



THE BRIDGE

Annual Commemorative Souvenir of Old Boys Association, Sainik School Goalpara



27th Annual General Meeting
22 November 2025





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BRIDGE²⁰²⁵



Old Boys Association, Sainik School Goalpara
27th Annual General Meeting
22 November, 2025, Guwahati

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November, 2025

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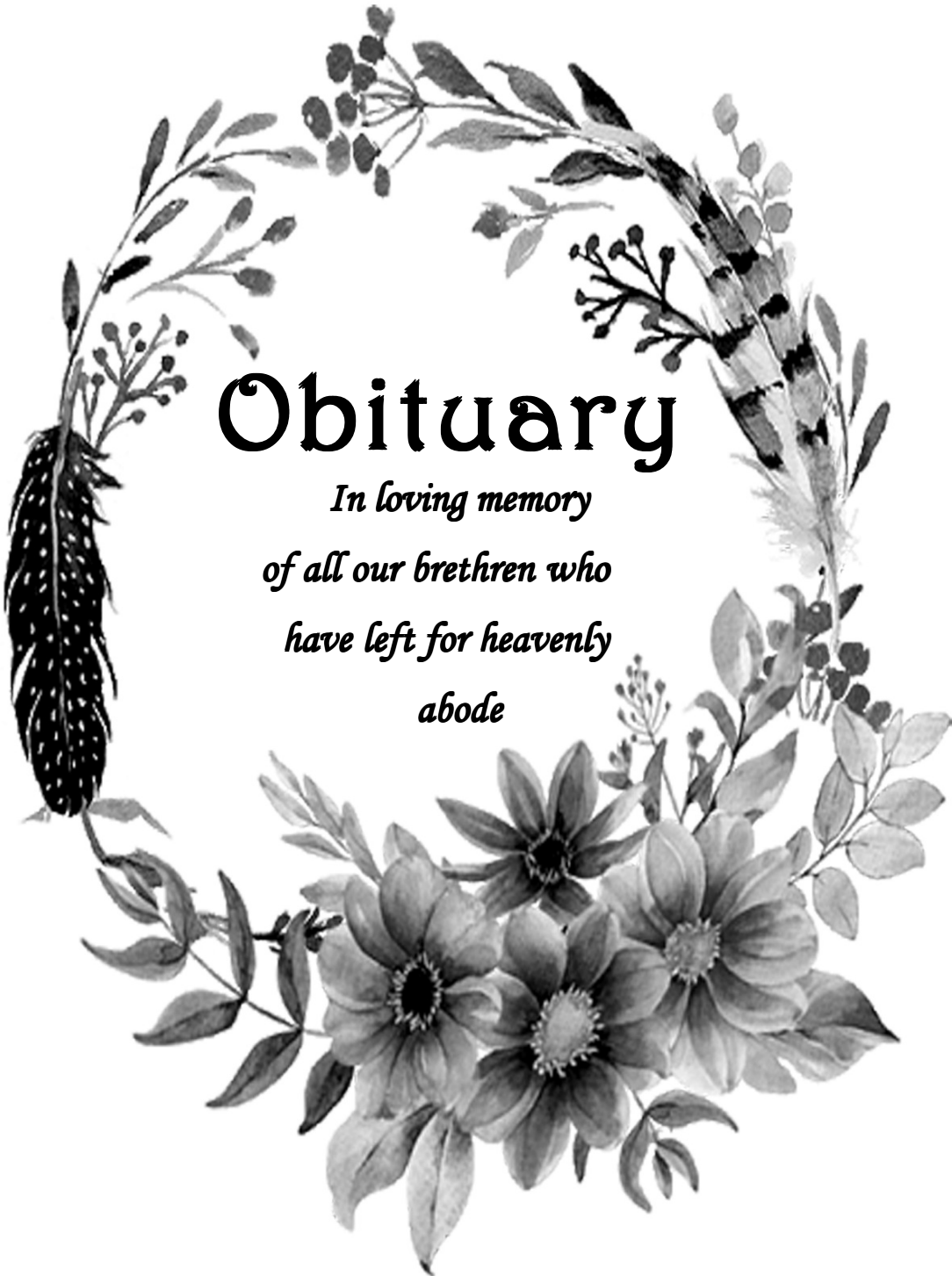
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Obituary

*In loving memory
of all our brethren who
have left for heavenly
abode*

স্কুল গীত

অমম অমম ত' তাই অমম
মাতৃ মোৰ চোনেই দেশ
মেউজী ধৰণী ৰূপেই স্তম্ভ
শস্য-শ্যামলা অমমীৰ বেষ।

বিজ্ঞৰ ধৰজা আকাশত উৰাই
উদয়গিৰিয়ে পোহৰ বিনাৰ
লাচিত চিনাৰাম বীৰ ডেকা দলৈ
হেঁদাং তুলি বগ জিকিব।

প্ৰাগজ্যোতিষৰ লুইতৰ পানীয়ে
লীলাচল দেৱীৰ পথানে চৰণ
মাতৃৰ পুত্ৰ পদ-জমে ঢালি
গ্লানি-পাপ কৰিলে মোচন।

এনেদো স্তম্ভ অমমীৰ ভাষা
শুনিলে পোনেয়া পৰাগ-শাঁত
জীৱনে মৰণে তমু চৰণত
নিজৰাও অমমীৰ ফুৰী মাত।

(অতুল চন্দ্ৰ ৰাজখোৱা)
প্ৰাক্তন ছাত্ৰ



मेजर जनरल ए के शर्मा, वीएसएम
जनरल अफसर कमांडिंग

Maj Gen A K Sharma, VSM
General Officer Commanding

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मुख्यालय
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पिन-९०८६५१
द्वारा ९९ सेना डाकघर
Headquarters
51 Sub Area
PIN 908651
c/o 99 APO



MESSAGE FROM CHAIRMAN

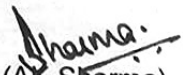
I extend my heartiest felicitations to all members of the Old Boys Association (OBA) of Sainik School Goalpara (SSG) on publication of the Souvenir "BRIDGE 2025".

It is heartening to note that the 27th Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys Association of Sainik School Goalpara is being conducted at Narangi Military Station on 22 Nov 2025. I am sure that the association will grow from strength to strength and continue to contribute to the growth of the School in all spheres and at the same time leaving their indelible mark on the society.

Wishing OBA the very best in all their endeavours.

Jai Hind

22 Nov 2025


(AK Sharma)
Maj Gen
Chairman

MESSAGE

कर्नल धीरज कुमार विश्वकर्मा
Col Dheeraj Kumar Vishwakarma
प्राचार्य / Principal
सैनिक स्कूल गोवालपारा (असम)
Sainik School Goalpara (Assam)



MESSAGE

It gives me immense pleasure to extend my heartfelt greetings to all members of the Old Boys' Association of Sainik School Goalpara (OBASSG) on the publication of "*The Bridge*" 2025-26.

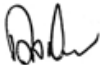
As Principal, I take great pride in our distinguished alumni who have brought honour to their alma mater through their achievements and service to the nation. The enduring bond between the School and its Old Boys remains a source of inspiration for our cadets and staff.

"*The Bridge*" stands as a testament to this lasting connection, fostering unity and pride among SSGian across generations. I deeply appreciate the OBASSG Executive Committee for their continued support and active involvement in School initiatives.

My best wishes to OBASSG for the successful publication of "*The Bridge*" and for all their future endeavours.

Jai Hind




धीरज कुमार विश्वकर्मा /
Dheeraj Kumar Vishwakarma
कर्नल / Col
प्राचार्य / Principal

Editorial

Look at us, brothers! As we gather for the 27th Annual General Meeting of the Old Boys' Association, a feeling comes over us that's hard to put into words—it's a mix of pride, deep friendship, and that silly, slightly nervous excitement we used to get before the Annual Day Function. This edition of *Bridge* is our collective memory keeper, celebrating not just this year's milestones, but the enduring spirit of Sainik School Goalpara.

Think back to those days. We arrived as small, maybe a bit scared, boys—our trunks probably stuffed with more hope than well-folded laundry. Who can forget the initial shock of the *regime*? Waking up before the sun, the drill sessions where our left foot never seemed to know what the right foot was doing, and that perpetual hunt for the perfect crease in our uniform. And the food in the Mess! Ah, the Mess. We complained about it every day, yet we'd fight tooth and nail for that one piece of chappati when the Teacher is absent. It was a tough love from the school, wasn't it? It hammered us into shape, sometimes literally!

But that rigorous environment, sprinkled generously with the purest form of *yaar-dosti*, is what truly set us up. That cadet who used to sneak out for a *ghuguni* and *singara*? He's now running his own successful company, negotiating million-dollar deals with the same street smarts he developed managing his house cupboard. That boy who struggled with spoken English? He's now a decorated officer, leading from the front. Sainik School Goalpara gave us the grit, the *josh*, and the core values to step out and become not just successful professionals, but genuine leaders in every field—from the armed forces to the corporate world, from medicine to public service.

This Association is our Bridge back to the beginning, the essential link that ensures we stay connected, no matter how far our careers have taken us. It's the opportunity to meet, usually just once a year at this AGM, and instantly feel like we are 15 again, sharing an old joke or a memory of a particularly strict teacher. It's here that the stress of our big jobs melts away, and we are simply brothers, bound by the uniform we once wore.

We have poured our hearts into curating this magazine. Every page, every photograph, every story in this edition of *Bridge* has been chosen to help you relive every minute of that unforgettable journey. We truly hope it brings a smile to your face, a little misty-eyed moment, and reminds you of the deep, unbreakable bond we share.

Here's to another fantastic AGM, and to the eternal spirit of our beloved school!

Jai Hind!

Anowar H Saikia & Team
(The Editorial Board)

FROM THE EDITORIAL TEAM

Dear Brothers,

Greetings from the editorial team of BRIDGE 2020! The past year has been far from normal for all of us as was across the world. The Covid-19 pandemic has caused immense damage to lives, families, jobs and economies and almost no one has remained unscarred.

The effect of the virus has been felt by OBASSG as well. Most of the routine programmes and plans of the association had to be shelved or postponed due to the restrictions imposed on movement and gatherings. It affected the normal schedule of our annual general meeting (AGM) and also delayed in bringing out the next issue of BRIDGE.

The disease played its role in keeping people apart but thanks to the Internet and wonders of modern technology most of us still managed to keep in touch, work and carry on with our lives, albeit in completely different ways than we were used to earlier.

The bridge between us is as strong as ever, if not stronger. The lockdown enforced due to Covid-19 also gave an outlet for many of us to indulge in pursuits which had taken a backseat or learn some new things. People took to cooking, writing, creating music and much more.

One of us even started a volleyball league, the Brahmaputra Volleyball League (BVL), during the lockdown. A unique effort of its kind probably in the country, the league took volleyball to kids in rural areas across Assam, managed to give them good training, gather sponsors and conduct a very successful event. The silent revolution of sorts could change the face of volleyball in Assam. The league got lot of good coverage in regional and national media platforms.

Abhijit Bhattacharya (2687), former India volleyball captain and the man behind the mission, has written about the idea behind the league, the effort and the execution in his own words in this edition of BRIDGE. We are sure all of us will be proud and inspired to read that story.

Due to the present circumstances, the present edition of BRIDGE is a shorter version of previous ones. But we have tried to fill it with informative, interesting and thoughtful pieces. Hope you will all enjoy going through each of them.

The editorial team wishes to convey our special regards to all contributors and those involved in bringing out this edition.

For the record, we have decided to name this edition as BRIDGE 2020 since this was supposed to have been brought out last year. We expect to come out with the next edition in November this year if the AGM is held in its usual schedule and that edition can be called BRIDGE 2021.

Let's resolve to strengthen the bridge between us.

Happy reading. Cheers.

A. H. Saikia
438/Lohit

A. Prasad
2256/Udaygiri

A. Bhuyan
8/Lohit

S. Sarma
2858/Lohit

From the Desk of Working President:

I take this opportunity to extend my warm greetings and gratitude to all our members and their families on the occasion of the Annual General Meeting and Nostalgia, the family get-together event of Old Boys Association Sainik School Goalpara (OBASSG). It is indeed an absolute honour and great pleasure for us that GoC of 51 Sub Area, Maj. Gen. A K Sharma, VSM, has agreed to grace the occasion as Chief Guest and Col. Dheeraj Kr. Bishwakarma, Principal of our Alma Mater as Guest of Honour.



As working president of OBASSG for last two years and as President i/c for almost last 6 months, I have a mixed feeling on the performance of the Team EC, OBASSG. On the one hand, I am quite satisfied that the team has been able to pull off the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations of our Alma Mater along with support from the SSG authorities. During the last one year, we could achieve some of the goals we had set for ourselves and missed quite a few of them. For the success of the activities and events, I would credit the entire team OBASSG for their dedicated and sustained efforts. For all the failures and drawbacks, I personally would like to own the responsibility as somewhere I could not deliver as a leader of the team. My sincere apologies.

As far as OBASSG is concerned, it indeed has become a kind of brand in the social circle and is being recognised by a large section of the society for the activities it has been undertaking. I am sure, the General Secretaries report would capture some of them! However, I admit that we still have to strive for so much more. Specially, regarding the acquisition of land, having a permanent office, raising a corpus which can sustain the cost of our major activities even without much support of sponsors, etc.

It may also be noted that Guwahati being the hub of the OBASSG, we must be able to lead other units and chapters by example and also be able to provide some kind of supports. I feel, we have a long way to go in this regard. Hereby, I extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the members of those units and chapters for keeping the OBASSG flag flying despite all the drawbacks of the central committee.

I am sure that, the new executive committee to be elected today and which will be at the helm of the association for the next two years, will be able to make a headway with respect to the outstanding issues of the Association. My best wishes to the incumbent team with an assurance that the team that I lead will be at their support in all such activities, as and when it is required.

Few issues which I feel need to be addressed, as far as OBASSG is concerned, are:

- Increasing memberships, specially from younger batches
- Inclusiveness (families)
- Lack of volunteers / foot soldiers

Without addressing the above issues, I feel, OBASSG might not be able to achieve its full potential. Therefore, I appeal to all of us to kindly get actively associated with various activities of the association.

I take this opportunity to convey my heartfelt thanks and gratitude to all such OBAs (both registered OBAs and unregistered OBAs) who are contributing silently for the betterment of the Alma Mater.

Also, last but not the least, I would once again like to thank all of you for giving me the opportunity to serve the association for the last two years. I am very hopeful and optimistic that the incumbent Executive Committee will be able to achieve far more and make the association's flag fly higher and higher.

Thanking you

Jagadish Nath
2030/Chilarai

REPORT OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY OBASSG

REPORT OF THE GENERAL SECRETARY



Very good morning to one and all present today. Honorable President of today's meeting, Dr. Jagadish Nath Da, Chief Guest of today's meeting, Maj Gen A. K. Sharma, VSM, GOC 51 Sub Area, Guest of Honor Col. Dheeraj Kumar Vishwakarma, Principal SSG, esteemed Life Members, respected members and guests — I extend my heartiest welcome to you all to the 27th AGM of OBASSG. I hope that we shall all have a very fruitful and fulfilling day.

At the outset, let me offer my sincere thanks and gratitude to the august house that assembled at Narengi Officers' Institute (NOI), Narengi Cantonment, Guwahati two years back and placed its faith in us, the EC team, to carry forward the mantle of OBASSG till 2025. Today marks the last day of our team's tenure. I hope this report will, to some extent, justify the faith you reposed in us.

The year 2024 was a momentous one for all of us, as we celebrated the DIAMOND JUBILEE of our alma mater. Last year, all calendar events of OBASSG were dedicated to the Diamond Jubilee celebrations. The 12th of November, 2024 was a day to be cherished for the rest of our lives as we witnessed a grand celebration at Sainik School Goalpara on the eve of the School Raising Day, marking 60 glorious years of the institution. I would like to record some of the highlights below:

The day began with the welcome of all OBA members and their families, along with other invitees from the school. His Excellency Sri Laxman Prasad Acharya, Governor of Assam, graced the event as Chief Guest. Two of our alumni — Lt Gen (Retd.) Rana Pratap Kalita and Brig. Ajit Borah, Group Commander, NCC Group HQ Guwahati — graced the dais as Guests of Honor. Nearly six hundred Old Boys, along with their families, attended the celebrations.

OBA members who registered for the Diamond Jubilee donated a Memorial for departed souls associated with SSG, which was inaugurated by His Excellency, the Governor of Assam.

OBA also organised lunch for around 3,000 people, including cadets, staff, guests and OBA members with their families.

In the evening, a cultural programme was organised by the school authority in association with OBA. Kalpana Patowary, a renowned Bhojpuri singer, performed during the event, followed by an impressive performance by a western band named SKD, sponsored by OBA.

The grand celebration concluded with a delightful dinner arranged by the School Authority.

With great pride, I would like to inform you that we spent approximately ₹ 40 lakhs from OBA for the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of our alma mater.

This year, we could not conduct as many activities as we did last year. I would now like to draw your attention to the activities we were able to carry out:

Blood Donation Camps — This year too, we conducted blood donation camps at four locations across Assam, donating a total of 51 units of blood, which is slightly lower than last year. Personally, I feel this dip was due to lower participation from the younger members of OBA. At B. Borooah Cancer Institute, Guwahati, we donated 23 units — marking our 17th consecutive year. On 18th November, 2025, we were felicitated on their Foundation Day, graced by His Excellency, the Governor of Assam. Camps were also held at Biswanath Chariali, Nagaon and Goalpara. This year's blood donation initiative was sponsored by BDS (Barman Diabetes Specialty).

Life Members' Meet — The Life Members' Meet was held on 26th October, 2025 at Chinmaya Mission premises, Six Mile, Guwahati. Around 35 Life Members attended. Two new Life Members were added this year:

(i) Sri Gautam Sarma (LM No. 157)

(ii) Prasant Kr. Patar (LM No. 158)

Special thanks to Jahangir Alam Sikdar (Roll No. 733), who sponsored the lunch by donating ₹ 10,000/-. Members participated actively and shared several suggestions for discussion at the AGM, which will be taken up in today's open house session.

Visit to the School on 12th November 2025 — School Raising Day — On the invitation of the Principal, SSG, about 40 OBA members along with their families visited the school on 12th November, 2025 to celebrate the School Raising Day. A warm welcome was extended by the school authorities. The Chief Guest for the day was our own OBA member, Mr. Loken Das, CGM, NABARD, Assam. Members spent the entire day participating in various events, reliving their memories. As every year, OBA presented awards to cadets in selected categories, instituted by OBA members in memory of their loved ones. The awards are as follows:

• **SSG Entrance Topper (Assamese Medium)** — instituted by Loken Das (Roll No. 1704) in memory of his father Late Nagendra Chandra Das.

Recipients:

2024 – Rahul Hauque Pramanik (Roll No. 7131)

2025 – Darshan Kashyap Borah (Roll No. 7252)

Award: ₹ 10,000/-

• **Best Athlete (Boys)** — instituted by Porag Saikia (Roll No. 2562) in memory of his brother Late Pronob Jyoti Saikia (Roll No. 2552).

Recipients:

2024 – T. Lobsang

2025 – N. Waikhom

Award: ₹ 5,000/-

• **Best Athlete (Girls)** — instituted by Sidhartha Shankar Boruah (Roll No. 1532) in memory of his father Late Padma Prasad Boruah. Started this year.

Recipient:

2025 – Kh. Deepika Singh (Roll No. 6659)

Award: ₹ 5,000/-

• **Highest Marks in PCB (Class XII)** — instituted by the 29th Batch in memory of their batchmate Late Mridul Kalita (Roll No. 3252).

Recipients:

2024 – Supriya Dev Choudhury (Roll No. 6175)

2025 – Rajesh Mandaol (Roll No. 6657)

Award: ₹ 3,000/-

Last year also witnessed the loss of some of our brothers. We have already observed a minute's silence in their memory. I once again pray for eternal peace of the departed souls. I would be failing in my duty if I did not mention Late Pallav Lal Choudhury, who played a vital role in shaping OBA to its present stature. OBA will always remember his contributions.

On 25th November, 2023, this august house entrusted me with the mandate to lead the association. Despite our individual professional commitments, I tried my best to uphold the faith you placed in me. It is for you to judge how far I have succeeded. I express my sincere gratitude to our honorable President Sri Sachindra Das Da, Working President Dr. Jagadish Nath Da, and the Advisors to the EC — our super seniors Sri Nripendra Choudhury Da, Sri Subhash Das Da and Sri Debananda Gohain Da. I also express heartfelt gratitude to all esteemed Life Members and members who contributed in various ways. Last but not least, on behalf of OBASSG, I thank our valued sponsors for their generous support in cash or kind.

Finally, I wish to thank, from the bottom of my heart, the members of our association whose cooperation made it possible to execute and organize all events and activities of OBASSG over the last two years.

LONG LIVE OBASSG

JAI HIND

Mridul Kr. Deka, 3139, Udaygiri
General Secretary, OBASSG

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF OBASSG FOR THE TERM 2023-2025

elected in the 25th AGM held at Narengi, Guwahati on 25 November 2023

DESIGNATION	NAME	ROLL NO.	HOUSE	PHONE NO.
President	Sachindra Das	160	Udaygiri	9678010741
Working President	Banjul Borthakur	867	Lachit	9403687385
	Jagadish Nath	2030	Chilarai	8638372212
Vice President	Anil Kr. Sarma	439	Lohit	9435102064
	Sailesh Sarmah	2585	Lohit	9435035142
General Secretary	Mridul Kr. Deka	3139	Udaygiri	7002551820
Treasurer	Manash Gogoi	2750	Udaygiri	8473906039
Legal Co-ordinator	Masidur Islam	1439	Udaygiri	8474023286
Joint Secretary	Kishori Mohan Medhi	2174	Chilarai	9101370797
	Hiranya Kr. Kalita	2774	Lohit	9864064881
	Ranjan K. Baruah	2981	Lohit	8473943734
	Bharadwaj Gogoi	3165	Udaygiri	8876532729
	Gautom Rajkhowa	3460	Chilarai	9435056506
Executive Member	Anil Bharali	647	Udaygiri	9433006095
	Dhanjit Kr. Das	1784	Aniruddha	9864069314
	Manash Borthakur	2211	Chilarai	7086681413
	Anand Kr. Pandey	2216	Lohit	9911511118
	Biman G Sonowal	2350	Chilarai	9101073170
	Porag Jyoti Saikia	2562	Lohit	7002027225
	Mohammad Ali	3101	Lohit	7002727852
	Tonmoy Buragohain	3152	Udaygiri	7896501234
	Bhaskar Barman	4578	Chilarai	7002179825
	Dhiraj Narayan Yadav	5603	Lohit	8136043934
Co opted“	Girija kanta Barman	1438	Lohit	9435046336
	Sidhartha Shankar Baruah	1532		9435308186
	Abhigyan Prasad	2256		8638748251
	Diju Bharali	2454		8638091495
	Jyotirmoi Sarma	3299		9854003299
Advisor	Nipen Choudhary	1	Lohit	8473067365
	Subhas Das	259		9954944044
	Debanand Gohain	17		9435130344

Contents

English Section :

Page Nos.

Tribute to a friend	Group Captain Debananda Gohain (Retd)	17
Zubeen Garg-A multi-faceted genius	Utpal Par ashar	18
A Tribute to Zubeen Garg	Runjun Gogoi	21
MiG-21:	Group Captain Deb Gohain (Retd)	22
My take on OBASSG	Dr. Jagadish Nath	24
Overcoming Barriers:	Kishore Talukdar	25
SATISFACTION IN LIFE	Cdt. Lakshyajay Kalita	26
A Journey that is different (My experiences)	Devajeet Kalita	28
God of Small Things	Dipti Thapa	33
STRAY THOUGHTS/ RANDOM THOUGHT	Brigadier Ranjit Borthakur (Retd)	35
Cradle for acquiring skills	Ranjan K Baruah	37
A limited personal experience of medical treatment in the USA	Sachindra Das	39
Batch Unity Vs. The Courage of Conviction	Dr Sailesh Sarmah	42
Void	Ananya Barman	44
Salutations	Loken Das	44
Waste to Wealth	Cdt. ReshteenaMaheen Zaman	45
ASSAM IS A DRY STATE	Col. Jagadish Chandra Kakati	46
God and Us	Dr Pinaki Chakravarty	46

অসমীয়া সংকলন :

সৈনিক স্কুলৰ জীৱন - ৰোমছন :	সৌৰভ বৰগোহাঁহ	53
আকাশৰ ৰং ভালপোৱা	গীতালি মহন্ত	58
দ্য ৰি ইউনিয়ন	অংগৰাগ ভূঞা	68
সৈনিক স্কুল আৰু মোৰ অনুভৱ	কৰবী দত্ত	72
এখনি ৰাঢ় বাস্তৱৰ ছবি	কিৰণ পাটোৱাৰী	75
কিয় ?	অংগৰাগ ভূঞা	76



English Section



Tribute to a friend



A Life of Valor and Vision: Remembering Wing Commander Manoj Kr Borah

Wing Commander Manoj Kr Borah, a proud alumnus of the first batch of Sainik School Goalpara, lived a life that embodied courage, service, and an unwavering commitment to nation-building. From the very start, Manoj stood out-not just for his discipline and intellect, but for the quiet determination that would define his journey.

He joined the National Defence Academy as part of the 44th Course, choosing the skies as his calling. Commissioned into the fighter stream of the Indian Air Force on 15 February 1975, Manoj began his flying career on the formidable MiG-21. His skill and leadership soon earned him the role of Flight Commander in a premier squadron in the Western Sector. Selected for the elite Fighter Combat Leader course at TACDE-India's answer to the famed Topgun-he mastered the art of aerial combat, logging over 2,500 hours in various MiG-21 variants.

When health concerns nudged him away from fighter jets, Manoj transitioned to helicopters, flying Chetaks and Cheetahs with equal finesse. After more than 1,000 hours in rotary-wing aircraft, he chose to retire prematurely from the IAF in January 1997. But retirement was merely a new beginning.

Driven by a deep sense of purpose, Manoj

Group Captain Debananda Gohain (Retd)

Roll No. 17

turned his focus to education. In 2000, he founded the RJ Group of Educational Institutions, offering residential graduation programs for boys and girls. His vision was clear: to empower the youth of the Northeast with quality education. Under his stewardship, the institution flourished, drawing students from across the region.

Manoj's patriotism extended beyond the classroom. As President of the Assam Chapter of the Forum of Awareness for National Security, he championed civic responsibility and national awareness. He also led the Air Force Association's North East Zone, tirelessly supporting fellow veterans. His love for Sainik School Goalpara, remained undiminished. Saddened by declining NDA entrance results, he personally tutored local aspiring cadets, nurturing the next generation of defenders.

He served as President of the Old Boys Association fostering camaraderie and pride among alumni. Even in his later years, Manoj envisioned a school for underprivileged children near Guwahati-a dream he pursued until health challenges forced him to step back.

The sudden loss of his beloved wife in March 2024 dealt a heavy blow. His health deteriorated rapidly, and on 5 September 2024, Wing Commander Manoj Kr Bora passed away, leaving behind a legacy etched in service, compassion, and excellence.

He is survived by his daughters, Rajshree and Jayshree, who carry forward his spirit. To those who knew him, Manoj was more than a decorated officer-he was a mentor, a visionary, and a friend.

May his soul find eternal peace, and may his life continue to inspire generations to come. Om Shanti !!

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Zubeen Garg-A multi-faceted genius

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Friday, the 19th of September, 2025 started as any other day for most Asomiyas, both residing in Assam and those who are outside the state. But by 3 pm, it changed, and changed immensely. As news filtered in through TV news channels, social media platforms, calls and messages about the sudden death of cultural icon Zubeen Garg in Singapore while swimming in the sea, disbelief and shock replaced our routines.

More than a month after that fateful day, millions across Assam and away are yet to recover from their collective grief and questions, anger and demands of #JusticeForZubeen have taken charge as dual investigations in the state and Singapore try to unravel the cause and circumstances leading to the passing away of the musician-turned singer, poet, composer, filmmaker and actor extraordinaire.

Over the past weeks, millions have seen, heard or read multitude of interviews given over a span of three decades by Zubeen himself, his family members and those associated with him in some way or another, anecdotes and articles posted on social media and news platforms about the diverse aspects of the 52-year-old and found that he was much more than just a cultural luminary.

These have given Zubeen a stature much taller than what he himself or many others would have gauzed prior to September 19. Here's an attempt to peek at the multi-faceted aspects of Zubeen's personality that sets him apart from his contemporaries in Assam or anywhere else and makes him stand out bright.

Cultural Czar

Ever since he burst into Assam's cultural landscape in 1992 with the launch of his debut album 'Anamika', Zubeen has been the undisputed king of the state's music industry. Over a period of more than three decades, he has recorded 38,000 plus songs in around 40 languages. That's around 8-10 songs daily on an average for 30 plus years. He is stated to have recorded 28 songs in a day-the highest for him.

But beyond these amazing numbers what connects Zubeen to an 80-year-old or an 8-year-old alike are the lyrics of most of his songs, the pulsating music (when needed) and how everyone feels they have a song of him to resonate with their mood of the moment, be it love, friendship, pain, loss, death, devotion, Bihu or other forms of folk. Zubeen's skill at picking up nuances of the many languages he sung in has also been recalled by fellow singers and musicians who say that he could pick up words from any new language with ease and record songs with perfect pronunciation be it in Hindi, Bengali, Tamil, Marathi, Bodo, Mishing, Nyishi or Galo.

It is said that he himself wrote nearly 6,000-7,000 of the songs that he sung. That's a mind-boggling number. If one puts around 100 of those songs and print them as a book, there would be



around 60-70 books just of songs/poems written by him. Many credit him with reviving not just Assamese literature, but the music industry as well which was going through a rough patch in the late 80s and early 90s with the youths who have seen agitations and insurgency feeling slightly disconnected with the cultural luminaries of the past or those who were on a downward slide in the journeys.

Zubeen is also credited with revitalizing the Assamese movie industry with his films like Mission China and Kanchanjunga where he played the lead roles. Those movies showcased viewers Zubeen's acting and marketing skills where detailed promotion campaigns and release led to movie goers returning to the theatres in thousands and Zubeen's movies making record breaking profits unseen before. These movies also created a space for good movies with tight storylines and skilled photography and editing of other actors which were also able to earn in crores.

Rebel without a pause

Despite being a student of science and not completing his graduation studies after his music career took off when he was just 19, Zubeen was an extremely well-read persons on diverse issues ranging from world history, aspects of cultures of different communities both within Assam and outside, politics, trade, travel, food, sports and fashion.

This knowledge gave him the power to be loud and outspoken about issues that he associated with, be it raising voice against social ills, caste differences, politics or environment. While several of his fellow singers and actors toed the official line or preferred to remain silent, he was one of the loudest voices in the protests against the Citizenship Amendment Act in December 2019 which resulted in five deaths and significant loss to property in Guwahati and other parts of the state.

It is this rebellious streak which made him leave Mumbai (where he spent 15 years and at a time when he was getting recognition and work in Hindi movies) and return to Assam. He has said in many interviews it was attitude of music composers and producers in Mumbai and the hassles of living in a city of concrete and rush that made him return and rule over the hearts of millions who adored and worshipped him.

He called himself a socialist-leftist and never thought twice about giving a mouthful to a politician, a political party or organisation who he felt was wrong. Such was his stature that many stalwarts of Assam politics and even the dreaded ULFA failed to harm him for fear of earning the wrath of millions of his devoted fans.

Benevolent Benefactor

The overwhelming success and fame which came his way right from the start of his music career never went to Zubeen's head. Even when he was in Mumbai, his apartment was the go-to place for many musicians who travelled to the city of dreams to pursue their goals. Despite being a fellow musician, he was never bothered about competition and opened his home and heart to whoever reached out to him. Many established singers and musicians have recollected how Zubeen helped them build their nascent careers with selfless care.

Zubeen was also very down to earth and never lost touch with his roots and its people. It was common to find him sipping tea or eating luchi-tarkari at roadside stalls across the state where he interacted with commoners from all walks of life. Many have recollected how he helped build up their small businesses with generous amounts. Though they didn't have children of their



own, Zubeen along with his wife Garrima are known to have adopted at least 15 children and ensured their proper upbringing.

Zubeen earned fairly well from his music albums, shows, movies and endorsements and loved to live a flashy life. But he was never concerned about accumulating wealth. Instead, he was more concerned about how he could help others with his earnings. He himself has admitted that he would provide monetary help to around 15-20 people daily who would show up at his door with requests to fund their medical exigencies, education or to start small businesses.

It was during the Covid pandemic when Zubeen announced that his house at Kharguliin Guwahati was open for all to be used as a convalescing centre for those infected. At a time when there was a lockdown and people were having a tough time managing their daily needs, Zubeen and his team fed around 700-800 persons daily outside the Gauhati Medical College Hospital (GMCH). He did that with his own earnings and never sought help from anyone to carry on the good work for many weeks.

Green Warrior

Zubeen loved trees, nature, animals and birds. For him it was something deeply personal and not something which was done to earn money or fame. Be it the cause of planting trees or oppose their uprooting like at Dighalipukhuri in Guwahati to make way for a flyover, he would be at the forefront and ensure that the voices of those protesting or working for these causes get amplified.

Zubeen's passing has shown how the multiple aspects of his persona made him a family member of almost all Assamese, the proof of it seen when millions turned out to pay him respects and how the movement seeking answers for his untimely death under mysterious circumstances hasn't ebbed for weeks.

He may have moved on, but he will stay with us forever. And it would be impossible for anyone to match him or the life that he lived.

NOTE: Information provided in this piece have been sourced from the writer's work as a journalist and from recollections of Zubeen's family members, friends and acquaintances, which are publicly available in various platforms. There could be some errors in the numbers mentioned. They are unintentional.

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A Tribute to Zubeen Garg (1972 – ∞)

Runjun Gogoi

Roll No. 2049/ Chilarai

Zubeen Garg –The “Heartthrob of Assam” is popular for his musical journey. He was so gifted that he took only few minutes to record a song. In a professional career of nearly 33 years he recorded over 40000 songs in 40 different languages. He has the record of recording 36 songs in one night. He was a Singer, Musician, Lyricist, Actor and Director who also could play around 14 musical instruments.

His heart was always with the common needy people. He used to donate money to needy people whoever came to his place asking for help. He was a green revolution activist who was always against the cutting of trees. He could not make any property in his life. His personal dream home is still half built in Guwahati.

His presence was felt in Bollywood with songs like Ya Ali (Gangster), Dil Tu Hi Bata (Krrish-3) etc. But he left Mumbai and came back to Guwahati to give life to Assamese Commercial Movies, which he did and became successful.

I personally met him few times. He was so joyful in nature and he wouldn't let you feel uncomfortable if you start asking him any questions. I met him for the very first time for a program organized by The Telegraph in 2008. That program also included another jewel of Assamese Music, flutist Late Dipak Sarma. For a program I along with two of my ex colleagues were in a Car and moving around Guwahati from evening to late night as he was a member of the Judge Panel. Whole journeys or moments spend with him that day will be cherished most, as that was the first time I met Zubeen. He was discussing his interest in Cars and Bikes and many upcoming music albums. My first question ever to him directly was, অ' জুবিন দা, ৰুমালখন কেতিয়া ওলাব, He answered in a Humorous way, XXXX ৰহ অ', ৰুমালখন গৈ তিৰপাল হৈছে।

We had a common friend in Guwahati, where he used to visit and in the same place I too met him several times. I had the pleasure of visiting his old home in Kharguli where it is very tough to know, actually how many members used to reside in that house. You will find people and people whole day and night.

Our School song in his voice is the gift to SSG from ZG. Myself along with Diganta Gogoi da and Dhruba Chetia da had gone to invite him to perform in our during the Golden Jubilee. The way he accepted our request to perform in School campus for the GJ-2014 celebration is an evidence of his love towards Assam.

জুবিন দা, আমাৰ সোণালী জয়ন্তীত আহিবই লাগিব কিন্তু, আপোনাৰ বেলেগ কিবা প্ৰগ্ৰেম আছে কাৰণে নোৱাৰিব বুলি কৈছে।

ঐ , কি প্ৰগ্ৰেম আছে এইটো তাৰিখত ?.....

সৈনিক স্কলখন আমাৰ অসমৰ হয়-কলকাতাৰ প্ৰগ্ৰেমতো cancel কৰ, নহ'লে postpone কৰিব দে, মই এইটো প্ৰগ্ৰেম কৰিমই।

His funeral Procession with around 15 lakh people was declared by Limca Book of Records as the fourth-largest funeral procession globally. The procession included old age people to Kids which included special individuals too.

Legends Never Die. He will live in our stories, his wonderful creations will always be cherished. So, this symbol ∞ is for Zubeen Garg. বেলেগত 3G, 4G, 5G চলে, অসমত ZG চলে।

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MiG-21: The Final Salute to India's Supersonic Icon

Group Captain Deb Gohain (Retd)

November 2025

On September 26, 2025, the Indian Air Force (IAF) bid farewell to the MiG-21, closing a 62-year chapter in India's aviation history. The ceremony at Chandigarh Air Force Station marked more than the retirement of an aircraft—it was a poignant moment of reflection for generations of fighter pilots who had taken to the skies in this legendary jet.

A Machine That Forged Aviators

For thousands of pilots, the MiG-21 was more than an aircraft—it was a crucible of skill and courage. Its unforgiving nature demanded precision and rewarded mastery. Veterans recall the thrill of breaking the sound barrier, the roar of its engine, and the adrenaline of combat missions.



"It was a pilot's aircraft. Demanding, yes—but it taught you everything," said a veteran who flew the MiG-21 for more than 4000 hours.

The farewell ceremony featured a water cannon salute for the final sortie, flown by No. 23 Squadron. Families of fallen pilots, veterans, and dignitaries gathered to honour the aircraft that had shaped their lives.

A Timeline of Supersonic Legacy

- 1963: India inducts the MiG-21, becoming the first non-Soviet country to operate this supersonic jet.
- 1971: MiG-21s play a decisive role in the Indo-Pak war, scoring multiple aerial victories and establishing air superiority.
- 1980s-1990s: The aircraft undergoes upgrades (MiG-21bis, MiG-21 Bison), extending its operational life and adapting to modern combat needs.
- 2000s: Despite its age, the MiG-21 continues frontline service, often as a training platform for young pilots.
- 2022-2025: Gradual phasing out begins, with squadrons decommissioned in stages.
- September 26, 2025: Final sortie flown by No. 23 Squadron "Panthers," marking the official retirement.



A Machine That Made Men

For thousands of IAF pilots, the MiG-21 was more than metal and thrust-it was a rite of passage. Young cadets took to the skies in this unforgiving jet, learning discipline, precision, and courage. Veterans recall the thrill of breaking the sound barrier, the roar of its engine, and the sheer adrenaline of combat missions.

While public discourse often tried to focus on some negative side of this fighter like MiG-21's accident record, many in the IAF emphasize the need for a more nuanced understanding. Operational realities-such as lack of a proper trainer aircraft, high pilot turnover, and evolving mission profiles-played a significant role in incidents over the years.

- The MiG-21's combat record remains exemplary, with confirmed aerial victories and successful missions across decades.
- Pilots and engineers consistently praised its agility, reliability, and cost-effectiveness.
- The aircraft's longevity is a testament to its engineering and adaptability, not a flaw.
- The MiG-21's combat record remains stellar, with confirmed kills and successful missions across decades.
- Pilots and engineers often defended the aircraft, citing its robustness, agility, and cost-effectiveness.

Closing Tribute

The Indian Air Force's record of operating nearly 850 MiG-21 aircraft across 4.5 generations is unmatched and may never be equalled by any air force in the world. Yet, as aviation technology advanced and newer platforms took to the skies, the MiG-21-once the cutting edge of supersonic flight-began to face the inevitability of obsolescence. Recognizing this, the IAF made the difficult but dignified decision to bid farewell to a machine that had captured the hearts of thousands of its fighter pilots, both young and old. On 26 September 2025, the final MiG-21 took to the air, with none other than the Chief of the Air Staff, Air Chief Marshal A.P. Singh, in the cockpit-an emotional and symbolic gesture marking the end of an era. Former Air Chief Marshal A.Y. Tipnis once referred to the MiG-21 as "My Fair Lady" in an aviation journal-an affectionate tribute that continues to echo in the hearts of generations of pilots and technicians whose lives were touched by this iconic aircraft.

The MiG-21's departure marks the end of an era. For every pilot who strapped in, every technician who kept it flying, and every citizen who looked up in awe, the aircraft remains a symbol of grit, speed, and national pride.

"The MiG-21 may no longer roar in our skies, but it echoes forever in the hearts of those who flew it."

About the Author

Group Captain Deb Gohain (Retd) is an alumnus of Sainik School Goalpara and a proud member of the 41st NDA course. Commissioned into the fighter stream of the Indian Air Force in 1973, he logged nearly 2,000 flying hours on the MiG-21 and commanded a MiG-21 squadron from 1992 to 1995. After retiring from active service, he pursued his lifelong passion for painting and is now recognized as one of India's few dedicated aviation artists. His works are displayed across IAF headquarters, museums, messes, and units-including the Air Force Museum at Eastern Air Command HQ, Shillong. His portfolio can be viewed at www.debgothain.com.

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My take on OBASSG

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2030/ Chilarai

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The Entry: It was a day in the year 1992 that I was informed that there would be a meeting of Old Boys of SSG in the Sudmersen Hall of our college (Cotton College) in the coming few days. I was fresh OBA. The information naturally excited me. I marked the day in my diary not to miss the meeting. On the day, I went to the venue, albeit before time, out of sheer excitement, to being a part of OBA meeting for the first time! That marked my entry into the OBASSG.

Being a Worker: The first meeting made me closely acquainted with Jamini Talukdar da and Ratul Borah da. Both of them were the firsts to arrive at the venue on the day. The preparation of the venue for the meeting was to be carried out. I joined Jamini da and Ratul da in the same. I vividly remember that putting-up banners, making the dais ready, serving refreshments, etc., were some of the activities that I was involved with. And my association with OBA as a worker also started on the same day. It's been entirely a privilege to be a worker for the OBA, in some way or the other, since then till today. At the same time, it has been a matter of pride for me too.

The Association: Initially, for the first few years, the activities of the association was largely confined to having get-togethers of its members. Later, slowly the association started other activities. And in the last 10 -12 years, it has evolved as the one that we have today. However, the one thing which has been common all these days is that only a handful of actual workers, numbering between 10 persons to maximum 25 persons, has been carrying out all its activities. And the irony is, the association has a strength of 29 members in its Executive Committee as on 2025! There are more than 6000 eligible members available as on today. But, hardly 5% of it are enrolled members of the association! The association has remained stagnant as far as its membership strength is concerned.

Feel Good Factors: Despite low enrolled membership, very low actual working hands, there is no doubt that the association has been doing many good jobs over the years. Prashnam and Sadhyam are two big brands which are OBASSG's proud possession. Independence day blood donation event, flood relief camps, health camps, entrepreneurship awareness camps etc. are some of OBASSG's endeavours which are being recognised and applauded by the society. It can be said, without a doubt that OBASSG has become an association recognised by various circles in the society for its services.

Way forward: OBASSG, going ahead, must be able to attract more and more new members to its fold. As far as membership and foot soldiers are concerned, it has become kind of stagnant, If the situation does not improve, OBASSG will not be able to sustain its activities. Not being able to conduct any of the two big events, Prashnam and Sadhyam this year, is a burning proof of the same.

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Overcoming Barriers: The Reality of Placing Skill-Based Hospitality Students

Kishore Talukdar (1987-94)

Roll no - 2374

Lachit House

I have been coordinating placements in hotels and resorts for over 15 years. In the early days, one of the biggest challenges I faced was dealing with hotel HR departments, as they often prioritized candidates based on the duration and level of their academic qualifications. Many preferred to recruit students who had completed a one-year diploma or a three-year degree program in hotel management.

In contrast, the majority of my students came from government-sponsored skill development programs and held three-month certification courses. Convincing HR teams to consider these candidates for positions in reputed hotels was an uphill battle.

Fortunately, there were exceptions. Some prestigious hotel brands like The Oberoi Group did not focus heavily on degrees or diplomas. Their selection criteria centered around age, basic educational qualification (12th pass), and most importantly, a positive attitude. Their approach gave hope and opportunity to many skilled but less formally qualified candidates.

Over time, the industry's perspective has evolved. Many hotels today are less concerned with academic credentials and more focused on practical skills and willingness to learn. It is now common for properties to consider candidates who have passed 10th standard, provided they have basic communication skills and a professional attitude.

On the student side, I have encountered a different set of challenges. Some students clear interviews but later decline the offer, often citing family objections-especially reluctance to move outside Assam. This is why I always encourage students to discuss such possibilities with their families before appearing for interviews.

Another common issue arises when students are placed far from home. They often face initial difficulties adjusting to new food, climate, and work environments. While many adapt with time, a few struggle. In some unfortunate cases, certain individuals negatively influence others, encouraging them to leave their jobs prematurely. Ironically, these same students often contact me after two months at home, asking for another opportunity and promising they will be more committed the next time.

Despite these challenges, I've learned to strike a balance between the expectations of HR teams and the readiness of students. My goal has always been to build a strong bridge between talent and opportunity, and I take great pride in every successful placement that begins a young person's career journey.

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SATISFACTION IN LIFE

Cdt. Lakshyajay Kalita

Class IX,

Son of Devajeet Kalita, 1451, Lohit House

"Ravi, Wake up! Don't you have school?" shouted mom loudly.

"It's so humid today. I think I'm sick," I replied in a bored tone. Mom was used to my tantrums. She knew I wasn't sick at all. She also knew that I was not going to get up so easily. The only way to make me get off the bed was to turn off the airconditioner.

When she did that, I hopped off the bed and rushed to the washroom saying, "Oh my God! I will burn if I stay in that room anymore."

When I was done using the washroom, Mom gave me some hot porridge and a glass of hot milk. I didn't say anything about the porridge, but I said, "Oh please, can I have a glass of cold drink instead of boring milk every day?"

"No! Drink up your milk quietly," replied Mom with a hint of anger in her tone. As usual, I closed my nostrils and drank the milk. I dressed up and rushed to school. I had to walk some distance, approximately 500 metres, to get to the place where the school bus stopped. I walked, actually jogged to the place. Nearby, there were some masons laying bricks to construct a house.

I heard one of them say, "Oh! It's so hot! I will give anything for a little rest."

Another said, "You're right. I will be so happy if it rains."

I too was feeling hot, waiting for my bus. Oh! How I wished it would rain! But it didn't and soon, my bus arrived. I went inside and was off to school.

In our PT Class, I was feeling too hot to run in the field but as PT was compulsory, I had to. Running made me feel sick. I just wanted it to rain, rain like anything. And I wanted that wicked sun to go away and hide behind the clouds. But nothing like that happened, and after the bell rang, I grabbed my bag and rushed towards my school bus. I was feeling sick in the bus and was afraid that I might puke.

So, I got off the bus one stop earlier than mine and walked. Suddenly, I saw that the sky was covered with clouds. It was the sign of rain. Oh! How I wished it'd not rain. I knew Mom will be very angry if she finds me wet. So I walked faster. Soon, I reached my stop. Suddenly, it started raining, raining cats and dogs. There was a shop with a tilted roof near the construction site. The shop was closed and so I took shelter under the tilted roof. The rain was making a lot of noise. I wished the rain would stop soon. The masons were still there.



One of them said, "Oh, this rain. How will we go home? I will give anything for the sun to come up." I didn't pay attention to the masons anymore. I was going to think more about the rain, when suddenly I remembered what I was thinking during my PT. I just wanted it to rain like anything, but when it did rain like anything, I regretted it.

Don't we all have favourites? We have favourite food items, books, games, places, movies and even seasons. Some like winter, while others like summer and some even Monsoon. I love summer the most as we can have a lot of ice creams and cold drinks in that season. But in the morning, I was groaning because of the summer. Once when it was summer, our air conditioner broke down. I was sweating all day and cursed the summer with names like silly, bad, worst, even though I say it is my favourite season. Yes! That's what we do all the time. Curse! Curse the summer, winter, curse the monsoon, curse every season. Nothing really satisfies us. Nothing! Think how bad all the seasons feel. I wonder if there is any kind of season which never dissatisfies anyone. I searched for the answer in my brain and got NO. There isn't any kind of season which never dissatisfies us. I looked at the masons once again. They were still cursing the heavy rain, annoyed. They were calling very bad names, so I stopped noticing them.

Suddenly, some sunlight fell on my cheek. I slowly realized that the rain had ceased and a light sunlight was out. Suddenly, being wet did not seem too bad and I couldn't help getting out of my shelter. It was a soothing feeling. I couldn't hear anything unpleasant, like the talk of the masons.

I closed my eyes. I didn't stop the sunlight or the rain to fall on me. The sunlight warmed me and my heart while the rain wet my negative feelings about the weather. Was this the weather which does not dissatisfy anyone? Was this the pleasant weather which had both sunlight and rain in it in such a manner that it doesn't do any harm to anyone? If yes, then what is the name of the weather? It can't be sunny or rainy so is it rainsunny or sunrainy. I slowly opened my eyes and looked at the sky, and there it was - the colourful and beautiful thing, the seven-coloured rainbow.

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A Journey that is different (My experiences)

Devajeet Kalita

Adm No 1451, Lohit House

I stepped into the world of hospitals way back in 1996, when I joined the Ramakrishna Mission Hospital in Itanagar as a Computer operator. (Computers were a thing of wonder then, running on DOS and floppy disks). During the course of time, I slowly moved up the chain, as a Public Relation Officer, and finally as a Human Resource Manager. It was when I became the PRO, I came in touch with the patients and understood the pains an attendant goes through, spending sleepless nights. I witnessed deaths, which initially did freak me out, but then over time, it became a routine affair. I did not cringe when I had to deal with victims from accidents, poured in to the hospital.

But my real journey into the lives of patients really started after I met a gem of a person, who sacrificed a highly paid job in the prestigious institute like Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute and Research Centre to come down and settle in a small city like Tezpur in Assam, to provide highest quality Cancer Care at the most affordable rates. I am talking about my association with Dr. Venkata Pradeep Babu Koyyala, Medical Oncologist, and my journey with him, which changed my perspective of life to a great extent.

When I first met Dr. Venkata, I thought of him as just any other doctor, we come across in our daily lives, but then I had the chance of conducting a CME along with him. Those few days I spent exclusively with him, changed my views and I knew that I have met a person who is more than an Oncologist. He shared with me the reason he chose to come to serve the people of Assam, which really touched my heart. Unfortunately, Dr. Venkata has a specially-able child. He had to go to Vellore for his son's treatment. While in Vellore, he found a lot of patients from Assam in long queues, waiting for an appointment with doctors. It struck his mind that if he himself being a doctor, had to wait for long times to consult a specialist, how long would a general person have to wait? And that too coming from almost the other end of the country. Seeing the suffering of the people of Assam there, he made up his mind that if he got a chance, then he would surely go down to Assam and serve the people there. Finally he did get the chance to come to Assam. Many of his colleagues were surprised that he had chosen to go to Assam!

However, he was determined to come down at least for a few years maybe, and thanks to his supporting spouse, who also happens to be an Anesthesiologist, and his family, he moved to Tezpur. And it was here that I met him for the first time. I developed a special bonding with him, as I too had a desire to serve people, owing to the fact that I started my career in the Ramakrishna Mission Hospital, where we worked not for money but for serving humanity. I was actually surprised to see Dr. Venkata's desire and passion to help the financially weaker people with all he could. And thus started an unique journey for me.



Before I joined ACCF, I never had the idea that Cancer had spread so deeply in Assam. I remember during our childhood and even during our youthful days, Cancer was a rare disease. But now, I realized that it has become a common disease. So many people I knew had cancer. Previously Cancer treatment meant going to Mumbai, Chennai, Delhi etc. However thanks to the Government of Assam and the Tata Trusts, setting up of the Assam Cancer Care Foundation, the treatments became available very near home. But then the harsh reality remained that treatment was extremely expensive, and sadly, owing to lack of awareness, majority of diagnosed cases were in advanced stages.

I became closely associated with Dr. Venkata and he often called me to counsel patients with him. His way of treatment was very extraordinary. He spent long hours with patients and patient attendants to make them aware of the disease as well as treatment options available. Though language barrier was always there, yet somehow patients and attendants seemed to understand his broken Assamese and just loved him, and seemed to understand him. I would not like to say out much about his treatment methods, but would surely share some special moments I had with him, which made me realize that to be a good physician, one really needs to build up the trust with the person being treated. I am sharing below just some of the incidents, which I feel are really unique.

- There was a lady patient, who had a daughter taking care of her. The lady was terminally ill and Dr. Venkata wanted her daughter to spend more time with her mother. But her daughter used to work as a daily wager and earned 200 rupees daily, with which she supported her family. Dr. Venkata paid her wages for a week and asked her to spend the last days with the mother, so that she could spend some quality time with her mother in her last moments. I was present during the whole conversation, and the tears of gratitude which flowed from the eyes of the daughter, not only made me, but the entire team teary eyed. I looked in wonder as I never expected someone, who dealt with death, to be so compassionate.
- Then, there was an elderly gentlemen who used to come for treatment. Dr. Venkata asked him if he had lunch. The gentleman informed that he did not have money for lunch, as he had to come from quite far away. Dr. Venkata called me and asked me to tell our cafeteria to provide lunch to the gentleman, the bill to be paid by him at the end of the month. This particular incident touched us, as we realized that many poor patients and their attendants did not have lunch, during their long wait for consultation and investigations. This led to the start of the project "Annapurna" where we collected contributions from known people, and started providing Khichidi to all patients and attendants of Medical Oncology. I take pride to declare that many of our SSGIAN brothers also contributed wholeheartedly on my appeal.
- Then there was one lady who was very irregular in coming for follow-ups. Dr. Venkata called me to discuss the same with the lady. Upon enquiry, the lady informed that as she had lost her hair due to chemotherapy, it was difficult for her to travel in a bus, as people did not want to sit down near her and avoided her. To overcome this problem

faced by many other women and save them from the social stigma, project Saundaryaa was started, where free wigs were supplied to patients in association with Ashadeep, a local NGO from Tezpur.

- Then there was a lady who was sent back from a hospital citing that there was no more treatment available, and she had hardly a few months of her life. The patient family coming to know of Dr. Venkata visited us, and Dr. Venkata started treatment for the lady, who survived for more than 18 months. The attendants invited us for lunch at their home to show us gratitude, as the lady who came in a stretcher was able to prepare food. I and Dr. Venkata visited their home on a MaghBihu Uruka, to have lunch in their humble abode, which was of course not even a pucca house. Interestingly almost all of the village wanted to come there and have a glimpse of Dr. Venkata, whom the family considered a form of Allah, their God. I had to intervene and requested the village headman not to make such a fuss, as it would be embarrassing to the doctor. Reluctantly, they agreed though there were a lot of people who thanked us profusely.
- We also visited the home of a similar patient, unable to ignore their repeated requests, in a remote village, where we both had to walk almost a kilometer, as there was no motorable road to their home.

All the above incidents show how much this person cared about his patients' well being and left no stones unturned to bring smile of happiness on their and their family members' faces. For the first time, I saw people calling and visiting the hospital just to thank the doctor, even after their patients passed away.

As a gesture of appreciation, the least I could do was to nominate his name for the People Friendly Doctor award by Mitali Bhuyan Foundation, and they awarded him with People Friendly Doctor Award in 2023.

Finally, due to some reasons, Dr. Venkata wanted to separate from ACCF, and wanted to go back to his home town or some other metro city. Understanding very well, that it would be a great loss for the people of Assam, if we lost this person, I persuaded him to open up a day care centre in Tezpur, and contacted Mr. Spandan Hazarika of Dorika hospital. He readily agreed to lease a space in the 3rd floor of Dorika hospital, and thus Shankara Cancer and Research Institute came into being.

We are now an independent unit and Dr. Venkata consults patients at a fees much lesser than a specialist in Guwahati. He is treating patients not only from Tezpur, but for areas as far as Dibrugarh, Lakhimpur, Mangaldoi, Udalguri, etc. We still believe in providing the best of treatment at the most affordable rates.

Owing to his presence in the National Oncology circle, now patients from Mumbai, Hyderabad, Delhi and other places are referred to our institute for further management. For the convenience of the patients coming from faraway places we have collaborated with Ashadeep to arrange for a free stay and food for the patient and one relative very near to the institute.



Rotary Club, who had been a great support for us, donated an ambulance to our institute. We now use the ambulance for a project named, "Oncology on wheels", under which a team of the institute visit homes of patients who are unable to come to the hospital for various reasons.

After my association with Dr. Venkata, I have realized that a good doctor can really cure a person just by listening to them and giving them the courage. I have seen aged patients who are skeptical of taking any treatment, but then after discussion with Dr. Venkata, readily agree to the same with a smiling face and even responding to it. Cancer at its later stage is almost impossible to cure, but then treatment can be done to ensure a painless and dignified passing away. I have almost seen miracles, where patients come in a stretcher and then finally walk out without any support after a few cycles of treatment. Seeing such achievements gives a peace that can't be described.

When I visit the home of a patient with my team, and the family members shower their gratitude on us, we feel like we have received the best of blessings that a person can receive. Every passing away of a patient brings a pain, but then when we see that the person had a dignified death that pain subsides a lot. And whenever we see someone of our parents' age smiling and thanking all of us, we forget all our pains, and thank God that He has given us a small chance to serve people and bring smiles to their family members.

However what really haunts me is that people are still afraid of visiting an oncologist, when a disease persists for long or does not respond to any treatment. I have met many patients, who could have been diagnosed in an early stage only if they were referred to an Oncologist for consultation. Cancer is still considered a taboo. We have conducted numerous awareness camps, but still are unable to create awareness. We have brought the first Dermalytix equipment in the North East, where breast screening can be done for all ages without human touch. It is non invasive, non painful, unlike Mammogram. Yet people, specially females are still reluctant to go for a simple screening at least once a year.

Our institute has also procured HPV vaccine for prevention of Cervix Cancer, as well as some cancers in males. We are offering them at highly discounted prices and have conducted awareness camps regarding the same, yet very few parents are interested in vaccinating their children with a simple vaccine which has been approved by the Government, and can provide them protection against Cancer

What I feel personally, that we, as an elite and responsible group can play a major role in creating awareness about Cancer and thus save our known ones as well as the Society in large, from the clutches of this dreadful disease. We the members of OBA SSG can play an important role, if we wish to, to eradicate that infamous tagline our state has received as "Cancer capital of the country!"

Yet, it still pains a lot to see that we are unable to do anything for the patients of the weaker sections of the Society. Initially when we had the option of treating patients under the Prime Minister Jan Arogya Yojana (PMJAY), we treated a lot of poor patients under this scheme. However, for reasons best known to the Government, that was stopped in Private Hospitals, and as a result



many poor patients are now incapable of receiving treatment. We receive many such patents in a real bad condition. We do try to help them but then, without any financial funding, it is not possible to provide free treatment to all, and we have no other option but to refer them to Govt hospitals, where just the wait for treatment seems endless. It really pains!!! Can we do something for the poor patients who are deprived of proper treatment and are forced to face a painful death???

In the near future, if the Almighty wills, we are planning to open up a hospice centre, so that terminally ill patients do not have to unnecessarily be put on ventilation, which is what happens now, and pass away alone. We dream of terminally patients have a peaceful transition from life to death amongst their loved ones, which can be made possible if our dream of establishing a hospice comes true. The journey continues, with each day bringing in new experiences. Dr Venkata also attends to patients in Dimapur.

End note: I would like to clarify that this write up is not for any commercial purpose. I have no intention of advertising our Institute. Please do not misunderstand. My sole purpose of penning down my thoughts is simple, share my experience and also make an appeal to everyone to be a part of the fight against Cancer. If we can really create an awareness amongst people or just motivate people with long illness to visit a Medical Oncologist nearest to them, maybe we can help save a lot of lives and money of the affected, if it is diagnosed in an early stage. We can motivate people to put their fear aside and consult an oncologist if they have a doubt. We need to make people aware that Cancer, if diagnosed at an early stage can be cured at a minimal cost. Together WE CAN make a CHANGE IN SOMEONE'S LIFE.

Long Live SSG! Long live OBASSG!!!!

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God of Small Things

Dipti Thapa

W/O Raja Rana/ 2672

This may not be the 'God of Small Things' you know.

I married a man who grew up in the quiet discipline of an all-boys boarding school "The Sainik school", a place where emotions were folded neatly into silence, where softness wasn't taught, and affection wasn't spoken. I guess that's what boys schools do and what boys boarding school is all about. Roughness wasn't a flaw but a respected virtue. It was something to take pride in and that even a flicker display of emotion was an abhorrence to nature itself. (Maybe over exaggerated but to me it stands true, huh!!!)

Meanwhile, I belonged from a different world completely, an all-girls school- emotional to the core, highly sensitive, hopelessly romantic. And somehow, we met, these two worlds collided to form something unexpected (chuckle)- us, I did warn I'm a hopeless romantic. (Jokes)



Emotional absence is the biggest reason why many homes fall apart. It's very difficult to love a man who doesn't express much. It's very easy to misunderstand them and end arguing over small nuts and bolts. However, the holy universe conspired to bring us closer and we tied the knot, we were figuring each other out but now since we were now staying under the same roof our differences got amplified into a much bigger problem. I just couldn't understand how someone could be so stoic to give a tough competition to a stone sculpture and actually win.

In an argument his silence was like fuel in the fire. Breathing the same space with a man like him isn't always easy and I'm sure living with someone as emotional as me isn't exactly a walk in the park either. I pictured everything with my 3D glasses on, love to be all cherry blossoms falling and moonlit poetry, very Bollywood dreams and slightly slow playing music. But the root cause of broken homes is due to this kind of expectation and it's not like this kind of men don't love, it's because they don't know how to show. It's no doubt it's difficult to love this kind of men especially in the initial phases because they don't express much, you have to have that patience to get to know them in every slight gesture that slip out of them unintentionally. But if misunderstanding grows, they slowly drift away into an ocean they can never ever come back from not because

they don't know how to swim but because they fail in that subject. So, it must be an effort from both sides that I agree, I will raise some eyebrows when I say this, I'm sure but as a woman we are more adjustable, nature created us this way and if we just give it a try, we can adjust to such men.

They say a person is shaped by their schooling and this is very true in his case: I gladly blame everything on it. Years of discipline, silence, and those "toughen-up" dormitory days turned him into one iron man. And honestly, he's not alone. So many boys who came out of those all-boys boarding schools are exactly like him, quiet hearts, loud actions; fewer words, stronger emotions; less expressiveness, more loyalty. They don't romance with poetry; they romance with presence. His school might have taught him to hide emotions, but life with him has taught me something greater.

PATIENCE PATIENCE PATIENCE!!



His silence meets my feelings, his practicality challenges my poetry, and somewhere between his minimal expressions and my overflowing emotions, we learn. We stumble, we misunderstand, we laugh at our differences, and we try again. Because love isn't always cherry blossoms and grand romance. Sometimes it's two very different people choosing each other, learning each other's language, and finding comfort in the quiet truth that effort, patience, and small gestures can build forever. However, slowly and subtly I got to understand love is way deeper than mere words, the word "I love you" is so not comparable to the unsaid feelings that is seen in slight gestures. After a decade long subscription to this venture, I still ask him "you love me?" And he replies with just a nod and a very genuine laughter saying "it's been 10 years". Sometimes I look at him and see that boy who learned to survive toughness, before he ever learned to

express tenderness. Words weren't his language life trained him to stay strong, not sentimental. (The training they got from the seniors as the tales tells me, well!!!! I might be wrong) (Hahaha)

I didn't find love in words with him. I found it in the spaces between them. In silence, in comfort, in certainty. He never learned how to say love. But he loves me in the only language life taught him and I wouldn't trade that for anything.

He won't write poetry or say dramatic "I love you." But he will fan us like a human ceiling fan when the power goes off priorities! (This is another story) Not big speeches, just small hero moment and zero complaints.

Lastly, that's what I meant by "God of Small Things" The God you see in each other's small acts of love. That's the beauty of being in love.

God of small things

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STRAY THOUGHTS/ RANDOM THOUGHT

Brigadier Ranjit Borthakur (Retd)

Roll No. 212/ Chilarai

Come November, it is time for the Annual General Meeting of the OBASSG (Old Boys Association Sainik School Goalpara). This will be the 27th General Body Meeting of the association formed in 1989. It is the day to which every ex-student looks to cherish old memories and plan various activities to take the association ahead.

No doubt it is a great day for all of ex-students of the most prestigious school in the region. But for me and maybe for a few others such get togethers no longer hold the same old nostalgia. The keenness, the urge or the desire to attend the meeting is no longer there. I have repeatedly asked myself why it is happening to me. I had been a very active member of the association, holding important office bearer posts in the past. I had lot of energy and zeal to work for the organization, but it is no longer there. Is it my age being a super senior citizen or something else which has affected my zeal or enthusiasm?

There is no denying the fact that OBASSG has not been able to achieve much of the objectives set forth in the constitution. The organization which has presence in the entire Northeast region, which can boast of so many well accomplished personalities in many fields has been not very successful in taking the organization forward.

There was a time when all of us waited for this day to celebrate, to rewind but the interest has greatly diminished. The annual meeting has become a ritual. No doubt that many good discussions and deliberations do take place, but we fail to implement the decisions, or we are slow in implementing them. The very fact that less than a hundred ex-students come to attend the yearly important meeting indicates our lackluster attitude. Similarly, in many other important events for which office bearers spend considerable efforts to plan and organize the responses are indeed discouraging.

More than six thousand six hundred students have passed out from the school since the establishment of the school in 1964 and more than half of them are residing at Guwahati, yet attendance in the events organized with lot of efforts by the Old Boys Associations is very minimal which shows how much love, concern and interest we have for our beloved organization. There are only 158 Life Members of the association! Why is there so much lack of interest among our students, especially with the newer lots? Why have we not been able to attract our ex-students while many similar associations of other Sainik schools are doing extremely well.

This and other such issues must be deliberated in the General Body meeting. Of course, such issues are discussed in every meeting with all seriousness. We all talk about the sad state of affairs and plan for a better future. But sadly, many decisions are not taken to logical conclusions.



Is there something lacking with the office bearers who are elected/ selected, or do they not get adequate support from the ex-students. Any such organization can prosper when it manages to get cooperation and support from all ex-students.

We all need to realize that being an appointment in any organization is good, yet it is a challenge. Each appointee has to shoulder his responsibilities and must carry out the duties entrusted to him. Let us find someone who will lead from the front, and I earnestly request some of our seniors to be Marg Darshak. For working level, let us attempt to get maximum younger lots who I am sure are ready to contribute for the association. We need to identify young blood who, with mentoring, will produce results. Even the quality of our magazine "Bridge" has diminished over the time.

As stated, earlier the OBASSG has set up many noble objectives in the constitution and one of them is to keep constant interaction with alma mater. It is high time The OBASSG shows serious concern for the extremely poor results of our school in sending cadets to the National Defence Academy (NDA), the primary aim for which the school was set up.

The intake to NDA from our school has drastically reduced in the last few decades. I think the total number of cadets who have joined NDA since 1964 will be less than three hundred. The results of the last few years have been very perturbing. For instance, only about thirty-one cadets have joined NDA/IMA/CDA during the last fifteen years. It is pertinent to note that in the late sixties and seventies, about ten cadets had joined the NDA in every batch. And we need to remember that during those days the school was utterly short of the basic infrastructure.

While results during the SSB may be accepted as lack of facilities but results even in the Preliminary examination conducted by UPSC are most discouraging. Our schools' our results are almost at the bottom. For instance, in the last five years a total number of 713 appeared in the written examination and only 84 have qualified and were called for Services Selection Board. In the sixties and seventies, the results were more than 70%.

Why it is happening, is it due to poor intake of school, or is it because of poor training in the school or due to lack of motivation? Has the armed forces no longer become an attractive choice. While it is primarily the responsibility of the school to seriously introspect, but OBASSG has also a role.

To conclude the aim of writing the article is not to criticize or blame but discuss our collective obligation to the school, to the OBASSG. I am sure our ex-students have all the qualities to take the association forward and we will take the association to a greater height. Someone said, "We may fall but will not fail". OBASSG will surely not fail.

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Cradle for acquiring skills

Ranjan K Baruah

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One of the buzzing words amongst young people is none other than 'employment'. Whatever we do but at the end we are asked about our professions and jobs. There are also options to start something of your own as start up is another common word but when it comes to places like Assam or North East then entrepreneurship has never become the first choice for most of the people .

Studying in Sainik School does not ensure that everyone will get into the defence force. Sainik Schools provide all opportunities and facilities to join defence forces but after all many do not get into defence services. Sainik School Goalpara (SSG) which is one of the premier institutes in the North Eastern region has taught us how to be best in whatever profession we are apart from others. We are unique because we stay in hostels from an early age and learn many things together.

Being a trainer of life skills, 21st century skills or employability skills, let me tell something about these and how we learnt most of these in our school days at Rajapara near Mornoi in Goalpara district. Most of these skills are the same with little bit of changes. If we explore the definition of all these skills then we find many similarities.

Employability skills can be defined as those soft skills which employers look for in a potential employee. Employability skills include communication skills, self-management skills, entrepreneurial skills, etc. We need to develop entrepreneurial skills, so that we can develop necessary knowledge and skills to start our own business, thus becoming job creators rather than job seekers. We do need a positive attitude, values and ethics.

On the other hand, Life skills are a set of abilities, attitudes and socio-emotional competencies that enable individuals to learn, make informed decisions and exercise rights to lead a healthy and productive life and subsequently become agents of change. Life skills include self-awareness, empathy, effective communication, problem solving, coping with stress, coping with emotions, etc. The World Health Organization (WHO) considers life skills in the specific context of health and defines them as abilities that support adaptive and positive behaviours that enable individuals to deal effectively with the demands and challenges of everyday life.

We should be also aware about 21st Century skills which are needed to be successful in our careers during the information age. Examples of these skills are Critical thinking, Creativity, Collaboration, Communication, Leadership, Productivity, Social skills, etc. Most of us remember



the post dinner chair placing or other chair placing. Creativity when someone needed to act or dance like a girl as we were only boys during those days*.

To be honest I did not hear these terms in an organised manner but we learned them at SSG. Being in a hostel means you learn how to manage things with the minimum available resources. Our school taught us these skills for which many of the Alma maters have shined in their respective fields as leaders. We learnt team spirit and collaborating and managing things which are essential skills to be successful and also to get jobs. Whenever there were inter house competitions all of us took part very actively.

There was true unity amongst batches which is much needed for growth of any organization or departments. The skills which we did not learn much during our time include Information Communication Technologies or ICT skills in short. People are spending time and resources for learning all these skills but we are always blessed that we learnt most of them during our school days for which we are always proud and we are proud to be blessed by all our teachers for their mentorship.

*Girls students have been introduced at SSG recently.

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A limited personal experience of medical treatment in the USA

Sachindra Das

Roll No.160, Udaygiri House

As recently as 5th August 2025, I got the unique opportunity of a surgery of the cervical spine at Presbyterian Hospital, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA, where my daughter and son-in-law are working as Hospitalists. I am sharing below my limited personal experience about the surgery and the medical treatment system in USA.

As is known to all, both the USA and India are democratic countries, the USA being larger by size and India being larger by population. However, though both the countries follow democratic forms of government, the system established in the USA gives highest priority to the individual's rights, which is not the case in India. For any medical treatment in India, we follow a doctor dominated and dictated method of treatment, where the individual patient has no say at all. It is not so in the USA. Following true democratic norms, they give high priority to the patients' choice and follow a system of 'Shared Decision Making' (SDM), which is a collaborative process, where patients and their doctors together arrive at a decision for the best treatment option available for the patient. This system empowers the patients, and gives them the right to participate in their own medical treatment, where doctors do not dictate the treatment to be done but works as partners with the patients. Decisions are taken considering the most current and relevant medical evidence regarding the benefits and risks of options available, and gives due importance to the patient's personal values, taking into consideration the patient's individual situation and personal beliefs.

I may add here that a substantial section of US citizens is quite aged. However, whatever their age may be, they love to live independently, without any interference in their life from the family or society. Therefore, even if a patient is admitted under emergency and requires to be given oxygen immediately, doctors here cannot give suo-moto, unless they obtain consent from the patient. And I could gather that there have been cases of patients, who had refused to take oxygen and became very serious and sometimes fatal also.

As for my own case, I had been suffering from cervical spondylitis from long past. The same deteriorated with time and ultimately, there were tears in the discs between C3 to C7 of cervical spine, the gaps were compressed, putting pressure on the nerves passing through them, resulting in pain in both the hands and I was unable to write legibly and even correctly put my signature. I had consulted doctors, both at Guwahati and Hyderabad, but no clear opinion, whether I should go for surgery or continue with medicines for nerve pain, along with physio therapy was given. Of course, a few doctors suggested surgery but were reluctant considering my advancing age, and also that I was more or less running a normal life, going for walks and could do most of my works personally without any assistance.

However, as my discomfort and pain level were increasing, my daughter discussed with a neuro-surgeon at Presbyterian Hospital where she is working. The said neuro-surgeon advised to get an MRI done and send a scanned copy of the MRI image. Accordingly, I got an MRI done and sent a scanned copy of same, obtained from the lab in my mobile phone. My daughter shared the said MRI image with the neuro-surgeon. After examining the MRI image, the said surgeon gave a clear-cut opinion to my daughter that if I were his father, he would do the surgery within two weeks.

The main reason for such a clear opinion of the surgeon in USA, I think, is due to the significant difference in thinking and attitude of the people of USA from the people of India. As stated earlier, a substantial proportion of USA citizens are very aged. However, they love to live independently despite their age. Therefore, whatever their age, the doctors try to keep the citizens as fit as possible, and surgeries are done even at ripe old age of 90 plus.

Considering the clear-cut opinion for surgery, I travelled with my daughter and her family to the USA and first appointment with the surgeon was fixed on 20/06/2025. After due examination and some tests, the surgeon discussed the surgery options available and advised that ACDF, i.e., Anterior Cervical Discectomy and Fusion surgery, where he would cut the muscles in front of the neck and reach the affected portion of the spine from the front, will be the best option where pain level will also be minimum. After discussion with my daughter, we gave consent for the said surgical procedure. The date of surgery was fixed on 05/08/2025.

A week prior to the date of surgery, I was given an appointment with an Anesthesia Nurse Practitioner, who checked all vital parameters necessary for giving general anesthesia and actual surgery. Detailed to do lists, pre-surgery and post-surgery, were given. One thing I observed about the system is that they are very careful about the patient not getting any infection, either prior to or post the surgery under 'Surgical Site Infection Prevention Program'. A special liquid soap was given for bathing from five days prior to the day of surgery, on the previous night and also morning of surgery, and after release from the hospital after the surgery.

As fixed, the surgery was done on 05/08/2025, and four damaged discs between C 3 to C 7 of cervical spine were removed and new discs were implanted, thereby decompressing the nerves. A very important feature of the surgery done was that the surgeon had requested neuromonitoring services during the operation procedure which helps the surgeon avoid damage to delicate nerves during the operation and is provided by a team including a technologist in the operating room and a physician who interprets the neuromonitoring data throughout the surgery.

Another very significant feature I observed was that a minimum of anti-biotic was used. Moreover, sufficient doses of pain killer, a derivative of morphine, which is allowed in USA, was used, keeping the pain from surgery at a minimum. I gathered that the thinking in medical system in USA is to keep the patient on the top of pain so that the patient is not distracted because of pain. So, even after I gained consciousness, I did not feel much pain from the surgery. I was released from the hospital 07/08/2025.

After the surgery, a patient's risks of falling increases considerably. Therefore, utmost care is



taken to keep the patients safe. Preventing falls is one of the main goals of a hospital, and as such, assistance is provided for all activities right from getting up from the bed, walking with walker, going to toilet etc. A week after release from the hospital, personal from homecare team comprising of physical and occupational therapists visited the residence twice a week and instructed and assisted in doing some standing exercises, upper body exercises, finger and thumb movements, writing exercises as well as using the walker in correct posture and climbing and getting down from stairs. This continued till second week of September, 2025. Thereafter, actual physiotherapy was started at Presbyterian Physio Therapy Centre from 18/09/25. A total of 13 physical therapy sessions were prescribed which would continue up to middle of November, 2025. It may be stated that post-surgery care and physical therapy are considered of utmost importance for recovery of a patient.

After the surgery, appointment for first post-operative check-up was given with a Physician Assistant on 05/09/25. Another follow up appointment for post-operative check-up is scheduled, three months after surgery, on 13/11/25 with a Clinical Nurse Practitioner. Here, I may add that nurses play a very important role in the medical system in USA and there are some posts like Nurse Practitioners, Physician Assistants etc. which are not available in India.

In conclusion, I may add that though apparently the medical system in the USA looks much better, it is catering to a population of only about 341 million as against a population of 1400 million in India. So, the system of shared decision making may not at all be practicable in India.

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Batch Unity Vs. The Courage of Conviction

Dr Sailesh Sarmah, Er.

2585/ Lohit

OUR ABC ACADEMY, Tinsukia, Assam

It was the year everything changed. We were the Class X batch, entrenched and confident masters of our own small universe in Sainik School. Then, history arrived: the first-ever Class IX admissions. The new recruits were younger, nervous, and lacked the rigid, years-long indoctrination of the system.

The incident was minor—a clumsy power play, a shove too hard, a few shouted words—but to Headmaster Col S K Verma, it was a breach of discipline.

He walked into our classroom, and the air immediately thickened. He was a man who did not need to shout; his voice, low and precise, was far more effective at tightening the knot in your stomach. He demanded to know who was involved in the bullying of the Class IX newbie.

Silence. It was the heavy, unyielding silence that only a military boarding school could forge. Batch unity was our unwritten constitution, more sacred than the flag. For nearly an hour, he subjected us to his unwavering gaze, moving from boy to boy, but the collective wall held firm. He left, frustrated.

Sixty agonizing minutes later, he returned. This time, there was no interrogation. He walked directly to the four boys involved and named them, possessing proof we could not comprehend. As the culprits shuffled out, confused, and beaten, the Headmaster turned, not to the remaining class, but to a single figure standing stiffly by the window: Heman*.

"This young man," Col Verma stated, his voice ringing with fierce approval, "has displayed the courage of conviction. He upheld the truth, even when the entire weight of his peers was against him."

In that moment, Heman was celebrated by the authority, but in the eyes of the Class X batch, he had been branded. He was a traitor.

The ostracization was immediate and total. Fifty-nine boys acted as if Heman simply did not exist. The social contract was irrevocably broken. But Heman was my bed neighbour. The shared, cramped space of the dormitory meant I was the last sliver of human contact he had. Maybe it was pity, or just the necessity of co-existence, but I was the only one who still spoke to him.

As the Class 10 Board exams approached, the pressure became unbearable. During evening prep time, while everyone else was hunched over their lamps, Heman would sometimes drift over to my bed. He would either slump down and appear to doze, or talk to me in low whispers



about his inability to study or concentrate, saying his mind just went blank when he looked at the physics formulas. I would encourage him to study and move ahead, reassuring him that things would be normal once time passed. This quiet, passive disruption became a normal process during my study time.

We took the Boards. The results came. Heman had scored roughly five percent more than me. I was genuinely thrilled, believing he had found the grit to overcome his social punishment. He left shortly after, choosing another school for Class XI.

Then, in Class XI, I recounted the entire saga to Indrajeet Da. I told him how Heman used to struggle and how I encouraged him during my prep time.

Indrajeet Da stopped me mid-sentence. He did not laugh, didn't even crack a smile. He just fixed me with a gaze that held the profound, crushing weight of truth—a look that instantly made my stomach drop because I knew, instinctively, I had missed everything. The silence in the room was sudden and absolute.

"Heman was not struggling to study when he came to you, man." Indrajeet Da finally said, his voice dropping to a low, intense whisper. "During prep time, when you were studying and the whole batch was conscious, he used that casual talk with you, or even that desperate attempt to sleep, as a shield. It was the only way he could stand being awake, forcing himself to focus on something that wasn't the silence of their scorn."

He paused, letting the silence settle like concrete dust, then leaned closer, his eyes intent as he delivered the final, devastating blow.

"You need to understand: when the dorm went completely silent, when the absolute last light went out and everyone, including you, was deep asleep? That's when Heman started his day. He would wake up, right there in the room, and study throughout the night. He was not failing; he was enduring the loneliness just long enough to study and win his battle alone."

It was a staggering revelation. All that time, I thought I was the mentor helping a struggling boy study, while he was disrupting my prep time because the shame and isolation made it impossible for him to sleep. He was not weak; he was a machine of sheer endurance, surviving a relentless, lonely schedule and succeeding despite us all.

I felt a sudden, profound pity for my own naivety that day. I had entirely missed the measure of the man next to me, offering empty words of encouragement when he was already exhibiting the toughest courage of all: the quiet, desperate courage of a boy who chose isolation to uphold a principle, and who still found the will to win.

* Heman = Name Changed to protect Identity.

-----XXX-----



On the raising day of Sainik School Goalpara (SSG), moulding young sainiks since 12 Nov' 1964.

Void

Ananya Barman

*Daughter of Girija Barman
Roll No. 1438/ Lohit*

Often I find myself empty
I forget who am I
Why is this heart even beating
The cold hands
The numb eyes
The lump formed in my throat
And something in me dies
All the rainbow colour
Seems to be grey
While I lost myself
I just sit , gaze and pray
When the feet stops
When the mind blows
Instead of tears the blood drops
The strangling fauces
The ghost of the past
I hold on a rope
That breaks apart

-----XXX-----

Salutations

Loken Das

1704/ Lohit/ 1982-89

Salute SSG on raising day.
Every 12 November I salute you.
I salute the spirit of 'Sarva Me Sadhyam'
Everything is possible.

The spirit ingrained, we try and put best of our
effort to whatever we do..

We succeed not because we always do best but
because we accept even failure with grace
and then strive to overcome,
give the best and try for the best.

For,
we were taught to be sainiks in spirit
whether we don the uniform or not.

We value the spirit of 'we'
in work, home, friends.....
that spirit, be one among those you are with,
that sense of belonging.

Being forthright and honest is the format of life
we are fitted in to,
the spirit that sees us through.

But for being chiseled by you
O my alma mater
I would have been a lost soul.
It's for you that the spirit lives on
marching past the hurdles of life
The spirit of Sarba Me Sadhyam....

Saluting the Red and Green Flag.

-----XXX-----



Waste to Wealth

Cdt. ReshteenaMaheen Zaman

Class: 6B

D/O: Muid Zaman Ahmed

Roll No: 3238, Udaygiri

Have you ever thought about your waste today, turning into treasure tomorrow?

Well, today I will take you on a journey to explore how waste can truly become a treasure.

What if I told you the trash we simply toss away isn't really trash, but a diamond still hidden under the layers? Like diamonds that just need a little digging and cleaning, the trash we throw away just needs a little creativity and imagination. In this often-polluted world, a spark of imagination and a sense of responsibility can have a huge impact.

The possibilities range from recycling plastics into stylish décor to converting kitchen waste into compost for gardens. Turning waste into wealth is not only about saving our planet; it's also about reimagining the world we live in, making it better.

Waste is not just rubbish-it's a treasure waiting to be discovered. Simple actions like composting, recycling, reusing, and donating old items can save the Earth by reducing what we throw away. These remaining efforts can bring about big changes in the world. Organic waste can be composted. Plastics can be recycled and reused. Simple actions like throwing trash in the dustbin, segregating dry and wet waste, or even reusing materials can significantly affect the environment. We should turn our pollution into prosperity and protect our world for the future generations to come.

"The journey of waste to wealth takes just one mindful choice." Are you ready to make it?

-----XXX-----



ASSAM IS A DRY STATE

Col. Jagadish Chandra Kakati (383)

It was in 1968 when I was studying in class VIII. We were in Junior Wing then. Those days, there was a Reading Room in the quadrangle where Assembly was held, somewhere in one corner. We used to sit there and read newspapers and magazines in the evenings.

One such evening I was spending time there sometime before dinner. I was perhaps alone, if I remember correctly. During the previous week, we had seen the movie 'Ram Aur Shyam', which had been released in the year 1967. There was a popular song in the movie with the opening lyrics, "Main hoon saqi, tu hai sharabi sharabi.....", sung on the screen by Dilip Kumar and Waheda Rahman. It was a popular song then, at least for me since I was singing only the first six words that I knew, rather loudly.

Just then, two or three teachers happened to be walking along the verandah, on their way to the dining hall. One of them was Mr. VV Dixit, our Hindi teacher (Incidentally, his favourite prayer in the Assembly was, 'Veena... vadini var de...'). When he heard me singing this 'Main hoon saqi', he stood near the door and said, "Jagadish! Do you know, Assam is a dry state?"

At that time I did not know the meaning of 'Dry State' and I of course could not ask him. I was flabbergasted and simply stood there, with my eyes lowered. It was many years later that I came to know the implication of 'Dry State'.

-----XXX-----

God and Us

Dr Pinaki Chakravarty

1335 Lachit house

Prof and Head

Department of Pharmacology

Tezpur Medical College and Hospital, Assam

Ph- 9957198505

In Sainik School Goalpara we took admission in 1979. Younger boys reached Mornoi for the first time away from home. Not everyone was comfortable and we all were struggling to cope with the school routine. In 1986 we passed the higher secondary and at that time we were reluctant to go home. School farewell was hard for all of us.

Major I. R. Handa was our headmaster for few years and used to take our English classes. He was a very strict and disciplined officer. Inside the classroom he was a good teacher and a very different person. He used to teach us many different aspects of life. "Seventeen Oranges" is a chapter which tells about a boy who loved oranges. He was caught stealing oranges and was forced to eat every bit of all the oranges to evade arrest, never to eat orange again.

One day Maj Inder Raj Handa explained to us about God. He told that as a blind person can not appreciate the beautiful colours of life so we may not feel the presence of Him if we lack the receptor. As a young boy we understood his way of expressing the whole thing.

Now as I have joined medical profession and as a doctor it's important to appreciate God. There are many people who believe and there's nothing wrong in the trust. Faith is a good component to heal and infuse confidence in self. I personally feel that spiritual knowledge should be inculcated in young generation to make them better human beings.

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OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION SAINIK SCHOOL
MORNAL RAJAPARA, GOALPARA-783133

BALANCE SHEET AS ON 31.03.2025

LIABILITIES	AMOUNT	ASSETS	AMOUNT
GENERAL FUND		FIXED ASSETS	
Opening Balance	4,42,159.23	Laptop & Accessories(OB)	2,193.00
Add : Surplus	1,23,889.74	Depreciation @ 40%	877.00
	5,66,048.97		1,316.00
Less: TDS (A.Y 2024-2025)	22,266.00	CURRENT ASSETS	
	5,43,782.97	FD with SBI(No.38161608774)	26,35,616.00
		Add: Interest	1,86,532.00
			28,22,148.00
CORPUS FUND		Less: TDS	18,654.00
Building Fund (OB)	27,33,300.00		28,03,494.00
		TDS (A.Y 2025-2026)	30,854.00
CURRENT LIABILITIES		CASH AT BANK	
Life Membership fee (to be refunded)(OB)	15,000.00	State Bank of India	
Audit Fees Payable	13,850.00	CA A/C No 32161437121	1,00,294.50
Professional Fees Payable	2,500.00	State Bank of India, Sixmile G S Road Br.	
Accounting Charges Payable	2,000.00	SB A/C No 30641981434	3,69,297.47
		CASH IN HAND	5,177.00
	33,10,432.97		33,10,432.97

IN TERMS OF OUR SEPARATE REPORT OF EVEN DATE

FOR RAJ KUMAR JAIN & CO.
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
FRN: 320024E



K. P. Sharma

(K. P. SHARMA)
PARTNER
M.No. 054479

PLACE : GUWAHATI
DATE : 27.09.2025

OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION SAINIK SCHOOL
MORNAL RAJAPARA, GOALPARA-783133

INCOME & EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31.03.2025

EXPENDITURE	AMOUNT	INCOME	AMOUNT
To AGM expenses	9,29,554.00	By Life membership fee 24-25	90,000.00
To Diamond jubilee school expenses	1,41,920.00	By Sponsorship	12,46,750.00
To Executive committee meeting expenses 2024-25	7,150.00	By Advertisement received	1,24,900.00
To Half marathon expenses	6,88,633.00	By Bank interest	19,862.00
To Life member's meeting expenses	23,750.00	By Cash collection registration & membership fee	23,600.00
To Plantation, life member expenses	1,112.00	By Donation	3,97,254.00
To Quiz expenses	3,60,902.00	By Half marathon run registration	86,875.00
To Accounting charges	7,000.00	By Interest on FD	1,86,532.00
To Audit fee	8,850.00	By Membership & registration fees	18,68,460.24
To Bank charges	737.50	By Quiz competition 1st prize donation	30,000.00
To Blood donation lunch staff etc	3,300.00	By SSG award received	15,000.00
To Flag Hoisting Expenses	1,800.00		
To Magazine expenses	1,45,000.00		
To Petrol & food ssg	2,500.00		
To Promotional expenses 2024-25	8,890.00		
To Republic day expenses	500.00		
To School fooding expenses	6,00,000.00		
To School memorial expenses	9,68,868.00		
To Website expenses - yearly fee, social media, etc	66,000.00		
To Depreciation	877.00		
To Excess of Income over Expenditure transferred to Capital A/c	1,23,889.74		
	<u>40,89,233.24</u>		<u>40,89,233.24</u>

IN TERMS OF OUR SEPARATE REPORT OF EVEN DATE

FOR RAJ KUMAR JAIN & CO.
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS
FRN: 320024E



K. P. Sharma

(K. P. SHARMA)
PARTNER
M.No. 054479

PLACE : GUWAHATI
DATE : 27.09.2025

We Wellcome the New Life Members



**LM 157 - GAUTAM SARMA
CHILARAI HOUSE**



**LM - 158 PRASANTA K PATAR
LOHIT HOUSE**



**LM - 159 ADARSH BORSAIKIA
ANIRUDDHA HOUSE**



**LM -160 MINENDRA N
BORA“CHILARAI HOUSE**

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(Managing Director)

GRIP TEA INDUSTRY

(Partner)

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অসমীয়া



সৈনিক স্কুলৰ জীৱন - ৰোমন্থন :

সৌৰভ বৰগোহাঁই

ৰোল নং : ২১৩৬

লোহিত হাউচ

১৯৮৫ - ১৯৯২

কেইদিনমানৰ আগতে মৰমৰ আনোৱাৰ দা'ৰ পৰা হঠাৎ ফোন এটা পালোঁ। ফোনটো পাই আচৰিত হৈছিলোঁ, কিয় বা ফোন কৰিলেঙ্গ আগহত ফোনটো ধৰিলোঁ -

: হেল্লো আনোৱাৰ দা, কি খবৰ?

: ভাল। তোমাক এটা কাৰণত ফোন কৰিলোঁ।

: কওঁক। কিয় বা কৰিলে?

: তুমি লেখা-মেলা কৰা মানুহ। কিবা লেখা এটা দিয়া, আমাৰ 'ব্ৰিজ' মেগাজিনখনৰ বাবে।

: ঠিক আছে হ'ব, চেষ্টা কৰোঁ।

এই বুলি কৈ আনোৱাৰ দা'ৰ ফোনটো কটা গ'ল।

এতিয়া লেঠা লাগিল, কি বা লেখোঁঙ্গ আজিকালি লেখা-মেলা কমি গৈছে।

ভাবিয়েই পোৱা নাই, কি বা লেখোঁ?

এই সময়খিনি অসমৰ হিয়াৰ আমঠু জুবিনৰ সময়। চাৰিওফালে এটাই কথা - জুবিনৰ মৃত্যুৰ ন্যায় লাগে। #JusticeForZubeenGarg শ্লোগান আকাশে-বতাহে। সকলো সময়তে জুবিনৰ চৰ্চা। টি.ভি খুলিলে জুবিনৰ গান বা মৃত্যুৰ কিবা নতুন খবৰ আছে নেকি, তাকে জনাৰ কৌতূহল। মানে ক'বলৈ গ'লে, মনৰ ভিতৰত অনবৰতে জুবিন। আমাৰ স্কুলৰ লগতো জুবিন জড়িত হৈ আছে। তেওঁ আমাৰ স্কুললৈ গৈ অনুষ্ঠান পৰিবেশন কৰিছিল আৰু সোণালী জয়ন্তীৰ সময়ত আমাৰ স্কুলৰ গীত 'অসম, অসম' তেওঁৰ কণ্ঠত প্ৰাণ পাই উঠিছিল।

সেইকাৰণে এবাৰ ভাবিলো জুবিনক লৈ কিবা এটা লেখাৰ চেষ্টা কৰোঁ নেকিঙ্গ আকৌ পিছত ভাবিলোঁ, নাই সৈনিক স্কুলৰ পুৰণি দিনৰ কথাকে ৰোমন্থন কৰোঁ।

সৈনিক স্কুলৰ নামটো শুনিলেই চকুৰ আগত বহু কথা বা দৃশ্য ভাঁহি আহে। কেনেকৈ মোৰ সৈনিক স্কুলত পঢ়াৰ সৌভাগ্য হৈছিল, তাত কি কৰিলোঁ..... কিমান যে স্মৃতি....ঙ্গঙ্গ সেই স্মৃতিবোৰ লৈয়ে জীৱনত আগুৱাই গৈ আছে আৰু আজি সেই স্মৃতিৰে কেইখিলামান পাত লুটিয়াই সেই অতীতলৈ আকৌ ঘূৰি যাব বিচাৰিছোঁ।

১৯৮৪ চনৰ কোনোবা এটা দিনৰ কথা।

দেউতাই অফিচৰ পৰা আহি মোক সুধিলে -

: সৈনিক স্কুলত পঢ়িবলৈ যাবি নেকি?



ঃ ক'ত আছে সৈনিক স্কুল?

মই আচৰিত হৈ সুধিছিলোঁ, কাৰণ সেই সময়লৈ মই সৈনিক স্কুলৰ নামেই শুনা নাছিলোঁ।

ঃ গোৱালপাৰাত। খুব ডাঙৰ স্কুল। তাত পঢ়িলে আগলৈ আৰ্মি অফিচাৰ হ'ব পাৰিবি।

সেইসময়ত মই আৰ্মি পাব্লিক স্কুল নাৰেঙ্গীত পঢ়ি আছিলোঁ। দেউতাৰ কথা শুনি ভালো লাগিছিল আৰু ভয়ো লাগিছিল। মনতে ভাবিলো দেউতাৰ মনত হঠাৎ সৈনিক স্কুলৰ কথা কেনেকৈ আহিল! অলপ পিছত উৰহী গছৰ ওৰটো ওলাল। দেউতা সেই সময়ত নাৰেঙ্গী সাতগাওঁৰ ২২২ এ.বি.অ.ডি (এডভান্স বেছ অৰ্ডিনে ডিপো) অফিচত চাকৰি কৰিছিল আৰু সেইদিনা দেউতাৰ অফিচলৈ সৈনিক স্কুলৰ হেডমাষ্টাৰ মেজৰ আই.আৰ হান্দা আহিছিল। দেউতাৰ পুৰণি চিনাকি। দেউতাই নাৰেঙ্গীলৈ বদলি হৈ অহাৰ আগতে মহাৰাষ্ট্ৰৰ পুনেত মেজৰ আই.আৰ হান্দাৰ লগত একেটা অফিচতে চাকৰি কৰিছিল। সেই যোগসূত্ৰলৈ মোৰ সৈনিক স্কুলত যোগদানৰ কথাটো ওলাল। তাৰ পিছত জীৱনৰ গতি সলনি হ'ল। ঘৰত মায়ে বনোৱা খাদ্যৰ সোৱাদৰ পৰা হোষ্টেলৰ খাদ্যৰ সোৱাদ লব লগা হ'ল।

১৯৮৫ চনৰ এটা দিনত মাছখোৱাৰ পৰা এ.এছ.টি.চি বাছেৰে সৈনিক স্কুললৈ প্ৰথম যাত্ৰা আৰম্ভ হৈছিল। স্কুল গৈ পাই বৰ ভয় লাগিছিল। ইমান ডাঙৰ স্কুলঙ্গ স্কুলৰ মেইন গেটৰ পৰা স্কুলৰ ভৱনটো দেখাই নাপায়। স্কুলৰ সন্মুখতে বাছৰ পৰা নামিছিলো। তাৰ পৰা হল্ড-অল আৰু ট্ৰাংক দাঙি দাঙি অভিমন্যু হাউছলৈ আহিছিলোঁ। অভিমন্যু হাউচ আহি প্ৰথম দেখা হৈছিল শকত চাপৰকৈ মানুহ এগৰাকীক। পিছলৈ লগৰবোৰে নিকনেম 'মতি মেডাম' দিছিল। আচল নাম আছিল বিনা ৰাণী ৰয় মেম। তেখেত হোষ্টেলৰ ৱাৰ্ডেন আছিল। তেখেতে ট্ৰাংকত কি কি বস্তু নিছিলোঁ, সেইবোৰ এপদ-এপদ কৈ এখন লিষ্টৰ লগত সকলো বস্তু মিলাই চাইছিল। মোক ৰুম নম্বৰ ফাইভত বিছনা এখন দিয়া হৈছিল। হোষ্টেলটোৰ ভিতৰত ৰুম নম্বৰ ফাইভটোৱে ডাঙৰ। আমাৰ ৰুমত কিজানি চল্লিশজনমান ল'ৰা আছিল। ভালকৈ মনত পৰা নাই। লগৰবোৰ মোৰ নিচিনা একেই, মানে সৰু সৰু ল'ৰা। অসমৰ ইমূৰৰ পৰা সিমূৰলৈ সকলো ঠাইৰ পৰা পঢ়িবলৈ আহিছে। অসমৰ উপৰি বিহাৰ, উত্তৰ প্ৰদেশ, অন্ধ্ৰ প্ৰদেশ, নাগালেণ্ড, অৰুণাচল প্ৰদেশ, ছিক্কিম, মণিপুৰ, মেঘালয়, মিজোৰাম আদি ঠাইৰ পৰাও পঢ়িবলৈ আহিছে। পিছলৈ দেখিলোঁ ভূটানৰ পৰাও পঢ়িবলৈ আহিছে। আমাৰ ৰুমত দুটা মান বেছ চাপৰ ল'ৰা আছিল। নামকেইটা এতিয়া নকওঁ, নহ'লে লাজ পাব। সিহঁতে আমাৰ ৰুমৰ দৰ্জাৰ হুকটো ঢুকি নাপাইছিল সেইবাবে ৰাতি দৰ্জাৰ হুক মাৰিবলৈ মানা কৰিছিল, কাৰণ ৰাতি পেচাব কৰিবলৈ যাব লাগিব পাৰে! আমি কিন্তু দৰ্জাৰ হুক মাৰি থৈছিলো আৰু সিহঁত দুইটাই মাজ নিশা দৰ্জাৰ হুক খুলিব নোৱাৰি দৰ্জাৰ কিনাৰতে পেচাব কৰি দিছিল। লগে লগে আমি লাইট জ্বলাই সিহঁতক লাজ দিছিলোঁ। লগৰ আৰু দুটামানে আকৌ ৰাতি বিচনাতে পেচাব কৰিছিল। এনেকৈ বহু আমোদজনক ঘটনা ঘটিছিল।

অভিমন্যু হাউচৰ ছুপাৰ আছিল বি.চি দাস ছাৰ। তেখেত ভাল নাট্যকাৰ আছিল আৰু তেখেতে স্কুলত বহুত নাটক লিখিছিল আৰু পৰিচালনাও কৰিছিল। তেখেতৰ নাটক অসমৰ ভ্ৰাম্যমাণ থিয়েটাৰ পাৰ্টিয়েও নিছিল। বাৰু যা হওক আমি ছাবলৈ বৰ ভয় কৰিছিলোঁ। তেখেতে খঙত আমাক 'চুঁৱৰ' বুলি গালি পাৰিছিল।

লাহে লাহে স্কুলৰ নিয়মৰ লগত মই নিজকে খাপ খুৱাবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰি গ'লোঁ। ৰাতিপুৱা পি.টিলৈ

যাবলৈ হোষ্টেলৰ বার্দেন মতি মেডামে সদায়ে ৰাতিপুৱা জগাই দিছিল। এনেকৈ ৰাতিপুৱাৰ পৰা ৰাতি কেনেকৈ হৈ যায় গমেই নাপাইছিলো। অনবৰতে ব্যস্ততা। কিবা এটা যদি শেষ হৈছে বেলেগ কিবা এটা আৰম্ভ হৈ যায়। মানে ৰাতিপুৱাৰ ব্যায়াম যদি শেষ হৈছে লগে লগে ডাইনিং হ'লত ব্ৰেকফাষ্ট আৰম্ভ, তাৰ পিছত স্কুলত মৰ্ণিং এছেম্বলী, নিয়মীয়া ক্লাছ, দুপৰীয়াৰ আহাৰ, অলপ জিৰণি, খেলা ধূলা, প্ৰেপ টাইম, ৰাতিৰ আহাৰ, নাইট এছেম্বলী আৰু ৰাতি দহ বজাত লাইট অফ- মানে দিনটো শেষ। স্কুলৰ স্মৰণীয় বহু কথাই আছে যিবোৰ মই ইতিমধ্যে লিখিছোঁ।

এইবাৰ মই স্মৃতিখিনি অলপ চমুকৈ লিখিবলৈ ওলাইছোঁ। আপোনালোকে তাৰ আগৰখিনি নিজে অনুমান কৰিব পাৰিব।

১. টেবুল টেনিছ খেল :

সৈনিক স্কুলৰ প্ৰত্যেকটো হাউছতে টেবুল টেনিছৰ ৰুম আছে। তেনেকৈ অভিমন্যু হাউছত জীৱনৰ প্ৰথম টেবুল টেনিছৰ বৰ্ডখন ইমান ওচৰৰ পৰা দেখিছিলোঁ। লগৰ বহুতক দেখিলোঁ সুন্দৰকৈ খেলিব পাৰে কিন্তু লগৰবোৰৰ সৰহ সংখ্যক খেলিব নাজানে- যিবোৰ গাওঁৰ পৰা আহিছিল, বা তেনেকুৱা বিশেষ সুবিধা পোৱা নাছিল। আমাৰ খেলিবলৈ মন গৈছিল কিন্তু যিবোৰে জানিছিল বা নিজকে বেছি স্মাৰ্ট বুলি ভাবিছিল সিহঁতে আমাক খেলিব নিদিছিল। সেইকাৰণে আমি ৰাতি দেৰিকৈ বা টেবুল টেনিছ ৰুমটো খালি পালেই খেলবিধ অনুশীলন কৰিছিলোঁ। লাহে লাহে লগৰ বহুতেই টেবুল টেনিছ খেলিবলৈ শিকিলে।

২. চিনেমা চোৱা :

এবাৰ স্কুলত কোনোবা এটা চিনিয়ৰ হাউচৰ হাউছ ডে বুলি ভি.চি.আৰম্ভত চিনেমা দেখাইছিল। আমাৰ লগৰ বহুতক ক'লে ইচ্ছা কৰিলে চিনেমা চাব পাৰা- টিকট কাটি। সেইবাবে আমি বহুতেই আগ্ৰহী হৈ চিনেমা চাবলৈ গ'লো। কিন্তু নাজানো কি হ'ল, চিনেমা চাবলৈ যোৱা সকলোকে চিনেমা চাই অহাৰ পিছতে হোষ্টেলৰ ফিল্ডলৈ মাতিলে আৰু বহুত শান্তি দিলে। শান্তি হিচাপে ফিল্ডৰ চাৰিওফালে বহুত পাক দৌৰিবলৈ দিলে তাৰ ওপৰি ফ্ৰগ জাম্প, ফ্ৰণ্ট ৰোল আদি দিলে। চিনেমা চোৱাৰ ভূত বাহিৰ হৈ গ'ল। কিন্তু কিয় শান্তি দিছিল প্ৰথমে বুজিব পৰা নাছিলোঁ পিছলৈ গম পালোঁ, সেই চিনেমাখন বোলে আমাৰ বাবে নাছিল, কাৰণ তাত দুটামান প্ৰাপ্ত-বয়স্কৰ দৃশ্য আছিল।

৩. গছৰ পাতৰে বনোৱা বিড়ি খোৱা :

এবাৰ ছেভেনত পঢ়ি থাকোতে আমাৰ কেইটামানে ৰুমৰ সন্মুখতে থকা গছৰ শুকান পাতৰে বিড়ি বনাই খাইছিলোঁ। আমাৰ লীডাৰ আছিল যতীন নামৰ লগৰ এজন। এই কামটো আমি কেইদিনমানৰ পৰা কৰি আছিলোঁ কিন্তু কোনোবাই এই কথাটো হাউছ মাষ্টাৰ ফুকন ছাৰক লগাই দিছিল। এদিন চাৰ হঠাৎ আহি আমাৰ গোটেই কেইটাক ভাল কানতলীয়া চৰ কেইটামান দিছিল। তাৰ পিছৰে পৰা সেই অভ্যাসটো এৰিছিলোঁ।

৪. ছিনিয়ৰ হাউছ যোৱাৰ অভিজ্ঞতা :

ক্লাছ এইটত লগৰবোৰ বেলেগ বেলেগ চিনিয়ৰ হাউছত ভাগ-ভাগ হৈছিল আৰু তেনেকৈ মই আৰু



লগৰ কেইজনমান লোহিত হাউছ পালোঁ। অৰ্থাৎ মোৰ জীৱনৰ স্থায়ী ঠিকনা লোহিত হাউছ হৈ পৰিল। এতিয়াও স্কুলৰ কাৰোবাক লগ পালে নিজৰ হাউচটো লোহিত হাউছ বুলিয়ে কোৱা হয়। এতিয়া কথা হ'ল, ছিনিয়ৰ হাউছ অহাৰ পিছতে প্ৰথম ৰেষ্টোৰ্ণ কেণ্টীনলৈ যোৱাৰ সুবিধা পাইছিলো। ৰেষ্টোৰ্ণ কেণ্টীন কি আছিল স্কুলৰ সকলোৰে জানে। তাৰ এগ ৰোল আৰু ঘুণ্ডনিৰ জুতি এতিয়াও মুখত লাগি আছে।

৫. গোৱালপাৰালৈ যোৱাৰ 'লিবাৰ্টি' :

লোহিত হাউছলৈ অহাৰ পিছত প্ৰথম স্কুলৰ পৰা বাহিৰ, মানে গোৱালপাৰা চহৰলৈ যাবলৈ সুবিধা পাইছিলোঁ। শনিবাৰ আৰু দেওবাৰে 'লিবাৰ্টি' লিষ্টত নাম দি গোৱালপাৰা চহৰলৈ যাবলৈ দিয়া হৈছিল। কিমান যে স্মৃতিৰ আছিল সেই দিনবোৰ! গোৱালপাৰা চহৰ গৈ বজাৰ কৰা, চিনেমা চোৱা, হোটেলত খোৱা আদি কৰি গোটেই দিনটো কটাই দিছিলোঁ।

৬. হাউছ ডে :

আমাৰ দিনত 'হাউছ ডে'টো এটা ডাঙৰ উৎস আছিল। হাউছ ডে আৰম্ভ হোৱাৰ এমাহ আগৰে পৰা আমাৰ গাত তত নাছিল। হাউছ ডেৰ খেলা, নাটক, গানৰ অনুশীলনবিলাকত সদায় ব্যস্ত আছিলোঁ। হাউছ ডেৰ সেই বিশেষ দিনটো যে কিমান ভাল লাগিছিল মুখেৰে বা লিখি বুজাব নোৱাৰি কেৱল অনুভৱে কৰিব পাৰি। সকলোতকৈ আকৰ্ষণীয় আছিল কাননগু ছাৰৰ হাউছী খেলৰ লগতে হাউছ ডেৰ দিনাখন আয়োজন কৰা বিভিন্ন খেলবোৰ, পেকেটত বিকা চিকেন, পৰ্ক, পোলাও আদি। হাউছ ডেৰ বিষয়ে মই আগতে বহুলাই লিখিছিলোঁ, সেইবাবে আজি ইমানেই লিখিলোঁ।

৭. স্কুলৰ দীপাৱলী :

স্কুলৰ দীপাৱলী বুলি ক'লে দুটামান কথা মনত পৰে। এবাৰ স্কুলৰ চি.এছ.ডি কেণ্টীনত আমাক সকলোকে ফটকা, ফুলজাৰি আদি বিলাইছিল। দীপাৱলীৰ দিনা সন্ধিয়া আমি স্কুলৰ মেইন গ্ৰাউণ্ডত গোট খাইছিলোঁ। স্কুলৰ প্ৰিন্সিপাল, হেড মাষ্টাৰ আৰু ৰেজিষ্টাৰে আনুষ্ঠানিকভাৱে দীপাৱলী শুভাৰম্ভ কৰাৰ পিছত আমাক মিঠাই খুৱাইছিল। তাৰ পিছত আমি বম, ফটকা আদি ফুটাইছিলোঁ। আমাৰ যুদ্ধ হৈছিল উদয়গিৰি হাউছৰ লগত। আমি বম, বকেট আদি উদয়গিৰি হাউছৰ ফালে লক্ষ্য কৰি জ্বলাইছিলোঁ। বিৰাট জমনি হৈছিল সেই দৃশ্যবোৰ। কেতিয়াবা কাৰোবাৰ পঢ়াৰ টেবুলৰ তলতে বম ফুটিছিল। কোনোবা এটা বছৰ কিন্তু স্কুলত দীপাৱলী মধুৰ নহৈছিল, কাৰণ সেইবাৰ আমাক মানে ছাত্ৰবোৰক দীপাৱলীৰ 'ট্ৰেন্কাৰ' দিয়া হোৱা নাছিল আৰু সেইবাবে ছাত্ৰবোৰে স্কুল কৰ্তৃপক্ষৰ বাবে অনা বম, ফটকাবোৰ আন্ধাৰৰ সুযোগ লৈ কাঢ়ি লৈছিল। তাৰ পিছত কেইদিনমানৰ বাবে স্কুলৰ পৰিবেশ একেবাৰে বেয়া হৈ পৰিছিল।

৮. স্কুল পিকনিক :

স্কুলৰ দিনৰ বিশেষ আকৰ্ষণ আছিল হাউচ পিকনিক। সন্ধিয়াৰ পৰা ফুল ভলিউমত সেইসময়ৰ বিখ্যাত গানবোৰ ডাঙৰ ছাউণ্ড চিষ্টেমত বাজি উঠিছিল। মোৰ এতিয়াও মনত পৰে মুনমী বৰাৰ গান যেনে- শাৰদী কোমল, এই নিজান ৰাতি, হিন্দী গান যেনে টাৰ্জান চিনেমাৰ জিলে লে, জিলে লে আদি গান গোটেই ৰাতি

বাজিছিল। এতিয়াও সেই গানবোৰ শুনিলে সেই দিনবোৰলৈ মনত পৰি যায়। আমি আগৰাতি কেমেৰাবিলাকত ৰিল লোড কৰিছিলোঁ। ভালকৈ লোড নহ'লে এখনো ফটো নুঠিছিল। সেইদিনত ফটো তোলা বহুত ৰিস্কী আছিল, কাৰণ আজিকালিৰ নিচিনা ডিজিটেল যুগ নহয়, য'ত ফটোত কি উঠিব আগতেই দেখা পাওঁ। পিকনিকৰ বাছ আগৰাতিয়েই আহি যায়, যাতে আমি পুৰতি নিশাই যাত্ৰা আৰম্ভ কৰিব পাৰোঁ। আমি প্ৰায়ে তুৰাৰ ফালেদি মেঘালয়লৈ গৈছিলো। সেই ফালে বহুত পিকনিক স্পট আছিল যেনে ৰাজা চিমলা, উইলিয়াম নগৰ ইত্যাদি।

৯. স্কুলৰ পৰা গুৱাহাটীৰ ঘৰলৈ পলাই অহা :

ক্লাছ নাইনত মই এবাৰ দুঃসাহস কৰি স্কুল কৰ্তৃপক্ষক নজনোৱাকৈ মোৰ গুৱাহাটীৰ নাৰেঙ্গী ঘৰলৈ পলাই আহিছিলোঁ আৰু গোটেই ৰাতি স্কুলৰ পৰা বাহিৰত আছিলোঁ। মই ঘৰলৈ আহি আকৌ বাছ বেয়া হোৱাৰ বাবে স্কুললৈ ঘূৰি যাব নোৱাৰি ৰাতিটো গোৱালপাৰাৰ হোটেলত থাকি আৰু পিছদিনা ৰাতিপুৱাই পি.টি আৰম্ভ হোৱাৰ আগতেই আকৌ হাউছ ঘূৰি আহি পোৱাৰ এক সাংঘাতিক কাহিনী মোৰ জীৱনত ঘটিছিল। এই ঘটনাটো ইতিমধ্যে মই লিখিছো, খুব সম্ভৱ আপোনালোকে পঢ়িছে।

১০. মেচ ডিউটি কৰা :

সৈনিক স্কুলত মেচ ডিউটি কৰিবলৈ পোৱাটো এটা ডাঙৰ অভিজ্ঞতা। ক'বলৈ গ'লে আমি খোৱাৰ চাৰ্টিফিকেট নিজেই দিব লাগে। আমি খোৱা পৰীক্ষা কৰি তাৰ ওপৰত নিজৰ কমেণ্ট দিব লাগে। সেইদিনাখন মেচ মেনেজাৰে যি বিচাৰোঁ তাকে খাবলৈ দিয়ে। যদি চিকেন বা মাটন থাকে, গিলাচে-গিলাচে খাব পাৰিছিলোঁ। আমি নিজেতো খাওৱেই আৰু লগৰবোৰলৈও থৈ দিওঁ। গাখীৰ, কেক, বিস্কুট যি মন যায় তাকে খাবলৈ পাইছিলোঁ। মানে নিজকৈ সেইদিনা ৰজাৰ নিচিনা লাগিছিল।

এনেকৈ বহুত স্মৃতি আছে যিবোৰ আগলৈ আকৌ লিখিম। আজিলৈ ইমানতে সামৰণি মাৰিলো।

লং লিভ অ বি এ এছ এছ জি

লং লিভ এছ এছ জি

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আকাশৰ ৰং ভালপোৱা

গীতালি মহন্ত

প্ৰাক্তন ছাত্ৰ নৱজিৎ চুতীয়াৰ সহধৰ্মিনী

ৰোল নং - ৩১০৮

“কেতিয়াবা নদীৰ মাজত, শুকান নিৰ্জন বালিচৰ, পাহাৰ-নিজৰা, জংঘলৰ মাজত নিজকে এৰি দিবলৈ বৰ হেঁপাহ মোৰ। সৌ পুখুৰীটোলৈ চোৱাচোন...। মাছবোৰলৈ চোৱা। আকাশ-বতাহ..গছবোৰ, তৰু-লতা, অৰণ্যত সকলো মুক্ত...”

জিয়াই দীঘলকৈ উশাহ টানিলে।

“অৰণ্যত সকলো মুক্ত, যিহেতু জীৱ শ্ৰেষ্ঠ নাই...”

“তুমিও তেনেকৈ ভাবানে কেথু?”

“ও ভাবোঁ..মানুহ মানেইটো হিংসা, বিনাশ। সৰ্বকালৰ বিনষ্ট...”

পুখুৰীটোৰ ফালে চাই থাকোতে পুখুৰীৰ পানীত আকাশৰ প্ৰতিচ্ছবি দেখিলে কেথুৰিনাই। নিজৰ দেশখনতকৈ যে এইখন দেশৰ মায়াময়তা, চমকাৰিত্ব, যাদুময়তাৰ শক্তি বেছি, তাই অনুভৱ কৰিব পাৰিছে। পানীৰ তলৰ আকাশখনলৈ চাইছে আৰু স্মৃতিতে গছৰ পৰা কাহানিবাই সৰি খৰখৰীয়া হৈ পৰা শুকান পাতবোৰৰ ওপৰত তাই বাগৰি দিছে। বিদেশৰ নিপোটল শৰীৰৰ ভৰ সহিব নোৱাৰি পাতবোৰ খৰমৰাই উঠিল।

দুপৰীয়া পাৰ হৈ আবেলি হৈছিল কাংখি লাংছ’ত। নিৰ্জন ঠাইডোখৰ অধিক নিজম পৰি আহিছে। গছৰ জোপোহনিৰ মাজৰ পৰা উফৰি আহিছিল বনৰীয়া পক্ষীৰ কিচিৰ-মিচিৰ মাত। সন্মুখেৰে ম’ৰা চৰাই এটি উৰি যায়।

পশ্চিম আকাশৰ ৰাফ্ফনি বেলিৰ সেন্দুৰীয়া পোহাৰ। ৰ’দ আহি পুখুৰীৰ পানীত পৰি হীৰাখণ্ডৰ দৰে চিকমিকাইছে। জলকুঁৱৰী এজনী যেন সাৰ পাই উঠিল।

“আকাশত শূণ্যতাৰ বাহিৰেনো আৰু কি থাকে কেথু? সোৱা চোৱা, শৰালিৰ জাক...”

স্নানৰত দুই শৰালিৰ নৃত্যভংগীমা দেখি কেথুৰিনা জাপ মাৰি উঠিল। বেগৰ পৰা তাই কেমেৰা উলিয়াই ল’লে। এখন এখনকৈ শৰালিযোৰাৰ কেইবাখনো ফটো উঠালে আৰু কিনো উঠালে জিয়াক দেখুৱাবলৈ কেমেৰাটো আগবঢ়াই দিলে। জলকেলি ৰত দুই শৰালিৰ ফটো..।

‘ৰাউ! বিউটিফুল’

ইমান ধুনীয়া পৰিবেশটোৰ ফটো আৰু ধুনীয়া হ’লহেঁতেন, যদি কেথুৰিনাই শৰালিকেইটাৰ লগতে হাবিডোখৰকো সামৰি ল’লেহেঁতেন! শৰালিৰ লগতে ডুব্বি খোজা বেলি, বেলিৰ পোহৰ পৰি সেন্দুৰ ৰং



লোৱা পুখুৰীৰ পানী...। বেলি যাব যাব বুলি ৰৈ ৰৈ আমনি লাগি নিজে মেঘ ফালি চক্ৰমকাকৈ ওলাই অহা পূৱ আকাশৰ জোনবাইটো...! দুৰৈৰ পাহাৰৰ বুকুত গজি উঠা কাৰবি গাওঁ, ঘন সেউজীয়াৰ মাজে মাজে টিঙৰ সৰু সৰু ঘৰবোৰ..! হাবিৰ মাজত জলফাই ৰঙৰ ফিয়েট ট'পলৈন'....

এইখন এখন যেন মৰতৰ সৰগ....!

কেমেৰাৰ এংগল মিলাই মিলাই কেথৰিণা বহুত সময় ধৰি ফটো লোৱাত ব্যস্ত হৈ আছে। মাজে মাজে জিঁয়াৰ ওচৰত আহি বহেহি।

‘কাইলৈ গধূলি কি কৰি আছা? তোমাৰ হাতত মোৰ বাবে আৰু কিমান সময় জিঁয়া?’

বিনিদ্র ৰজনীৰ পৰা যেন ধহুমহাই উঠিল জিঁয়া।

‘কিয় কাইলৈয়ো ইয়াতে থকাৰে প্লেন নেকি তোমাৰ?’

‘কিয় জানো এইঠাইডোখৰে মোক বৰ বেছিকৈ আকৃষ্ট কৰিছে। আৰু এদিন বা দুদিন যদি...’

‘কেথ্..কাইলৈ ফ্লাইট আছে মোৰ...’

‘তুমি যোৱা। কিন্তু যোৱাৰ আগতে ইয়াৰ চাৰ্কিট হাউচটোত থকাৰ ব্যৱস্থা কৰি দিবা নেকি?’

জিঁয়া থতমত খাই গ’ল কেথৰিণাৰ কথা শুনি। কি ছোৱালী এইজনী..? সুদূৰ ফ্ৰিডাৰ পৰা আহি হঠাৎ কেনেকৈ ইমান অসমৰ অৰণ্যৰ কাৰণে বলিয়া হ’ল? জিঁয়াই আপত্তি কৰিলে।

“ইয়াতে অকলে কেনেকৈ থাকিবা?”

“কিয় জংঘল, পাহাৰ, জলপ্ৰপাত ইমানবোৰ আছে, সিহঁতৰ লগতে থাকিম আকৌ!”

“বুজা নাই তুমি কেথ্। ইয়াৰ স্থানীয় মানুহে তোমাক আমনি কৰিব পাৰে..। ইয়াৰ আশে পাশে থকা মানুহবোৰ তেনেই সাধাৰণ। ভালত ভাল, কিন্তু কিবা আপত্তিজনক কাম দেখা পালে তোমাৰ জীওঁটো আৰু ঘূৰাই নিদিব।”

“তুমি নিশ্চিত থাকা। মই কাকোৱেই আমনি নকৰোঁ। মোক কোনেও বেয়াও নাপাব। তুমি যোৱাৰ পিছত মই তোমাৰ সৈতে যোগাযোগত থাকিম নহয়। বিপদাৱস্থাত তোমাকতো পামেই।”

জিঁয়াই মিচিকিয়াই হাঁহিলে। এইসময়ত তাইক সন্মতি দিয়াৰ বাহিৰে তাইৰ বেলেগ উপায় নাই। ছোৱালীজনী জেদী। ভাবিলে আচৰিত লাগে, মিয়ামিৰ সাগৰৰ তীৰত বাস কৰা এটা সাধাৰণ পৰিয়ালৰ ছোৱালীৰ ভাৰত প্ৰেম কেনেকৈ জাগি উঠিব পাৰে?। আহিছেও আহিছে, গোটেই ভাৰত ভ্ৰমি ফুৰিছে অকলে। তাই কোৱা মততো তাই কোনো সংস্থা, উদ্যোগ বা কম্পেনীৰ সৈতে জড়িতও নহয়। মন গ’লে বোলে তাই ভাৰতক লৈ চিনেমা এখন বনাৰ। তাতকৈ বেছি সংকল্প একো নাই। তাই প্ৰকৃতি ভাল পায়। হাবি-জংঘল ভাল পায়। সেইকাৰণে অসমো ভাল লাগিছে তাইৰ। কেথৰিণাৰ মাকে কিন্তু কেথৰিণা চিকিৎসক হোৱাৰ সপোন দেখিছিল। কিন্তু এদিন দেউতাকৰ সৈতে কাজিয়া কৰি মাক ঘৰ এৰি গুচি গ’ল। দেউতাক এজন বেংকৰ চাকৰিয়াল। ভায়েক কেণ্ডী ড্ৰাগছৰ ঘোৰ আসক্ত। তাইতকৈ চাৰি বছৰে সৰু সি। অধিক মাত্ৰাত



ড্রাগ্‌ছ লোৱাৰ ফলত দুবাৰকৈ মৃত্যুমুখৰ পৰা বাচি আহিছে। দেউতাকে তাক বেয়া পায়। সেই কাৰণে সি সাগৰৰ পাৰত অকলে থাকেগৈ। দেউতাক আৰু তাই বেলেগে থাকে। এদিন এগৰাকী মহিলাক দেউতাকৰ সৈতে ঘৰত একেলগে দেখি খঙতে কেথৰিণা ঘৰৰ পৰা ওলাই আহে। আহোতে মনে মনে দেউতাকৰ পৰা এক লাখ ডলাৰ সৰকাই আনে।

কেথৰিণাই নিজৰ বিষয়ে কোৱা এইখিনি কথাত।

বিশ লাখ টকাৰ কেমেৰা ক্ৰয় কৰি তাই ভাৰত ভূমিৰ অৰণ্য ভ্ৰমিবলৈকে আহিছে বুলি প্ৰথম সাক্ষাততে তাইক কৈছে। মুম্বাইৰ বিখ্যাত ম'কিং বাৰ্ড কেফেত ফ্ল'ৰিডাৰ পৰা অহা বাইশ বছৰীয়া কেথৰিণাৰ সৈতে অসম জীয়াৰী জীয়াৰ প্ৰথম সাক্ষাৎ। সেয়া এমাহৰ আগৰ কথা। প্ৰকৃতিৰ অন্বেষণত ভাৰত ভূমিলৈ আহিছে বুলি কোৱা ছোৱালীজনীক মনোমোহা সেউজীয়া কিছু ব্যতিক্ৰমী পৃথিৱী এখনৰ কথা সজাই-পৰাই কৈ ভাল পাইছিল জীয়াই। দুয়োৰে মাজত বন্ধুত্বমূলক সম্পৰ্ক এটা গঢ় লৈ উঠিছিল। উত্তৰ-পূৱৰ প্ৰাকৃতিক সৌন্দৰ্যৰে ভৰপূৰ অঞ্চলবোৰৰ কথা শুনি কেথৰিণাৰ মনত কৌতূহল জন্মিছিল। জীয়াৰ লেখনীবোৰ পঢ়িছিল। জীয়াৰ প্ৰায়ভাগ লেখাই প্ৰকৃতিৰ বহন-বৰণেৰে ভৰপূৰ, গ্ৰাম্য পটভূমিত লিখা। সেইবোৰ পঢ়ি-শুনি কেথৰিণা অসমলৈ আহিবলৈ ব্যাকুল হৈ পৰিছিল। ইতিমধ্যে ঠিক হৈ থকা তাইৰ লাডাখ-নাইনিতাল-কাশীৰ যাত্ৰা বাতিল কৰি অসমলৈ বুলি উৰা মাৰি গুচি আহিল। জীয়াক লগ ধৰাত জীয়াও লগতে আহিল।

জীয়াই সেইসময়ত বেলেগ এক সময় পাৰ কৰি আছিল। সি সময়ে মাথো দিয়ায় মনোকষ্ট, চৰম হতাশা, দুখ। মুম্বাই এৰি কলিকতা ওলাই যোৱাৰ ইচ্ছা সমূলি নাছিল। এঘাৰটা বছৰৰ কঠোৰ পৰিশ্ৰমৰ কৰুণ পৰিসমাপ্তিত তাই ভিতৰি বিধবস্ত হৈ আছিল। কেথৰিণা মহৌষধ হৈ ওলাইছিলহি। কষ্ট, ত্যাগ, অত্যধিক পৰিশ্ৰমৰ অন্তত তাই সংবাদ মাধ্যমত জিলিকি উঠিছিল। খুউব কম সময়ৰ ভিতৰতে জে.বি নিউজৰ জনপ্ৰিয় সাংবাদিক হৈ পৰিছিল। কামৰ বাবদ তাই লাভ কৰিছিল শকত পৰিমাণৰ দৰমহা। অসমত সংবাদসেৱাৰ প্ৰশিক্ষণ লৈ মুম্বাইলৈ গৈ এগৰাকী শক্তিশালী সাংবাদিক হ'বগৈ পৰাটো এক প্ৰত্যাহান আছিল তাইৰ বাবে। ভাৰতবৰ্ষৰ চাৰিওফালে অলিয়ে-গলিয়ে ঘূৰি ঘূৰি তাই আঠ বছৰ কাম কৰি যথেষ্ট অভিজ্ঞতা গোটালে। সপোন এটা বুকুত বান্ধি থৈছিল। যদি পইচা বহুত হয় তাইৰ অসমলৈ ঘূৰি আহি স্বতন্ত্ৰভাৱে চেনেল এটা খুলিব। ৰাজনীতিৰ পৰা আছুতীয়াকৈ থাকি চেনেলটোৰ জৰিয়তে ভাল ভাল খবৰবোৰ ৰাইজৰ বাবে এৰি দিব।

সন্দীপন দীক্ষিতক লগ নোপোৱাহেঁতেন হয়তো সেই সপোনটোৱে পোখা নেমেলিলেহেঁতেন। অভিজ্ঞতাৰে পুষ্ট সৎ, সাহসী সাংবাদিক বুলি নাম আছিলেই তাইৰ। মনে বিচৰা সপোন এটাই মূৰ দাঙি উঠিলেহেঁতেন। কিন্তু সাংবাদিকক্ষেত্ৰৰ দায়িত্ববোধ সাধাৰণ মানুহে নুবুজে। মাজ নিশা কামৰ তাগিদাত হ'লেও তাই ঘৰৰ বাহিৰত থকাটো সন্দীপনৰ পৰিয়ালবৰ্গই মুঠেই পচন্দ নকৰে। সেয়ে ঘৰৰ মানুহৰ বিপক্ষে যাবলৈ সাহস নকৰা সন্দীপনৰ লগত হোৱা এখন তুমুল মহাসমৰৰ অন্তত তাই চাকৰিটো এৰিবলৈ বাধ্য হ'ল। চাকৰিটোৰ লগে লগে সংবাদ সেৱাৰ পৰাও আঁতৰি থাকিম বুলি পণ ল'লে। সাংবাদিকতা তাইৰ বাবে এক



আত্মসম্ভূতিৰ উত্তম কৰ্ম আৰু ধৰ্মৰ মাধ্যম আছিল। সংবাদিকতাৰ অভিজ্ঞতাই তাইক সাহসী হ'বলৈ শিকাইছিল। কথা ক'বলৈ শিকাইছিল। শক্তিশালী হ'বলৈ শিকাইছিল। তাই সুখী আছিল। কিন্তু আনক সন্তুষ্ট কৰিবলৈ গৈ অনিচ্ছা স্বত্তেও কাম এৰিব লগা হোৱাত তাই ভিতৰি ভিতৰি অসুখী হৈ পৰিছিল। মনোকষ্ট, মানসিক দন্দত মৃতপ্ৰায় হৈ পৰিছিল। ঠিক তেনেকুৱা এটা অস্থিৰ সময়তেই তাই লগ পালে কেথৰিণাক। কেথৰিণা ছোৱালীজনী ফুৰ্তিবাজ, চঞ্চল স্বভাৱৰ, কিছু উৎপতীয়া। বয়সত তাইতকৈ দুটা বছৰৰ সৰু হ'লেও জঁয়াৰ ভাল লাগি গ'ল তাইক। মুগ্ধ হৈ পৰিল তাইৰ বাক পটুতাত। সেয়ে ছাগৈ কেথৰিণাই তাইক তাইৰ সৈতে অসমলৈ আহিবলৈ অনুৰোধ কৰোতে একেবাৰতে সন্মতি দিলে। অসমৰ পটভূমিত ৰচনা কৰা তাইৰ প্ৰবন্ধবোৰত চাহ-বাগান, লুইতৰ পানীৰে পখালি যোৱা দুই পাৰৰ বালিচৰ, পক্ষী-সেউজবোৰৰ কথা, কাজিৰঙা, মানস-পৰিতৰা-ডিব্ৰু চৈখোৱা আদি যি যি অঞ্চলৰ বিষয়ে উল্লেখ কৰিছে কেথৰিনাক সেইবোৰ ঠাই দেখুৱাম বুলিও প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতি দিলে।

কাংথি লাংছ'। উজনিৰ চাহ-বাগিছাবোৰৰ মাজত উমলি জামলি লুইতৰ ঘাটত নাৱেৰে যাত্ৰা কৰি বালিত সূৰ্যস্নান কৰাৰ পিছত আজি কেথৰিনাই অসমত চতুৰ্থটো গধূলি উপভোগ কৰিছে। কাংথি লাংছ'ৰ সৌন্দৰ্যৰ আকৰ জংঘল, জলপ্ৰপাত আৰু পাহাৰ। নিৰিবিলি ঠাইডোখৰৰ প্ৰাকৃতিক সৌন্দৰ্যত দুইজনী আপোন পাহৰা হৈ পৰিছে। ফটো লৈছে, জলপ্ৰপাতত গা ধুইছে, শিলত শুই পৰিছে। সেউজীয়াৰ মাজত উটি ভাঁহি ফুৰিছে। ঠাইডোখৰৰ যে ক'লা অধ্যায় এটাও আছে কেথৰিনাক ক'বলৈ মন নগ'ল জঁয়াৰ।

কাংথি লাংছ' জলপ্ৰপাত এতিয়া অভিনীল জলপ্ৰপাত বুলি জনাজাত হৈ পৰিছে। আজিৰ পৰা প্ৰায় সাত বছৰ মান আগতে অভিজিৎ আৰু নীলোৎপল নামৰ গুৱাহাটীৰ পৰা ফুৰিবলৈ যোৱা দুজন চফল যুৱকক সোপাধৰাৰ সন্দেহত স্থানীয় ৰাইজে আক্ৰমণ কৰি মাৰি পেলাইছিল। গধূলিপৰত তেওঁলোকে কাংথি লাংছ' জলপ্ৰপাতটো চাই ঘূৰি আহিছিল। সেই সময়ত ডকমোকাত সোপাধৰাৰ ভুৱাখবৰ এটাই সম্ভাৱ্য সৃষ্টি কৰিছিল। সেইমৰ্মে ক'লা চাফাৰীত জলপ্ৰপাত চাই ঘূৰি অহা যুৱকদ্বয়ক স্থানীয় ৰাইজে সোপাধৰা বুলি ভাবি গাড়ী ৰখাই প্ৰহাৰ কৰে। ফলত দুয়োজনৰে অতি মৰ্মান্তিকভাৱে মৃত্যু হয়। এই অভিশপ্ত ঘটনাটোৰ বাতৰি ল'বলৈ জঁয়া দুবাৰকৈ আহিছে এই ঠাইলৈ। অৱশ্যে সেই সময়খিনিৰ সৈতে এই সময়ৰ আকাশ-পাতাল পাৰ্থক্য।

জঁয়া কাইলৈ মুম্বাইলৈ যাবগৈ। যিহেতু কেথৰিনা অসমৰ পৰা ক'লৈ যাব তাইক কোৱা নাই, কেথৰিনাৰ কাৰণে আবৰ্ত ভৱনটো ঠিক কৰাই ভাল হ'ব বুলি তাই ভাবিলে। কিন্তু ডকমকাত তাই থাকিব বুলি কোৱা কাৰণে জঁয়া আচৰিত হ'ল। কাৰণ ইয়াত যি যি চাবলগীয়া আছে ইতিমধ্যে চোৱা হ'লেই। আৰু জংঘলৰ গাওঁ এখনত অকলে ভাল লাগিব জানো? বিদেশৰ ছোৱালী যি কৰে কৰক বুলি অৱশেষত তাই যাবলৈ ওলাল। কিন্তু আবৰ্ত ভৱনটো লাগে বুলি কোৱাৰ কাৰণে তাই স্থানীয় বিধায়কৰ সৈতে কথা পাতিব লগা হোৱাতহে খং উঠিল।

স্থানীয় বিধায়কজন জঁয়াৰ প্ৰাইমেৰী স্কুলৰ সহপাঠী, বন্ধুত্ব সম্পৰ্কও আছে। তথাপি এনেবোৰ কথা লৈ ফোন কৰিবলৈ তাই টান পায়। বন্ধু বা আত্মীয় যিয়ে হওক তাই সহায় বিচাৰিবলৈ আগৰে পৰাই বেয়া



পায়। কিন্তু উপায় নোহোৱাত জিঁয়াই বিধায়কলৈ ফোন কৰিব লগা হ'ল। বিধায়ক হৃদয় মাহাতুৰে জিঁয়া দলেৰ ফোনটো পাই বেচ সুখী হ'ল। জনপ্ৰিয় সাংবাদিকে বিশেষ অনুৰোধ লৈ ফোন কৰিলে কোনজন বিধায়কৰনো ভাল নালাগিব? তাতেই সাংবাদিক একালৰ সহপাঠী। বৰ আগ্ৰহেৰে একেযাৰতে কথা দিলে হৃদয় মাহাতুৰে। বিদেশৰ গাভৰুৰ নাম শুনি বিধায়কে সফালে কেইটা জাঁপ মাৰিলে জিঁয়াই ফোনৰ এইপাৰৰ পৰাই যেন অনুভৱ কৰিলে। কেথৰিনাৰ ওপৰত তাইৰ পেটে পেটে বহুত খং উঠিল। খং মিশ্ৰিত চাৰনিৰে কেথৰিনাৰ ফালে চালে। কেথৰিনা যেন বিদেশ ভ্ৰমণলৈ আহি স্বৰ্গীয় সুখত মাতাল হৈ পৰিছে। ওঁঠৰ মিহি সঁতৰিয়ে বুজাই দিছে যে তাই লাহে লাহে ভাৰতীয় সংস্কৃতি-পৰম্পৰা-প্ৰাকৃতিক সম্পদ অটল গহুৰৰ পৰা অনুভৱ কৰিব পৰা হৈছে। পখিলা এজনী হৈ জলপ্ৰপাতৰ সন্মুখত থিয় হৈ উৎফুল্লিত মনেৰে ফটো লৈছে। পানীৰ বুকুয়েদি পতিধবনিত হৈ শিলত ঠেঁকা খোৱা খলখল শব্দ তাই কাণ পাতি শুনিছে।

“মোক সেই ট্ৰী হাউছটোলৈ নিবা নেকি?”

“কোনটো? দুফালে দুটা ট্ৰী হাউছ আছে।”

“সেইটো....।”

কেথৰিলাই তাইৰ ধুনীয়া পদুম পাহিৰ দৰে কোমল গুলপীয়া আঙুলিকেইটাৰে উত্তৰ ফালে দেখুৱালে।

ঘনঘোৰ সেউজীয়া অৰণ্যৰ মাজত দুজনী সুন্দৰী গাভৰু। অৰণ্য আৰু টিলা। সেউজীয়াৰ বুকুত সেউজীয়া। জংঘলত বিভিন্ন পশু-পক্ষীৰ ঘৰ। কোনোবাই ধুনীয়াকৈ প্ৰকৃতিৰ বুকুত বুকু থৈ উশাহ ল'বলৈ ট্ৰী হাউছ দুটা সাজি থৈছে। টিলাটোত সৰু সৰু বহুতো জোপোহা গছ। দুজোপামান পাইনৰ গছ। ঘাঁহনিত পাইনৰ গুটিবোৰ এপাহ এপাহ ফুলৰ দৰে পৰি আছে। দুটামান গুটি উঠাই হাতত ল'লে কেথৰিলাই। সন্মুখত পশ্চিমমুৱাকৈ বৈ যোৱা দুটা নিজৰা। চাৰিওফালে নিজৰাৰ কুলু কুলু ধবনি..সন্ধ্যাৰ পৃথিৱীৰ চিৰিকটিৰ ওভটনি যাত্ৰা...কিচিৰ্ মিচিৰ মৃদু গুঞ্জন....

কেথৰিলাই ট্ৰী হাউচটোত উঠি বেলি জাহ যোৱাৰ ফটো ল'লে। গছৰ খোৰোঙত শুবলৈ বিচনা পৰা চৰাইবোৰকো ফটোত আৱদ্ধ কৰিলে। চাৰিওফালে আন্ধাৰে আগুচি ধৰিলে। সিহঁত ৰিজৰ্টলৈ ঘূৰি আহিল। ৰিজৰ্টখন আছে জংঘলৰ মাজত। ফোনৰ নেটৱৰ্ক নোপোৱা ঠাই। জিঁয়াৰ ভাগৰ লগাত ভাত খাই শুই দিলে। কেথৰিলাই দোকমোকালিতে চৰাইৰ ফটো ল'বলৈ যাম বুলি কৈ কোঠাৰ ভিতৰত লাইট নজ্বলোৱাকৈয়ে ম'বাইল খুঁচৰি কিবা পঢ়াত লাগিল। জিঁয়া টোপনি গ'ল। কেথৰিলাই ভদকা খালে। ভদকাৰ লগত খালে সিজোৱা গাহৰি মাংস। তাই জিঁয়াক কৈছে, অসমলৈ আহি বোলে গাহৰিৰ সোৱাদ পাই বেলেগ একোৱে পেটলৈ নোযোৱা হৈছে। তাতে তেল-মছলাই বন্ধা খাদ্য তাই একেবাৰে খাব নোৱাৰে। জিঁয়াই এদিন ভাতৰ সৈতে বাঁহৰ গাঁজেৰে বন্ধা সিদ্ধ গাহৰিৰ মাংসও খোৱালে।

কেথৰিলা শুলে নে নুশুলে? পিছদিনা পুৱা যেতিয়া তাই শুৱাৰ পৰা উঠিল দেখিলে যে কেথৰিলা কোঠাত নাই। কেথৰিলাও নাই, কেথৰিলাৰ বেগ, কাপোৰ-কানি একো নাই। ৰিজৰ্টত ফোনৰ নেটৱৰ্ক নাপায়। নিশাৰ ভাগত পহৰাৰ দায়িত্বত থকা ল'ৰাজনে কেথৰিনাক চকামকাকৈ দেখিছে। বেগ লৈ ওলাই গৈছে।



কাৰ লগত? অকলে? কোনোও নাজানে। ভয় লাগিল তাইৰ। ৰিজৰ্টৰ মুখ্যদ্বাৰ চৌক্ৰিশ ঘণ্টাই খোলা থাকে। জিঁয়াই তাই ভাড়াত লোৱা ক্ৰেটাখন পৰীক্ষা কৰি চালে। আছে আছে, ঠাইতে আছে। মাথো কেটৰিনা নাই।

মেনেজাৰক লগত লৈ জিঁয়াই ইফালে সিফালে খবৰ কৰিলে। নাই। কেথৰিনা নাই। বিমানৰ সময় হৈছিল তাইৰ। গুৱাহাটীৰ পৰা মুম্বাই। কেথৰিনাক নাপালেও তাই যাবই লাগিব। ডকুমকাৰ পৰা ওলাই গৈয়ো কেথৰিনাৰ সৈতে যোগাযোগ কৰিবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰি বিফল হ'ল জিঁয়া। থানাত খবৰ দি ক্ষোভ-অপমানত ফুৰু হৈ জিঁয়া গ'লগৈ। সন্দীপন বৈ আছিল বিমান বন্দৰত। তাই এইবাৰ নিজৰ ঘৰখনত এভূমুকিও নমৰাকে গুচি গৈছে। মন চন ভাল লাগি থকা নাই। সন্দীপনৰ সৈতে বিভিন্ন কথা সন্দৰ্ভত তৰ্ক-যুদ্ধত লিপ্ত হ'ল। সন্দীপনৰ স্বভাৱটোও কিছু বেলেগ। অত্যধিক জেদী আৰু সহজে কথাত তল নপৰা বিধৰ। কেইদিনমানৰ পৰা সি তাৰ মাক-দেউতাকৰ ওচৰলৈ জিঁয়াক বৰকৈ লগ ধৰি আছে। জিঁয়াৰ যাবলৈ মন নাই। চাকৰিটো এৰি তাই হতাশ হৈ আছে। কাৰো সৈতে মত বিনিময় কৰিবলৈ মন নাই। কেথৰিনাৰ কথা বেলেগ আছিল। তাই আশাৰ ৰেঙনি হৈ ওলাইছিলহি। তাইৰ সৈতে কটোৱা সময়খিনিৰে বহুতকেইটা উজাগৰে কটোৱা ৰাতিৰ ধাৰ পূৰাব।

সন্দীপনে জেদ ধৰিছে। সি কৈছে, বিয়াৰ আগতেই বোৱাৰীয়ে ইমান ভেম দেখুৱালে নহ'ব নহয়...। সি যি কৈছে তাই শুনিবই লাগিব। এনেও সি জিঁয়াৰ ওচৰত ৰুঢ় হৈ ভাল পায়। তাৰ দৰে এটা জখামুখী জিঁয়াৰ দৰে শক্তিশালী নাৰীৰ ত্যাগবোৰ বিপৰ্য্যয় বুলি ধৰে। মগজুৰ লগতে সহজাত স্বভাৱ এটাৰ চিৰকলীয়া দোষ এটা থাকেই সিহঁতৰ দৰে মানুহৰ। বুজাই লাভ নাই। এদিন সি জিঁয়াৰ দুচকুত চকুলো দেখি “জংঘল কী কমজোৰ লড়কী” বুলি গালি পাৰিলে। জিঁয়াই লগে লগে উগ্ৰমূৰ্তি ধাৰণ কৰিলে।

“জংঘল কী কমজোৰ লড়কী” সেইটো কেনেকুৱা ধৰণৰ গালি? কাৰ প্ৰতি সেই গালি? খঙত একো নাই হৈ সন্দীপনৰ গালত দুই চৰ বহুৱাই দিলে। তাৰপিছত? যিবোৰ তাই কেতিয়াও কল্পনা কৰা নাছিল, তাইৰ জীৱনত তেনেকুৱা কেতিয়াও নহওঁক বুলি ভাবিছিল এটা এটাকৈ সেয়াই সংঘটিত হৈ গৈ থাকিল। যেনে- দেউতাকৰ টকাৰে ৰজা হৈ ফোঁপজঁহী মাৰি ঘূৰি ফুৰা সন্দীপন দীক্ষিত নামৰ কাপোৰৰ ব্যৱসায়ীটোৱে তাইক চুলিত ধৰি চোঁচৰাই নি তাইৰ মোটোহা হাত দুখনেৰে তাইক এশবাৰমান চৰিয়ালে, ডুবাইৰ মৰেছিৰ পৰা কিনা তাৰ পঞ্চাশ হাজাৰ টকীয়া জোতাৰে লথিয়ালে, হিচাপ নোহোৱাকে যিমান মন যায় গুৰিয়ালে। জিঁয়াই মাথো চাই থাকিল। মনতে তাই সিদ্ধান্ত এটা লৈ পেলাইছিল।

আঙুঠি পিন্ধোৱাৰ দিন ওচৰ চাপি আহিছে। সন্দীপনৰ পৰা ওলাই আহিবলৈ ঘৰ আৰু ফোন নম্বৰ সলাই পেলালে তাই। ককায়েকক ফোন কৰাৰ কথা জানে তাই, “তোৰ ভনীয়েৰ পাগল। য'তে ত'তে ঘূৰি ফুৰে..যি টি কৰে। সোনকালে বশ কৰ, নহ'লে ক'ৰবাত হেৰাই যাব।”

তাই কিন্তু হেৰাই নাযায়। এগালমান কাগজ হাতত লৈ এডিটৰৰ কোঠাত সোমাল। এডিটৰে তাইক বৰ বেছি গুৰুত্ব দিয়া নাই। ডাঙৰ নিউজ চেনেল এটাৰ পৰা ঘপহকৈ আলোচনীত কাম কৰিবলৈ আহিলে মানুহবোৰৰ মনত বিভিন্ন প্ৰশ্নই আগুৰি ধৰে। বহুতৰ মনত বহুত প্ৰশ্ন, তাই সেইবোৰ প্ৰশ্নত গুৰুত্ব নিদি এটাৰ



পিছত এটাকৈ আগৰ দৰে উত্তৰ-পূৱৰ বিষয়ে বিভিন্ন প্ৰৱন্ধ লিখি থাকে। কেথৰিণা মাৰ্টিনৰ কথা পাহৰিবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰে। পাহৰি পেলায় সন্দীপন দীক্ষিতৰ কথা। নতুন প্ৰজন্মৰ সকলো দিশ সামৰি পঞ্চাশ বছৰ ধৰি প্ৰকাশ পাই থকা আলোচনীখনে তাইৰ প্ৰৱন্ধবোৰ ছপাইছে। তাইৰ লেখাবোৰৰ গুৰুত্ব আগতকৈ বাঢ়িছে। ৱেব মেগাজিনত পুনৰ ব্যস্ত হৈ পৰে তাই। পূৰ্বৰ দৰে দেশী-বিদেশী বহুতো চিত্ৰনিমাতাই তাইৰ সৈতে যোগাযোগ কৰি আছে। তথ্যচিত্ৰ নিৰ্মাণৰ উদ্দেশ্যেৰে তেওঁলোকে তাইৰ সৈতে কথা পাতে। কোনোবাজন মাজুলীৰ পতি আগ্ৰহী হৈ উঠে। কোনোবাজনে ডিৱু ছে খোৱাৰ আইলেণ্ডটোৰ কথা সোধে। আইলেণ্ডটোৰ বগা ঘোঁৰাকেইটাৰ কথা সোধে, শতবৰ্ষ গছকা গছবোৰৰ কথা সোধে, শিহুঁকেইটাৰ কথা সোধে। তাই উত্তৰ দি দি ভাগৰি যায়। এইবাৰ এগৰাকী বিদেশী চিত্ৰনিমাতা ফোনত অনুমতি নোলোৱাকেই চিখা তাইৰ নতুন ঠিকনাত আহি ওলালহি। সেইদিনা তাইক আগতে এৰি থৈ অহা নিউজ চেনেলেটোৱে মাতি পঠাইছিল। “জে বি নিউজ”। শকত দৰমহাটোলৈ মনত পেলাই জিঁয়াই পুনৰ যোগদান কৰাৰ সিদ্ধান্ত লৈছে, উপায় নাই। মুম্বাইত থাকিবলৈ হ’লেটো আৰ্থিকভাৱে স্বচ্ছল হ’ব লাগিবই! ভালকৈ কথা পাতি আহোঁগৈ বুলি ৱৰ্ল্ডৰ তাইৰ চাৰিমহলাত থকা ফ্লেটটোৰ পৰা ওলাই আহিছিল। তেনেতে তাইক মাত দিলে কোনোবাই।

“হাই জিঁয়া!”

ঘূৰি চাওঁতে তাই যাক দেখিলে খঙে ভমক্কে মাৰিলে। আচৰিত হ’ল জিঁয়া।

“ডু ইউ ৰিকগনাইজ মি ডিয়েৰ?”

“ন’ এৱচলিউটলি নট...হু আৰ্ ইউ?”

জুইৰ শিখাবোৰ আহি যেন জিঁয়াৰ চকুত গোট খালে। শোক, খং নে ক্ষোভ, বিবেচনা শক্তিবোৰে কেতিয়াবা কাম নকৰে। জিনছৰ ফটা হাফ পেণ্ট এটা বগা টি চাৰ্ট এটাৰ সৈতে পিন্ধি পিঠিত পুমাৰ স্পৰ্টছ বেগ এটা লৈ জিঁয়াৰ মুখৰ আগত তজ্জ্বজীয়া ফুৰ্তিবাজ, চঞ্চল চকুৰ কেথৰিণা। লগত ধুনীয়া ওখ ল’ৰা এটা। চেহেৰাটো কেথৰিণাৰ সৈতে মিল আছে।

জিঁয়া নিশ্চল, নিস্তব্ধ, নিঃসাৰ হৈ ৰৈ আছে। কিবা এষাৰ কোৱাৰ আগতে পৰীক্ষা কৰি চালে কেথৰিণাৰ চকুহাল।

কিবা অনুশোচনা? নাই। চকুত তাইৰ একো অনুশোচনা নাই। স্মৃতিত আছে। মুখত চুইংগাম।

“খং কৰি আছা ন? সেইদিনা কি হুৱল জানা?”

“নাজানো। শুনিবলৈ মন নাই। কোৱা কিয় আহিলা?”

“চিনেমা এখন কৰিবলৈ আহিছো। তোমাৰ সহায় লাগে। বেয়া পাইছা?”

“ব’লা ভিতৰলৈ ব’লা...!”

খং উঠি আছিল যদিও বৰ বেছি প্ৰতিক্ৰিয়ানেদেখুৱাই অতি বিনম্ৰতাৰে কেথৰিণাক তাই শুৱনিকোঠালৈ লৈ গ’ল। জিঁয়াৰ বিচনাত বহি কেথৰিণাই কফি একাপৰ ফৰ্মাইচ দিলে। জিঁয়াৰ হাঁহি উঠি



গ'ল। কি যে ছোৱালী এইজনী। লাজ-চাজ একো নাই। আমাৰ ছোৱালীবোৰে কিন্তু এবাৰ ঠগী ইমান সাহস নকৰেহি। ইতিবাচক মনৰ মানুহবোৰ সঁচাকৈয়ে ছাগে ক্ষমাৰ যোগ্য। বৰ শক্তিশালী হ'ব পাৰে ছাগে সিহঁত। সপোন দেখুৱাই দেখুৱাই সপোনৰ নাৱত উঠাই অজান্তিমুলুকলৈ লৈ যাব পাৰে। সঁচাকে। কেথৰিনা-কেণ্ডীক কুকুৰাৰ মাংসৰে বান্ধি বাঢ়ি খুৱালে জিঁয়াই। কেথৰিনাই গাহৰি মাংস বিচাৰিলে। জিঁয়াই হাঁহি হাঁহি ক'লে—

“গাহৰি মাংস খাবলৈ তুমি উত্তৰ-পূৱলৈ যাব লাগিব, ইয়াত নোপোৱা।”

কেথৰিনাই আঙুলি চেলেকি চেলেকি ভাতৰ থালখন শেষ কৰালৈকে তৃপ্তিৰে খোৱা দেখি জিঁয়াই কিবা এযাৰ কোৱাৰ আগতেই তাই নিজেই ক'লে—

“তোমাৰ পৰা শিকিলো হাতেৰে খাবলৈ, এতিয়া আকৌ নাহাঁহিবা।”

আবেলি পাৰ হৈ গধূলি হ'লগৈ। মুম্বাইত ঠাণ্ডা পৰিছে। নৱেম্বৰৰ শেষ। বেলি সোনকালে ডুবিছে। কেথৰিনাহঁত যাবলৈ ওলাল। উত্তৰ-পূৱৰ জলপ্ৰপাতবোৰৰ ওপৰত তথ্যচিত্ৰ এখন নিৰ্মাণ কৰাৰ কথা কৈ কেণ্ডীৰ হাতত ধৰি কেথৰিনা যাবলৈ ওলাল। জিঁয়াই মেঘালয়ৰ ক্ৰংচুৰি জলপ্ৰপাতৰ বিষয়ে ৱেব মেগাজিনত লিখিছে। কেথৰিনাই পঢ়িছে। লেছকা, ন'হ কাক্টাং, ফি ফি ফলছ, ব'ফিল, তীছীৰ...মেঘালয় জলপ্ৰপাতৰ বাবেই বিশেষভাৱে বিখ্যাত। তাইৰ লেখাবোৰত মৌলিনং, লংগ্ৰিয়াট, উমলিং, লংথিম্মাই, মাউফ্লাণ্ডৰ বৰ্ণনা হৈছে। এছিয়াৰ আটাইতকৈ চাফা গাওঁ মৌলিনঙৰ ছানিয়া-মেডঙ লিংডোৰ প্ৰেম কাহিনীৰে তাইৰ নৱতম গ্ৰন্থখন ৰছনা কৰিছে। সেই কাহিনীটোও ইংৰাজী ভাষাত ছপা হৈ ওলাইছে। কেথৰিনা সাজু ছুটি ছবি এখন কৰিবলৈ। সেইকাৰণে তাই ভায়েককো লগত লৈ আহিছে। দুয়োটাই তথ্যচিত্ৰখনৰ কাম আৰম্ভ কৰি ঘৰলৈ যাবগৈ। পুনৰ পাঁচ মাহৰ পিছত আহিব। সেইবাৰ শ্বুটিঙৰ কামখিনি কৰি তথ্যচিত্ৰখন শেষ কৰিব। মেঘালয়লৈ যিহেতু তাই আগতে যোৱা নাই জিঁয়াক কুটুৰিলে। জিঁয়াই পিছে এইবাৰ সন্মতি দিবলৈ টান পালে।

“তুমি মাথো মোক বাট দেখুৱাই লৈ ব'লা, পিছৰখিনি মই নিজেই চম্ভালি ল'ম...।”

“আগৰবাৰো তেনেকৈয়ে কৈছিলো, কিন্তু মোক অকলে এৰি..”

“ন' ন'...ইউ আৰ মিছআণ্ডাৰষ্টেডিং মি...।”

“দেন টেল মি হোৱাই ডিড্ ইউ ছাডেনলি লীভ্ উইডাউট্ টেলিং মি ডেট্ ডে?”

কেথৰিনা ৰৈ দিলে। তাইৰ ৰঙীয়াল মুখখন শুকাই গ'ল।

“পৰাপক্ষত মই মানুহ বিশ্বাস নকৰোঁ। ...”

কথাকেইটা কওঁতে জিঁয়াৰ মুখমণ্ডলত অভিমানৰ ৰেখা ফুটি উঠিছিল।

“তুমি তেতিয়া টোপনি গৈছিলো জিঁয়া। দিনত তোলা ফটোবোৰ মই চাই আছিলো, সময় কিমান হৈছিল মনত নাই..। হঠাতে দেউতাৰ ম'বাইলৰ পৰা মেছেজ আহিছিল। মোৰ একমাত্ৰ ভাইটিটোৱে নিজৰ গাতে গুলি মাৰিলে। খবৰটো শুনি মোৰ বিবেকে একো কাম কৰা নাছিল। সেই মাজৰাতি মই কেনেকৈ ঘৰলৈ দৌৰো? কি কৰোঁ..মই ক'ত আছোহি কোনেও নাজানে..।”



“মোক কিয় নজগালা?”

“জগালোহেঁতেন। ভাবিছিলো মাতো তোমাক এবাৰ। হৃদয় মাহাতুক সন্মুখতে পাই বাদ দিলো। তাৰ গাড়ীত উঠি এয়াৰ পৰ্টলৈ গুচি গ'লো।

“হৃদয় মাহাতু? কোন হৃদয় মাহাতু? তাৰ গাড়ীত উঠি ইমান দূৰৰ এয়াৰপৰ্টলৈ? আৰ ইউ চিৰিয়াছ?”

“ইয়েছ। তোমাৰ বিধায়ক বন্ধু সেইসময়ত আমাৰ ৰিজৰ্টতে আছিল। বাহিৰতে বহি মদ খাই আছিল। মই এয়াৰপৰ্টলৈ যাম বুলি গম পাই লগে লগে সি...”

“ঠিক আছে ঠিক আছে..সেইবোৰ বাৰু বুজিলো..। তাৰপিছত? তাৰপিছত কি হ'ল? মোলৈ আৰু মনত নপৰিল? নে ভদ্ৰতাৰ খাতিৰ বাতিৰ তোমালোকৰ দেশৰ মানুহবোৰৰ নাই?”

আৰু হৃদয় মাহাতু? কি মানুহ এইটো?

আৰে সি এটা বিধায়ক। উনৈশ-বিশ বছৰীয়া পিলিঙা ডেকাটো নহয়। বত্ৰিশ-তেত্ৰিশ বছৰীয়া ৰাজ্যৰ এক গুৰুত্বপূৰ্ণ পদবীত থকা মাননীয় বিধায়ক মহোদয় হয় সি। চৰিত্ৰ মানে কেতিয়াও সলনি নহ'ল আৰু তাৰ! খবৰ পাই লগে লগেনো সি ৰিজৰ্ট আহি পাবহি লাগেনে? আৰু বিদেশী গাভৰু গাড়ীত উঠাই উধাউ...।

জিঁয়া খঙত কঁপি উঠিছিল। কেথৰিনাই জিঁয়াৰ চকুলৈ চালে।

“সি বুকুতে গুলি মাৰি দিছিল জিঁয়া। এইবাৰো বাচি গ'ল। গুলিটো বোলে বেলেগ ক'ৰ'বাত লাগিল। ডাক্তৰে চেপেনাৰে উলিয়াই তাক বচাই দিলে।

জিঁয়াই উচ্চ স্বৰত ম'বাইল চলাই গেম খেলি থকা কেথৰিনাৰ ভায়েক কেণ্ডীলৈ চালে। ল'ৰাটোৰ চেহেৰাটোলৈ চালে ধৰিবই নোৱাৰি সি যে এটা ড্ৰাগছ আসক্ত ৰোগী। বায়েকে তাইক নতুন পৃথিৱী এখনৰ সপোন দেখুৱাই লগত লৈ ফুৰিছে। যিটো ল'ৰাই ঘৰৰ টকা-পইছা চুৰ কৰি সাগৰৰ পাৰত অকলে বাস কৰিবলৈ গুচি গৈছিল, সেইটো ল'ৰাকে লগত লৈ আহিছে ভাল হওঁক বুলি। বায়েকৰ লগতে থাকিলে সি ভাল হৈ যাব পাৰে বুলি বায়েকৰ লগতে সিও আশা কৰিছে। কিন্তু কোনোবা পাকত বায়েকৰ মুখৰ পৰা ওলাই পৰিছে,

“আই ডণ্ট ন' হোৱেন হি ডাইজ...”

ইতিবাচক কথা কোৱা ছোৱালীজনীৰ মুখত তেনে হতাশাজনক বাক্য শুনি জিঁয়া আচৰিত হৈছে। ইমান চটফটীয়া ছোৱালীজনীয়ে যে ভায়েকক তেনে অৱস্থাত চম্ভালিব পাৰিছে! ডাঙৰ কথা। তাই চিনেমা এখন নিৰ্মাণ কৰিবলৈ ইমান দূৰৰ পৰা আহিছে ৰুগীয়া ভায়েকক লগত লৈ। সাহস কিন্তু মানিবলগীয়া। বায়েক-ভায়েক দুয়োটাই মিলি মেঘালয়ৰ চৰকাৰৰ পৰা অনুমোদন লৈ তথ্যচিত্ৰখন কৰিব। লগত থাকিব লাগিব জিঁয়া। জিঁয়াই কিন্তু সন্মতি দিয়া নাই।

কেথৰিনাই হতাশাৰ কাৰণে সেইদিনা তাইৰ জে বি নিউজলৈ যোৱা নহ'ল। ৰাতি মেইল এখন লিখি পঠালে চেনেললৈ। পিছদিনা যাব। কেথৰিনাই এসপ্তাহৰ পিছত গুৱাহাটীলৈ বুলি টিকট কৰিছে। গুৱাহাটীৰ পৰা মেঘালয়। জিঁয়াৰ বাবেও টিকট কৰিম বুলি কৈছে। জিঁয়াই যাব নে নাযাব একো থিৰাংকৈ জনোৱা



নাই। অসমলৈ গৈ ঘৰত নোসোমোৱাকে ঘূৰি আহিবলৈ তাইৰ বেয়া লাগে। ঘৰলৈ নোযোৱা দুবছৰেই হ'ল। মাকে ঘৰলৈ মাতি মাতি এতিয়া আৰু তাইক নমতা হ'ল। বৌয়েকৰ চংগীয়া মাতটো, পেট কপটীয়া স্বভাৱটো তাইৰ একেবাৰে পচন্দ নহয়। দেউতাক নোহোৱা ঘৰখনত তাইক মৰমৰ মাত এষাৰ দিবলৈ ককায়েক এটা আছে। কিন্তু আছে যদিও যেন নাই সি। ঘৰখনত ককায়েকৰ উপস্থিতিৰ উমান পোৱাটোৱেই টান। আৰু মা? মাকৰ সৈতে তাইৰ সংবাদক্ষেত্ৰত ভৰি দিয়াৰ পৰাইতো মন-মতবোৰ নিমিলা হ'ল। মাকে তাইৰ মুম্বাইৱালী লাইফ অলপো পচন্দ নকৰে। আপত্তি কৰে ৰাতি ৰাতি ঘূৰি ঘূৰি বাতৰি সংগ্ৰহ কৰি ফুৰা কামটোত। আচলতে মাকৰ তাইৰ একো কথাই ভাল নালাগে। তাইৰ জেদী স্বভাৱটোৰ সৈতে দেউতাকৰ সাংঘাতিক মিল আছিল। তাইক বুজিব পৰা একমাত্ৰ মানুহজন পৃথিৱী এৰি কেতিয়াবাই গুচি গৈছে। জীৱনৰ আটাইতকৈ গুৰুত্বমূৰ্ণ সিদ্ধান্তবোৰ লোৱাৰ সময়তে দেউতাক এতিয়া তাইৰ লগত নাই। তেনেহ'লেটো তাইৰ ক'ৰবাত ভুল হোৱাটো স্বাভাৱিকেই।

সন্দীপনৰ সৈতে তাইৰ সম্বন্ধটোত ঘৰৰ কাৰো সন্মতি নাছিল। যুঁজি যুঁজি তাইৰো আমনি লাগি যোৱাত বিয়াত আহিলে আহিবি নাইনে নাই ধৰণে বাদ দিছিলগৈ পিছলৈ। মুম্বাইলৈ যাবলৈ পাম বুলি বৌয়েকে এদিন সন্মতি দিলে। ককায়েককো বৌয়েকে বুজাই বঢ়াই ল'লে। আঙুঠি পিন্ধোৱা অনুষ্ঠানৰ পৰা একেবাৰে বিয়ালৈকে মুম্বাইতে থাকিব লাগিব বুলি কৈ মাকৰ সৈতে হোৱা সন্দীপনৰ চিনাকি পৰ্বটোত সন্দীপনে বৰ মৰম লগাকৈ কথা পাতিছিল মাকৰ লগত। সেয়ে অসমীয়া বুজি নোপোৱা ল'ৰাটোৰ কথাৰেইটাত মাক ভোল গ'ল। লগে লগে মাৰাঠী জোঁৱাইক আদৰি ল'বলৈ ঘৰখন উঠি পৰি লাগিল। কিন্তু তাইটো কোৱাই নাই এতিয়া সন্দীপনৰ সৈতে তাইৰ যে সম্পৰ্ক শেষ হৈছে...। ককায়েকৰ পৰা কিবা এষাৰ টানকৈ শুনাৰ আগতেই তাই ফোন নম্বৰটো সলাই পেলাইছে...।

কেথৰিনালৈ ফোন কৰিলে জিঁয়াই।

“এইবাৰ মই তোমাৰ সৈতে যাব নোৱাৰিম কেথ। তুমি চিন্তা নকৰিবা, মই তোমাৰ অহা-যোৱা, থকাৰ সকলো ব্যৱস্থা কৰি দিম।”

“থেংক ইউ। টেক্ কেয়াৰ।”

কেথৰিনাই আপত্তি নকৰিলে। তাই জানিছিল এইবাৰ জিঁয়া নাযায়। কিন্তু তাই নগ'লেও কেথৰিনাৰ সকলো বন্দোৱস্ত তাই কৰি দিব। সাংবাদিক আৰু ৰাজনৈতিক নেতাবোৰৰ মাজৰ সম্পৰ্কবোৰৰ কোনো লুক-ঢাক নাথাকে। জিঁয়াই যিমান সত্যত জী থকাৰ প্ৰমাণ দিলেও পূৰ্বৰ কিছু অধ্যায় জলজল পটপট হৈ ওলাই পৰে। কিছুমান সম্পৰ্ক এনেকুৱাও থাকে। যিবোৰ সত্যৰপৰা আঁতৰি থাকে। গোপন হৈ থাকে। কিন্তু বুজাই বুজি যায়। কেথৰিনাই গুৱাহাটীত নামিয়েই হৃদয় মাহাত্মৰ গাড়ীলৈ অপেক্ষা কৰে।

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দ্য ৰি ইউনিয়ন

অংগৰাগ ভূঞা

২৭৭৩

গাড়ীখন পাৰ্ক কৰি বিক্ৰম গৈ ৰিজৰ্টখনৰ ভিতৰলৈ সোমায়ৈ দেখিলে তাত বহু মানুহৰ সমাবেশ। সেয়া সি আশাই কৰা নাছিল। সি ভাবিছিল তাৰ বন্ধুবোৰেই থাকিব, পিছে ৰিজৰ্টখনৰ চৌদিশে মানুহৰ বেলেগ বেলেগ গ্ৰুপ, দুই এজন পৰিচিত পিছে সি আশা কৰাৰ দৰে গোটেই বেটচ একেলগে নাই। ইফালে সিফালে চকু ফুৰাই সি অৰ্জুন, ৰোহন, আৰু সিদ্ধাৰ্থক এটা কোণত একেলগে বহি থকা দেখিলে। তাৰ লোহিত হাউছৰ সতীৰ্থকেইটা!! অন্য হাউছৰ তুলনাত অবষ্টেকল ৰেচত তেতিয়া লুহিত আছিল অপ্ৰতিৰোধ্য!! বিক্ৰম, অৰ্জুন, ৰোহন আৰু সিদ্ধাৰ্থ আছিল সুকৌশলী ষ্ট্ৰেটেজিষ্ট!! হিন্দীত পৰশুৰাম ছাৰে কোৱাৰ দৰে ‘ধুবন্ধৰ খিলাড়ী’। বেলেগত নহ’লেও অবষ্টেকল ৰেচ আৰু ক্ৰিকেটত এইকেইজন ‘ধুবন্ধৰ’ খেলা মেচবোৰ আছিল যেন সেই সময়ৰে পৰা এতিয়ালৈকে এক কিংবদন্তি। বিক্ৰমৰ এই দলটো বৰ নলেগলে লগা ধৰণৰ আছিল। প্ৰিয়জনক স্কুলৰ কাহিনী ক’লে এইকেইটাৰ কাহিনী নোকোৱাকৈ কেতিয়াও যেন শেষ নহয়।

বিক্ৰম ওচৰ চাপি অহাৰ লগে লগে অৰ্জুনে লৈ থকা আধাখালী গ্লাছটো ওপৰলৈ তুলিলে।

“ৰেলকাম! বিক্ৰম, মাই মেন! এৰাইভদ এটলাষ্ট! তুমি যোৱাবাৰৰ দৰেই এইবাৰো আমাক ৰখাই থৈ নাহিবা বুলি ভাবিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিছিলোঁৱেই!”

বিক্ৰমে স্বভাৱসিদ্ধ ভাবে মূৰ জোকাৰি হাঁহিলে। হাত দুখন নমস্কাৰৰ ভংগীত যোৰ কৰি সি নাটকীয়ভাবে ক’লে, “ক্ষমা কৰিব হে বন্ধুসকল। এই ট্ৰেফিক যেন এটা দুঃস্বপ্ন! জালুকবাৰীৰ ট্ৰেফিকৰ বিষয়ে কোনেনো নাজানে! পিছে এতিয়াৰ প্লেনিং কি? মই কেৱল কেজুৱেলী লগ পোৱাৰ কথাহে ভাবিছিলোঁ।”

ৰোহনৰ মুখত তাৰ পৰিচিত দুপ্তামিৰ হাঁহিটো ফুটি উঠিল। স্কুলত তাৰ মুখত এই হাঁহিটো ফুটি উঠিল মানেই এটা ৰোমাঞ্চকৰ এডভেঞ্চাৰৰ আৰম্ভনি হোৱা।

ৰোহনে ক’লে, এইখন আচলতে এটা বিয়াৰ পাৰ্টি। অঞ্জলিৰ ভায়েকৰ। দেউতাকে ডাঙৰকৈ পাৰ্টি দিছে আৰু আমি যেন পাৰ্টি ক্ৰেন্সাৰ!

তাৰ মানে! এয়া কেৱল এটা ৰি ইউনিয়ন নহয়! পিছে তাক ফোন কৰি মাতোতে ৰোহনে দেখোন.....!!!

এনে ধৰণৰ ঘটনা সিহঁতে আগতে বহুবাৰ কৰি থৈছে। গতিকে পুৰণি সময়ৰ কথা মনত পেলাই আৰু সেই কথাবোৰৰ পুনৰাবৃত্তি কৰি আটাইকেইটাই ইটোৱে সিটোৰ চকুলৈ চাই হাঁহিত বিস্ফোৰণ ঘটালে। সামান্য বিব্ৰতবোধ কৰা বিক্ৰমৰ চকু অৱধাৰিতভাবে অলপ আঁতৰত ন-কইনাৰ লগত আড্ডা মাৰি থকা অঞ্জলিৰ ফালে গ’ল। তাই এখন চকুতলগা উজ্জ্বল মেৰুণ ৰঙৰ শাৰী পিন্ধি আছিল। শাৰীখন আৰু মেলি থোৱা কেঁকোৰা চুলিৰে তাইক দেখি এবাৰতে চকু আঁতৰাই আনিব নোৱাৰা বিধৰ লাগিছিল। বিক্ৰমৰ সপ্ৰতিভা পাৰ্টনাৰ্ছ ইন ক্ৰাইম বন্ধুকেইটাৰ পৰা এই কথাটোও সাৰি নগ’ল। সিহঁতে নিৰৱে অথনিহিত দৃষ্টি বিনিময় কৰিলে।



“ঐ বিক্রম, অঞ্জলিৰ কথা আকৌ মনত পৰি গৈছে ন’?” বিক্রমৰ কঁকালত হাতেৰে খোঁচ এটা মাৰি সিদ্ধাৰ্থই সুধিলে।

বিক্রমৰ কাণ দুখন সামান্য উষণ হৈপৰিল আৰু ধুবন্ধৰ কেইটাৰ আগত ধৰা পৰি যোৱাকৈ গোলাপী হৈপৰিল। সি অন্যফালে দৃষ্টি নিষ্ক্ষেপ কৰিলে, তাৰ ওঁঠত সৰু অবুজ হাঁহি এটাই পোখা মেলিলে। পিছে সিদ্ধাৰ্থলৈ এটা কঠোৰ চাৱনি দি সি কেৱল চুপ বুলি ক’লে।

প্ৰথমৰপৰা সামান্য বিব্রতবোধ কৰিলেও সময়খিনি বাগৰি যোৱাৰ লগে লগে গোটখোৱা আন বন্ধু বান্ধৱী আৰু চিনাকি মানুহৰ লগত কথা-বতৰা পাতি বিক্রম সহজ হৈ পৰিল। জীৱনৰ কথা নতুনকৈ পাতিবলৈ বিশেষ নাছিল, পিছে বন্ধুত্বৰ উম আৰু সাহচৰ্যই পৰিৱেশটো উমাল কৰি তুলিছিল। লগতে পেটৰ নাড়ী ডাল ডাল হৈ যোৱা সেই পুৰণি ঘটনাবোৰৰ সৰস বিৱৰণি আৰু অভিনয়ে সেই সময়খিনি প্ৰাণৱন্ত কৰি তুলিছিল।

বিক্রমৰ চকুযুৰি উপৰ্যুপৰি বাগৰি গৈ অলক্ষিতে অঞ্জলিৰ সুদৃশ্য উপস্থিতিত থমকি ৰৈ গৈছিল। আঁতৰৰ পৰা অঞ্জলিৰ দৃষ্টিত বিক্রম হয়তো ধৰা পৰি গৈছিল, কিন্তু অঞ্জলিৰ কথা-বতৰা নাইবা চালচলনত ইয়াৰ কোনো গুংসূত্ৰকে দেখিবলৈ পোৱা যোৱা নাছিল। নিজকে লৈ সচেতন হৈ পৰা বিক্রমৰ মনলৈভাবৰ জোৱাৰ আহিবলৈ ধৰিলে, এই আচৰণক তাৰ অপৰিপক্ক কিশোৰৰ ফেনীল উচ্ছাস যেনবোধ হ’ল। সি যেন অৱলীলাক্ৰমে নিজকে এই পৰিৱেশৰ নষ্টালজিয়াৰ মাজতসেই কিশোৰজনৰ মাজত এৰি দিয়াৰ সিদ্ধান্ত লৈ পেলাইছিল। তাইৰ মনত কি চলি আছিল সেয়া জনাৰ কোনো উপায় বিক্রমৰ নাছিল, কাৰণ অনিশ্চয়তা বিক্রমৰ যেন এক দীৰ্ঘদিন ধৰি অভ্যস্ত হৈ পৰা সহধৰ্মিনীৰ দৰেই এক অবিচ্ছেদ্য সংগী হৈ আছিল।

ৰিজৰ্টত সংগীৰ সুৰ তথা মেজাজ ডিজেই সলনি কৰি দিয়াৰ লগে লগে গুলপীয়া ৰাগীৰে সামান্য আছন্ন হৈ পৰা অভাগতৰ কিছুমানে নাচিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিলে। বিক্ৰমে অৱলীলাক্ৰমে নিজৰে চৌদিশে যেন চাৰিখন অদৃশ্য প্ৰাচীৰ সাজি পেলালে। আৰু বাৰৰ ওচৰত অকলে থিয় হৈ সুৰাৰ গ্লাছটোৰ মুখৰ অংশটো এনেয়ে হাতৰ আঙুলিৰে চুই চুই নিজৰ মাজতে হেৰাই যোৱাৰ আখৰা চলালে। সেই অদৃশ্য অলংঘনীয় প্ৰাচীৰৰ নিচেই কাষতে কোনোবাজনৰ উপস্থিতি অনুভৱ কৰি সি ঘূৰি চালে। হাতত ৰঙীন পানীয় লৈ তাৰ কাষত সোঁশৰীৰে লৈ অঞ্জলি থিয় হৈ আছে।

‘অহ’ তালৈ চাই কাঁহ মৰাৰ দৰে কৰি তাই হাঁহি এটা মাৰিলে। “কেনে আছা বিক্ৰম?”- তাইৰ মাত যেন আকাশৰ পৰাহে ভাঁহি আহিল- এনে লাগিল বিক্ৰমৰ।

অঞ্জলিৰ দৃষ্টিৰে নিজৰ দৃষ্টি মিল হোৱাৰ লগে লগেই যেন বিক্ৰমৰ মগজুৱে কাম নকৰা যেন হৈ গ’ল। তাৰ বুকুত যেন হৃদস্পন্দন এবাৰলৈ থমকি ৰ’ল। পেটৰ নাড়ীদাল যেন স্ফীত হৈ পৰিল। “ঠিকেই চলিছে, জীৱন। “সি নিজৰ মাতটো স্বাভাৱিক কৰিবলৈ মনৰ ভিতৰতে চেষ্টা কৰিলে, তথাপি কোনোমতেহে মাতটো উলিয়াব পাৰিলে,” দিনক দিনে ব্যস্ততা বাঢ়ি আহিছে।।”

অঞ্জলি যেন বিক্ৰমৰ মনোজগতত আহি পৰা ধুমুহাৰ বিষয়ে মুঠেই ওৱাকিপহাল নাছিল। বিক্ৰমৰ কথাইতাৰ চকুহালিৰ কোণত সামান্য হাঁহিৰ ৰেশ তুলিলে। সামান্য পাতলীয়া সুৰেৰে তাই ক’লে, “বুজি পাইছোঁ। তুমিতো আগৰে পৰা সদায় ব্যস্ত থাকিবলৈ ভাল পাইছিল।।”



সিঁহতৰ টোপাশৰ বতাহত যেন উদ্ভিগতাৰ নিৰ্যাসেৰে ভৰি পৰিল অকথিত, অব্যক্ত শব্দবোৰ, অভিযোগ নে অভিমানৰ ডাৱৰ এসোপা সেই বতাহৰ মাজত প্ৰত্যাহানৰ দৰে ওলমি আছিল। অঞ্জলিৰ উপস্থিতিয়ে, তাইৰ চুলিৰ সুস্বাদুৰে নিশ্চিত কৰা সেই উপস্থিতিয়ে বিক্ৰমৰ বুকুৰ ঢপঢপনি বঢ়াই তুলিলে- ক'ব নোৱৰাকৈ সুৰাৰ ৰাগীও যেন দুগুণ হৈ পৰিল। সি কি ক'ব ভাবি নাপালে। তাৰ পাছত ভৰিৰ তলৰ পৰা মজিয়াখন যেন স্বয়ংক্ৰিয়ভাবে পিছলৈ চলি গ'ল আৰু সেই অপ্ৰত্যাশিত অঘটনৰ মাজত যেন নিজকে হেৰুৱাই পুনৰ এখন অটল হাবিৰ মাজত বিক্ৰমে নিজকে আৱিষ্কাৰ কৰিলে।

ইতিমধ্যে উচ্চশ্ৰেণীত বজাই থকা সংগীতৰ তীব্ৰতা স্নান হৈ আহিল। বিক্ৰমৰ অস্থিৰতাই অঞ্জলিক সচেতন কৰি তুলিলে আৰু ইয়াৰ মাজতে অঞ্জলিৰ চকুহালি বিক্ৰমৰ চকুৰ মাজত স্থিৰ হৈ পৰিল, দুয়োৰে মাজৰ যেন পোনপটীয়া সংযোগ যেন স্পষ্ট হৈ পৰিল। বিক্ৰম যেন সেই চকুহালিৰ মাজত নিজৰ চকুৰ লংগৰ পেলাই আলাসত ভাঁহি উঠিল। সেই সময়খিনি যেন হঠাতে তাতেই স্তব্ধ হৈ পৰিল। ক্ষণিক সময়ৰ বাবে সিহঁত দুয়োজন নিৰৱে চকুৰ সংযোগৰ মাধ্যমেৰে কেৱল থিয় হৈ থাকিল, চাৰিওফালৰ জগতখন গলি গলি নোহোৱা হৈ পৰিল। অস্তিত্বহীন হৈ পৰা জগত এখনত কোনে কি কৈছে, কোনে কালৈ চাইছে কোনেও নেদেখা হৈ পৰিল- বিক্ৰমৰ হাহাকাৰখিনি অঞ্জলিয়ে নোহোৱা কৰাৰ কথা ভাবিয়েই নে নিজৰো বাঢ়ি অহা ধুমুহাজাকক শাম কটাবলৈ সেয়া খাটাংকৈ কব পৰা নায়- অঞ্জলিয়ে আলফুলে সন্মোহেৰে তাইৰ সোঁহাতখন বিক্ৰমৰ কপালৰ পৰা বগৰাই গালত ফুৰাই দিলে। তাৰ পাছত কোনেও একো নোকোৱাকৈয়ে দুয়োমূৰ দুটা সামান্য হলুই দি দুয়ো অধৰেৰে মিলি গ'ল।

সহস্ৰ বছৰ ব্যাপি এই স্পৰ্শৰ বাবেই যেন বিক্ৰমে প্ৰতীক্ষা কৰি আছিল! আলাসতে ভাঁহি থকা বিক্ৰমৰ মেৰুদণ্ডৰ মাজেৰে সুতীৰ অথচ সুকোমল এক বাখ্যাহীন শিহৰণ বোৱাই দিলে। লাচিত চিলাৰায়ৰ হাউছ ডেৰ দিনা স্কুলৰ অডিটৰিয়ামৰ পিছফালে সকলোৰে অলক্ষিতে চুমা বিনিময় কৰি শিহৰিত হৈ পৰা সেই ১৭ বছৰীয়া জীৱনটোলৈ যেন অধৰ যুগলৰ টাইম মেচিনে তাক কঢ়িয়াই নিয়া যেন অনুভৱ হ'ল। তাৰ বুকুত আবেগ আৰু ভাৱনাৰ বোজা হো হো কৈ বাঢ়িবলৈ ধৰিলে। অঞ্জলিয়ে নিজকে পিছলৈ টানি লৈ অহাৰ লগে লগে বিক্ৰমৰ চকুৱে উত্তৰ বিচাৰি তাইৰ চকু দুটা বিচাৰিলে।

বিক্ৰমৰ অৰ্ধসুপ্ত চাৰনিয়ে দেখা অঞ্জলিৰ চাৰনিত প্ৰহেলিকা আছিল। এই চাৰনিৰ তৰপে তৰপে সঞ্চিত হৈ আছিল ভিন্ন আৱেগৰ মিশ্ৰণ, যাৰ অনুবাদ বিক্ৰমৰ পক্ষে সেইখিনি সময়ত দুৰূঢ় আছিল। কান্ধ দুটা ওপৰলৈ দাঙি নিজকে চম্ভালি তাই দীঘলকৈ উশাহ এটা ল'লে, তাৰ আগতে তাই আকৌ সামান্য হাঁহি এটা মাৰি তাই এখোজ পিছুৱাই গ'ল।

“মই ঘূৰি যাব লাগিব- সিঁহতে মোক বিচাৰি আছে কিজানি” তাই মাতটো ফুচফুচাই কোৱাৰ দৰে ক'লে।

বিক্ৰমে মূৰ দুপিয়ালে। তাৰ মনটো হঠাতে বিবুদ্ধি মিশ্ৰিত হতাশাৰ ভাৱ এটাই কোবাই দিলে। পিছে অঞ্জলিৰ সন্মোহ দৃষ্টিলৈ চাই সি যেন অথাই সাগৰৰ মাজত এখন ৰবৰৰ নাও দেখা পালে।

“অলপ বাহিৰলৈ আহিবা নেকি?” অঞ্জলিৰ মাতত সামান্য কতৃত্ব আছিল নে প্ৰশ্ন? বিক্ৰমে ধৰিব নোৱাৰিলে। “মই অলপ পাছত বাহিৰলৈ যাম। ইয়াতখোঁৱাৰে যেন ঠাইখন ভৰি পৰিছে।”



কিবা কোৱাৰ আগতে বিক্ৰমৰ অন্তৰত পুনৰ এটা স্পন্দন থমকি ৰ'ল। তাৰ মনৰ ভিতৰতো দেখোন ধোঁৱাৰে ভৰি পৰিছে- এই ধোঁৱাৰ পৰা মুকলি হ'বলৈ সি বাহিৰলৈ যাবই লাগিব- সুৰাৰ প্ৰভাৱৰ পৰা মুকলি হৈ সামান্য স্পষ্ট বতাহ অকণ তাকো লাগিছিল। “মই গৈ আছোঁ” প্ৰত্যয়দীপ্ত কণ্ঠেৰে সি মাত দিলে।

অঞ্জলিয়ে পুনৰ হাঁহি এটা মাৰিলে, এটা সৰু, প্ৰহেলিকা সনা হাঁহি, তাৰ উত্তৰ বিচাৰি পোৱাৰ আগতেই তাই মানুহখিনিৰ ভিৰৰ মাজত হেৰাই গ'ল। বুজা নুবোজাৰ সন্ধিক্ষণ নাইবা প্ৰশ্ন এটাৰ উত্তৰ বিচাৰি পোৱাৰ দুৱাৰদলিৰ পৰা সি তাইৰ অপসূয়মান শৰীৰৰ পিনে একেথৰে চাই থাকিল।

বাৰৰ ধোঁৱা আৰু সুৰাৰ বাগীত মতলীয়া হৈ পৰা ৰাতিৰ বতাহজাকে তাৰ হাওঁফাওঁ ভৰাই পেলোৱা যেন অনুভৱ কৰি সি এটা দীঘলীয়া উশাহ টানি ল'লে। ডিজেয়ে অবিৰতভাবে বজাই থকা সংগীতৰ সুৰ তেতিয়াহে সি পুনৰ তাৰ কাঁণত পৰিবলৈ ধৰিলে।। বিয়াখনৰ উদ্‌যাপন তেতিয়াও পূৰ্ণগতিত চলি আছিল যদিও বিক্ৰমৰ বাবে প্ৰকৃত উদ্‌যাপন কেৱল এতিয়াহে আৰম্ভ হৈছিল।

সি বাৰখনৰ বাহিৰলৈ ওলাই আহিল, তিৰবিৰ তৰাখচিত আকাশৰ ৰাতিৰ শীতল বতাহজাক ভিৰ কৰা বতাহে তাক সুৰাৰ প্ৰভাৱৰ পৰা ক্ৰমান্বয়ে মুকলি হ'বলৈ অৱকাশ দিছিল। ৰিজৰ্টৰ মুকলি কোণ এটালৈ গৈ সি দেখিলে এখনসেউজীয়া বেঞ্চত বহি অঞ্জলিয়ে সন্মুখৰ পানীৰ ফোঁৱাৰা এটা চাই আছে।

অঞ্জলিৰ কাষ চাপি অহাৰ লগে লগে ক্ৰমান্বয়ে বিক্ৰমৰ ভিতৰভাগ পাতল বতাহেৰে ফুলি উঠিল, দূৰত আকাশ পোহৰাই তোলা নগৰৰ আলোকৰ ওপৰতো তৰা জিলিকি আছিল। ভৱিষ্যতে কি হ'ব বিক্ৰমে ভাবিব পৰা নাছিল- পিছে, সেই মুহূৰ্তটোক অনন্তকালৰ বাবেয়েন সাচি ৰাখিব- বিক্ৰমৰ সেই ইচ্ছা জাগি উঠিল।

‘আহিলা’ অঞ্জলিয়ে মৃদু মাতেৰে তালৈ চাই ক'লে, বিক্ৰম আগুৱাই গৈ তাইৰ কাষত ৰ'লগৈ।

‘আহিলোঁ’ বিক্ৰমে ক্ষীণ কিন্তু স্পষ্ট মাতেৰে উত্তৰ দিলে।

বিক্ৰমো তাইৰ কাষত বহিল।

নিৰৱে দুয়ো দূৰত ব্যস্ততাৰ ধোঁৱাৰে আকাশ চানি ধৰা নগৰখনৰ পৰা বহুদূৰত আকাশলৈ চাই থকাৰ সময়ত অনন্ত সম্ভাৱনাই সিহঁতৰ সন্মুখত অগাদেৱা কৰিবলৈ ধৰিলে। দুয়োৰে চিন্তাবোৰ পুনৰ অন্তহীন ঘাইপথৰ দৰে বিস্তৃত হৈ পৰিল, প্ৰতিটো পথেই উন্মুখ হৈ আছিল অন্বেষণৰ অপেক্ষাত। বিক্ৰমে উপলব্ধি কৰিছিল যে ইয়াৰ পিছত যিয়েই নহওক, ধোঁৱা আৰু ধূসৰতাৰ মাজেৰেই পুনৰ এটা যাত্ৰা আৰম্ভ হ'বলৈ গৈ আছে। দুয়ো বহুপৰ নিমাতো ৰল।

“এই বিক্ৰমটো ক'ত নোহোৱা হ'ল!”

- বাৰৰ বাহিৰৰ পৰা সিদ্ধাৰ্থৰ মাত দুয়োজনে শুনিলে।

দুয়ো নিৰৱে ঠিয় হল।

শেষত আৰম্ভ কৰা যাত্ৰা কোনটো পথেৰে আৰম্ভ কৰিব সেয়া বিক্ৰমে নিশ্চিত কৰিবলৈ উদ্যত হ'ল।

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সৈনিক স্কুল আৰু মোৰ অনুভৱ

কৰবী দত্ত

মাতৃ (কেডেট সুনন্দন, ৬৭০৫)

সৰুতে কুইজত ৰাপ আছিল। বিভিন্ন কুইজ প্ৰতিযোগিতাত এটা প্ৰশ্নৰ সঘনাই সন্মুখীন হৈছিলোঁ, অসমৰ একমাত্ৰ সৈনিক স্কুলখন ক'ত আছে? তপৰাই উত্তৰ দিছিলোঁ, গোৱালপাৰাত। সৈনিক স্কুলৰ লগত তেতিয়া সম্পৰ্ক সিমানেই। সেয়া আছিল আশীৰ দশকৰ কথা।

সৈনিক স্কুল মোৰ জীৱনৰ চৰ্চালৈ পুনৰ আহিল ২০২০ চনত। সমগ্ৰ পৃথিৱী যেতিয়া ক'ভিডত আক্ৰান্ত হৈ আছিল, তেনে সময়ৰ কোনোবা এটা দিনতে আমাৰ একমাত্ৰ পুত্ৰই ইউটিউবত কাৰোবাৰ এটা ভিডিঅ'ত সৈনিক স্কুল দেখিলে। সি কি দেখিলে বা কি বুজিলে নাজানো হঠাৎ এদিন কৈ উঠিল মা মই সৈনিক স্কুললৈ যাম। তাক সুধিছিলো, সৈনিক স্কুলৰ কথা কিয় ভাবিলা? সৰুৰে পৰা পঢ়াৰ লগতে খেলি ভালপোৱা ল'ৰাটোৱে যিখিনি তাৰ ভাষাৰে বুজালে তাৰ সাৰমৰ্ম হ'ল, সৈনিক স্কুলত পঢ়িলে খেলা-ধূলাৰ লগতে বহুত ভালদৰে নিয়মানুবৰ্তিতা বজাই ৰাখি ভালকৈ পঢ়ি এটা পৰীক্ষা পাছ কৰিলে এজন ভাল সেনা বিষয়া হ'ব পাৰি। কথাখিনি কৈ থাকোঁতে তাৰ চকুত যি দীপ্তি, যি ঔজ্জ্বল্য তাত মই মোহিত হ'লো। প্ৰকাশ্যে তাক হা না একো নকৈ সি নজনা কৈয়ে মই আজিকালি সততে পোৱা গুণ্ডল, ইউ টিউবত সৈনিক স্কুলৰ তথ্য বিচৰাত লাগিলো আৰু হয়, এটা সময়ত মই নিজেই প্ৰতীয়মান গ'লো যে, সৈনিক স্কুলৰ নিৰ্বাচন সি একো ভুল কৰা নাই, সি ঠিকেই ভাবিছে। অৱশ্যে তেতিয়ালৈকে সৈনিক স্কুলত পঢ়া মোৰ কোনো চিনাকি ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী নাছিল। সেয়েহে এইবাৰ মই ছটিয়েল মিডিয়াত সৈনিক স্কুলৰ প্ৰাক্তন ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী বা শিক্ষকক বিচৰাত লাগিলো আৰু স্কুলৰ বিষয়ে বহুতো তথ্য গোটালোঁ। সৈনিক স্কুলৰ লক্ষ্য আৰু উদ্দেশ্য বুজিলোঁ যে, ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীৰ শাৰীৰিক, মানসিক, বৌদ্ধিক তথা আধ্যাত্মিক সকলো দিশৰ বিকাশ সাধন কৰি 'নেশ্যনেল ডিফেন্স একাডেমী'ত অন্তৰ্ভুক্ত হৈ 'ভাৰতীয় প্ৰতিৰক্ষা সেৱা'ত একোজন সেনা বিষয়া হিচাপে নিয়োজিত হোৱাটোৱেই এই বিদ্যালয়ৰ মূল লক্ষ্য। সেয়েহে এইবাৰ মই প্ৰতীয়মান গ'লো যে সৈনিক স্কুলৰ ক্লাছ ছিক্সৰ এণ্ট্ৰেন্স পৰীক্ষাত উত্তীৰ্ণ হ'বলৈ মই ল'ৰাটোক সহায় কৰিম। ইয়াৰ পিছৰখিনি ঘড়ীৰ কাটাৰ দৰে দ্ৰুতগতিত আগবাঢ়ি গ'ল অৰ্থাৎ যথা সময়ত ল'ৰাটোৰ আকাংক্ষা পূৰণ হ'ল, অৰ্থাৎ সি সৈনিক স্কুলৰ কেডেট হ'ল।

বৰ্তমান আমাৰ ল'ৰাটো সৈনিক স্কুলৰ দশম শ্ৰেণীৰ ছাত্ৰ। গোৱালপাৰাৰ সেউজীয়াৰ মাজত, বিখ্যাত সূৰ্য পাহাৰৰ নিচেই সমীপত থকা অসমৰ একমাত্ৰ সৈনিক স্কুলখনৰ শৈক্ষিক দিশত উন্নত মানৰ ডিজিটেল ক্লাছৰুমৰ পৰা আৰম্ভ কৰি, লাইব্ৰেৰী, কম্পিউটাৰ লেব ইত্যাদি সকলো সুবিধাৰে ভৰপূৰ। (গুগলত পোৱা তথ্য মতে) বৰ্তমান সৈনিক স্কুল গোৱালপাৰাই শৈক্ষিক দিশত দেশৰ ৩৩ খন সৈনিক স্কুলৰ ভিতৰত দ্বাদশ

(১২) স্থান অধিকাৰ কৰি আছে। বিদ্যালয়খন খেলা-ধূলাৰ ক্ষেত্ৰখনতো চহকী। ফুটবল, ভলীবল, বাস্কেটবল, হকী, ক্ৰিকেট আদিৰ উপৰি মাৰ্চিয়েল আৰ্ট যেনে- কেৰাটে, বক্সিং আদি খেলসমূহো অভিজ্ঞ প্ৰশিক্ষকৰ দ্বাৰা শিকোৱাৰ ব্যৱস্থা আছে। স্কুলৰ বিভিন্ন খেল প্ৰতিযোগিতাসমূহো হোষ্টেলসমূহৰ মাজত অতি উচ্চ মানেৰে অনুষ্ঠিত হোৱা দেখা যায়। এনে এখন প্ৰতিযোগিতাতে এইবাৰ ২০২৫ বৰ্ষত আমাৰ পুত্ৰৰ ‘বেষ্ট ড্ৰিল কামাণ্ডাৰ’ হোৱাৰ সৌভাগ্য হৈছে। এইবোৰৰ উপৰিও বাহিৰৰ বহল পৃথিৱীখনলৈও স্কুলৰ উপযুক্ত খেলুৱৈসকলক লৈ যোৱাৰ সুবিধা আছে। বিভিন্ন সময়ত এনে বিভিন্ন প্ৰতিযোগিতাত আমাৰ পুত্ৰয়ো অৰুণাচল, মণিপুৰ, নাগালেণ্ড তথা মুম্বাইত ফুটবল খেলিবলৈ সুবিধা পাইছে আৰু বিদ্যালয়লৈ সুনাম কঢ়িয়াই আনিবলৈ সক্ষম হৈছে। এইক্ষেত্ৰত আমি স্কুল কৰ্তৃপক্ষৰ ওচৰত সদায় ঋণী হৈ ৰ’ম। সকলো ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীৰ বাবে বাধ্যতামূলক সাঁতোৰৰ ব্যৱস্থা থকা ছুইমিং পুলটোও যথেষ্ট স্বাস্থ্যসন্মত। কিন্তু ল’ৰা-ছোৱালীৰ অনুপাতে এটা মাত্ৰ ছুইমিং পুল হোৱা বাবে তেনেই কম সময়হে সাঁতুৰিবলৈ পায় বুলি ল’ৰাটোৱে মাজে মাজে অভিযোগ কৰে। বিদ্যালয়খনৰ অন্যতম এটা ধনাত্মক কথাই মোক সদায় আকৰ্ষণ কৰে। সেইটো হ’ল বাৰ্ষিক পৰীক্ষাত স্কুল কৰ্তৃপক্ষই নিৰ্ধাৰণ কৰা এটা নিৰ্দিষ্ট শতাংশ নম্বৰৰ বেছি পোৱা ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীসকলক মটিভেশ্যনেল টুৰলৈ লৈ যোৱাটো। এইটো বৰ ভাল লগা কথা। কম নম্বৰ পোৱাসকলে অৰ্থাৎ যাবলৈ নোপোৱাসকলে কথাটো ধনাত্মক ভাৱে লৈ পিছৰ বছৰত ভালদৰে পঢ়িবলৈ যত্ন কৰে। বছৰৰ আৰম্ভণিতে এনেদৰে ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীসকলক মনটো ফ্ৰেছ কৰি দিয়া কাৰ্যটো বিদ্যালয়খনৰ অন্যতম লেখত ল’বলগীয়া দিশ।

সকলো পৰিৱেশতে সমানে খাপ খাব পৰাকৈ ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীসকলক শাৰীৰিক তথা মানসিক দিশত সৰল কৰিবলৈ বিদ্যালয়খনে অহোপুৰুষাৰ্থ কৰে। বিদ্যালয়ৰ আটাইতকৈ গুৰুত্বপূৰ্ণ দিশটো হ’ল ইয়াৰ গুণগত শিক্ষাদান পদ্ধতি আৰু উচ্চ মানৰ পশিক্ষণপ্ৰাপ্ত শিক্ষকসকলৰ ত্যাগ আৰু সেৱাৰ মনোভাৱ। ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীসকলৰ দৰেই এই বিদ্যালয়ৰ সকলো শিক্ষকেই পুৱাৰ পৰা গধূলিলৈ কঠোৰ নিয়মানুবৰ্তিতাৰ মাজেৰে চলিব লগা হয়। অভিমন্যু, ভাস্কৰ, লাচিত, লোহিত, চিলাৰায়, একলব্য, অনিৰুদ্ধ আৰু উদয়গিৰি- এই আঠটা ল’ৰাৰ বাবে আবাস আৰু একমাত্ৰ ‘চন্দ্ৰপ্ৰভা’ ছোৱালী আবাসৰ সকলো ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীৰ লগতে তেওঁলোকক নিজৰ সন্তানৰ দৰে আৱৰি ৰখা সমূহ শিক্ষক-শিক্ষয়িত্ৰীলৈ এই চেগতে হিয়াভৰা শুভকামনা জনালোঁ।

এতিয়া মনৰ মাজত খুদুৱাই থকা দুটা ব্যক্তিগত অনুভৱ লিখিব খুজিছোঁ।

আমাৰ দিন আৰু আজিৰ দিন সুকীয়া। মোৰ ক’ৰবাত অনুভৱ হয়, আজিৰ মোবাইল তথা ইণ্টাৰনেটৰ যুগত, এই প্ৰতিযোগিতাৰ দিনত তথ্য আহৰণৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত ছাত্ৰ ছাত্ৰীক মোবাইল বা ইণ্টাৰনেট সততে প্ৰয়োজনীয়। সকলো সময়তে এইবোৰৰ বেয়া দিশটো নাভাবি তথ্য প্ৰযুক্তিৰ এই বিশাল ভাণ্ডাৰত সিহঁতক আমি প্ৰৱেশ কৰিবলৈ দিয়া উচিত। সৈনিক স্কুলৰ সকলো ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীয়েই এই বিশাল ভাণ্ডাৰৰ পৰা আঁতৰি থকা যেন মোৰ পৰিলক্ষিত হয়। সেয়েহে স্কুল কৰ্তৃপক্ষৰ তত্বাৱধানত সিহঁতক ইণ্টাৰনেটৰ জগতখনত প্ৰৱেশ কৰিবলৈ দিয়া উচিত বুলি কেতিয়াবা ভাবোঁ। ইয়াৰ বাবে শিক্ষক নিৰীক্ষক হিচাপে থকাটো অৱশ্যেই জৰুৰী হ’ব।

অন্য কথাটো হ’ল যিহেতু উচ্চতৰ মাধ্যমিক প্ৰথম আৰু দ্বিতীয় বৰ্ষটো জীৱনৰ বাবেই এক নতুন



আৰম্ভণি। যথেষ্ট পঢ়িব লাগে। যথেষ্ট সময় দিব লাগে। সৈনিক স্কুলৰ ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীসকলে টিউশ্যন বা অন্য ক'চিং চেণ্টাৰলৈ যাবলৈ সুবিধা নাপায়। সেয়েহে এন.ডি.এ. পৰীক্ষাত সাহসেৰে, সুস্থ মন এটাৰে বহিব পৰাকৈ এইটো দিশৰ কোনো সমল ব্যক্তিক স্কুলকৰ্তৃপক্ষই পৰীক্ষাৰ আগত যদি আনিব পাৰে বহুত সহায় হ'ব বুলি বোধকৰোঁ। এয়া কেৱল মোৰ অনুভৱ। আশাকৰোঁ স্কুলকৰ্তৃপক্ষই কথাটো ভাবি চাব।

শেষত জয়তু সৈনিক স্কুল, গোৱালপাৰা।

জয় আই অসম।

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এখনি ৰুঢ় বাস্তৱৰ ছবি

কিৰণ পাটোৱাৰী

মাতৃ (অঞ্জন পাটোৱাৰী, ২৬৮৫)

তোমাৰ মৃত্যু অকল্পনীয়,
সেয়েহে, আজিও কাণত বাজে
বিষাদৰ সুৰ জয় জুবিন দা!
প্ৰতিজন অসমীয়াৰ মনত অনুভূত হব
তোমাৰ প্ৰতিবাদী সুৰ
কাহানিও ভাবিব নোৱাৰোঁ
নিমিষতে শেষ হৈ যোৱা
তোমাৰ সাগৰসদৃশ মন,
পৰ্বতসম সৃষ্টিৰাজি
থান-বান হোৱা এক ধুমুহাৰ মাজেতে।
তোমাৰ প্ৰতিবাদী কণ্ঠই..
তাকেই বিচাৰিছিল- সকলো সমান,
স্বদেশ আৰু স্বজাতিৰ স্বাভিমান
প্ৰকৃতিৰ মাজতো বিচাৰি পাইছিল
নাহৰ গছৰ মনোৰম দৃশ্য
পশু-পক্ষীৰ মাজতো নিজৰ মৰমবোৰ
বিলাই ভাল পাইছিল।
প্ৰাণ স্পন্দিত হোৱা সুৰ সিঁচিলা
জাতি-ধৰ্ম-বৰ্ণৰ ব্যৱধান পাহৰাই
নতুন সমাজ গঢ়াৰ সপোন দেখিলা
কিন্তু, নিষ্ঠুৰ নিয়তিয়ে কব নোৱাৰাকৈয়ে
আঁকি গ'ল-এখনি ৰুঢ় বাস্তৱৰ ছবি।।

কিয় ?

অংগৰাগ ভূঞা

২৭৭৩

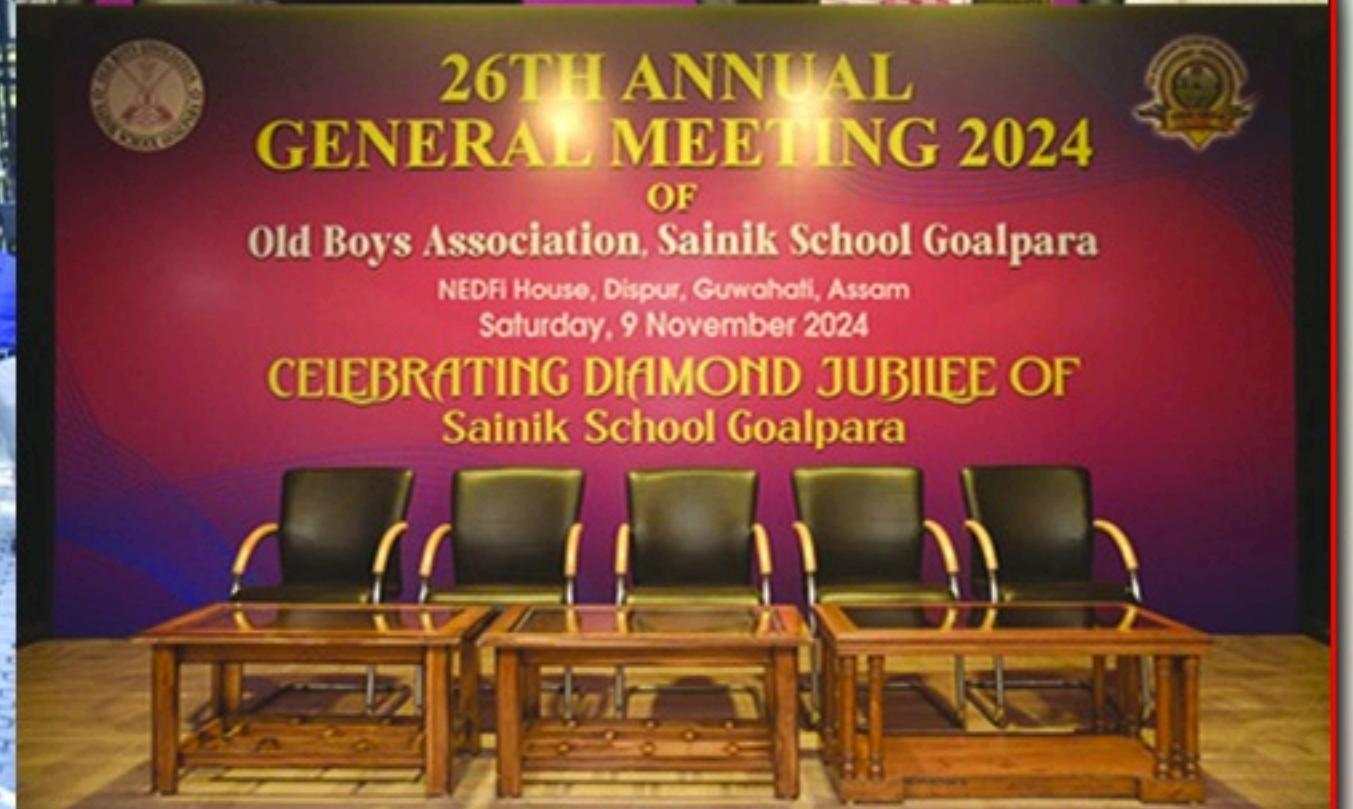
গানৰ হিচাপ মই ৰাখিব নোৱাৰোঁ
ভালপোৱাৰ নাইবা আকুলতাৰ
বা ব্যাকুলতা নাইবা বিষাদৰ
চিপচিপাই থকা বৰষুণত
মনলৈ অহা তোমাৰ উদ্দান্ত স্বীকাৰোক্তি
বৰষা যেতিয়া বুকুলৈ নামে
বৰষুণে যেতিয়া ধুৱাই থৈ যায়
আমাৰ শব্দ অনুভূতি
ৰ'দৰ হাঁহি, ফুলৰ উন্মোচন
প্ৰেমৰ কোমল অৱগুণ্ঠন!
প্ৰিয়জনক হেৰুৱাৰ বিষাদ
দূৰে দূৰে থকা উজাগৰী ৰাতিৰ বিৰহ
সকলোতে কিয় ?
তোমাৰ মায়াত ৰাগী লগা মানুহে
গোট মহানগৰীখন সৰু কৰি পেলালে
পৰৱৰ দৰে পিয়াপি দি
ভালপোৱাৰ আৱেশেৰে
তীৰ্থ যাত্ৰা কৰালে
সকলোতে তুমি কেৱল
সপোন দিঠক জীৱন মৰণ
অনুৰাগৰ বিষম শোষণ
পুৱাৰ পৰ্থনা, শৈশৱৰ চিলা
পাখি পাখি হৈ উৰি থকা
ৰুমালহেন স্মৃতিৰ পখিলা
হীৰুদাৰ আখৰবোৰকো
নতুন সাজ পিন্ধালা
কিয় ?

মন যায় আমাৰ
কাষে কাষে নহ'লেও

অনুভূতিৰে তোমাৰ
প্ৰতিটো পৰৱৰ্তে
অনুভৱ কৰাৰ
মন যায় তোমাৰ
আকাশত গাতে লোৱাৰ, সাগৰ তলীত শোৱাৰ
সপোনৰ সুৰক মায়া সনাৰ আশাৰে
শিশুৰ মুখৰ অনামিকা হাঁহি
ৰংমনৰ ওঁঠৰ নিজান বাঁহী
হঠাতেই চোতালত হেৰাল
কিয় ?

জানো তুমি প্ৰশ্নৰ উত্তৰ নিদিয়া
অভিমানী তোমাৰ মন
উন্মনা, চিনাকী জোনাকী, হিয়া মনবোৰক
উতলা কৰি অবুজন কৰি ৰাখিবা
যন্ত্ৰৰ দৰে ইউকেলিপ্টাছৰ দৰে ওখ
সেই সন্তাক আমিচোন
প্ৰাৰ্থনাতহে এতিয়া ৰাখিব পাৰিম!!
বিছত ভাঁহি অহা বিছনামটোনো কাৰ!!
কাৰনো হ'ব? আমাৰ জুবিনদাৰ!!
তেজত বগুৱা সপোন তুমি
সপোন ৰঙৰ জীৱন এটাত
উৰুঙা কৰি প্ৰেৰণাৰ পাহাৰ
কিয় গুছি গলা জাতিক কন্দুৱাই?
কাকো খাতিৰ নকৰি দি গ'লা
প্ৰাণত অবাঞ্ছিত স্থায়ী শোক
কিয় ?

26th AGM 2024



26th AGM 2024



26th AGM 2024



NOSTALGIA 2024



Activities



12th November 2025

School Raising Day



Felicitation by BBCI



Certificate

Our heartfelt appreciation to

**Old Boys Association Sainik School
Goalpara**

*in recognition of your generous contribution towards
the welfare of patients and the strengthening of
Dr. B. Borooah Cancer Institute, Guwahati
on the occasion of 52nd Foundation Day Celebration
on 18th November, 2025*

Dr. B. B. Borthakur
Director

Dr. B. Borooah Cancer Institute
Guwahati

Guwahati, November 18 (Tuesday), 2025



Drawing & Paintings



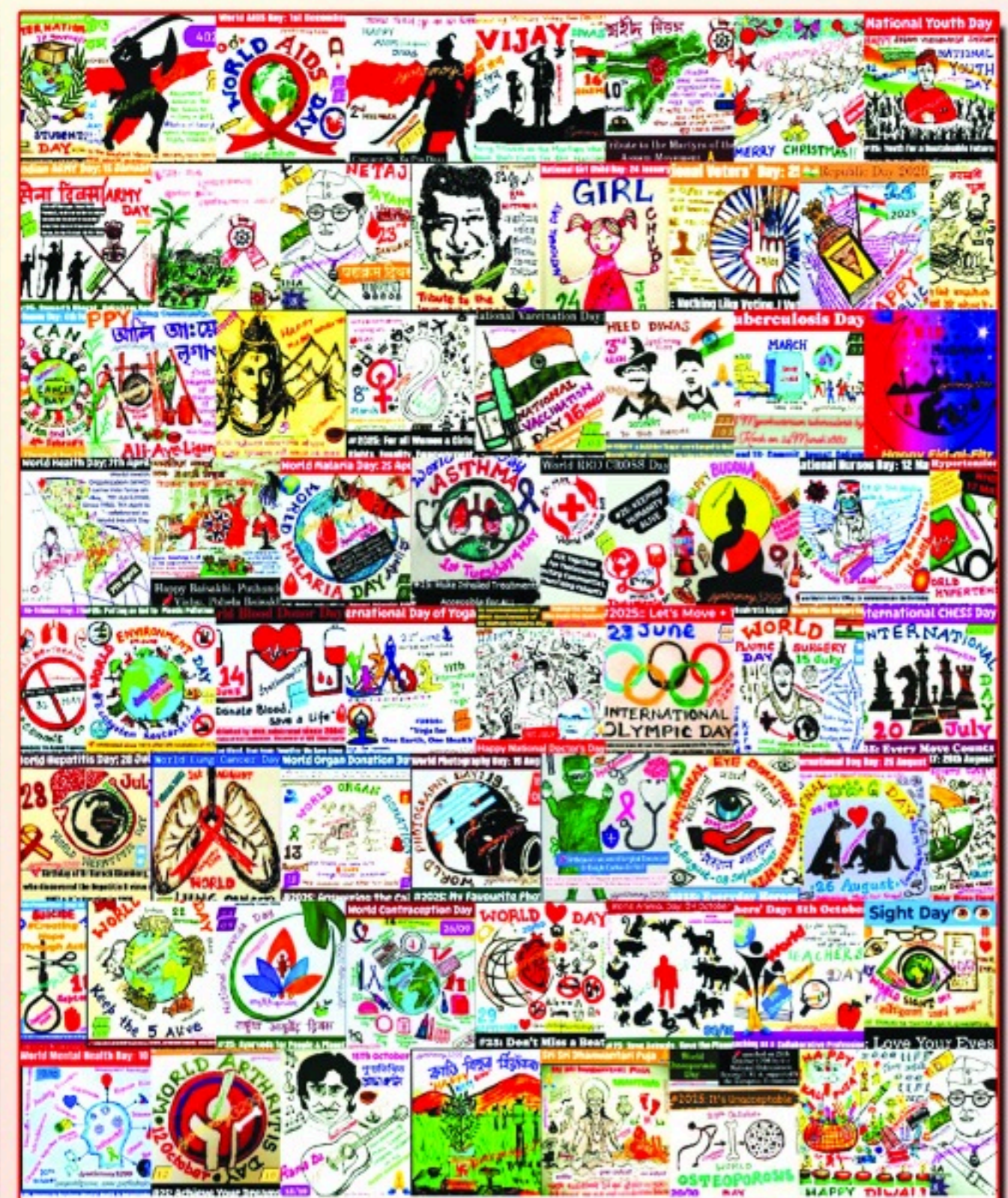
Arnav S/o Kaushik (3160)



Kiyaan S/o Rahul (3419)



Paripsha D/o Mridul (3139)



Jyotirmoy (3299)



AIDC's remarkable strides towards industrialization of the State of Assam

Assam provides enormous scope for investment in the areas like agro-based products, oil and natural gas, chemical and petro-chemical, power, tourism and forest based products. Assam Industrial Development Corporation Limited, the catalyst for industrial development of the state has taken steps for creating high standard industrial infrastructure in the state as follows:

Export Promotion Industrial Park, Amingaon

At Amingaon, Guwahati

Industrial Growth Centres

At Balipara in Sonitpur District and Matia in Goalpara District.

IID Centres

At Bhomoraguri/ Naltoli, Dalgaoon, Malinibeel, Demow, Titabor, Tihu and Silapathar.

Border Trade Centre

At Mankachar and Golakganj in Dhubri District.

Other projects in pipeline/implementation stage

Mega Food Park, Bamboo Park, Plastic Park, Agri-Export Processing Zone for Ginger, Tea Park, Agar Park, Regional Food Testing Laboratory, Centre for Perishable Cargo, IDP Pathsala, Industrial Estates at Nathkuchi, Dhing, Rangjuli, Jabjakhuchi, Bijni, Nagarbera, Industrial Parks at Sootea, Sipajhar, Mangaldoi, Maizgram, Nirala, Sepinguri and Chenga.

Industrial and Investment Policy of Assam, 2019 offers Power Subsidy, Reimbursement of 100% SGST for 15 years, Incentive for private sector infrastructure developer, Incentives of Rs. 10,000/- to units against each local youth employed, 50% generating set subsidy, 2% interest subsidy on working capital loan, 100% stamp duty reimbursement, 75% subsidy on technology transfer, Financial assistance @30% subsidy to MSME and @50% subsidy for Environmental Compliances.

North East Industrial Development Scheme (NEIDS), 2017 - Under the Scheme, the incentives that shall be provided to new industrial units set up in the North Eastern States including Sikkim are Central Capital Investment Incentive for Access to Credit, Central Interest Incentive, Central Comprehensive Insurance Incentive, Goods and Service Tax (GST) Reimbursement, Income Tax (IT) Reimbursement, Transport Incentive, Employment Incentive.

The combination of NEIDS, 2017 and Assam Industrial and Investment Policy, 2019 makes Assam the most advantageous destination for setting up an industrial unit.

Explore the Industrial avenues and make Assam the destination for your project.

For further details, contact :

Assam Industrial Development Corporation Ltd.

(A Government of Assam Undertaking)

R. G. Baruah Road, Guwahati – 781024, Phone: +91 361 2201215 / 2202216

Fax: +91 361 2200060. Email: aidcltd@gmail.com, website: www.aidcltd.com





Barman Diabetes Specialities

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