

Saikatey

PUJA BARSHIKI

2017



BENGALI ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH FLORIDA (BASFL)

BENGALI ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH FLORIDA
presents

Musical Melodies

SATURDAY
30TH SEP 2017
6:00PM

*A fantastic mix of old and new Hindi and Bangla
songs including folk*



Dipayan Banerjee - Participated
in Zee Bangla SRCMP & Great
Music Gurukul. Has worked with
big names like Harisharan & Joy
Sankar.



Ramkrishna - Trained in Jazz,
Rock and Blue has performed in
various television reality
shows.



Doyel Goswami - Masters in music
from Rabindrabharati University,
participated in Zee Bangla SRCMP
& Great Music Gurukul. Performs
with Jeet Ganguly.



Subhashish - Professional
drummer and percussionist has
played with legendary artists
like Asta Bronsle, Kavita
Krishnamurthy & Sonu Nigam.



Subhashish - Learnt Baul sangeet
from Satyananda Das Baul and
many other renowned Baul
Artists.



Subhajit - Keyboard player who
has performed with popular
artists & bands.

WESTPINE MIDDLE SCHOOL
9393 NW 50TH STREET, SUNRISE 33531

For additional details contact
sf.bengali@gmail.com

954.558.3988 / 954.536.9225 / 561.634.0097



Funding for this organization is provided in part by the Broward
County Board of County Commissioners as recommended by
the Broward Cultural Council. www.broward.org.
Funding is provided in part by the National Endowment for
the Arts. www.nea.gov



www.basfl.org

BENGALI ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH FLORIDA

presents

1.OCT.17
6 pm

WESTPINE MIDDLE SCHOOL
SUNRISE FL

PANCHAM REDEFINED

A unique project by Grammy Nominated tabla/percussion maestro Pt. SUBHEN CHATTERJEE & his band KARMA presenting some of R.D. Burman's immortal compositions (Indian classical /semi classical /folk to Pop music) with a unique WORLD /FUSION MUSIC soundscape which has never been tried before.

Vocals



PAROMA

Vocals



SUBHANKAR BHASKAR

Drums



SAMBIT

Guitar



SUVAM

Bass
Guitar



ARNAB



PT. SUBHEN CHATTERJEE



www.basf1.org

CONTACT US AT sf.bengali@gmail.com

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BASFL Committee

BASFL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 2017

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Vice President | Nilanjan Ghosh

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Treasurer | Bhaskar Choudhuri

Cultural Secretary | Sharmistha Dutta

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Dipankar Satpati

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BASFL SAIKATEY EDITORIAL MEMBERS 2017

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Coordinator | Sankar Singha & Shreya Ghosh

President's Address

THIS year marks the ten-year anniversary since the formation of the Bengali Association of South Florida (BASFL). I can remember ten years ago, when my two daughters were just 10 and 13, and actively participated in the events, by dancing and singing in the local cultural program and volunteering in the events. In those days, a group of Bengalis decided to create the association so that the next generation (and the ones after that) would be able to learn about and embrace Bengali culture. My husband and I joined BASFL for those exact reasons.

THIS YEAR MARKS THE TEN-YEAR ANNIVERSARY SINCE THE FORMATION OF THE BENGALI ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH FLORIDA (BASFL)

IN the past ten years, we have seen growth and changes within this association, but the primary purpose of the organization has not changed. We still aim to educate the young Bengalis about their culture and traditions, and in turn to educate local Floridians from other cultures about the Bengali culture. BASFL continues to enthusiastically encourage cultural activities to facilitate understanding between Bengali and American cultures.

SINCE this organization is and will always remain non-profit, we want to make sure we extend a big thanks to the members of BASFL, whose funds make the events that we host possible, along with the local businesses who contribute to our organization and the Cultural Division of Broward County, who have supported us financially for the past five years.

I would like to convey my gratitude to my team, BASFL Executive Committee 2017, for all of their hard work and cooperation throughout this year in making every event successful. I also want to extend thanks to the members and volunteers who have consistently provided their time and effort, year after year, into organizing these events for everyone to enjoy. In particular, I want to acknowledge those who have contributed to and helped publish this year's Saikatey magazine. And of course, the cultural program you will see today would not be possible without the community's local talented participants.

I wish you all a Shubho Durgotsav and Shubho Bijoya.

Sincerely,
Suniti Bhattacharya
BASFL President 2017



The Tales Of The Kaash

SUMMER'S scorching screams drowned in the advent of the rainy songs of the Monsoons. She gave them memories of Kalboishakhi, the fallen unripe baby mangoes, devoured, beneath the shady trees, their rain soaked bodies shivering, hidden from the prying eyes.

THE hymns of the summer rains lost themselves in the melodies of the monsoons. The marshes, the bogs, the ponds, the slouching rivulets of rural Bengal swayed, twirled, pranced and pulled a jig to her pitter patter chants. And, when overwhelmed and tired, they dreamed about the sunnier days.

HOW I DREAM ABOUT THE "কাম্বোইশখি", THE WET GRASSY MEADOWS OF KAASH!

MONSOON felt it was time to leave. She left her presents, in the brimming waterbodies and

the submerged banks. Her retreating beats rejuvenated the silty riversides, the tall grasses awakened, nodding to the concealed notes. It's time for those annual extravaganza, the white army of the bushy tailed, to officially acknowledge the newly sprouted days of a fresh Autumn in

THE GRASSLAND WAS RAIN SOAKED, AS WAS EXPECTED THAT TIME OF THE YEAR. AND IT WAS SPLENDIDLY WHITE WITH THE BLOOMING KAASH.

rural Bengal.

HOW I dream about the "কাশের বন", the wet grassy meadows of Kaash! Bibhutibhushan Bandhyopadhyay and Satyajit Ray have immortalized a visualization. Two young souls, scampering through the meandering alleys of miles and miles of Kaash. Apu & Durga, the epitome of sibling love and affection. They conquered life's struggles, smiled through rough times of misery, poverty and ailments. They had nothing, but they were happy. Because they had each other.

DO you remember how they ran, wild and free? Excited at the thought of getting a glimpse of a passing goods train, following it's faint whistle enchanted, like the travelers do the North Star. The rain had stopped for the morning, and they ran. The grass

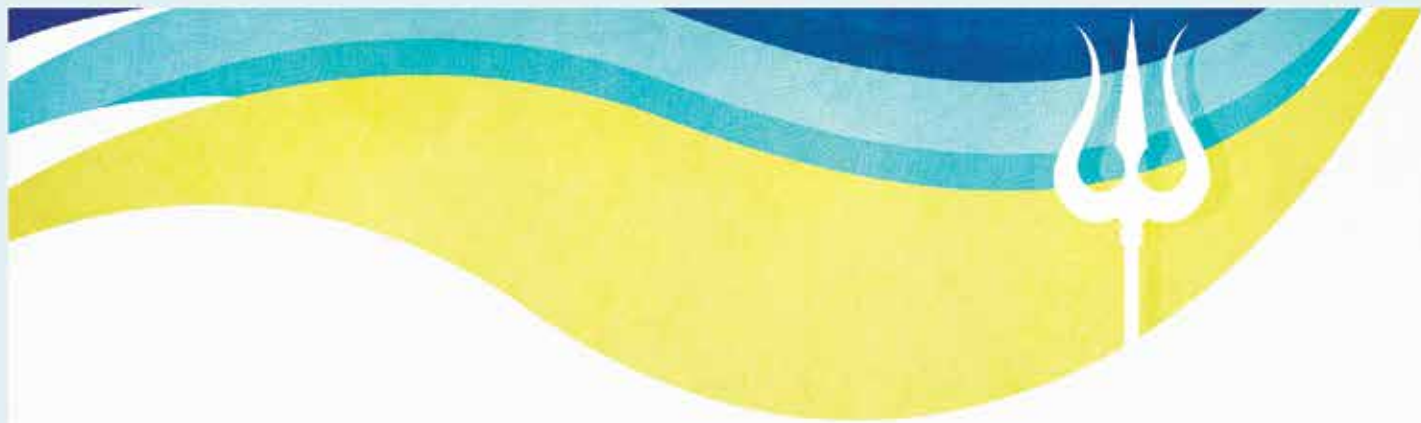
land was rain soaked, as was expected that time of the year. And it was splendidly white with the blooming Kaash.

THE tall bunches of grass, colonizes the lowlands and the hearts of a Bengali at a comparable pace. The reward for missing them so ardently year round, is the sight of an annual white grandeur. Then, many of us, dream of running wild spirited and free, unhindered by worldly obstacles, in the fields of Kaash. Towards the path of emancipation, towards Muktil!

AND we fantasize before, and when heady with the exhilarating vision of chancing upon their bountiful sight, we dream after, embarking on a year long wait. A wait for another Autumn, when Apu, Durga and I will play hide and seek among the caressing blossoms of beckoning Kaash, sprinting like a newborn doe, our feet getting wet and muddy in the silted banks of the river of unadulterated happiness. Maa's footfalls, soft and certain, bejeweled with her **রূপ-রস-গন্ধ-স্পর্শ**, would be sounding around.

BENGALIS, the world over, would rise in a state of electric euphoria.

By - Sulagna Muknerjee Basu



The Boxer Philosopher

It has been almost a year since the death of the greatest - Cassius Clay - Muhammad Ali. He dominated our imagination when we were growing up.

Here is one of the most enchanting anecdotes I have heard in many years. This is from my friend, Soumya Chakravarti to Sabyasachi Bhattacharya, both eminent physicists, who were classmates in Presidency and then in UChicago (University of Chicago). Both of them now split their time between India and US. Sabyasachi was the Director of Tata Institute of Fundamental Research and turned down several offers of Vice-Chancellorship to focus on teaching and research.

YOU may not remember this, but in the mid-70's Ali was in a way our neighbour in Hyde Park (the area where the University of Chicago campus was situated). He lived just north of the UChicago campus, between 51st and 47th Streets. Our friend Akeel Bilgrami (then a Philosophy grad student, now a renowned philosopher at Columbia University) once took the U

IT HAS BEEN ALMOST A YEAR SINCE THE DEATH OF THE GREATEST - CASSIUS CLAY - MUHAMMAD ALI. HE DOMINATED OUR IMAGINATION WHEN WE WERE GROWING UP.

campus-shuttle (bus) and it drove by Ali's "mansion". The African American driver stopped when he saw Ali in the driveway with his young daughter and waved to him. An excited Akeel insisted to get off there and meet Ali, and the driver let him off and sort of endorsed Akeel with a gesture to Ali. Akeel walked in and had a long and wonderful adda with Ali. Ali took Akeel inside his large red-brick home, introducing his wife Veronica, "Meet Veronica, my third wife, man she's the greatest!" Akeel suddenly had this idea and asked Ali if he would agree to give a

talk at the Philosophy colloquium at UChicago. Ali consented. He even chose the title: "Intoxications of Life". Akeel was able to persuade the Philosophy Department and on the day of the colloquium went to pick up Ali with a friend in the friend's VW Beetle. Ali was dismissive: "You university types, you think of big things all day and drive around in a beaten-up Beetle. Go ahead, I'll follow you in my Mercedes." Ali arrived to a packed audience and gave an enchanting and joyful talk, according to Akeel. Gayatri Spivak (visiting UChicago then, now a Professor of English at the Columbia University) thought he looked like a giant tree planted in the floor of the podium. Towards the end of the talk Ali dwelled on Death. "We'll all get there", he said. "You'll get there too", Ali said suddenly, singling out

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at random and embarrassing an elderly person sitting up front in the audience. Much to the glee of the grad students, it was Donald Davidson, the star philosopher recently acquired from Princeton.

THIS, of course, was pre-Parkinson Ali. Wish I had been present at his colloquium.
- Soumya

By - Neptune Srimal



Shift

ONE very peculiar day in Spring, I woke up saying, "It's finally today! It's finally today!" So I went about my morning routines and went to school. The reason today was special was that today was a field trip to this exciting Science Lab they had recently opened for school kids. It was supposed to be 4 hours away to the north -west of where our school was. So we were supposed to ride the school bus. What was more exciting was that this was our first un-chaperoned trip.

AFTER a very long bus ride to the middle of nowhere, we approached a small warehouse. "That's it?" I thought. At first glance, it was not very impressive, but when we entered the seemingly run down place, it was super high tech. The elevator was even more high tech.

WHEN we arrived at the research facility, we started looking at the awesome gadgets, gizmos, formulas, and potions. The tour guide, who was one of the scientists in the lab, explained what they were

working on. He explained that this was a testing facility for the NASA where the scientists were experimenting on how men could adapt themselves to different conditions in different planets. It was all very futuristic. We asked a lot of questions.

BY the time it was lunchtime my throat was parched. I reached for a bottle of

**NO," SAID BOB, "I GUESS IT ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED".
WAIT, WHAT???? THE "WATER"
WAS SHAPE-SHIFT FORMULA
X9382?**

water and drank it. Something was weird about it. My perspective of the room seemed to change. Everything seemed larger than usual. To my horror, I realized I had transformed into a cup. A little later,

a graduate student working in the science lab picked me up and said, "What is this empty cup doing here? Bob, did you put the X9382 in here?"

"NO," said Bob, "I guess it accidentally spilled".

WAIT, What???? The "water" was shape-shift formula X9382?

AS if my situation wasn't bad enough, the student cleaned the bench top and threw

"SO IT WAS ALL A DREAM," I SAID TO MYSELF SOFTLY. "WELL, I'M SURELY NOT DRINKING ANYTHING FROM THAT LAB."

me into a trash incinerator.

"Nooooooooo!" I screamed while falling. I was knocked unconscious.

THEN, I transformed into a hovercraft and glided over the smooth snow. Sometime later, I reached a snowy forest and transformed into a snowy owl. I flew around, and eventually found a cave. A horrible blizzard came out of the blue. I promptly decided to go inside the cave. "This is a no-brainer," I said.

OUT of the blue, I suddenly heard a shrill metallic screech and closed my eyes. I

SOMETIME LATER, I REACHED A SNOWY FOREST AND TRANSFORMED INTO A SNOWY OWL. I FLEW AROUND, AND EVENTUALLY FOUND A CAVE. A HORRIBLE BLIZZARD CAME OUT OF THE BLUE. I PROMPTLY DECIDED TO GO INSIDE THE CAVE. "THIS IS A NO-BRAINER," I SAID.

woke up to the sound of my alarm. "So it was all a dream," I said to myself softly. "Well, I'm surely not drinking anything from that lab."

By - Shirsho Banerjee, 10 years



Game Facts !!!

- | **BASKETBALL** – James Naismith invented the game of basketball at the age of 30 in 1891.
- | **BASEBALL** – Abner Doubleday invented the game known as baseball in Cooperstown, NY during the summer of 1839.
- | **DODGEBALL** – Augustus Hogerson from Africa invented the game in 1832.
- | **LAWN TENNIS** – Major Walter Wingfield invented a version of real tennis that can be played outdoors on a lawn, in the year 1873.
- | **VOLLEYBALL** – William G. Morgan was the inventor of volleyball originally called “Mintonette”.
- | **SNOOKER** – Sir Neville Francis Fitzgerald Chamberlain created snooker in the year 1875.
- | **BADMINTON** – Invented in India in a version called “poona”, British army officers learned the game in 1870. In 1873, the Duke of Beaufort introduced the sport at his country estate from which the game derived its name.

Compiled By Ayaan Saha, 8 years



In Memoriam Sova Sen

EACH loss of near and dear one makes you realize, time is fleeting. I try to hold as many memories as possible from the memory lane and write them. She was my Aunt In-law, the older sister of my Mother In-law. Sova Sen was born in a middle class family in Central Kolkata in 1924. Her father, Nripendra Nath Sengupta, a physician lived a very modest life taking care of the poor and indigent and often not getting paid for his services. Mother Kanak Lata, an accomplished housewife, took care of their three daughters and four sons.

Sova was the oldest sibling and certainly the pillar to the extended family. To me, she symbolized the image of an independent

**I TRY TO HOLD AS MANY
MEMORIES AS POSSIBLE
FROM THE MEMORY LANE
AND WRITE THEM.**

woman.. She was exceptional in myriads of ways. She took college education when for women, this was rare. She pursued acting and excelled in times when acting was not considered to be a

respectable profession for women. In her roles in movies and plays, her performance is resounding to this day. She was a mentor to many budding artists. In my recent trip to NABC, Aparna Sen mentioned how she was welcomed into acting and provided opportunity to grow by Sova Sen and Utpal Dutt.



I vividly remember when she came to meet me just before my marriage. It was special as she was accompanied with her brother, niece and daughter. Very soon she invited us to watch her play. Every time we went to Kolkata, I would visit her. She loved to entertain visitors with the special Bengali delicacies. Several occasions we dined with her husband Utpal Dutt, an intellectual in its truest sense.

SHE floated the theatre group, People's Little Theatre and played or directed famous plays like Titash Ekti Nodir Naam, Angar, Barricade and many others. She had roles in many Bengali movies. She wrote her autobiography, a life lived well. Her son, Udayan went to Germany and came back with a medical degree. He did come back to serve his country. Her daughter, Bishnupriya, heads the theatrical studies in Jawaharlal Nehru University. On my last visit, she was pointing to the pictures of her deceased son who had an untimely death after suffering for several years. From the balcony of the house in Tollygunge, her mind drifted and she muttered lines from her play, pointing towards the far intersection. It was a path she travelled so far, yet she had much to achieve.

SHE was amazing with her routine, exercise and diet. She was invited to events all the time and was very active in her social life. Dressed dignified yet as a simple Bengali Lady, I would see her go. Yoga was her passion and eating healthy was always on her mind.

SHE inspired her daughter and gave her

THE LOSS OF SOVA SEN IS A REALIZATION THAT ONE GENERATION IS DISAPPEARING. WHILE HER GENERATION IS DISAPPEARING, SHE HAS MADE OUR WORLD A MUCH BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN.

the best education and opportunities to train overseas so she could develop her acting skills and intellect. To her grand kids, she would give them all children literature Bengali folk tales, poems. I still have some of those, given to my kids. To her great grandkids she presented Charlie Chaplin videos.

SHE was very caring and would write letters to the grand kids to inspire and support them. To her, family came first. Before passing away, she told her daughter not to cry on her death as she had lived a full life and lived well. She donated her body to Nilratan Sarkar Medical College for medical research.

THE loss of Sovas Sen is a realization that one generation is disappearing. While her generation is disappearing, she has made our world a much better place to live in. Mashi, you will always live in our hearts and minds. You have inspired us and will always continue to inspire us in the years to come.

By - Lina Sengupta

গৃহ-প্রবেশ-- বিভ্রাট

(নেপথ্যে শোনা)

ডঃ অজিত ঘোষ

--"What happened?"-- আমি তখনো আমার anesthesia থেকে groggy বলে ঐ টুকুই বলতে পারলাম, আমার বাঁ-পাশের রুগীকে দেখে। এটি, দুটি বেডের ঘর। পাশের রুগীর একটি পা, তার পায়ের দিকের ওপরের বেড-ক্রমে pulleyর ভেতর দিয়ে 60 degree angle 'এ inclined; দড়ি দিয়ে ঝোলানো। রুগী আর কেও নয়, আমারই Orthopedic Surgeon ! কিছু আগেই আমার Compound fracture এ সেই সার্জারী করে একটা পেলাই ক্যাস্ট লাগিয়ে দিয়েছিল। তখন আমি অবশ্য নিদ্রাগত। একটু খেমে ,,খেমে , slowly সে--তার 'গল্লো' বললে।

ডাক্তার--" আর বলো কেন (Don't say) ? তোমার procedure , surgery সেরে, scrub-suit ছেড়ে, ভাবলাম এক কাপ কফি খেয়ে আসি। তুমিতো এখন মজাসে ঘুমুবে,-- I.C.U. তে। 'এই ভাল'--ভেবে একটু rush করে কফি - ডিসপেনসারের দিকে হয়তো দৌড়েছিলাম, সদ্য-মোছা মেঝেতে পিছলে পড়ে- compound fracture ! 'x * __ & @ x * __ ! & ? ' । " (তার এই sentenceটা বলার শুদ্ধ ভাষা আমার জানা নেই) , তার next sentence' টি হলো -- " তোমার কী-একটা accident হয়েছিলো বলেছিলে, cock and bull-story, I suppose" । সে, অ্যানেস্থেসিয়া থেকে এখনো একটু groggy . তার কথায় বোঝা যায়।

আমি vehement protest করে বললাম--" না,--না, আমার accident'এর episode এ cock, hen, bull- কিসসু নেই। ছিল একটা cow, আর একটা calf,--baby-cow, early-teenager calf হবে হয়তো। সেটা আবার cow টার নিজের বাচ্ছা নয়। Cowটা ছটকে এসেছিল কোনো Ranch থেকে, আর calf টাকে আর কোনো ranch এর পাশ থেকে পাকড়ে আনা। " একটু খামলাম। দু-তিন sip আইশ-ওয়াটার খেয়ে খানিকটা স্বাভাবিক হয়েছে গলাটা। শুকিয়ে কাঠ হয়ে উঠেছিল anesthesia' র ঝকোলে। দেখি- ডাক্তার আমার দিকে মাথা কাত-করে শুনছে।

" আমার হয়েছিল এক বাস্তিভুল (bunch of errors)। প্রথমতঃ আমি গিয়েছিলাম --যে plot' এ আমার বাড়ি তৈরী হবে সে'টিকে পূজা করতে,--বাস্ত-পূজা। Realtor কে খবর দিয়েছিলাম, একবার plotএর ধারে-কাছে এসে জায়গাটা locate করে দিতে। সে এসে পৌঁছয়নি । কোন কারণে আটকে গিয়ে থাকবে। যাইহোক, আমার পূজা সবে শুরু করেছি, সে হাতির হতে-হতে --দু'হাত তুলে হাঁ - হাঁ - করে এলো।

--"আরে এটা নয়, এটা নয়,--ঐ প্লট টা ।"

আবার আমার পূজার সব সরঞ্জাম গুটিয়ে গিল্লিতে - আমাতে তুলে নতুন প্লটে সব পূজার উপকরণ সাজিয়ে শুরু করলাম। গিল্লি তো রেগে খান্না। দোষ দিইনা। বেচারী সকাল থেকে উপোস কোরে আছে।

ঘাড় কাত করে পাশের ডাক্তার-রুগীর দিকে তাকালাম। তার দৃষ্টি ঘরের শিলিংয়ের দিকে। বেশী নড়া-চড়ার উপায় নেই। বোল্লে --,

--" তা তোমার পা-ভাংলো কী করে।?" কাহিনীটা বললাম,--

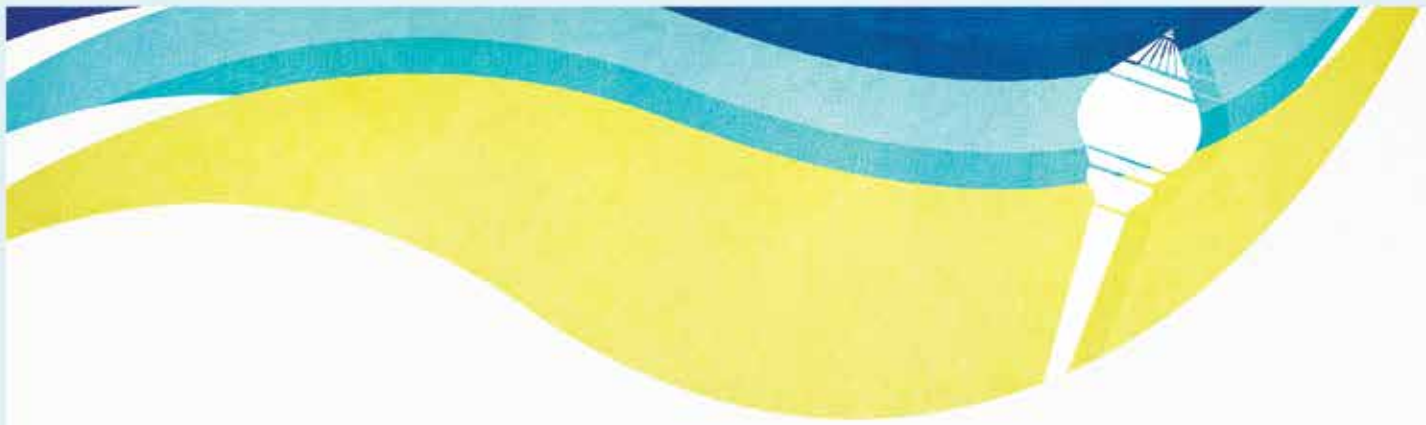
--" -আর বলো কেন (Don't say) ? আমাদের একটা Religious-ritual হলো, - প্রথম, নতুন বাড়িতে ঢুকতে গেলে (গৃহ- প্রবেশ করতে গেলে) একটি স'বৎসা গাভির ল্যাজটি ধরে ঢুকতে হয়। আমি তো পূজা-টুজো সেরে সেই গাভিটির ল্যাজ ধরে বাছুর (calf) সঙ্গে নিয়ে ঢুকছি। cow এর ল্যাজ ধরাটা বোধহয় তার কাছে অসম্মানের। সে খালি ঝটকা মারে ল্যাজটি ছাড়ানোর জন্যে। আমিও ঘাপটি মেরে চেপে ধরে আছি, ' ল্যাজ-ধরে ঢুকতেই হবে', তবেতো ঠিক গৃহ-প্রবেশ হবে।'

"তা চলছিল একরকম। যাঁহা বাড়ির দরজার কাছে গিয়ে বাছুরের মুখটা গাইয়ের বাঁটে (udderএ) ধরিয়ে দিতে গেছি অমনি গাইটা পেছনের পা-দুটো তুলে 'ধড়াম !' one-two - very fast জোড়া kicks!! আমার ডান পায়ের thigh, মালাই-চাকি আর বাঁ-পায়ের shin-bone 'এর ওপর। মালাই-চাকি উড়ে গিয়ে দু-পায়ে compound fracture,--এসব ব্যাপার তুমিই সব জানো--" বলে একটু আইশ-ওয়াটার খেয়ে বাঁয়ে ঘাড় ঘুড়িয়ে তার দিকে তাকালাম।

-- দেখি , সে ঘুমিয়ে পড়েছে। আমার cow-calf কেছা শুনে হয়তো ভেবেছিল --, নেহাৎই 'cock and bull story' , Indian-Version.

ঘরে নানান যন্ত্রপাতির আওয়াজ। I.V.--Timerএর গুঞ্জন, Blood-pressure gauge এর মাঝে, মাঝে, ভোঁস-ভোঁসানি ; বাইরের হল-ওয়েতে announcement --"Doctor ওমুক, এখন তোমুক জায়গায় যাও, Stat!" মানে 'মুক্ত-কচ্ছ ' হয়ে দৌড়োও -- এই সব। সব-মিলিয়ে একটা noisy-background। ওরই মধ্যে মনে হলো ডাক্তারের নাসিকা-ধ্বনি, তার নাকে Oxygen supply এর cannula লাগানো থাকার সত্ত্বেও। আমার নাকে নেই, হাতের আঙ্গুলে একটা চিমটে লাগানো। তার থেকে লাল আলো বেরুচ্ছে , Oxygen Sensor। আমি E.T. হয়ে শুয়ে আছি।

যাকগে, ডাক্তার ভালো-রকম জেগে উঠলে ওকে অনেক Indian cock and bull story শোনানো যাবে। ও- তো আমার পরে সার্জারিতে গিয়েছিল নিজের অপারেশনের জন্যে। বেচারার হয়তো আগের রাত্তির ON CALL 'এ ছিলো On-Dutyতে। ' STAT'! শুনেই ছুটেছিলো E.R. এ, কিম্বা O.R. এ। ও--আরএকটু ঘুমোক।



THE TALES OF POKEMON ISLAND

I wanted to share the story of my recent encounter with a very amazing island called the Pokemon Island. This island had very exotic Pokemons like Riowl and Picachu. There were also people who helped them. Let me describe the island as I saw it.

This island had lakes, fields, battle grounds, gym and a league. The water surrounding the island had boats, speed jets and a secret place to catch Pokemon. One of the island was called the Picachu Island. This island had the exotic Picachu City and Bwesel Lake. In the middle of the Pokemon Island was the Pokemon Robot where all the mechanical Pokemons lived. They also had an energy generator to run the mechanical Pokemons.

The Pokemon Island also had a mega cave. This is where the Mega Pokemon and other Pokemons lived. They also had a surprise guest, which was Ma Durga. She comes there every year. The Pokemons dress up in traditional dresses and perform puja. Ma Durga blesses them and wishes them the best for the year.

As I was enjoying my time at the Pokemon Island, I heard a distant voice. The voice kept calling my name. As I responded to the voice, I realized I was sleeping. I saw all of this in my dream. I was very sad that my sister woke me up and I lost all my Pokemons. However I decided to write all of this down. This helped me freeze my dream of the Pokemon Island. I hope you enjoyed the memories of my dream of the Pokemon Island.



By - Abhinav Krishnan, 8 years



Memories in Color

MEMORIES are never black and white. They are a kaleidoscopic blend of life's myriad hues. The sweetness and the sour. The black and the red. Colors, for me, form the mementos of such memories.

WHILE THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD OF SOUTHERN KOLKATA SLOWLY STARTED TO DOZE OFF, I WOULD STRAIN MY EARS TO CATCH THE JINGLES OF THE BELLS OF A PASSING HAND PULLED RICKSHAW.

I vividly remember the spongy white rossogollas, the ones from Chaitanya Dadu's mistir dokan (sweet shop). While the old neighborhood of southern Kolkata slowly started to doze off, I would strain my ears to catch the jingles of the bells of a passing hand pulled rickshaw. And post dinner time, my maternal grandma would send the house help to Chaitanya Mistanno Bhandar, an ancient, small and non-descript sweet shop, that stood at the corner of my mamarbarir para (the alley of my maternal grandparents home), and made fresh rossogollas every night. Spongy and warm, with a hole in the center, we used to dig into the earthen containers they came in, the sugar syrup rolling down our palms, the earthy smell of those melt in the mouth delicacies. We would dig in for more.

AS I PEEKED DOWN THROUGH THE RAILINGS, THE PINK BLOSSOMS OF THE OLEANDER TREE AT THE CORNER OF THE COURTYARD WOULD GREET ME.

I remember how the morning sun pierced through the filigreed walnut wood partition and created golden hued patterns on the walls. The creamy white balustrades of the old balcony glistened, while the moss green parapets would be alive with the resident pigeons gurgling about their day. They would suddenly decide to fly off, noisily beating their wings and landing on

the dark alcoves at the far end of the L-shaped balcony. As I peeked down through the railings, the pink blossoms of the Oleander tree at the corner of the courtyard would greet me.

MY afternoons would be colored by the sunlight streaming in through the "khilant"(stained glass patterns on doors) of the baitak-khana (living room) door, while we would play on the checkerboard floors and wait for the man with the most lucrative blue box, the man who called out "Kulfi, Malai....".

THE almost forgotten memories of the tomato red "royak" (an outside uncovered sitting area in the front of old houses, where mostly the menfolk would hang out) of our paternal and maternal grandparents' homes, where the world seemed to happen.

AS we rode to my paternal grandparents' home, the journey would give me painted memories of the hyacinth covered ponds, the colorful spot billed ducks quarreling for "geri-gugli"(clams/mussels) on the sides. The tall Toddy palms lining the ponds, would capture my fancy. Rabindranath Tagore talked of their standing on one foot, while dreaming about penetrating the farthest clouds.

SO many summer evenings, Thamma (paternal grandmother) and us would spread a multicolored "shotoronchi" and sit on the red balcony floor, and stare at the clumps of Toddy palm trees, while slender bodied, scantily clad men, the Toddy tappers, climbed those tall trees with swift

dexterity, earthen pots on their waist and a rope bound around their feet. We would learn about the "forbidden" drink those tapped palm sap would yield and wonder why anyone would go through so much trouble for some juice!

WE would peek up to the sky, through the green plantation shutters of my paternal grandparents' bedroom, every time we heard the piercing calls of the Shonkho Cheel (scouting raptor) while they circled the waterbodies for food.

THE peekaboo of Ma's shonali gol aloo bhaja (golden tinged, circular cut fried potatoes) from the folds of fulko white luchi (deep fried breads), the maroonish beckon of the intensely tongue tickling mix of spices that made those otherwise boring boiled eggs on the local trains more interesting, the green of the receding paddy fields and banana farms, the yellow rustle of Baba's childhood prize books, the multicolored mix of my siblings Hot Wheels collection and the

white smoothness of my maternal grandma's marble topped dining table...The painted memories that come out of the slightest turn of the kaleidoscope.

SO, when the world dozes off, I sit with my kaleidoscope and think of the times when my brother and I would lie in bed at night and listen to the eerie splashing of Taal (toddy palm fruit) dropping off the tree into the pond. I give my kaleidoscope another churn, hoping it will bring forth the story of another sleepy, small town, their eerie streets lined with dimly lit lamp posts.

By - Sulagna Muknerjee Basu

**I GIVE MY KALEIDOSCOPE
ANOTHER CHURN, HOPING IT
WILL BRING FORTH THE
STORY OF ANOTHER SLEEPY,
SMALL TOWN, THEIR EERIE
STREETS LINED WITH DIMLY
LIT LAMP POSTS.**



Hello Ma Durga, Bye Bye Mahisasur

Hello Ma Durga we have summoned you

To say bye bye to Mahisasur.

The fight has started and the tension is on.

You are the best, needless to mention on.

From swords to arrows you will perish him.

And the deepest darkest evil within.

After ten days of battling, victory is yours.

And the celebrations for 10 days is ours.

Saying bye to you on Dashami is here,

But with a smile I will wait until next year.

By - Rayan Kha, 9 years

নাসিকা-সংবাদ

কেহ ডাকে God, কেহ বা আল্লাহ, কেহ বা হাঁকিছে ঈশ্বর,
ইংরাজী, ফ্রেঞ্চ, হিন্দী, বাংলা, ভাষাও যে আছে বিস্তর!
তবে নাসিকার ভাষা মানেনা বিভেদ, সারা দুনিয়াতে একটাই,
বিবিধের মাঝে ঐক্য রাখিতে জুড়ি নাই এর কোনো তাই।

কারো ডাকে নাক - যেন কৃষ্ণের শাঁখ, আহ্বান বুঝি সমরে -
কারো নাকে যেন সাগরের ঢেউ - সুনামি আসিছে শহরে!
কারো নাকে কুঁই, কারো নাকে ফস, কাহারো বা শুধু ঘড়ঘড়,
রকমারী সুর - নাসিকা ব্যস্ত, শুধু শরীরের নাই নড়চড়।

নাসিকা হয়তো ছোট্ট বাহারি, তবু ডাকিতে সে পারে মেজাজী,
কখনো'বা শুনি scale changing, 'রেশমিয়া' সুর রেওয়াজী!
যুগে যুগে নাক তুমি জাগ্রত - সারারাত থাক ব্যস্ত
সারাদিন rest - জাগি উঠ তুমি সূর্য গেলেই অস্ত।

বেরসিক-মতে নাসিকার ডাকে শ্রুতিমাধুর্য্য নাই -
নাক ডাকা লোক শুইলে পাশেতে, নিস্তার কোথা পাই!
তবে কি এ ডাক শুধু অপকারী, উপকার কিছু নাই?
উপকার আছে, অবলা তা জানে, চল তা শুনিতে যাই।

অবলাকান্ত অতীব মেধাবী, চর্চা করেন বিজ্ঞান,
তবে বিছানায় তিনি দেহটি ফেলিলে নিমেষেতে হন অজ্ঞান।
তখন তাঁহার নাসিকা জাগিয়া বিজ্ঞান করে সাধনা -
অবলাগিন্ধি ধমকিয়া কন, 'অসহ্য এই যাতনা'!
অবলা পড়েন বিষম বিপাকে, কি করিলে হয় শান্তি?
নাসিকার ক্রোধ প্রশমন হেতু পরিতে হইবে আংটি?

অবলা'র তবলায় গিন্ধীর প্রাণঘায়, সদাই জাগেন রাত-দুপুরে
তাই অবলা আর অবলি, ঝগড়ায় কেবলি, শান্তি পলায়ে যায় সুদুরে।

একদা এক নিশুতি নিশীথে অবলা নিদ্রামগ্ন,
অবলাগিন্ধি চাহেন আধাঁরে করিয়া হৃদয় ভগ্ন।
হেনকালে এক অতিশয় দীন হীনবল চোর পশিল,
কর্তা-গিন্ধি নিদ্রাকাতর, দেখিয়া ঈষৎ হাসিল -
গুটি পায়ে হাঁটি, মাখি ধূলা মাটি, বাছাধন আসি দেবরাজে-
সবে হাত রাখে উপরের তাকে, মন দেয় লুণ্ঠরাজে।

অবলাগিন্নী বুঝিলেন সব, তবে ভয়ে তাঁর ছুটে কালঘাম,
মনে মনে কন, 'এমনটি হবে আমি বহুদিন জানতাম'!
'অবলার ন্যায় স্বামী আছে যার, গহনা কি আর থাকিবেক তার!
কালই যাব আমি, ছাড়ি তোরে স্বামী, ফিরিবনা তোরে দোরে আর'!

'ঘড়ঘড় হুম'-হঠাৎ বিষম হুল্লোর! শিব যেন দেন ডমরু ডঙ্কার!
চোর সব ফেলি 'ওরে বাবা' বলি বাটিতি হইল পগারপার।
একবার ডাকি অবলার নাক শান্ত শিশুটি আবার-
অবলাগিন্নী বুঝিলেন যেন শনি নামিয়াছে এইবার।

পরদিন ভোরে স্ত্রীর বাহুডোরে অবলার ভাসে ঘুম,
সে তো হতবাক, পাড়ায় তাহার নামে পড়িয়াছে ধুম!
সাহসী অবলা, বীর অবলা, অবলা গ্রামের ত্রাতা!
একাই লড়িয়া মারিয়াছে চোর, রবে ইতিহাসে গাঁথা!

গিন্নী-অংকে শায়িত অবলা, ভাবে, 'প্রভু, একি গল্প'!
গিন্নী হাসিছে! ভাল ও বাসিছে? নির্ঘাত মোর কল্প!
চিমাটি কাটিয়া বুঝিতে পারিল এ নহে তাহার কল্পনা
চোর-জাদুকর আঁকিয়াছে তার সাদা ক্যানভাসে আল্পনা।

অবলা মনেতে আনত হইল চোর বাবাজীর পদেতে,
"তুমি মহারাজ চোর নহ, তুমি ঈশ্বর মোর জগতে।
বাঁচাইলে তুমি সংসার মম, আনিলে ঘরেতে শান্তি,
নাসিকার ডাক ঢাকিয়াছে আজ সকল বিভ্রান্তি।

এতদিন ছিল শুধুই আমার, রাত্রি আসিলে নাকডাক,
তোমার দয়ায় করিতে পারিব, গিন্নীর উপর হাঁকডাক।

নাসিকার ডাক বড় উপকারী, সংসারে আনে শান্তি!
কড়জোড়ে সব গুণীজনে বল, 'ওম শান্তি, ওম শান্তি'!

By - Dr. Anutosh Chakraborty

রঙিন ও ধূসর

শিশির ভেজা ঘাসের ছোঁয়া পায়, তোর আঙুলে আমার আঙুল কাঁপে
সেই সেদিনের রূপকথারা আজ ও বুকের মাঝে এমনি জেগে থাকে।
আকাশ বেঁপে বৃষ্টি এলে পরে, মনের আগল নিপাট খুলে রাখা
জিয়ন কাঠি বুলিয়ে ঘুম ভাঙে, গভীর গোপন ইচ্ছে যত ঢাকা

আলতো পরশ কারণ অকারণে, বাড়ি ফেরবার রাস্তা বেড়ে যাওয়া
দুপুর জুড়ে মেঘ সাজানো খেলা, সঙ্গী হতো উদাস দখিন হাওয়া
তোর কথাতেই জীবন মানে বুঝি, তুই বলতিস অন্য রকম আমি।
অলস বিকেল তোকে ভেবেই সারা, মনের ভেতর হাজার টা পাগলামি।

আমার মনের গভীরতার স্তর - থাকতো তোরই অন্বেষণের খোঁজে
বৃষ্টি নামুক কিংবা উঠুক ঝড়, হৃদয়-পারদ তোর ইশারাই বোঝে।
তুই চাইলে সবই হওয়া যায়, মিথ্যে নেশায় পাগল, বেসামাল
স্বপ্ন, আশা, কল্পনাতে ডুবে, সত্যি ভুলে কেটেছে সব কাল।

বড় হওয়া নতুন কথা নয়, বাড়লো বয়স এবং ব্যবধান
কিশোর বেলার দরকারি ইচ্ছেরা, ব্যবহারিক জীবনপাঠে ম্লান।
হঠাৎ করে আমায় ছেড়ে গেলি, এমন ভাবে যায় কি চলে কেউ?
ফেরার পথের হৃদিশ দিতিস যদি, আমায় নিতো স্বপ্ন নদীর ঢেউ।

জীবন এখন নিয়ম গুনে চলা, এক একটা দিন সিসের মতো ভারী
ধূসর বুনে দিবি মেনে নেওয়া, রামধনু দেব আজীবনের আড়ি
ফেরত দিবি আমায় মেঘের চিঠি? আকাশ নদী আমার ছিল যা যা?
মিথ্যে হেসে মনের কাজল লুকোই, রোজ সঙ্কোয় নানান ছলে সাজা

এখন আমার ঝাপসা শহর দেখা। এখন আমার ধোঁয়াশা ঘেরা প্রেম
খারাপ থেকে খারাপতর হওয়া, শেষ চিঠিতে বিদায় ভাসালেম।

রঞ্জনা দাশশর্মা

কঠিন কাজ

ঘাবড়ে গেছি ভীষণ আমি, লিখতে হবে কথা দু-চার,
বলছে নাকি ছাপবে সেটা, পড়বে লোকে, বিশাল ব্যাপার,

লিখতে গিয়ে পাচ্ছে হাসি, ধরছে গলা, হচ্ছে কাশি,
ধান বোনা তো এর চেয়ে সোজা, হাসি মুখেই করছে চাষী,

সরস্বতীর অঞ্জলিটাও দিলাম ছেড়ে, এরই মাঝে,
বলছে কিনা কলম ধরে লিখতে হবে, বড্ডো বাজে,

সাদা পাতায় লিখতে শুরু করলে পরেই ধরছে মাথা,
এমন কঠিন কাজের বোঝা, বইতে নাড়ি বড্ডো ব্যথা,

হাত গুলো আজ কাঁপছে দেখি, স্বর আসেনি লিখতে হবে।
সহজপাঠের 'কুমোর পাড়ার গরুর গাড়ি' লিখলে হবে?

উফফা!! বলে কি? টুকতে মানা? কপিরাইট কি খুব জরুরি?
ইসসা!! নাহলেই পড়তো ঝরে রবি ঠাকুরের নাড়লে দাড়ি,

নইলে কাজীর দুলাইন, খুঁজে নিতাম ঠিক দুপুরে,
কবির ভাষায় ফুটিয়ে দিতাম 'বাবুদের তাল পুকুরে'.

জীবনানন্দ শকু তো নয়, নাইবা কঠিন সুকুমার দা,
শখ জ্যেষ্ঠুর কলম জোরেই কাটিয়ে দিতাম এই বারটা,

কিন্তু, বলছে এসব মানা, যেমনি হোক নিজের টা চাই,
ঠুকছি মাথা, ভাঙছি কলম, চেপ্টা চলছে যারপরনাই,

যে দেশেতে ঘুমায় শিশু তুফা ভুলে মায়ের কোলে,
ঘুরছে যুবক পেটের জ্বালায়, ঘুরছে পথিক পথটি ভুলে,
যে দেশ আজও তাদের ঘাড়ে, যাদের পেটে বিদ্যাটি নেই,
সংস্কৃতি বানের জলে, ভোটেই ঠেলায় ক্লাস্ত সবাই,
যে দেশেরই সাহিত্যে রাজনীতির আজ জ্যান্ত খাবা,
সে দেশেতে শকু লাগে সহজ করে একটু ভাবা,

ক্ষমা কোরো চললো না আর কলম আমার এই আবেগে,
দু-চার কথা তোমাদেরকে, দেখো তোমাদের কেমন লাগে!!



HANDINSKY CIRCLES | Lavanya Singha, 55 years



NATIONAL FLAG | Syamantak Guha, 6 years



PAINTING | Rhine Hazra, 13 years



Aaditya Mitra, 75 years



Ivanka Ghosh, 8 years



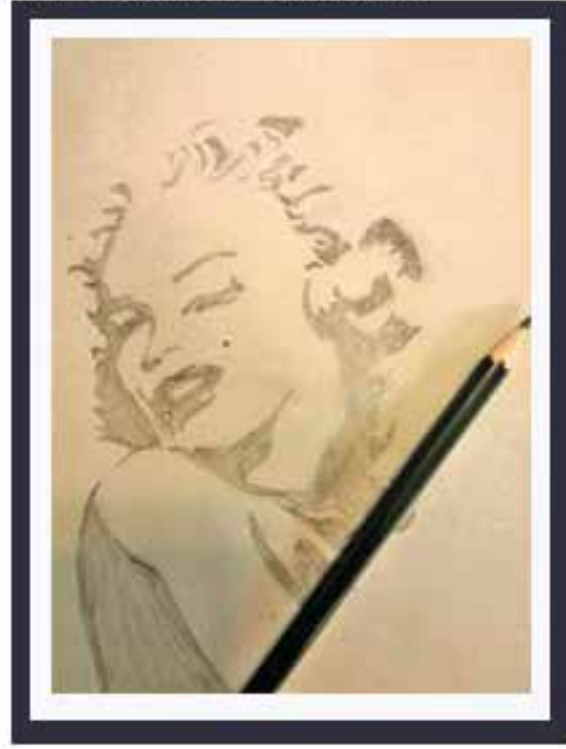
HAND HOLDING | Rishiraj Ganguli, 16 years



PUPPY | Rishiraj Ganguli, 16 years



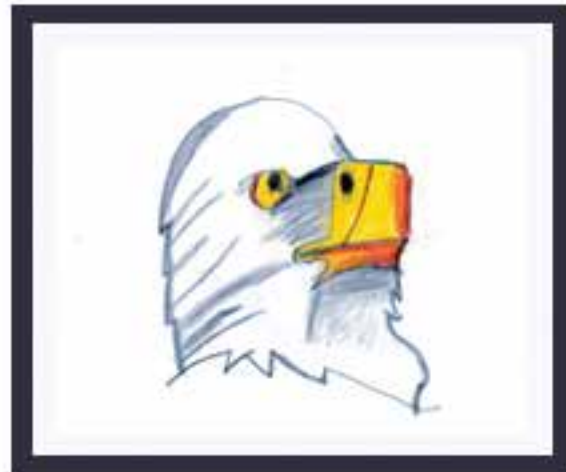
ART WORK | Sonya Ghosh



ART WORK | Sonia Guha



SCENERY | Rishita Ganguli, 8 years



EAGLE | Rishita Ganguli, 8 years

Water Color



LONELY BENCH AT FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN, MIAMI



FLORIDA LANDSCAPE

MY interest in painting started when I was very young. With encouragement from my parents and teachers I was able to continue my interest through my school

WITH ENCOURAGEMENT FROM MY PARENTS AND TEACHERS I WAS ABLE TO CONTINUE MY INTEREST THROUGH MY SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

and college days. I never had any formal training but learned from a lot of people I admired.



MY GRANDSON



MONASTERY IN SIHHIM, INDIA

MY preferred medium is watercolor, an unforgiving and hard medium. All during my working life, I painted off and on, starting

I TEND TO FOCUS ON SUBJECTS THAT EXPLORE THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN NATURE AND THE MAN-MADE WORLD.

the process all over again after every break. I tend to focus on subjects that explore the relationship between nature and the man-made world. I am a past Signature Member of Miami Water Color Society

By - Subrata Basu

My Spanish Experience

SPAIN has inspired art for many thousands of years. Some of the earliest examples are the cave paintings of Altamira dating back 35,000 years. Pablo Picasso and Salvador Dali, some of the most influential artists of modern times, came from Spain. The iconic cathedral, the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona, was designed by the renowned Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi. So naturally, as an admirer of art, I also found Spain to be very inspiring.

MY painting depicts the unique isolation of a small town in northern Spain. The old buildings from centuries passed pave the way to what appears to be the edge of the civilized world.

MY PAINTING DEPICTS THE UNIQUE ISOLATION OF A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

WHILE the blue gray color scheme I used creates a gloomy atmosphere, I feel it adds to the intrigue. Traditionally, a painting has the sharpest quality at its focal point, but in this depiction, the focal point is hazy, so it leaves room for viewers to use their imagination to interpret what they see and how they feel. It also helps to realistically portray depth and space in the composition.



By - Dripta Chakraborty, 13 years

Painting



MINAKSHI'S journey from India to the United States is a trajectory bounded by artistic search for identity and tradition. She holds a degree in Fine Arts with honors and completed her postgraduate degree at the Fashion Art Institute of Dallas, Texas. Minakshi has had 20 solo painting exhibitions and 71 group painting exhibitions throughout India, China and USA.

DELIVERANCE | Painting by Minakshi De

GODDESS Durga symbolizes divine forces and "Shakti" or positive energy, used against the negative forces of evil and wickedness. She protects devotees from the evil power. Durga represents the

influence of creation, preservation, and destruction in the world.

THE word "Durga" in Sanskrit means fort, or place which is difficult to overrun. Another meaning of "Durga" may be derived from the Sankrit word "Durgatinashini," which literally translates into "the one who eliminates suffering." The trident or "trishul" is a symbol of three qualities: Satwa or inactivity, Rajas or activity, and Tamas or non-activity. Goddess Durga is the remover of all three types of miseries: physical, mental, and spiritual.

GODDESS Durga is usually depicted in a red sari. The color red symbolizes action as She destroys evil and protects mankind from pain and suffering.



SHREYA completed her bachelors degree in Visual Arts and Illustration (BVA) from The Govt. College of Art & Craft, Kolkata (CU).

THE DIVINE LOTUS

Technique | Mix Media on Pastel Paper

Medium | Oil Pastel & Pencil Color.

A very elegant painting in radiant shades of blue and yellow has been illustrated where divine Mother Goddess Durga is embraced with a blooming lotus from her naval. Also she is seen holding lotuses in her ten hands. The 'Lotus' is depicted as the symbol of birth, creation, cosmic renewal, eternity, purity, and wisdom. Its unfolding petals suggest the expansion of one's soul.

THE 'Astras' from her hands have diffused in as form of design motifs throughout the magazine to give a feel of the festive mood.

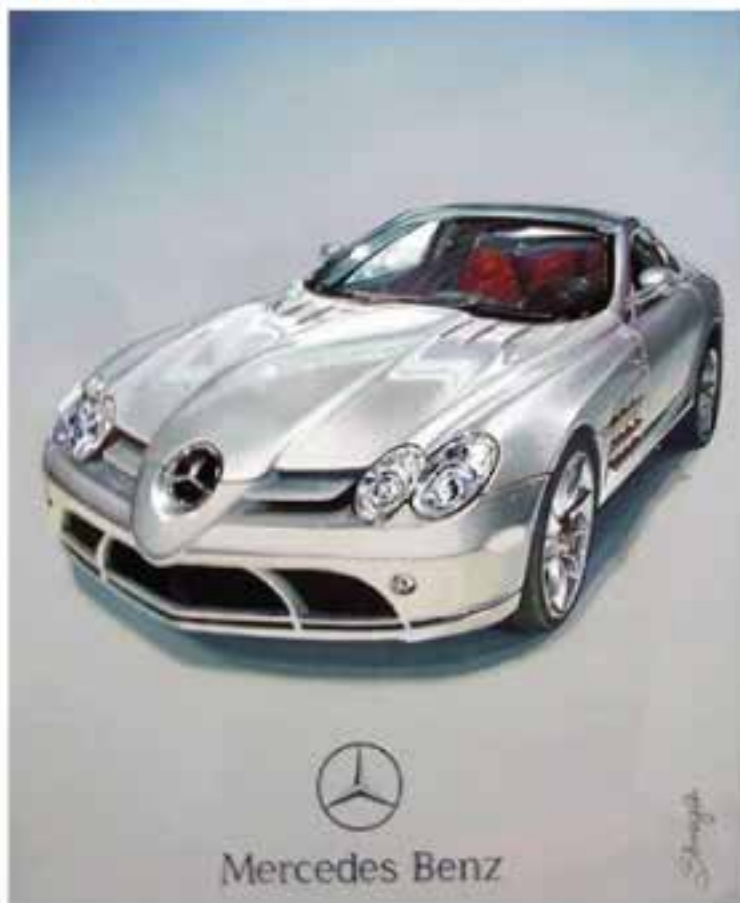
MERCEDES BENZ ILLUSTRATION

Technique | Spray Paint on Poster Board

Medium | Poster Color.

THE illustration was inspired from a real car. The challenge was to use the spray paint technique to give a realistic, glossy, and saturated feel to the painting. It took me a month of patience and tremendous hardwork to give a crisp finish to this art work to breathe life using spray gun and brush.

THE precise feeling that I had experienced while painting this car is to be cherished forever.



By - Shreya Saha



Breathtaking Badlands

In southwestern South Dakota, there exists a barren land that stretches for 244,000 acres. What makes it unique is its landscape. There are pockets of small hills, ravines, rock formations like buttes, hoodoos, and pointed pinnacles scattered among grasslands or prairie lands. However, what will catch your eye immediately are the colorful bands on these rock formations. It will remind you of a slice of a vanilla cake with bright red strawberry filling. And if you look closely, you may see fossils of ancient animals hiding in these bands. This is the Badlands National Park of South Dakota.

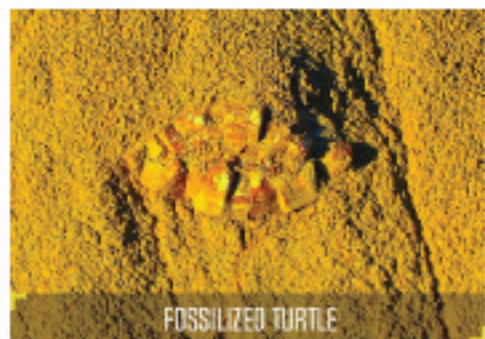
YOU MAY SEE FOSSILS OF ANCIENT ANIMALS HIDING IN THESE BANDS. THIS IS THE BADLANDS NATIONAL PARK OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

THERE was once a shallow sea 75 million years ago that stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and western Iowa to western Wyoming. Eons passed and something happened. Continental plates collided into each other causing the land below the water to rise. The water retreated and drained away leaving behind remains of dead animals in a bed



of sedimentary rocks. It was warm and humid and there was a lot of rainfall. A dark and wet subtropical forest developed. It was there for millions of years. Eventually, the climate cooled and dried. The savannah replaced the dark subtropical forest. It then became the grasslands which is the present landscape.

HEAVY rainstorms through ages, eroded the sedimentary rocks creating ravines, buttes and hoodoos and exposed colorful bands of fossilized soil. The lowest blackish layer is the Pierre Shale which was formed 75 million years ago. It contains fossils of



marine animals like Ammonite. The next layer above is yellow in color and is known as the Yellow Mounds. This process of erosion is continuing even today.

THE LOWEST BLACKISH LAYER IS THE PIERRE SHALE WHICH WAS FORMED 75 MILLION YEARS AGO. IT CONTAINS FOSSILS OF MARINE ANIMALS LIKE AMMONITE

THE Badlands is full of flora and fauna. Today, it is a place too dry to support trees but too wet to be a desert. That is why Badlands National Park has a mixed-grass prairie that contains tall grasses such as prairie cordgrass and short grass such as buffalo grasses. Badlands protects many species of animals. It is home to bison, bighorn sheep, pronghorn (antelope), mountain goat, black footed ferrets and prairie dogs.

NIGHTS at Badlands are exciting too. On a clear night, thousands of celestial objects reveal themselves. You can see the Polaris, the North Star. You can see various con

IT IS HOME TO BISON, BIG-HORN SHEEP, PRONGHORN (ANTELOPE), MOUNTAIN GOAT, BLACK FOOTED FERRETS AND PRAIRIE DOGS

ON A CLEAR NIGHT, THOUSANDS OF CELESTIAL OBJECTS REVEAL THEMSELVES. YOU CAN SEE THE POLARIS, THE NORTH STAR. YOU CAN SEE VARIOUS CONSTELLATIONS SUCH AS THE BIG DIPPER.



PRAIRIE GRASS



MOUNTAIN GOATS



PRAIRIE DOG

stellations such as the Big Dipper. Through a telescope you can see the brown stripes of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn. But that's not all! You can see the glorious Milky Way, satellites and shooting stars. If you are lucky, you may also get to see the Aurora Borealis or the Northern Lights.

BADLANDS is a wonderful place to explore and learn. There are many activities to do as a family. If you are wondering where to go in the summer next year, go to South Dakota and visit Badlands.

By - Shreyan Singha, 10.5 years



Land Beyond Heaven

SOUTH of snow-covered peaks of the mighty Himalayan range are beautiful landscapes. Golden sun rays in the morning and afternoon glitter on the mountain peaks and spread all over the landscape below them; to our human imagination this is the heaven where Gods and Goddesses live.

WHAT is there in the land beyond heaven? Hell? NO. It is beautiful and charming in its own ways. Landscape, people, and religion.



BELOW AND SOUTH OF ZOJI LA: THE SIND VALLEY AND RIVER. HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS TO THE WEST IS AMARNATH TEMPLE

THE area is bounded by the two highest mountain ranges in the world: Karakorum Range to the north, and Himalayan Range to the south and south-west. Between them stand Ladakh and Zaskar ranges. The Sindhu (Indus) river flows from south-east to the north-west. Valleys there

have been curved by Sindhu and its tributaries.

TO go there, one may fly to Leh, the capital and the largest city of Ladakh. A really easy, but boring choice. Better choices are Manali-Leh Highway via

Rohtang Pass or Srinagar-Leh Highway via Zoji La – a safer choice because of lower probability of blocked roads due to landslide. As one approaches Zoji La, a slow transition from a heaven-on-earth to a wonder-land of cold desert starts. Beautiful views of the road to Zoji La and the Sind Valley below Zoji La are mesmerizing. Summer days are pleasant as well.



APPROACHING ZOJI LA FROM SONMARG

AS one continues further, the Kargil War Memorial emerges



on the left - a reminder of the victory of the Indian Armed Forces in 1999 against invading Pakistan. The Indian flag flatters in the deep-blue sky and the saffron colored monument contrasts against rugged gray walls of bare mountains behind it. The presence of the Indian Armed Forces is noticeable everywhere in Ladakh. They are there to protect civilians as well as to guard against potential invasions from neighboring Pakistan and China. Their eyes are focused on you. Throw a salute to them, they will acknowledge it with a nod but still their eyes will be focused on you.



AS one continues towards the heart land of Ladakh, Kargil on the bank of river Suru comes first. From here take a detour to Zaskar, the area enclosed between the Himalayan and Zaskar ranges. If you take this detour, put your seat-belt on and relax, you are taking a day-long mild roller-coaster ride. Enjoy it. A word of caution - it may make you feel very sleepy if you are relaxed, otherwise tired and ... but views are gorgeous

JUST before Pensil La, climb the view-tower for a magnificent 360° view of Zaskar and Himalayan ranges surrounding you.



AT the day's end, you will reach the unspoiled and least-visited Zaskar Valley. Stay at Padum. Don't expect WiFi or good cell phone signals here. But you will meet very nice welcoming friendly people. Ample rain and snow fall make this big valley very beautiful. Big monasteries on the mountain-sides overlook the valley. They are easy to identify. I found the one in the picture from about 10 km away. Many trekking routes start or pass through the Padum area.

LEH is one day's drive from Kargil. On the way you get good views of river Suru and Zaskar-Sindhu 'sangam'.



ONCE you are at Leh, you are in the center of Ladakh. To the north is Nubra Valley via 18,380 ft high Khardung La, to the east is 134 km long, high grassland, saltwater Tso Pangong at 13,940 ft elevation, to the south-east is the Tso Moriri at 14,836 ft elevation, and to the south is Zaskar.



A VIEW OF 134 KM LONG, SALTWATER TSO PANGONG SHARED BY INDIA AND CHINA. SURFACE ELEVATION IS 13,940 FT.

AT Leh, you are surrounded by beautiful snow-peaked mountain ranges, green oases below bare mountain-faces of many colors, trekking trails, old monasteries, Japanese built Shanti Stupa, and a market - should I call it Pashmina market. Presence of many ATMs ease your cash problem for buying real Pashmina products starting at Rs. 50k or so.

EACH monastery offers excellent views, but religious rituals, paintings on the walls, deities, and decorations are very different in each. The temples of monasteries in Zaskar valley are open only during prayer hours, but temples of the tourist-friendly monasteries around Ladakh are open to public all day. Even they have gift-shops and restaurants with international food, including pizza and pasta, on the menu.

LADAKH, the land beyond heaven, is like no other place on the Earth. One should consider a trip there. It will be a journey not a



A VIEW OF THE HIMALAYAN RANGE FROM MANALI-LEH HIGHWAY



TSO HAGAR IN THE MORNING (ON THE WAY TO TSO MORIRI)

destination, because views are unique, beautiful, and different in each location. Take it easy at this high-altitude land of thin air as oxygen is less due to lack of vegetation. Walk, at your own pace, as much as you can, because the best view might be only a few steps away.

By - Dilip Sarkar



A Touch of Class

LAST summer we visited three beautiful parks in the Midwest, namely Mount Rushmore, Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Park. If you have been to these Parks, you don't need to read any more, please do something more productive. If you have not, it may be worth reading before you visit these places. These are in three beautiful US states – South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming.

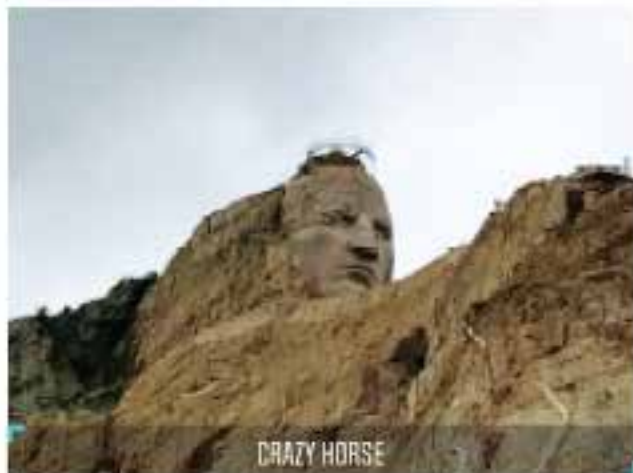
SOUTH Dakota has two important monuments, one Mount Rushmore National Memorial and the other one Crazy Horse Memorial. Historian Doane Robinson first conceived the idea of carving the likeness of great people into the granite stone of Black Hills of South Dakota to promote tourism. Sculptor Gutzon Borglum was commissioned to carve the faces of four US Presidents. He along with his assistants, funded by the federal government, began to carve these 60 feet height faces of four great Presidents namely, George Washington representing the symbol of independence and founding father, Thomas Jeffer



son as the symbol of idealism and Love of Liberty, Abraham Lincoln for altruism and inseparable unity and Theodore Roosevelt representing the soul of America. The project was finally finished by his son in 1941.

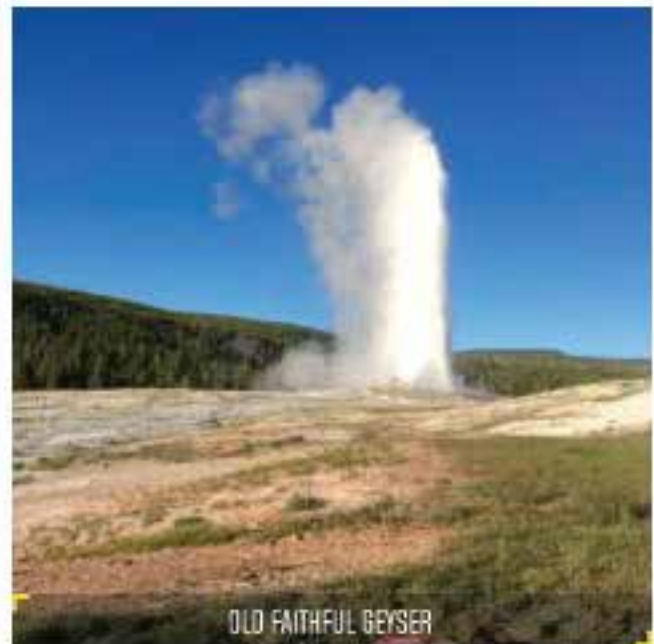
THE Crazy Horse Memorial, a 563 feet sculpture, is a tribute to a brave young Indian Chief, named Crazy Horse. At the request of the Lakota chief, Henry Bear, the best sculptor of the year 1947, Mr. Korczak Zillkowski was commissioned in 1948. He was advised by the Indian Chief not to accept

any federal grant or any private donation. He started sculpting this enormous task of carving the 563 feet high and 641 feet wide monument over the mountain. He started single-handedly and continued until his death. The head of the Crazy Horse is 87 feet high which has been completed recently by his children upon his death. He was supported morally as well as physically by his wife throughout this period. It is worthy to note that the project is being done by support from the Indians



and donation from visitors only. The work of the Crazy Horse is still in progress and is now being conducted by the children and grandchildren of Mr. Korczak Zilkowski.

FROM Mount Rushmore we traveled across the Badlands to the Yellowstone National Park which is located in the US states of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. It spans 3468 square miles, comprising of lakes, rivers, canyons, mountain ranges and half of world's geothermal features. It is the largest mega-fauna location in the United States. The famous Old Faithful geyser



shoots out thousands of gallons of steaming water approximately every 90 minutes. It was established as the first national park in the US, in 1872 by US Congress and signed into law by President Ulysses S Grant. It is also believed to be the first national park in the world.

10 miles south of Yellowstone, is the 480 sq. miles of the Grand Teton National Park which includes the 40 mile long beautiful Teton mountain range and the Jackson Hole Valley. The human history dates back to 11,000 years and some of the rocks in the park have been dated nearly 2.7 billion years, oldest rock found in the US. The Teton National Park is a popular destination for mountaineering, fishing, hiking and skiing. If you love nature, this is the most wonderful place to be in.

NB : part of information obtained from Wikipedia

By - Dr. Asish Basu

Picture Perfect



BRYCE CANYON | Debarati Deb



HOPi POINT AT SUNSET | Debarati Deb

Stuffed Bell Pepper

INGREDIENTS -

Bell peppers | (preferably red, green and yellow), chopped into half and deseeded

Potato | 1 medium size boiled and smashed

Ground Chicken/Chopped Shrimp/Chopped Paneer | 100-150 grams

Onion, | 1 medium sized finely chopped

Tomato | 1 small deseeded and chopped

Garlic Cloves | 3 to 4, finely chopped

Green Chillies | 2, finely chopped

Cumin Seeds | 1 teaspoon

Red Chilli Powder | 1 teaspoon

Cumin Powder | 1 teaspoon

Garam Masala | 1 teaspoon powder

Tomato Ketchup | 1 tablespoon

Sugar | 1 teaspoon

Salt as required

Olive Oil | 2 tablespoon

Coriander Leaves | 1 tablespoon chopped

Mozzarella Cheese (optional) | 2 tablespoon grated

METHOD

For the filling

Step 1

Heat oil in a pan. Add cumin seeds and let it splutter.

Step 2

Add chopped onion. Let it cook for a few minutes.

Step 3

Add chopped garlic, green chillies and chopped tomatoes.

Step 4

Now add the chicken or shrimp. If you want to go with paneer then add it after all the spices and ketchup.

Step 5

Add red chilli powder, cumin powder, garam masala powder and tomato ketchup and stir.



Step 6

Now it's time to add sugar, salt to taste and coriander leaves and mix them nicely.

Step 7

The filling is ready. Turn off the flame and let it cool down.

To make the stuffing

1. Chop the bell peppers into half and then deseed them to make enough room for stuffing.
2. Fill each pepper upto its rim with the filling.
3. Now sprinkle some grated mozzarella cheese and chopped coriander leaves.
4. Preheat oven at 170 degrees and bake the stuffed bell peppers in a baking tray for 10-12 minutes.
5. Now relish your unique delicious evening starter.

By - Mayuri Paul

Palak Paneer Pasand

INGREDIENTS –

Fresh Baby Spinach (Palak) | 200-250 grams (about 7 to 9 oz spinach)
Paneer / Tofu | 200-250 grams (about 7 to 9 oz paneer or cottage cheese)
Green Chilies | 1 or 2, chopped
Garlic Cloves | 1 or 2 small to medium, chopped (optional)
Ginger | ½ inch, roughly chopped
Water | 3 cups of for blanching spinach
Water | 3 cups of for ice bath
Onion | 1 small to medium sized, finely chopped
Tomato | 1 small or medium sized, chopped
Garlic Cloves | 4 to 5 small to medium, finely chopped
Cumin Seeds | ½ teaspoon
Turmeric Powder | ¼ teaspoon
Kashmiri Red Chilli Powder | ½ teaspoon
Asafoetida | A pinch (optional)
Garam Masala Powder |

¼ or ½ teaspoon
Bay Leaf | 1 small to medium
Water | ½ cup or add as required
Butter / Vegetable oil / Olive Oil | 2 tablespoon
Kasuri Methi Leaves (Dry Fenugreek Leaves) | 1 teaspoon
Salt | As required

Garnish

A few teaspoons of butter for topping (optional)

METHOD

Step 1

Rinse the palak or spinach leaves very well in running water.

Step 2

Boil 3 cups of water in a pan. Add the spinach leaves in the hot water. Close with a lid and let the leaves sit in the water for 2-3 mins.



Step 3

Strain the leaves and immediately put them in ice cold water. Leave them for two mins to preserve the green colour of the spinach.

Step 4

Then drain the ice cold water. Add the spinach in a blender or grinder with chopped ginger, garlic and green chilies.

Step 5

Make a smooth puree. Keep it aside.

Step 6

Heat oil or butter in a pan. If using butter, melt it in a low flame making sure that it does not turn brown.

Step 7

Add the cumin seeds, bay leaf and asafoetida (optional) and let them splutter.

Step 8

Now add the finely chopped onions. Sauté till the onions become golden.

Step 9

Next add the finely chopped garlic. Saute till the raw aroma of garlic goes away.

Step 10

After that add the chopped tomatoes and sprinkle some salt to soften the tomatoes.

Step 11

Once the tomatoes are softened and the oil is releasing from the sides of the mixture, add turmeric powder and red chili powder. Stir the mixture very well.

Step 12

Now add the spinach puree and stir well.

Step 13

Add about 1/2 cup water or as required.

Stir again. Simmer for 6-7 minutes until the spinach is cooked. Season with salt. The gravy will also thicken by now.

Step 14

Stir and add garam masala powder.

Step 15

Stir again and then add the paneer (cottage cheese) cubes. You can lightly fry the paneer or tofu before adding them into the gravy, if you prefer.

Step 15

Stir gently and simmer for 1-2 mins on a low flame till the paneer cubes become soft and succulent. Now turn off the flame. Garnish with a teaspoon of butter and enjoy it with rotis, naan or jeera rice.

By - Mayuri Paul

Aachari Murgh Masala

INGREDIENTS –

Fresh Boneless Skinless Chicken Thighs / Chicken Breasts | 200-250 grams (about 7 to 9 oz chicken), medium sized pieces
Onion | 1 medium size, finely chopped
Tomato | 1 small to medium size, chopped
Ginger Garlic Paste | 1 tablespoon
Green Chillies | 2 or 3 chopped (can add more or less according to your spice level)
Yogurt | 1/2 cup
Mango Pickle | 1/2 - 1 tablespoon (you can add more if you like)
Fenugreek Seeds | 1/2 teaspoon
Fennel Seeds | 1/2 teaspoon
Black Onion Seeds / Kalonji | 1/2 teaspoon
Whole Red Chillies | 2 dry
Bay Leaf | 1
Kashmiri Red Chili Powder | 1 teaspoon
Turmeric Powder | 1/2 teaspoon
Salt | As required
Butter / Vegetable oil / Olive Oil | 1/2 cup

METHOD

Step 1

Heat oil or butter in a pan. If using butter, melt on a low flame ensuring that it does not turn brown.

Step 2

Add fenugreek, fennel, onion seeds, bay leaf and dry red chillies and let them splutter.

Step 3

Add the finely chopped onions. Sauté till they become golden.

Step 4

Add ginger garlic paste and stir till the raw aroma goes away.

Step 5

Add chicken pieces and sauté till they turn light brown.

Step 6

Stir in tomatoes, red chili



powder and turmeric powder.

Step 7

Once the tomatoes have softened and oil starts releasing, simmer in low heat. Mix in yogurt and mango pickle. Cover with lid and cook for 5-10 mins. You don't need to add water as the chicken will release enough water.

Step 8

After 10 mins if you find that the chicken is cooked and the gravy has thickened, turn off the flame, else cook the chicken a little bit more.

Garnish with butter and coriander leaves and serve hot.

By - Mayuri Paul

Daab-Chingri

INGREDIENTS –

Prawns | 1 lb
Daab /Tender Coconut | 1
Paanch Phoron | 1/4 tsp
Onion | 1 small
Ginger | 1 inch
Garlic | 3-4 cloves
Poppy seeds | 1 Tbsp
Mustard seeds | 1 Tbsp
Green Chili | 3-4
Turmeric powder | 1/2 tsp
Mustard oil | 2-3 Tbsp
Flour dough | For sealing the coconut

METHOD

Step 1

Scrape the tender coconut.

Step 2

Clean the prawns and add some salt and turmeric.

Step 3

Heat wok and add mustard oil to it. Shallow fry the prawns and remove.

Step 4

In the same oil, add little

panch phoron and slit green chillies.

Step 5

In the meantime, make a paste of onion, garlic, ginger, mustard seeds, poppy seeds and the tender coconut that you scraped earlier and add the mixture to the oil. Add some salt, turmeric, green chillies, and a little water if required.

Step 6

After cooking the mixture for 2-3 mins, add the prawns to it.

Step 7

After about 2 mins, switch off the flame and put the whole mixture into the coconut shell.

Step 8

Seal the coconut properly with flour dough so that steam cannot escape.



Step 9

Preheat oven to 350°F or 180°C and bake the coconut for about 40-45 mins.

Step 10

After 45 mins, switch off the oven and let it rest for 5-10 mins. Serve hot with rice.

By - Debarati Deb

Thakur Bari Style Kosha Mangsho

INGREDIENTS –

- Mutton | 500 gms
- Onion | 1 big, thinly sliced
- Potato | 2 medium sized (cut into halves)
- Ginger | 1 inch
- Garlic | 4-5 cloves
- Tomato | 1 (pureed)
- Green Chili | 3-4
- Turmeric Powder | 1 tsp
- Kashmiri Red Chili Powder | 1 tsp
- Coriander Powder | 1 tsp
- Bay leaf | 1
- Whole Garam Masala | (4 cardamom, 4 cloves, 1 inch cinnamon) made into powder
- Ghee | 1 Tbsp
- Mustard Oil | 5 Tbsp
- Salt & Sugar | According to taste
- Hot Water | As necessary

METHOD

Step 1

Grind the ginger, garlic and green chili into a fine paste.

Step 2

Marinate the mutton with

the paste (ginger-garlic-green chili), some turmeric powder, some salt and 1 Tbsp of mustard oil for 1-2 hours.

Step 3

Heat a wok, add mustard oil and fry the boiled potatoes with some salt and turmeric. After the potatoes turn golden yellow, take them out of the wok and keep them aside.

Step 4

Now in the same wok, add the sugar, bay leaf and sliced onions and fry till the onions are golden brown.

Step 5

Add the marinated mutton, give it a good mix and let it cook for 5-7 mins.

Step 6

Now add the pureed tomato, coriander powder and salt to the mutton and cook till oil oozes out. Then pressure cook the mutton



with some hot water for 3-4 whistles (or more if needed) till the mutton is completely cooked.

Step 7

In the meantime, take a pan, heat the ghee in it and add the powdered garam masala to it.

Step 8

Open the pressure cooker, add the potatoes and the ghee-garam masala mix to the mutton. Close the lid of the pressure cooker and wait for another 10-15 mins so that the ghee-garam masala flavour is infused.

Step 9

Serve hot with white rice, pulao, roti, paratha or luchi.

By - Debarati Deb

Lobongo Lotika

INGREDIENTS –

Khoya | 1 cup
Condensed Milk | 1/2 cup
All-purpose flour | 1 1/2 cup
Oil | 2 tsp
A pinch of salt
Sugar | 1 1/2 cups of
Water | 1 cup
Cardamoms | 2-3
Cardamom Powder | 1/4 tsp
Cloves | 10-15
Oil | for frying

METHOD

For the filling

Put the khoya, condensed milk and crushed cardamom in a wok and stir continuously on low flame till it becomes peda like consistency. Switch off the flame and make small flat balls from the khoya mixture and put it aside for some time.

For the dough

Take the all-purpose flour, add the oil and a little salt and make a dough. Let it

rest for 20 mins. The dough should not be too soft.

Now make small balls from the dough and roll them in the shape of a poori or luchi. Add the khoya in the middle of each rolled dough and fold it neatly. Secure the dumpling with a clove. Fry them over medium heat till golden brown.

For the sugar syrup:

Boil 1 cup of water with 1.5 cups of sugar. Add the cardamoms and make a syrup which is thicker than gulab jamun syrup. Add the fried dumplings in the syrup and let them rest. After 5 mins, take them out and serve hot.

You can also store them in an air tight container for 4-5 days.



By - Debarati Deb

Mango Doi

PREP TIME – 10-15 minutes

COOK TIME – 30-45 minutes

SERVE – 10

LEVEL OF COOKING – Moderate

TASTE – Sweet

INGREDIENTS –

Kesar Mango Pulp 1 tin (850 gm)

Low Fat Natural Yogurt

(2% Preferred) $\frac{3}{4}$ of 2 lb

Sweetened Condensed milk 1 tin (397 gm/ Preferred Brand Nestle Carnation)

Evaporated Milk 1 tin (350 ml /Preferred Brand Nestle Carnation)

Diced Mango cubes for garnishing

METHOD

Step 1

Blend together yogurt, condensed milk, evaporated milk and mango pulp till well mixed in a blender.

Step 2

Transfer into an oven safe glass bowl.

Step 3

Preheat oven to 250 C

Step 4

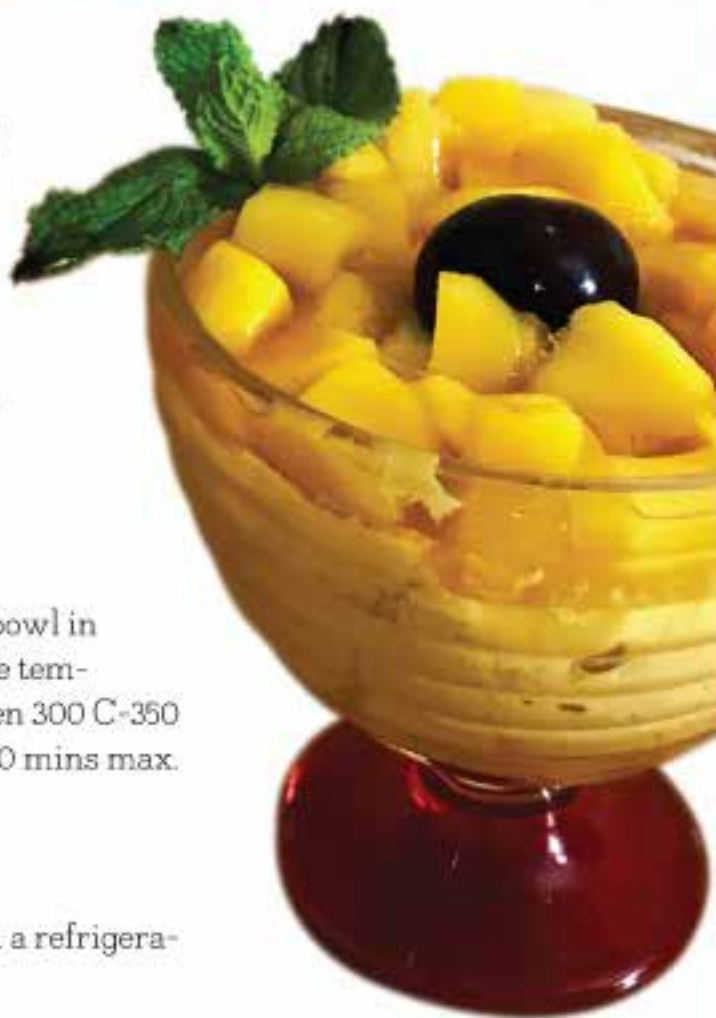
Place the glass bowl in oven and set the temperature between 300 C-350 C. Bake for 30-40 mins max.

Step 5

Cool and chill in a refrigerator.

Step 6

Decorate with diced mango slices and serve chilled.



By - Malini Sarkar

2016 Durga Puja



2017 Rabindra Jayanti



2017 Saraswati Puja



2017 Holi



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Subir Bhattacharya*

*Kunal & Rini
Banerji*

*May all the joys that
Durga Puja brings be with you
today and in all your tomorrows*

*Sarod
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*Shubho Bijoya
From
Saha Family !!*



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-সুলগ্না, সুদীপ্ত ও শ্রীরাগ বসু-

Sharodiya Suvechha



Paulami & Bhaskar



Sarodiya Greetings

RENUKA , MANIK & RAYAN KHA



MAY THE DIVINE BLESSINGS OF THE GODDESS BE WITH YOU ALWAYS! WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY DURGA PUJA
Mimi, Partha, Ishika and Ivanka



*Dr. Basanti &
Dr Asish Basu*

Wish you all
A HAPPY DURGA PUJA



**Om gum ganapataye namaha
Om dum durgaya namaha**



We wish everybody a very joyous and peaceful Durga Pujo.

Dr. Abhijit and Chandrima Basu

Amrit, Malini, Anoocha and Rohan

Happy Durga Puja & Diwali

And Best Wishes for a Wonderful New Year



From Roy Family

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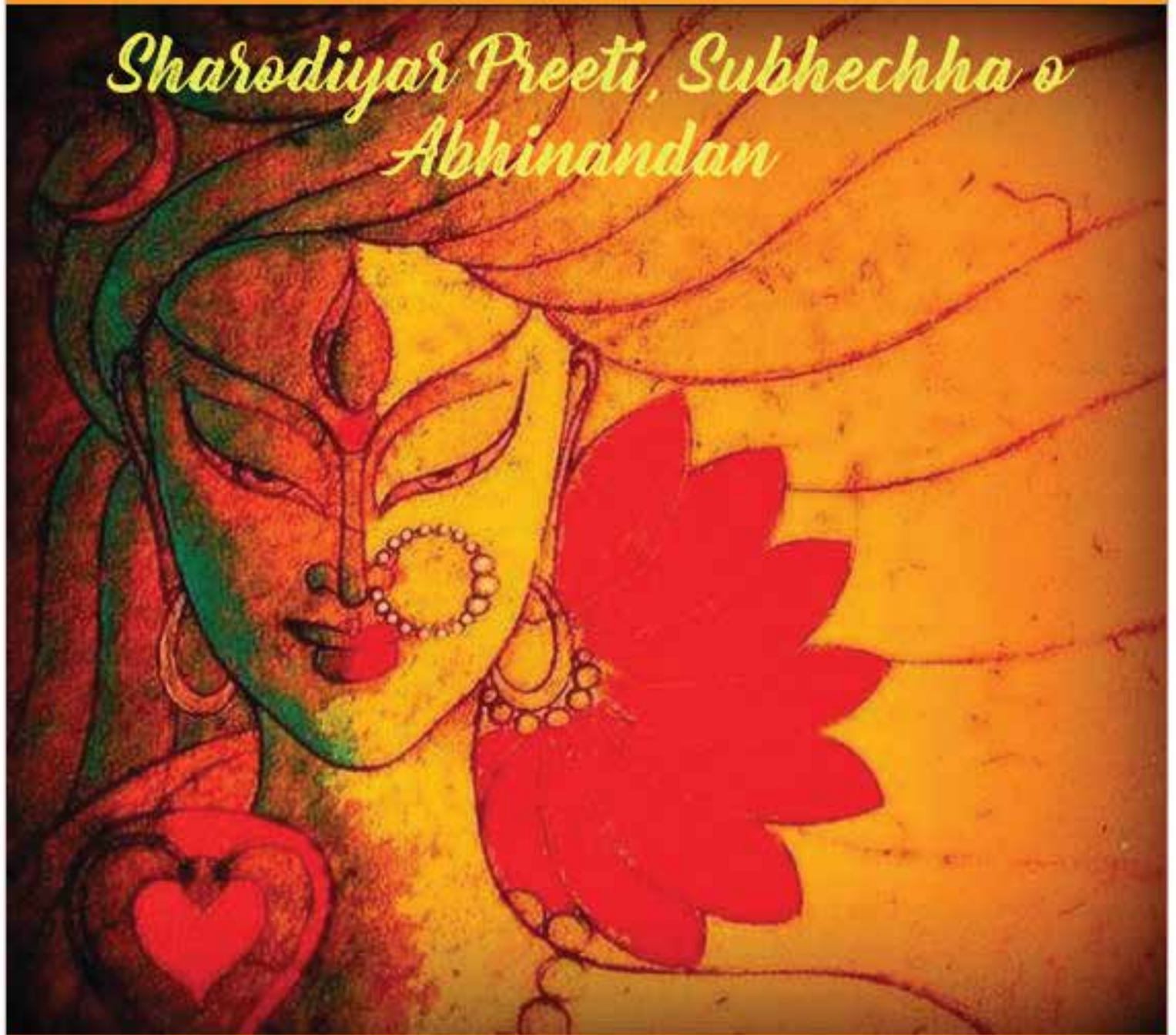
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