

The cover of the Goonj magazine features a large, stylized illustration. On the left, a detailed sketch of a man's face with glasses and a beard is visible. The central part of the cover is dominated by a dark, rounded shape containing a dense forest of tall, thin trees. The title 'Goonj' is written in a large, white, sans-serif font across the middle of this dark shape. Below the title, the date 'May 2023' is printed in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom left, a small black silhouette of a person stands holding a flashlight, which casts a bright yellow beam of light into the dark forest area.

Goonj

May 2023

Unleashing the creative minds of our students of EILM-Kolkata, through art and literary expressions.

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A Better World

It had been more than twelve hours since I had my dinner. These morning tuitions, they never fail to give me hunger pangs! I took out my wallet and was satisfied that it had enough to provide me with a decent breakfast; I rushed towards the nearest cafeteria. I was about to push open the door, when SHE stopped me.

A little girl, who barely reached my waist, was protectively guarding the front door of the cafeteria, refusing to let me have my breakfast unless I gave her money for hers. Her innocence made me laugh, yet I could not push aside those dirty hands and walk in had it been another day, I would have handed her a five-rupee coin, and she would have walked off happily. But something urged me to behave otherwise. I bent down a little and quietly told her, "I won't give you any money. But if you wish to have your breakfast with me, you are most welcome."

She was taken aback by the proposal, but I could see her little eyes lit up with delight, though apprehension held her back. I held her hand and took her in. She looked around with awe, with a myriad of emotions in her eyes, as if the fairy queen had just transformed her into Cinderella and there she was, in her dreamland. LO AND BEHOLD, in reality, too, dreams get shattered as the clock chimes twelve. No sooner had we approached the counter than the counter boy politely requested me to keep 'that girl' out. I had been so infatuated by my companion's happiness that I had completely overruled such a situation. Yet, knowledge of human nature told me that for them, the girl's world ended at the staircase.

Without bothering to comment further, I asked my little friend to choose what she would like to have. After much hesitation she finally settled on a brownie. I ordered a sandwich for myself and took out my wallet to pay for the orders.

"But Sir..."

"Pack the food please"

My reply seemed to comfort him and he handed over the packet to us. I pushed open the door, walked a few steps, and sat down right on the same staircase where the girl had been standing a couple of minutes back. I did not feel the necessity to justify my actions to the stunned bunch of people behind me, as the sight of a 5-year old angel munching away her brownie kept me enthralled. She licked her fingers and lips, savouring the taste, trying not to waste even a bit. I quietly pushed the sandwich on her lap, only to be rewarded by a beautiful smile.

As I sat watching her, I saw a bottle rolling on the ground, with a tag that said, "Bewaja khushia Lutao." I idly wondered, whether the world had really become a little better to live in.

Abhishek Prasad
MBA

Ai (Artificial Intelligence) Blessing or Curse?

I am Argho Mondal and I grew up in a joint family of 13 members, including me. My father was a BSF, he has retired now. My parents always told me, "You can't grow up just by studying, you need self-esteem to grow up."

When I was ten years old, studying in class 5 I didn't use Google because I didn't own a mobile. When I was ten even that time I didn't use Google because I didn't own a mobile, back then. When I joined College, I got my first smart phone and I noticed many preinstalled applications, Google, being one of them. After using Google, I was quite surprised as I was actually getting what I wanted from it.

After a few days, I went to the bank as I was unable to withdraw any money. The manager asked me to submit a written complaint. I wrote the complaint with Google's help and submitted it. As I was driving back home, I pondered whether Google was actually empowering us or diluting our thinking capacity.

Few days had passed after that. One afternoon, I went to play cricket and I was bowled out by a friend. I came back home and searched Google so that I would not be bowled out next time, but the next day, too, the same thing happened. I soon realized that AI, Google, Yahoo, ChatGPT, can provide us with bookish knowledge but not practical insight

What is AI?

AI is a software application or chatbot but it can't always think like humans, especially when the situation is complex.

■ But what should we do?

AI is a double edged sword. AI can be used to improve the accuracy of results, making it easier to find and analyse data quickly. However, it can lead to incorrect conclusions, if not implemented correctly.

Proper Utilization of AI (Artificial Intelligence) is very important. If you are a student and you use Google most of the time, that means you are diluting 100% "stake" in your company, where "stake" is your intelligence and thinking power.

"A.I. is far more dangerous than nukes."

- Elon Musk (Founder and CEO of SpaceX and Tesla)

The quote stresses on the fact that nukes can destroy a city, but AI, deceives us in the name of making us intelligent. It can destroy our cognitive faculties, our aesthetic experience.

Thus, AI is a "curse", and not a blessing for us...

Argho Mondal
MBA

Blue Hydrogen

What could be the biggest disruption in India's hydrogen processing industry, Reliance Industries has decided to repurpose its Rs. 3000 crore petroleum processing plant to produce vast amounts of blue hydrogen. The move is part of the conglomerate's plans to become the world's largest blue hydrogen producer.

Hydrogen is the cleanest-known form of fuel. It is zero-carbon, and when burned with oxygen, provides the same function as petrol or diesel at much low levels of pollution. Hydrogen fuel-based internal combustion engines can be used to run all kinds of vehicles. It is expected to be used in lieu of **aviation turbine fuel** in few years while Tesla has planned to use it in **spacecraft propulsion**.

Over the past few years, nations have increasingly turned to it due to its potential to displace fossil fuels in heavily polluting sectors that solar and wind cannot effectively target. Interest in the developing technology has also peaked as countries commit to aggressive decarbonisation targets, which invariably include plans to phase out diesel and petrol vehicles, oil-run power plants and even conventional public transport systems.

Global Scenario

As with any potentially game-changing technology, countries across the globe have got into the race to establish hydrogen production and domestic hydrogen markets.

In 2020, major European companies announced plans to switch over their truck fleets completely to hydrogen-based vehicles with Netherlands and Switzerland have already begun commercial production of **hydrogen fuelled trucks**.

Nations considered traditionally conservative when it comes to energy policy, such as Australia, Russia and the United States, have also announced projects to tap the fuel. **Closer** home, China has announced the production of 1 million fuel-cell vehicles by **2030**.

What Exactly is Blue Hydrogen and How is It Different From Other Forms of Hydrogen?

Apart from green, hydrogen can also be yellow, turquoise, pink or blue, depending on the production method. Essentially colour codes, these various types of hydrogen vary in their energy payload.

Blue hydrogen is produced from natural gas with a process of steam methane reforming, whereby natural gas is mixed with very hot steam and a catalyst.

Studies have shown that greenhouse gas emissions from the production of blue hydrogen are quite high, particularly due to the release of fugitive methane. Incidentally, methane is known to be a major destroyer of the ozone layer, Earth's protective shield that stops radioactive UV rays of the sun from reaching the surface.

However, it is pegged to be the most commercially viable fuel, as production is relatively easier, does not suffer from input shocks, and can be adapted to the technology already available with petroleum refineries, chemical production units and other industries. Since these industries have historically made major investments in their physical infrastructure, blue hydrogen has increasingly become a part of corporate plans. Overall, hydrogen production suffers from high transportation and storage cost, and leads to higher pricing. As a result, all visions of large-scale hydrogen production mandates that it be co-located or be near site.

How has blue hydrogen been received in India?

The overall Indian hydrogen market was valued at \$50 million in 2017, and is projected to reach \$81 million by 2025, growing at a compound annual growth rate of 6.3% from 2018 to 2025, according to Allied Market Research. The Centre's ambitious **National Hydrogen Mission** focuses on green hydrogen production and utilisation, and aims to align India's efforts with global best practices in technology, policy and regulation.

Reliance has set a net-zero carbon emission target for its businesses by 2035. It is reportedly planning to turn syngas into blue hydrogen in the interim period, while the cost of green hydrogen reduces.

How will it reduce energy imports?

According to official statistics, India currently spends over ₹12 lakh crore on energy imports, of which crude oil and allied products make up ₹7.45 lakh crore. The government has set a target to become

While most governments encourage for domestic energy production, which mostly has revolved around solar and wind energy, wind power energy; it is currently planning to provide production-linked incentives to hydrogen producers, as well. Converting smaller coal-fired power plants into hydrogen-fuelled plants have also reportedly been suggested.

Debarshi Chowdhury
MBA

Start-up for a 'Cafe'

'Cafe'- what is the first thing that comes to our mind when we hear the word 'cafe'? A coffee shop or a tea shop? It's been a while but nowadays cafe is not just a place to have coffee. Many cafes are now available with a variety of coffees, such as cappuccino, latte, frappuccino, cold coffee, and even mocktails like mojitos, etc. along with a variety of snacks. They are very popular among adults as well as children. The first cafe is said to have been opened in 1550 in Constantinople. During the 17th century, cafes were opened in Italy, France, Germany and England. The term 'Cafe' comes from the French word 'Café' meaning 'Coffee'. A cafe setting is known as a casual social environment where you can find people reading newspapers and magazines, playing board games, studying or chatting with others.

Why I want to open a Cafe?

In a way, I want to open a cafe out of love for food. And we know Bengalis love to eat! So it is wise to invest in cafes or restaurants here. Yes, we know there is a lot of competition around but this is a business that has potential. As we can see in Kolkata, there are many cafes and many cafes are being built all the time. The opening of a new cafe is not very easy but also, not very difficult. Unlike a restaurant, it doesn't require much manpower. Even with a small investment, a cafe can be opened which is a positive aspect of this business. I think there is a stable growth in this business, for all these reasons I want to open a cafe.

How Do I Improve My Business, So That It Looks Different?

In the same way we can use French culture to implant in Bengal in the case of cafes which will help us in terms of branding from other cafes, because a person will only enter the cafe, if the exterior is good. Now we have to think somewhere in the economic aspect of this business. We have to fix the price of every drink and food item by thinking of everyone. For example, the price should be cheap considering the students, but also the price range should be such so that we get nice turn-overs.

Now comes the main motive for the café, i.e., food. We will have to keep Black Coffee, Regular Coffee, Cappuccino, Latte, Espresso etc. in our menu list along with other varieties as well. Snacks and desserts of different types and different flavors will be available alongside a special alternative dish which will lure in the customers. The ambience of the cafe should be one of a kind and different from all other cafes. It should be such that children as well as adults enjoy the ambience and environment. Now the most important thing is the place on which the future of the business depends because if a cafe is opened in an isolated place, it will never work. So we have to open the cafe in the heart of the city or in the main market so that more people come to the cafe.

Now we will talk another important aspect, which is promotion. We can promote our cafe through leaflets and various other forms of advertisements. Nowadays we can also use social media for promotion.

So being a student of Marketing, I want to open my cafe with these factors in mind.

Debalina Sinha
MBA

Everything is Not Alright

Rose Graham is a successful children's book writer who has a temper. She had met Paxton Volkov who worked in a psychiatric hospital where her book reading event was also being held. When a patient started being unruly, Rose was about to stab that patient, but she had stabbed Paxton by mistake.

They had had multiple other encounters, and Rose eventually started liking Paxton. But Paxton never cared either for himself or his life. He worked at a psychiatric Hospital and took care of his brother Gary Volkov who had Autism Spectrum Disorder. Gary was a huge fan of Rose's fairy tale books and was very happy when he had a chance to meet her in person. However, he caused trouble, and Rose was aware that it was Gary's brother who had stepped in. She was caught cursing the parents who had hurt Gary, and after the footage of that incident was uploaded on the internet, she was based, and her upcoming book was compromised.

Since Paxton lost his job at the psychiatric hospital after the incident with Rose, he decided to work at OK Psychiatric Hospital, located in Whitechapel Province where they originally came from. Paxton and Gary moved back to Whitechapel Province and stayed at Levie's house, who was Paxton's old friend and secretly liked Paxton. That Province was where Paxton and Gary's mother was killed, and their mother's murder was the reason why they kept moving as they were afraid that the Lepidoptera would follow them. The Lepidoptera is the brooch that Gary saw on the woman who had killed his mother; ever since, he had always been afraid of it. He was traumatized by that incident and couldn't clearly narrate what had happened that night, because he would be distracted by the haunting memories. When the police had asked him what had happened, his only answer would be that his mom was killed by the Lepidoptera.

Since Rose was being criticized for cursing the parents who had hurt Gary, she had gone back to Whitechapel Province, where her parent's mansion was. She moved back to that creepy mansion. And one day, she met Paxton and Gary, the three of them bonded together, but most of the time they argued.

Rose's father was admitted to the hospital since he had dementia and multiple sclerosis. While dying he narrated what had happened- he tried to ask forgiveness for killing his own wife, Rose's mother. She had fallen down the staircase when he had pushed her, as he was provoked when she seemed so calm and happy after she had killed the housekeeper, or Paxton and Gary's mother. Rose was very afraid of her mother because she used to torture her and tell that she would kill her if she didn't listen to her. Rose's father had also tried to kill her because he was just trying to prevent her from becoming a monster, just like her mother.

Gary was trying to recover from his fear. He did slowly recover with the help of Dr. Corbin, the hospital director. He was finally able to narrate what had really happened that day - he was chasing a cat and when he came back, a woman had already slashed their mother's throat. The woman had then turned to him and threatened him. He clearly remembered the Lepidoptera brooch, and Gary realized he saw the clip on Rose's mother's photo. He cried when he realized that it was Rose's mother who had killed their mother.

Paxton became distant from Rose, but eventually he realized that Rose was different from her mother and that her mother should not be blamed for her sins. He tried to forget this fact and also hid it from Rose and Gary. However, one day, they discovered that someone had painted a Lepidoptera on Gary's mural, the same design as the brooch. Gary freaked out and mumbled that it was the same one that had killed their mother. Rose heard that and realized what her mother had done. She was depressed for a long time and refused to see Paxton and Gary. Paxton tried to comfort her, assuring that they don't blame her for her mother's crime. Gary also fed her, even though he didn't know the truth, he assured that he had forgiven her since she kept asking for forgiveness.

Dr. Corbin reviewed the CCTV camera to know who painted the Lepidoptera and was stunned to discover that it was the head nurse, Deborah. It turns out that Deborah was Rose's mother, she hadn't died when she had fallen down from the stairs. She underwent plastic surgery and pretended to be a simple nurse at a OK Psychiatric Hospital when in fact, she was watching her husband suffer and was waiting for Rose.

After knowing that her mother was alive, Rose was scared and angry, and she provoked her mother by publishing her last novel. Deborah agreed to meet them- but first, she kidnapped Gary and drugged him. Paxton arrived trying to save Gary. Then Rose also arrived and saw that Deborah was attempting to hurt Paxton, so she immediately proceeded to stab her. Paxton tried stopping her and his hand got pierced by the knife instead. Deborah rolled to break Rose since Paxton had fainted. Fortunately, Gary woke up and hit Deborah on the head.

Deborah was taken away by the police. The three of them were safe. When Paxton woke up after a long sleep, Rose asked to talk to him. She asked him to leave because she was ashamed that her mother had been trying to kill him and his brother and she wanted to be alone again because she didn't want anyone to be hurt again. But Paxton and Gary refused to leave since they are family and kept coming up with excuses every time she asked them to leave.

Rose and Paxton eventually made up, and she stopped asking them to leave. She also decided to publish her new novel with Gary's illustrations, Gary was a very good artist and he liked to draw. When Gary saw the book with his name on it, he ran to show it to their mother, which was the tree they had planted at the hospital in memory of his mother.

Paxton quit his job and the three of them went on a trip in a camping car, just like they had dreamed of. After days of travelling, Gary got a call from a novel company and they want him to work with them, so Gary told them that he wanted to work again, but Paxton was not ready to leave him alone. A few hours later, Paxton and Rose were okay with it and were very proud of Gary. Rose and Paxton left Gary in a park to return from there and they continued their travelling.

CONCLUSION- Each character in this story stresses that everybody is broken in their own way, and that it's okay to not be okay all the time. One will be able to overcome their psychological wounds as long as they communicate and reach out for help.

Amrin Arfa
BBA

Article About Management Lessons From 4 Vedas :-

#HINDU VEDAS MANAGEMENT LESSONS:-

The Hindu Vedas are a collection of sacred texts that date back over 5,000 years. They contain a wealth of wisdom and knowledge on various subjects, including management. There are four Vedas: Rigveda, Yajurveda, Samaveda, and Atharvaveda. In this essay, we will discuss a managerial lesson from each of the four Vedas with an example.

■ Rigveda: The Importance of Leadership

The Rigveda is the oldest and most important of the four Vedas. It contains hymns and prayers dedicated to various deities. One of the key lessons from the Rigveda for managers is the importance of leadership. In the Rigveda, leaders are referred to as "Rajans," which means "king" or "ruler." The Rajan was responsible for leading his people and ensuring their well-being.

An example of this lesson can be seen in the story of King Janaka, who was known for his wise leadership. Janaka was the ruler of Mithila, a prosperous kingdom in ancient India. He was respected by his people for his fairness and wisdom. Janaka believed in leading by example and worked hard to ensure the prosperity of his kingdom. He was also known for his generosity and compassion towards his subjects.

■ Yajurveda: The Importance of Communication

The Yajurveda is the second of the four Vedas. It contains hymns and mantras used in Vedic rituals. One of the key lessons from the Yajurveda for managers is the importance of communication. In the Yajurveda, communication is considered essential for successful relationships and

An example of this lesson can be seen in the story of Rama and Hanuman. Rama was the hero of the Hindu epic Ramayana, and Hanuman was his loyal servant. Hanuman was known for his ability to communicate effectively and played a crucial role in helping Rama rescue his wife Sita from the demon king Ravana. Hanuman's communication skills helped him build relationships with other characters in the story, such as the monkey army that helped Rama in his quest.

■ Samaveda: The Importance of Teamwork

The Samaveda is the third of the four Vedas. It contains hymns and melodies used in Vedic rituals. One of the key lessons from the Samaveda for managers is the importance of teamwork. In the Samaveda, teamwork is considered essential for achieving goals and success.

An example of this lesson can be seen in the story of the Pandavas, who were the heroes of the Hindu epic Mahabharata. The Pandavas were a group of five brothers who worked together to defeat their enemies and reclaim their kingdom. Each brother had their strengths and weaknesses, but together they were a formidable team. They were able to achieve their goals because they worked together and supported each other.

■ Atharvaveda: The Importance of Innovation

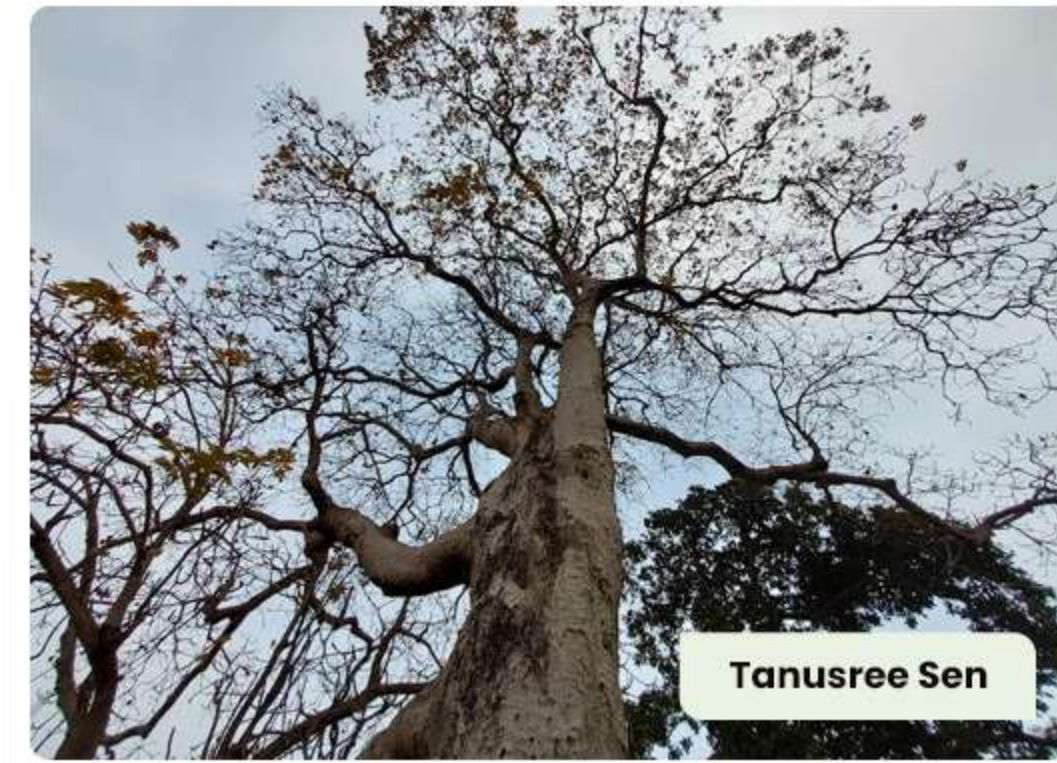
The Atharvaveda is the fourth of the four Vedas. It contains hymns and spells used for a variety of purposes, including healing and protection. One of the key lessons from the Atharvaveda for managers is the importance of innovation. In the Atharvaveda, innovation is considered essential for solving problems and adapting to changing circumstances.

An example of this lesson can be seen in the story of Vishwamitra, who was a powerful sage in ancient India. Vishwamitra was known for his ability to innovate and find solutions to difficult problems. In one story, he was challenged by a rival sage to create a new constellation in the sky. Vishwamitra rose to the challenge and used his knowledge and creativity to create a new constellation that impressed everyone.

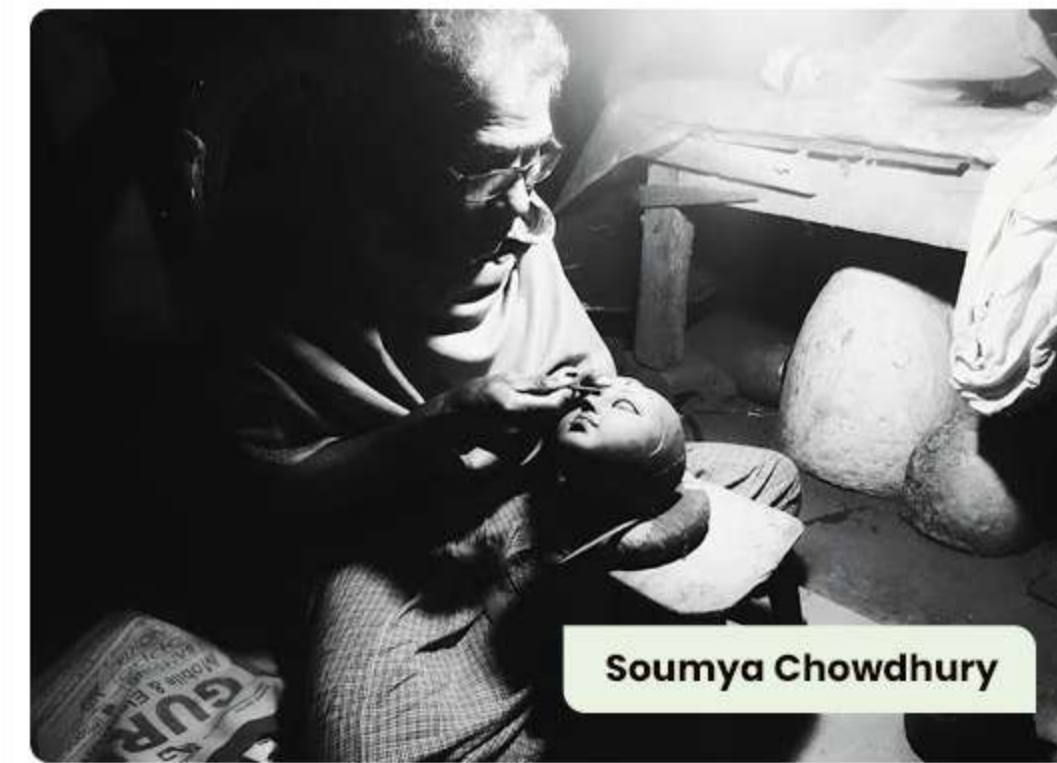
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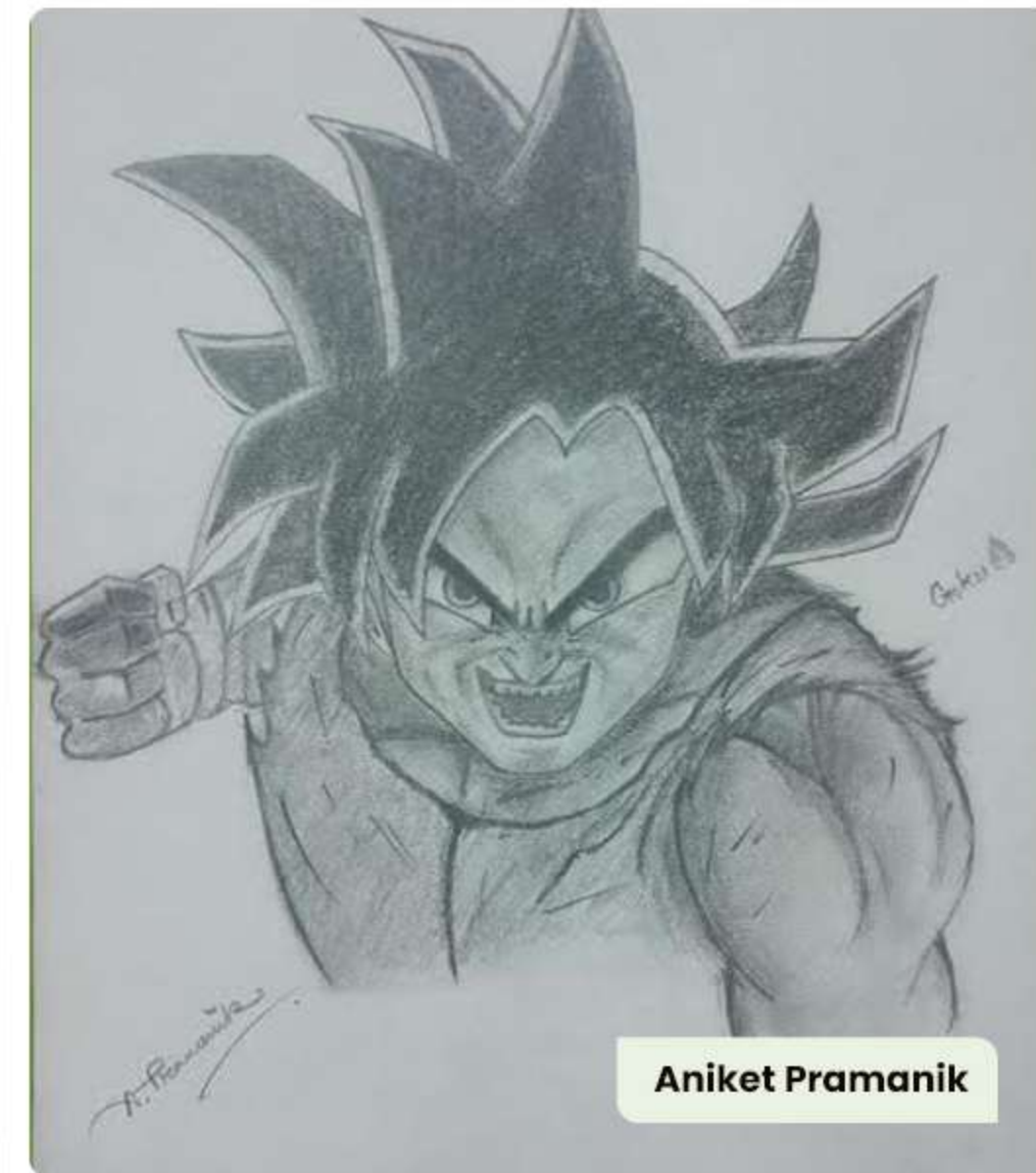
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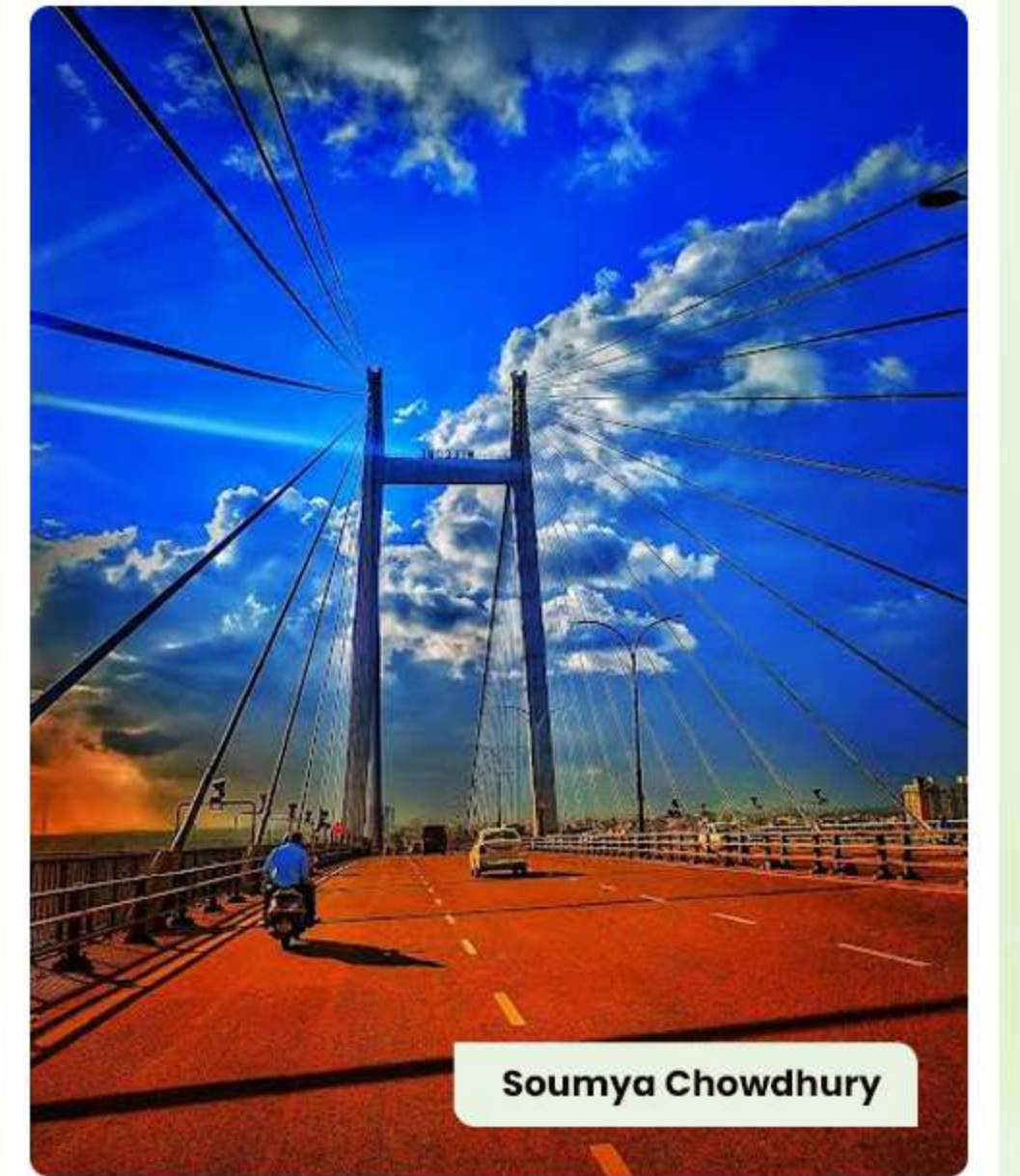
Tanusree Sen



Soumya Chowdhury



Aniket Pramanik



Soumya Chowdhury



Tanusree Sen



Shreyashi Dutta

Story of a bird, has anybody heard?

If you have an eye for good things, you can learn from bad persons too. It is not necessary that the person who belongs to high class has a high moral character. Vultures fly in the sky but they have eyes for meat on the ground. While Chukar birds live on ground yet they have eyes on the moon. Those people who have good character, good nature and positive thoughts are the ones who are truly respectable in the society.

It was the summer season and one jealous person set the jungle on fire and within a few seconds it started to spread. Everyone in the jungle started to run here and there, and some got caught in fire while some were safe. The fire was so gruesome and nobody was capable of stopping it.

It was the summer season and one jealous person set the jungle on fire and within a few seconds it started to spread. Everyone in the jungle started to run here and there, and some got caught in fire while some were safe. The fire was so gruesome and nobody was capable of stopping it.

One bird who used to live in this jungle saw this scenario and instantly started to fly in a hurry. It went near the lake dipped into the water, made herself wet, stored water in her beak and flew back to the jungle. It went and dropped the water where the fire was and repeated that process for the whole day.

On seeing this, the baby bird asked her, "Mother, what are you doing?" The mother bird replied, "Trying to stop the fire". The baby bird again asked, "Will the fire cease with such little water?" To this the mother bird replied, "I know my beak's water will be unable to stop this fire, but whenever the history of this jungle will be written, my name will be there in the list of saviours, not destroyers".

Listening to the bird's positive thoughts, the baby bird got motivated and took its first flight and started to help the mother bird in stopping the fire. Now, think a while.....Do we have the same tendency like this bird? Helping or showing affection without selfishness is rare nowadays. Just go for selfless helping and feel the positive change in your thoughts and activity. It helps us to act from our heart and soul and will derive unalloyed happiness and joy from serving others.

Projit Bera
BHM

When the Snow Falls

It's the time that you're here

It's not the time for you to leave

Because, I know it's Christmas Day for me

When the snow falls

From high to the ground

Like rain to the sea

Tell me, how deep can you see?

It's my awareness that brought you here

It's such a beautiful day

Like heaven in Earth

In this kingdom of fantasy, it's just you and me

Cheers to my awareness that you have been created like this

Now it's time for you to leave

Farewell until the next time we meet.

Roumyajit Dutta
BCA



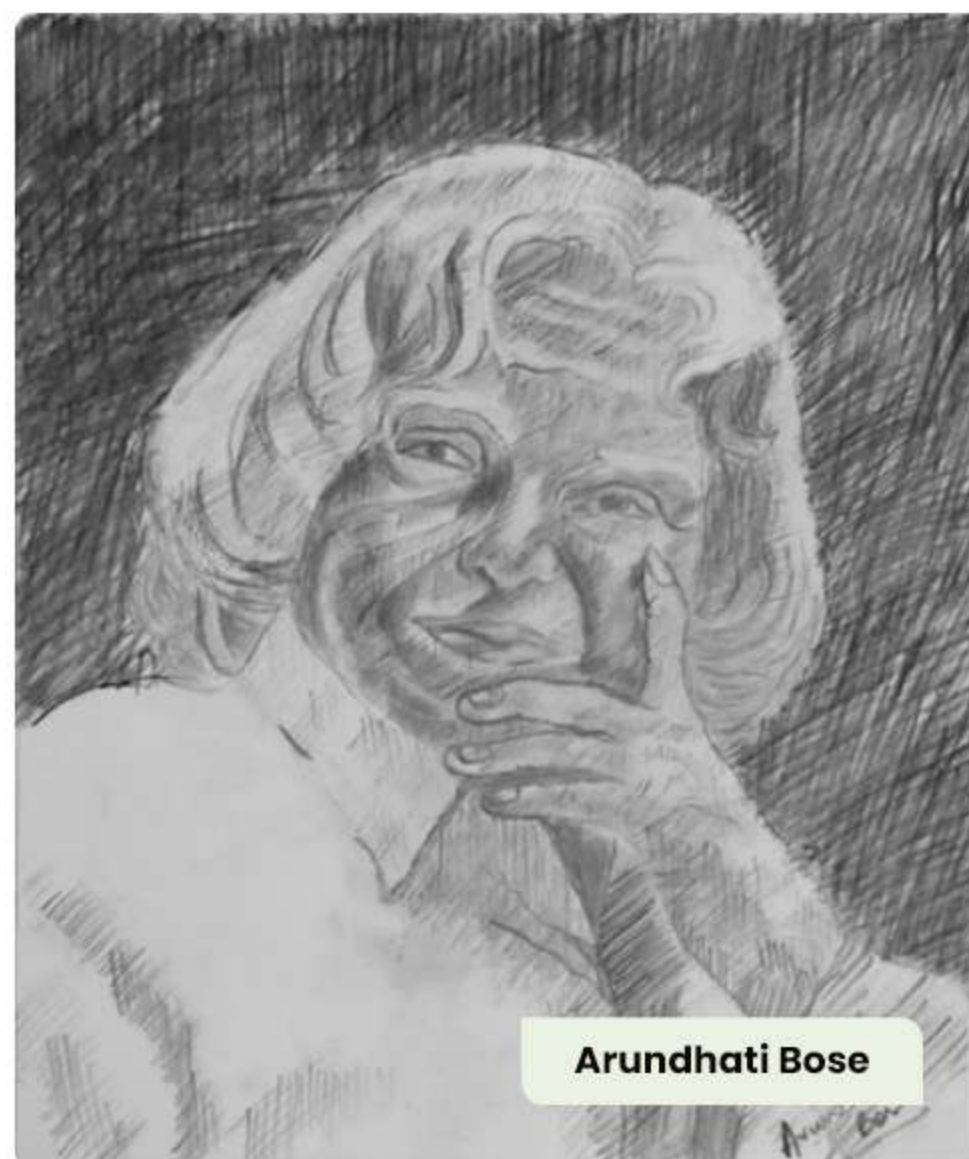
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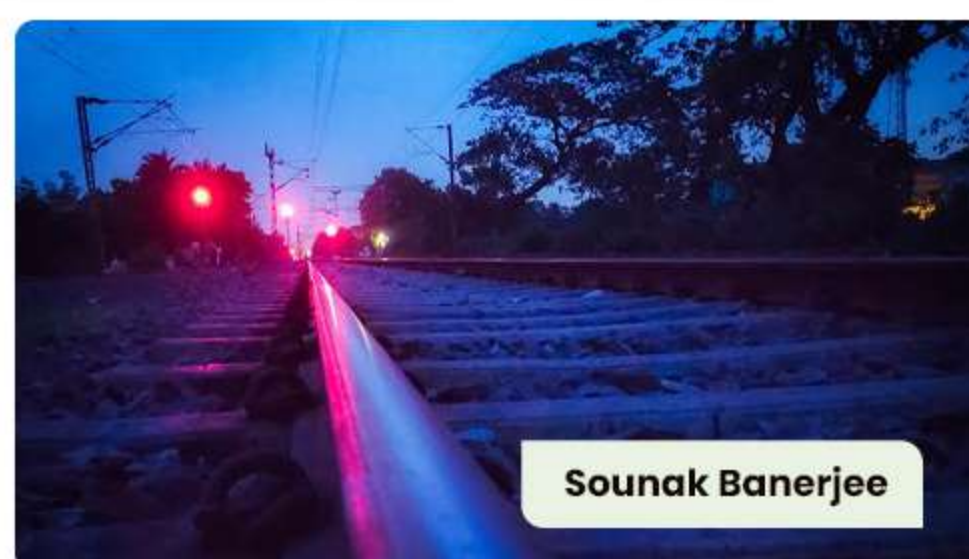
Tamojit Sen



Shreyashi Dutta



Arundhati Bose



Sounak Banerjee

The Conundrum of Juvenescence

Sentience is a panicle of drifting moments; everything's a stampede, one gust of wind after another. We are consistently evanescent, cajoled by the chaos of it all. Forever, procrastinating the next substantial event, never, in the here and now. Do we ever entr'acte? Take a split second and let it all in? Do we ever candidly live or is it just mechanized existence?

It almost feels like our lives have truncated to assembly line productions. Modernity has hexed humanity into courting rainbows, never realizing that we can still catch a glimpse of the prism in the morning dew. We are turning into Sisyphus, chasing lofty paragons and becoming mere replicas of the next trend. The tragic paladins, of our own narratives. We are eluding ourselves in absurdity.

The pandemic necessitated a cessation. With all of its cruel impediments, it is a somatic confinement. In reality, we have already imprisoned our quintessence and sanity aforesaid into our very own labyrinths. With the plummet of our corporal health, our mental equilibrium is crumbling apart. For the first time, humanity is ordained into facing its demons. All our lives we are so riveted on achieving the next purpose, that we never truly live through the evocations leading up to it. Hence, the chagrin and the pleonexia for something better. We created our very own inferno as we struggle to grasp for an iota of control in these oscillating times. Never comprehending that impetus is in simple words, taking life for granted. The pandemic apprehended how infinitesimal we are in the macrocosm of mortality.

Humanity can only break through if it paternosters its self imposed incarcerations and self-actualizes. Put a pin on the imitations and pretense and ascertain our own truth. Live instead of merely existing. Emancipate our aura and anchor on the elegance of the silver linings, on the first glints of luminescence seeping through cataclysmic clouds. Endorse the distinctive potential in each individual. Utilize the plethora of elevated sentiments humanity is bestowed with, genuinely breathe and palate the crisp freshness of summer, retrieve the essence of clementia. Live, for the light at the end of the tunnel.

Riyan Banerjee
MBA

Artworks

"Owls Having Fun"

Once upon a time, in a dense forest, there lived an owl named Hootie. He was a wise old owl who loved nothing more than spending his evenings perched high up in a tree, gazing at the stars and pondering the mysteries of the universe.

Hootie was a solitary creature, but he enjoyed the company of his fellow owls. They would often gather together at night, hooting and calling to one another in the darkness. But one day, Hootie noticed that the other owls were acting strange. They were whispering to each other and avoiding his gaze.

Puzzled, Hootie decided to investigate. He flew down to a group of owls who were gathered together and overheard them talking about him.

"Hootie is so odd," said one owl. "He's always staring at the stars and muttering to himself. I don't think he even knows how to have fun."

Another owl chimed in, "He's always alone. I wonder if he even likes us."

Hootie felt a pang of sadness in his heart. He had never realized that the other owls saw him as an outsider. But he didn't let their words get him down. Instead, he decided to show them just how much fun he could be.

The next evening, when the other owls gathered together, Hootie joined them. He brought with him some berries and nuts that he had collected during the day. He also had a surprise in store for them.

"Hootie, what are you doing here?" asked one of the owls, surprised to see him.

"I've come to have some fun with you guys," said Hootie, smiling.

He had brought a telescope with him, and he set it up so that they could all look at the stars together. The other owls were amazed as they gazed at the moon, the planets, and the distant galaxies. They had never seen anything like it before.

As they looked through the telescope, Hootie explained the mysteries of the universe to them. He told them about the constellations, the planets, and the secrets of the cosmos. The other owls were fascinated, and they listened intently as Hootie spoke.

After that night, the other owls saw Hootie in a different light. They realized that he was not just a wise old owl, but also a fun and interesting companion. They invited him to join them every night, and they all had a great time together.

Moral of the story: We should accept people for who they are; in the end it is our differences that make us unique and special.

Crystal Guides Ava's Journey

Once upon a time, in a small village nestled in the foothills of a great mountain range, there lived a young girl named Ava. Ava was a curious and adventurous soul who loved nothing more than exploring the forests and fields that surrounded her home.

One day, while wandering through the woods, Ava came across a strange and wondrous sight. There, hidden beneath a tangle of vines and brambles, was a tiny cottage unlike any she had ever seen before. It was made of polished wood and adorned with sparkling jewels, and from its windows shone a warm and welcoming light.

Without hesitation, Ava pushed her way through the vines and knocked on the door. To her surprise, it swung open at her touch, revealing a cozy interior filled with soft cushions and flickering candles.

As she stepped inside, Ava heard a soft voice calling out to her from the shadows. "Welcome, young traveler," it said. "I have been waiting for you."

Ava turned to see a small, wizened woman sitting in a rocking chair by the fire. The woman's eyes twinkled with a mysterious light, and Ava felt a strange thrill run through her body.

"Who are you?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

The woman smiled and beckoned Ava closer. "I am the Keeper of the Cottage," she said. "And I have a gift for you."

With that, she reached into the folds of her robe and produced a small, glowing crystal. "This crystal will guide you on your journey," she said. "It will show you the way through darkness and help you find your heart's desire."

Ava reached out to take the crystal, but before she could grasp it, the Keeper of the Cottage vanished into thin air. In her place, a soft, tinkling laugh echoed through the room.

For a moment, Ava stood there, stunned and confused. But as she gazed into the glowing depths of the crystal, she felt a sense of wonder and excitement fill her heart. She knew that her journey was just beginning, and that whatever lay ahead, she would never forget the magic of the Keeper of the Cottage.



Samadrita Das



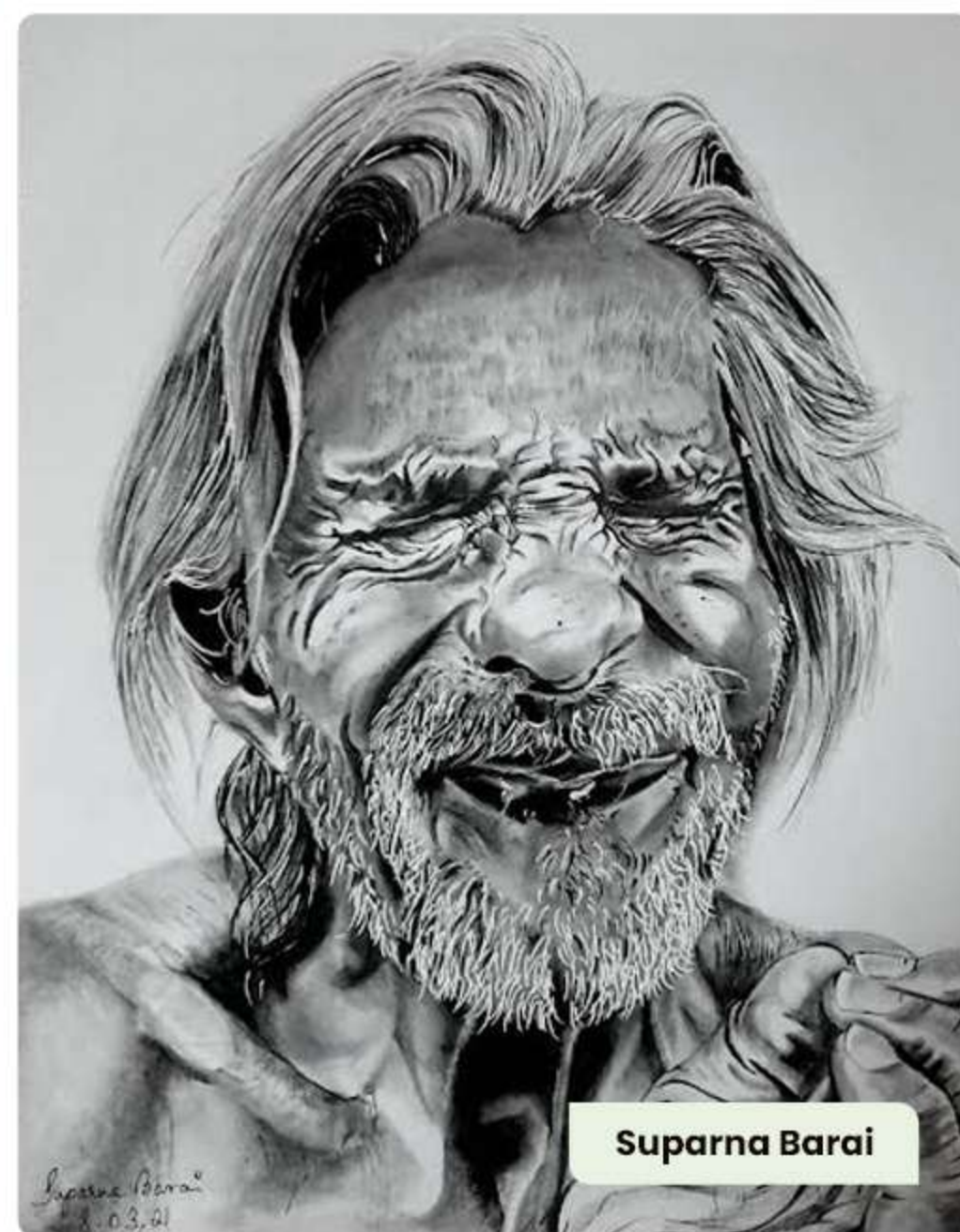
Snehasish Dey



Sourav Pati



Souvik Adhikary



Suparna Barai

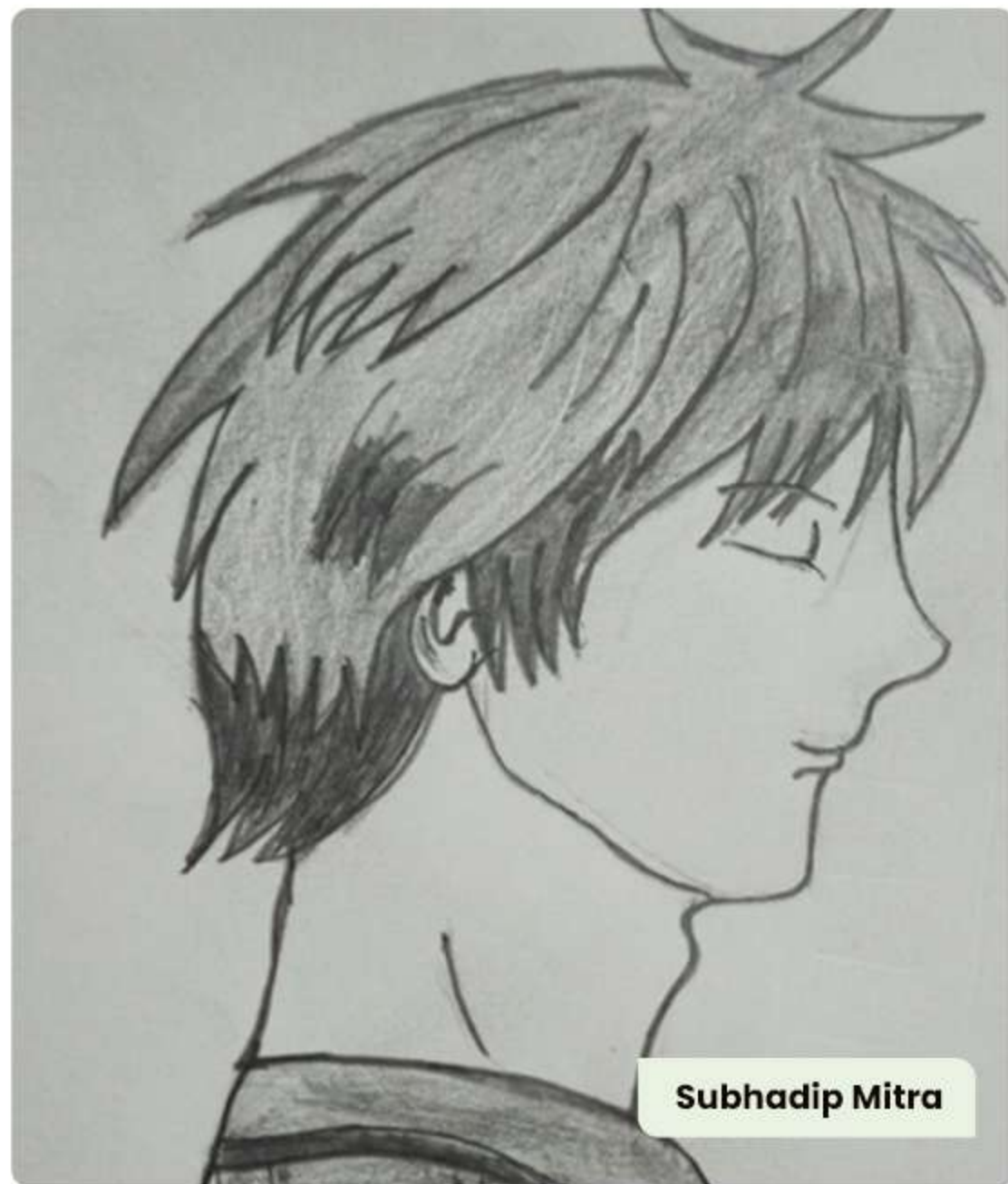
The Bell of Freedom!!!

5 o'clock in the morning it was. In the cold wind, the curtain of the window moved and a bunch of light rays came into my room. I felt as if uncle Sun was shouting from a distance – "get up, it's dawn". I opened my sleepy eyes and saw my room shining like a diamond block. But we are so busy in our daily lives that we don't have a single point of time to enjoy the beautiful nature. On the other hand, I was in a hurry to go to school. I used to study in morning school. When I came to the dining table after freshening up in the morning, I saw the newspaper on the table. The headline flashed in my eyes in bold letters on the paper. It says last night a young woman was murdered. It seems that in our society women are just helpless creatures. Then I took my eyes off the newspaper and hurriedly went to school. The time spent at school was very gratifying; besides studying I was also into sports. After school, when the bell rang, everyone left for home. On my way home that day, I saw an injured Mynah bird crying on the side of the road. Then the story of the dead young woman in the newspaper flashed in front of my eyes. It was very shameful how powerful people

After that I took that bird home and nursed it in the safe place of my house to save it from danger in the dark night. Then when mom came to call for dinner, I said, "Mom, let me feed the bird first" – mom agreed to that. I do not know why but within a few hours the bird became the apple of my eye- as if it had known me for a long time. Then I ate my dinner and turned off the light and went to bed. It was 11:30 pm. Then Nidradevi swallowed me and took me to her country. The next morning, at 5 o'clock I woke up. I saw that poor bird, having received my service, flew with its wings into the bright blue sky of the morning, in the bosom of its own familiar nest.

Today, after so many years, I miss that school bell so much. When the bell rang indicating that school was over for that day, I would rush home; but now the responsibility of work has held me in such a way that I could not go home in a hurry. Now every night after all the day's work I take a deep breath and look outside the window grill to look into the sky and ponder only one thing-that day the school bell rang to notify me about school's ending, on the contrary in life of that little bird also it listened to its own bell of freedom after overnight recovery of its injury. But when will the bell in my life ring to notify me of my own freedom not only from work life, but also from the corruption and crime in the society I live in?

Debalina Sinha
MBA



Subhadip Mitra

Artworks



Avishek Banerjee



Sudeepta Roy

Strange City

Opening the window, I'm watching the beautiful morning;
 In the blue sky birds are flying ;
 But suddenly I woke up and
 The reality snatched away the dream.
 Cars are running and various noises making
 Signals are disturbing, peace is hampering,
 Black smokes are gathering everywhere,
 Everyone is going to their work and with faded faces will come back here.

The buildings stand tall with their appearance,
 Everyone stays in their own room;
 Rooms are small but
 They are keeping the world limited to the four walls!

The fair of green cannot be seen,
 The soil is no longer there.
 There is no bullock cart, and
 No shadow of the banyan trees there.

It seems everyone is a stranger- no relationships are there,
 Talk if needed- is this the way of life? What a strange city this is!

Is it a cause to leave the village?
 What is new? Is it only for luxury?
 Despite independence today-
 Keeping ourselves confined within the four-walls!

Suman Paul



The Cocoon and the Butterfly

Once upon a time a little girl lived with her mother, one day when he was playing in her garden, she saw something hanging from the branch of a bush.

On inquiring, her mother said that it was a cocoon of a butterfly and soon a butterfly will hatch from it. The little girl was very excited to see the beautiful butterfly. One day, a small opening appeared in the cocoon.

She sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole until it suddenly stopped making any progress and like it was stuck so she decided to help the butterfly by snipping off the remaining bit of the cocoon using scissors. the butterfly then emerged easily, although it had a swollen body and small, shrivelled wings. the girl was so happy, as she thought she had done the butterfly a favour. she sat there waiting to see the butterfly. But that didn't happen. Since the butterfly's wings were too weak to support its body for flying.

Alas! The butterfly spent the rest of its life unable to fly, crawling around with tiny wings and a large body. Despite the girl's good intentions, she did not understand that the restrictions of the cocoon and the struggle needed by the butterfly to get itself through the small opening were nature's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings to prepare it for flying once it was out of the cocoon.

MORAL OF THE STORY: The struggle in life helps us to grow.

Rahul paul
BCA

Artworks

Time, the Tyrant

Time moves in an easy and slow pace. The sunrises and the sunset made people realise the sense of time. The new full moon and the fool moon are responsible for activities and visualization of people. The scenario underwent a havoc change in the modern age. "TIME AND TIDE WAITS FOR NONE" goes the old proverb. Though the proverb is old it has got its explanation revealed in recent times. Today Cosmic Time gave way to narrow awareness of minutes, seconds and even milliseconds. There is hurry and competition in each and every part and situations of life. There are trains to be caught, flight to be boarded, meetings to be attended at a schedule time, records to be broken by a fraction of seconds. Each and every people in the world wants to come 1st in their respective field. Competition in every field, timebound activities of people has given a lot of positive things in the world, but snatched away one thing away from them, that's LIFE. Now LIFE has a separate meaning for every people. Life doesn't mean to stay alive with your soul present inside your mind active, but LIFE means to live, LIFE means to love the way you are living and to enjoy each and every day with regular activities. This time bound life compels man to learn discipline. He or she has to do all daily chores within the limited time period. There isn't really any time for leisure.

Man is gradually becoming more and more mechanized and thereby isolating themselves with work and self-satisfaction. Specially in this modern era of technology, where Internet, Facebook and WhatsApp have transformed the whole world around us completely! We are so much engrossed in such social networking that often we forget to notice certain minor yet priceless activities taking place around us. One way this technology distracts our young generation is that, at very young age the thinking power gets destroyed people lose interest to read story book, case studies and also visiting libraries because of easy availability of information through Google. Some might think that its digital and saves time but somehow the actual learning gets affected. This may seem to be a casual issue for people, but actually it is not. People all over world are facing the attacks of mental pressure which leads to many severe life risks. In abroad there are various organisations who have taken this as a serious issue and have come up with relaxation ideas like Music Therapy, Yoga and Refreshments etc. And to move beyond space above and to realise the timeless and boundless deep within modern man has to withdraw himself with the help of Time Machine to have old consciousness and the ancestral perception of enjoying time along with the living. We just need to be aware of the fact that we are born once, we live once and we have limited time to be here in the lap of nature. There is no end to achievement and greed, but there is definitely an end to TIME and LIFE.

So, make every day count! Appreciate every moment take from it everything you possibly can, because time is too short and you may never be able to experience again.

Tanisha Dutta

MBA

Trinkets of Joy

The sun was beating down mercilessly.

Sapped souls heaved hapless sighs!

A forlorn fellow at the corner of the street...naked except for a loin cloth

Drenched in sweat from head to toe, a mockery of humanity!!

Stared at the gushing traffic with listless eyes.

The heat had rocked him to rest,

Yet with all his zest,

He straightened himself up

At the sight of every passer-by.

He prepared to greet them

Show them feats his lean body could ill afford.

Then he would be paid.

But his hopes and dreams come crashing down,

Neglected as he is, a heartless town.

Destiny wears a frown.

Still he holds on to his hopes,

Hoping against hope

If only god smiled upon his fate!

With renewed vigour

He holds up his begging bowl,

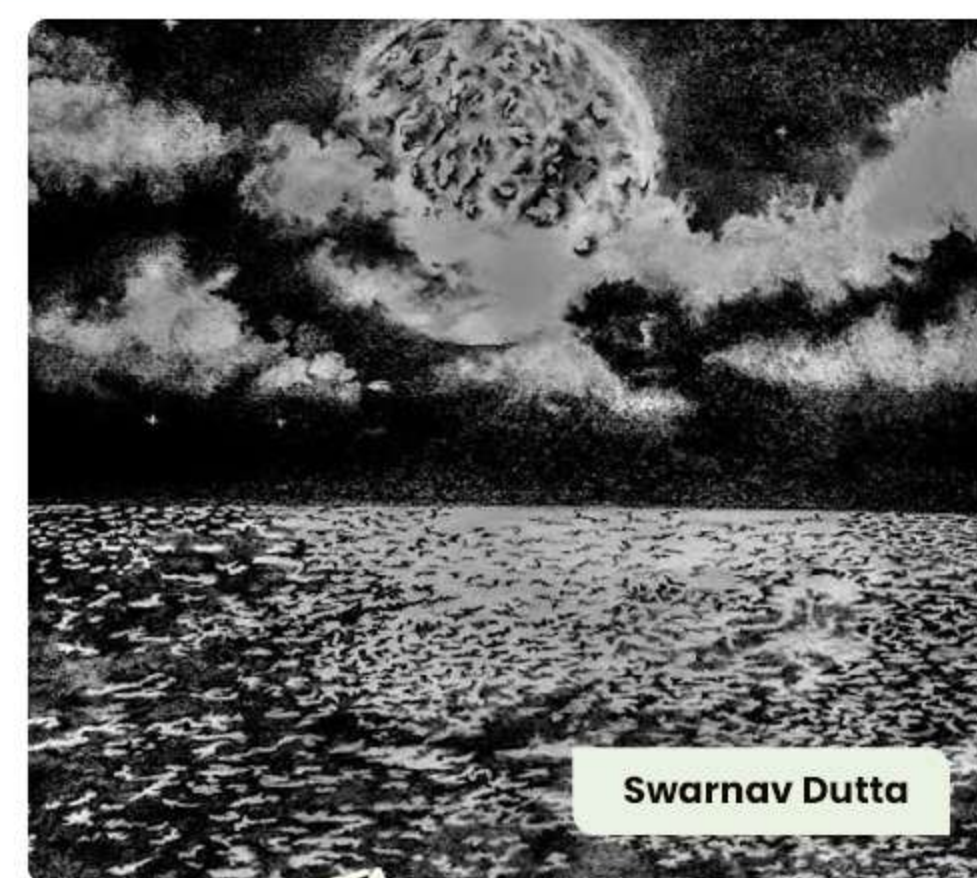
The traffic roars...

Flames of hunger burn his soul.

The day parts ... he loses heart.

Now he, in the flickering light of the setting sun,
 Makes his way, along the quay,
 Keeping the horrid memories of the day at bay,
 To find heaven, where he can sleep peacefully,
 A heaven, unaffected by the harsh reality.
 He searches and searches, but never finds
 The heaven for which he pines.
 All he finds after all is a wet spot
 Between two rubbish vats
 To sleep a night's sleep
 Ere the next day's plan he can cook
 A miracle, an epiphany,
 You may call it serendipity!
 For he wakes up to find,
 A cloak over him and a penny in his bowl,
 And, at last, with joy leaps his soul.

Abhishek Prasad
 MBA



Swarnav Dutta



Souvik Sarkar

Artworks

The Journey Within

The path before me is long and winding,
A journey of self-discovery I'm finding,
Each step I take is a chance to grow,
To learn from the past and let it go.

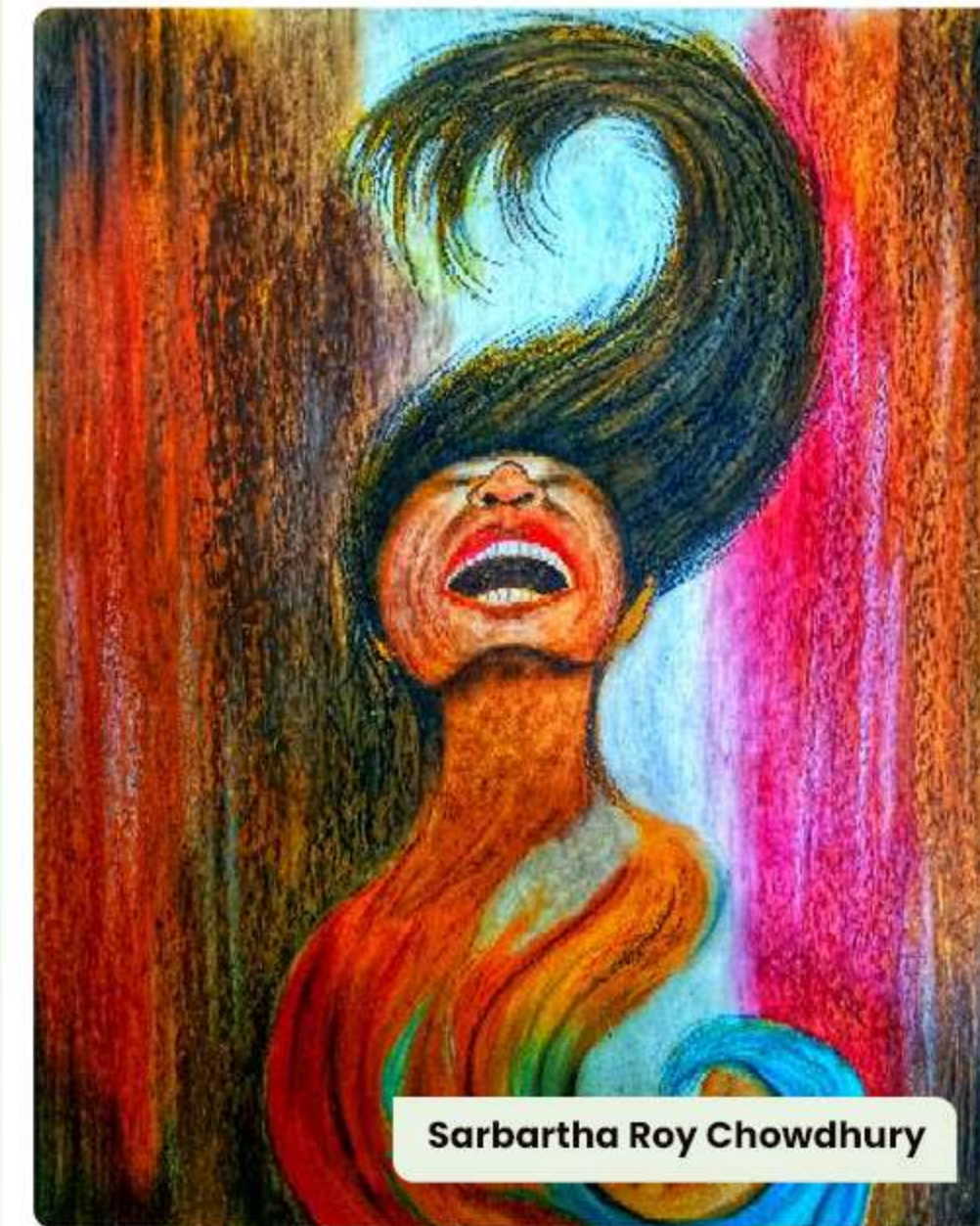
The road ahead is full of twists and turns,
But deep inside, my spirit yearns,
To discover the person I can be,
And set my soul completely free.

The wind whispers words of encouragement,
And the sun shines with a warm contentment,
The trees sway in the gentle breeze,
And the world around me is at ease.

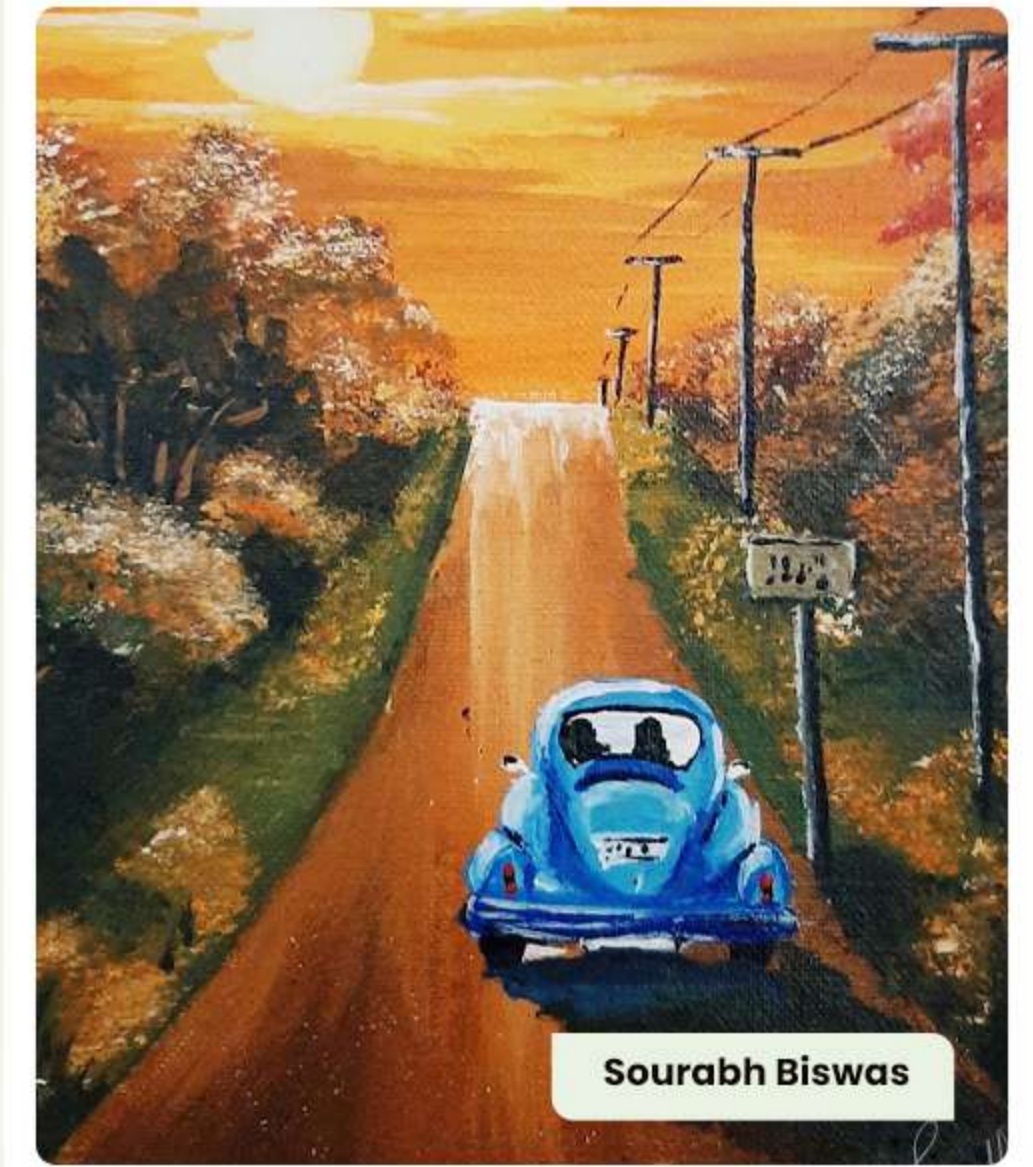
As I walk this path of self-discovery,
I know that the journey isn't easy,
But I'm willing to take the chance,
To find my truth and take a stance.

So with each step I take, I feel stronger,
And the doubts that once held me no longer,
For I know that the journey within,
Is where I'll find my true kin.

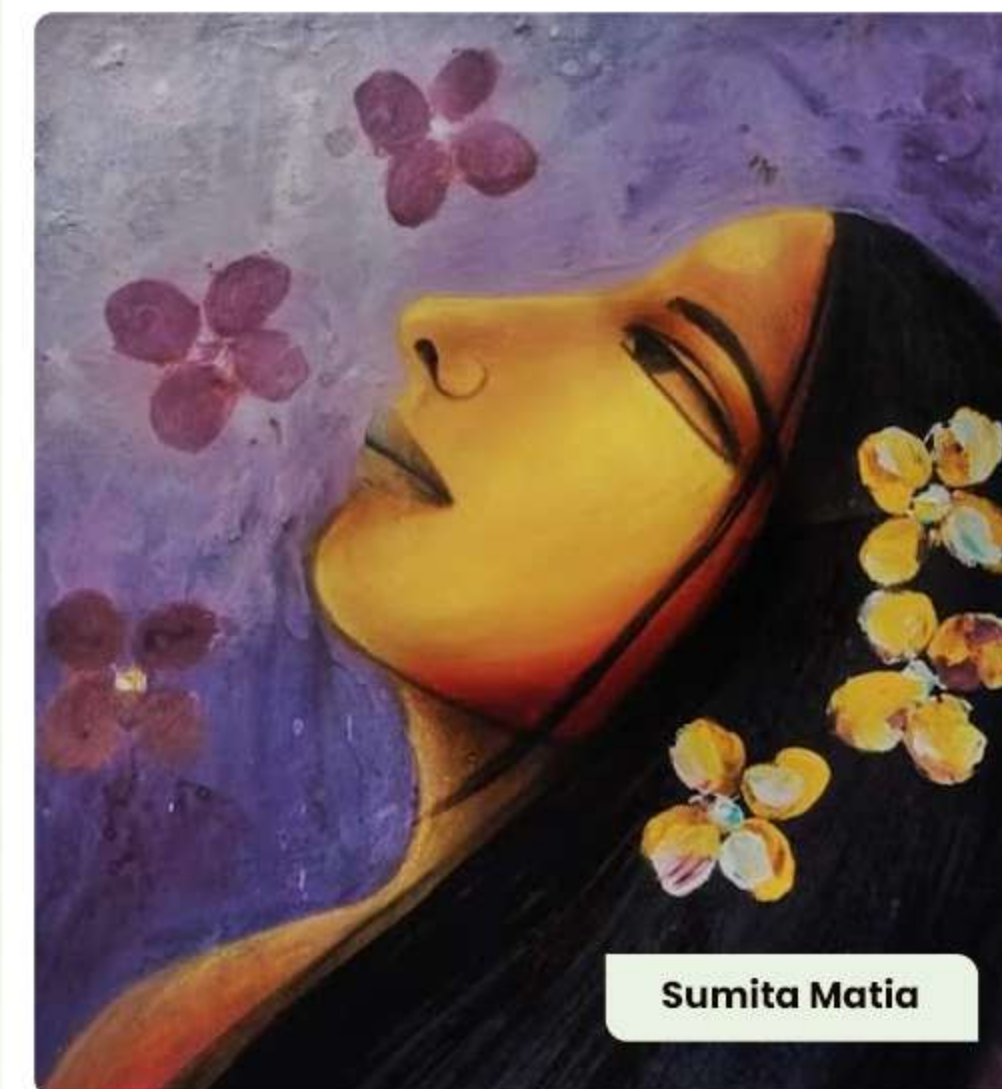
Soumyadip Dan
BCA



Sarbartha Roy Chowdhury



Sourabh Biswas



Sumita Matia



Amit Roy



Anusua Raj



Apurba Makar

Lost Wisdom – A Broken Truth

To let go was what I never wanted,
It had come for me.
Similarity that we shared,
Was blindfolded and could never be seen.

Into the depth of life,
Beyond the realms of solitude,
I could find love.
That had never been true.

Never there was someone like you,
Never will there be!
That heart that is speaking,
The brain that has deceased.

The fear of attachment,
That was always taken for granted.

Will change me,
But will never leave me.

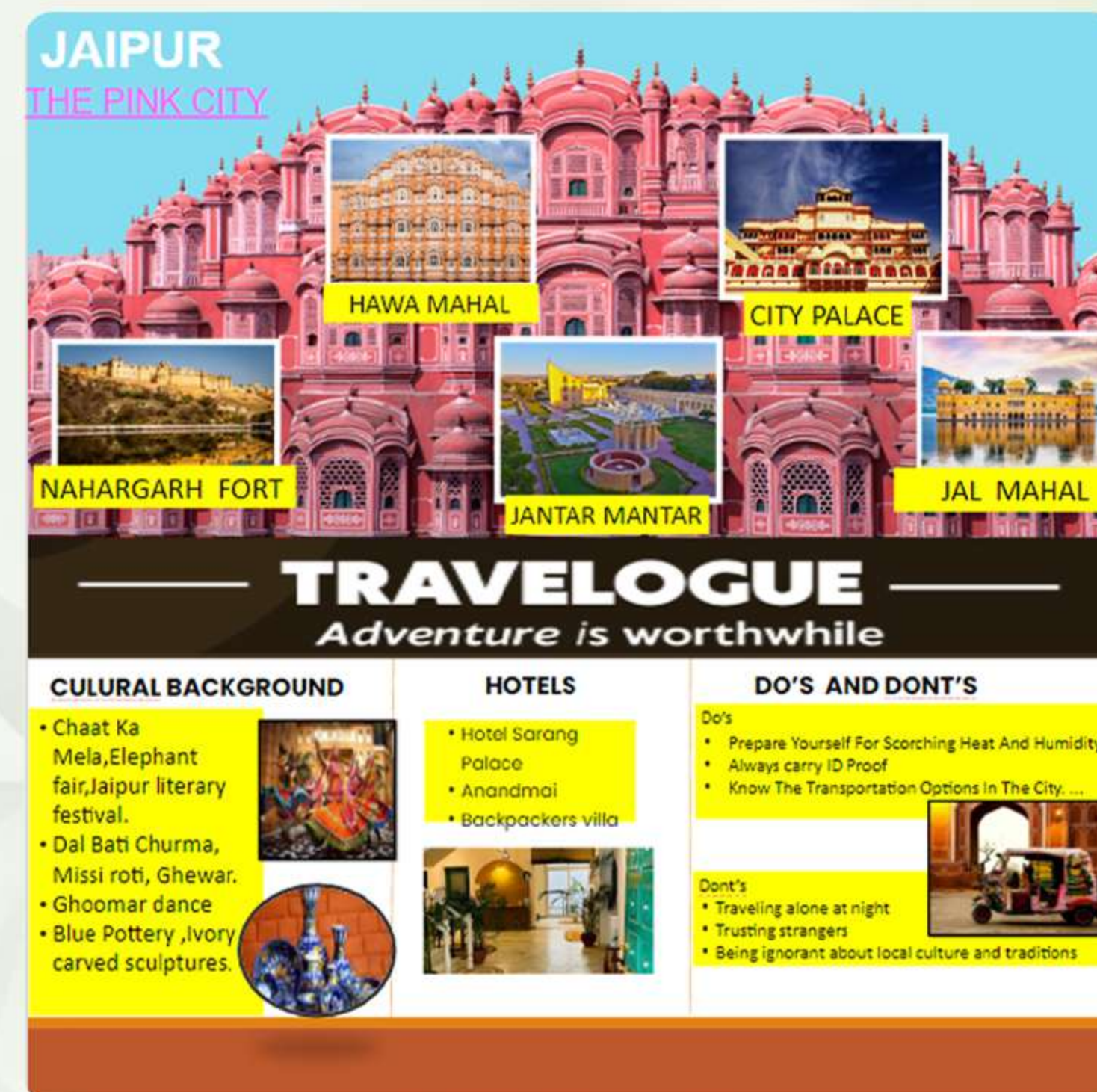
Waited for so long,
It ate me up and left by.
I am still alone with a hope,
That is hanging on a noose.

The struggle in life,
They got me by.
The dreams I dreamt,
Is gone but never forgotten.

As I wake up and look into the sky,
I see people unite.
With a faint smile in the face,
I find nothing but only regret.

With a weak heart
It made me a preacher.
The brave new world;
Where I live,
Is full of melancholy.
Where the blind men bleeds
And the deaf cannot believe.

Bidya Jyoti Palai
MBA





Sandipan Ghosh



Sumit Dolui



Kunal Adhikari



Saikat Dutta



Anubhab Mondal



Anannya Jana



Swarnali Mukhopadhyay

Sad Life of Introverts

For us, talking has always been bombastic.

For us, being social has always been disgusting.

When others sit in groups, delight reflects in their eyes,

We prefer to sit in the dark, in the company of fireflies.

When others brag about things they like and things they hate,

We prefer silence, in order to rejuvenate.

When others fail to notice the bloom,

We paint our imaginations, sitting in our room.

But what about our love life?

This is where the tragedy starts.

This is where it really hurts.

We write letters, poems and essays for our loved ones, but can't give them,
We curse ourselves, slap ourselves and give ourselves nincompoop's emblem.

Your absence doesn't make a difference to them, if you discern,

Trust me, your inner body, like a wildfire – it burns.

Crestfallen we return home, love and care we hide,

We try to sleep, but, feelings drink poison and commit suicide.

Sarthak Ghosh

MBA



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