

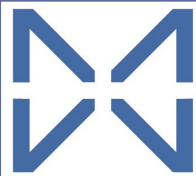
Odia Raja Magazine

Fourth Edition



8th Odia Raja Festival—London 2015

Odia Cultural Association London



Single Point
Financial Services Ltd

Financial Advisers

Authorised and Regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority

Firm Reference No. 464703

We advise on:

PROTECTION:

- ◆ Term Insurance / Whole of Life cover,
- ◆ Income Protection,
- ◆ Critical Illness Cover,
- ◆ Private Medical Insurance;

SAVINGS & INVESTMENT:

- ◆ New ISA,
- ◆ Investment Bond,
- ◆ Savings for Children;

PENSION:

TAX PLANNING:

MORTGAGE:

(Your home may be repossessed if you do not keep up repayments on your mortgage.)



Call on
020 8900 2677

Personalised and Professional Service

13th Floor, York House
Empire Way, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0PA

Tel: 020 8900 2677

Fax: 020 8902 0250

Email: info@spfsl.co.uk • Web: www.spfsl.co.uk

Something to Say.....



Hello All,

It's time again this year with loads of enthusiasm, we are proud to celebrate the most ever Raja festival for the 8th calendar year in London. This means a lot to us as Odia community living far from the Land of Temples, Odisha, a cultural state with a maximum number of festivals (In Odia we say " Bara Masa, Tera Parba").

The festival brings us together with full of dedication and great effort from the members of OCAL organising committee and extend their support with various works performed three months in advance. They are the pillars of the success for the Raja festival every year. As a community we are stronger and better every year.

Our kids have always shown their enthusiasm for the event and participate in various activities to showcase their talent in the past years and they continue to do so. We really thankful to them for their time and effort.

We have introduce a "Kids Achievement" page for the 1st time to recognise their achievement over the last year to encourage them to do much more and publish in the future.

This magazine is a celebration of the Raja festival which provides a communication platform to the Odia's in London. Most critically this also exposes our younger generation to Odia tradition and culture by facilitating an opportunity to demonstrate their writing talents and skills.

My sincere thanks to all contributors and the members of OCAL for making these celebrations a reality. We also thanks to the Odia friends and family who joins us every year for the Raja festival.

We hope you enjoy reading this magazine and continue to encourage us and our children to publish more and more in the years to come.

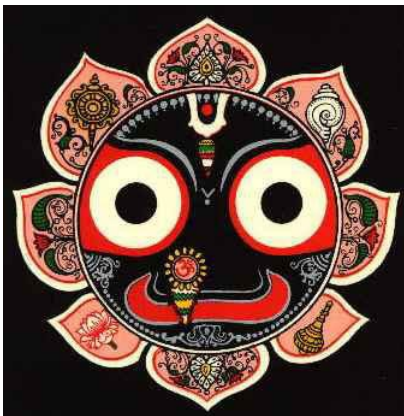
Lastly, I am really thankful to Sabitha for the dedication and effort to design and collate the magazine in very wonderful way.

Wish you all a fun filled Raja festival celebration!!!

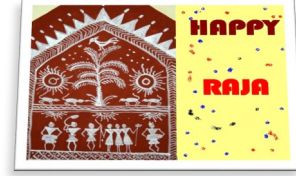
Jay Jagarnath,

Umakant Rout and Sabitha Das

Odia Cultural Association London (OCAL)



In this Issue....



Art By Vandana Sahu

Art by Sanvi Samal

Art by Shaan Patra

Art by Sarthak Das

Art by Shreyas Sahu

Art by Aditya Mishra

Art by Vidip Sahoo

Art by Sabitha

Art by Sajal Meher

Art by Siya Sahu

The Wounded Heart (Poem) By Shivam

Storm (Poem) by Rachit Sabat

Poems by Subendhu Mohanthy

Slumber (Poem) by Subhendu Mohanty

Odiya Poem by Kali Misra

Odiya Poem by Nilmadhaba Kar

Poems by Subhendhu Mohanty

Special Day (Story) by Mahan Das

The Doll (Story) By Madhurima

India Trip by Vandana Sahoo

Home away from Home by Satroopa Patnayak

Dancing Girl (Story) By Svetlana Nanda

Magical Powers aren't Magical powers (Story) by Dishita Rout

Supernatural (Story) by Aishu Jena

One night Stand (Story) by Subhendu Mohanthy

What tech will your car have in the Future? By Gaurav Meher

The Micro Content Uprising by Sandeep Tripaty

Cool Off with Yoga by Pratibha Meher

From Archie's Kitchen

Aruna Sthamba Brochure

Achievements Recognition

Glimpses of Last Year Event





Collage by Shaan Age 6years



Nabakalebara By Shreyas , age 14



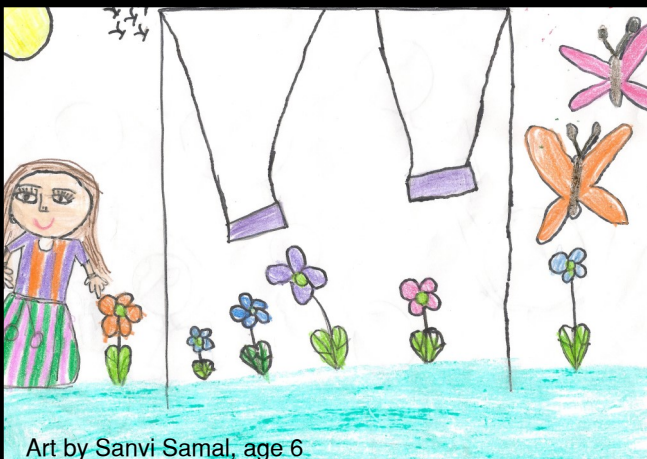
Sarthak Das - 13 years



Vidip Sahoo



Vidip Sahoo-8 years



Art by Sanvi Samal, age 6



Sarthak Das



Art By Vandana Sahoo

ଦଗାଦିଆ ରାତି

ଶୋକାକୁଳ ଚାନ୍ଦାକର
 ନୀରବ ଶୋଭାଯାତ୍ରା
 ରାତି ଆକାଶରେ
 ଜହ୍ନୁ ଛାଡ଼ି
 କର୍ଜ୍ଜିତର ଭଅଁର ସହ
 ଅଳାକୁଳି ପାଉଁର ଶବ୍ଦ ।
 ଭଙ୍ଗା ଜହ୍ନୁଟିର
 ହତାଶ ମଖା
 ଲହରୀ ଶେଯରେ
 ବିରୁଥଳା
 ଦଗାଦିଆ ରାତି ।
 କିଛି ନ ଜାଣିଲା ପରି
 ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ କର୍ଜ୍ଜି
 ବେଶ୍ୟା ପାଲଟୁଥିଲା
 ଖୁସିରେ ।
 ଜହ୍ନୁ ସବୁ ଦେଖିବି
 ସହିଯାଉଥିଲା ।
 ମେଘର ମିଛ ମିଛ
 ପରଦାଟେ ଟାଣି
 ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ କରି ଦେଉଥିଲା ରାତି
 ଜହ୍ନୁର କଷ୍ଟ ।

◆◆◆

ନୀଳମାଧବ ଜର

ଗୁରବେ ନମନ

ଶୁଭେନ୍ଦୁ ମହାନ୍ତି

କୁନି କୁନି ହାତେ ଦେଇ ମୋର
 ପ୍ରେରଣା ଓ ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ର ଲେଖନୀ
 ଲେଖୁଛ ମୋ ଜୀବନ ର ଗାଥା
 ଦେଖାଇଛ ନୂତନ ଅବନୀ !

ସତମିଛ ମାୟା ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଜାଳେ
 ପ୍ରବୃତ୍ତି ଓ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟ ସାଗରେ
 ତୁମ ସାଥେ ଖୋଜିଛି ଶାମୁକା
 ତୁମ ପଥେ ପାଇଛି ମୋ ରାସ୍ତା !

ରୂପମୟ ସଂଜ୍ଞାମୟ ତୁମେ
 ଜନକ ଜନନୀ ଭ୍ରାତୃ ଭଗ୍ନୀ
 ଗୁରୁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପ୍ରେମୀ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧାଙ୍ଗିନୀ
 ଆଜି ତୁମେ ମୋ କୋଳ ବୁଲଣୀ !

ନିଜ ସଂଜ୍ଞା ନିଜ ପରିଚୟ
 ଖାଲି ସିନା ନିଜର ଚୟନ
 ଚିରନ୍ତନ ଏଇ ଏକ ସତ୍ୟ
 ନମୋନମ ଗୁରବେ ନମନ !



Art by Sanvi Samal-6 years

What tech will your car have in the Future?

Gaurav Meher



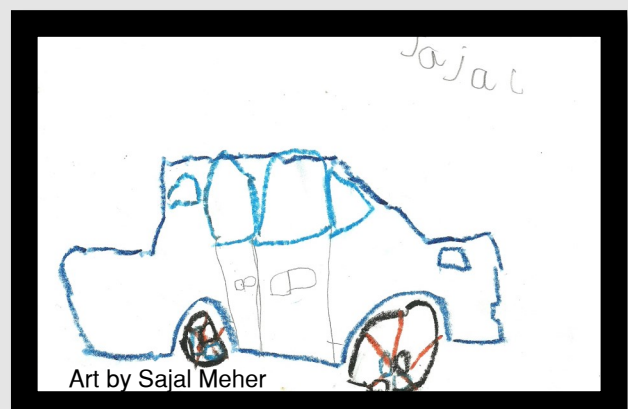
Mercedes F 015 concept car

You are probably wondering about what type of new technology there will be in the car you will drive in the future. After reading this article though, you can find out the features that will make your driving much easier for you and safer for you and everyone else. A very common feature is autonomous driving. A lot of car manufacturers have already released a feature that is close to this type of feature. The feature that cars of the present use is like autonomous driving but what this does is via a radar system it will copy the car in front so if it brakes; you brake, it turns; you turn, it accelerates; you accelerate but in autonomous driving the car does it without following the car in front so you have less chances of getting into an accident, this feature is still developing but by 2020 there will be cars that are fully autonomous. Another feature that will make our roads even safer is a driver override system. This system could probably stop all accidents from happening in the first place. This system will disagree with you and make its own decision if it knows that you are about to crash so even if you have the gas pedal floored it will automatically stop the car for you. Now I'm going to talk about a feature, which doesn't relate to easiness in driving or driving safety. This feature is called bio-

metric vehicle access. This system relates to safety but not driving safety, though. What this system does is that instead of having a key system it will scan your fingerprint or eyeball but the fingerprint system is more likely to happen. Now I'm going to again talk about a feature that relates to driving safety. It is called active windows display. This system could minimize the amount of accidents. This system is like a system, which already exists. The system, which already exists, is called HUD (head up display.) The HUD system displays the speed of the vehicle so you don't have to take your eyes of the road and look at the speedometer. The active windows display though does this and also will show you directions to your destination if you need it, it will also do it from the drivers perspective. Another vital feature is active health monitoring. This system would have seatbelt or steering wheel sensors or with the swift development in wearable technology like smart-watches the car would just wirelessly pair with the car so via the wearable gadget it will monitor your health so if you suddenly have a heart attack the car will automatically pull over to the side and stop the car. This ends with the technology in cars so now I'm going to talk about a feature that will also make our roads safer; it is not really a feature but is written in the law. The law is that by November 2015 all trucks released have to include automatic braking as standard. So if there is a MPV with people sitting in the third row of seats and there is a truck storming down on them from behind and unfortunately the truck driver has fallen asleep the people at the back will no longer be in danger since the truck will brake to minimize the injuries of the people in the car or even prevent the accident from happening in the first place, before braking though it will warn the driver and if there is no reaction it will automatically stop the vehicle. All of these features which I have mentioned we should see within the next 5 years so you will see these features in the near future.



Art by Aditya Mishra



Art by Sajal Meher

The Micro Content Uprising

Sandeep Tripathy



Since the inception of consumer internet, social networking or social media in general has been one of the most popular tools. Since 2005, it is quite clear that information travels the fastest using social networks which makes Twitter our favorite channel to get news, not CNN or BBC anymore. Well, another significant reason behind this may also be the attention span of millennial who drive the growth of the internet. Studies have in fact shown that the highest attention span that a person may have is 20 minutes and as low as 8 seconds. That makes the growth of micro content based social networking an important tool for social networking. It is no wonder why Instagram, Tumblr, Vine, Snapchat or Twitter became successful companies so soon – they get things done easily and quickly. So before a person's attention span gives up and s/he actually loses interest in a task that s/he is doing, the task is already done.

So this brings me to the web based app that I am building. It is called Clones. The problem that I am trying to address here mainly is curiosity as well as short attention span. How I address curiosity, simple, Clones is a question-and-answer website where users can post their questions and get answers. So what's the catch? Everything is restricted to 150 characters. As the attention span of most web users seems to be limited, it's easy for a user to read something in a sentence or two, so 150 stands justified as a maximum length asking questions or posting answers.

The main audience Clones would target is the ones who are looking for to-the-point answers on the web. Questions such as "Who invented WordPress?" or "Which language is Facebook built in?" will definitely find a place on the website. Questions such as "What are your views on human evolution" may not quite fit in as 150 characters and may somehow look a bit short for explanation to the question.



ଆଜ୍ୟାଗ୍ରା ଓ କାଲୀ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି

ସମାଜ ଆଖିରେ ହେବାପାଇଁ ବଡ଼
ଉଠିଥିଲା ଦେଉଁ ଦୁର୍ବାର ହତ,
ଅନେକକ୍ଷଣରେ ଅଶଶ୍ୱାସି ହୋଇ
ମରିଚିକା ପରି ଦୁରକୁ ଦୁରେଇ ହୁଜିଯାଏ
ପାଇଲିନି ଆଜି
ବାହୁଁଥିଲି ଯାହା
ଶୀଳାଲିପି ଆଜି ଶୀଳାରେ ରହିଲା
“ଉତ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟିତ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ପ୍ରାୟ ଚରାନ୍ତନୀ ବୋଧତେ”

(Arise Awake stop not till goal is reached)

କାହାଣୀର କିଏ
କାହୁଁକି ଲେଖିଲା ?
ଦୁଃଖବାଣୀକୁ ଦୁଃଖ ମଣିଲା
ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଚୋରିକୁ ପରାହାସ କଲା
ମହା ସମୁଦ୍ରର ଉତ୍ଥାର ଉଦ୍ଧାରେ
ତୋରାବାଲି ସବୁ ପାଦ ତଳୁ ମୋର
ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଆଜି ସରିଯାଏ
ଏବେକି ବଞ୍ଚିଛି
ଝାଞ୍ଜିତ ହୋଇ
ସଂସାରୀ ସଞ୍ଜର ସଂଗିତଗାଇ
ମୋହ କାମ କ୍ଷେପ ଆକ୍ରମଣ ସହି
ଜୟ ପରାଜୟେ ବିଚଳିତ ନୁହେଁ
ଜୀବନ ସଂଗ୍ରାମେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଗାହେଁ
ଆଉ କେତେ ସେ “ସୁନାମୀ ବାକି!!!”

Storm

Rachit Sabat, 10 years



Bellowing lion's guttural roar
Echoes through mountain and moor.
Houses treated like mere toys
Complete with terrified girls and boys.
Armageddon is raining down
The world is watching with a frown.

The rain is like icy daggers
Even the hardest man staggers.
Things you love become thing you hate
Of that there is no debate.

You must respect me for you are the norm
You must respect me for I am the storm.

COOL OFF



WITH YOGA

- Pratibha Nayak Meher (Julie)

Sheetali Pranayam

Sit in any comfortable posture with straight back with hands on the knees in chin-mudra or gyan-mudra. Close eyes and relax. Extend the tongue outside the mouth as far as possible and fold it from sides to make it similar to a tube. Inhale and draw the breath through this tube. At the end of the inhalation, close the mouth and exhale through the nose. Repeat this 10 to 15 times.

Benefits: Cools the body, cures acidity and hypertension, relieves indigestion and disorders of the bile, Improves health of eyes and skin, cures tonsillitis.

Sheetkari Pranayam

Sit as in the previous practice. Hold the teeth tightly together, separate the lips and expose the teeth. Breath in slowly and deeply through the mouth, while producing hissing sound. At the end of the inhalation, close the mouth and exhale through the nose slowly. Repeat several times.

Benefits: Induces muscle relaxation, mental tranquility, controls hunger and thirst.

Kaki mudra

Sit as in previous exercise. Open eyes and focus both the eyes on nose tip. Try not to blink during the practice. Purse the lips forming a beak or to pronounce "O" and then breathe in through the mouth slowly. At the end of the inhalation, close the mouth and exhale through nose.

Benefits: Cools the body, removes excess of bile and purifies the blood.

Manduki Kriya

Sit in any comfortable posture. Rotate the tongue in between the gums and inner side of lips slowly a number of times. Sufficient saliva will get secreted, which may be swallowed. Go on repeating this till you no more feel thirsty. It can be practiced while standing and travelling also.

Benefits: Basically meant for quenching thirst.

Precautions

These exercises should not be performed in polluted atmosphere and also in cold weather. Persons suffering from low blood pressure and respiratory disorders should not do these exercises.



The Doll

By Madhurima Bhattacharja

Her name was Anna. She couldn't move, she couldn't talk, she could just watch everything as alive as ever without a clue of anything. So on a scorching hot day the sun was shining on the cobbled path. Anna and her parents were planning to stay home and do "adult things" as her parents called it. The key was just not to care. Anna longed to go outside in the sunshine and soak in the heat of the glowing star. Every day she would watch her neighbours kids go outside and play. Laughing, smiling, jumping, the kids pounced around like free birds whereas Anne was locked inside as if she was in a prison cell. Not surprisingly, even though it was raining slightly, it was still sunny. This meant that there would be a rainbow. Since Anna was a kid she was under house arrest and knowing that she might see an explosion of colours in the sky excited her that she would even break the rules to take this opportunity. Anna was home-schooled, and was not a very social person. She never had anybody to confide in and always learned to do things independently. She had never broken the rules before and this was a big deal for her.

"Aaaaaah" she screamed into a pillow her mind baffled with possibilities of the consequences that lay ahead of her.

Anna was getting tangled up in her thoughts and finally decided to take a wonder outdoors. Of course, her main purpose was to find the rainbow. She walked and walked and could not see a thing. Maybe she was just doing it wrong she thought. She had to look harder. Time passed by quick enough and she found herself in a mysterious street which didn't look like any area near her house. Still under the spell that she had to find the rainbow she carried on walking, not taking into account how long she had been out there and how horrified her parents must have been. As she continued her journey through the "unknown" she approached a chalk board. This was nothing like what Anna had seen before, even though she hadn't seen much, it was just odd. The board was covered in names written in white chalk which were wearing away due to the weather. Anna felt as if the names glared back at her almost reaching into her soul giving her a sudden urge to put her name on the board. Anna picked up a chalk which was conveniently laying on the board in front of her. Letter by letter she spelt out her name. A N N A she wrote down, trying to make her handwriting look impeccable.

After writing her name on this inexplicable board which had strangely appeared, Anna felt this weird sensation inside her that something was about to happen. Her several attempts of trying to find the rainbow had continued to fail so she decided to take a leisurely walk back towards her home finally understanding her parents might be worried. Her intention of reaching home as quickly as possible was soon shattered when an unexpected noise came from behind her. She turned around to be perplexed to what stood in front of her, she was sure this was not there before.

Staring back at her, without a doubt the scariest thing she had seen, was a large store. The store was shaped to what looked like a devilish mouth with fangs placed inside it in a radical manner. It was a beautiful oak brown colour however extremely tedious and decrepit.

Vines formed a twisted maze upon the side of the shop, reaching their legs towards what looked like a loose tooth in the mouth. A cool shudder trickles down her spine, she cannot tell but there is something unbelievably mysterious about this street. All of a sudden something catches her eye and she hears that same sound again.

On a spur of moment resting right behind the shop window was a doll. This was however no ordinary doll. This doll completely resembled Anna's appearance. The same blue eyes, the long brown silky hair and the flawless skin glared back at her almost as if she were looking in a mirror. Even he clothes were same, when she squinted her eyes she could make put the same butterfly design she had a scarlet top she



was wearing and the doll had the same Alice blue coat that she had on. This delighted Anna and brought a smile to her face which she does not normally have being under her parents control. She was now determined to get this doll. The naive girl went over to the door to open it. Her attempts to open the door failed and angrily she kicked the door hard almost breaking it and started to walk away. Although, after having tried really hard to open the door and it wouldn't open, she heard something creak behind her. The door begrudgingly creaked open. Still in desire for getting the doll she walked into the creepy shop without a clue of the consequences.

The shop was dead silent with intermittent creaks and slight movement of some of the dolls but Anna let that factor pass as she was too interested in getting her doll. When she went over to look at the shop window the doll had disappeared. Astonishingly when she turned her head the doll was sitting on a table in the centre of the shop. Anna found this bewildering but was still determined on her goal. Anna felt like eyes were hammering into her and even though she knew she needed to get home she made the wrong decision. To her surprise as she approached the doll she read a sign on the door saying exit that way with an arrow pointing towards the door although this sign want there before. Anna didn't understand this message and just as she was about to the touch the doll, the doll moved a final time. A musty odour was starting to spread around the store. This time it moved right next to the door. Anna went towards the door and touched the doll.

"Baaaaaam" went the doll and the whole store shook. Anna felt as though she were in a hallucination and everything around her seemed as though it was spinning. After the spinning stopped Anna could not move anymore. She could only see and it was weird since it was as if she could see a street outside a door. She couldn't remember anything that had just happened just that she couldn't move and once she could. She looked down at her arms. She tried so hard to let out a scream but she could not talk. Once her life was amazing, now she is a soul inside a toy.

From Archie's Kitchen

Coconut Phirni with Orange Compote

Ingredients for Coconut Phirni

1 liters milk
½ cup of condensed milk
7 table spoon of coarsely ground basmati rice (homemade)
7 table spoon of desiccated coconut
½ cup sugar (or as per your taste)
½ tea spoon of cardamom powder

Ingredients for Orange Compote

1 cup of peeled, small cubed orange segments
1 tea spoon of grated orange rind
1 tea spoon of fresh lemon juice
1 tea spoon corn starch mixed in water
½ cup of sugar
1 cup of water



Method:-

For coconut phirni, mix the ground rice with some cold milk to make a paste and keep aside. Take milk in a heavy bottomed pan and put on the heat. Keep on stirring and when the milk is 1/4th reduced, add the rice paste & desiccated coconut. Add condensed milk and stir continuously to avoid sticking in bottom. Then add the sugar into it. Cook on medium heat until desired consistency has been achieved. Sprinkle cardamom powder, mix it thoroughly and switch off the flame. Bring it to room temperature.

For orange compote, put all the ingredients for compote in a saucepan (except corn starch) and bring to a boil. Cover the pan and cook in medium heat until the orange gets tender. Press the segments at the back of the spoon. Then add corn starch paste to it and stir for 1 min and switch off the flame. Allow it to cool completely. For serving, take small desert bowls and fill it with Coconut phirni and top it with Orange Compote. Keep them in refrigerator to set for couple of hours and serve them chilled.

Rama Rochak Tarkari

Ingredients for the moong vadas-

1/2 cup split yellow moong dal + 1/4 cup moong dal with skin
2 dry red chili
1 pinch hing
1 tsp whole cumin seeds
1 tsp spoon ginger paste
Oil for deep frying

1 ½ cups diced brinjal
1 cup diced potato
½ tsp red chili powder
1 green chili
2 tsp ginger paste
2 tsp cumin seeds
2 tsp coriander seeds
1 tsp poppy seeds

1 inch cinnamon stick
2 nos green cardamom
1 small bay leaf
1/4 tsp turmeric
3 tbsp ghee
Salt to taste
Chopped coriander leaves and ghee for garnishing

Ingredients for the curry -

Method -

Soak both types of moong dals overnight. Wash, drain all the water and then grind into a coarse paste using minimal water with dry red chili, cumin seeds. Mix ginger paste and hing to it. Heat oil in a kadhai for deep frying. Add moong dal batter into the hot oil to make small vadas and fry till golden brown. Remove the vadas and keep aside.

Grind the green chili, cumin seeds, coriander seeds, poppy seed, bay leaf, cinnamon, and cardamom into a fine paste.

Heat 3 tbsp of ghee in another pan. Add 2 tsp of ginger paste and the ground masala paste to it. Fry in slow flame till ghee separates. Add salt, turmeric and red chili powder. Add the diced potato and brinjal. Cover with a lid and cook until potatoes are cooked.

Add about 2 cups of water and bring to a boil. Reduce the flame and then add the moong dal vadas. Cover the lid and allow the curry to simmer for 5 mins. Switch off and serve the curry hot, garnished with chopped coriander leaves and ghee.



“ଆନୁତୋଚା”

ଶ୍ରୀ ରଶ୍ମିକାନ୍ତ ନନ୍ଦ

ଖରାଛୁଟି ଓ ଆନୁତୋଚା ସଂପର୍କୀୟା ନିଜନିଜ ସହିତ ଛନ୍ଦାଛନ୍ଦି ।

ଉଦ୍‌ଉଦିଆ ଖରାବେଳେ ଆନୁଗଛ ଛାଇରେ ଶପଟେ ପକାଇ ଗପବହି ପଢ଼ିବାର ମଜା ଅନନ୍ୟ। ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ହେଉ ବା ଆଷାଢ଼ୁଆ, କଳମୀ ହେଉ ବା ଲଂକା, ପାଟିଲା ଆନୁ ଗଛରୁ ଖସିଲେ, ହୋଇଯାଏ ଏକ ସ୍ଵତପ୍ରବୃତ୍ତ ରେସ୍ । ଧୋଇବା ପାଇଁ ନଥାଏ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ। ଚୋପା ଓ ଟାକୁଆ ମଝିରେ ଥିବା ରସ ନୁହେଁ ସେ ଅମୃତ। ଆନୁରସରେ ସାର୍ବପାଖ ଖରାପ ହେଲେ ବି ସେଥିପାଇଁ ନଥାଏ ଖାତିର ।

ଲେଛା ଲେଛା ଆନୁ ଓହଳିଥାଏ ଶାଖାତାଳରୁ। ଆନୁଯାକ ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳନ୍ତି ପତ୍ର ଆଡୁଆଳରେ। କିଛି ଗଛରେ ଥାଏ ବଉଳ ଆନୁ। ଶୀତଦୀନର କୁହୁଡ଼ି ପୋଡ଼ିଦିଏ ବଉଳ। ନହେଲେ ବୋଧେ ପତ୍ର ଅପେକ୍ଷା ବେଶି ଆନୁ ଥାଆନ୍ତା ଗଛରେ। ଅପରାହ୍ନର ଧୂଳି ଝଡ଼ରେ ଖସିପଡ଼େ ଆନୁ ବହୁତ। ତୋଟାଯାକ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି ଆନୁ। ବାଉଁଶ ଟୋକେଇରେ ବୁହାହୁଏ ଆନୁ ଘରକୁ। ଆନୁଲ ତିଆରି ପାଇଁ ଟାକୁଆରୁ କୋଇଲି କଢା। ଗୋଟେଗଛର ଆନୁସବୁ ଯାଏ ଗାଁ ଅଷ୍ଟପ୍ରହରି ଭୋଜିକୁ। ମୁଢ଼ିବିକାଳି ବାଉଁଶ ଭାରରେ ଆଣିବିକେ ମୁଆଁ ଓ ପାଣିତୁଆ। ନିଏ ତାର ମୂଲ ଓ କିଛି ଆନୁ।

ଆନୁତୋଚା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଆଖିରେ ମାଂକତପଲ ମାଡ଼ିଆସକ୍ତି ତୋଟାକୁ। ତାକୁ ରୋକିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତଥାଏ ବାଟୁଳି ଓ ଗୁଲର। ପୋଷାକୁକୁରଟି ଅସହ୍ୟ ତାତିରେ ଜିଭକାଢ଼ି ଧକାଏ। କିନ୍ତୁନଜର୍ ଥାଏ ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ। ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତ ଶବ୍ଦ ପାଇଁ କାନ ଡେରିଥାଏ। ଅଜଣାଲୋକ ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀ ଆସିଲେ ତଡ଼ିନେଇଯାଏ ତୋଟାବାହାରକୁ। ଚଢ଼େଇ ବସା ଆନୁଗଛରେ। କୁନିଚଢ଼େଇକୁ ଝିଟିକା ପୋକ ଯୋଗାଏ ମା ଚଢ଼େଇ। ଜନ୍ଦା ଓ କଳାପିଞ୍ଜୁଡ଼ି ଧାର ଗଛତାଳରେ। ଗୁଣ୍ଡୁଟିମୁଷାଂକ ଗଛତଡ଼ା ଓଲ୍ଲେଇବା ଚାଲିଥାଏ ଅନବରତ।

କୋକିଶିଆଳି ଲୁଚିରହେ କିଆବଣରେ, ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଓ ଅନ୍ଧାର ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ କିଆବଣପାଖେ ଉଇହୁଂକା। ଡରଲାଗେ ପାଖମାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ସାପଭୟରେ। ଧାନଖଳା ପାଖେ ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ଗାଡ଼ା ଚାତି କମିଲେ ମୁଷା ଗୁଡ଼ା ବାହାରି ଆସକ୍ତି ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଅବୁଝଣରେ। କଅଁଳା ବାଛୁରି ତରକିଲେ ଦୌଡ଼ିଯାଏ ଆନୁତୋଚାସାରା।

ବୁଢ଼ାଗଛର ମୋଟାତାଳରେ ଲଗାହୁଏ ଦୋଳି। ରଜଦୋଳି ଖୁବ୍ ଖେଳ ହୁଏ ଦୋଳି।



India Trip

Vandana Sahoo

Although I have travelled to India many times, to visit my other family members, I was mostly limited to staying in my native state of Orissa. I would occasionally stay with distant relatives, along with my parents and younger brother, in Delhi for a few days at most, but then we would almost immediately leave to catch our connecting flight from Delhi airport to Bhubaneswar – Orissa’s capital city. However, last year in August, my parents decided to take us along with my mother’s parents to travel through parts of North India; namely Haridwar, Rishikesh, Vrindavan and Old Delhi. We first travelled, by a taxi we had rented for the trip, to Haridwar.

And it was beautiful.

The sun was quite merciful to us and decided not to beat down on us the way he had in Orissa, and the sudden bouts of torrential rain cleared the dusty air. My grandparents wanted to see the river Ganges, so we immediately set off after setting our luggage down in the 5-star hotel rooms we had booked in advance – the only way we had been able to afford such luxury was the fact that a night in a 5-star hotel in India cost about as much as a night in a B & B in England.

Although the scenery we saw while driving through Haridwar was quite impressive, the number of times I had hit my head on the ceiling and sides of the car rather dampened my excitement. Needless to say, the roads were not in the best condition. When we had arrived near the riverside, we had the near impossible task of navigating through the sucking mud, shoving people and bustling street-side stalls, complete with roofs of blue tarpaulin, to finally get to the river. When we did get there, I observed, to my dismay, the sheer amount of rubbish scattered on the banks of the most sacred river in India, which had been revered for centuries by Hindu sages and gurus. However this disgust only lasted a couple of seconds, because this was to be expected in India and anyone who had spent any worthwhile time in India would have seen a great deal more filth than this. The Taj Mahal, for example, was known all around the world for its resplendent beauty and yet piles of litter sat just outside the entrance steps to leading to its grounds. Not to mention the fact that an entry fee cost twenty rupees – which is a mere twenty pence.

I sat on the steps of the river after taking part in the small ritual of washing one’s arms, face and feet in its holy water, and watched the various bearded, orange-garbed priests giving offerings of flowers, fruit and incense to the many Hindu Gods, by floating them down the vast river. I said a prayer of my own and hoped that by the next time I’d visit, India would have started to pick itself up off of the dirt and poverty it lay on.

Typical Floor Plan :



AREA DETAIL		
FLAT NO	TYPE	SBA
101	2 BHK	1140 Sq.ft.
102	2 BHK	1045 Sq.ft.
103	2 BHK	1109 Sq.ft.
104	2 BHK	1054 Sq.ft.
105	3 BHK	1518 Sq.ft.
106	3 BHK	1529 Sq.ft.



Specifications :

- STRUCTURE :** Earth quake resistance R.C.C framed structure with reputed ISI mark steel and cement.
- SUPER STRUCTURE :** First Class Fly ash Bricks masonry with cement mortar 1:6 proportion, external wall will be 8" and internal wall will be of 5"
- FLOORING :** All floors of Vitrified Tiles of RAK/KAJARA/SOMANY or of similar brand with dado 4" inside the flats. Ceramic tiles in balcony's and Marble/kota flooring in corridors / common areas.
- WALL FINISHING :** Smooth plaster surface treated with wall care putty with ceiling two coats of white primer in all flats from Dulux/Asian/Berger etc. and weather resistant paint on outer wall.
- DOOR :** All doors of both side finish/ polished, and quality flush door with all SAL wood frame, quality hardware, locking system and magic eye piece in main door of reputed ISI mark.
- WINDOWS :** Powder coated Aluminum frames (Sliding) with glass panel and supported by safety grill of M.S./Aluminum grill.
- TOILETS :** Ceramic/ anti-skid tiles upto 7' height, PVC doors with standard quality's fitting from Jaquar/Havells/ESSEN and ceramic fitting of pauryware/Hindware.
- KITCHEN :** Kitchen with Granite cooking platform with Stainless steel sink with glazed wall tile 2' and above over the platform along with electrical point provision for Chimney, Exhaust Fan, Micro oven, Water purifier and Grinder.
- ELECTRIFICATION :** Concealed wiring (Finolex) with adequate power points for Lights, Fans, TV, Fridge, Ac. Wiring with points in bedrooms only and extra wiring for Inverter, Modular switches from CDNA/HAVELLS etc.

Amenities :

- Children's Park
- Community Hall with Toilet and Pantry.
- Intercom.
- 6 passenger automatic Lift
- Power backup silent (generator) for all common areas and lift.
- 24 hour water supply through deep borewell.
- 24 hour security arrangement.
- Sewerage Treatment plant.
- Adequate electric supply with external lighting through separate transformer.
- Fire fighting system

Payment Schedule :

- Booking Amount 10,00,000/-
- On allotment and agreement 15%
- On completion of still floor roof casting 15%
- On completion of fast floor roof casting 10%
- On completion of second floor roof casting 10%
- On completion third floor roof casting 10%
- On completion of fourth floor roof casting 10%
- On completion of brick wall of respective flat 25%
- On possession 5%



Location Map :



Developer :

**SHRI JAGANNATH SARCHIS
INFRASTRUCTURE PVT. LTD.**
Plot No. N1/40, IRC Village, Bhubaneswar
Tel. : 91 674 2555955
E-mail : sdushmant@gmail.com

Architect :

**Ar. Dusmant Swain
SARCHIS
CONSULTANCY PVT. LTD.**
Plot No. 101/02, Old Colony, Bhubaneswar
Dist. No. 751 001
E-mail : archediff@gmail.com

Designed & Printed at :

ARTECH
Plot No. 300, Ground Floor
Khandamra Nigra, Unit - 3
Bhubaneswar - 751 001
Tel : 0674 2366469/03 94371 42625/06
E-mail : jayant_artech@rediffmail.com

The brochure is not a legal document. It has been produced for the general promotion of the development and for no other purpose. All information contained in this brochure is taken from design intent material and may be subject to further design development. These details do not form any part of any contract and while every effort has been made to ensure their accuracy, they cannot be guaranteed and intending purchasers should not rely on them as statements or representation of facts.



homes that exceed your aspirations



Live every moment,
Love every minute!



Drenching Homes

The ultra-modern architecture and a perfect blend of customary living, homes at **Aruna Stambha** offers best of both worlds. Homes that understand your requirements and exceed your expectations. Blissful homes are built in such way that every corner of the project addresses the individual expectation of everyone in the family. Be it the design or the common area, there is no compromise on the quality. Windows built in a way to allow fresh air and fill your home with radiant natural light.

Aruna Stambha is blessed with the scenic gift of nature and connectivity, it adds ease & comfort to living. Aruna Stambha offers a wide array of life enhancing amenities. Every moment in the premise appreciates the perfect planning and excellent execution.



2 BHK : 1063 Sq. ft.



3 BHK : 1470 Sq.ft.

Home away from Home

Satroopa Patnaik

In the last twenty seven years of my life, I have lived in a handful number of places. Born in South India, I've lived a few years in the farthest part of east of India, and then spent more than a decade in the Western hub of the country. But out of these places, I have only ever visited Odisha for a total span of not more than two years.



As a kid, my parents would take me to visit my grandparents and relatives in Bhubaneswar only once a year for two to three weeks during the summer vacation. Our journey in the long running Konark train that would take a little less than 48 hours to reach our destination, was always special. I fondly remember, my brother and I waking up extra early on the morning the train would have entered the borders of Odisha. Just to look at the view through the window. Miles and miles of farmland, some small huts and establishments, with half awake men standing with a brush in their mouth and looking at the passing train. We would get jittery with excitement to think that we have finally reached our native state, that was in reality, much more of a novelty for us. Our parents would look at us and laugh at the foolish grins plastered on our face. They knew exactly what made us like this. It was the sense of belonging.

Odisha and the rest of India, has its own share of downfalls and problems. Some of them might be the reason why we have migrated from our homeland to the UK. I'll confess that I have whined, criticised and disapproved of so many things Indian. Especially now that we live in a different country, comparing and contrasting comes so much more naturally to us. Sometimes the issues that have plagued the country makes me wonder if we can ever relocate back and have no regrets. May be we can. Or may be not. But that does not stop me from becoming gloomy when my friends get to visit India and I don't. It does not stop my eyes from getting moist anytime I hear the Indian national anthem. It does not stop me from getting similar jitters every time the plane lands on my homeland. And it most definitely does not stop me from looking back countless times from the airport, wondering if I could just stay for a month longer, or maybe a week or even just a day.

This sense of belonging, can make you love your country and your hometown, in spite of all its shortcomings, it can make you cheer unabashedly for your country's victory, and it can make you choose your homeland over any other country in a heartbeat.

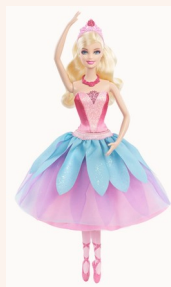
'Yeh Jo Des hai tera, Swades hai tera.' meaning 'This country of yours, is your own.'

The Dancing Girl

By Svetlana Nanda, Age: 9

Mr & Mrs Fancy were the fanciest people in the whole wide world and they wanted a child. Eventually Mrs Fancy had a baby girl. Both of them were overjoyed. They named the little angel Elleleanor Fancy.

Elleanor grew up learning dancing as she became very her a special fancy dance costume which was her lucky made her feel she was the best dancer in the world.



good at it and one of the best in her town. Her mother gave one. Every time she put that on, she felt a tingle which

She caught attention of many people one of them being Mr money and lots of it. He met the Fancy family and encouraged abroad with him as her manager. The family agreed not family of all the winning money. He got a contract signed him as manager.

Two Suit. He was a scheming man who wanted to earn aged them to let Elleleanor participate in dance competitions realising that Mr Two Suit had intended to rob the Fancy by Fancys for Elleleanor to dance for next two years with

Elleanor started participating in dance offs and also won many of them. When she was having the dance battle she swerved, pirouetted, and produced lots of assembles (type of ballet jump) and won most dance offs. Mr Two Suit being the manager handled the winning money and kept most of it for himself giving a little to Fancys. Fancy family realised this but Elleleanor couldn't stop dancing because of the contract.

Elleanor was a brave girl and she didn't want to Mr Two Suit to get away with their money. One her friends dad was a lawyer and she approached him and asked him for help. The lawyer was happy to help and she got the cops involved. The after finding out the scam arrested Mr Two Suit and got all the winning money recovered.

Fancy family got the winning money back and won much more from other the dance competitions and received a lot of awards too and Mr Two Suit was sent to jail for taking the money that he didn't own or earn. Then Elleleanor kept dancing and her parents bought fancy stuff for her to wear in competitions and challenges. And they passed down dancing to generations and generations.

Magical Powers

By Dishita Rout

Now I have learnt my lesson to never go following a wizard or anything from a magical kind because it is DANGEROUS. I don't know how long I have been laying down here for. Maybe for years but definitely not a century or a millennium. Whoever is reading this may think I am most certainly CRAZY! However I'm looking just like a tree and I am laying here on the floor stuck!!! Anyways, I am Nikki and this is how I ended up sleeping here on the forest floor.

Now let me think. Oh yes, me and my three friends Chloe, Zoë and Lizzy – they are not really part of the story - were playing hide and seek in my rear garden. It was Chloe's turn of counting. Hastily, I started thinking of places to hide when all of a sudden I saw a mysterious twinkle of red sparks floating effortlessly in the atmosphere behind the partly broken fence.

Slowly but quietly, not even making a little sound, I crept up to the fence as quiet as a mouse and started to open the fence without making a huge creek I tip-toed out. Inaudibly, I closed fence which made a tiny click!

But then the funny thing was that I saw a man who was wearing wizard-like cloak which was very dark purple. Also he was wearing the same colour cone hat. This was most certainly looking as if he was perhaps a ... this can't be... a wizard. I blinked by eyes, I don't know, about three or four times however the image just didn't budge. These things only appear in fairy tales, nowhere else. This was the most peculiar thing I have ever seen in my whole life.

The man (or should I say wizard) had something which looked like a stick which would have definitely been a wand in his world! Alongside this he was sitting on top of a tiger, this was so unusual; it would be most likely dangerous. It may have been trained or something just like Aunt Alberta, from the book Awful Auntie by David Walliams, who had trained a Bavarian Mountain Owl.

Getting back to the story, I followed and followed and followed. It felt like I had been walking for hours but then I thought I had enough of this stupid following. So then I just gave up and started going back home to sit back and relax. However, when I took the return route I didn't notice that there was a stone in front of me, guess what happened after that. I tripped over so terribly that I gave a deafening "AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" The wizard turned around and gave what looked like a grin. This is what he uttered "Ha, ha my plan has finally worked! What are you staring at girl? Anyways I know you were following me because this was part of my plan. I wanted to use you as a sighting in this forest for other people to see. I thought you were the perfect model so I chose you. Dexter! Trap her... NOW!"

That furious looking tiger leap over me as I looked gutted at what I did. I didn't dare speaking because I was absolutely frightened. I heard a sound which might have come from Dexter, the ferocious wild cat, who got his claws ready to pierce into my wrists. He, the tiger, lifted his front two legs and stabbed them into my wrists.

Vermillion blood poured out and the wizard shot out a blade of blue sparkles from his wand made from wood. I kept kicking and shoving to be free but everything just went from bad to worse. I looked down at my legs and saw leaves bursting from my feet which rose up to my knees then to my body then, after a few moments later I saw nothing but leaves everywhere.

So I lay on the forest floor hopeless because nobody can help me with this sort of difficult situation. This is how I got here. Sad story isn't it.



Supernatural

Aishu Jena



Art by Aishu

I've been living in this house my whole life, never before have I seen something like this. The gripping most was seeping through the open window and then was slowly dissolving into the warm air of the house. The grand house suddenly felt like an insignificant tiny mouse's hole. I felt surrounded by the supernatural activity, I felt like something was observing me, I felt scared. Nobody will know how or when this will end, but this is how it started...

Long ago, well not that long, maybe about one and a half years ago, my wife became pregnant with our first child. We were so elated with the blessed news; we could not wait for him or her to be brought into the world for us to cherish. We were absolutely ecstatic. My wife, Eva, and I, John, we're finally going to be the great parents we have always wanted to be, it had been our dream since we fell in love; never would we have imagined that something so terrible as this

would have happened.

One day, a couple of days after the happy news to be precise, me and my wife were simply just going to buy some groceries; as we do every Thursday. We had finished gathering all the bits that we needed, I told my wife to pay for the things whilst I just stepped outside. So I made my way outside the shop, as I stepped out into the raw cold air, I noticed a girl, maybe in her late teen years, searching the area around her but not moving her feet from their position. She was struck pale white with fear from what I could see. As I took a step closer, I noticed another figure round the corner holding a sharp knife, it's silver plate glistened in the winter sun. I looked back at the girl who was still struck with fear, she turned her head to take a look at me. Her eyes were piercing into my brain, I will never forget the way she stares at me as if to say 'you can save me if you want'. It was all too late, the fear sank out of her body, as if she knew there was no point in trying anymore and there ended her life. I could have done something to save her but I didn't, maybe I deserved everything that befell me.

A month or so later I was laying in bed next to Eva, I was going through all the emotions that were rushing through my head that traumatic day. The salted tears discreetly rolled down my face, from my eyes then dripped off my chin. I wiped my sleeves under my eyes; my swollen eyes slowly closed shut and I fell into a deep slumber.

I was abruptly awoken by a pounding knock at the door, I slowly crept out from underneath the covers. I gazed at Eva, tucked her back into the covers and then slowly crept down the stairs. I got to the large wooden door and peeped out of through the curtains; I couldn't seem to see anyone. I slowly creaked the door open, I pondered over who it could be who knocked so late at night. I was more than surprised when I saw there was absolutely nobody there, I began to get quite freaked out by the situation.

All of a sudden I heard a loud cry coming from up the stairs. It was Eva! I ran up the stairs faster than I ever had done before, she was clenching her stomach in pain. I was completely unsure as to what to do to make her feel better. Unexpectedly, I heard the house alarm wail through the entire house; I again rushed down the stairs. To my astonishment, there I witnessed the door swung wide open with the lock broken. The situation had gone too far and was out of hand, I didn't know what was happening.

I hurried back upstairs to see how Eva was doing. I was halfway up the stairs when her screaming came to a very sudden stop. I carried on the rest of the way and burst into the room where Eva was. There she laid, as dead as stone, with a sharp knife stabbed right through her stomach. On the wall, written in a bloody liquid, was written "DIDN'T SAVE ME, COULDN'T SAVE HER!!!" All was lost in a matter of seconds.



Sabitha

One night stand

Subhendu Mohanty

23rd Feb 2014, 02:30 am

Rooftop, Palm Exotica, Goa

Overlooking the potent tides of the Arabian Sea and the sandy beach lined with an array of majestic Palm trees; it couldn't have been any better.

A full moon showering its silver gleam on the roaring crests and accentuating the troughs.

A moon lit rendezvous with the man she met an hour ago.

As the cool breeze smothered her curly locks, she tossed her hair and looked deeply into his haunting eyes. The music grew fainter.

It must be love.

Kaya smiled darting off that thread of thought and they swayed gently hand in hand. Her mind whirled back to that magical moment when they met.

23rd Feb 2014, 01:30 am

Seventh Heaven

Seventh Heaven - Goa's most posh night club on the 12th floor of Palm Exotica. True to its name, many youngsters and young at heart couples found pure love, unadulterated bliss and endless ecstasy within its walls. Morbidly priced, their reasoning was simple - No price could ever be high when you are in Seventh Heaven.

Not that the rich and reckless ever minded. Home to tourists with pockets filled with foreign currencies, movie stars and the hippie crowd, the club had been notorious for its rave parties and occasional raids.

As the pulsating music grew louder within those dark and cavernous walls, Kaya held on to the handsome stranger's arms, who had been eyeing her since some time, but even before she could think of approaching, he had taken the first step. With a smile on his charming face, the beautiful stranger had approached Kaya. His dark brooding eyes glinted as the disco lights glared up one more time on the ceiling, before turning into a big black orb.

Must be in his twenties, Kaya said to herself as she reciprocated to his outstretched arms as her shapely fingers felt the hairy roughness of his upper palm.

Nice, a man with manners. She laughed as they danced to the thumping beats. Her eyes closed as if in a trance. She knew in her heart of hearts, he would respond back soon. All it takes is coy smile and a peck on the cheek.

Little did she realize, the handsome stranger had the same thought racing through his mind. He held her face gently and caressed her black hair once, before

planting a kiss on her porcelain white cheeks.

Still holding his hands her eyes met his and he understood the question she was about to ask.

"Manav" he screamed into her ears at the top of his voice as the deafening music soaked their souls in. She chuckled and let herself loose in his embrace.

As her hands groped all around his hair slowly dropping down his nape to his muscular back she could feel he had restrained himself so far, his hands still resting gently on her waist. Not moving an inch further.

Too nice to be true, do they make such men anymore?

She smiled as she turned her face around and a naughty wink was her way of letting him know she was okay. In no time she found herself carried away in his mighty arms to the rooftop.

"Kaya" she whispered in the dreamiest voice she could conjure up, standing on her tiptoes, almost kissing his ears.

"We need to find a room" he whispered back.

"Go find" her eyes gleamed.

"Would you wait for me here for a minute?" Manav urged.

"Could you come back soon, it's too cold out here." Kaya replied as she wrapped her arms around him one more time in a tight hug before he darted downstairs.

A dark cloud had appeared from nowhere, the moon was slowly losing its glory.

23rd Feb 2014, 03:00 am

13th Floor, An empty room they had sneaked into, Palm Exotica

Something was unusual. Kaya could feel the chill in the air, crisp and stinging. But she kept her calm, may be just her imagination. The pastel striped curtains fluttered indicating a strong wind by the sea. But the door was closed and the bed warm.

They had things on their minds.

They sat on the edge of the bed, his eyes querying the restlessness she was going through.

"Is everything alright?" asked Manav, his words punctuated with the rhythmic thunder claps that were summoning a storm outside.

Kaya turned from the ominous curtains to Manav as he gently stroked her hair. She smiled back, trying to relax as she nodded in agreement.

Everything will be alright. This is not the first night she was marooned in an unknown place with a stranger.

Neither was he.

All of a sudden the bellowing winds shut the window with a thud. She hugged Manav tightly closing her eyes in a moment of fear.

Fear, a trait one wouldn't associate with Kaya, who loved the night and was out and about almost every night. Hanging around with friends or partying till wee hours or just walking home all alone- when she didn't have a stranger to share a bed and her body with.

Things were different today.

She had never met someone this attractive in a club given that she was a regular in the party circuit in Goa. He must be new to the town and had this inexplicable charm that she thought had almost become extinct in today's men. A man with manners. Who knows when to ask, who knows when to act.

She had felt magic this evening with Manav.

Her mind was back at it again. No, something was definitely not right. She felt his hands move away from her back she could now sense something was strange – Why was Manav looking around the room ?

Has he sensed something? Hard for a man to guess, but what exactly is worrying him?

And then she saw it.

The same fear she had felt moments back, in Manav's eyes. She could see an anxiety that was draining the color off his face.

"I have to do it now before it's too late" She told herself and drew closer to him as he kept staring at the striped curtains dancing away to the wind and rain.

Unsure of his reaction, Kaya moved forward and kissed him on his lips, holding his hands tight. A kiss, a signature of submission yet a token of victory. She would know in a moment. She would know if the next few hours could turn out to be the best part of the night. She would know if he indeed was like the countless other men she had slept with, bad kissers but good in bed. He kissed her back with equal vigor holding her face as gently he could.

The feeling was surreal, as if feelings of true love that both had longed for years.

This had to be the best kiss ever. Kaya and Manav kissed and it seemed to last like an eternity.

I have never felt this good.

As this thought crossed both their minds, a fear started gnawing slowly, making a fissure in their vulnerable hearts. Before they could realize what was happening around, a chill ran down their spines.

Rain continued to splutter on the glass windows.

It dawned upon them. It was happening *within*. The fear was gone, a shadow of remorse was taking its place,

its claws ripping their hearts apart.

The splurge of passion turned into dismissal and tears. *Both Kaya and Manav had chosen the wrong partner for the night.*

Ashamed of each other, they calmly opened the window and looked into each other's grief stricken eyes one more time. The façade was falling off. The nothingness of their existence was slowly taking over a borrowed reality they assumed every night. A failed attempt, one lost night. Into the ensuing storm their spirits flew away, far from each other, lost in the dark night.

The bed was empty and cold, the door on the empty room on 13th floor was firmly locked from outside.

Tomorrow would be another day, another night, hopefully.

Few nights later

Kaya had met Abhay and Manav had found Rubaani .

This time they can't go wrong.

It was never love they sought about every night, all they ever needed is a false pretense of living, a warmth they had both lost years back to a cold and lifeless reality in a world of drugs and debauchery.

A warmth called life, a warmth called love. A life they both had lost to its eternal partner, death.

Finally they can get all that they desire from the "other kind", for one night, night after night.

Not Love again.

For true love, begets only fear.

Fear of loss for humans and a fear of not being able to live, even if it is just for a night, for the other worldly.



Name Trivia:

Sanskrit meaning of names used in the story:

Kaya : The Body

Manav: The Man

Abhay: The one without fear

ରାତି କ ର ସାଥ୍

ଶୁଭେନ୍ଦୁ ମହାନ୍ତି

ଝିଲ୍ ମିଲ୍ ରାତି ରେ ତୋ

ଛାତି ତଳ ତାତି ରେ ମୁଁ

ବହିଯିବି ଅମାନିଆ ନଇ ର ଧାରା !

ସାଉଁଟି ତୋ ଅତୀତ ର

ଅନାବନା ସୁତାଖୁଅ

ଗୁଲ୍ଲିଦେବି

ବାସର ରାତି ପସରା !

ବାଞ୍ଛ ଦୁଇ ଆଖି ରେ ତୋ

ଚହଟିବ କାମନା ର ରକ୍ତ ଶତଦଳ

ମୋ ଓଠ ର ଲାଲିମା ରେ ପରା !

ପତଙ୍ଗ ଓ ଶିଖା ର ପ୍ରଣୟେ

ଜଳି ମରି ମୁଁ ଇ

ପଞ୍ଜୁ ତୋର ଅନୁରାଗେ

ଭରିଦେବି ପ୍ରାଣ ର ପୁଆରା !!

କି ଦେଇ କିଶିବୁ କହ ?

କେତେ ମୂଲ ଦେବୁ ??

ରାତିକର ସାଥ୍ ରେ ମୋ

ଜିଇଁବୁ ଯେ

ତୁ ଜୀବନ ସାରା !!!



Special Day

By Mahan Das(8years)



Jack was a lonely boy who had no friends at school. The children used to tease him and make fun of him. One day his enemy Harrison Carl told him to commit a dangerous task. Jack and his brother asked Harrison to stop doing all this stuff to them but no....., this started argument. Harrison told jack that they are going to play basketball match next day and who ever loses has to obey other.

Next day at lunch time everyone gathered around Harrison's side but there was only jacks bother on his side. The match started and after a while Harrison won and jack lost. Harrison and his gang started laughing. Harrison said to jack that he should get ready to obey the orders. Everyday Harrison troubled jack. Jack got fed up and wanted to give back to Harrison one day. The special day came...jack was ready to fight back with Harrison but....., the same day Harrison moved the schools!



Art by Sajal Meher

କିଛି ଚିଜ କେବେ ବଦଳେନା !

ଶୁଭେନ୍ଦୁ ମହାନ୍ତି

ହଁ ଆଉ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବନି କେବେ
 ଭିଜା ଭିଜା କେତେ ରାତି ତୁଲି ପାଖେ
 ଆଉଜି ତୋ କାନି ର ଧରି ଉଷ୍ମ କମ୍ପଳ
 ଧୂଆଁ ଫୁଙ୍କି ଫୁଙ୍କି ଜଙ୍କ ଲଗା ଲୁହା ବେତ ଯେବେ
 ଆଉଁସି ଦେଉ ତୁ ମୋତେ କରି ଆଖି ଛଳ ଛଳ
 ହସିଦିଏ ମୁଁ ବୋଉ ! ତୁ କାହିଁକି କାନ୍ଦୁଛୁ !!
 ଭୁଲିଯିବି ଧିରେ ଧିରେ କେତେ ଦିନ ପରେ
 ମଶାରୀ ଭିତରେ ସବୁ ରାତି ସେ ନିଧତକ ନିଦ
 ଯେତେ ଯାହା ହେଇଯାଉ ପଛେ
 ଡର ନାହିଁ, ଭୟ ନାହିଁ କାହାରିକୁ ମୋର
 ବାପା ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି!
 ଧରି ତାଙ୍କ ପଇତା ର ବଜ୍ର ସୂତା ଖୁଅ
 ନାହିଁ ଡର ଦୁସପନ ଅବା କେଉଁ ଭୂତ ପିଣ୍ଡାଚ ର
 ମୋ ବାପା କୁ ସେସବୁ ଡରନ୍ତି !!
 ସ୍ମୃତି ର ବାହା ରେ ବୋଧେ ଏବେ ସେ ଦୁନିଆଁ
 ଓଦା ଘାସେ ମାପି ତୁପି ପାଦ ମୁଁ ପକାଇ
 ଖୋଜୁଥିଲି ଲାଲ୍ ଚହ ଚହ ସାଧବ ବୋହୂ କୁ
 ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଡବା ରେ ବୋଉ ର ରହିଲେ ସେ କାଳେ
 ସିନ୍ଦୂର ବଢ଼ାନ୍ତି, କହିଥିଲା ଆଇ ଦାନ୍ତ ନିକୁଟାଇ !!
 ଅତିକ୍ଷ୍ମା ଏବେ ବୋଧେ ସେସବୁ ଚେହେରା

ହାତ ଧରି ତେଇଁ ତେଇଁ ଗିତ ଗାଇ
 ଯା ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଖେଳିଛି ମୁଁ କେତେ ଲୁଚକାଳି !
 ଟେକା ଫିଙ୍ଗା ଆମ୍ବ ଚୋରି ଆଉ
 ଘର ଫେରି ବାଟେ ବାଟେ ଗଛ ଚଢ଼ି କେତେ ଖୁଆ
 ଜାମୁ ଓ ବଉଳ କୋଳି !!
 ମନେ ଆଉ କାହିଁକି ରଖିବି ଯେ ?
 ସାତ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ପାରି କାଳେ ବିଦେଶୀ ମୁଁ ଆଜି
 ନୂଆ ଠିକଣା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନୂଆ ମୋ ସଖଣୀ
 ପରିଚୟ ନୂଆ କାଳେ ଦୁନିଆଁ ମୋ ନୂଆ
 ହାବ ଭାବ ଭଙ୍ଗ ରଙ୍ଗ ଲାଗେ ସଭିକୁ ଅତୁଆ !
 କାହିଁ ମୋତେ ଲୋଡ଼ା ଆଜି ଦସ୍ତଖତ କା ର !
 କାହିଁ ବୁଝେଇବି କା ରେ ମୋ ମନ ଭାବନା
 ନିଜତୁ ର କାନ ଫଟା ଡିଣ୍ଡିମ ପିଟିବି କାହିଁ ?
 ମୋ ମନେ ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ ତେଣୁ ପରବାହ ନାହିଁ
 କିଛି ଚିଜ କେବେ ବଦଳେନା !!



କିଛି ଚିଜ କେବେ ବଦଳେନା!

ଶୁଭେନ୍ଦୁ ମହାନ୍ତି

ହଁ ଆଉ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବନି କେବେ
 ଭିଜା ଭିଜା କେତେ ରାତି ତୁଲି ପାଖେ
 ଆଉଜି ତୋ କାନି ର ଧରି ଉଷ୍ମ କମ୍ପଳ
 ଧୂଆଁ ଫୁଙ୍କି ଫୁଙ୍କି ଜଙ୍କ ଲଗା ଲୁହା ବେତ ଯେବେ
 ଆଉଁସି ଦେଉ ତୁ ମୋତେ କରି ଆଖି ଛଳ ଛଳ
 ହସିଦିଏ ମୁଁ ବୋଉ ! ତୁ କାହିଁକି କାନ୍ଦୁଛୁ !!
 ଭୁଲିଯିବି ଧିରେ ଧିରେ କେତେ ଦିନ ପରେ
 ମଶାରୀ ଭିତରେ ସବୁ ରାତି ସେ ନିଧତକ ନିଦ
 ଯେତେ ଯାହା ହେଇଯାଉ ପଛେ
 ଡର ନାହିଁ, ଭୟ ନାହିଁ କାହାରିକୁ ମୋର
 ବାପା ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି!
 ଧରି ତାଙ୍କ ପଇତା ର ବଜ୍ର ସୂତା ଖୁଅ
 ନାହିଁ ଡର ଦୁସପନ ଅବା କେଉଁ ଭୂତ ପିଣ୍ଡାଚ ର
 ମୋ ବାପା କୁ ସେସବୁ ଡରନ୍ତି !!
 ସ୍ମୃତି ର ବାହା ରେ ବୋଧେ ଏବେ ସେ ଦୁନିଆଁ
 ଓଦା ଘାସେ ମାପି ତୁପି ପାଦ ମୁଁ ପକାଇ
 ଖୋଜୁଥିଲି ଲାଲ୍ ଚହ ଚହ ସାଧବ ବୋହୂ କୁ
 ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଡବା ରେ ବୋଉ ର ରହିଲେ ସେ କାଳେ
 ସିନ୍ଦୂର ବଢ଼ାନ୍ତି, କହିଥିଲା ଆଇ ଦାନ୍ତ ନିକୁଟାଇ !!

ଅତିକ୍ଷ୍ମା ଏବେ ବୋଧେ ସେସବୁ ଚେହେରା
 ଯା ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଖେଳିଛି ମୁଁ କେତେ ଲୁଚକାଳି !
 ଟେକା ଫିଙ୍ଗା ଆମ୍ବ ଚୋରି ଆଉ
 ଘର ଫେରି ବାଟେ ବାଟେ ଗଛ ଚଢ଼ି କେତେ ଖୁଆ
 ଜାମୁ ଓ ବଉଳ କୋଳି !!
 ମନେ ଆଉ କାହିଁକି ରଖିବି ଯେ ?
 ସାତ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ପାରି କାଳେ ବିଦେଶୀ ମୁଁ ଆଜି
 ନୂଆ ଠିକଣା ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନୂଆ ମୋ ସଖଣୀ
 ପରିଚୟ ନୂଆ କାଳେ ଦୁନିଆଁ ମୋ ନୂଆ
 ହାବ ଭାବ ଭଙ୍ଗ ରଙ୍ଗ ଲାଗେ ସଭିକୁ ଅତୁଆ !
 କାହିଁ ମୋତେ ଲୋଡ଼ା ଆଜି ଦସ୍ତଖତ କା ର !
 କାହିଁ ବୁଝେଇବି କା ରେ ମୋ ମନ ଭାବନା
 ନିଜତୁ ର କାନ ଫଟା ଡିଣ୍ଡିମ ପିଟିବି କାହିଁ ?
 ମୋ ମନେ ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ ତେଣୁ ପରବାହ ନାହିଁ
 କିଛି ଚିଜ କେବେ ବଦଳେନା !!



The Wounded Heart

By Shivam

It cuts deep into your heart
And pulls you deep into
the numbness within.

Fooling one's self for once not
to care
However everyone sees your
wear and tear.

Teardrops course their way
down your cheek.
But never relieves the agony in
your spirits.

You burst with emotions to let
out the pain; nothing is gone.
People will always give advice
you cannot seem to hear.

You finish your day yearning
for another tomorrow.

Scars that time cannot heal
Leads to Happiness being
borrowed.

Slumber

Subhendu Mohanty

A veiled silence breathes
In your dark brooding eyes,
A murmur of a swan song
and I long for a reprise,
A glance is all it takes
to weave a path to sunrise !

What lies in the path ahead
is what you secretly conjure,
A river with its thousand bends,
deep dark woods all to endure!
A landscape from the paradise
or a blue sea, deep and pure !

In the dark alleys of a life
a riot of rainbow hues !
You hold the magic brush my love
and I am just your muse !
You love me like nobody else,
tired eyes revel in your presence,
the path may be obscure and long
all I need is your embrace!



Evening in Andaman
Photography by Sabitha (2014)

For advertisements and Enquiries:

Please Contact

Umakant Rout

Phone: 07736250008

Email: Uma.rout@hotmail.com

Sanotosh Sahu

Phone: 07577 488806

Email: ssahu123@hotmail.com

ACHIEVEMENTS



Mahan Das: Best Beaver



Shivam: Jack Petchey Award from Mossford Table Tennis Club and winning third place in Batts Grass Roots Table Tennis Tournament for under 12s



Atmaja Mohanty: Brownie points, Entry into Langley Grammar



Shivam : Won a karate competition and received a trophy and also won 3 bronze medals in earlier competitions



Sarthak Das: Silver level in crest award from British science association- for his research and report with practical on diabetics



Gaurav Meher: represented Redbridge council in BMX Cycling tournament in the London Youth Games 2015



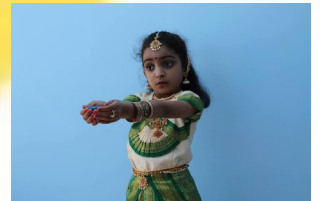
Satvika Mishra [Age 11+]:

- * The Chief Scout Silver Award
- * Arts Award Discover from Trinity College of London
- * Successfully participated in the TAFAL competition in Redbridge Borough and did a play in Sambalpuri language with a British friend.



Neha Patnaik:

- * Distinction and Merit in Bharatanatyam, singing
- * Gold certificates for Highest marks in all subjects
- * Participation and prizes in various netball tournaments .



Divija Mishra [Age-7+]:

- * Got distinction in Bharatanatyam grade-1.
- * Passed grade 2 in drumming.
- * Completed level 8 in gymnastics in Redbridge Sports Centre.



Shivam : Active player of school football team which came third place in Redbridge

Glimses of Last Year Event



More links to photographs and comments on OCAL facebook group

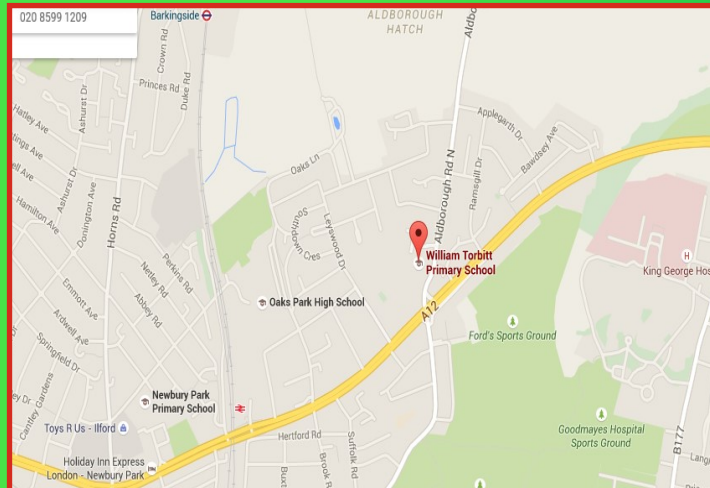


Vandana Sahoo

8th Odia Raja Festival—London 2015

London Raja Parba Venue:

William Torbitt Primary School
Easter Avenue
Newbury Park
Ilford
IG2 7SS



Scan the above code using your smart phone to access OCAL website
(Developed by Sarthak Das) and digital form of this magazine

Thanks to You all

From

Odiya Raja Committee

Editorial Team: Umakant Rout, Sabitha Sutrave

Designed and Compiled by : Sabitha Sutrave