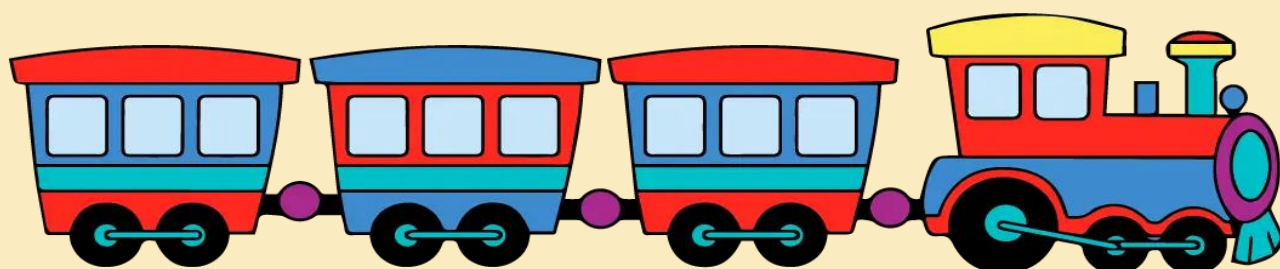




CYNETHA

Issue – II : Nov 2024

**NIT Durgapur - 1996 batch
and extended family**





সম্পাদকীয়

এ এক অদ্ভুত মজার অঙ্ক। যতই বছর পেরিয়ে যাক আমাদের কাছে সেই ছোট-ই থেকে যায় পরের প্রজন্ম। তাই এবছরের শিশু দিবস উপলক্ষে CYNEFIN এর দ্বিতীয় সংখ্যার এই আয়োজন। সত্যি কথা বলতে কী এই সংখ্যার ছোটদের লেখা, আঁকা ইত্যাদি দেখে বাস্তবিকই চমকে উঠতে হয়েছে। আর কদিন পরেই ক্যালেন্ডারের হাত ধরে স্মৃতির কুলুঙ্গিতে ঢুকে যাবে এ বছর। কিন্তু এই সংখ্যায় প্রকাশিত সবকিছুর মধ্যে অনায়াস ফুটে বেরোনো ‘শিশু’দের সৃষ্টিশীলতা চিরদিন থেকে যাবে আমাদের মনে আর CYNEFIN র পাতায়।

This issue of CYNEFIN is a collection of writings and artworks from our next generation. I am sure that their tremendous creativity will amaze everyone.

সবাইকে শুভকামনা।



Basudeb Acharya

NIT Durgapur
Electrical Engineering
1996 batch



CYNEFIN - Issue 2

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NIT Durgapur
1996 Batch



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Syona Bhaumik

Class XI, A-level
Bath, United Kingdom

Daughter of Anirban Bhaumik



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Sayam De

1st Year, Purdue University
Indiana, USA

Son of Biswajit De



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Soutisha Mondal

2nd Year, Institute of Engineering & Management
Kolkata, West Bengal, India

Daughter of Shyam Sundar Mondal



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Aditi Basak

Grade 11, Greenwood High International School
Bengaluru, Karnataka, India

Daughter of Kaushik Basak



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Suhani Bandyopadhyay

Standard XII, New Era High School
Panchgani, Maharashtra, India

Daughter of Rajesh Bandyopadhyay



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Ananya Roy

Class V, Ryan International School
New Delhi, India

Daughter of Joydip Roy



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Sampriti Bandyopadhyay

B. Tech. - Food Technology

MIT ADT University, Pune, Maharashtra, India

Daughter of Rajesh Bandyopadhyay



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Mahima Sankepalli

Class VIII, Indu International School

Hyderabad, Telangana, India

Daughter of Yashwanth Sankepalli



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Patatri Acharya

3rd Year, B.Tech, Computer Science

Institute of Engineering & Management, Kolkata, India

Daughter of Basudeb Acharya



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Sanjukta Kaibartya

1st Year, B. Des.

IIIT Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh, India

Daughter of Sandip Kaibartya



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Class XII, Beachwood School

Durgapur, West Bengal, India

Daughter of Tarun Bhattacharya



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Sanchaita Kaibartya

Class VI, DPS Bengaluru

Karnataka, India

Daughter of Sandip Kaibartya



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Ashmeet Bhaumik

3rd year, BA History and French
University of Oxford

Son of Anirban Bhaumik



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Arko Roy

Class XII, Ryan International School
New Delhi, India

Son of Joydip Roy



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- Painting

Avilasha Mandal

3rd Year, Computer Science & Engineering
IIT Delhi

Daughter of Siddhartha Sankar Mandal

BATH | **SYONA BHAUMIK**

Bath is an Ancient Roman city built around the Roman baths, that are a tourist attraction visited by those around the world. Along with the roman baths, Bath also contains the Bath Abbey that is covered in panels of stained glass. Every November, Bath also has a different kind of attraction called the Bath Christmas market, there's many stalls & a Huge Christmas tree near the Abbey every year.

Bath is a beautiful city built upon a hill where the views take you back in time.

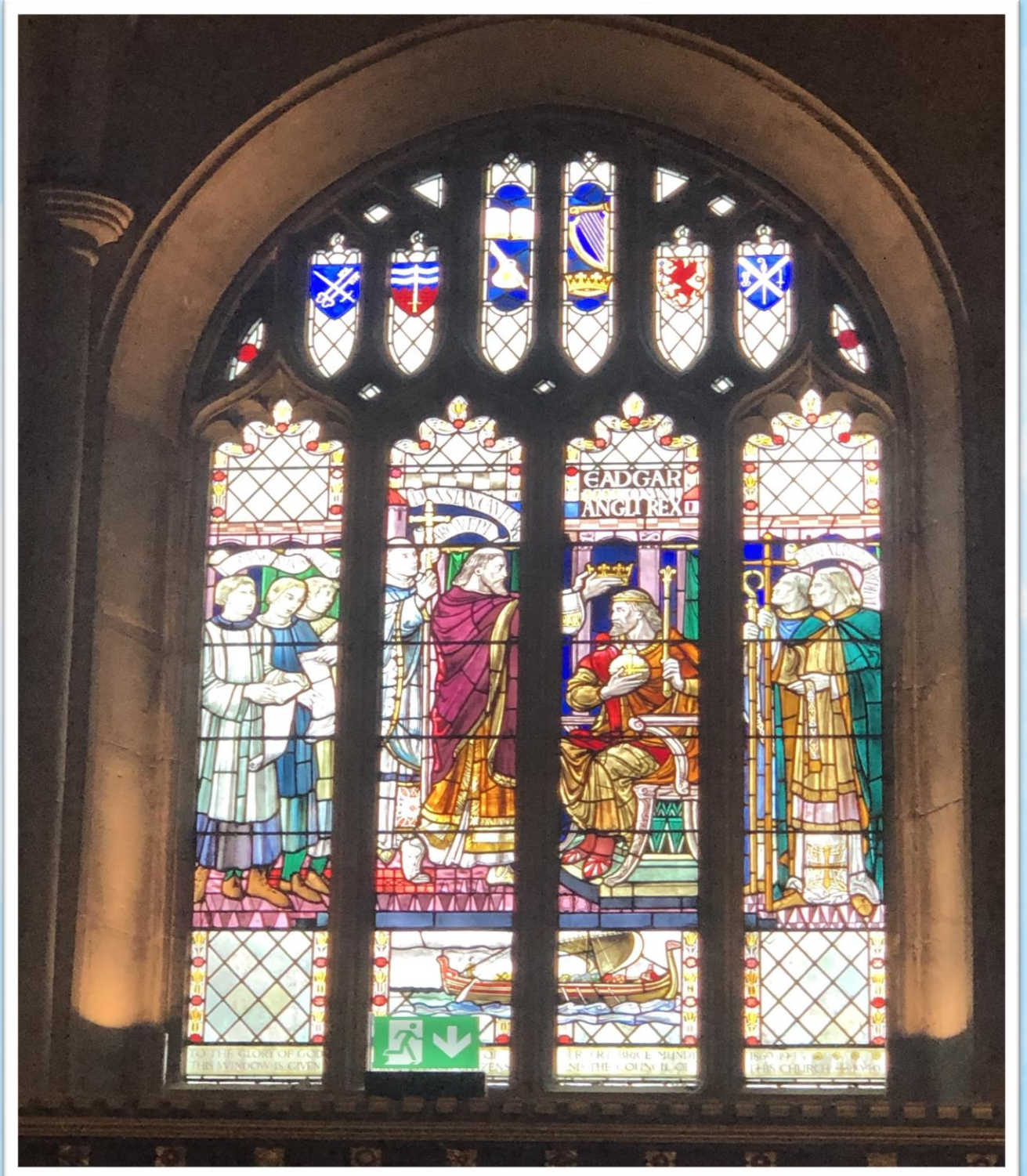


- Bath Valley from the Hills above -

BATH | SYONA BHAUMIK**- Bath Abbey -**

BATH | SYONA BHAUMIK

~ Bath Abbey Inside ~

BATH | SYONA BHAUMIK

- Stained Glass -

BATH | SYONA BHAUMIK

- Bath in the Golden Sunlight -

LEGO CITY | SAYAM DE



VENGEANCE IN THE AIR | SOUTISHA MONDAL

**"There is no greater agony
than beholding an untold story within you."**

Why can't I find the essence of puja?
The wafting fragrance of Shiuli phool is somewhere lost,
But the odor of bloodshed rages my nose.
Why can't I hear the beat of dhak,
Instead the cacophony of the divine Durga
Encompassing through my ears.

The piercing shriek rings my ears,
Echoing in the dead hallway,
Cracking her bones and ribs,
Shattering it with a rumble.
When she saw her world at her feet,
All her hopes and ambitions did it crush.
So many dreams did it kill.
They had tortured her, hurt her,
Just to hone their skills.
With a steel mind and a steel hand,
The Abhaya fought till the end.
My ears still ring with her scream,
Her blood splattered around,
coloring the ground dark.
The room splattered with agony
As sobs racked through her body
As she finally end up laying bare.



The echoes of her cries still unheard by the officials without a try.
The silence should not be silenced.
My mind is now void without any fear.
My eyes are now dry, devoid of tears.
There's a pang in my heart filled with the raging agony of mishap.
The air thick with injustice and shame for the criminal.
She closed her eyes in vain.
Looking for an escape
Remember, she will come back,
Come back to all your lies.
Remember flowers thorns can pierce you
And you may die.



In the era of Kali Yuga
No Kalki came to secure her.
No Krishna came to save his broken Draupadi.
In the city of joy, idol of Durga is worshipped
But living Durga is killed.
Many Mahishasuras are freely roaming about.

This Durga Puja,
All must clutch their Trishul,
To fight for themselves
Until thy justice is fetched,
To seek fairness against the demon with facad.
Do not be another of Abhaya
Shrouded under the cloak,
Who wanted to live her dreams,
But turned out to be a nightmare in a glimpse.

ENDURANCE | ADITI BASAK



ALWAYS AROUND | SUHANI BANDYOPADHYAY

With progress, with enlightenment
It was built with great potent.

Established in 1982
For the world's betterment,
Rose with a virtue
To be better everyday.

JSW, a colossal of steel,
Powerful and full of zeal,
With the production of 34 million tonnes,
Like no one has ever done.

Here was not the stop,
Introduced the first intelligent car,
WINDSOR, the electric vehicle,
That has it all.



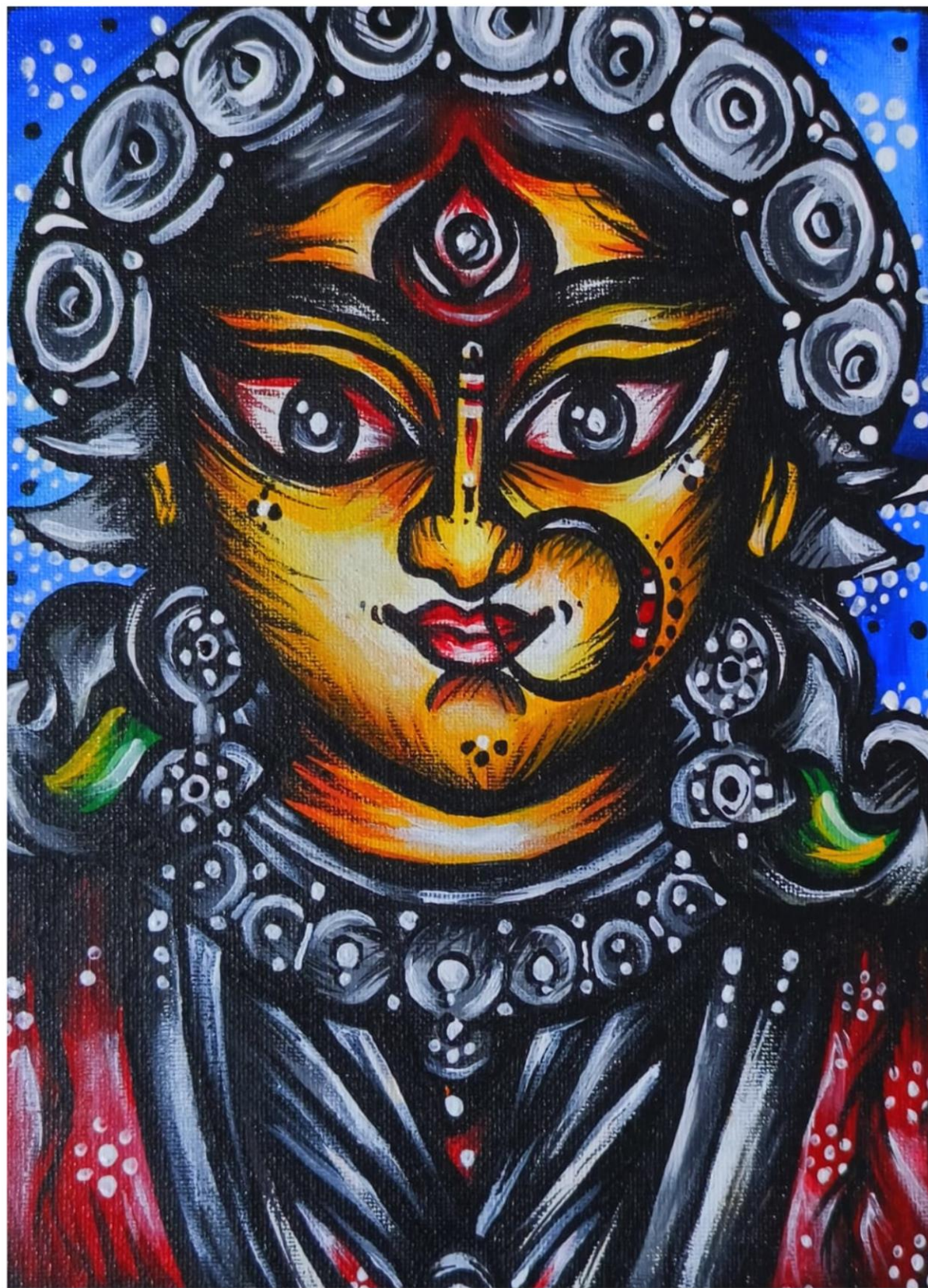
Played a crucial role
In the sports field,
Inspire Institute of Sports (IIS)
Institute that supported with a great shield.

With the great folklore,
With no discrimination and detachment
It encourages greatly,
To the youth empowerment

JSW, in every aspect
Has a unique success
Blessings of Baba Vishwakarma,
Has always kept this in progress
With progress, with enlightenment,
It is continuing with great potent.



KRISHNA | ANANYA ROY

ANNAPURNA | ANANYA ROY

VINAYAKA | ANANYA ROY

APPENDAGE | ANANYA ROY



BUNNY | ANANYA ROY

THE LITTLE THANK-YOUS THAT MATTER

- SAMPRITI BANDYOPADHYAY -

Stop! Stop right there and breathe. Look at things around you. What do you see? Just the usuals? Look again. Did you see the blessings? I bet you did.

It's surprising how we forget to be grateful for the things we have around us. How careless we are that we forget to notice the little good things that happen to us every day. We are so caught up in our worldly desires that the basics we have are all neglected.

Aren't we lucky to have air to breathe, food to eat, clothes to wear, and a house to live in? Not that everyone has it. Many people around the world are still striving for these. Many have to work hard, tirelessly, day in and day out, for their three meals, a good house, and clean clothes. Yet we people who have it all never appreciate its existence in our lives.

How often did you think of taking a moment for people with a huge role to play in your life? Your mom and dad, your siblings, your friends or anyone

close to you has in one way or another helped you to survive the chaotic world. They may not have helped you solve your problem but they made it look easy. And that's a blessing. You had someone by your side.

And if there was no one you had, you had yourself. That's nothing less than a blessing. You had the strength and courage to face the tough time alone, and you should be grateful for that strength and courage. Why? because not everyone has it.

Today take out a piece of paper and jot down all that you are grateful for. Meet people who mean a lot to you and tell them that you are grateful for them.

Practising and showcasing gratitude makes you believe that the problems you thought were huge are merely any problem and that they can be solved in no time. It boosts your confidence and makes you criticise yourself a little less.

So say thank you for everything and to everyone who made this world a better place. Because **it is these little Thank-Yous that would bring you happiness.**

APRICITY | MAHIMA SANKEPALLI

MY FAIR LADY | MAHIMA SANKEPALLI



VIBRANCE | MAHIMA SANKEPALLI

TACENDA | PATATRI ACHARYA

Irony must have died a thousand deaths the day you had spoken of "forever". Yet, all I had seen and felt were rainbows and butterflies! My ignorant esoteric existence had clung on to you with a passion unbeknownst even to myself. That night, as the moon had weaved its silver threads through the world, you had seemed like the most beautiful brush stroke of God on the canvas of mankind. I remember how, as you had gazed into my eyes intently, time had lost its way, hypnotized in the warmth of those honey-brown eyes of yours. Your gaze had felt like a sonnet written in the language of longing, and each word you uttered had felt like a love letter written solely to satiate that yearning.

Oh, how could I have dreamt of such a boundless ocean in the shallow pool of your eyes? How could I have drawn those non-existent constellations from the scattered stars of your mercurial words? How could I have found such tinkling melodies of wedding bells in the cacophony of your raucous laughter? How could I have seen such an explosion of colours in the drab piece of cloth you had added to the patchwork quilt of my experiences ?

You had kindled the lamp I used to keep hidden in the dreariest corner of my heart. Like a dimly lit station, I had brightened with the fire of longing as soon as you had alighted from the train of time – only to watch helplessly as you had realized after a while that I was just a station you should have passed through, I was never your destination; I was just a mirage that had slowed you down, I was never your oasis.

The symphony of our love, once harmonious, now plays a dissonant melody. Each note now stands as a painful reminder of the discord that had torn us apart. As we stand amidst the ruins of what was and what should have been, it serenades us - a symphony of heartbreak played on strings of solitude. So many versions of ourselves - sometimes overlapping, sometimes intersecting, sometimes running parallel with a vow of never touching - so many, many versions of ourselves, yet none could fit together well enough to last a lifetime. Like a shattered mirror revealing fractured illusions, the shards of our love pierce through the remnants of my heart, leaving scars that whisper of moments we both cherish even now. The malignant melancholia that floods into me nowadays does nothing to fill up the lacuna that your absence has created in my soul. As I write, tiny drops of tears falling like a steady downpour, blot the ink on the paper slightly. Words flow into each other, mockingly reminding me of how our lives couldn't.

Puncture-wounds of broken promises linger long after getting past the drug addiction of you. Burnt-out ends of hazy days collect in the ashtray of life labelled "days wasted in hopes of you". Yet I remain, the wait for closure fading slowly into sepia tones of regret. I try to shed my crumpled-up old skin and emerge, thankful for every chink in the armour that stands as a testament to my capacity to love without barriers. Standing amidst the shipwreck on the shores of goodbye, where the waves of separation wash ashore fragments of broken dreams, I hold on, I cling tightly, believing with an astounding certainty that the giant wheel of life will go up again. And even in the bleeding shades of the dusk of life, I find glimmers of a dawn, scarred yet limpid with blushing-pink hues of promise.



REBEKAH | SANJUKTA KAIBARTYA

PRINCESS | SANJUKTA KAIBARTYA



BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY

- DEBADRITA BHATTACHARYA -

Isn't it mysterious?
To think what butterfly does..

It wasn't pretty when it came...
It's early life is a shame...

All other adult mimicked...
When for the first time reality kicked!

The leaves started disappearing~
Its existence suddenly became daring!

All their words are awaking...
The tiny heart is now aching!!!



Whom to hug before die?
Who will apologise for making it butterfly?

All others have wings and are flying...
But this poor friend is just trying;

Now suddenly it is covered with white~
Who will tell it about the passing nights?

One day it came out the prettiest...
And lived to fly highest...

Others can't identify it...
Which made its face lit!!

Now it smiles before the lie~
And shouts "I am the beautiful butterfly"!!



DIVINITY | DEBADRITA BHATTACHARYA

YUMMY | SANCHAITA KAIBARTYA



The grass won't stay green On its Own. Bring your lawnmower.

Ashmeet Bhaumik

Six-thirty in the evening. The Parisian peak hour rush is in full swing. The familiar jingle of the RATP¹. The commute back from work begins. Some days the metro is packed, a reminder of home and the lack of breathing space on Mumbai's public transport. On others, I find myself the fortunate occupant of a seat, allowing a dive into the subconscious, and the red, overdue lines of my to-do list. Sometimes they're simple tasks. The photos need dusting. Maybe the calculator needs new batteries. Or perhaps the healthcare form I've been pushing back finally needs printing. There's the universal question – what to make for dinner tonight? And, finally, the darkest question of them all – Is the storied 'life abroad' worth it?

My simple answer is no. But that is not the subject of today's article. I'd like to warn those itching to leave India, by any means possible – marriage, employment, education, or 'unspecified'. Do not forget that life is a full-time job, alongside the work that you find so dear.

¹ The Paris Metro operator, Réseau Autonome des Transports Parisiens

It is the most mundane tasks that make me question the true meaning of work-life balance. Clothes may be washed mechanically, but getting them to dry out in temperate weather is not a problem they teach you to solve at school. The first task upon returning home is cleaning the lunchbox, before I pack tomorrow's lunch. There's not an unlimited number of lunchboxes, nor is there a dishwasher. I'm back at 7:10 pm, but then it's a sprint to drop off my cheque for the phone bill, before the store closes at eight. You get the idea. There's always something that isn't done, in this constant dance to meet deadlines.

Don't get me wrong, I recognise I live in one of the world's most employee-friendly countries. And, it is proven fact that France is as productive as it is lax. On the rare voyage to see the Arc de Triomphe by night, I keep reminding myself that there are millions who might sell their soul to live this life. Yet, I keep thinking back to the need to spend three hours cooking lunch tomorrow, which are three less hours to complete homework.

I'd still consider myself lucky by any measure. I only work two days a week, and the other three are devoted to study. Wednesday afternoons are usually free, to recover sleep before a 12-hour working day on Thursday. My working environment is wonderful, and I am not required to work outside of working hours. Still, the stress creeps in. There's always something that hasn't been done, something that will allegedly push me backwards in the race of life.

Constant tasks to get through, and many hours slogging over the stove to feed myself three meals a day without running into crippling debt. (I will die in a welfare-state funded ditch before you catch me eating the bread and raw cheese that forms the staple of Continental European diets.)

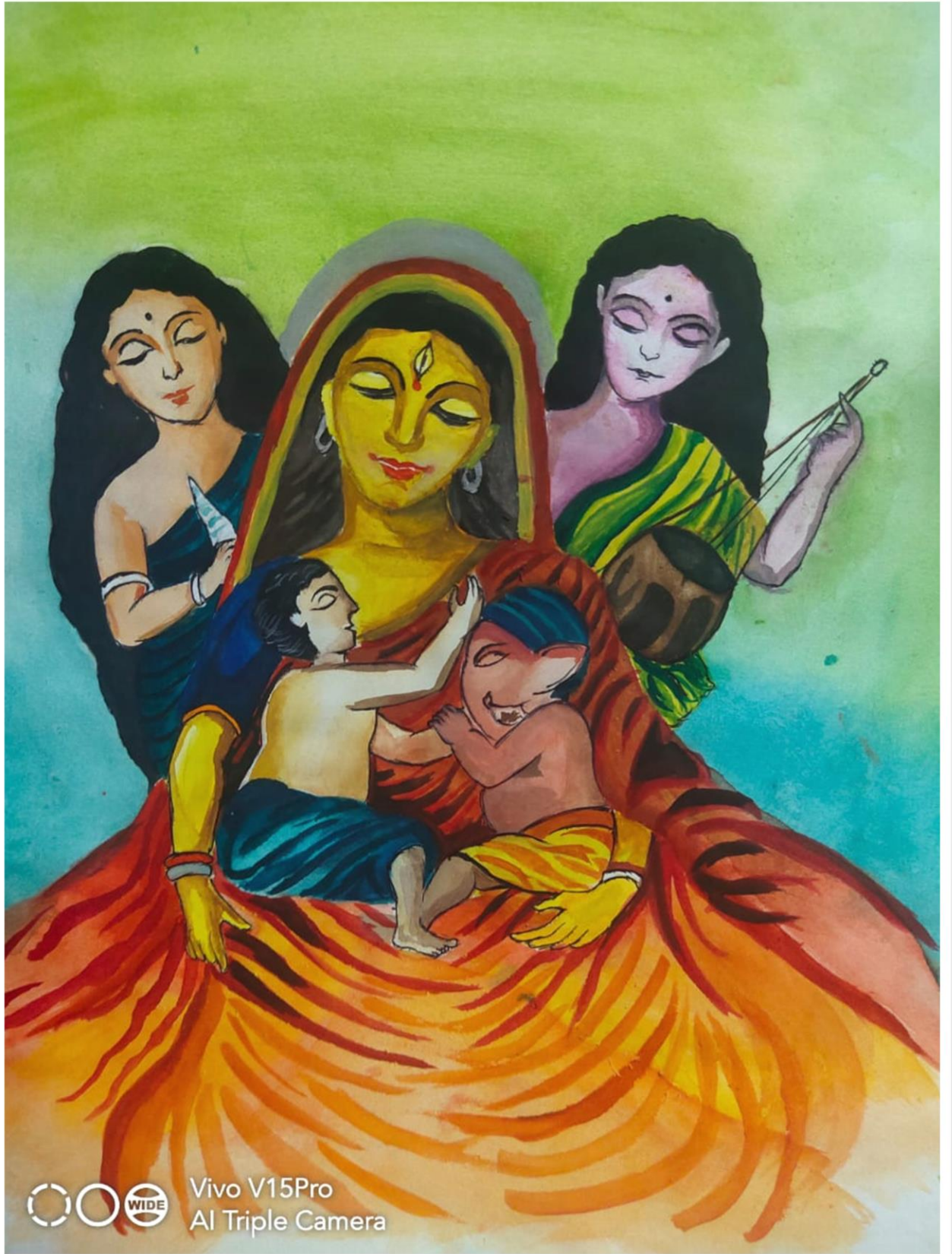
The work and the life may be balanced at the macro level, but zoom in, and there's a hard slog necessary to keep life stable and avoid a crash-and-bang. The French know all about that, of course. The favoured national pastime is rebellion.

I know too many people (my parents included) running on the hamster wheel of emigration for they believe foreign grass to be greener. Don't count on it being green forever. You'll need a lawnmower (an electric one, recycle-grade – welcome to the EU) and plenty of grit, to keep it green. Failing which, prepare to receive official notices and passive-aggressive complaints from neighbours. Life, à la Sima Auntie, happens to be a compromise.

What about me, you ask? I'm out of here in eight months, towards browner pastures. May I receive the prudence to work 9-7, six days a week, without complaining. At least the chaat and chaata² I can treat myself to afterwards will be worth it.

² Hindi word meaning 'slap', in this context used as a metonym for the criticism I will receive at home, for constant late returns from work.

SKANDAMATA | ARKO ROY



Vivo V15Pro
AI Triple Camera

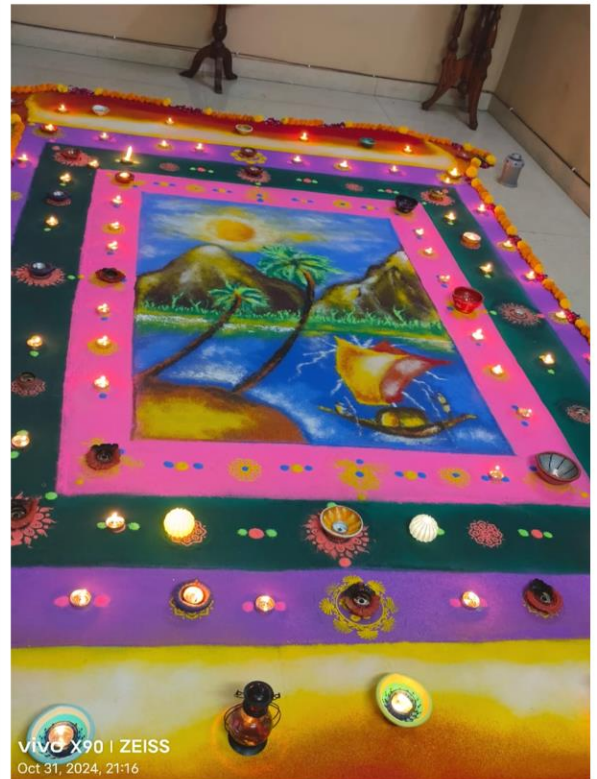
ROYAL | ARKO ROY

IMPRESSIONS | ARKO ROY



Vivo V15Pro
AI Triple Camera

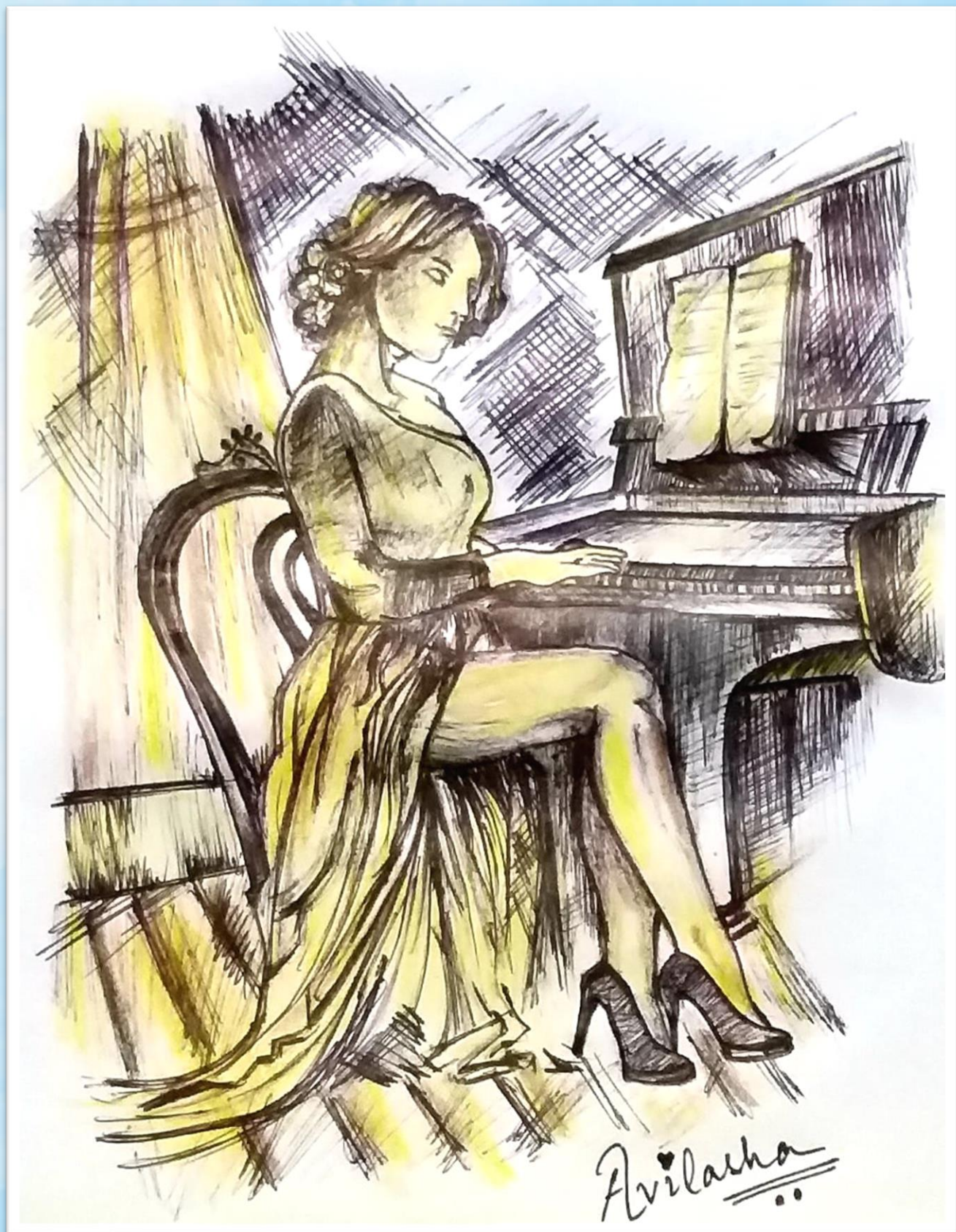
RANGOLI | ARKO ROY & ANANYA ROY



DANCING GANESHA | AVILASHA MANDAL



MELODY OF SOLITUDE | AVILASHA MANDAL

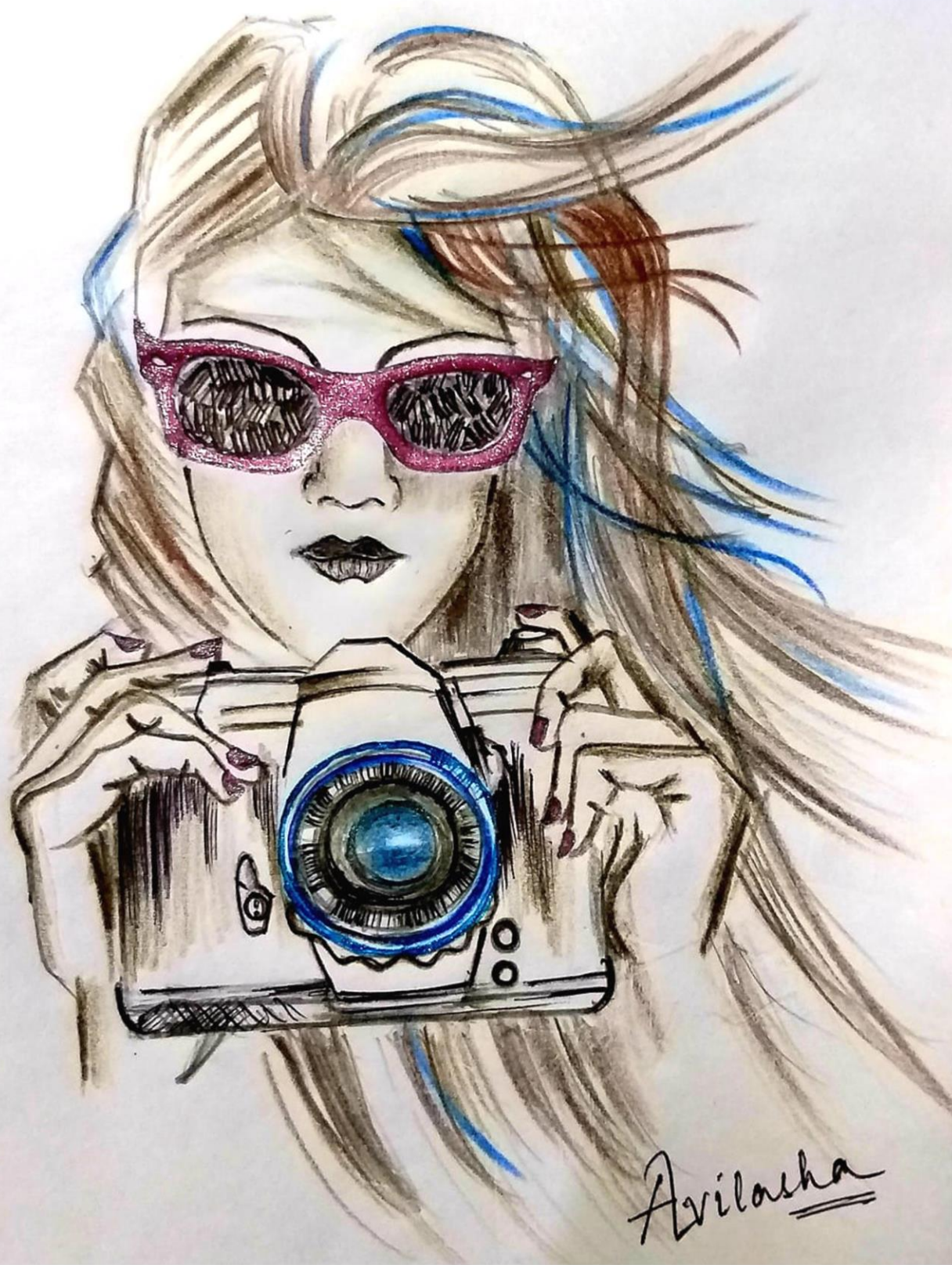


MAJESTIC PEACOCK | AVILASHA MANDAL



GRACE IN MOTION | AVILASHA MANDAL



THROUGH THE LENS | AVILASHA MANDAL

এখনো অঙ্কুর যাহা
তারি পথপানে
প্রত্যহ প্রভাতে রবি
আশীবাদ আনে।

বসিদ্ধান্তসুত



**"May you always have the courage to dream
and the strength to make those dreams come true"**

Durgapur Amra Recolian Alumni Association