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"Ashwiner sharada prate, beje othe aloka manjeer"

(At the dawn of Autumn, the symbol of light starts ringing.)

As the Autumn sets in, the timbre of the baritone voice of Birendra Krishna Bhadra resonates in the mindscape of the Bengali diaspora.

Pujo Asche....

The year long wait is over. Ma Durga is all set to visit her paternal home along with her children and vahanas. The world turns to a land of joy and happiness to celebrate the homecoming of her most revered daughter, the epitome of the feminine, the mother of all.

In 2025, during Shardiya Navratri, Maa Durga will be arriving on an elephant. This is considered a highly auspicious event, symbolizing rainfall, peace, and prosperity. The vehicle of the goddess is determined by the day on which the festival begins.

This year, our Pujo decor echoes the artistic spirit of Santiniketan - where Tagore's vision blends with the graceful patterns of Alpona art, inspired by the design movement led by Nandalal Bose, one of India's most celebrated artists.

We are also delighted to incorporate the works of Jamini Roy, renowned for his bold lines, vibrant colours, and folk-inspired style.

To celebrate the annual festivity in full galore and devotion, Milton Keynes Sarbojonin Durgapuja is all geared up. All the esteemed members, cutting across generations are cordially invited to join this festival of *Sharodotsav* amidst *Pushpanjali*, cultural function and *Bhog*.

Let us all unite in our prayers to the divine mother to protect the world from all evils. May Ma Durga bless us all.

Happy Durga Puja. See you all at the pandal. "Jaago, tumi jaago."
(Invocation to mother)

Yours truly, Arup Bhattacharya, President MK Ananda Club









# MK Ananda Club: Sub Committee (2025-2027)

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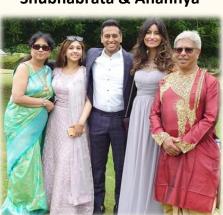
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...... A Big Thank You



# **Design Movement in Tagore's Santiniketan**

In the dawn of 20<sup>th</sup> century, Rabindranath Tagore imagined a place where learning would not be bound by walls. He sought a school where art, literature, and nature could flow together in harmony. In 1901, amidst Bengal's red soil and groves of chhatim trees, he founded Santiniketan – 'the abode of peace'. This was not just a school, but a philosophy of living, where design was not decoration but life itself.





Tagore with his students

Tagore believed art should not be distant or ornamental. It should live in the lines of a hut's wall, the curve of a courtyard, the sweep of a hand-drawn pattern. Design, he said, was not only to be seen but be experienced. The campus itself became a canvas, open-air classrooms, natural textures, seasonal festivals. Architecture, environment and art were inseparable.

Students doing Alpana from Swati Ghosh

From Bengal's village came Alpana, ephemeral rice-paste drawings made by women on mud floors. These were not art for galleries, but prayers in pattern- lotus petals, spirals, vines, fish. Tagore elevated Alpana into the Santiniketan ethos. Students adapted it for festivals, murals and performances. A domestic ritual form became a design language of modern India.



Nandalal Bose



Photo Courtesy: Sudhi Ranjan Mukherjee

In 1921, Tagore invited Nandalal Bose to lead Kala Bhavan, the art school. Bose was a disciple of the Bengal School of Art, influenced by Abanindranath Tagore, yet restless for experimentation. Tagore urged him, 'Paint with the soil of India'. Bose responded by fusing folk idioms, classical traditions and modernist sensibilities, turning Santiniketan into a living workshop of design innovation.

## **Design Movement in Tagore's Santiniketan**

Kala Bhavan encouraged exploration across forms. Murals bloomed on walls, batik revived textiles and sculptures rose in courtyards. Ramkinkar Baij sculpted monumental figures from laterite and cement, merging folk energy with modernist daring. Benode Behari Mukherjee painted the sprawling frescoes, embedding art into the environment itself. Art was no longer confined to studios — it was integrated into public space and collective life.



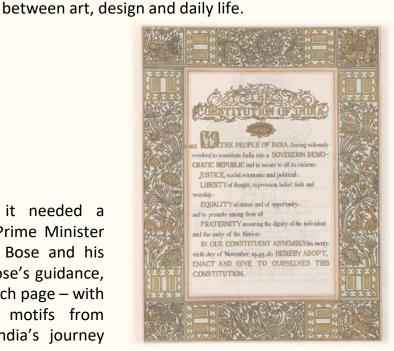
Santiniketan festivals became showcases of art and design. From Vriksharopan (tree planting) to Basant Utsav (spring festival), the campus turned into a theatre of colour, craft and performance. Art was participatory, not elite. Students learned by doing-weaving, carving, drawing, singing- blurring the lines

Kala Bhavan design



Alpana designs from Santiniketan Festivals

When India gained independence, it needed a Constitution worthy of its civilisation. Prime Minister Nehru and others turned to Nandalal Bose and his team to design the document. Under Bose's guidance, artists of Kala Bhavan hand illustrated each page — with borders inspired by Ajanta murals, motifs from Harappa to Gandhi, and images of India's journey through history.



**Design of Indian Constitution** 



Abanindranath Tagore with Nandalal Bose

The constitutional manuscript was more than law. It was statement of cultural identity. Students like Dinanath Bhargava drew the national emblem – the lions of Ashoka – after studying them in Kolkata zoo. Beohar Rammanohar Sinha decorated the Preamble. Through their brush stroke, Santiniketan's philosophy – the art that is inseparable from the life – was enshrined in the very framework of nation.

# **Design Movement in Tagore's Santiniketan**

The Santiniketan design movement shaped Indian aesthetics. Its spirit of integration influenced institutions like the National Institute of Design (NID) in Ahmedabad. And inspired generations of architects, designers and artists. Even today, Alpana motifs, mural traditions and open air learning remain signatures of India cultural identify, rooted in Tagore's experiment..

In 2023, UNESCO recognised Santiniketan as a World Heritage Site. But its true heritage lies in its philosophy that the art is not luxury. That design is not separate from life. That creativity flourishes where freedom, nature and community meet. Tagore's dream still whispers in the red soil: 'Let art and life be one'.







Alpana by Sudhiranjan, Jamuna Devi and Nani Gopal

Tagore's words fit beautifully into the story of Santiniketan and its design philosophy. One of his short verses from Gitanjali (Song Offerings), the 35<sup>th</sup> poem resonates directly with the spirit of Santiniketan:

Where mind is without fear and the head is held high
Where knowledge is free
Where the world has not broken up into fragments
By narrow domestic walls
Where words come from the depth of truth
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its was
Into the dreary desert of sand of dead habits
Where the mind is led forward by thee
Into ever – widening thought and action –
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.



Students paying tribute using Alpana

## Jamini Roy: The Folk Modernist

In 1903, a young Jamini Roy, son of a modest landowning family in Bankura, Bengal arrived at the Government School of Art, Calcutta. Like many of his peers, he was trained in European academic style — oil on canvas, realistic portraits, chiaroscuro. His brush first followed Western masters.

But Jamini was restless. The art he was taught felt distant from the red earth of Bengal, the music of Bauls, the dances of Santhals. He longed for an art form that belonged not to Europe, but his own soil Around 1920s, Roy turned away from the elite salons of Calcutta and immersed himself in village life. He studies the Kalighat patuas, the folk scroll painters whose bold lines and flat colours told stories of gods, animals and ordinary people. He began Painting on handmade materials - woven mats, rough clot, even wood panels. He mixed his own pigments from local sources: red from terracotta, blue from indigo, yellow from turmeric.

Slowly, a new visual language was born – Bold and sweeping black contours; figures in flat, luminous colours; themes drawn from Krishna lore, village mothers, dancers, cats, Christ and Santhal life.



Photo Courtesy: Trisha Mandal (MKAC)







Jamini Roy Paintings

## Jamini Roy: The Folk Modernist

Unlike many artists who sold to elite, Jamini Roy dreamed of art that was accessible to the masses. He priced his paintings modestly, producing multiple versions of this beloved themes so that even an ordinary family could own art.

His studio in Calcutta became gathering place for students, admirers and curious onlookers. Roy sat cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by piles of his paintings — like a quite revolutionary giving art back to the people. In a time when India was fighting for Independence, his work embodied cultural freedom — a proud reclaiming of indigenous forms. Just as Ghandi spun khadi, Roy painted with earth and village lines, declaring — Indian art belong to India people.

Jamini Roy's art was not just pictures on walls; it was a philosophy. He believed that simplicity carries truth. His figures, stripped of ornaments, carried deep emotion: the gaze of Radha, the Rhythm of dancers, the innocence of child.

By 1940s, his style was celebrated across India and abroad. In 1955, the Government of India awarded him Padma Bhushan. Yet, he remained rooted, still working with his hands dipped in humble village colours. Today, Jamini Roy stands as a bridge between folk and modern, rural and urban, past and future. Jamini Roy showed that the essence of India was not in borrowed styles, but in the heartbeat of her villages. His art still speaks: timeless, bold and deeply human.





Photo Courtesy: Trisha Mandal (MKAC)





Jamini Roy Paintings























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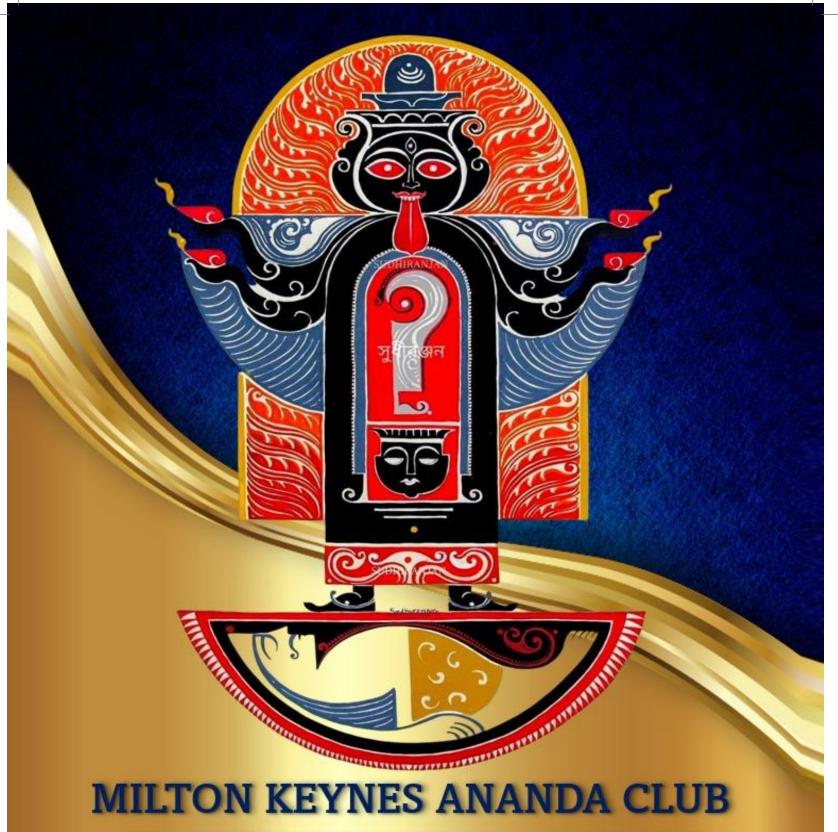


House of Lords, MK Ananda Club was recognised as one of the most prominent Durga Puja organisers in the UK, promoting the rich cultural heritage of Durga Puja on a global scale. The Greatest Show on Earth (GSOE) recognition, curated in association with Global Connect and Heritage Bengal Global



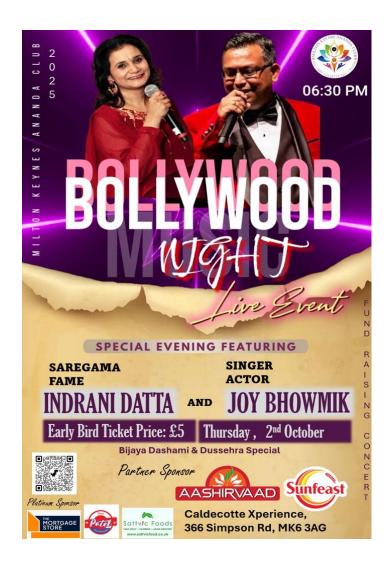








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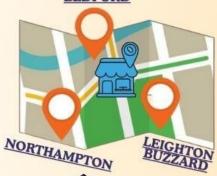


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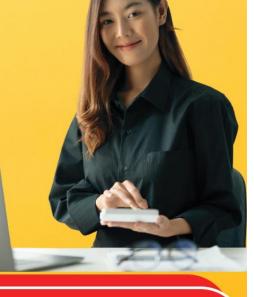
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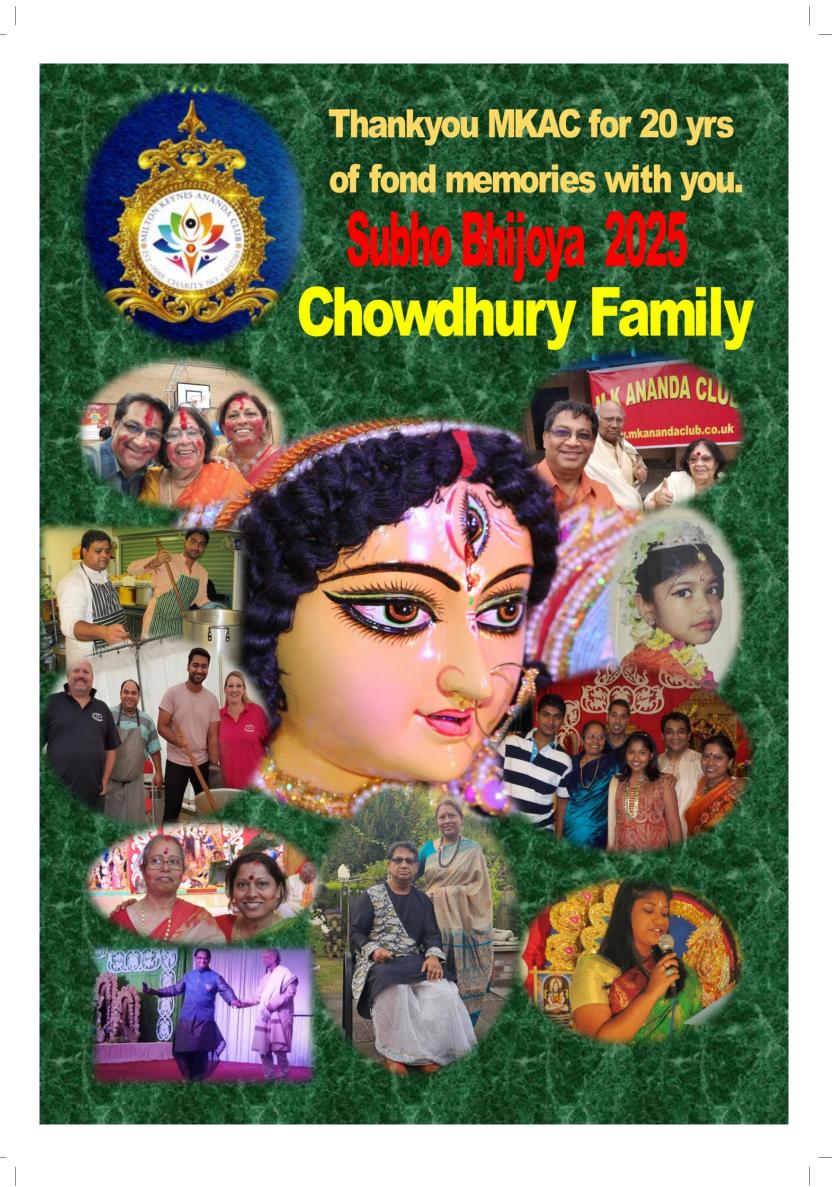
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# WIK AC



# EVENT CALENDAR APRIL 2025 - MARCH 2026

26th April - वष्टवार ১८७६, Bengali New Year Celebrations

31st May - In Pursuit Of Happiness, HIP-HOP Xtreme

21st June - In Pursuit Of Happiness, YOGA DAY Celebrations

5th July - \*Milton Keynes Rathyatra Performance

12th July - Annual Barbecue / BBQ

24th July - Blood Donation: MKAC & Dream Sai

30th August - Puja Meeting

6th September - In Pursuit Of Happiness, Kid's Sit & Draw

28th September - 2nd October: DURGA PUJA

11th October - Lakshmi Puja

25th October - Kali Puja

1st November - In Pursuit Of Happiness, Zumba

24th January 2026 - Saraswati Puja

7<sup>th</sup> March 2026 - বসন্ত উৎসাব | Holi Celebrations

14th March 2026 - Annual Dinner and Dance

\* Participation in Wider Community Event







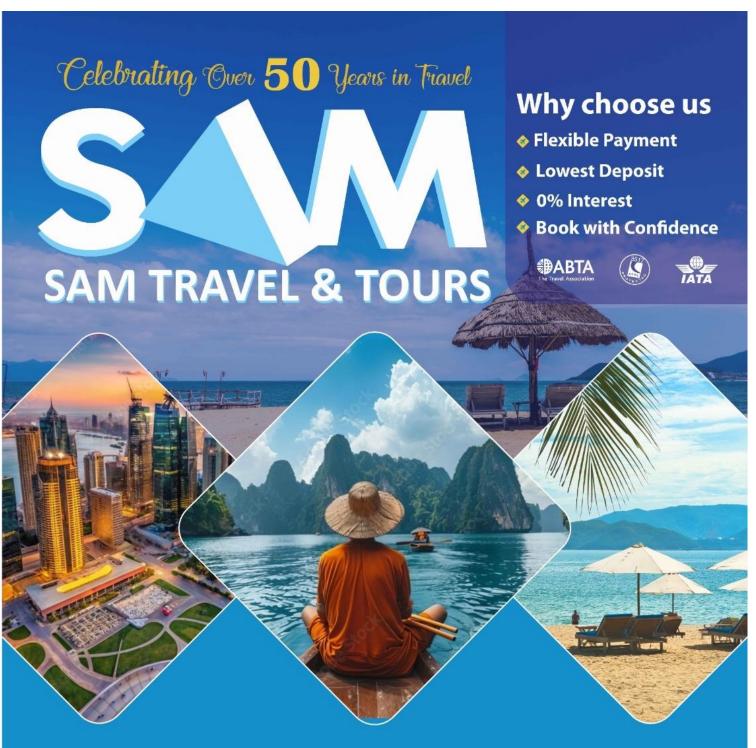












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#### শারদীয়ার আগমনী

দেখতে দেখতে এসে গেল দুর্গা পুজো আবার, দুর্গা মা'র সাথে আসবে, তাঁর সন্তান চার। দুর্গা পুজোয় দেদার মজা, গল্প আড্ডা কত, নতুন নতুন জামাকাপড আর খাওয়া-দাওয়া যত।

বড়দের ব্যস্ততা, মণ্ডপ আর ঠাকুর সাজানোর তোড়জোড়, ছোটদের আনন্দ, খেলাধুলা আর হুল্লোড়। দাদু-দিদার মনে পড়ে সে সব দিনের কথা, পুজো যখন ছিল এক একান্নবর্তী পরিবারের সুরে গাঁখা।

কুমোরটুলির ঠাকুর আনা বাজার দোকানের হিড়িক, বাড়ি রং থেকে টিভি কেনা জেঠু-জেঠিমা, কাকু-কাকিমা সকলে তাতে শরিক।

> পুজো মানে আনন্দ উৎসব বন্ধু-বান্ধবের সাথে দেখা, সব কাজ ছেড়ে বছরের কটা দিন খুশির মেজাজে মেতে থাকা।

ইউ.কে. এসে মন কেমন ম্যাডক্স, কলেজ স্কোয়ার মিস্, তবে চিন্তা কিসের, মিল্টন কিন্সে 'আনন্দ ক্লাব' আছে ভাগ্যিস!

বিদেশে থেকেও দেশের আমেজ আড্ডা, খাওয়া-দাওয়া, নাচ-গান অপারিষীম, ষষ্ঠীতে বোধন আর নবমীতে আইসক্রিম।

পুজো হচ্ছে মিলন উৎসব আত্মীয়-বন্ধু-বান্ধবের সাথে মিলে, মজা আর আনন্দ দ্বিগুণ হয়ে ওঠে 'আনন্দ ক্লাব'-এ সকলে একসাথে এলে।।

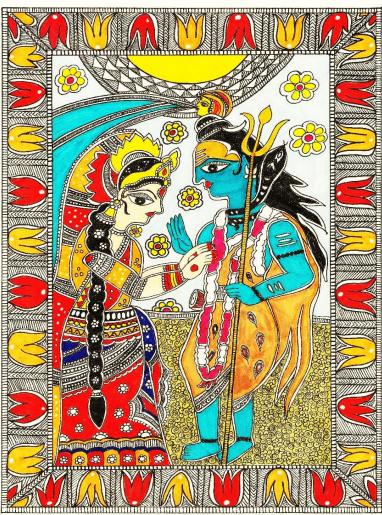
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#### দুর্গা পূজায়আনন্দ ক্লাব

চারিদিকে কাশফুল আসছেন মা,
সাজো সাজো রব আর খুশির ছোঁয়।
ভালো থাকো সবে, ভারি মজা হবে,
কেনাকাটা সেরে ফেলো দেরি কোরোনা।
২৩ সালের মতোএবার ২৫ সালেও এসে,
দুর্গাপুজো কাটবে মোদের মিল্টন কিন্সে।
পুজোর কদিন আনন্দ ক্লাবে দারুন আনন্দ হয়,
প্রতিদিনই মধুর মিলনে হয় যে আনন্দময়,
বিদেশে থেকেও বাংলা চর্চা প্রতি বাঙালির ঘরে,
দুর্গাপুজোর দিনগুলি তাই নাচে গানে শুধু ভরে।
পুজোর পরে ভোজন পর্ব সারা দিন ধরেচলে,
এই দায়িত্ব ছেলেরাই নেয় নিজেদের কাঁধেতুলে।
সন্ধ্যাবেলায় ছেলেমেয়েরা নাচে ঢাকের তালে,
মহানন্দে পুজোর কদিন কাটায় সবাই মিলে।
আনন্দ ক্লাবের পুজোর কথা বলব কত আর!!!
এই কটা দিন আমরা সবাই একটি পরিবার।

Mitra Choudhury





#### **I Wish I Could Forget**

The sowing of seeds into the dark soil Before they were soldiers marching in file Feeling warmth spill out from the sky Understanding it had been set on fire.

Bearing my city atop silken wings The gusts giving way to thunder and gales Knowing it like the build-up of a sneeze Or the looming faint pang of a headache.

Tearing of sheets out from under our hope
The shivering, naked, starkness of it
Carrying on despite cracks in the moulds
Counting seconds that stretch across decades.

Disguised as the whisper of a soft breeze
The lying in bed for fighters to lap
Drive snarling discordance into the trees
Like the deep-throated yowl of a big cat.

The wondering if this could be the end Pounding of my heart, closing of my throat Folding sandy wings, trembling in the dark Wishing, waiting to take off in a stroke.

Try to remember how it was before Floating streamers following children's cries Flower-girls lavishing the streets and stalls Until the morning sun says otherwise.

-- Ayon Bose

#### **AS THE SEASONS TURN**

A soft new breeze, a gentle spring, New life, a vibrant hopeful thing. The sun climbs high, the days grow long, The world awakens, fresh and strong.

Then summers heat, a golden haze, Through endless, bright, and busy days. The world alive, in full display, Beneath the sun's unending ray.

Here comes the autumn's brilliant hue, Of orange, gold, and crimson too. The leaves drift down on chilly breeze, A quiet rest for sleeping trees.

And finally, the winter's hush,
A blanket white, a silent rush.
The world sleeps deep under the snow,
A patient peace, a gentle glow.

Aishika Seal Age: 10yrs





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# Sahara Obhijaan

Amit Niyogi



I had always dreamt of embarking on a solo adventure, and the Sahara Desert had been calling my name since childhood. Inspired by the adventure story "Chander Pahar," my imagination had been captivated by the

protagonist's survival in the desert. Now, it was time for me to live out my own desert dream. On a chilly December morning in 2024, I set off from home, with my DSLR camera and a brand-new backpack. My heart was filled with a mix of excitement and apprehension as I boarded my flight from London Luton Airport to Marrakesh, Morocco. The journey ahead was unknown, but I was determined to embrace every moment.

Upon arriving in Marrakesh, I was greeted by the warm Moroccan sun. I headed to a traditional Moroccan Riad for my first night, where I experienced local cuisine and explored the Medina and Jemaa el-Fna. Staying in a Riad, a house with an indoor garden and courtyard, was a unique experience.





The Medina of Marrakesh was a maze of narrow streets with shops selling traditional crafts. Jemaa el-Fna was bustling with tourists, shopkeepers, and performers. I felt a sense of wonder and curiosity as I navigated through the lively streets. The scent of freshly grilled meat mingled with the sweet aroma of pastries, and the vibrant colours of spices and textiles dazzled my eyes.

The next day, I joined a group of solo travellers for an 8-day adventure through Morocco, with the highlight being a two-night stay in the Sahara Desert. The journey took us through the Atlas Mountains, where I



marvelled at the stunning landscapes and captured the beauty with my DSLR. The cool mountain air was refreshing, and the sight of the ancient ksar against the backdrop of the rugged landscape was awe- inspiring. We visited rural markets, historic sites, and enjoyed Moroccan hospitality along the way. I felt a sense of camaraderie with my fellow travellers, strangers who quickly became friends.

Finally, the moment I had been waiting for arrived. We switched to 4x4 SUVs and headed into the desert. My heart raced as we approached the first desert camp. The anticipation was palpable as we zipped through the shifting landscape, stopping momentarily at a camel crossing sign - a sure marker that our Sahara adventure had truly began. The vastness of the Sahara stretched out before me, and I felt a sense of awe and wonder. The camp was simple, with basic amenities, but I embraced the experience wholeheartedly.





After settling in camp, I quickly changed to my desert attire to set off with the group, ready to climb the towering sand dunes and catch the sunset. My trekking boots offered little protection, and soon enough, grains of sand slipped inside with each step. I found it easier to follow in the footprints left by friends ahead, their paths guiding me up the soft slopes. We explored dune

after dune, snapping goofy photos and laughing until our sides hurt - moments that quickly turned into cherished memories. Watching the sunset in the desert was one of my most memorable experiences. I felt grateful. This trip wasn't just a break from routine; it was a celebration of growth and independence.



Later that evening, we gathered around as the first flames flickered to life, sending shadows dancing across the sand. A long-awaited bonfire under a moonlit desert sky was finally fulfilled. "This is perfect," someone



whispered, gazing up at the endless sky scattered with stars. As the fire crackled, the aroma of toasted marshmallows mixed with desert air. Someone strummed a guitar, prompting spontaneous bursts of laughter and storytelling. When it came time for karaoke, nerves gave way to excitement. "Just sing along with us!" my friend encouraged, handing me the mic. Hesitant but inspired by their energy, I joined in. Soon, everyone was belting out 'Hey Jude,' our voices echoing through the desert night, united by music and the magic of shared discovery beneath the moon.

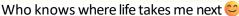
After years of anticipation and a lingering wish unfulfilled from my trip to Egypt in 2012, I finally found myself preparing for a proper desert trek. Back then, though I had a fleeting opportunity to ride a camel, I missed out on truly exploring the desert. Soon I found myself swaying gently as we set off, the camel's rhythmic gait echoing the stillness of the landscape. The desert wasn't without its lighter moments. At one point, a mischievous camel broke free from the line, perhaps in pursuit of a mate, and another nearly bit a fellow traveller's leg, much to everyone's amusement.





Riding quad bike was a first, another completely new experience. Climbing onto the quad bike, I quickly realised that controlling this powerful machine was not as simple as it looked. The first few minutes were a muddle of awkward manoeuvres and hesitant starts. As I got comfortable, I spent over an hour riding solo, exploring diverse terrains - rocky desert stretches, soft sand dunes and desert villages. Looking back, the quad biking adventure was more than just a day out - it was a testament to the joy of discovery, the thrill of overcoming uncertainty, and the confidence that comes from stepping outside one's comfort zone.

In the final days of Morocco Trip visited few other cities like Agadir and Essaouira experiencing Moroccan history and collecting lifelong memories. As I flew back to the UK, I felt fulfilled and inspired to continue exploring and living my dreams. The Sahara trek was not just a journey through the desert; it was a journey within myself, discovering my strengths and embracing the beauty of life.





#### The Whispers of a Ghost

The date was 30th October, the day my life changed forever.

It all started one cold evening when me and my friend Joey were going to play football at the park. After a while, a thick fog had formed, and me and Joey decided to come to my house. We started walking towards my house. While we were walking, me and Joey discussed the events that had occurred at the football match we had just played. We must have got carried away, as we had realised, we had got lost. We were in a graveyard, the smell of death fresh in the atmosphere. Little did I know the worst was yet to come.

I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see Joey's convincing smile, but he was nowhere to be found. My mind quickly went into panic mode, and I started calling Joey's name, "Joey, Joey, where are you?" Silence...

It was starting to get dark and the fog only got worse. I started thinking about my family - my mum, my dad and my 6-year-old brother. Memories flooded through my head like wildfire, memories of all the good times with my

Then suddenly, a shrill cry echoed in the mist. I stopped in my tracks, my whole-body trembling like a ringing phone. This cry wasn't any cry; it was the unmistakable cry of my best friend Joey. Tears flooded down my cheeks as I ran towards my friend's distress call. I was running in circles again and again. I altered my path, hoping for a new result but I ended up in the same place every time.

Then I realised where I was. The thick gloomy mist, the running in circles and the disappearance of my friend could only mean one thing: I was in the ghoul's graveyard. I had only heard of the ghoul's graveyard in stories. I didn't think it was actually real. How wrong I was. I had lost all hope but that is when it happened.

Then suddenly, a huge graveyard emerged from the mist. The huge building stood tall in the ground. The cemetery had immense, grim walls, each one looking as dirty as the other. A huge door was in the middle of the building. I peered curiously, trying to sneak a peek at the dangers that were in the building. Suddenly, a cold set of fingers gripped my arm and whispered, "All hell shall break loose on anyone who dares to enter the 1000-year-old cemetery." I froze in fear, my body shivering in pure anxiety. A scream came from the cemetery; something had awakened...

TO BE CONTINUED...









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#### The Hidden World

#### Meghalini Sarkar (9 years)

#### **Chapter One**

You may think that there's no such thing as little people always surrounding us. Well, if that's what you believe, I see it differently. I'm going to tell you a story about three mini people who recently settled in my backyard.

This is how it all began.

It was a fine Saturday afternoon, and I was just strolling in my living room. Shortly after, I got tired, so I sat on our sofa. To my great surprise, I spotted three mini people playing on our elephant fountain.

Initially I couldn't believe my eyes. But gradually I gathered my thoughts and went over to them to find out who they were. At first, they were hesitant to answer. But when they got used to me, they said their names were Arriya, Arhion, and Rene. Rene was the mother of Arriya and Arhion.

I immediately ran to my mum and told her the whole story. Initially she was as surprised as I expected her to be. When we got back to our senses, we started conversing with them and offered some food. Then I took them to my room, and that's when Arhion told me that his dad had died in an unfortunate accident. Then he began to share...

#### **Chapter Two**

Navya Sen is an explorer whose passion is to visit unknown parts of the world. This is what she told her children:

"My children, I am going to visit a country no one has ever seen before."

Like she said, she flew to a country she was sure that had never been located on any map. In that country, she found mini people scurrying about. At first, the little people were flabbergasted to see a gigantic figure in their land.

Carefully, they began to understand she meant no harm. A family of little people slipped inside Navya's bag, thinking it was a play area. While they were sleeping, Navya had already travelled back to her house.

When they woke up, they found themselves in a whole new world.

#### **Chapter Three**

This is how Arriya and Arhion's family landed in the world of human beings. Eventually destiny had brought them in a park where colossal figures were thundering around. Suddenly an accident happened in front of their eyes taking their dad's life. The other three managed to escape the place and in due course had hidden in our house.

Every word Arhion spoke, filled the room with silence and a great deal of sorrow.

At night, I shared everything that I heard from Arihon to my parents. They both were heartbroken by listening to the unfortunate tale. We all then decided to make a mini cottage for them in our backyard, which would include a playground for them to be safe. In the end, our plan was a success, and we all lived happily ever after.

#### **The Mysterious Ocean**

#### Aashirya Mallik (Moho)-9 years

Once there was a consortium of octopuses playing about with their smooth, robust, and jelly tentacles. Their names were Phyllis, Gemma, Simba, and Whimmy. They were lively, conscientious, and mighty when they were jolly; when they were languid, they were cantankerous, lethargic, and eccentric. Their mum and dad, who were called Candy and Nemo, were supervising them gingerly so that no one got hurt.

One arid, cerulean morning, at the crack of dawn, the quad woke up when everyone was asleep. The whole ocean was in deafening silence, but still they crept out at 4AM. As they got breakfast, there were four little fish lurking about the stinky, verdant seaweed that smelt like rotten fish eggs with stinky socks. That made the shoal of fish faint for a fleeting moment, but eventually the octopuses guzzled them up.

They were swimming deep into the ominous ocean: playing tag, Gemma and Phyllis were dancing about like flamingoes, and Simba and Whimmy were singing operas. Then, suddenly, an enchanted door magically appeared from nowhere like an illusion.

The magical door was a disappearing unicorn, like a pompous water goddess. Whimmy, the most courageous of all, opened the door. The other three octopuses said, "Don't open the door!" Unfortunately, Whimmy opened the door and the consortium of octopuses fell. "URGH! URGH! URGH!" coughed Phyllis angrily.

They were beyond their territory. This place was whimsical. The whole ocean was tranquil. There were not that many inhabitants living there; instead, there were a myriad of little fish savoring. The ocean was anonymous, so the octopuses randomly called it "Mysterious." As they were swimming to the door, the magical door had vanished. Simba, Phyllis, Whimmy, and Gemma couldn't find the door. They requested help, but the little fishes couldn't help. They thought of negative things, but the only thing they could do was lament. They cried a river of tears, but there was no solution.

"Will they stay there like abandoned octopuses, or will they find the magical door to return to their territory?"





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Ayona Bhattacharya















(अरे (प्रांतृ)

ভারতবার্চর পরণাট সাধারণ মেए ছিল সে, খুর্বই সাধারণ ভারজ্ম তাদের। বাবা ছিলেন ভারতীয় দপ্তরের সাধারণ ভাফ্সার। বাবা, মা, ভাইরা, মার্সপুর্তা ভাই, দাদু, আর বাবণাদের সর্বলবার নিয় তাদের ছিল ভারী হাসি-খুল আর আনন্দময় সন্সার। বাবা ছিলেন ভারী আমুদে — ফিট্রেরর, খেলাপ্রলা আর আভ্জা অভিজ্য অভিজ্যতায় জলসতা ছিল না তাঁর । বাড়ির্রা তাই যেনা গমগম ব্যরতা সরসময় - বন্ধু-বান্ধর, পাড়া-প্রতিবেদী, আত্মীয়-স্বজনের ভারপুর । সে যেন ছিল ভারী মজা। দিন, সপ্তাহ, মার্সা, বছর যেন বেন্টে যেতি হুল বান্ধর যেন ভারন যেন ভারন বান্ধর বান্ধর বাত হুল বাহার বান্ধর বাত হুল বান্ধর ব

সেই জীবনটা তেন বেণখাত গারিতে (গল সেই মেতুটার। দেশ-পর মাটি, দেশর শৈশব, দেশর মানুষ্ঠবে ছুঁড় ফেলে, সাতি সমুদ্র, ভিরো নদরি পারে, সোনার দেশ আসার শ্বন্ধ দেশন সে। বিষর্থ বিষান বাধ্যয়, চলে পলা সে শ্বামীর দর করতে সোনার মাটির দেশ। অবাক খলা সেই মেতুটি সেই দেশের প্রাচ্চত্র দেশে সেই মাসটা বাধ্যয় ছিল আগল্প মাস। চারিটিকে প্রত গোলাপ সে দেখেনি কখনন্ত। ফুটফুটে বাদ্যারা — তাদ্বের পর্যাপ রঃ, সোনালি চুল, নাল চোখ, প্র তান শ্বন্ধ মাতা। তাদ্বের মাত্যের ও তান কর্ত রূপসীত আর প্রত্যা মনে প্রতা তাদ্বের কাছে সেই মেতুটার নিজ্যক। কর্মিক মানিঃ-প্র আমন্থিত খলে খুর উপসাহিত খ্যুত্র আগলা টিক সে আমার্ক্রত খলে বা তার সম্পর্কে বিছু জানতি চাইল না। তারা তাদ্বের কুলুর-বিড়ালের গল্পেই মশগুল খ্যুত্র রুল্লে। পাড়ার সকল ছেল-মেতুদের কিন্তু শাড়ি-পরা উই মেতুটির প্রতি খুব বৈণিত্যক। তারপর প্রক্র বিক্ সর্কাত্র বাক্তর ক্রের বিশ্ব-ভূমাত আগর কান্ত্র বিশ্বিক্র মেতুলি মিটাতেই সিত্তর রঙ-রূপ নিত্র বাক্তর বাছে বাজি বাক্তর কুলুর বাল-ভূমাত আল্রের কান্ত্র নাজিকে। নিজ্যের রঙ-রূপ নিত্র রঙ-রূপ নিত্র বাল্ড বালিক বিদ্বান্ত বিদ্বান্ত বালিক বিদ্বান্ত বালিক বালিক

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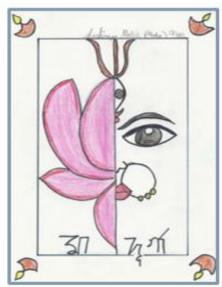
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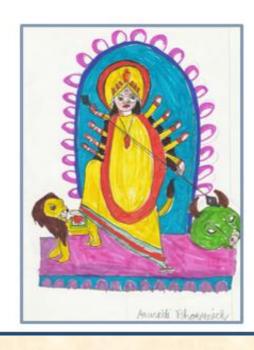
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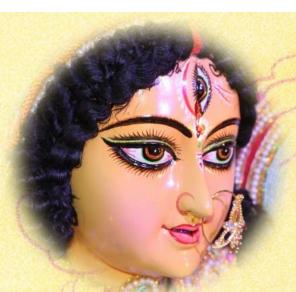


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Shashthi 28/09/25 - Sunday

Bodhon, Adhibas, Puja - 6pm to 8pm Prasad -9:15pmCultural Program - 8pm to 10pm

#### Saptami -29/09/25 - Monday

Morning

Puja - 11am to 1:30pm

Pushpanjali -1:00pm

Prasad & Bhog - 1:30pm to 3pm Evening

Puja & Arati

Pushpanjali

Prasad & Bhog Cultural Program -9:15pm- 8pm to 10pm

-7:15pm

- 6pm to 8pm

Ashtami -30/09/25 - Tuesday

Morning

Puja - 11am to 2pm

Pushpanjali -1:15pm

Prasad & Bhog - 1:30pm to 3pm - 1:16pm to 2:04PM

Sandhi Puja

Evening

Puja & Arati

Pushpanjali

Prasad & Bhog Cultural Program 7pm to 9pm

-8:30pm-9:15pm

- 9pm to 10pm

### Nabami -01/10/25 - Wednesday

Morning

Puja - 11am to 2pm

Pushpanjali -1:15pm

Prasad & Bhog - 1:30pm to 3pm

Kumari Puja — 2pm Evening

Puja & Arati

Pushpanjali

Prasad & Bhog

Boli & Dhunuchi Dance

- 6pm to 9pm

-8:30pm-9:15pm

— 9pm

#### Dashami -02/10/25 - Thursday

Morning

Bisarjan Puja, Boron. - 11am to 1:30pm

Sindur Khela

-1:15pm

Prasad & Bhog - 1:30pm to 3pm Evening

Dussehra Dhol Procession

- 6:30pm to 7pm

- 7PM to 10PM Bollywood Night live Music Bijoya & Dussehra Maha Bhoj - 9PM to 10PM

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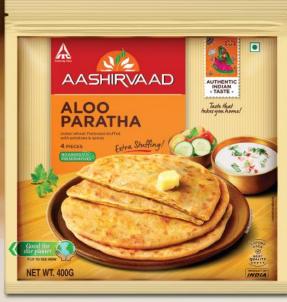






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