

Sanginee

संगिनी

Smile... Stride... Scintillate

नालको  NALCO

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प्रकाशक

नालको महिला समिति के
संयुक्त प्रयास से
राजभाषा प्रकोष्ठ,
नेशनल एल्यूमिनियम कंपनी लिमिटेड
निगम कार्यालय, भुवनेश्वर

प्रयादकीर्तु

स्वाधिनता अमृत महोत्सव

ରହୁଁ ରହୁଁ ସ୍ବାଧୀନତାକୁ ପଞ୍ଚସ୍ରରୀ ବର୍ଷ ହୋଇଗଲା ।
ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ପରାଧୀନତାର ଜଞ୍ଜିରରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ
କରିଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ କେବେଠାରୁ ଇତିହାସର ରଘବର
ଘୋଡ଼େଇ ଶୁଶାନରେ ଶୋଇଗଲେଣି । ଏବେ ପଞ୍ଚମ ପିଢ଼ି
ଦେଶକୁ ଆଗେଇନେବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ।



ଏ ପଞ୍ଚସ୍ରରୀ ବର୍ଷ ଭିତରେ ଦେଶ ପାଇଛି କେତେ ଓ ହରାଇଛି କେତେ ତା'ର ସମୀକ୍ଷାର ସମୟ
ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଛି । ଦିନଥିଲା କୋଟିକୋଟି ଲୋକ ଅନାହାର ଓ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧାହାରରେ ଜୀବନ କାଟୁଥିଲେ ।
ପିଇବା ପାଣି ପାଇଁ ମାଇଲ୍ ମାଇଲ୍ ଯିବାକୁ ପଡୁଥିଲା । କୋଟିକୋଟି ଲୋକ ଶିକ୍ଷାରୁ ବଞ୍ଚିତ
ଥିଲେ । ସ୍ବାସ୍ଥ୍ୟସେବାର କଥା ବିପର୍ଯ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଥିଲା । ଦେଶ ଚଳାଇବା ପାଇଁ ବିଦେଶରେ ସୁନା ବନ୍ଧକ
ରଖିବାକୁ ପଡୁଥିଲା । ଗୋଟାଏ ପଞ୍ଚାୟତରେ ଅତିବେଶିରେ କୋଡ଼ିଏ କି ଡିରିଶ ସାଇକେଲ ମାଡୁ
ଥିଲା । ମଟରସାଇକେଲ, ପକ୍କାଘର, ପାଇଖାନା, ବିଜୁଳି, ଟିଭି ଓ ଫୋନ କଥା ଛାଡ଼ନ୍ତୁ ।

ଆଜି ଗାଁ ଗାଁରେ ସ୍କୁଲ, ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନା, ପକ୍କା ସଡକ; ସବୁ ଘର ପ୍ରାୟ ପକ୍କାଘର, ଘରେ ଘରେ
ପାଇଖାନା, ଘରେ ଘରେ ବିଜୁଳି, ମୋବାଇଲ ଫୋନ, ଟିଭି, ଗାଡ଼ି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳୁଛି ।
ଝିଅମାନେ ଏବେ ପାଠଶାଳା ପଢ଼ି ଓ ଉଚ୍ଚଶିକ୍ଷା ପାଇ ସମାଜର ସବୁ ସ୍ତରରେ ଦେଶକୁ ଆଗକୁ
ବଢେଇବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ସେମିତି ବି ସବୁଜ ବିପ୍ଳବ, ନୀଳ ବିପ୍ଳବ, ଶ୍ଵେତ ବିପ୍ଳବ, ଜନଧନ ଖାତା ଓ ସୁଛ ଭାରତ
ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଜୀବନଧାରଣରେ ଦେଶ ସ୍ବାବଲମ୍ବୀ ହେବାକୁ ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେଉଛି । ଖଦୀ ମିଶନ ଆଜି
ଭାରତୀୟ ହସ୍ତତନ୍ତକୁ ଓ କାରୀଗରଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ନୂଆ ସ୍ବପ୍ନ ଦେଖାଇଛି । ପୋଲିଓ, ଯକ୍ଷ୍ମା, କୁଷ୍ଠ,
ବସନ୍ତ, ପ୍ଲେଗ୍, ହଜଜା ଓ ମ୍ୟାଲେରିଆ ଆଦି ମହାମାରୀ କବଳରୁ ଦେଶକୁ ବିପଦମୁକ୍ତ
କରାଇବାରେ ଦେଶ ଆଗରେ ଅଛି । ବ୍ୟାପକ ଟୀକାକରଣ ସହିତ କରୋନାମୁକ୍ତ ହେବାପାଇଁ ଆମ
ଦେଶ ଚେଷ୍ଟାରତ ।

ଦେଶର ପ୍ରତିରକ୍ଷା ପରି ଏକ ସୁଦୃଢ ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ପଥରେ ଏବେ ଦେଶ ଆଗଭର । ପୃଥିବୀର ପଞ୍ଚମ
ବୃହତ୍ତମ ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ହେବା ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଦୃଢ଼ ସ୍ବପ୍ନ ଦେଖୁଛୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦେଶକୁ ଆମ୍ବନିର୍ଭରଶୀଳ
କରାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଆମ ନାଗରିକ ମାନଙ୍କର ଭୂମିକା ଗୁରୁତ୍ବପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ସ୍ବଦେଶୀ ବସ୍ତୁ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରି
ଆମଦାନୀ କମାଇବା ଓ ରପ୍ତାନୀ ବଢାଇବା ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ସାମାନ୍ୟ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ । ତେବେ ଯାଇ
ଦେଶ ଆଗେଇ ପାରିବ । ଦେଶର ସ୍ବାଧୀନତାର ଅମୃତ ମହୋତ୍ସବର ଏହା ହିଁ ସନ୍ଦେଶ ହେଉ ।

ସମ୍ପ୍ରତି ପାତ୍ର

अंपादकीय

आज़ादी का अमृत महोत्सव

देखते-देखते आज़ादी के पचहत्तर साल हो चुके हैं। जिन्होंने देश को गुलामी की बेड़ियों से आजाद कराया, वे इतिहास में दर्ज़ हो चुके हैं। अब पाँचवी पीढ़ी देश का नेतृत्व करने के लिए तैयार है।



इन पचहत्तर वर्षों में देश ने कितना अर्जित किया और कितना खोया, इसकी समीक्षा करने का समय आ चुका है। एक बार की बात है, करोड़ों लोग भूख से मर रहे थे। पीने का पानी लेने के लिए मीलों दूर जाना पड़ता था। करोड़ों लोग शिक्षा से वंचित थे। स्वास्थ्य-व्यवस्था चरमरा गई थी। देश को चलाने के लिए विदेशों में सोना गिरवी रखा गया था। एक पंचायत के पास अधिकतम बीस या तीस साइकिलें मात्र थीं। मोटरसाइकिल, रसोई, शौचालय, बिजली, टीवी और फोन तो बहुत दूर की कौड़ी थी।

आज गाँव-गाँव में स्कूल, अस्पताल, पक्की सड़कें, प्रायः पक्के घर, सभी घरों में शौचालय, बिजली, मोबाइल फोन, टीवी, गाड़ी आदि दिखायी पड़ते हैं। लड़कियाँ अब पढ़ाई और उच्च शिक्षा प्राप्त कर देश को समाज के सभी स्तरों पर आगे बढ़ाने में मदद कर रही हैं।

विदित है कि हरित क्रांति, श्वेत क्रांति एवं नीली क्रांति तथा जनधन खाता व स्वच्छ भारत जैसे आह्वान से देश स्वावलंबी बनने की ओर अग्रसर है। खादी मिशन ने आज भारतीय हथकरघा और कारीगरों में एक नव स्वप्न का संचार किया है। पोलियो, तपेदिक, कुष्ठ, चेचक, प्लेग, हैजा और मलेरिया का सामना करने में देश सक्षम हो चुका है। हमारा देश व्यापक स्तर पर टीकाकरण द्वारा कोरोना मुक्त होने के लिए प्रयासरत है।

सुदृढ़ रक्षा तंत्र व मजबूत अर्थव्यवस्था के साथ देश अब आगे बढ़ रहा है। हम दुनिया की पाँचवी सबसे बड़ी अर्थव्यवस्था बनने का ख़्वाब देख रहे हैं। लेकिन देश को आत्मनिर्भर बनाने में हमारे नागरिकों की भूमिका अहम है। स्वदेशी का प्रयोग करके आयात कम करने व निर्यात बढ़ाने में हम सब का मूल कर्तव्य है। तभी देश आगे बढ़ सकता है। देश की आज़ादी के अमृत महोत्सव का संदेश यही होना चाहिए।

सस्मिता पात्रा

हम आज़ाद या गुलाम ??

सलाम नमस्ते... ! आज़ादी की 75वीं सालगिरह बहुत-बहुत मुबारक हो... बहुत दिनों बाद आपसे बात करने का मौका मिला.. दरअसल थोड़ा बिजी थी.. घर का रेनोवेशन करवा रही हूँ ... चाहती तो अपनी पसंद का कोई अच्छा फ्लैट बुक कर शिफ्ट हो जाती पर क्या करूँ... दिल और अहसासों से थोड़ी गुलाम सी हूँ.. ससुर जी के बनाये घर में रहने के ख्याल से खुद को आज़ाद नहीं कर पाई... घर के सामने ससुर जी के हाथों से लगाए गुलमोहर के पेड़ की टहनियाँ हमेशा मुझे लहरा कर इस बात की शाबाशी देती हैं ! इस बार उसकी पत्तियों के बीच से लहराता हुआ तिरंगा देखकर सीना गर्व से भर गया। सोचने लगी कि कितनी मशक्कत के बाद हमने आज़ादी पाई थी। छोटे-बड़े, मर्द-औरत, बूढ़े-जवान, हिन्दू मुसलमान सभी लोगों ने मिलकर ये लड़ाई लड़ी और तब जाकर देश आज़ाद हुआ। अभी सोच ही रही थी कि बगल में डोरेंडा कॉलेज दिखाई दे गया और याद आ गया स्वीपर सार्थक ! वही जो कल मेरे घर पर आया था। दरअसल मरम्मत के काम के दौरान ईंट और गारे के कुछ टुकड़े टॉयलेट के पैन में जा गिरे थे और वो जाम हो गया था। पानी मार कर जाम हटाने की कोशिश की गई तो ऊपर तक पानी भर गया। अब जब तक कोई आकर उसे साफ़ नहीं करता उसका इस्तेमाल करना मुश्किल था। खैर जब सार्थक सामने आया तो देखा कि एक हट्टा-कट्टा सुंदर नौजवान सामने खड़ा था। लाल शर्ट, जीन्स और स्पोर्ट्स शू में उसे देख कर यकीन नहीं हुआ कि वो सफाई के काम के लिए यहाँ आया है। भाई से वो हजार रुपए माँगने लगा तो हमें ज़्यादा लगा पर जब उसने ये बात कही कि सर मुझे तो गंदगी के अंदर हाथ डालकर ही साफ़ करना होगा न क्योंकि अंदर क्या-क्या है इसका पता नहीं है ... उस बात की कल्पना करके मुझे अचानक उबकाई सी आई और मैं टॉयलेट के पास से हट कर घर के अंदर आ गयी। सार्थक के जाम साफ़ करने की कोशिश की आवाज़ें मेरे कानों को चीरे जा रही थीं... थोड़ी

देर में उसने हार्पिक की माँग की तो मुझे उसके पास जाना पड़ा। मुझे देखते ही उसने पॉलिथीन के ऊपर रखे ईंट और सीमेंट के टुकड़े दिखाये जो उसने निकाले थे। रंगीन सेंडो बनियान में वो बाहुबली से कम नहीं लग रहा था। उसके सुडौल बाजुओं पर टैटू बड़ा शोभ रहा था।



मेरे पूछने पर कहने लगा कि यहीं डोरेंडा कॉलेज में नौकरी पर लगा है। शौचालयों और कैंपस की सफाई अच्छी तरह कर इस कोशिश में लगा है कि उसकी यह नौकरी स्थायी (permanent) हो जाये। उसके हाथ में पैन साफ़ करने वाले तारों का गोलाकार यंत्र देखकर अचानक मुझे देश की आज़ादी पर प्रश्नचिन्ह लगता नज़र आया। सोचने लगी कि 75 साल में भी हम जात-पात के इस चक्रव्यूह से नहीं निकल पाए। हम जहाँ कल थे, वहीं आज भी खड़े हैं...! बापू की कोशिशों से देश को आज़ादी मिल गई पर हम अपनी मानसिकता के गुलाम ही रहे। अपने शरीर के मल को हर कोई साफ़ करके भी शुद्ध रहता है पर बात यदि शौचालय की सफाई की हो तो हम सार्थक के तबके को ढूँढ़ने लगते हैं। ज़्यादा दुःख इस बात का हुआ कि सार्थक का तबका भी सवर्णों के द्वारा कुचले जाने के बाद अब तक सर नहीं उठा पाया है। वो सफाई के इसी काम को अपनी नियति समझता है। और हम जैसे लोग अपने गंदे शौचालयों को साफ़ करने के लिए 100-200 ज़्यादा देना अहसान करना समझते हैं।

आज़ादी के बाद भी देश में कोई बदलाव नहीं आया तो हम शायद गुलाम ही अच्छे थे.... जैसे भी थे सब एक जैसे थे!!

शगुफ़्ता जबीं
भुवनेश्वर

भाई बहन का अनमोल रिश्ता

रिश्ते भी अजीब होते हैं इस समाज में,
कोई रिश्तों में डूब जाता है, तो कोई रिश्तों से परे हो जाता है
लेकिन उसकी अहमियत हमेशा महसूस करता है।

कोई दोस्त है, तो कोई भाई है, कोई माँ है, तो कोई पिता,
तो कोई भाई - बहन।

हर रिश्ता बड़े ही नाज़ों से पलता है
दरकिनार कर जाते हैं, हम कई बार इन सब रिश्तों को,
लेकिन अंत में वहीं आकर मिल जाते हैं।

हो जाती रिश्तों में अनबन कभी तो, दोनों ही मुरझा से जाते हैं,
लाख गालियाँ देते हैं मगर मिठास बरकरार रहती है।

अजीब हैं! समाज के रिश्ते भी, इन्हीं रिश्तों में सबसे पवित्र
रिश्ता भाई बहन का,
जो सात समन्दर पार भी अपना वजूद नहीं भूल पाता।

हो अगर बहन तो पूरा घर गूँजता है शोर शराबों से,
ना हो तो एक अजीब सी चुप्पी घर में छा जाती है।

होते हैं झगड़े भी रोज किसी न किसी बात पर, कभी भाई
नाराज़ तो कभी बहन हो जाती है खफ़ा!

गायब हो जाता है सारा गुस्सा उस वक्त जब बहन या भाई
बड़े प्यार से कहते हैं।

तेरे लिए भी चाय बनाऊँ क्या? दूसरे ही पल दोनों आपस में
बैठ कर चाय की चुस्कियाँ लेते नज़र आ जाते हैं

यही होता है अक्सर इन दोनों के दरमियान..
जब हो जाती भाई की शादी घर में आती भाभी।

बहन की हो जाती चाँदी, लेकिन हो जाती बहन की शादी तो
भाई की बढ़ जाती परेशानी,

अब तो साल भर में एक दिन आए बहना,
तो भाई करे हँसी ठिठोलियाँ।

बोलो कैसी हो बहना,
बोले अब तो दिला दे कोई गहना।

जाती है तो, कुछ लम्हें फिर से याद दिला जाती है
जो बंद लिफ़ाफ़े की तरह इधर - उधर बिखरे रहते हैं,

यही है बस एक बंधन जिसकी डोरी दोनों तरफ बँध जाती है।

यही है भाई-बहन का अनमोल रिश्ता, जिसका कोई मोल
नहीं है।।

सीमा सिंह
अनुगुळ

अंगदान

यह तो जीवन का अमिट सत्य है,
एक दिन सभी को दुनिया छोड़कर जाना है,
क्यों न जाते-जाते कुछ अच्छा कर जाएँ,
किसी के चेहरे पर मुस्कान भर जाएँ।
मरने के बाद कुछ यादें छोड़ जाएँ,
करके अंगदान किसी का रब बन जाएँ,
किसी की धड़कन या रोशनी बन जाएँ,
एक जरूरतमंद के जीने की वजह बन जाएँ।
अंगदान के अभियान में बढ़ाएँ अपना हाथ,
अंधविश्वास और भ्रान्ति का हो समाज से नाश।
करके अंगदान, देकर किसी को जीवन दान,
आओ कुछ ऐसा काम कर जाएँ,

लोगों के दिल में फरिश्ता बन बस जाएँ।
इंसानियत और मानवता से बड़ा कोई धर्म नहीं,
अंगदान से बड़ा कोई पुण्य कर्म नहीं।।

स्नेहा पात्र
दामनजोड़ी

संविधान और हिंदी भाषा

संविधान हमारे भारत का विधि ढाँचा है। संविधान हमारी राष्ट्रीय नियमावली है। हिंदी उस राष्ट्रीय नियमावली का एक नियम है। “हम भारत के नागरिक” कह कर संविधान शुरू होता है। संविधान सभा में लंबी चर्चा के बाद ‘14 सितंबर 1949’ को संविधान में हिंदी को भारत की राजभाषा स्वीकारा गया। इस स्मृति को ताजा बनाए रखने के लिए ‘14 सितंबर’ का दिन हर साल ‘हिंदी दिवस’ के रूप में मनाया जाता है।

महात्मा गांधी ने हिंदी को राष्ट्रभाषा बनाने के लिए व्यापक जन-आंदोलन भी चलाया था। महात्मा गांधी के अनुसार कोई भी देश सच्चे अर्थ में तब तक स्वतंत्र नहीं है, जब तक वह अपनी भाषा में नहीं बोलता। किसी भी स्वाधीन देश की अपनी मातृभाषा ही उसकी राजभाषा हो सकती है। भारत एक बहु भाषा-भाषी राष्ट्र है। इनमें हिंदी भाषा, सभी भाषा-भाषियों के बीच सेतु का काम करती है; इसमें बोलना, लिखना, पढ़ना, समझना अपेक्षाकृत आसान है। भारत के स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में हिंदी की महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका रही। हिंदी भाषा ने भारतीय संविधान के अभियान और आंदोलन को व्यापक जनाधार प्रदान करने में महत्वपूर्ण योगदान दिया। महात्मा गांधी, सुभाष चंद्र बोस, गुरुदेव रविंद्रनाथ टैगोर, सरदार भगत सिंह, बाल गंगाधर तिलक और कई अन्य दिग्गजों ने हिंदी को राष्ट्र हित की भाषा माना और उसे सर्वव्यापी बनाने में भरपूर योगदान दिया।

जब आजादी के बाद संविधान सभा की बहस चल रही थी, तब ‘13 सितंबर 1949’ को पंडित जवाहरलाल नेहरू ने कहा था “किसी विदेशी भाषा से कोई राष्ट्र महान नहीं हो सकता।” संविधान सभा की स्वीकृति से ‘14 सितंबर 1949’ को हिंदी भारतवर्ष की राजभाषा बनी। संविधान के अनुच्छेद 343 से 351 तक में राजभाषा के लिए व्यवस्था की गई है। इन अनुच्छेदों का विवरण इस प्रकार है- संघ की भाषा (343-44), प्रादेशिक भाषाएँ (344-347), उच्चतम न्यायालय, उच्च न्यायालय आदि की भाषा (348-349) और राजभाषा संबंधी विशेष निर्देश (350-351)। संविधान के अनुच्छेद 343 में यह उल्लेख किया गया है कि ‘संघ की राजभाषा हिंदी और लिपि देवनागरी होगी।’ अनुच्छेद 351 ‘हिंदी

के सर्वांगीण विकास से संबंध रखता है।’ इसमें यह उल्लेख है कि संघ का यह कर्तव्य होगा कि ‘वह हिंदी को इस तरह विकसित एवं प्रसारित करें कि वह भारत की संस्कृति के सभी तत्वों की अभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम बन सके।’

संविधान में हिंदी भाषा को आधार जरूर दिया गया है, पर इसके विस्तार की जिम्मेदारी हर एक नागरिक पर है। वैसे संविधान बहुत व्यापक है, राष्ट्र की विधि है, राष्ट्र की नियमावली है और हिंदी इस नियमावली का एक नियम है। सिर्फ नियम से भाषा को जीवन मिलना बहुत कठिन है। जैसे नियमों के आधार पर परिवार नहीं बन पाता, परिवार के निर्माण के लिए स्नेह, प्यार, अपनत्व, आदर और संस्कार चाहिए; उसी तरह हिंदी भाषा के जनमानस तक विस्तार के लिए हमें हिंदी भाषा से प्रेम करना होगा। भाषा के प्रचार के लिए संवैधानिक ढांचा अनिवार्य है पर हिंदी भाषा के प्रचार के लिए, हिंदी की स्वीकारोक्ति के लिए एक व्यापक जनांदोलन भी अनिवार्य है। भाषा जब तक संस्कृति में, संस्कार में नहीं आती तब-तक वह पूरी तरह से अपनाई नहीं जा सकती। कला और संस्कृति के माध्यम से हम इसके प्रति प्रेम और अपनत्व ला सकते हैं। संवैधानिक ढाँचा हिंदी को आधार देता है, पर उसके विस्तार की जिम्मेदारी हम सब पर है।

अपने देश, अपने संविधान को एक नई ऊँचाई पर ले जाने के लिए हमें हिंदी के प्रति एक नई ललक, एक नए उत्साह से जन-जन में जागृति लानी होगी। महात्मा गांधी की यह पंक्तियाँ भी इसे यथार्थ करती हैं “राष्ट्रीय व्यवहार में हिंदी को काम में लाना देश की शीघ्र उन्नति के लिए आवश्यक है।” तो आओ हम सब शपथ लें कि अपनी प्रतिबद्धता और प्रयासों से अपने साथियों में राजभाषा में प्रेम की ज्योति जलाए रखेंगे, उन्हें प्रेरित और प्रोत्साहित करेंगे और राजभाषा हिंदी को अधिक कुशल और प्रभावशाली बनाएंगे।

जय राजभाषा! जय हिंद!



तुलिका द्विवेदी
नई-दिल्ली

रिश्तों की डोर

रब ने मेरी किस्मत भी खूब बनाई,
मुझे मिले छह बहनें और एक जिम्मेदार भाई।
इंद्रधनुष के सात रंगों सी है जोड़ी हमारी,
पर मेरे भाई का रंग हम सब पर है भारी।
हम सब बँधे हैं एक डोर से ऐसे,
मोतियाँ गुँथी हों एक माला में जैसे।
एक की मुश्किल बनती सबकी परेशानी,
सभी की कोशिशें कर देती हैं आसानी।
बड़ी बहनों ने हमेशा मुझपर ममता लुटाई,
और पिता की कमी को पूरा करता मेरा भाई।
जो सूरत देख कर जान लेते हैं, दिल का हाल,
ऐसे भाई बहनों पर सब-कुछ निहाल।
आज भी जब हम सबके हैं अपने परिवार,



कुछ पल हमेशा साझा करने को हम हैं तैयार।
भाई-बहनों का रिश्ता, जो जुड़ा था माँ की कोख से,
बस यही दुआ है आखरी साँस तक न छूटे किसी प्रकोप से।

आईशा अहद, दामनजोड़ी

महिलाओं के लिए समान अधिकार

“नारी ईश्वर की बनाई कोई अनोखी कृति है” मैं ऐसा नहीं कहती। नारी और पुरुष दोनों ही ईश्वर की अद्भुत रचना है। इस संसार को चलाने के लिए नारी और पुरुष दोनों ही बराबर के उत्तरदायी हैं। किसी एक की भी अहमियत को नकारा नहीं जा सकता है। नारी और पुरुष एक दूसरे के पूरक हैं। ईश्वर और प्रकृति ने दोनों को एक समान अहमियत दी है, फिर क्यों मानव समाज नारी और पुरुष में भेद-भाव करता है। औरतों को दबाना, उनका शोषण करना, उनके अधिकारों का हनन करना क्यों सामान्य एवं स्वीकार्य समझा जाता है।

यह सिर्फ हमारे देश की ही स्थिति नहीं है, अन्य बहुत से देशों में महिलाओं की सामाजिक स्थिति बेहतर नहीं है। कई विकसित देशों में लड़कियों को लड़कों के बराबर शिक्षा का अवसर तो मिलता है, परंतु जब बात कोई महत्वपूर्ण निर्णय लेने की हो या किसी उच्च पद पर आसीन होने की; उस समय औरत की प्रतिभा और काबिलीयत को नगण्य ही समझा जाता है। सब असमानताओं और भेद-भाव के बावजूद, महिलाओं ने राष्ट्रीय एवं अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर तकनीकी, राजनीति, धर्म, साहित्य, व्यवसाय, विज्ञान आदि हर क्षेत्र में कीर्तिमान स्थापित किये हैं। इन क्षेत्रों में कुछ प्रसिद्ध भारतीय महिलाएँ हैं- इंदिरा नूई (पेप्सिको कंपनी की पूर्व मुख्य कार्यकारी अधिकारी), कल्पना चावला (अंतरिक्ष यात्री), मिताली राज (कप्तान भारतीय महिला क्रिकेट टीम), मीराबाई चानू (भारोत्तोलन ओलंपिक पदक विजेता), मैरी कॉम (मुक्केबाजी में ओलंपिक पदक विजेता), इंदिरा गांधी (पूर्व प्रधानमंत्री), लता मंगेशकर (गायिका, भारत रत्न से सम्मानित) आदि।

भारतीय संविधान एवं कानून महिलाओं को समानता एवं सुरक्षा से जुड़े कई अधिकार प्रदान करता है। ऐसे कुछ अधिकारों का विवरण नीचे किया जा रहा है-

- समान वेतन का अधिकार- संविधान के अनुच्छेद 39(घ) में पुरुषों एवं स्त्रियों दोनों को समान कार्य के लिए समान वेतन का अधिकार दिया गया है।
- संपत्ति का अधिकार- उत्तराधिकार अधिनियम 1956 (संशोधित) के तहत पुश्तैनी संपत्ति के मामले में बेटे एवं बेटियों को बराबर का हक दिया गया है।
- कार्य-स्थल पर महिला यौन उत्पीड़न (रोकथाम, निषेध और निवारण) अधिनियम 2013- इस अधिनियम के जरिए महिलाओं को एक नागरिक के रूप में समान, सुरक्षित और निरापद वातावरण में कार्य करने के

संवैधानिक अधिकार को सुनिश्चित किया गया है।

- कन्या भ्रूण हत्या रोकने के संबंध में- भारत में कुछ कुंठित मानसिकता वाले लोग स्त्रियों पर बेटे जनने के लिए दबाव डालते हैं। वे गर्भ में ही शिशु के लिंग की जाँच करवा कर बालिका शिशु को गर्भ में ही मार डालते हैं। इस कुप्रथा की वजह से स्त्रियों एवं पुरुषों का लिंगानुपात भी कई राज्यों में घटा है, जिसके परिणामस्वरूप महिलाओं के प्रति अपराध में बढ़ोतरी हुई है। इस कुप्रथा को रोकने के लिए “पूर्व गर्भाधान और प्रसव पूर्व निदान तकनीकी (लिंग चयन प्रतिबन्ध) अधिनियम, 1994 पारित किया गया, जिसका उद्देश्य कन्या भ्रूण हत्या और घटते लिंगानुपात पर अंकुश लगाना है।”



कानून एवं संविधान द्वारा महिलाओं की समानता एवं सुरक्षा के लिए दिये गए अधिकारों का असर जमीनी स्तर पर हो यह अत्यंत महत्वपूर्ण है।

इसके लिए जागरूकता एवं सामाजिक चेतना को जगाने की जरूरत है। इसकी शुरुआत हर एक परिवार से होनी चाहिए। यह जरूरी है कि हर पुरुष अपने परिवार की महिला सदस्यों का सम्मान कर और उन्हें बराबरी का अधिकार दे। वह यही संस्कार परिवार के बच्चों को दे, जिससे कि नारी सम्मान उसके व्यक्तित्व का अभिन्न अंग बन जाए।

इन्हीं प्रयासों से हम एक सभ्य और विकसित समाज का निर्माण कर सकते हैं। जिसमें हर नारी और पुरुष में समानता का भाव हो।

अंत में यह कहना चाहूँगी कि-

आप उसे विश्वास का सहारा तो दो,
उम्मीद का सितारा तो दो,
साथ खड़े रहने का वादा तो दो,
सुरक्षा का किनारा तो दो,
फिर देखो वो आपके इतने से सहारे से,
लता की तरह ऊपर बढ़ती है,
आसमान की बुलंदियों को छूती है।।

आओ एक बेहतर समाज बनाने की तरफ अग्रसर हों।

स्वाति जादौन
नई दिल्ली

ରକ୍ଷା ବନ୍ଧନ

ସେନେହ ସୂତାରେ ମମତାର ମୋତି
ବାନ୍ଧି ଭାଇ ହାତେ ।
ଭଉଣୀ ଭାଇକୁ ଆଦରେ କହିଲା
ଚାଲୁଥିବୁ ମୋ ସାଥେ ।
ହୋଇଥିବ ସେ ରେଶମର ଡୋର
କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବନ୍ଧନ ସ୍ନେହର
ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀର ଏଇ ବନ୍ଧନକୁ
କେବେ କରିବୁନି ପର ।
ଭଉଣୀର ପ୍ରତିଟି ଭୁଲ ପାଇଁ ଯେ
ବିଚରା ଭାଇ ଟି ମାଡ଼ ଖାଏ ।
କିନ୍ତୁ ସମୟ ପଡ଼ିଲେ
ଭଉଣୀ ଟି ତ ଭାଇ ପାଇଁ
ନିଜର ସବୁକିଛି ସମର୍ପି ଦିଏ ।
ନିଜର ସ୍ନେହବୋଲା କଥାରେ
ଭଉଣୀ, ଭାଇ ମନ କିଣିଥାଏ,
ଏଇ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସମ୍ପର୍କରୁ
ଭଉଣୀର ପ୍ରତିଟି କଥା ଭାଇ ମାନି ନେଇଥାଏ ।
ଆଜି ଖାସ୍ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀର ମିଳନର ଦିନ
ରକ୍ଷା ବନ୍ଧନ ।
ଦ୍ରୌପଦୀର ବସ୍ତ୍ର ହରଣରେ
ବସ୍ତ୍ର ଦେଇ ମାନ ରଖୁଥିଲେ

କୃଷ୍ଣ ଭଗବାନ ।
ଭଉଣୀ ତୁ ଥିଲେ ଅଛି ସବୁକିଛି,
ମୋ ପାଖରେ
ଆଜି ମୁଁ କଥା ଦେଉଛି ତୋ ପାଇଁ
ସବୁବେଳେ ରହିଥିବି ଦୁଃଖରେ
ସୁଖରେ ।
ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସବୁଠୁ ପବିତ୍ର
ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସବୁଠୁ ପବିତ୍ର
ଫିକା ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ ସବୁ ସମ୍ପର୍କ
ଦୁନିଆର ।
ହେଲେ ଗଙ୍ଗାଜଳ ପରି ରହିଥାଏ ପବିତ୍ର
ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀର ।
ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀର ସମ୍ପର୍କ
ବହୁତ ନିଆରା ଦୁନିଆରେ
ଏଇ ରାକ୍ଷୀର ଡୋର ବାନ୍ଧି
ଭଉଣୀ ଭାଇର ମଙ୍ଗଳ କାମନା କରେ ।



ଶିଖା ନାୟକ
ଅନୁଗୁଳ

Illusion of life...

Mirror mirror, please come here,
Show me my emotions clear,
For outside world, I look so happy,
Beneath my heart, I feel so pity,
How to live, I don't know any more,
Show me path, and help my core,
Mirror mirror, please come here,
Show me my emotions clear....

Thousands of thoughts run through my mind,
Each passing day is not so kind,
Ignoring things are not my nature,
But nothing looks clear in future,
Mirror mirror, please come here
Show me my emotions clear...

Feels like exploding, sometime,
But then I trust, on people who are mine,
It comforts my nerves,

Heart goes numb, and my
mind serves,
Mirror mirror please come
here,
Show me my emotions
clear...

Though current days are
not so good,
Situations are worse ,and
we are put under hood,
Nature has, put us inside,
There are so many things on going outside,
Going outside is not a good option,
Saving our lives is in biggest discretion,
Mirror mirror, please come here,
Show me my emotions clear.



Priyanka Pal
Anugul

ଗୁରୁମା

ଗୁରୁ... ସେ ତ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ମୟ ଜୀବନରେ ଆଲୋକର ପ୍ରକାଶ । ତାଙ୍କର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଜୀବନର ସମସ୍ତ ଅଜ୍ଞାନତାକୁ ଦୂରେଇ ଦେଇଥାଏ । ତାଙ୍କର ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ପାଇବାପାଇଁ ନିଜକୁ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ସେମିତି ଶିକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କୋଟିକରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଥାନ୍ତି, ଯେମିତି ଅର୍ଜୁନ ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ ବା ଛତ୍ରପତି ଶିବାଜୀ ହୁଅନ୍ତୁ । ଏମିତି ବହୁତ କିଛି ଭାବି ଚାଲିଥିଲା ସୁମତି । ତା'ର ଭାବନା ସମାପ୍ତ ହୋଇ ନ ଥାନ୍ତା ଯଦି ମାଆ ତାକୁ ପାଣି ଆଣିବାକୁ ଯିବାକୁ ଡାକି ନ ଥାନ୍ତେ ।

ଗରିବ ପରିବାରର ଝିଅ ସୁମତି । ବାପା ରିକ୍ଷା ଚଲାଇ ଯାହା ରୋଜଗାର କରନ୍ତି ସେଥିରେ ସେମାନେ ଚଳନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସୁମତିର ପାଠ ସେ କେବେ ବି ବନ୍ଦ କରିବାକୁ ଦେଇ ନାହାଁନ୍ତି । ଏତେ ଅସୁବିଧା ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବଖରା ଘରେ ରହିଲେ ବି ସେ ଭଲ ପାଠ ପଢ଼େ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସ୍କୁଲର ସମସ୍ତ ଦିଦି, ସାରଙ୍କର ସେ ବହୁତ ଆଦରଣୀୟା । ବିନା ଦରମାରେ ବି ତାକୁ ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଡାକି ପଢ଼ାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ପରୀକ୍ଷା ପାଖେଇ ଆସିଲେ ଆମୋଦିନୀ ଦିଦି ତାକୁ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ିବାରେ ବହୁତ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି । ନୋଟ୍ସ ତିଆରି ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ତାକୁ ବହିପତ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟ ଯୋଗାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ସମସ୍ତ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଓ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦରୁ ସୁମତି ପ୍ରଥମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ଦଶମ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ପାସ କରିଗଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ହୋଇଥିବାରୁ ପ୍ରଧାନଶିକ୍ଷୟିତ୍ରୀ ଓ ସେଠିକାର ଜିଲ୍ଲାପାଳ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କଠାରୁ ପ୍ରଶଂସାପତ୍ର ଓ ଟଙ୍କା ପୁରସ୍କାର ସ୍ୱରୂପ ସୁମତିକୁ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ତା'ର ବାପା ଓ ମାଆଙ୍କ ଗୋଡ଼ ତଳେ ଲାଗୁ ନ ଥାଏ । ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ଭଲ ତ ପଢ଼େ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଏତେ ଭଲ ପଢ଼େ ବୋଲି ସେମାନେ ଭାବି ନ ଥିଲେ । ଯେ କୌଣସି ଉପାୟରେ ଦିନେ ତାକୁ ବଡ଼ ମଣିଷ କରିବେ ବୋଲି ତା'ର ବାପା ମନେ ମନେ ଦୃଢ଼ ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତି ନେଲେ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ଯେତେ କଷ୍ଟ କରିବାକୁ ପଡୁପଡ଼େ ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ ଯେତେ ପଢ଼ିବ ତାକୁ ପଢ଼ାଇବେ ବୋଲି ମନେ ମନେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ କଲେ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ କିଏ ଜାଣିଥିଲା ଯେ, ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ମନେ ମନେ ଯାହା ଭାବିଥାଏ, ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଇଚ୍ଛା ସେ ପ୍ରକାର ହୋଇ ନ ଥାଏ । କରୋନାରେ ମାଆ ଓ ବାପା ଦୁଇ ଜଣ ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନାରେ ଅନେକ ଦିନ ଚିକିତ୍ସିତ ହୋଇ ଶେଷରେ ଆଖି ବୁଜିଲେ । ସୁମତି ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଦୁନିଆରେ ଏକା ହୋଇଗଲା । ଦୁଃଖରେ କାନ୍ଦିଲେ ବି ଲୁହ ପୋଛିବାକୁ କେହି ନ ଥିଲେ । ଯୁକ୍ତ ଦୁଇର ଛାତ୍ରୀ ସେ... ପାଠପଢ଼ାରେ ଡେରି ବାନ୍ଧିଲା ।

ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଦୁନିଆରେ କ'ଣ କରିବ ଭାବିପାରୁ ନ ଥିଲା । ଗାଁର କେତେଜଣଙ୍କ ସହାୟତାରେ ଚାକିରୀ ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ସୁଦୂର ହୋଇଦରାବାଦ୍‌ର ଏକ ମଲ୍‌ରେ ଚାକିରୀ କରି କଷ୍ଟେମକ୍ଷେ ଚଳିଯାଉଥିଲା । କିଛି ଦିନ ହେବ କରୋନା ଯୋଗୁ ସବୁକିଛି ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଗଲା ।

ତା'ର ଛୋଟ ଚାକିରୀଟି ବି ଚାଲିଗଲା । ଦୁନିଆ ତାକୁ ଅନ୍ଧାର ଦିଶିଲା । କ'ଣ ଖାଇବ, କ'ଣ କରିବ, କେମିତି ବଞ୍ଚିବ, କିଛି ତାକୁ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଜୁଟିଲାନି । ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ଭଡ଼ାରେ ରହୁଥିଲା, ତାକୁ ବାହାରିଯିବାକୁ ନୋଟିସ୍ ବି ଦେଇଦେଲେ । କାରଣ ସେ ଆଉ ଭଡ଼ା ଟଙ୍କା ଦେବାକୁ ସକ୍ଷମ ନ ଥିଲା ।

ଏହି ସମୟରେ ହଠାତ୍ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ରାତିରେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା ସଦୃଶ ତାକୁ ଆମୋଦିନୀ ଦିଦିଙ୍କ କଥା ମନେପଡ଼ିଲା । ସେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଏ ବିପଦ ବେଳରେ ତାକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବେ । ହାଇଦରାବାଦ୍‌ରୁ ଯଥାଶୀଘ୍ର ଯାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଗଲା ସୁମତି । ଦିଦି ବହୁତ ଖୁସିହେଲେ ତାକୁ ଦେଖି । ସେ ପାଠ ଅଧାରୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଥିବାରୁ ଦିଦି ବହୁତ ମନଦୁଃଖ କଲେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ସରକାରୀ ସାହାଯ୍ୟପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହସ୍ତେଲରେ ତା'ର ରହିବା ଓ କଲେଜ୍‌ରେ ତା'ର ପଢ଼ିବା ବନ୍ଦୋବସ୍ତ କରିଦେଲେ । ମେଧାବୀ ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଥିବାରୁ ତାକୁ ଆଉମିଶନ୍ ବି ମିଳିଗଲା । ବିଜ୍ଞାନରେ ସେ ସ୍ନାତକ କରି ତା'ପରେ ଆମୋଦିନୀ ଦିଦିଙ୍କ ମାର୍ଗଦର୍ଶନରେ ବି.ଇଡି କରି ଏବେ ହାଇସ୍କୁଲରେ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଦିଦି ହୋଇଛି । ଜୀବନରେ ଆମୋଦିନୀ ଦିଦିଙ୍କ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଓ ସୁପରାମର୍ଶକୁ ସେ କେବେ ବି ଭୁଲି ପାରିନି । ନଦୀରେ କୁଳ କିନାରା ନ ପାଇ ଭାସି ଭାସି ଯାଉଥିବା ତା'ର ଜୀବନ ଡଙ୍ଗାଟିକୁ ଦିଦି କୁଳରେ ଲଗାଇ ଦେଇଥିବାରୁ ସେ ଚିର କୃତଜ୍ଞ । ସୁମତିର ଏକୁଟିଆ ସଂସାରରେ ଦିଦି ହିଁ ତା'ର ସବୁକିଛି । ଏବେ ବି ଦଶହରା ଛୁଟି, ଖରା ଛୁଟି, ସବୁ ଛୁଟିରେ ସେ ଧାଇଁଯାଏ ଦିଦିଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖା କରିବାକୁ । ଦିଦି ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ସେ ବି ଆମୋଦିନୀ ଦିଦିଙ୍କ ପରି ଗୁରୁମା ହେବ । ଅନେକ ଆଗାମୀ ପିଢ଼ାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଆଲୋକବର୍ତ୍ତକା ହେବ ବୋଲି ମନେ ମନେ ସଂକଳ୍ପ କରିଛି ।



ସୀମା ମିଶ୍ର

ଦାମନଯୋଡ଼ି

Dream India of our Freedom Fighters

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dream."

- Eleanor Roosevelt

Our freedom fighters have fought against the outside rulers for ages. The main reason was that they had a dream of India becoming free from all evils and a place to live with freedom from and free atrocities. Different freedom fighters had different dreams for India. Some fought for India and others fought for themselves. The dreams of our freedom fighters can be categorized into two types. One type was for the betterment of India as a whole and the other type was for the betterment of self.

Our freedom fighters dreamt of "independence", "non-violence", "peace" and "happiness", or, I would say, they dream of India. The great uprising of 1857 gave birth to this dream in our country's leaders and thousands of others who wanted to seek freedom.

It was the time when India was being ruled by the British, who brutally harassed many people, massacred them, took away their lands and forced them into slavery. These inhumane activities of the British made their fellow citizens dream of their independence and led to the emergence of various leaders including Shri Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, whose dreams and thirst to make their dreams come true motivated others who together firmly advanced and fought hand to hand against the British. The main protests that took place at that time were the Satyagraha Movement, Swaraj, Simon Go Back, Dandi March and the Quit India movement, which ultimately resulted in the formation of an independent nation - India.



Wouldn't the combatants have dreamt of an independent nation? What if Gandhiji had stopped fighting for his dreams and led the British people to abuse their illegal power? A threatening and unintentional question, isn't it? It is only because of them that today we proudly call ourselves Indians. We have to understand that dreaming can be easy, but fulfilling those dreams is not so easy. Even our freedom fighters had faced challenging difficulties in liberating our nation. Many lives were lost, many people were killed and many were left homeless; nightmares were always in their favour but they were able to overcome their nightmares because they had a dream.



One group of freedom fighters thought that if India as a whole becomes better, then it will eventually lead to the betterment of all including self. Whereas the other group thought that if they become better first then finally, India as a whole shall be better. Also, this seems funny but this is the reality.

The first group fought solely for the free nation. They dreamt of people becoming free and everybody becoming more prosperous and developed in every area of their lives. Therefore after India got freedom they expected the nation to be a better place to live. In the process, they left the actions to be done by the mass as a whole. They did not take part actively in larger public leadership positions fearing that this shall make them label as selfish. The execution of their dream went to the wrong hands resulting in the failure of their dream and becoming reality in the true sense.

Due to the inaction of the first group, the decision making went to the second type of freedom fighter. This led to the development of only a few people and leaving the vast majority of people poor and underdeveloped.

In the process, the other group acquired power after India got freedom. This led to the execution of the dream of the second type resulting in

freedom and development for a few people only.

Hence dreaming big is good but it is better to fulfil the dream by taking action for that. It all depends on us now if we want to dream big and make our dreams come true or let go of our dreams in fear of the obstacles we might face to fulfil our dreams. We can fail for the first time, try

again and fail again a second time too, but this time we fail better and finally, the victory will be ours. The leaders of our nation had a dream, I have a dream, and I believe that you should also have a dream because dreams are worth more than money and who knows that the day will come when you will create a history.

Meenakshee Choudhury
Bhubaneswar

Is it a Baby Girl?

We always witness our daughters being pampered at home. They are even worshipped in some Indian traditions. But, we also live in a country that has the most skewed gender ratio in the world at 934 females to 1000 males. The situation is far more worrying in the Hindi heartland. I come from a community of this region which has the worst socio-economic indicators and educational outcomes. But my father sacrificed his life to educate his five daughters.

We have a friend who sold his entire property to send his daughter to a flying school in Australia. We all know well how our very own coordinator leaves no stone unturned to see her younger daughter bubbly and smiling.

Yet I want to share a story of two pregnant women Roshni and Sania, who came to a government hospital for their delivery. (All names have been changed to maintain the anonymity of the patients) The following was shared by a paediatrician, Dr. Maira who works at the same hospital.

"Hurry up Sister!", shouted the gynaecologist. "Roshni has to be shifted to OT from the Labour Room, bring her files along," she added.

"Is there no paediatrician on call?" howled another Resident Doctor who had taken Sania to the Labour room. She delivered a healthy baby boy. Dr. Maira came and looked into the papers on the desk of the labour room. She

confidently announced to the grannies waiting in the gallery that Roshni has given birth to a boy. Ayah ji exhibited the baby to the relatives and received a cute tip.

Then from the OT came another cry, "Call the Paediatrician, we are going to start the Caesarean section for Roshni." Dr. Maira reached the OT and asked the patient being anesthetized "Tumhara Naam kya hai Bibi?". She replied, "Roshni, Madam." Maira was completely out of her wits. Roshni's relatives were informed of the birth of a boy while she was on the OT table with a full term belly.

Maira took a break and fell on her knees in the duty room. She prayed, "Oh God! Save me from this tribulation. Please bless Roshni with a baby boy. Else, my career will end before taking off." She was afraid of being blamed for swapping the child for gender preference if one of the two ladies gave birth to a baby girl.

An extremely nervous Maira reached the OT and whispered to the staff there, "Is it a baby girl?"

"No, a baby boy.", replied the OT technician. Maira took a sigh of relief. Her career was saved from being destroyed by a minor mistake and a major social evil.



Nadira Khan
Damanjodi

Pebbles by the Lake

As the waves rocked the boat my entire life and it's purpose flashed in front of my eyes.

I come from a village nested amidst some beautiful mountains and cordoned off by a majestic river. My house was on the banks of a lake which reflected in itself the mountains and the moon. I come from a family of four brothers and two sisters. I had never seen my father, but my mother never failed to fill our bellies and put a smile on our faces.

I remembered that night very vividly. I was counting stars in the night sky through a small hole in the roof of our house, when I heard a dull heavy sound approaching us. Gradually the sound intensified and I could see a large group of men marching towards us on the road across the lake. I quickly woke my mom up. She looked outside through the window, and terror froze into her eyes. She huddled all of my siblings together, and said, "Run till you see the sun rise." Torches of fire were being thrown. Houses were set ablaze. Screams of the massacre filled the air around me. Blood stained the beautiful valley I called home. At some point, I knew no one was running behind me. I wanted to go back, look for my mother. But I ran till the sun rose.

I lived as a refugee for the next 3 years. I wanted vengeance, and I nurtured that desire in my heart to the bitter end. I trained myself in everything from building explosives to deception. Finally at the end of it, I felt I was ready, and here I was, trying to make it through the violent river.

I rowed hard, but my arms were falling short. I was spinning out of control very fast. But I could see the banks just a few metres away. I was about to make it, and that is when a huge wave hit my boat, and it capsized. I tried to keep myself on stream. But the river was too strong. I struggled hard, but I failed. And everything in front of my eyes went dark.

The next time I opened my eyes, I found myself in a modestly decorated bedroom, with a cup of coffee by my side. My entire body was sore

and I could hardly get up. A soft voice came from the corner of the room, "Don't exert yourself too much. You have a lot of wounds, yet to heal." I slowly turned my head. I could see an old lady, sitting on her armchair, sewing handkerchiefs. "Where am I?", I asked.

"My granddaughter found you, washed up on the river bank. You were gravely injured. My husband is a retired army doctor. So we brought you in, and treated your injuries. You have been unconscious since then.", she replied.

I looked around and tried to lift myself up from the bed. A sharp pain shot up through my abdomen and I fell back. The lady walked up to me, pulled my blanket over, caressed my forehead and said "Don't exert yourself so much. You require a lot of rest right now. I will send Miriam with some hot soup for you." Saying this, she walked out of the room. A few minutes later, a little girl with a bowl of soup walked towards me. She had a small ponytail on her head, with small hands and little palms which were trying to balance the bowl. She walked slowly towards me, placed the bowl on the side table and jumped to bed with me.

"What is your name?", she asked.

Her voice took me back to my sisters for a moment. After a brief silence, "Sahil", I replied.

"Where are you from?", she asked again.

"Delhi", I replied back.

She smiled and looked down. "I have always wanted to go there. I will visit your home there someday." Her words somehow made me happy and content. She had eyes full of dreams, a laughter that could uplift the worst of spirits and the energy to boost the morale of someone like me. Miriam started spending her entire day with me. She used to ask me questions of all kinds about life outside of the



mountains. I could barely get up, so she brought me all my meals. She even taught me how to draw. I used to read her stories, and she often fell asleep in my arms. She tried to crack jokes and we used to laugh a lot together. When I started sitting up on my own, she used to hang on my back and play with my hair.

But amidst all this, I hadn't forgotten what my real purpose was. My backpack had been recovered with me. Thankfully, it was locked, and the old couple hadn't discovered its actual contents. I kept waiting for the day when I would completely recover, although Miriam made that time feel like a glimpse of happiness. Finally, I could walk. I bid Miriam and her grandparents goodbye.

I hitchhiked my way up to my village. As I got off the vehicle near the lake, overwhelming memories came back to me. This was the place that had taken everything from me. I walked upto the central market. As I looked around, the happiness and content of the people around me, at the cost of my family's lives, set my heart ablaze. I wanted them to suffer. I wanted their houses to be burnt down too. I wanted their blood to spill as well.

I placed my bag on a bench at the centre of the market and switched on the bomb. I took the detonator with me and slowly walked back to the lake. I reached the place where my house had once been, and sat down. The lakeside was filled with little pebbles. I just had to press a switch, and my heart would be at peace. I took out my detonator. I wanted to press it. "What if someone like Miriam stays here?", I thought to myself. Someone like Miriam ? Was it even

possible ? And even so, why does that matter ? Would the affection of a stranger be worth the life of my mother ? These were the people who had killed her. I started tossing pebbles into the lake as I thought through the ordeal. I tried hard, but I still couldn't bring myself to detonate the explosive. Because if at all someone like Miriam stayed here, I would kill her. The sun went down and the moon came up.

I could feel that day in my soul. I could feel my mother and my siblings playing around me. But I had decided to forgive. Not because I had forgotten my loss, but because of a girl who showered me with love. I picked a last tiny pebble, put it in my pocket and started walking back to Miriam's house. It took me an entire night. As the sun began to dawn the next day, I reached the cottage. Miriam came out running to hug me. I held her close to my chest and cried my heart out. She caressed my hair, and planted a kiss on my forehead.

"I missed you so much.," I said.

"But I am always there with you.," she replied with a big grin on her face.

I gave her the pebble I had picked up by the lake. She tossed it up and hurled it around with joy. Although stained with blood, the pebble stayed pure just like Miriam. Somehow my revenge felt weaker in front of her smiles. I hadn't slept for three years till then. I slept that night.

Mrs. Susama Rani Dash
Angul

Organ Donation: Boon to Society

'God', the ultimate creator who creates the beautiful world. And we all are God's creation. We have no option to change the God's world. But, if we want, we have other options to help the needy of our society. Among which "Organ Donation" is an extremely noble and nonorable act.

I have a childhood dream to be an Organ Donor when I was in class V. I have seen a TV interview of an Indian actress Mrs. Aishwarya Rai, in which she said that she had donated her beautiful eyes. From that day I have also a strong will to donate my body organs specially my 'eyes'. If I got any chance to help my society, I will be overwhelmed.

Organs Donation : An Idea:

Simply it means removal of organs from a body and transplanting it in a new body by surgical means. It can be either done by a dead person, provided his family members give consent. It can also be done when a person signs a form for donating his organs once he dies. It is a legal process through which the healthy Organs and the tissues of one person are transplanted in others person.

The Person who donates his or her organs is known as a donor and the person who receives the organs is known as the organ receiver.

Organ donation is a social act and it is considered to be an honor. Organ donation requires detailed testing of the donor's body. The blood group and the compatibility of the donor and the receiver are also matched before the organ is transplanted.

Need of the hour:

Every year around 6 lakhs of people die in India due to the shortage or the unavailability of organ. The organ donation rate in a western country is as high as 36 million in the United States as in India, it is 0.3 million which is very low. When it comes to Mumbai, it has the best organ donation rates in the country with almost 48 donations happening in the year 2019 and almost 51 donations happening in the year 2020.

Organs that can be donated:

A number of organs can be reasonable after a person dies. The organs that can be transplanted include the kidney, bones, bone narrows, the skin, cornea of the eye, the heart, the liver etc.

National organ and tissue transplant Organisation (Notton) is a national, level organization setup under the government of India, that make all the

Organ donation procedures all over the country. A nonprofit organization by the name of Zonal transplant Co-ordination Center (ZTCC) which is setup in Mumbai, is working everyday to promote Organ donation.



Arguments against organ donation:

1. The main shortage in organ donors due to the wrong beliefs that people hold about organ donation.
2. There is also another belief that a person who agrees to be a donor will be declared dead before he dies in order for his Organs to be used in transplantation.
3. People are reluctant to accept being donors because they think in that their religions do not accept donation of organs.

Conclusion:

It is good to understand organ donation because it makes the donor appreciate the decision he makes to donate his / her organs. It should be a matter of deep concern to everyone of us that people are being buried every day with organs that can save other people's lives and thus we should do our best to donate the organs that we can donate upon our deaths so that we continue to live after our deaths, through others.

In conclusion, I want to say that death is inevitable and no one has escaped it. The greatest rulers who have lived before us have seen death and a newborn child who has not experienced life has also witnessed death due to some circumstances.

On this day, let us come forward and fulfill one more duty of ours as true Indian citizens by pledging our organs which can save many lives after we leave this planet. The first step of willingness to donate organ is to have a donor card. A donor card is an expression of a person's willingness to be a donor. It is also important to make everyone aware of the importance of organ donation, so please spread the word and help in saving lives.

"The idea is to live forever..."

But may be to help another live a little longer..."

Minakshi Patra
Bhubaneswar

My Mom....

"Mom! do you know where are my glasses and where is my breakfast?" "Mumma, my shoes aren't polished!" "Daughter-in-law, give me some hot water to drink!"

Remember these statements which are directed to a certain person in our life whose duty starts from morning 6'o clock and ends till midnight without any wages or without any salary. But sometimes we 'busy souls' take her granted in our life.

This is the story of Ishita & Akshat's family who learn the importance of their 'mom'...

"Ishita and Akshat, wake up at this instant otherwise you both will be late for your school!" their mom shouted. "Yeah Amma we're already up, no need to shout. What's the time?" asked Ishita. "It's 7:50 you fools! Your classes starts at 8'o clock. I've been trying waking up you idiots from 7'o clock" their mom said.

Then suddenly Akshat wakes up and shouts at his mom "Amma, I asked you to wake me up at 5'o clock! What should I do now I haven't even completed my homework because of my recent tournament matches!" "You should've set your alarm and who told you to procrastinate at the last moment! Huh!? Do you both even bother to listen to my words and see you both are still in your bed when you both are already late"

Meanwhile in other rooms...

"Neetu, where are my wallet and tie?"

"Daughter-in-law, why aren't my son and grandchildren not ready yet!? And where is our breakfast?"

This is their every morning's story....

In the afternoon,

Ishita and Akshat were returning back to home from school in the scorching heat of summer. When Akshat started grumbling, "Akka (elder sister), I got scolding from my Maths teacher today again for not completing my homework and it's just because of mom! If she could've woke me up early then at least I could've completed half of my homework." Ishita scoffed and said "Please don't be a hypocrite we both know you will never do your homework even if you get sufficient time to complete it. But yes,

you're partly right because of mom I got scolding from P.E teacher for wearing black shoes instead of white! She should've reminded me that today I had to wear the white shoes."

When they reached home...

"Ämma! Amma! Where are you?" Akshat shouted while entering into the house. "Ayo Rama! You guys don't even let me live in peace! What happened? Why are you shouting?" exclaimed Neetu. "Ämma! Just because of you I and Ishita got scoldings from our teachers" Akshat grumbled. Neetu raised one of her eyebrows and asked "Oh! Because of me huh? What did I do" Just then Rakesh (Ishita and Akshat's father) entered into the house and called out Neetu "Neetu, I asked you to give me the file that was on the table! But you didn't give me that file because of which I got embarrassed in front of all my colleagues!" then Ishita interrupted her father and said "Amma! Your only responsibility is to take care of us and the house but I think you're failing it"

Neetu was fed up with all the complaints. So, she decided to teach them a lesson to make them realise that how important is she in their life.

Neetu said "If you think that I am failing in my responsibilities then let me take a break tomorrow as you'll be pretty much old enough to care of yourselves."

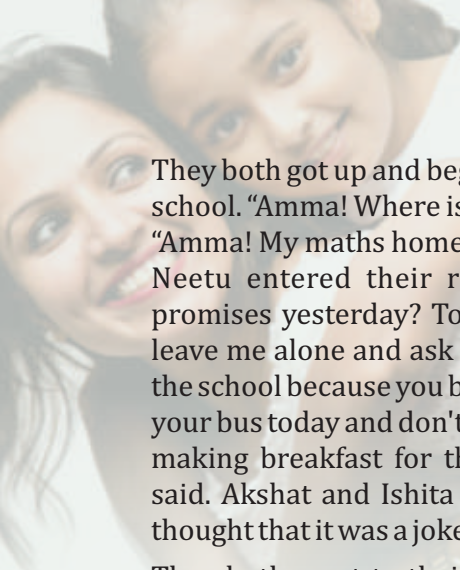
"Hah! We'll can take care of ourselves. We'll will prove that to you" remarked Akshat.

"Let's see" Neetu taunted.

The following morning...

Akshat suddenly woke up and saw the time. "Oh god! Its already 8:15am! We're late to school" Akshat shrieked. "God dammit! Wake up Ishita we're already late to school!" when she didn't wake up, he kicked her out of the bed. Ishita grunted with pain and said "What the hell is wrong with you idiot!" "Look at the time!" Akshat grumbled. Ishita rubbed her eyes and saw the time "Oh shit! We're late for school! Why didn't Amma wake us up?"





They both got up and began to get ready for their school. "Amma! Where is my tie?" Ishita shouted. "Amma! My maths homework?" shouted Akshat. Neetu entered their room "Remember your promises yesterday? Today is my break day so leave me alone and ask your dad to drop you to the school because you both have already missed your bus today and don't forget to mention about making breakfast for the entire family." Neetu said. Akshat and Ishita were surprised as they thought that it was a joke.

They both went to their dad and asked him to prepare the breakfast and drop them to the school.

And trust me if they regret anything most in their life is to ask their father to make breakfast for the entire family because their dad 'the professional chef' had nearly burnt the house. And guess what? What did they had as their breakfast? 'Michelin star burnt toasts.'

Neetu felt sorry for them but they had to learn their lesson.

And with much of difficulty the children reached their school and their dad to his workplace.

Later that afternoon in Akshat and Ishita's room....

"I guess today I broke 'the record of getting scoldings' in my entire life." breathed out Akshat.

"Could relate to it." Ishita commented. "Don't you think we should apologize to Amma?" asked Ishita. "She wakes up early to wake us up and remind you to do your homework and cooks breakfast, lunch, snacks and dinner for us, does our laundry and listens to our rants every day. Don't you think we should be grateful for what she does for us without a single complaint..." continues Ishita. Hearing this a tear drop falls from Akshat's eyes. "You're right Akka! She does everything for us but we idiots are so ungrateful brats!"

Neetu was listening to their talk. Her eyes were filled with tears when she heard their talk. She ran to her children and hugged them tight. "Amma, We're sorry for our behavior! Please forgive us!" Just then they felt another pair of hands wrapping them. "Yea Neetu! We're sorry! Forgive us please!" All three were showing their puppy eyes so that Neetu could forgive them. "Alright! Alright! Don't make those faces, you guys look ugly and yes I forgive you guys as you all learnt your lesson"

And yes, that's the end of Ishita and Akshat's story.

What's your story?

Tanisha Maharana
Damanjodi

Leadership of tribal women in Bhubaneswar slums

The Independence movement in India attracted virtually all sections of society. Though its leadership was dominated by general caste people, the participation of 'depressed' communities Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes was significant. Post-independence, democracy provided a conducive environment for empowerment of dalits, tribals and women. The following two women symbolise empowerment of tribal women in Bhubaneswar slums.

Parbati Laguri

Parbati Laguri, a Ho woman, is aged 35. She is a resident of Nilakanthanagar Munda Sahi. She was born in Bhubaneswar as her father was already a resident of that slum. Her father's native place is Bangra village of Khunta block of Mayurbhanj

district. He had come to Bhubaneswar in search of work. He was a driver at Jindal plant at Bhubaneswar. However, he settled in this slum. Parbati has studied up to 7th class. She is married to Iliash Laguri whose native place is in Jharkhand. He works as a labourer. After his marriage, he has built a small house at Nilakantha Nagar, Munda Sahi. The main earning member in their family is Parbati who has a small canteen in front of her house. Further, she cultivates one acre of agricultural land at Chandaka as a share cropper. She takes some people of her slum to carry lights in marriage processions. She is paid for this service.



Parbati is a social activist and an active political worker. She is the Secretary of a Self-Help Group (S.H.G.) named Tarini Sanchaya Samiti in her slum. She is also a member of Mahila Arogya Samiti (MAS) of her slum which looks after its cleanliness and sanitation. If anybody in her slum falls sick, she takes him or her to Government hospitals. She is the Vice-president of the slum committee for Scheduled Tribe. She helps in settling disputes between slum residents. Mage Parba, one of the main festivals of Hos, is celebrated every year in the month of Magha (January-February). She is one of the main organizers of this festival.

Quite early in life she took interest in politics. Sura Jena who is a trade union leader of CPI regularly visits her slum. Many tribals of Nilakanthanagar Munda Sahi participate in the processions and rallies organized by CPI (Communist party of India). Parbati helps Jena in recruiting volunteers from her slum. While she was only ten, she went to Delhi along with Sura Jena and several people of her slum to attend a CPI rally. She has not yet contested in BMC election mainly because her Ward 48 is not reserved for tribals. During general and BMC elections, different parties and candidates approach her for support though they know that she is close to CPI.

Nitu Chakhia

Nitu Chakhia is a young Ho woman residing with her family members in Jali Munda Slum. Nitu was born in her native village Dabagadia under Gurudijhatia Gram Panchayat, Cuttack district. Her parents who were agricultural labourers are still living there. Nitu, after completing High school at Government Girl's High School, Madhapur, Cuttack, studied +2 arts at R.M.D College of Science and Education, Patia, Bhubaneswar. She fell in love with Mukunda Chakhia who is a gardener at Nandankanan, Botanical Garden, Baranga. They got married and they are blessed with one son and one daughter. While the son is a civil engineering diploma student at Bhubanananda Orissa School of Engineering, Cuttack, their daughter is a student at Nandankanan Nodal High School, Baranga.

Nitu who has done diploma in journalism in Utkal University is working as a video journalist. She is the community correspondent of India Unheard. She is a freelancer. She is also working for voluntary organizations like Holy Spirit Health and Charitable Society. She has the experience of working in the fields of tribal rights, over land and forest, community health service and rights of unorganized workers.

Nitu is the most prominent face of Jali Munda Sahi. For last several years she has been an important leader of the Jali Munda Slum Committee. She tries her best to settle the disputes between slum-dwellers. She looks after other problems of the slum like water, electricity and environment. Under her leadership, the residents of the slum blocked the Nandankanan road against the alleged negligence of the Government to help the slum people who were the victims of Fani.

Nitu is also a political activist. She came to politics being motivated by Bairagi Jena, a CPI leader of Patia area. She contested for the post of Corporator in 2003. She was defeated by a small margin. In 2014, she again contested for the post of Corporator in Ward-2 as an Independent candidate. This time also she was defeated; however, she secured the second highest number of votes. In 2019 General election, she supported Janardan Pati of CPI (M). Though she is identified with left parties, yet she is approached by other political parties and candidates for support at the time of election. Because of her involvement in so many other activities, she is not able to devote more time to active politics.

In Jali Munda Sahi her importance can be recognized from the look of her residence. Her house space is quite large and spacious. Moreover, her close relations occupy a patch of the slum. She rides her own scooty and meets with government officials and political leaders in connection with the problems of the slum. She regularly attends Ho functions in Bhubaneswar.

Jayashree Sahu
Bhubaneswar

TOUCHING LIVES

भुवनेश्वर 'नालको महिला समिति' समाजसेवा में अग्रसर रहती है। इसी तरह अनुगुळ व दामनजोड़ी की नालको महिला समितियाँ भी आवास के समीपवर्ती इलाकों में सक्रियता से समाज-सेवा प्रदान करती हैं। इन सभी के सदप्रयास का उद्देश्य सभी समुदाय के प्रत्येक आयुवर्ग तक लाभ पहुँचाना है। यहाँ नालको महिला समिति के सदप्रयास की कुछ झलकियाँ प्रस्तुत की गई हैं।

नालको महिला समिति, भुवनेश्वर



कपड़ा कला और शिल्प प्रतियोगिता,
निर्णायक डॉ मलाकार का सम्मान



कपड़ा कला और शिल्प प्रतियोगिता
(आजादी का अभियान)



आजादी का अमृत महोत्सव, हमारे नालकोनगर के सहायक कर्मचारियों के बीच प्रतियोगिता
(अपने देश का निर्माण में करेंगा)



बेस्ट ऑउट ऑफ वेस्ट प्रतियोगिता, कक्षा 5 एवं 7

नालको महिला समिति, भुवनेश्वर



कक्षा 8 से 12 के छात्रों के बीच भाषण प्रतियोगिता



कक्षा 8 से 12 के छात्रों के बीच भाषण प्रतियोगिता



गाँधी पार्क पुरी में आजादी का अमृत महोत्सव

नालको महिला समिति, भुवनेश्वर



गाँधी पार्क पुरी में आजादी का अमृत महोत्सव

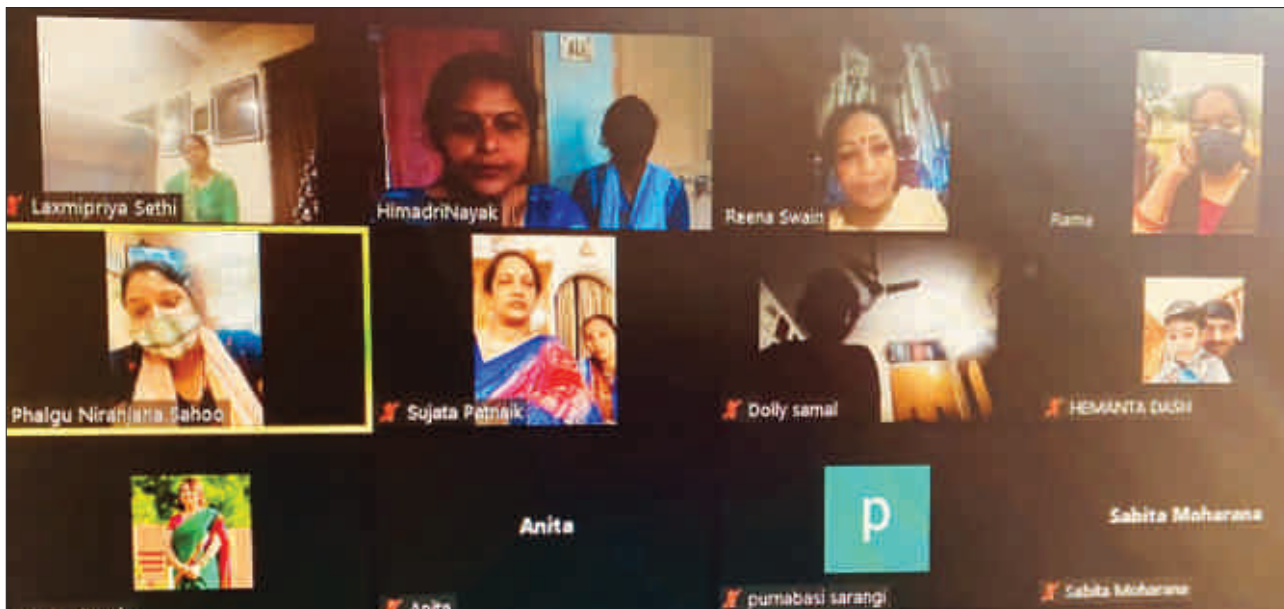


अनाथालय दौरा, आम घर (पात्रपड़ा)



एमपी वृद्धाश्रम दौरा, भुवनेश्वर

दामनजोड़ी



नालको लेडीज क्लब, दामनजोड़ी द्वारा भारतीय स्टेट बैंक के कर्मियों के सहयोग से हमारे दैनिक जीवन में सहयोग करने वाले लोगों के लिए जीवन बीमा के संबंध में वित्तीय जागरूकता कार्यक्रम



गरीबी रेखा से नीचे के परिवार के बच्चों के बीच नालको लेडीज़ क्लब द्वारा कहानी वाचन, गायन एवं चित्र प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन



नालको लेडीज़ क्लब, दामनजोड़ी द्वारा सावन समारोह



नालको लेडीज़ क्लब, दामनजोड़ी द्वारा सावन समारोह



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नालको लेडीज़ क्लब, दामनजोड़ी द्वारा सावन समारोह

अनुगुळ



आजादी के अमृत महोत्सव के अवसर पर सुरक्षा कर्मियों के बीच मास्क वितरण



नालको नगर पुलिस स्टेशन में मास्क, सैनेटाइज़र और पौधे का वितरण



वनमहोत्सव सप्ताह समारोह के अवसर पर मधुसुदन पार्क, नालकोनगर में वृक्षारोपण कार्यक्रम (06.07.2021)



75वें स्वतंत्रता दिवस के अवसर पर चित्र एवं निबंध प्रतियोगिता का ऑनलाइन आयोजन (09.08.2021 एवं 10.08.2021)

Readers are requested to send their write ups, suggestions and feedback to nmssangini@gmail.com in clear handwriting or soft copy before 15th December 2021. - Editor-in-Chief

ବିଜୟର ପର୍ବ
ଶାରଦୀୟ ଦୁର୍ଗାପୂଜା
ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ
ହାର୍ଦ୍ଦିକ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ



ବିଶ୍ୱର
ସବୁଠାରୁ କମ୍
ବ୍ୟୟରେ
ଆଲୁମିନା
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ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ
ସର୍ବାଧିକ
ବୈଦେଶିକ ମୁଦ୍ରା
ଉପାର୍ଜନକାରୀ
ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀୟ ଉଦ୍ୟୋଗ