ?

সকলো পৰা শুনি অহা,

" মানুহৰ ডাল ৰাৰিলে ডাল হয় "

এই কথাখোৰ অত্যন্ত মিছা আছিল।

আজি তাৰ প্ৰত্যুত্তৰ দিবলৈ,
ঝুজি উঠিছোঁ, ৰাৰিব পৰা বান্ধো
আছে,

কিন্তু নাই পৰা নাই



এই মনে বহুত চাহিলে।
নোরাঝা হৈছে,
আবেগাবোধ কষ্ট দিছে।
হয় এইটোয়েই সত্য আজিৰ।

~ কীৰ্ত্তনা বাগ্য্যপ
ইংৰাজী বিভাগ

Stories...

FROM THE GRAVE



It was peaceful, being dead.

Almost like sleeping, except he was no longer being plagued by his thoughts. The constant guilty murmurs inside his head, the would haves, should haves and could haves that had kept him up at night for what seemed like forever now, had finally quietened. They no longer held any power over him. James did not know if it was possible for a dead person to feel elated, but he did. Sad, some might say, but that was just James' life.

It was initially hard to come to terms with, the fact that he was dead, but James adapted himself alarmingly quick. And to think that he had never quite been the adaptable sort when he was alive. Does death truly change people, or was that just him? It still is hard to believe that he isn't a part of his body anymore. He could not touch anything, he could not feel and he realised that he also could not think anything

which would allow him to feel. Oh, how James had longed to not be able to think. And now he was just there, an unaudible, invisible, thoughtless mist with some memories.

Everything was dead quiet in the graveyard, unless one counted the rustling of the wind and his mother's occasional snuffles. James almost chuckled at his train of thoughts, before whispering to himself, "Now probably isn't the time to be making puns". He later realised that he should have saved himself the trouble, it wasn't as if anyone could hear him anyway. Ironic, truly, how James had gone and died in his sleep when that was the one thing alongside his own mind which had been a nemesis to him dating as far back as his teen years. He wondered if the people suddenly pretending to care about him thought, the same.

He wasn't expecting his mother to be inconsolable or play the ever so doting mom but really, if he could he would surely ask her to cease with her pathetic attempts at acting sad. If souls could scoff, James was pretty sure his right about now. He wished he could see himself, see if



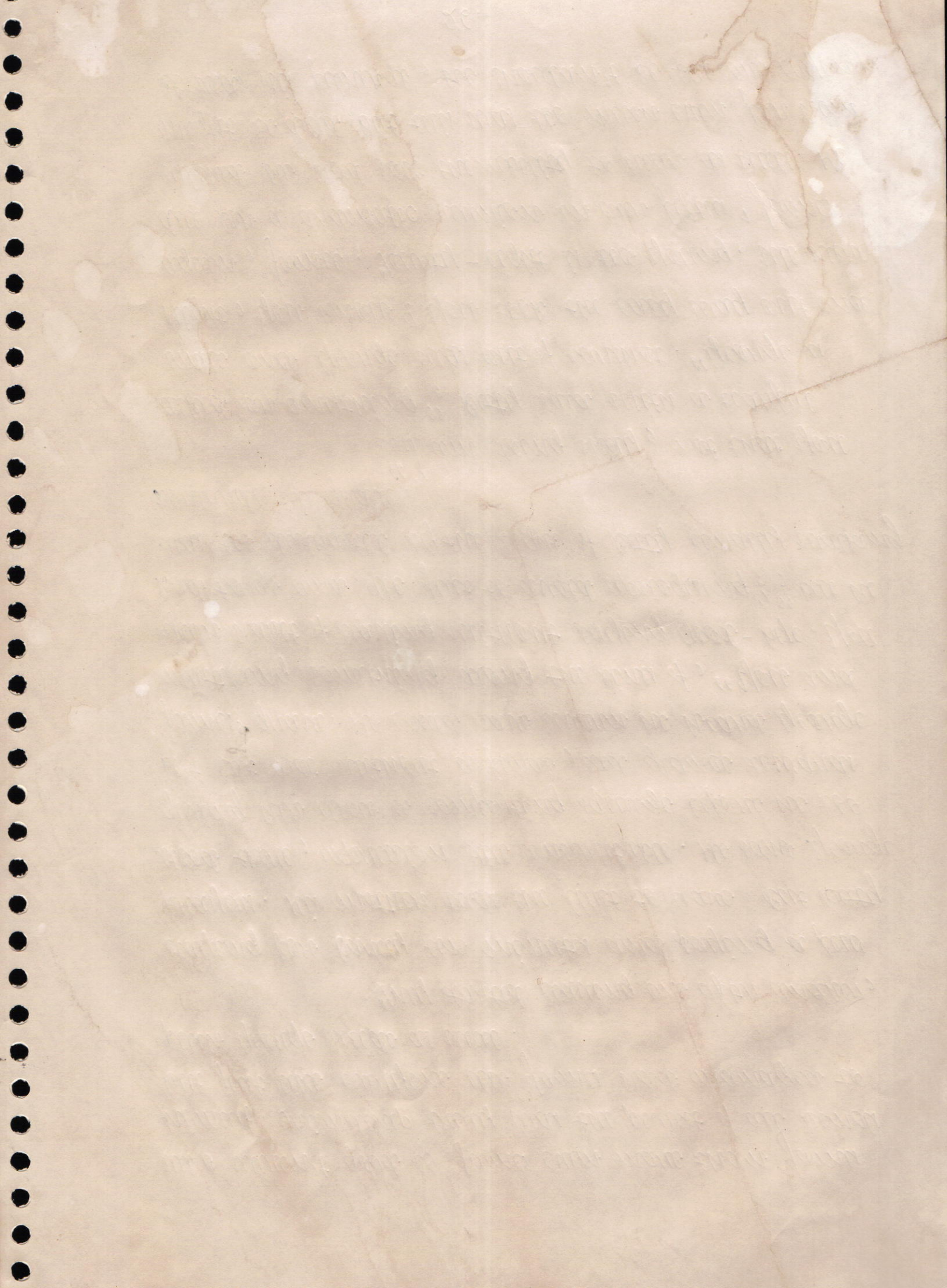
he were colourless, vaguely representing a humane shape or just a figureless blob. She was genuinely curious. Where was this Heaven people glorified so much? And if he did not deserve to be in Heaven, where was this hell which terrified them? Or was James truly that unfortunate even in death that he became one of those creepy graveyard ghosts in those ridiculous horror movies Betty had loved tormenting him with?

She was here today. Her beautiful green eyes, the exact shade of which James could still vividly remember, downcast as she looked at his grave with an unreadable expression. Black had never been her colour but she was still the most exquisite person James, dead or alive, had ever seen. His best friend, George, was here too. James would have smiled, maybe he even did, when he saw George rolling his eyes openly at his mother's overly melodramatic antics. James did not like sixteen out of the eighteen people present in the graveyard and George knew the feeling was mutual. He wanted to apologise for the five years he did not contact George and then thank him for still showing up, still disliking the people who

who weren't good to James even more than James himself. Friendship truly was the purest of all bonds but just like everyone else James had managed to push George aside as well.

They started leaving one after another, staying for barely ten minutes and saying a few prayers. His mother was the first to leave. But Betty stood there, expression still inscrutable. He saw George giving her elbow a comforting squeeze before he too left but not without a final, sad glance towards James' grave. He could have sworn he heard George muttering something along the lines of, "You and your habit of leaving without saying good-bye. You had to go and die just to avoid apologising?" but he was too distracted by the sight of Betty finally walking towards his grave.

"I am doing okay, not that you asked or anything"; Betty said with a tearful smile once George was out of earshot. "George is right, you know? You took the easy way out once again, Jamie. Forty-eight is too young. We were due for a dramatic reunion in our fifties? James wished he had lost the ability to hear as well. He might be dead but this was too much even for him. It was his funeral, he shouldn't be the one crying.



But James also wished he could be audible again, even for a minute, just one minute to tell her how sorry he was and how he'd never forgotten her. Not for a moment. He wanted to tell her that if he could he would turn back time and never get in Augustine's car. He only wished he could have realised it sooner that the only place that can would be driving him to was somewhere far away from Betty. He wished he could have realised it sooner that one teenage mistake could haunt you forever.

When you're a teenager you think you know everything but James never pretended to be a know-it-all. He did not know everything but the one thing he did know was that he had loved Betty. And then he had hurt both her and Augustine. He deserved to feel like the worst person for feeling guilty about hurting just one of them. All James wished for was one last minute to apologise. "It's okay, I forgive you, we were just kids. Looking back, I realise we had so much more to learn. I know you didn't mean to hurt me. You were arrogant, impulsive, quick to anger but you were also the best thing that ever happened to me. I could never regret you and I just pray that you don't either."

It's okay now. I wish I could have said that to you knowing I'd get a response. But time is mystical, isn't it? It cuts you, it heals you. It gives you and it takes from you. It's taken you forever now but I wanted to tell you this, be at peace wherever you are", Betty whispered, a lone tear trailing down her cheek as she laid down a bouquet of forget-me-nots on his grave.

'She always was a sucker for clichés', James thought feeling suddenly weightless as a foreign calmness settled over him.

And then an uncharacteristically gentle breeze blew past her, rustling her hair, and Betty smiled wiping her cheeks. James would be okay, wherever he is. And sooner or later, so would she.



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— Shreya Roy
Department
of English



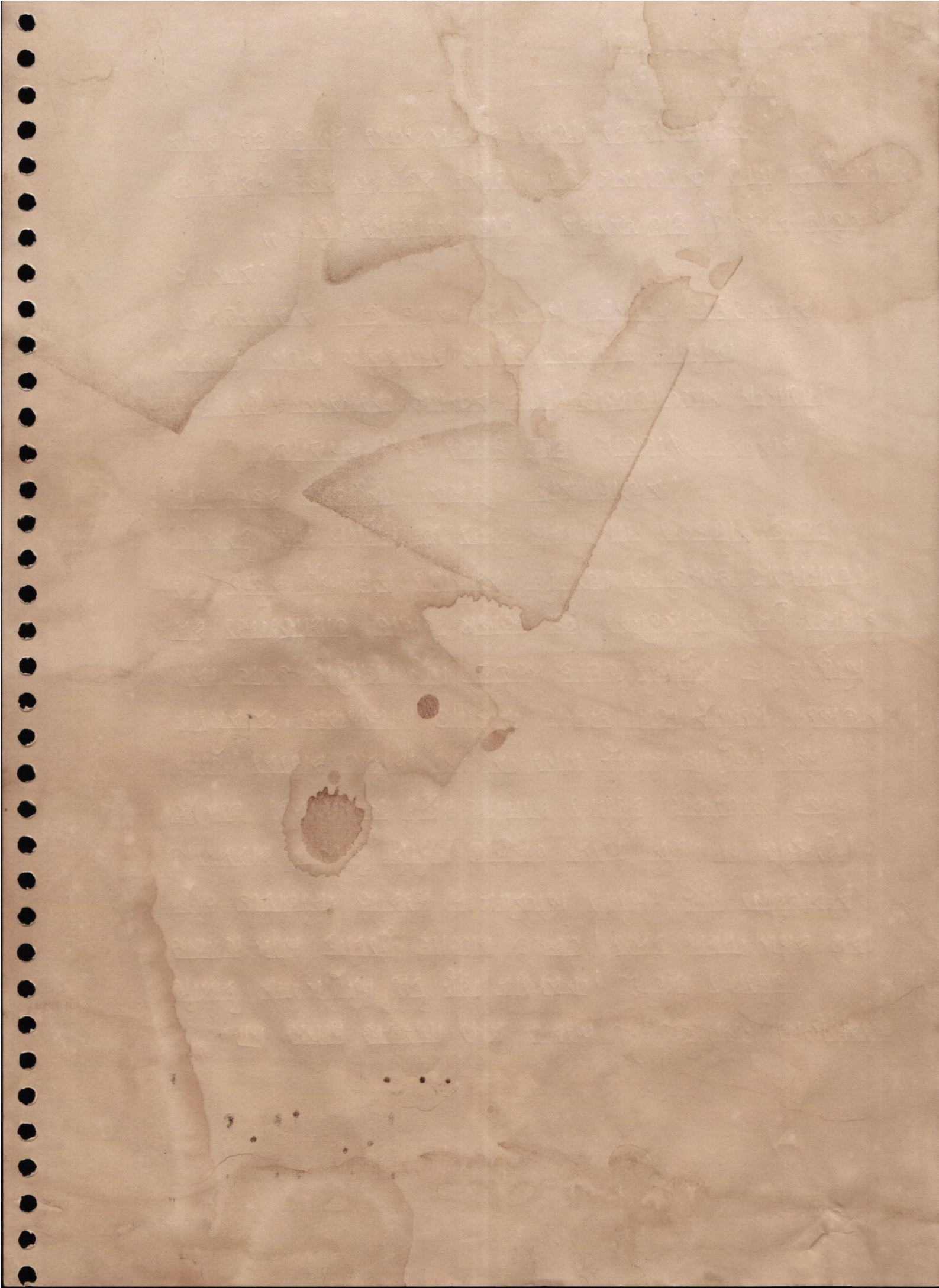
বোজা...

“মান অনমন সকলো ক্ষেত্ৰ কৰিলে এ, এই দিন দেখুৱাবলৈ জীয়াই ৰাখিছিল এই যুগ বাপেকৰ, এতিয়া গোটেই অম্মাজখনে হাহিছে আহাৰ ওপৰত, সেই নৰকখনৰ পৰা দুৰি অহাতকৈ দূৰিয়ে নাথাকিল কৈলৈ।” বৃদ্ধ দেউতাকৰ এনেবোৰ কথাই বিনিৰ অন্তৰত স্নেহে বিক্ৰা দি বিক্ৰিছে, দুখেতে খোপা দি চকুৰ পানীৰে গোটেই গাৰুটোৱে তিতি গৈছে, বেচেষ্টা তাইৰো নো কি দোষ বুলিয়ে আছিল, বৃদ্ধ বাপেকৰ ওকনমান আৰ্থিক অকাঙ্ক্ষা দিহা বুলিয়ে কলেজৰ পৰা আহি অক্লিয়া দুটা চিৰ্ভচন হাতত লৈছিল। অ’ গধূলি ঘৰ মোমোৱাত অলপ পলম হয় কেতিয়াবা, কিন্তু মোয়াই টো তাইৰ ভুল হ’ব নোৱাৰে, তাইটো কেতিয়াও আপোনতো ভাবিবই পৰা নাছিল যে সেই নৰপিকাচ কেইটাৰ হাতত তাই তাইৰ অতিথক বিসৰ্জন দিব লাগিব।

জীৱনৰ প্ৰতি মোহ তাই এতিয়াও হেৰুৱায় গৈছে। কেনেকৈ থাকিব তাই, অম্মাজখনৰ কথাটো বাদেই নিজৰ পৰিয়ালৰ মানুহ কেইটাৰ কেটাৰা জেঙেৰাবোৰ তাই আৰু বিস্মান দিনলৈ অহুচ কৰি থাকিব।

“নাই! নোৱাৰোঁ মই,” ঘৰকৈ তাই চিঞৰি উঠিল। আজীৱন ঘৰৰ মানুহৰ বোজা হৈ অকাতকৈ ভাল কিছুমানৰ বাবে এই চিলিং ফেনখনৰ বোজা হোৱা যাওক।

— কৰিনা ডেকা,
উদ্ভিদ বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ



Travelogue...



PETRICHOR OF THE ETERNAL ROMANCE



From the land of Aniruddh -
Rhythm of the pitter patter of the raindrops wished me morning on 31st July. I woke up in a daze and realizing that the day I was looking forward to for weeks has finally arrived, my excitement couldn't be kept at bay. It was the day the long awaited family trip comes in execution. Our destination was Tezpur - the land of eternal romance.

We set out from home at 7 am in the morning and after a long and fun filled ride of 5 hours, we finally reached our destination at around 12 in the afternoon. The sky was loomed over by dark clouds threatening us of a downpour. It stood firm on its threat because by the time we reached the town of Tezpur, it was raining cats and dogs. I have always loathed the rain for this reason. It ruins the things I look forward to. The falling raindrops act as an

arch nemesis to the safe execution of my travel plans.

Our first stop was Mahabhairab temple. However, on reaching our destination, we had to be stuck in the parking area because of the heavy rainfall. We stayed there for about half an hour, but then realizing that the rain isn't expected to cease anytime soon, we decided to make a (run) go through it. We did the darshan after hustling through the rain. The famous practice of whispering wish into the ears of nandi maharaj had to be fulfilled by us now that we were in the Mahabhairab temple. It is not something we ought to miss while being here. So, after wishing our wishes to be fulfilled, we set out of the temple.

The rain had become a drizzle by the time we set out from the hotel we had lunched at after our visit to the temple. Our next stop was Agnigarh, the famous viewpoint of Tezpur. When we got to the top, the lover in me breathed a new life, be it rain or sun, the love of my dear heart, the land of Tezpur, will always be the most

beautiful. The sight of the calm Brahmaputra and the passionate greenery, both dancing along the ballet of the raindrops, felt like a walk on the softest feathers. The land I long for is really just so ethereal.

As strong was my desire to remain rooted at the viewpoint of Agnigarh, we had to leave before the dusk set in. So we set out to our next destination, the Kanaklata park. There wasn't much to see there but parks are always something fun. We clicked a lot of pictures there and before we knew it, it was time to leave, not just the park, but the town as well.

I was saddened at the thought of leaving. Isn't it a harsh truth that the things we long for the most, we can't get enough of them. They end or disappear on yade before we savour them to the fullest. The trip felt just too short to me.

My biggest regret during the journey was not being able to visit the Tezpur University due to the race between the time and the itinerary. It is the institution I wish to go to, so hopes are intact that one day I might be able to not only visit, but make a home there. Hence, after

an apparently long day, which in actually felt too short, we eventually headed home.

As we journeyed back home, events of the day made me wish to live it all over again. To be honest, rain does seem bad most of the time but hustling through it today didn't seem as bad. Perhaps the beauty it casted on the land of the love of the lover in me was what made it not so loathsome?

Now that I think of it, the land indeed invokes the longing resembling a lover's in one's heart. Therefore, I closed my eyes and revelled on the memories of the day and in the course of it all, the essence of the petrichor of the eternal romance decorated the air around me.

Manifesting another trip to the land of Aniruddha; this time, one that let's me linger a little longer.



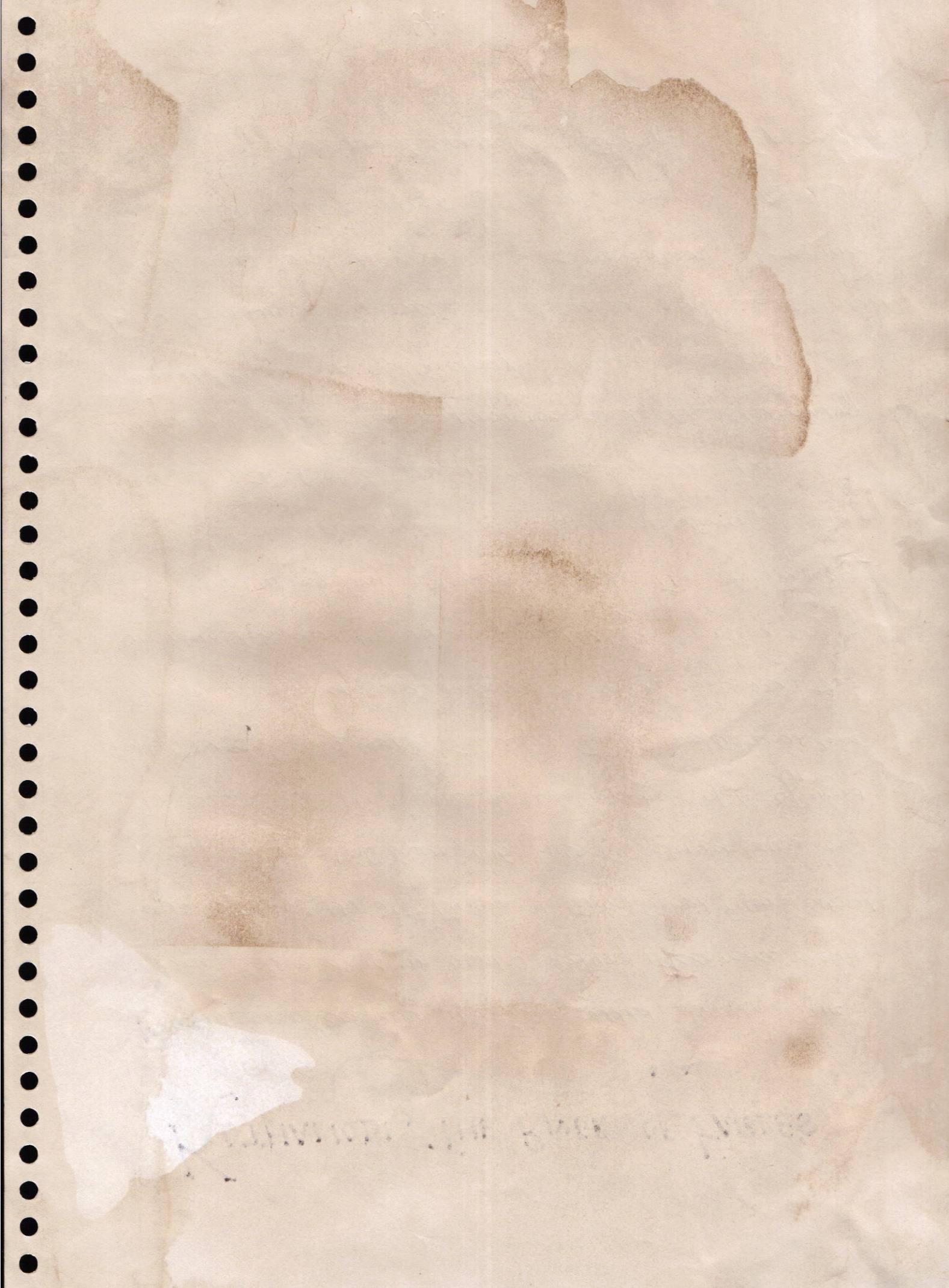
Sikshita Baishya
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Movie Reviews...

KOTHANODI, THE RIVER OF FABLES



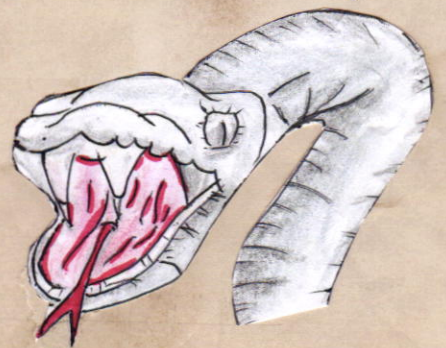
Based on Assamese folk tales called "Buchi Aair Sadhu", Kothanodi is an award winning Assamese movie, premiered at the 20th Busan International Film Festival held from 1 to 10 October, 2015. With the stories born in the land itself, the movie, a combination of 4 different folk tales, gives a dark touch to the unconditional love, greed, madness and possession of the mothers. The director, Bhaskar Hazarika, popular for another one of his notable movies "Aamis", weaves the stories with a new outlook, adding an interesting mixture of whimsy and depth. Not a horror movie, but the eerie background music, the narration and the screenplay makes the movie quite creepy, chilling and a treat to the thriller enthusiasts. "What can be seen.... is unseen. And what can't be seen.... is revealed"; the stories may sound quite absurd at times; a mother followed around by an elephant apple (ou-tenga), a step-mother



Kills her daughter in the absence of her husband, a girl gets married to a snake who later gets eaten by him, and lastly, a man who buries his child that are being born. Kollanodi is well-crafted, directed and narrated in a sophisticated manner, not to mention the excellent execution of all the actors. It might not be everyone's cup of tea, but definitely a must-watch for all the movie lovers.



— Indira Boregohain
Department of English



Artwork ...

ଆମିଷ



ମୁଁ ଉପନାସ
ଆଦାମ୍ ମାଂସ ଖୁଆଇ

ମୁଁ ମାଂସ ଆଉ
ସିବାଟି ତୋଳ
ଧାଉଁ

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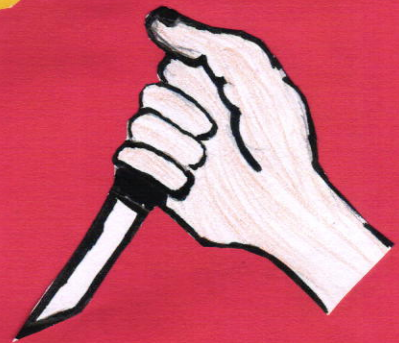
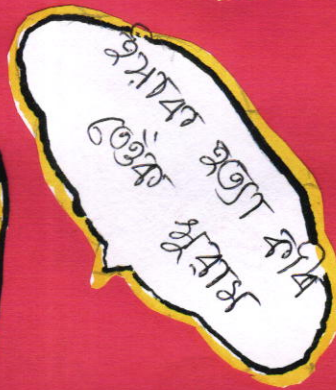
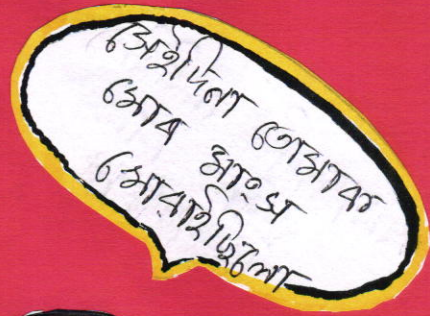
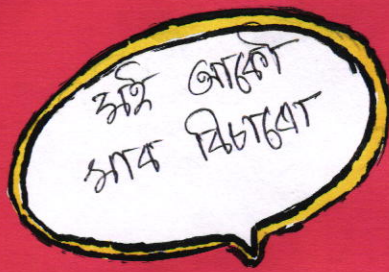


ମୁଁ ତେଁଙ୍କ
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ତୁମ୍ଭେ ମୋର ମାଂସ
ଆଉ ମୋର ମାଂସ
ଖୁଆଇ





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