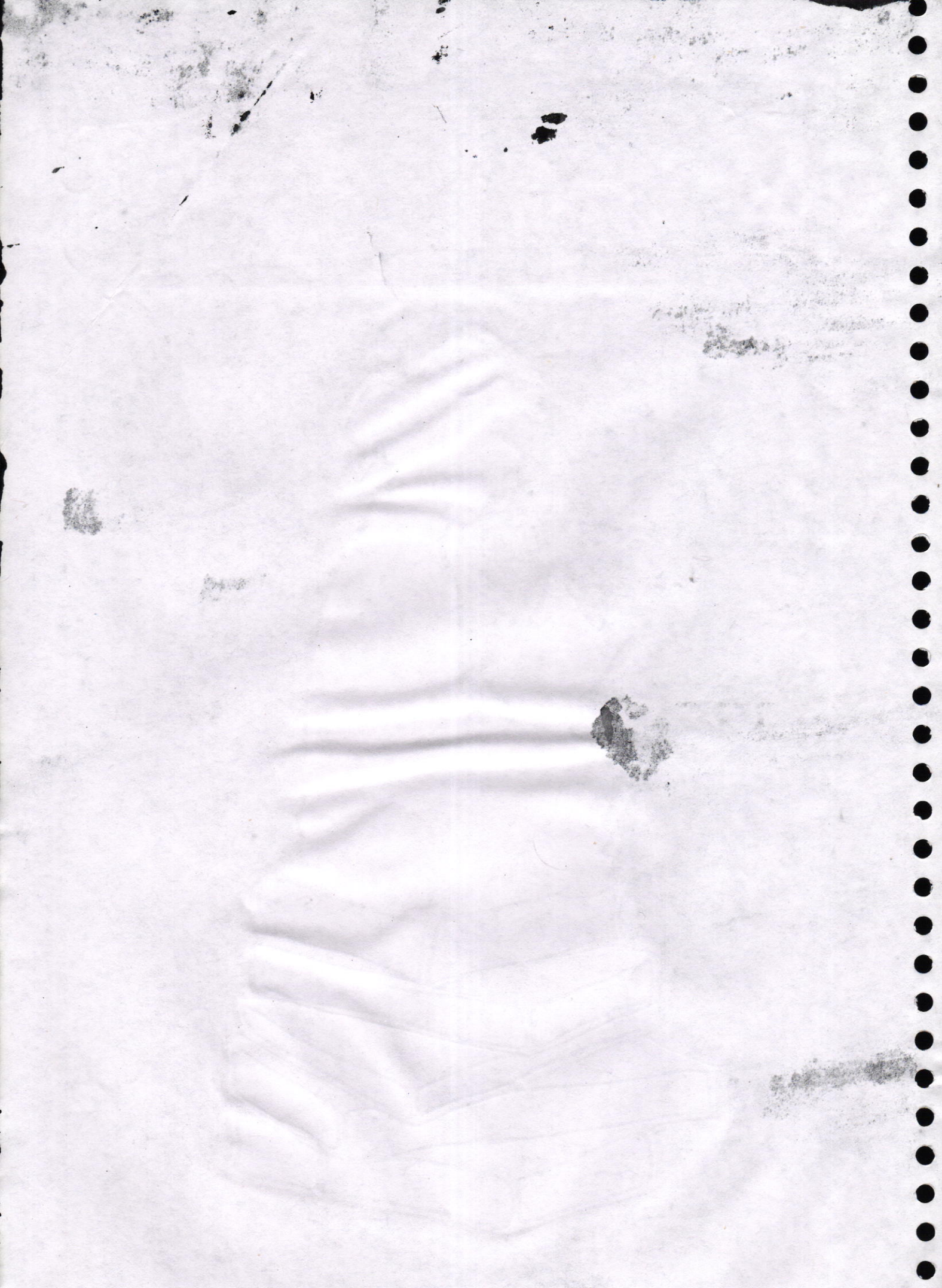


GLOBAL VOICE





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COVER PAGE DONE BY-

GARIMA BRAHMA

(HISTORY DEPARTMENT)

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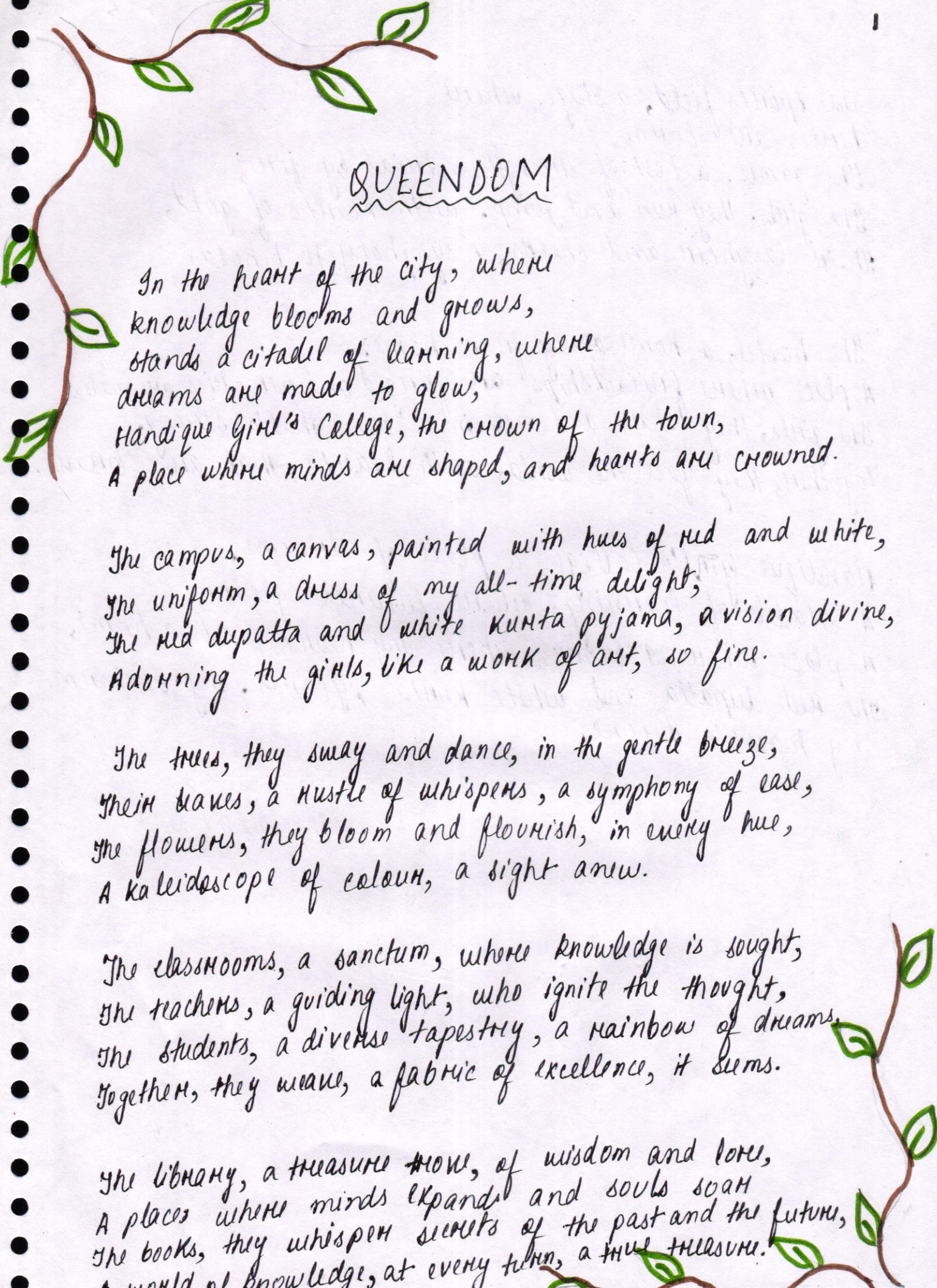
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QUEENDOM

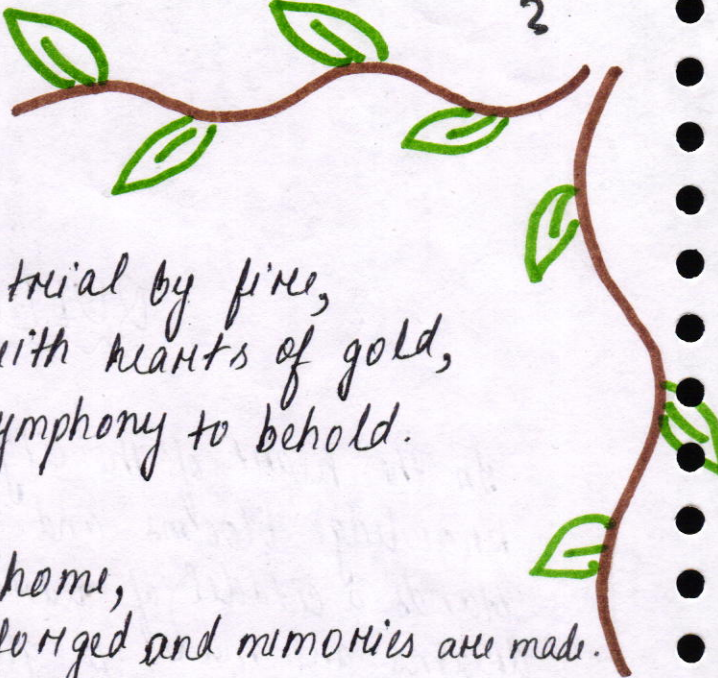
In the heart of the city, where
knowledge blooms and grows,
stands a citadel of learning, where
dreams are made to glow,
Handique Girls' College, the crown of the town,
A place where minds are shaped, and hearts are crowned.

The campus, a canvas, painted with hues of red and white,
The uniform, a dress of my all-time delight,
The red dupatta and white kumta pyjama, a vision divine,
Adorning the girls, like a work of art, so fine.

The trees, they sway and dance, in the gentle breeze,
Their leaves, a rustle of whispers, a symphony of ease,
The flowers, they bloom and flourish, in every hue,
A kaleidoscope of colour, a sight anew.

The classrooms, a sanctum, where knowledge is sought,
The teachers, a guiding light, who ignite the thought,
The students, a diverse tapestry, a rainbow of dreams,
Together, they weave, a fabric of excellence, it seems.

The library, a treasure house, of wisdom and lore,
A place where minds expand and souls soar,
The books, they whisper secrets of the past and the future,
A world of knowledge, at every turn, a true treasure.



The sports field, a stage, where
heroes are born,
The games, a test of strength, a trial by fire,
The girls, they run and jump, with hearts of gold,
Their laughter and cheers, a symphony to behold.

The hostel, a home away from home,
A place where friendships are forged and memories are made.
The girls, they share and care in a bond that's strong,
Together, they face the world, with hearts that are brave.

Handique Girls' College, a place of dreams,
A citadel of learning, where futures gleam,
A place where I belong, where my heart finds a home,
The red dupatta and white kurta pyjama, my uniform,
My heart's throne.

- Harshita Saikia
(English Department)



A Poetry for Transsexual People ~

3

"It's a miracle", he said

I asked, "about what?"

He replied,

"It's a miracle to be born as a man with a desire of a woman.

A heart that beats like a woman;
wants to tell someone but is
scared of their reaction.

But funny how I'm telling you
everything;

hoping you will accept me.

I'm tired of living but I want to live.

I speak like a man with thoughts of a woman.

I want to escape the world in a different bodysuit.

Not the one I entered with.

I want to be a wife and a mother

But my appearances will only make me a father.

I want to give birth to a new born and feel the emotions
of bringing a life in the world.

The flesh I'm covered with is of a handsome man;
The soul it carries tell me how beautiful I
could be as a woman".

I said to him, "Surely you can be and I can see your
eyes hiding a lot more. You have a different kind of
fear to be accepted as a whole. A battle of yours.

Nothing I can do more except for the fact that
I can be the first one who opens my arms
FOR you".

— Meghashree Hazarika
(History department)

RAM MANDIR

4

Ayodhya echoed with laughter and joy,
As the Lord, the King came back to throne
The silence, the demise of light for years,
Brightened up all throughout the world.

Millions of Hindus assembled,
The rallying cry of "Jai Shree Ram"
Siya Ram written over their heart,
Marked the Bhakti and loyalty of them.

Lord Rama finally in his Janmabhoomi
The Mythical, magical and sacred birthplace
Adorned with magnificent jewellery,
Gold, diamond, rubies, pearls and emeralds.

Krishna Shila Stone at the living Rama
Wearing a ruby studded gold necklace,
Representing winning of a battle
Welcoming him as a five years old divine power.

Manifestation of faith, resilience and trust
The enduring legacy of the epic tale 'The Ramayana'
Reinforcing the deep-rooted connection of Mythology
and history.

King came to rule back from what he left,
The New Journey begins for the King
In his beloved kingdom
The greatest power overruled.

- Meghashree Hazarika
(History Department)

UNSUNG QUEENS

- The Builders of communities, the backbone of nation
- Broadminded in thinking, withering fire,
- Strong and steadfast, they marched to the battlefield
- Without anyone ever knowing their personal field.
- Their name will never be on a war memorial wall.
- Bravery filled their breast with permanent scars,
- The gallant warriors, the thunders of all times
- Picking up the deserving crown, in a ray of moonlight.

- Only darkness and abyss knew how much tears they shed
- The insistent tempting to raise their sword in each lag of tide,
- Bruised in the warzone, broken by their children cry.
- The unsung queens one should reminisce about.

- My eyes glistened with weeping willows,
- Celebrating victories and mourning great loss;
- An awful and dramatic cost was paid,
- For the freedom we are enjoying a lot.

- The wealth we heaped and the life we heaped;
- For the brave who fought and perished for us,
- Promising you to never forget your hardships,
- Dedication towards humankind.

— Meghashree Hazarika
(History department)



RAY OF HOPE

When your heart refuses to forget
 when dreams go weak and struggle for breath,
 when the memories come knocking at the door
 when your hopes are crushed and crumbled

Longing to find peace before the day turns to night
 Am I the only being that have fallen behind?
 How about the birds who fly high in the sky
 The ship has shrunk and is about to drown.

The night is dark and full of terrors,
 whispers the gentle moonlight with errors.
 Hope to see the golden sky tonight,
 Twinkling shining energized moonlight.

All alone with creeping cold and darkest of hales;
 Your golden light sooths my heart,
 Unique in creation is human race
 Let me acknowledge the reason behind.

Hearts are not always meant to be hurt,
 Healed and loved they can be too.
 Eyes are not always meant to produce tears,
 Eyes are meant to smile in joy too.

- Meghashree Hazarika
 (History department)

Harvest Hues: Assam's Patjham Symphony

Sunlight spills like honey through ochre leaves,
Painting Brahmaputra's waves a fiery hue.
A gentle breeze whispers a symphony in my heart,
Travelling the soothing tea plants
Carrying memories of Assam, even true.

Patjham descends, a cloak of crimson gold,
On ancient oaks and mango trees so bold.
Jackfruit hangs, a jewelled sphere, a sight to see,
While memories ripen, whispering new events

Temple bells chime, a rhythmic, haunting song,
As incense smoke curls, light and strong.
Villages hum with harvest cheer, laughter rings,
Banishing shadows, hope on joyful wings.

Mother Assam, in autumn's warm embrace,
A tapestry woven with time and space.
Her beauty whispers, secrets kept so deep,
A land forever loved.

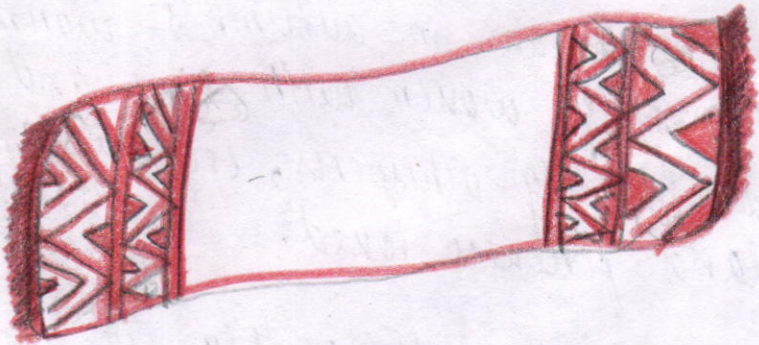
Golden leaves fall gently, so many tales untold,
A lullaby sung by the wind, brave and bold.
Nature's canvas painted anew, a fiery sight,
Reflected in the still ponds, bathed in golden light.

The wind, a mournful minstrel, plays a gentle tune,
on branches stripped bare, beneath the harshest moon.
Patjhan's tears fall softly, yet a promise gleams.

AMIDST this symphony, Bihu's joyful tune,
dancing feet, rhythms under the harshest moon.
Colors swirl, in vibrant celebration,
Assam's spirit alive, in jubilation.

So let me sing your praises, Assam, even dear,
In every corner, beauty finds its form,
a mother's love that keeps us safe and warm.
May your seasons change, your stories unfold,
Patjhan's embrace, a tale forever told.

- Harshita Saikia
(English department)



শৈশৱকালৰ স্মৃতি

ক'তলো হেৰাল সেই দিনখোৰ,
 ফুলৰ গৰা আহি কাপোৰ সলাই,
 সেই বাহিৰলৈ মেলিব ঘোৰা।

গান বুলি ক'লেই কোনে আজি আবেলি,
 মা আশ্বি মাতিয়াই যামেই
 বাহৰ মতা বগৰীৰ গুৰা
 সেইখোৰ একেবাৰে জিঙাৰ আগত।

কিমানঘে অ. টটিছিল যেতিয়া,
 অ.ক কৰোঁতে মাজত আশ্বৰ্য্যৰে হেৰুৱা
 গাইছিলো।
 এফালে অ.ক কৰি থাকো আৰু ইফালে
 চকুপানী টোকা,
 অ.ক কৰিব বহা মানে মাৰ গৰা গালি
 মোৰা মাটাঙ।

আইতাৰ ঘৰখনলৈ যোৱাটো কিন্তু একো
 টেমৰতকৈ কম নাছিল,
 আইতাৰ হাতৰ আঙা কি যে মোৰাহৰ আছিল
 ককাৰ সাধু কমা আৰু সেই পুৰণি কমাৰোৰ
 মনযোনেৰে শুনা,
 মাই কিবা টানকৈ ক'লে আইতাৰ আচলত লোকেৰা

আৰু জেলিবলৈ যাওঁতে ব'হ যিমানতৈ চোকা
নতকৈ কিয়,
বাহিৰলৈ মোৰা আৰু জেলাটো আছিল
গোটেই দিনটোৰ এটা শুক্লগূৰ্ণ কাৰ্যসূচী,
আৰু বৰষুণ বুলিলে বৰষুণত তিতা আৰু
বোকা জেলা ।

বিহু বুলি কলে কি যে ফুৰি,
পিছে ফুৰি মূল কৰ্মাটো হৈছে পঢ়িব নালাগে।
কাতি বিহুত তুলসীৰ তলত চাকি দিয়া,
স্নান বিহুত বাতিপুৰা মেজি জ্বলা চোৱা ।
একেলগে মিলি জেজু জত জোৱা,
বহাগ বিহুত স্নান হালধীৰে গা ধোঁৱা,
জ্যৈষ্ঠ আশ্বিন লোৱা, দুচৰি পোৱা ।

কিয়ে দিন আছিল,
আকৌ যেন সেই কপালী পাহাৰ গোপালী
দিনবোৰ,
জীয়াই চৰিলে পৰা হ'লে ।
এই মান্তিকতাৰ সাজত যেন
থোলা সেই ছোৱালীজনীক ।

- Begacy Saikia
(History department)

FRIENDSHIP

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled deep within a lush forest, two unlikely creatures formed an extraordinary friendship. In this enchanted realm, magical beings roamed freely, including a mischievous gnome named Jasper and a graceful fairy named Luna. Jasper, with his wiry frame and pointy hat, always found himself getting into trouble. His adventurous spirit led him to discover hidden treasures and secret passageways throughout the forest. Luna, on the other hand, possessed a gentle soul, her delicate wings shimmering with shades of blue and green. The gnome and fairy first crossed paths when Jasper stumbled upon a crystal-clear pond. Little did he know, this pond was Luna's sanctuary, where she found solace in the tranquil waters. But instead of causing chaos as he usually did, Jasper watched from afar, intrigued by Luna's elegance and grace.

One day, curiosity overcame Luna, and she fluttered down to Jasper, who was perched on a wooden stump.

"Hello there! Are you lost, little gnome?" she chimed delicately. Taken aback by Luna's kindness, Jasper stammered, "Uh, no, not lost per se. I just found this marvelous pond, and I've been mesmerized ever since." Luna smiled warmly, transforming Jasper's nervous energy into comfort. As the sun descended, painting the sky in warm hues, the duo began sharing tales of their adventures. Jasper recounted his daring escapades while Luna enchanted him with stories of starlit journeys through the galaxy.

Their friendship bloomed beneath the ancient oak trees, their laughter echoing through the forest's mysterious corridors. Luna's magical touch breathed life into Jasper's tales, while Jasper's mischievous ideas ignited Luna's imagination like never before. One afternoon, Luna discovered a hidden path leading to an enchanted, long-forgotten castle. Its crumbling walls whispered forgotten secrets and held treasures that hadn't seen the light of day in centuries. Together, they schemed to restore the castle, uncovering forgotten artifacts and reuniting its former glory.

Jasper's cleverness helped them navigate the treacherous passages, while Luna's graceful spells

brought light and life to every corner. They scoured the cobweb-covered nooks, finding dusty books filled with knowledge long forgotten. Word of their adventures spread throughout the village, and creatures from all walks of life flocked to witness Luna and Jasper's incredible transformation. Creatures who had always been divided by fear and prejudice began to see that friendship could overcome any barrier.

In this newfound unity, the village flourished. Gnomes, fairies, and other magical beings worked hand in hand, using innovative ideas from Luna and Jasper to build a society where creativity and compassion reigned supreme. As time passed, Luna and Jasper continued their adventures, creating memorable stories and leaving behind a powerful legacy of friendship. And so, in the humble village tucked deep within the forest, the inhabitants thrived under the watchful eyes of Luna and Jasper, forever grateful for the friendship that changed their lives.

- Harshita Saikia
(English Department)

GENDER ISSUES

Once upon a time in a small town named Harmonyville, there existed a rather peculiar society where gender issues were unheard of. The people of Harmonyville possessed a unique perspective on gender, promoting a world where self-expression and creativity knew no boundaries. Their approach to life invited both innovation and diversity, creating an atmosphere of acceptance and understanding. In Harmonyville, individuals explored their identities without the constraints of societal norms, embracing the idea that gender was not confined to the stereotypical binary classification. Children grew up in an environment free from the pressures of adhering to predetermined gender roles, enabling them to explore their unique talents and interests. Boys played with dolls and painted, while girls built forts and explored science.

One sunny morning, fourteen-year-old Oliver woke up with a feeling of curiosity pressing on his chest. He couldn't help but question his own individuality, wondering who he truly was. Oliver had seen both girls and boys excel in various activities, regardless of their socially assigned gender.

roles. Inspired by this, he decided to take up knitting, a craft often dismissed by those who believed it was only suitable for girls. As Oliver began his knitting journey, he discovered an untapped well of creativity within himself. Through research and practice, he soon became adept at creating intricate designs and patterns. At first, some of the townsfolk were taken aback by his newfound hobby. However, instead of dismissing Oliver's enthusiasm, Harmonyville embraced it wholeheartedly. News of this knitting prodigy reached the ears of the town's mayor, who recognized the importance of Oliver's story as a symbol of breaking societal stereotypes.

The mayor approached Oliver, inviting him to showcase his knitting prowess at Harmonyville's annual talent show. Oliver, overwhelmed with joy, enthusiastically accepted the mayor's proposal. As word spread throughout the town, the annual talent show transformed into an event promoting inclusion, creativity and freedom of expression. Girls showcased their strength in STEM FIELDS, boys twirled and danced gracefully, and children of all genders flaunted their unique skills with confidence and pride.

On the day of the talent show, the atmosphere in Harmonyville was electric. The stage was adorned with vibrant decorations, representing the infinite spectrum of colours that painted the town. Oliver, donned in a rainbow-colored sweater he had knitted himself, took center stage, beaming with pride. As the music swelled, Oliver demonstrated his impeccable knitting skills, weaving together threads of unity, acceptance, and understanding. His intricate patterns symbolized the beauty that arises when individuals defy societal expectations and embrace their true selves. The audience erupted in applause, their hearts touched by Oliver's extraordinary show of creativity. From that day forward, Harmonyville became a beacon of inspiration for surrounding towns grappling with gender issues. People flocked to the town, eager to learn from its progressive mindset. Society evolved, and the harmful stereotypes surrounding gender slowly began to crumble. Colors beyond blue and pink flooded the closets of children, who wore whatever made them feel comfortable and confident. The people of Harmonyville had shown the world that limiting individuals based on gender was an outdated notion, replaced by an innovative kind of creativity that celebrated the unique gifts of every person.

And so, in this town, birched from a vision of harmony and acceptance, the vibrant tapestry of life was forever altered. Harmonyville became a testament to the infinite possibilities when communities embrace diversity and break free from the constraints of gender norms.

The moral of this tale is: Embracing diversity and breaking free from gender stereotypes leads to a more inclusive and harmonious society.

- Harshita Saikia
(English department)

After an hour or two of our endless conversation, I decided to go back home.

"I make good chocolate cookies" I said,

"I'll bring for you some, tomorrow"

The old man smiled.

The lane towards my home was dark, but I decided to open the box the old man gave. It was a music box.

The sweet melody somehow brought back childhood memories.

I checked my pockets, my keys were not there, I ~~was~~ must have left at the shop, I thought to myself.

I walked back towards the shop, the music from the music box wafted around me, but the shop was no longer there.

— Bhrameri Priyam
4th Sem
History Dept.

He poured two cups of tea from the kettle and started talking.

He told me about Greenville, its people, local grocery stores, restaurants etc.

The sun began to set in the horizon and the birds were retreating back home.

The old man excused himself while I checked the time, 6:45, it read.

The old man emerged from within the shelves with a small box in his hands.

"It's a gift from my side, you are a beautiful soul, you have a long way to go" he said.

His words settled within me and made me feel the most calm I've ever been.

"Thank You" I replied, my voice thick with emotions.

THE MUSIC BOX, TEA, KEYS.

It was the summer after I relocated to Greenville. The wind was blowing, the trees were greener, the sweet smell of July lingered in the air - this was the whole scenario.

I was walking back from work, my office was just a mile away and the weather was oddly favourable.

I stumbled upon a small shop with broken windows when I decided I'll take the long route to home.

Something about the shop made me curious - the broken windows, the golden wind chime, the dark brown door and the billion flower pots. I decided to take a look and I entered the shop.

An old man was sitting at a big chair and reading a newspaper.

He looked up from the paper upon noticing my presence and gave a warm gentle smile.

The interior of the shop was exactly the opposite of what was the exterior.

The interior looked newly renovated with wooden floor, high ceiling, bulb-shaped lights and hundreds of racks containing what looked like antiques - small vintage antiques. There were no staffs.

The old man walked upto me and said,

"Never seen you here before young man"

"Just shifted here last summer" I replied.

"Welcome to Greenville" he said with a smile.

"Let's have a cup of tea, its my tea time" he said.

"Sure" I replied, with a smile.

Women Education in North East India

India is now a leading country in the field of women's education. Education is the target of women's empowerment because it enables them to respond to challenges, face their traditional roles, and change their life. Education of the girl is very important. Educated women not only can uphold education of their girl children but can also contribute to the country's development. They are essential, improvement of a bright future of women will paves way for the betterment of country and will gain respect and have decisions valued more in their homes and workplaces as well.



The status of education in the north-eastern part of India remains a cause of concern. One of the important reasons for the low literacy rate in the region is the lack of infrastructure and facilities for education. The lack of access to quality school education is also a significant regional issue. State like Arunachal Pradesh have the lowest literacy rate in North East India of about 65.38% as it comprises of more remote areas which causes difficulty to access and have sparse government services in those areas. While in Assam, the female literacy rate was 67.3% against 78.8% male literacy rate (2011).

However, an increase in the number of private schools have been seen in recent years, where trained teachers, staffs and workers can be seen to enhance and

improve women's education and give them the equal support without discriminating any gender. Added to this, the views of people and parents have broaden up which leads and paves the way to give equal opportunities and rights to every children. Although the private colleges and schools takes a large sum of money, but they provide quality education, well discipline and encourages everyone to work hard equally and specially to womens, As womens are powerful herself, they doesn't need anyone to rely on; her parents or husband. They have the capability to be in a race of life and win over everyone if they want to do so.

As Earlier the government schools and colleges in North East were very limited. But now, changes can be seen in large arena. One of the veritable nerve centres of women's education in north-eastern India, Handique girls' College was established in 1939, like a dream came true for all the girls living in North east India. Nextly, the Dakshin Kamrup girls College at 1988, Manabendra girls college in 1984, Women's College at Shillong in 1984, Gent Zirti girl College (Mizoram) in 1975 etc were established for the improvement of skills and for gaining huge knowledge and to create history by their unique charisma and intellectual capability. Proving that womens are not weak and less capable. They can achieve success in great heights too.

By National Family Health Survey (2019-20) data shows that less than 50% of women in 15-49 years age bracket in Manipur had ten or more years of schooling despite high literacy rates among them. Percentage of women in this category is as low as 33.1% in Tamenglong district and 36.6 in Churachandpur district. Imphal East district recorded the highest percentage of 61.9 in this category.

Literacy rate in Sikkim has seen upward trend and is 81.42% as per latest population census. Male literacy stands at 86.55 while female literacy is at 75.61 percent. Although the female literacy rate is less, but improvement and development can be seen.

However, in one of the states of North East India, i.e. Nagaland, the female enrollment surpassed male enrollment the following year and the trend continued since then, (2018-19) when there were 21,987 male student and 23,475 female enrollment. Rose from 15,817 to 25,204 a 59.34% increase in overall 2012-13 to 2020-21. Women in Nagaland have always considered respect in society then. But especially in rural areas, men have an advantage over women and school dropouts often consist of a large number of girls. Though Naga women are well educated, they have no decision making power or hereditary rights. The practical application of their knowledge is limited to the walls of their household and the manual work of farming.

The basic reasons or the barriers to girl's education were-poverty, child marriage and gender-based violence, vary among countries or states. Poor families often favour boys when investing in education. In some places, schools do not meet safety, hygiene or sanitation needs of girls. Education for girls about more than access to school. Its also about girls feeling safe in classrooms and supported in those in subjects and careers they choose to pursue, including others, teaching practices are not gender responsible and result in gender gaps in learning and skills development.

Later, we can see that the literacy rates of women are increasing. Among the females, Mizoram is the highest of about 89.27% in the population census, who have the highest women literacy rate in North East India, followed by Tripura 82.73% and Meghalaya of about 72.89%

In North East India, education has been a major agent in assisting women to become economically independent, as well as in bridging the gender gap in society. Educating women did also help free women from the clutches of poverty, oppression, exploitation, and violence. They contribute to the economic condition of their families.

Education enhances the social status of a woman as well as despite the government's effort to bring up various schemes for education of girls instance, Beti Bachao, which aims to protect girls from social problems and promote education for girls, female literacy rates across India are still lower as compared to other nations.

"Dangal"

Dangal is a captivating sports biographical film directed by Nitesh Tiwari, based on the true story of Mahavir Singh Phogat, an Indian amateur wrestler and his daughters Geeta Phogat and Babita Kumari. The film stars Aamir Khan as Mahavir Singh Phogat, along with Sakshi Tanware, Fatima Sana Shaikh, and Sanya Malhotra.

The story follows Mahavir's relentless pursuit of gold medals for India in wrestling, a dream he couldn't fulfill in his own career. Determined to see his dream realized, he trains his daughters, Geeta and Babita, in the sport from a young age, breaking societal norms and challenging gender stereotypes along the way.

"Dangal" is not just a sports film; it's a powerful narrative of great determination, and the unwavering bond between a father and his daughters. Aamir Khan delivers a remarkable performance as Mahavir, portraying the character's transformation from a strict disciplinarian to a supportive father beautifully. The young actresses, Fatima Sana Shaikh and Sanya Malhotra, shine in their

roles as Geeta and Babita, respectively capturing the essence of their characters with conviction.

The film's direction, screenplay, and cinematography are top-notch effectively bringing to life the Trials and Triumphs of the Phogat family. The wrestling sequences are choreographed superbly adding to the authenticity and intensity of the film. "Dangal" received widespread critical acclaim for its performances, storytelling, and portrayal of gender equality. It struck a chord with audiences not only in India but also globally, becoming one of the highest-grossing India films of all time.

In conclusion, "Dangal" is a must-watch for its inspiring story, brilliant performances, and impactful message. It's a film that leaves a lasting impression and celebrates the indomitable spirit of human perseverance.

MINISTRY OF UTMOST HAPPINESS.

by Arundhati Roy.

"Where do Old Birds go to Die"

Being an avid reader, I was very moved and shaken by the words, the beauty written by Arundhati Roy. The book will make one nostalgic about their time in Delhi, the hustle and bustle, Purani Delhi, Chadni Chowk and everything.

The Protagonist of the book is Anjum, a hijra who navigates through life, its beauty, brutality, KHWAABGAAH (Jannat Guest House).

Religion, caste, gender issues have been beautifully described along with Politics. The book is a masterpiece. The finer details have kept me on a chokehold. It was a mesmerizing journey through the eyes of Anjum, looking at the ruined landscape.



MINISTRY OF JUSTICE - HARRISON

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TEENHOOD AND ADULTING

30

- Purnoma Dhiringia

Sometimes words hurt lot more than being physically wounded. The heart not only pumps our blood but also functions as the centre of emotional stimulation. Our heart is often hurt by those hopeless expectations that our brain usually refuses. The teens often suffer with these whirlpool of emotions, anxiety of both studies and rejection, social awkwardness and loneliness. Those teens when finally step into adulting, they develop low self-esteem, conscious about 'what will people say', fear of failure, fear of being judged and so on. The society on the other hand sprinkles salt over their insecurities and make them prone to addictions and ways to escape this fear, doubt, jealousy and grief on the rat race. Those teens when turn to their late twenties and early thirties, they are pressurized to settle down. Some of them are doing good in their career while some are struggling; some are married while others are unmarried and everyday they are taunted by the society or their family. The world now is in dire need of therapists more than other professionals for this misunderstanding of success and fame understood by the society. The world would be a better place with less rate of suicidal deaths and less stressful environment. It would be possible even without therapists if the society tries to understand and parents avoid pressuring their kids in their teenage which will lead to a better adulting and less chaos. Herby, I would like to request the parents and the society to provide a less stressful environment to the growing generation, the future legacy of the world.

NEVER GIVE UP

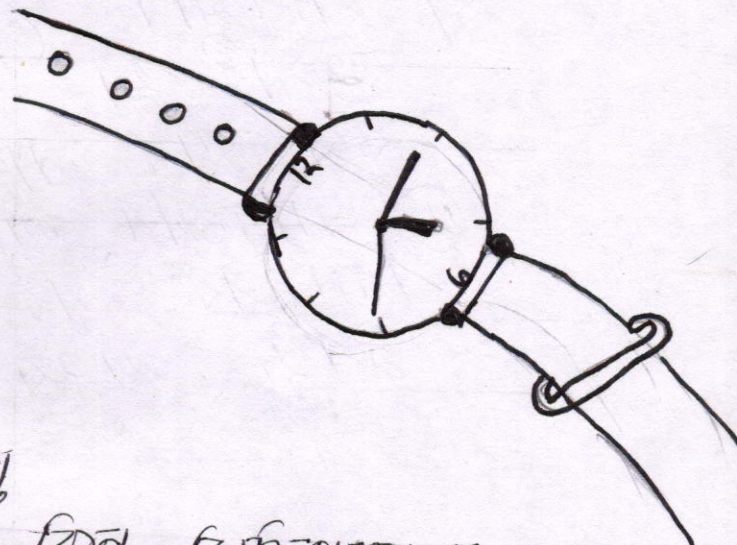
A long time ago there lived a boy name David in a village called Florine. He was very happy with his family but his happiness could not last for long. David and his fellow villagers faced a severe drought. They desperately, waited for rain but with no luck. All the crops, land and even there was no rain. The stream was drying up gradually. One night during a meet with the villagers. David said, "friends" we have heard tales from our grandparents about an underground river flowing through our village. Why don't we dig and see? The villagers agreed and started digging. They dug for some days but gave up soon. However, David kept on digging. When people told him to give up, he said, "God is helping and guiding my way". One day, when he had dug deep enough, David saw water. His attitude of not giving up saved the whole villagers. Now, they are never short of water and whenever any problem arises, all the villagers came up together and find a solution.

- Bhaswati Deka
(Economics department)

সাময়ৰ মূল্য

এইবাৰ গৰমৰ বন্ধুত মই আৰু মা সাময়
ঘৰলৈ যায় বুলি ওলাইছিলোঁ, মায়ে বাতিখুৰা
পৰা কাপ বন কৰি আজৰি হৈ আছিল, হঠাৎ
মোৰ বন্ধুৰে মোক খেলিবলৈ মাতিলে, খেলি খেলি
আহোঁতে মোৰ দুপৰ হ'ল, মই মোৰ খেলৰ বান্ধাত
সাময়ৰ ঘৰলৈ মোৰা বন্ধা পাছৰি গ'লোঁ,

ইমানে মায়ে ইচাটে-বিচাটে
কৰি খোলে বাট চাই আছিল,
কোনোদমতে আহি বন্ধু পলমক
সাময়ৰ ঘৰলৈ বুলি ওলাই
আছিলোঁ, আদাবাৰী পালোঁ,
কিন্তু তাত এমানে বাঢ় নাই,
কোনোদমতে শেষ গাড়ী এখন পালে,



নোৱাৰ পাছত খুব ডাল লাগিব কিন্তু সিহিন্দামন ডেৱানক
কি বিচাৰ, আৰ্হামান মোৰাৰ পাছত হঠাৎ বাঢ়খনৰ কিবা
বিছটি দালৈ, বাঢ়খন মাব নোৱাৰা হ'ল, আহি খুব
চিন্তাত পৰিলোঁ, তাৰ পাছত মায়ে দেউতালৈ ফোন কৰিলে,
দেউতাই আহি আমাক আৰ্হা বাটৰ পৰা গাড়ী এখন
ডাঙা কৰি ঘৰলৈ লৈ আহিল, কৰণ তাৰ পৰা আমাৰ
সাময়ৰ ঘৰ বন্ধু দুৰত আছিল, আমাৰ এই অৱস্থাটোৰ
কৰণে একমাত্ৰ মোৰ দোষী দোষী অনুভৱ হৈছিল
সাময়ৰ মূল্য বুজাব কৰণেই এই স্বাধীনতা,

৬/ জেবালি :- (*Nyctanthes arbor tristis*)
 ঔষধি উণ : ① ফোঁড়ে ফোঁড়া ফোঁড়ত ইয়াৰ
 উটি সিঁহি লগাব লাগে

② জ্বৰ, বম্বু আদিৰ বাবে ইয়াৰ পাতৰ বস
 উলকাৰা

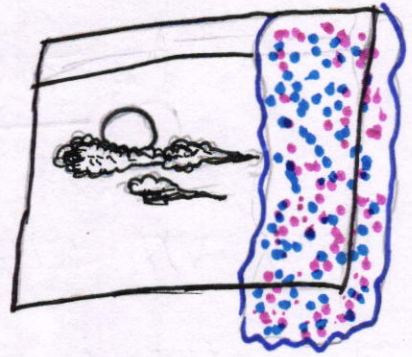
৭/ হুত্থুনি :- (*Houttuynia cordata Thunb*)
 ঔষধি উণ : ① অকুনা, পেটেলা, পেটে মাছোটা
 মৰা ফোঁড়ত ইয়াৰ পাত পাতত দি মাতে উলকাৰ
 হয়

৪/ মানিছনি :- (*Centella Asiatica*)
 ঔষধি উণ : ① অকুনা উঠাবলৈ মানিছনিৰ
 বস মাৰ লাগে

② মানিছনি আৰু বাতিশুৰা বান্ধি মাতে
 দিনটোৰি কাৰণে অৰীষৰ পৰা শুলোৱা
 হুগন্ধি আঁতৰ হয়।

— payal Das

A NEW LIGHT



The room was lighted dim
 The curtains drawn to one side,
 The windows shut hard by the wind
 The caravan played soft music;
 Numb laid she with those doses of caffeine
 Her eyelids partially closed.

Danced on the balcony, the silvery beams of the moon,
 Struck her eyes, the beams, letting her senses in
 Her eyes red and puffy;
 Her lips quivered to form a smile
 Her orbs bereft of hope and smile bereft of joy,
 Watched she the silvery beams dance on her balcony.

The moon consoling her grief,
 The wind embracing her light
 She found solace amidst the pain;
 Her wounds fresh and painful
 Her heart sore and broken.

Vibed she to the music playing by,
 Smiled she with the hope to live again.

— Prurona Dihingia
 (History Department)



মৃত্যু

মৃত্যু যদি এটি জিল্লন হয়
জীবনৰ দৰেই অতী,
সি অনবাজেম

আহে অংগোমনে,
নেজানে কোনেও

মৃত্যু যন্তো যেতিয়া বাজে
অন্তোবাতি পূজাৰ অৰ্ঘ্য

অজাই দিয়া হয়,
বাৰাধাৰ চকুপানীৰে

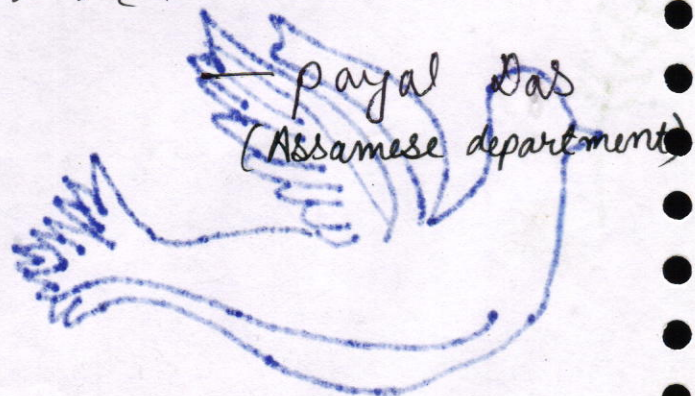
সতিতৈ মৃত্যুৰ্ত্তে মৃত্যুৰে মোজ
মৃত্যুৰে ড়ে আৰে বাৰেই

মানুহ মানুহ হৈ আৰে
জীবন বিলাসী মানুহ
জীবন মুক

হৈ মৃত্যু —

জোজৰ-মোৰন, প্ৰেমৰ বনাৰ
মৃত্যুৰ জপা

মৃত্যুৰ বাৰে হ'লেও
মূলি গোলে অহম দিবা



— payal Das
(Assamese department)

অসমৰ বন ঔষধি

অসমৰ হাবি-বন, বৰ্ষা আদিতো নানা ধৰণৰ বনোষধি পোৱা যায়, প্ৰাথমিক চিকিৎসা হিচাপে অসমৰ বিভিন্ন স্থানৰ মানুহ, এই বনোষধি বিলাকৰ গুণৰত বিশ্বাস স্থানৰ মানুহ, এই বনোষধি বিলাকৰ গুণৰত নিৰ্ভৰশীল, বনোষধি বিলাকৰ গুণৰত প্ৰাথমিক চিকিৎসা কৰ্ম, গ্ৰাম্যৰ ২, ৩০,০০০ বিঘা উচ্চ উদ্ভিদৰ তিতৰত ৮০,০০০ বিঘা উদ্ভিদ হৈছে ঔষধিযুক্ত, ভাৰতত প্ৰায় ৩,০০০ বছৰৰ পৰ্য্যবসায়ি বনোষধি চিকিৎসাৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত উদ্ভিদ ব্যৱহাৰ হৈ আছে, প্ৰায় ৮,০০০ বিঘা উদ্ভিদৰ পৰা তেমাৰী আৰোগ্য বন্ধিত আয়ুৰ্বেদীয় বন্ধিত লক্ষিত কৰা হৈছে আৰু এইবোৰৰ ব্যৱহাৰ বৰ্তমানলৈকে চলি আছে।

বন ঔষধি গছগছৰ বিষয়ে তলত আলোচনা কৰা হ'ল -

- ১) তেজমুখী :- তেজমুখী হৈছে লতাচালেৰ্গীয়া এজোপা বগুইটীয়া গছ, ঔষধি গুণ : ① ইয়াৰ টাৰিঙে দাঁত ভাজিলে দাঁত ডালে থাকে।
- ② মেণ্ডেনজাইটিচ হ'লে ইয়াৰ ছালৰ বগেৰে কুলিকুলি বৰিলে ডাল

২/ ঝৰুগোলে :- (*persea carnea chinensis*)

ঔষধি গুণ : ① ডিচেন্দ্ৰি, পেটৰ জ্বলা-লোৰা, চৰ্দিজনিত ডিচেন্দ্ৰিৰ বিষ আদি ৰোগৰ ঔষধি হিচাপে ব্যৱহাৰ কৰে।

3/ টেডেচিঃ- টেডেচি এবিধ ঔষধি বন্যাই মোৰা
তৃণজাতীয় উদ্ভিদ ই আৰ্হাৰনতে জেৰণ কালিচোৱা
ঔষধি হয়।

- ঔষধি গুণঃ ① টেডেচি বাচি বোচ (Eczema)
হোৱাৰ চাইত লগালে সুখল পায়।
② টেডেচি পাতত দি খালে স্থিতিজাতি প্ৰদৰ্শন হয়।
③ চিকিৎসা কামুৰিলে টেডেচিৰ বস্ম দাব লাগে।

4/ চাল-কুঁৱৰীঃ- (বৈজ্ঞানিক নাম *Aloe barbadensis* miller)

চালকুঁৱৰী আৰ্হাৰনতে শুকন আৰু উষ্ণ
অঞ্চলত জন্ম এবিধ বন্যাল যা-গছৰ ঔষধি গছ
মিহেলো ধৰনৰ চৌৰ অথবা খাটিৰ পাতত ই সহজ
হয়।

- ঔষধি গুণঃ ① চালকুঁৱৰী মানুহৰ বিভিন্ন অঙ্গৰ
উদৰ ৰোগ সুদোষ, শুক দোষ, কৃমি আদি বহু
ব্যৱহাৰ কৰা হয়।
② অৰ্শ, জুয়ে পোৰা, মোচোৰা মোৰা আদিতো
চালকুঁৱৰী বাচি প্ৰলেপ দিলে যথেষ্ট উপশম হয়।

5/ তুলসীঃ- (*Ocimum sanctum*) তুলসী ডাঙৰ
প্ৰসিদ্ধ আৰু পবিত্ৰ গছ। কল্যা আৰু বগা
দুটা জাতি তুলসীৰ দেখিবলৈ আৰ্হাৰনতে মোৰা যায়।
ঔষধি গুণঃ ① তুলসী পাতৰ তেল বীজাণু আৰু
বৰ্গি-পতংগ নাশক।

- ② পাতৰ বস্ম অনবৰ্তাইহে অৰ্শ, বৰ্গি আৰু
অজীৰ্ণতাৰ বাবে উপকাৰী।
③ বিহু খালে, বিহুৰ প্ৰবেশন কামুৰিলে নেট
ডকাই তুলসীৰ বস্ম দাব লাগে।

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