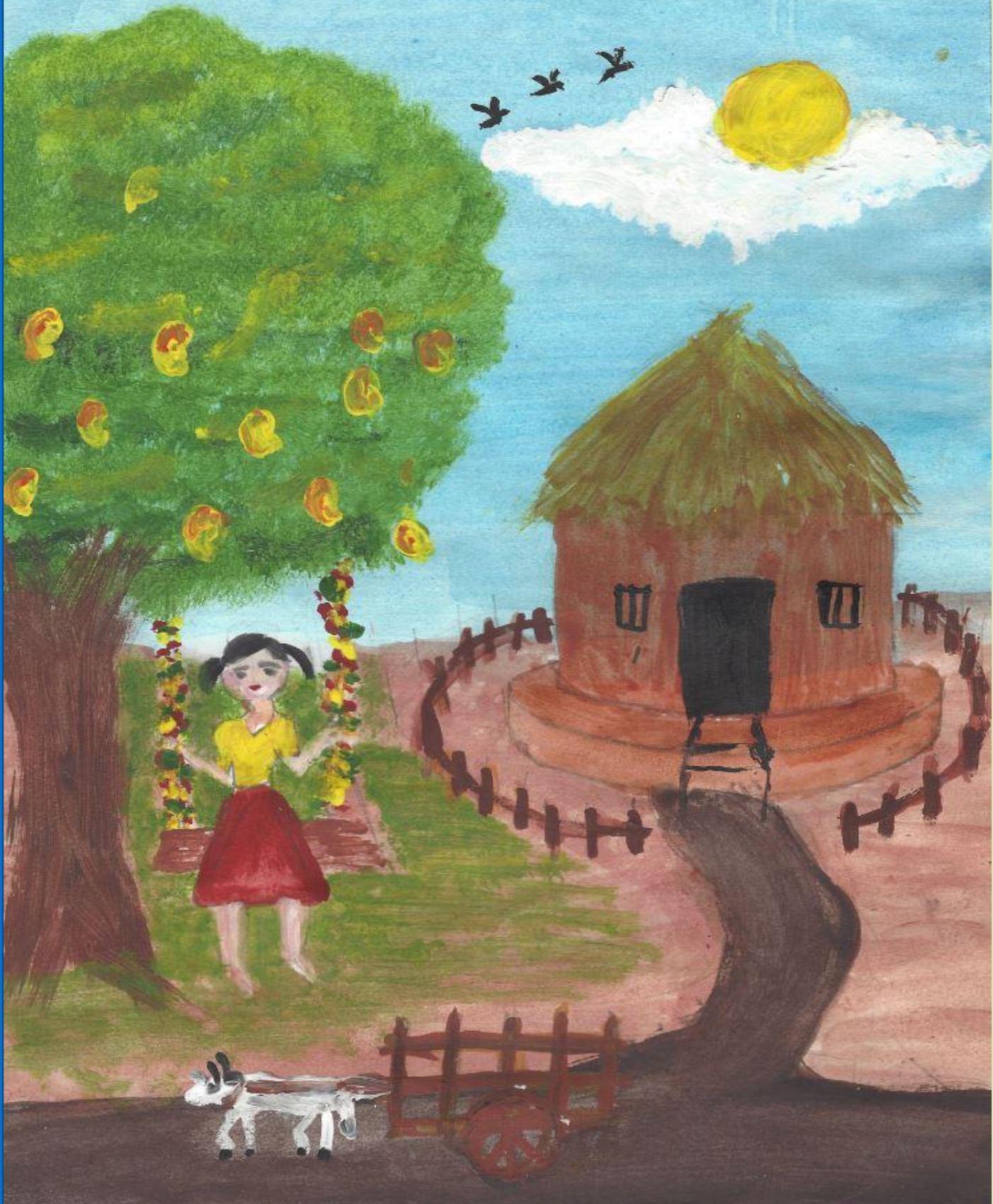


# 10<sup>th</sup> Odia Raja Festival London 2017

Odia Raja Magazine 6<sup>th</sup> Edition



Organized by Odia Cultural Association London (OCAL)

*Something to say.....*



Dear All,

It's time again this year with loads of enthusiasm, we are proud to celebrate the most ever Raja festival for the 10th 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 but most celebrated Raja Parba for young boys and girls for 3 consecutive days.

The festival brings us together here in London with full of dedication and great effort from the members of OCAL organising committee and they extend their support in various activities performed three months in advance. As an Odia community, we are stronger and better every year and celebrate as in our tradition.

Our kids have always shown their enthusiasm for the event and participate in various activities to showcase their talent. We are thankful to them for their time and effort.

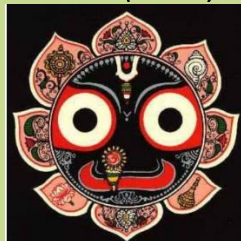
This magazine is a celebration of the Raja festival which provides a communication platform to the Odia's in London. Most critically this also exposes our younger generation to Odia tradition and culture which is an opportunity to demonstrate their writing talents and skills.

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.

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

Jay Jagarnath,  
Umakant Rout  
Odia Cultural Association London ( OCAL )



*IN THE ISSUE.....*



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Art by Shivam  
Art by Shivika  
Art by Vidip (Cover Page)  
Art by Sanvi  
Art by Sajal  
Art by Mahan  
Odia Poem by Dr N Kar  
Odia Poem by Dr Kali Mishra  
Odia Story by Dr Jayashree Nanda  
Story by Dishita Rout  
Story by Atmaja Mohanty  
Poem by Neha Pattnaik  
Story by Aisu Jena  
Story by Sarthak Das  
Poem by Aiswarya Biswal  
Poem by Svetalana Nanda  
Story by Shrutee Prusty  
Poem by Vanandana Sahoo

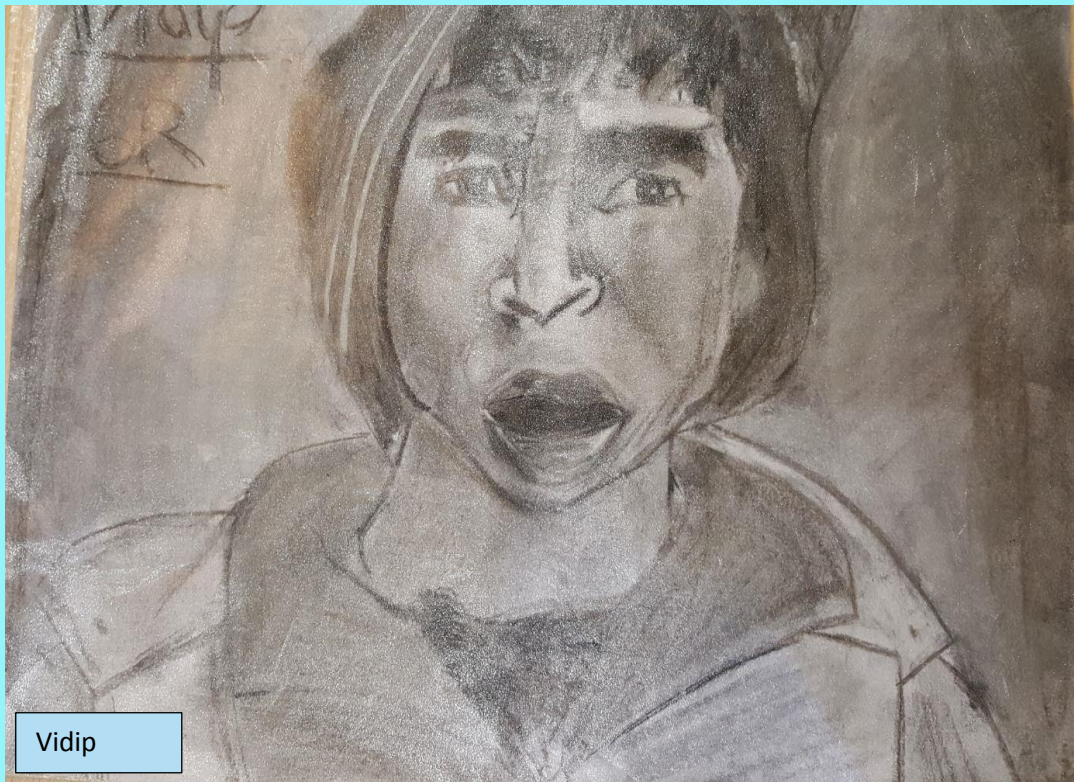
**Thank you all !!!**

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Shivam

30/05/2017 18:40



Vidip

ଛାଇ

ହଜି ଯାଇଥିଲେ  
ମେଳାରେ  
ମା ପରି ବିଶେ  
ଅଜଣା, ଅନୂଜା ।

...

ତରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ,  
ଛାଇ ଲାଗେ ଚିହ୍ନା ଚିହ୍ନା  
ଲୁଚିଥିବା ପରି ସେଠି  
ଅଶରୀରୀ ଆୟା ।

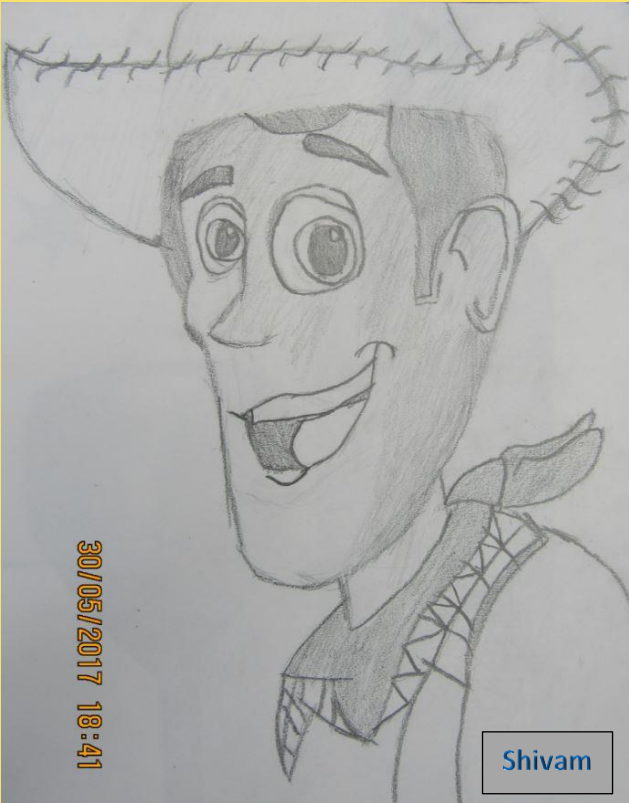
...

କିନ୍ତୁ  
ମୁଁ ଯାହାକୁ କୁଣ୍ଡେଇଛି  
ସିଏ ମୋର ମା ହେଇଯାଇଛି  
ଯଉ ଛାଇକୁ ତରିଛି  
ସିଏ ଭୂତ ହେଇ ମୋତେ ହିଁ ଦଶିଂଚି ।

ଡା: ନୀଳମାଧବ କର  
ଓଲଭରହାମ୍ପଟେ, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ

# Autumn – Svetlana Nanda

Autumn leaves, scattered on the ground,  
As if a sheet of orange and brown,  
Sunlight shining through the peaks,  
Of the trees that are tall, which also creak,  
The branches so bendy, about to fall,  
But the autumn breeze doesn't shake them all,  
Leaves are falling, so many different colours,  
The children are playing, but they aren't bothered,  
They hide in the leaves, and throw them about,  
Autumn is so beautiful, all around.



30/05/2017 18:41

Shivam



Shivam

30/05/2017 18:30

## A LOVING MOTHER -IN- LAW (BOU)

DR JAYASHREE NANDA

I wish I wish  
Bou  
You had met my children and me  
If only for a little while  
To play and watch them grow  
And to share a little smile

I wish  
you saw how your son grew  
Into what he has become  
To play and laugh and natter  
And be a part of all we have done

I wish you were here today  
If only for a little while  
I'd hold you with my arms close and tight  
And share the biggest smile

I wish you could hear me now  
I wish I wish  
I pray  
I'd tell you how much you'r missed  
And that I'll see you again one day

I wish  
I would meet you in a lovely sunny day  
I would tell you my happiness  
As well as my cry  
U were not with me  
But you inspire me a lot  
Trying to do my duty  
To build your sweet dream  
Life is not an easy road  
Sometimes there is tear  
But your blessing make them easy  
So why.... should we fear ?

## ଅଶାନ୍ତ ଗ୍ରହ

ଡକ୍ଟର କାଳୀ ମିଶ୍ର

ମୁଁ ନପୁଂସକ

ଅପଦାର୍ଥ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି

ତାହାଲ୍ୟ ଉପହାସ

ବ୍ୟଙ୍ଗତାର ଏ ମତ୍ତବ୍ୟ

ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୁନାର (ନବବିବାହିତ ଅନୁଭା ଲୁନାର)

ମୁଁ ଅଶାନ୍ତ ଗ୍ରହ

ନିର୍ଜନତାର ନିଶ୍ୱାସ ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱାସ

ଜୀବିତ " ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ " !

ସେମାନେ କିଏ କେବେ କହିଥିଲେ.....

ଆଜି ତୁମେ ଅନେକ ମାନେ ପଡୁଛ

" ମନ୍ଦାକିନୀ , ମାମି , ଜୟନୀ ଓ ନନ୍ଦିନୀ.....

ଆଉ ସେ ଦିନ ଗୁଡାକ .....ଓଃ ଛାଡନା ମରିଯିବି ଯେ

.....Gently softly pls

ମାଂସାଶୀ କାମୁକ ହିଂସ୍ର !!! ତଥାପି ଅତୃପ୍ତ ଚାହାଣୀ ???

ମୁଁ ଯେ ଆଉ ପାରୁନି.....

ପରେ ଆଉ କେବେ..... ଛାଡନା ....

ସିଂଘାବଲୋକନେ ମୁଁ

ନିର୍ଜଣ୍ଡର ବେକାଭୁମିରେ

ସ୍ମରଣୀକାର ଲହଡ଼ି

ଭଜାର ଉଜାଣୀ ଯମୁନା -----

ସେ ମାଧ୍ୟାନର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଜି ଅସ୍ତମିତ

ସେ ଆଖିରେ ନାହିଁ ସେ ଚାହାଣୀ ତୁମ୍ଭକ !



Neha Performing Telford Dance Showcase 2017

# L O V E   A L O N E

Vandana Sahoo

*i love you and you love me,  
i love you like the clouds love the sky:  
sailing smoothly and softly,  
lost somewhere in your expanse,  
i stopped trying to get out long ago.*

*you love me like the sea loves the shore:  
crashing into me time and time again,  
taking away a crumbling part of me  
each time.  
you stopped trying to be gentle long ago.*



Shivika

## Desert Rain

– Neha Patnaik

The dry, scorching hot land with cracks and burns,  
And a breeze that never moves or turns.  
A clear, azure sky,  
With not a cloud in the sight of my eye.  
Although it seems that living here is a scenic treasure,  
But every minute that ticks past weakens me under the heats pressure.  
There is nothing new to see on this plain  
All I do is just pray for some drops of clear rain,  
As I no longer can bear this pain.  
Grey clouds start to form dark and dim shadows.  
And soon there is no Sun to see.  
The lifeless leaves rustle on the cracked ground.  
I don't recall such a beautiful moment since last year,  
When the drop of water fell from the sky so clear.

# ସପ୍ତ

ଡକ୍ଟର ଜୟଶ୍ରୀ ନନ୍ଦ

ପଚାର ପଚାର ମୋତେ  
ସତ ପଥରେ ଚାଲି ହରାଇଛି,  
କଣ କଣ ସବୁ.  
ସତ ପଥ ହିଁ ଏତେ କଷ୍ଟକିତ  
ଦୁଃଖରେ ଭରିଦିଏ ଜୀବନକୁ  
ଛାଡ଼ି ଯାଡ଼ି ସମସ୍ତେ  
ସପ୍ତ ଏମିତି ଯେ ତା ପାଖେ  
ନଥାଏ ପ୍ରମାଣ  
ମିଛ ସିନା ପ୍ରମାଣରେ ଭରପୁର  
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ସତକୁ ପ୍ରମାଣର ଅଭାବ ଅବଶ୍ୟ.  
ଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଆସଇ ମନରେ  
ସତ କହି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇବା ଠିକ  
କି ମିଛ କହି ଆପଣାର ହୋଇ ରହିବା ଭଲ  
ଏ ତ ନିଜ ମନ କଥା .  
ସତକୁ ଆପଣାଇ ଅନେକ ଅପବାଦ  
କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଅପବାଦ ର ଚିହ୍ନ କେବେବି ରହେନା  
ରାବଣର ବନ୍ଧ ସୁନିଶ୍ଚିତ  
କରିଥିଲେ ହୃଦବୋଧ ସମସ୍ତେ  
କିନ୍ତୁ ବିଭୀଷଣ ଛାଡ଼ିପଟା ଦୁଃଖ  
ଭୁଲିଗଲେ ସର୍ବେ.

ନିଜ ଭାଇ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଯାଇ  
ସତ୍ୟ ର ସହମତି ଦେଇ  
ତା ମନେ ଦୁଃଖ କି ନଥିଲା  
ରାବଣ ତା ନିଜ ରକ୍ତ  
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ଆଖି ବି ଅନେକ କାନ୍ଦିଛି  
ନିଜ ରକ୍ତ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଯିବା  
ନିଜ ରକ୍ତ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଯିବା  
ନୁହେଁକି ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ କଠିନ  
ହେଲେ ଏହିତ ସତ୍ୟତା  
ନିଜର ଆତ୍ମ ସଂଯମତା  
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ସତ୍ୟ ସେତ ନିଜର ଚେତନା  
ସତପଥେ ଯାଇ ଆତ୍ମୀୟ ସ୍ଵଜନଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇବା  
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ହେଲେ  
ମଲା ମାଛ ପରି ସ୍ରୋତର ସାଥେ ସାଥେ ଯିବା  
ଏ କି ସାର୍ଥକ ଜୀବନ ???

# Matrimony

Dr Kali Mishra

You have asked for my photo  
I have attached here with  
What do you see?

A tall handsome  
Good looking man  
Sure, you may take it  
As god is gift to women.  
But would have a look!

May be an alcoholic  
Gambler or Barbarian  
HIV Positive  
Womaniser  
Why your mind changes  
now?

You insist on a photograph,  
When I asked, we should  
Meet and Talk together,  
Why on a photo you bother?

So, know your man Inside out  
Depend not on a photograph  
It may say a thousand words,  
But deceive you through and  
through!

Give me a call  
Sooner than later  
Others are waiting  
May be better than you!



- By Vidip







## The Hidden Truth:

Atmaja Mohanty

When my brother and I were kids, our family lived for a while in an eerie old farmhouse, something about it always struck my mother as dangerous. She always warned us about what we were doing in the house, however, totally ignoring her, we loved exploring its dusty corners and climbing the apple tree in the backyard. Everytime, we would enter our bedroom or our living room alone, we would always sense something, we couldn't figure out what the feeling was and it continued for months before we gave into our beliefs. A few weeks later, after the mysterious tension had continued to make an appearance, there were suspicious happenings that took place when me and my brother were left alone. We tried to tell our mother about the uprising issue of this force, but she blamed it all on our imagination, we often begged her to stay home so that we wouldn't face it, but again we were told to 'snap out of it' and to 'act our age'. One day, as per usual, we were left all alone for a few hours.

That was when it told us.

The temperature dropped as soon as my parents had left the house to go to dinner. A cold shiver was present in the air and I sensed some sort of unearthly presence, a sort of unexplained danger, but it was only after that I realised that it was because the ghost had wanted to talk to me and my brother. It entered through the crack in our bedroom door and immediately started crying. My brother, being the helpful and gullible soul he was, went to console her, but I foolishly held back. She started to speak in a deranged voice; mumbling, stuttering and stammering. My instant reaction was to grab my brother by his wrist, dragging him back to the bed, even with all of his protest, I just wanted to keep him safe. Whilst he was struggling in my hands, we had hardly seen the ghost move from one side of the room to other, just behind us. I turned around, just to see her barely inches from my face. My eyes were welling up, and I clamped them shut, just then, I felt a chilly hand on my hand lifting it and stroking it. I was too scared to notice what it was saying, it kept saying the same thing over and over again, until abruptly she changed her tone, into a softer, loving voice. "I won't hurt you, I'm just lonely, I just want some friends." I fall for it. In my vulnerable state, my brother stepped up to the ghost, and spoke in her shadow,

he smiled and said "Of course, but your just not our friend, you can be our older sister!" I finally speak up, in my croaky voice, I force a smile on my face. And later on in the evening, we enjoyed her company remarkably, and in our minds, she actually became our sister. And over the span over a few weeks, we trusted her and we would do anything for her affection. But every now and then, she would mention joining her, and my mind would jump back and remember our first meeting. I was always perplexed about what she meant but never had the guts to ask. Everything seemed better in the house with her, but obviously, we didn't tell our parents as we knew exactly what they would say.

We already liked the house but the best thing for us was the ghost, we were extremely careful not to make our parents suspicious of our activity, but after a while we didn't care as they used to leave us alone quite a lot as we were responsible. We acknowledged her and accepted her as our older sister, because she seemed so kind and nurturing. Some mornings my brother and I would wake up, and on each of our nightstands, we'd find a cup that hadn't been there the night before. We assumed that our mother had left them there, worried that we'd get thirsty during the night, after all she just wanted to take care of us, even if we were 'crazy for making up a ghost'. Among the homes' original furnishings was an antique wooden chair which we kept against the back wall of the living room. Whenever we were preoccupied, watching TV or playing a game, our sister would inch that chair forward, across the room, toward us. Sometimes she'd manage to move it all the way to the centre of the room. We always felt sad putting it back against the wall. She just wanted to be near us. Years later, long after we'd moved out, I found an old newspaper article about the farmhouse's original occupant, a widow. She'd murdered her two siblings by giving them each a cup of poisoned milk before bed. Then she hung herself. The article included a photo of the farmhouse's living room, with a woman's body hanging from a beam. Beneath her, knocked over, was that old wooden chair, placed exactly in the centre of the room.

# Trapped...

By Dishita Rout

It was a dull day as usual and nothing odd happening ever since I'd moved into this house. For your information, my house looks like a normal house with a few vines stretching across the white brick wall. It also has a beautiful front garden with a white fountain in the centre of the grass. There are also some patio lights on either side of the patio that leads to the front black front door.

Some of the residents kept telling me about a rumour of a fatal incident that had happened to an old lady and that her spirit is trapped in this house. It was May 2<sup>nd</sup> and five days after I had moved in. I had checked every room in this house but nothing bizarre had happened. No weird feelings either. Well, not until this night when I heard noises in the basement from my bedroom. I couldn't sleep that night. I kept tossing and turning and that was when I felt a cold blast brush past me. A chill went down my spine and cold sweat started to develop on my forehead. None of the windows were open. I waited two minutes but nothing happened. I waited more but nothing unexpected occurred. I thought it was just me, so tried to doze off.

10 minutes later...

The noises started. It sounded as if there were bits of furniture being thrown around in the basement. I didn't want to move out of my bed, but I did at the same time. I got out of my bedroom and climbed down into the basement all by myself. My mouth felt like it was dry. I opened the basement door and then came an explosion of cold air rush out. I switched on my torch and looked at the dusty basement. A small light flickered in the distance right in the corner of the room. I couldn't quite see it. I felt like I was being stupid, going out into the basement, with weird noises, at the dead of night, all by myself.

I stepped into the basement and the door flew shut behind me. I gave a shudder. Goosebumps crawled up my arm; there was no going back until I could find help. At the moment, there was absolutely no help so I had to figure this out myself. There was another flicker of the same kind of light that happened previously, but this time it was closer. I started breathing heavily and could hear my heart thumping in my ribs. My stomach started hurting. My arms reached behind me trying to search for the door knob with my eyes still looking for the flicker. I found the handle but I tried turning it but my hands were drenched in sweat and kept slipping off the knob. I was now panting as a tear trickled down my face. I didn't think it was able to make it out of this room. I was trapped...



## **IS DANCE A SPORT?**

*Aisu Jena*

"The five S's of sports training are: stamina, speed, strength, skill, and spirit; but the greatest of these is spirit." - Ken Doherty

Whether you've thought about it or not I'd like you to think about it now: can we consider dance to be a sport? Many of you would say that it is, and if so why is that? Because you genuinely believe that or perhaps it's simply because society has ingrained in you that it would be 'mean' to be the 'bad guy' in the argument. I hope that after reading this article you will be able to make your own decision about it and I aim to make you see that dance is in fact a sport.

So let's start by defining the word sport: the OED(Oxford English Dictionary) says that a sport is an activity involving physical exertion and skill in which an individual or team competes against another or others for entertainment. And what's the definition of dance? A dance is, by official definition, a series of steps and movements usually in a quick and lively way to match the speed and rhythm of a piece of music. To me it sounds like something that requires physical exertion and skill. However interestingly, this also sounds like it has qualities of an art, which is defined as: the expression or application of human creative skill and imagination, producing works to be appreciated primarily for their beauty or emotional power. Notice from the quote from Ken Doherty and the definitions, the word 'skill' is a common factor linking all of these ideas together. Skill is definitely a necessity in dancing. I dance with an Indian choreographer's studio, Shiamak Davar International. In the lead up to a dance performance we must go through a lot of training and choreography which require a lot of "physical exertion" and "imagination" and "human creative skill", these qualities bring together all three disciplines. So in my opinion, dance has the pleasure of being both a sport and an art.

Dance is becoming more and more common, to even those who don't wish to perform or train professionally but simply for recreational purposes or in order to get fit and healthy. This is why dance workouts such as zumba, ballet fit and barre pilates are becoming increasingly popular. Additionally, the cultural and social shift is also increasing the popularity of dance and the importance given to it, it's edging more and more into the spotlight.

Although this is not a new phenomenon, every area has a unique style of dance, Andalusia has flamenco, South India has Bharatanatyam, Southern

Russia and Ukraine have Cossack and the list goes on. Through social media and television all of these styles are becoming more admired making people aspire to go out and learn them. It's great publicity for dance as people are in awe of the talent they see in regard to dance.

Most of the people who claim that dance is not a sport are people who have not ever trained in dance or ever endured a whole dance lesson. Those people should take a step in a dancer's shoes. Being a dancer myself, I know first hand just how physically demanding it is, it's a lot of work, but rewarding, of course. It is undeniable that dance requires "physical exertion", however, it is the second part of the definition - the competitive aspect -that people may question. People believe that because dance is not usually competitive it is therefore not a sport but there are many other sports that are more recreational than competitive, take for example cycling, rock climbing or maybe even yoga. There are yet many cases in which dance is competitive, both in media and on a smaller scale. Take for example the TV shows 'Dancing With The Stars' or 'So You Think You Can Dance?' and on a smaller scale 'The All England Dance Competition'. So really there is no reason for dance not to be considered to be a sport.

Dr McNitt-Gray voices that "Dancers are some of the toughest athletes in the world." and gymnastics is very similar to dance in the sense that it is both athletic and artistic, so, taking these factors into consideration, why is dance not yet an Olympic sport? The fact is that it is not only because it's not seen as a sport and that, unfortunately, there may not be enough interest in it, but also because it can't be measured and scored with ease. Nevertheless, this appears to be changing as a new standardised scoring system for Dance Sport, based on the ice-skating system of judging, was finalised in 2013 making the sport a vision for the 2020 Olympic games in Tokyo, but it still needs to be voiced loud and clear to catch people's attention and increase the interest for the change.

However, by making it so standardised and controlled, will it take away the artistic values of dance? There is supposed to be freedom of movement but if there are so many rules to get the highest scores then that is lost. Nevertheless, dance most definitely has qualities of sport and is increasingly adopting more typical characteristics of one but perhaps this is at the detriment of its artistic values.

## Eyes

Shrutee Prusty, Year 8.

I bought a new house in the small town of Winthrop. The house was very cheap, but the most important part was that I needed to get away from the busy city. A few months ago, I had a run-in with a stalker. While I had managed to get him arrested, I couldn't shake the feeling of eyes just constantly watching me. I felt like there were eyes everywhere, at home and on the street, so I decided to move out into the country to somewhere with less people, just for peace of mind.

The house itself was big and somewhat old, but otherwise very welcoming. The agent who showed me the house had mentioned that a serial killer had lived here in the past, which was why the house was so cheap. However, he and my next door neighbour Sarah, both told me not to pay attention to that. Four other owners had lived in the house since then, and all of them were very happy with it. I loved the house. Its interior furnishings were beautiful and very comfortable.

The people of Winthrop were friendly, often bringing over freshly baked pastries or inviting me over for dinner. "Get-togethers," they said, "were the key to making sure everyone who lived in Winthrop love it there". Yet after a week, I stopped "loving it". The feeling of someone watching returned, worse than before. I tried to ignore it, but soon I started losing sleep. Giant bags grew under my eyes and I began yawning almost as much as I breathed. Sarah was kind enough to let me stay in her house for a few nights. It was during this time that I heard the legend of Forrest Carter, the serial killer who had lived in my house. While no one knows his exact killing count, Carter, also known as the Winthrop Peacock, was a man with an extremely severe mental disorder. Legends say that he couldn't fall asleep if he didn't feel like he was being watched. He was finally arrested for putting up a scarecrow to watch him during the night. Only it wasn't a scarecrow. Carter had murdered a 16 year old girl, just so her corpse could stare at him. The story gave me chills, and after I went home, I felt like there were hundreds of pairs of eyes just watching me no matter how I turned.

Today, however, was the first day that I acted out. I was cooking breakfast, when I felt the eyes. Instinctively, out of fear, I threw my kitchen knife, which lodged itself into the wall. As I pulled it out, I found myself staring at a pair of eyes. I've been watching the police peel away the drywall of my house for hours now. So far, they've found 142 pairs of eyes in little glass jars. The scariest thing is, each and every one was staring at me.



କେଉଁ ଇତିହାସ ଅବା ଭୁଗୋଳରେ ତାର ନାଁଟି ମିଳେନି , ସେ ଚାଟଶାଳୀର ଦୁଆର ବି ଦେଖି ନଥିବା ସଠିକ ରେ କହି ବି ପାରିବିନି କିନ୍ତୁ ଜାଣିଛି ସେ ଗଣିବା ଶିଖିଥିଲା . ସେ ପଇସା ଗଣିପାରେ ଯାହା ମୋର ମାନେ ପଡୁଛି . ହେଲେ ଗାଁର ବୁଢ଼ା ଠାରୁ ଟୋକା ଯାଏଁ , ଝିଅ ରୁ ବହୁ ଯାଏଁ , ମୁଖରୁ ପାଠୁଆ ଯାଏଁ ସମସ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ନାନୀ ଡାକନ୍ତି . କହିଲେ ହସ ଲାଗିବ ମୋ ଜେଜେ କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଆଉ ଯେତେ ଜେଜେ ଥିଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ନାନୀ ଡାକନ୍ତି , ଆଉ ମୋର ବାପା ବଡ଼ ବାପା ,କକେଇ ସମସ୍ତେ ବି ନାନୀ ଡାକନ୍ତି. ମୁଁ ମୋର ବଡ଼ ଭଉଣୀ , ସାନ ଭଉଣୀ, ଭାଇ ସମସ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ନାନୀ ହିଁ ଡାକନ୍ତି.

ସେ ଖାଲି ଆମ ଗାଁ ର ନୁହେଁ ପୁରା ପଂଚାୟତ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ନାନୀ , ସେ ହେଉଛି ଆମ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ.

ସେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ପୁରା ପୁରୀ ଭିନ୍ନ . ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ହେଉଛି ମୋ ଜେଜେଙ୍କର ସାନ ଭଉଣୀ .ମୋ ଜେଜେ ଆଉ ଚଇତା ଜେଜେଙ୍କର ସେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭଉଣୀ . ମୋ ଜେଜେ ବଡ଼ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ମଝିରେ ଆଉ ଚଇତା ଜେଜେ ଛୋଟ . ସେ ତିନିଜଣ ଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଅଗାଧ ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା .ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ବଳଭଦ୍ର ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ପରି . ସେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ବହୁତ ଛୋଟ ଥିଲା ତାର ବାପା ମା ତାକୁ ବାହାଘର କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ ସେ ବାଲ୍ୟ ବିବାହ କରିଥିଲା ଆମରି ସେଇ ଏକା ଗାଁ ରେ . ବାହାଘରର ବରଷେ ବି ପୁରିନଥିଲା ତାର ବର କୌଣସି ସଂକ୍ରାମକ ରୋଗରେ ସେ ପାରିକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ . ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ତାର ବରକୁ ଦେଖି ଥିବା କି ମନେ ରଖୁଥିବ ମୁଁ କାହିଁ ଭାବି ପାରୁନି , ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ କି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଥିବ ତାକୁ ସେତେବେଳେ . କିନ୍ତୁ ଯେହେତୁ ସେ ବାଲ୍ୟ ବିବାହ କରିଥିଲା ତାର ବର ମରିଯିବା ପରେ ସେ ବାଲ୍ୟ ବିଧବା ହୋଇ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ରହିଗଲା . ମୋ ଜେଜେ ଆଉ ଚଇତା ଜେଜେ ଦୁଇଜଣ ତାକୁ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଘରେ ରଖିଲେ ସେ ଗୋଟେ ଭଉଣୀ ନୁହେଁ ଭାଇ ପରି ଏମାନମଙ୍କ ସଂଗେ ରହିଲା ସାରା ଜୀବନ . ସମାଜର ସେ କୁସଂସ୍କାର କୁ ସେତେବେଳେ କିଏବା ବାରଣ କରିପାରିବ .ବ୍ରହ୍ମଣ ପରିବାର ର ଝିଅ ତେଣୁ ବିଧବା ହେବ ପରେ ବହୁତ କଟକଣା ବହୁତ ବାରଣ ଖାଇବାଠାରୁ ପିନ୍ଧିବା ଯାଏଁ . ହେଲେ ତାର ଦୁଇ ଭାଇତାକୁ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ଭଲରେ ରଖିବାର ପଣ କରିଥିଲେ. ଯେତେବେଳେ ଜମିବାଡ଼ି ଭାଗ ହେଲା ଭୂତି ନାନୀ କୁ ବେ ସେମାନେ ନିଜ ଭାଇ ପରି ତା ପାଇଁ ଜମିବାଡ଼ି ତା ନାଁ ରେ

କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ . ଦୁଇ ଭାଇ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ଥିଲେ ତାର. ସେ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ସେମିତି ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ରୁ ଅଶିବର୍ଷ ଯାଏଁ ବିଧବା ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପିନ୍ଧୁଥିଲା , ମୁଣ୍ଡରୁ କେବେ ଓଢ଼ଣା ଖସିବାର ଆମେ କେହି କେବେ ଦେଖିନଥିବୁ , ସାରା ଜୀବନ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ପୁତା ଜୀବନ ବଂଚିଥିଲା ସେ ଆମିଷ ବର୍ଜନ ଠୁ ସବୁ କିଛି ସେ ମାନୁ ଥିଲା ତାର ଶେଷ ଜୀବନ ଯାଏ.

ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ଥିଲା ଏକ ଅନନ୍ୟ ସ୍ୱଭାବର , ସେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଦସ ପଦର ବର୍ଷର ହୋଇଥିଲା ସେବେ ଠାରୁ ସେ ରୋଷେଇ ଶିଖିଥିଲା .... ସେ ରୋଷେଇ କରି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଖୁଆଉଥିଲା , ଗରିବ ଗୁରୁବା ଯିଏ ବି ଯେତେବେଳେ ଆସିବା ନାନୀ କାହାକୁ ଘର ଆଗରୁ ସେମିତି ଫେରାଇ ଦେବନି , ଏମିତି କେହି ନଥିବେ ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ଯେ କି ତା ହାତ ରନ୍ଧା ଖାଇ ନଥିବେ . ନାନୀ ଦହି ବୁଲାଇଲେ ଜଣେ ଜଣେ କରି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଡାକି ଦହି ବାଣ୍ଟିବା ଆରିସା କାକରା ସବୁ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଘଣ୍ଟା ଧରି ବନାଇବା , ତାର ସିନା କେହି ନଥିଲେ ସେ ମା ସମାନ ଆମ ଗାଁ ର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଥିଲା, ଏତେ ଦୟା ତା ମନରେ ଏତେ ସରଳ ଏତେ ଖୋଲା ହୃଦୟର ସେ ଥିଲା ତା ପରି ଲୋକ ଗୋଟେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳିବ ବହୁତ କଷ୍ଟ.

ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ରେ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ଗାଁ ର ସବୁ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ପଇସା ଦିଏ ଖାଲି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ନୁହେଁ ମୋ ବାପା କକେଇ ପିଉସୀ ମାଉସୀ ମା ଖୁଡ଼ି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ, ଆଉ ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ରେ ସେ ସବୁ ବେଳେ ପଣା ବନାଇବା ଗାଁ ର କୀର୍ତନ ମଣ୍ଡଳ ଆସି ପଣା ପିଇବା ପାଇଁ ଆସନ୍ତି ସବୁ ବର୍ଷ. ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ଆଗରୁ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି କରି ହିସାବ କରିଥାଏ କାହାକୁ କେତେ ପଇସା ଦେବା. ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ତା ଚାହିଁ ବସିଥାଉ ନାନୀ କେତେବେଳେ ଆମକୁ ଡାକିବା.

ଯଦି ନାନୀ ଆରିସା ବନାଇଛି ଏମିତି ଗୋଟିଏ ଘର ନାହିଁ ଯାହା ଘରେ ଆରିସା ନ ପହଂଚିବା. ହେଲେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଠୁ ସେ ଅଧିକ ଭଲ ପାଏ ମୋ ବାପା ଆଉ ଅଭୟ କକେଇଙ୍କୁ. ସେ ଦୁଇଜଣ ନାନୀ କୁ ଠିକ ପିଉସୀ ନୁହେଁ ମା ପରି ଦେଖନ୍ତି, ଅଭୟ କକେଇଙ୍କୁ ମା ଗୁଣ୍ଡିଚା ବୁଢ଼ୀମା ଚାଲିଗଲା ପରେ କକେଇଙ୍କୁ ସେ ପୁଅ ପରି ପାଲିଥିଲା ଆଉ କକେଇ ବେ ତାକୁ ମା ଠୁ ଅଧିକ. ପଣା ସଂକ୍ରାନ୍ତି ରେ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ସିଙ୍ଗାପୁର ଯାତ୍ରା ରୁ ବହୁତ ଜଳିବି ମଗାଇଥାଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଜଳିବି ଖୁଆଇଥାଏ,

ଗାଁର ଯେତେ ବହୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ନାନୀ ପାଇଁ ବାପା ଘରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ଶାଢ଼ୀ ଆଣିଆସିଥାନ୍ତି, ସେ ଖାଲି ଆମରି ନାନୀ ନଥିଲା ପୁରା ଗାଁ ର ନାନୀ, ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଏତେ ସ୍ନେହାନ ଶ୍ରାଦ୍ଧ ଦିଏ କେହିବି ଭବନ୍ତିନି ଯେ ତାର କେହି ନାହାନ୍ତି,

ନାନୀ କୋଳଥ ଅଭା ଦଳି , କଲରା ଗୋଟା ଭଜା , ଦହି ଖୁସୁ ପିତା , ପିତା ଶାଗ ବରା , ସବୁ କିଛି ବନାଏ ଆଉ ତା ହାତ ରନ୍ଧା ଯିଏ ଖାଇଛି ସେ କେବେ ବେ ଭୁଲିପାରିବନି ତାର ସୁଆଦ, ସେ ଖାତା ଆମିଳ ଏ ସବୁକୁ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ପାଏ ଜଣ ନାହିଁ ତାଠୁ ସେ ସବୁ ଯେମିତି ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ଆସିଥିଲା ତାର ଖାଇବା ସୁଆଦ ଆଉ ମୋର ବହୁତ ମିଶୁ ଥିଲା , ମୋ ବାପା ସବୁବେଳେ କହନ୍ତି ନାନୀ ଗଲା ପରେ ପୁଣି ତାର ସ୍ମୃତିବା କାହା ପାଖରେ ତା ରହିବ.ଗାଁରେ ଯେଉଁ ବୋହୂ ଗର୍ଭବତୀ ଥିବା ସେ ଯେମିତି ହେଲେ ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦ ବନାଇ ତାକୁ ଖୁଆଇବା , ଯେଉଁ ଝିଅ ଶାଶୁଘରକୁ ଯିବା ତାକୁ ଡାକି ଖୁଆଇବ. ନାନୀ ଥିଲା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କଠୁ ଅଲଗା ସବୁ ଝିଅ ନାନୀ ପାଖକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ନାନୀ ତା ମୋର ସବୁଠାରୁ ପ୍ରିୟ ଥିଲା, ରଜ ପର୍ବ ଆସିଲେ ନାନୀ କଥା ବହୁତ ମନେ ପଡେ କେଜାଣି କେମିତି ଅଜାଣତରେ ମୋ ଆଖିରୁ ତା ପାଇଁ କେତେ ଧାରା ଲୁହ ବୋହି ଯାଏ. ରଜ ରେ ନାନୀ ଯଦି ପାନ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ବସିଛି ପୁରା ଗାଁ ର ସବୁ ଲୋକ ଛୋଟ ରୁ ବଡ଼ ଯାଇଁ ସମସ୍ତେ ନ ଖାଇଲା ଯାଏ ସେ ଉଠିବେନି ସେ ଜାଗାରୁ . ଗାଁ ର ସବୁ ଖବର ସେ ରଖିଥାଏ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଯାଇ ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦରେ ଠିଆ ହୁଏ କାହା ସହ କେବେ ତାର ମନ ମନାନ୍ତର ନଥାଏ . ନାନୀ ଥିଲା ବହୁତ ମନୁଆ କେବେ କେବେ ଖୁସିରେ କଥା ହୁଏ କେବେ କେବେ ସେ ବହୁତ ରୁପ ରୁହେ, କେବେ କେବେ ଉପରେ ପଡ଼ି କଥା କୁହେ ହସେ ତା କେବେ କେବେ ଦେଖୁ ମୁହଁ ମୋତି ଦିଏ ଜଣା ନାହିଁ ହେଲେ କେହି କେବେ ତା କଥା କୁ ଖରାପ ଭାବନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ.

ନାନୀ ର ହୃଦୟ ଥିଲା ବହୁତ ନରମ ଗାଁ ର କେଉଁ ଝିଅର ବାହାଘର ଠିକ ହୋଇଗଲେ ନାନୀ ର ଆଖିରୁ ଅନବରତ ଲୁହ ବୋହି ଚାଲେ ସେ କଣ ସବୁ ଭାବେ ଜଣା ନଥିଲା , ଏବେ ଭାବୁଛି ସେ ତାର ନିଜର ଜୀବନ କୁ ପୁଣି ଥରେ ଭାବି ଦିଏ ଭାବେ କାଲେ କିଛି ଅନର୍ଥ ହୋଇଯିବ ସେ ଝିଅର ଠିକ ତା ପରି.

ଗାଁରେ ସବୁ ଲୋକର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ତାକୁ ଜଣା ଥାଏ ଯଦି କିଏ ମାମୁ କୁ କକା କହିଦେଲା ଅଜାଣତରେ ସେ ତା ସିଦ୍ଧା ମୁହଁରେ କହିବା ସେ କେମିତି ତୋର କକା ସେ ତୋର ମାମୁ ଆଉ କେବେ ଡାକିବୁନି କକା, ବହୁତ ହସ ଲାଗେ ନାନୀ କଥା ଶୁଣି ସେ ସବୁ ଜାଣିଛି କିଏ କାହାକୁ କଣ ଡାକିବ. ଯାହାକୁ ଯାହା ପସନ୍ଦ ସେ ସବୁ ଜାଣିଥାଏ ନାନୀ କଥା ମନେ ପଡେ ନାନୀ ୬ ପୁତ୍ର ଲମ୍ବା ଆଉ ବହୁତ ମୋଟା ବି ଥିଲା ନାନୀ କୁଅରୁ ପାଣି କାଢି ପାରିବନି ବୋଲି

ଯଦି ମୁଁ କହିବି ନାନୀ ତୋ ପାଇଁ ପାଣି କାଢିଦେବୀ କୁଅରୁ, ରାଗିଯାଇ କହିବ କି ମୁଁ କଣ ପାଣି କାଢିପାରିବିନି ପୁଣି କେବେ ଡାକିବ ବବି ପାଣି ଚିକେ କାଢିଦେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ , ସମସ୍ତେ କହନ୍ତି ନାନୀ ବହୁତ ମନୁଆ ନାନୀ ବହୁତ ଅଣ୍ଡେଇ ହେଲେ ମୋତେ ଲାଗେ ସେ କେବେ କେବେ ତାର ନିଜ ଅତୀତ କୁ ଚାଲିଯାଏ ବୋଧେ .

କାହାକୁ କଣ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ମନ ଜାଣି ଖୁଆଇବ କାନି ତଳେ ବାସି ଦହି ଆଣି ମୋ ମା କୁ ଦେବ , ମୋ ମା ଭଲ ପାଏ ବୋଲି , ବାପାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଘିଅ କରୁଅ , ଆଖୁ ସବୁ ରଖୁଥିବ ବାପା ଶୁକ୍ରବାର ଗାଁ କୁ ଯିବେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ରୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଖୁଏଇବା ପାଇଁ..

ନାନୀ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିବା ପାଇଁ କୁହେ ପରିକ୍ଷ ଥିଲେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସକାଳୁ ଉଠାଇ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିବା, କୁ କହିବ , ସ୍କୁଲ ଯିବା ପାଇଁ କହିବ , ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ନାନୀ ଯେମିତି ଗୋଟେ ମନ୍ଦିର ଥିଲା ଯିଏ ଯେଉଁଠୁ ଆସେ ନାନୀ ପାଖେ ଯାଇଁ ଚିକେ ବସି ଆସିବା , ଯିଏ ଯେଉଁଠୁ ଆସିବା ନାନୀ ପାଇଁ ମିଠା , ନିମ୍ବକୀ ସବୁ ନେଇ ଆସନ୍ତି ନାନୀ ପାଖକୁ, ନାନୀ ତା ବହୁତ ଭଲ ଖଜା ବି ବନାଏ, ଏମିତି ସାରା ଜୀବନ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ ର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ତ୍ୟାଗପୂତ ଥିଲା, ସବୁ ବେଳେ କହୁଥିଲା ସେ ମୋ ବାହାଘର ଦେଖିବ ମୋ ବାହାଘର ପରେ ସେ ଆଉ କାହାର ବାହାଘର ଦେଖିପାରିଲାଣି ଚାଲିଗଲା ସେ ପାରିକୁ . ସେ ଦିନରୁ ସେ ନାନୀ ତାକ ସବୁଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଲିଭିଗଲା . ହେଲ ନାନୀ ର ସ୍ନେହ ଏମିତି ଥିଲା ନାନୀକୁ ପୁରା ଗାଁ ର ଲୋକ ସମସ୍ତେ କାନ୍ଧରେ ନେଲେ , ସେ ଯେମିତି ଥିଲା ତାର ଶେଷ ଜୀବନ ବି ସେମିତି ଥିଲା ପୁରା ଗାଁ ତାର କ୍ରିୟା କର୍ମ ରେ ଭାଗ ନେଲେ , ସମସ୍ତେ ତାର ନିଜ ପିଲା ପରି ତାର ୧୨ ଦିନ ମାନିଲେ , ପୁରା ଗାଁ କାନ୍ଦୁଥିଲେ ତା ପାଇଁ , ଲୋକ କହନ୍ତି ତାର ପିଲା ନଥିଲା ତାର ସଂସାର ନଥିଲା ହେଲେ ସମସ୍ତ ଗାଁ ତାକୁ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି ଦେଲେ . ଏମିତି କେତୋଟି ମଣିଷ କାହାକୁ ମିଳନ୍ତି ବହୁତ ଲୋକ ଦେଖୁଛି ତା ପରି ଗୋଟିଏ ଲୋକ ମୁଁ ଦେଖୁନି ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ଭାବିକି ଗର୍ବ ଅନୁଭବ ହୁଏ ସେ ବି ପଣ୍ଡା ଘରେ ମୋରି ପରି ଝିଅ ହୋଇ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିଲା ହେଲେ ସେ କେତେ ଭିକ୍ଷ ଥିଲା ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କଠୁ .

ଯେଉଁ ଦିନ ନାନୀ ଚାଲିଗଲା ବୋଲି ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ଖବର ଆସିଲା ମୁଁ କେତେ ଯେ କାନ୍ଦିଛି , ଏବେ ତ ବହୁତ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି ସେ ଆରପାରିକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲାଣି ହେଲେ ସେ ଆମ ଗାଁ ର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ହୃଦୟରେ ଅଛି .

ସେ ଭୂତି ନାନୀ , ପୁରା ଗାଁ ର ନାନୀ  
 ନାହିଁ ଇତିହାସେ , ନାହିଁ ତ ଭୁଗଳେ  
 ନାହିଁ ସେ ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟ ମଣ୍ଡଳେ  
 ଆଜି ବି ରହିଛି କାଲି ବି ରହିବ  
 ମୋ ଗାଁ ମାଟି ପବନେ  
 ନିଆଁ ଜାଳିଦିଏ ମଣିଷ ଦେହକୁ  
 ଜଳେଣି ତାହାର ସ୍ନେହ  
 ତା କଥା ଭାବି ଆଜିବି ଆଖିରେ  
 ଆସିଯାଏ ମୋର ଲୁହ .  
 କେହି ରହି ନାହିଁ ରହିବ ନାହିଁଏ

ଭବରଜା ଭୂଇଁ ତଳେ  
 ସର୍ବେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ଅଭିନୟ ସାରି ବାହୁଡ଼ିବେ କାଳ ବଳେ .  
 ସବୁ ସରିଯାଏ ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ହୁଏ  
 ରହେ ମଣିଷର କଥା  
 ଅତୁଟ ଅମର ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଚିକେ  
 କାହାକୁ ଦେବନି ବ୍ୟଥା .  
 ନାନୀ ଯେଉଁଠି ଅଛି ଭଲରେ ଥା ତୋର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଅନବରତ  
 ବରଷୁ ଥାଉ ଆମ ଉପରେ .  
 ରଜ ଆସିଲେ ଭୂତିନାମି ତୁ ବହୁତ ମାନେ ପତୁ ତୁ ଝରିଆସୁ ମୋ  
 ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହ ହୋଇ



Shivam

## STRING

- Vandana Sahoo

And as we wound together  
 tighter and tighter,  
 my heart strings snagged on  
 your rough edges.

and with each step you took  
 away from me,  
 my heart unravelled further and further,  
 shrinking and withering.

and soon there came a day when  
 the strings, stretched to the limit,  
 snapped. the frayed edges trailing  
 behind me.

## **I don't love you any more**

Aiswarya Biswal

**I don't think,  
I love you anymore**

**I can no longer hear your,  
Distant thoughts.  
I can no longer feel,  
the mesmerizing touch of your voice.**

**I don't think,  
I love you anymore.  
For I loved you  
As you were a part of me  
Now you are just another man**

**My eyes no longer see you  
When I shut my lashes.**

**You finally managed  
to go out of my heart.**

**I have failed  
And am liberated  
You have won  
But the loneliness**

**I don't know who took you away  
I can't say, it was you or it was me.**

**But you are not there anymore  
I don't know if I can ever  
tell you that or not.  
But you will know it anyway.**

**For, I can no longer hear you  
from the distance  
as I used to do.**

**I will never convey you my feelings  
But you will know  
You always wanted me to go away  
But never the less will like me being away.**

**I cannot listen to your distant cry  
All my life I have done nothing  
Save listening to you.  
Am I lost without you  
I know not.**

**I am already set out  
on the voyage without any goal.  
I know not, which sea  
I will cross and  
Which land**

**I will land  
Greeting for your life  
Which is to come without me.  
Now I don't love you anymore  
So physical closeness cannot  
Help me to listen to you.**

**I am set on a distant journey  
And you I know not.  
I don't know what will happen to you  
After I leave.**

**You have always assured me that  
you will not miss me  
And I have always said that  
I will miss you always**

**I know you will miss that  
Someone who loved you  
Without any greed.**

**Love is not easy to find  
For only, people love conveniences  
And situations.**

**And I loved you selflessly  
Without making you an option  
May be we have to stop loving each other now  
It's time to call it a closure  
But the moments that we spent  
were filled with bliss.**

**For you cannot tell a soul  
Abusing me, babbling about me**

**I can foresee your pain  
You will blame yourself  
For pushing me away  
I feel the pain  
But I have to go**

**The love you had for me  
In your indifference,  
Your portrayals  
That I was insignificant  
And wanting me to go away**

**You are the first one to listen  
To my heart and yet determined to  
Carry on life without me**

**I reluctantly accepting  
Your love  
And wildly running,  
Chasing for it**

**It had to stop somewhere  
But I never thought that  
I had the ability to stop  
But I stopped  
The reason I know not**

**In the quest to read you  
I am lost and could  
No longer understand me**

**Did I ever understand me?  
I know not.**

# HYDROGEN HEALTH BAND

**With the growing ageing population and more congestion on the roads, the medical response times are increasing. Technology, especially wearable technology, is being left out in the healthcare. Leaving big gaps with the doctors records and the patients actual life style.**

The UK has an average response time of 6 minutes and 37 seconds, however, this is worsening. Mega-cities such as New York have a response time of 9 minutes and 22 seconds, and their growing budget doesn't seem to solve the problem.

Doctors and trained first aiders are always nearby in cities. Even if someone is having a heart attack they still have to wait for the ambulance since there is no way to contact the nearest doctor to them, which could be living next to them, helping them get treatment quicker and increasing their survival chances. There are 280,882 doctors alone in the UK and only 50,000 are on active duty at one time. Therefore there are at least 1 doctor for every square km of the UK on average.

GP waiting times have also increased, greatly putting off some people to get regular health check-ups. This leaves massive gaps in our health records.

Our solution is, that we can use an algorithm for smart devices to check for any abnormalities in the user's health. If it spots that the user is having a significant failure like a heart attack, it will automatically send a distress signal to their family and friends and post an "emergency notice" to nearby registered doctors and hospitals. Alerting nearby doctors is vital, as they can reach the patients quicker, increasing the chances of survival. The device also sends its GPS location to the hospital for quicker and more accurate locating. It can also send real-time updates to the hospital to constantly track the user's condition until the ambulance arrives.

The app would be sold through life insurance companies, as they want to keep their consumers healthy and alive. This also prevents the insurance company from paying out to the patient, due to the app finding the risks earlier and faster. It can also be marketed through care homes, it allows the staff to monitor the elderly more accurately and keep a closer watch on them. The product can also be bought by large firms such as the NHS or BUPA which look after the health of their patients.

This idea was put forward for £10,000 for the Longitude Explorer Prize with IBM, and is still under administration.

We are currently developing a prototype, using an Apple Watch and Samsung Gear. We believe that this idea will revolutionise the way personal healthcare and data interact. Not only saving lives in growing megacities, but also helping researchers gather more data to help solve some the world's most dangerous diseases.

Sarthak Das  
Age 15

# Megan's Mystery

Vidip Sahoo

The corridor was deserted, the classrooms were deserted, there was no movement, no voices, no sound of any sort; it was as if the school had been momentarily frozen in time.

Megan had just one thought, to find the diary. She had spent all day. Persuading herself that this was definitely the only way. Obviously if Mr Neil caught her, she would have to take the consequences that were a risk she was prepared to take; it was her only chance. It was a necessary risk.

Cautiously she strolled down the corridor, nervously checking the library before reaching Mr Neil's room. She entered business like, she headed straight for Mr Neil's desk, searching with concentration, following her carefully planned strategy, leaving no evidence.

Then suddenly, what was that? Footsteps, voices... a voice she recognized right outside the door. She froze terrified waiting to be discovered.

The door knob rotated and it made a harsh creak that was pain to Megan's ears. Looking around herself she noticed a cupboard and hesitantly opened it. Creak...creak. Mr Neil stepped into his office and sat down on his rather comfortable chair. As he reached out for his pen, he heard a fast panting sound from the cupboard which was placed next to him on his right.

"I must be imagining things after that disturbing meeting," said Mr Neil to himself.

The bell rang and that meant playtime was over and it was time for lunch.

"Aaah, I must have a word with 5D, they have improved a lot in their behavior towards History today morning," remember Mr Neil.

As he walked to the door, Megan knew she was in deep water. Megan had to reach her class before Mr Neil did, with her diary. She quickly, yet thoroughly scanned the cupboards which contained a glut of paper. She shuffled the documents with trembling hands. Megan had to get the pivotal diary before entering her class. She spotted a blue book which was decorated with plastic jewels. As she reached out for the book she was filled with rapture. Dashing to her class as quickly as possible, she glimpsed Mr Neil who was around 10 metres away from the room.

Concealing the diary in her lunchbox, she was about to reach her destination as she turned left, but she was intercepted by Mr Neil.

"Why are you going to class now, when lunch has started four minutes ago?" questioned Mr Neil. "Oh sorry, I went to the toilet," replied Megan.

After Mr Neil complimented 5D, Megan gobbled up her lunch and looked through her diary; but noticed a page ripped out. What could have been the reason?

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