



BUZZ



MAGAZINE



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EDITOR'S NOTE



Dear Readers,

It is with great happiness we bring to you the first issue of Buzz Magazine. An idea that was born when a group of MPhil students decided they wanted a magazine which offered much more than just short stories and poems.

When we sent out our call for submissions, we had not expected to get such an overwhelming response. We would like to thank everyone who took the time to e-mail us their entries, even though we could not run all of them in this issue.

Special thanks goes out to all those well-known bloggers who believed in Buzz Magazine and sent their articles, short stories, poems and even travelogues – to publish.

This is our first stepping stone into the magazine world. In this issue, we have book and movie reviews, recipes, fitness and beauty tips along with photography. Something we're sure regular literary magazines do not always offer. We would take this opportunity to mention that our book reviews are provided by the in-house reviewers of Vault of Books, with whom we have a tie-up.

Rohit Gore, the best-selling author of Guardian Angels, was kind enough to let us interview him for our first issue. We thank him for putting up with our continuous messaging.

We would also like to thank our resident illustrator, Rini Tarafder, for all the cute bees.

Today, 11th May 2014, being Mother's Day, it is no co-incidence that our special feature is dedicated to all the mothers. We hope this issue brings a smile to your faces.

Happy Mother's Day!

Regards,
Aniesha Brahma

Editor

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SHORT STORY: ZOYA

- Priyanka Roy Banerjee

She was hiding behind her dad's blazer, inside the huge walk-in closet. Dad was probably in the next room, searching for her, calling her pet-name, 'Pori'. They were playing hide and seek within their big old mansion in Calcutta. Her grandfather had bought it when he migrated with his family from Khulna (in erstwhile Bangladesh). She loved to hear those stories from grandpa, when he was around. Dad was coming closer, if he found her this time she would lose the game. Oh no! She wrapped her face tightly with the coat-tail, hiding like a rabbit. Somebody opened the closet door, and tried to move aside the wrap from her face. She was resisting him; she didn't want to be discovered. The person persisted in his endeavours though, calling her by some other name. What was it, Zoya? Nah. That must be somebody else. She was only *pori*, her dad's princess. She had to open her eyes after constant nudges and shaking, only to find Sid lounging over, trying to move the comforter from her face.

"What happened Zoya? You had that dream again, didn't you?"

"Yes *babu*. Again. And again....Hai Allah!"

Sid sat on the rim of the bed, taking Zoya into a very caring embrace. Ah, it's always so much peace being in his arms.

"What's the time?" asked she.

"Well past the alarm. Get up now, or *babui* will be late for school."

She looked up at him and said with a twinkle, "Can't it be a Sunday today?"

The expression on his face made her laugh instantly.

"Alright! I know it's only Tuesday!"

Babui, or Ishaan, their five year old son, was his usual self at breakfast.

"I don't wanna drink this milk mommy. It smells like a cow."

"Don't be difficult *beta*. You're already late."

"But it really smells like a cow, trust me!"

"Babui, you've never smelt a cow. Now shut up and finish everything in five minutes. Dad's ready to drop you at school."

Zoya started getting ready after they left. She had two surgeries and a monthly committee meeting on her schedule for the day. Damn those meetings, they're ever so futile! Can't she bypass this one by any way? She wanted to be on her own today. This recurring dream always drifted her away from the world for quite some time. She reminisced about everything while driving to the hospital. It began with Sid, or may be even before that? She had come to the USA after her graduation in medicine from Calcutta to pursue her dream specialization, cardiology. Her dad wasn't very enthusiastic about it, but somehow he agreed. Sid was at the same university for a doctorate in architecture. They didn't know each other. Zoya had noticed him for the first time nearly a year later in the campus bus. He was reading a book. And his eyes awed her whenever he lifted his glance towards the window. They were so deep, dreamy, yet dependable. She couldn't take her eyes off him, though she felt it was pretty awkward. He had noticed that too, and was amused. Few days later they were waiting at the same bus stop, and Sid introduced himself.

"Hi, I'm Siddharth Chaudhuri."

"Hello, I'm Zoya Chowdhury."

"Hey, we have same surnames!"

"Yes, but different religions."

Despite the differences, their love blossomed like an intricate lotus of thousand petals. And its fragrance filled up every drop of their lives. It was a little easier to interact for a shy person like Zoya, Sid being a Bengali too. Well, her name was a very unusual one for a Bengali girl, but her father had chosen it carefully while naming her. He was a scholar in ancient literature. Zoya means "life" in Greek, and indeed, she was life for her parents. Sid's family was settled in Delhi and that's where he was brought up.

They completed their degrees together, and then the inevitable question came up: Marriage. Zoya knew what she would have to go through, and the mere thought kept driving her to depression. Her father would never approve of marriage to a Hindu. NEVER. He was extremely orthodox about his religion. She wished her grandfather was alive, he would have understood. So did her mother. Zoya had broached the topic indirectly to know her reaction. Her mother seemed fine with the idea, but reminded her of dad. Sid wanted her to take the final decision; his family was completely fine with the matter. Zoya was torn into a zillion pieces, when she had to take a decision. Dad had reacted very predictably, and said he would sever all ties with her if she marries a Hindu. Her mother, turned out to be an exceptionally strong woman. She advised Zoya to do just what she thought would be right. It wasn't easy for the princess to let her dad go, but she knew she and Sid couldn't live without each other. It was impossible.

They went to Calcutta before and after marriage, but dad didn't even see her. He had disowned her from his life, and had shut himself up into a melancholy shell. It made her heart bleed and she wondered if they would be happy in their lives, hurting dad in this manner. But her mother and Sid's family were great support. They came back to the USA, and almost settled there. It's been ten years and *babui* since then.

After her final surgery for the day, Zoya relaxed in her office with a coffee, and switched her mobile phone on. It said three missed calls from Sid. Wondering if something was wrong, she called him.

"What happened, Sid? I had two back to back surgeries."

"Yeah, I remembered that after I called you."

"But what happened?"

"I've got grand news for us, and I can't wait to tell you until we reach home! Did you call the daycare? Has *babui* reached safely?"

"Yeah I called. He's fine."

"Alright then, can you meet me now, or a while later for a coffee?"

"Hmmm...I guess so. Just have to go for a round, and I'm done for today."

"Great! So meet me you-know-where, may be an hour later?"

"God! I've seldom seen you so excited!"

"You'll know why soon!"

Zoya found Sid already in the coffee shop, fidgeting with his mobile phone impatiently. She sat at his table and looked at him expectantly. He had a wonderful smile on.

"What?"

"You won't believe it! I had an unscheduled meeting with the managing director today. Our company is collaborating with a leading Indian construction company for a huge five year project of building hospitals, shopping malls and factories all over India. And they want to send me as head of the eastern zone. Guess where we'll be based?"

Zoya stared at him silently. Her mouth was drawing firm lines.

"No."

"Come on Moni, it's been long long time. We ought to try again."

"No."

"Moni, listen to me. This is a big opportunity for us to go back to where we always wanted to, and resolve our differences. I'm sure this time he'll forgive us. At least if he sees babui."

"Sid, how can you be so impractical? Don't you remember what happened then? It's impossible. He won't ever forgive me. And I won't be able to live in the same city with so much pain."

"Please Moni, trust me. We gave up all these years because we had to build our lives. Now we're more established. Let's try again. I'll do everything I can. Anything he would ask me to. I can't see you in so much pain always, with those dreams that make you bleed. Your guilt, which is more mine. I feel like I've torn you apart from your father. Let me at least try to re-unite you.

Won't you help me Moni? Please?"

She sat there speechless, tears formed clearly in her eyes, dropping down one by one from her cheeks.

Zoya had cramps in her stomach before their touchdown at the Netaji Subhash airport. She was

holding Sid's arm tightly. Her hands were freezing cold. Setting foot in Calcutta was so many homecomings that it made her lost completely into memories. This was the city where she grew up, it was home, it was hers, every part of it. Babui was surprised to find his mother so different. They moved in to a brand new apartment provided by Sid's company. It wasn't far away from her home. Her mother was over the moon at the prospect of seeing her after so many years, and babui! Sid was hopeful of reconciliation. And Zoya...she was dazed at all time. She wanted to tell dad how much she missed him all these years, and that she was still his princess, his *pori*. She prayed to God harder, incessantly as she's been doing that for the past ten years.

Finally, they were standing at the doorstep of her house, all three of them, waiting for it to open. Zoya felt dad won't see her even this time. Her heart sank. She wanted to barge into his room and cry her heart out. Sid was holding her firmly, she had become so weak. Even babui was holding his mother's hand tightly in anticipation of something.

Her mother opened the door. Zoya expected her to say the obvious. Before she could say anything, they heard a parrot blurt out from inside the house, "*Pori, pori, pori...welcome home.*"

(This story was first published online at IndusWomanWriting.com)



Priyanka Roy Banerjee is an aspiring author, frequent blogger, book critic and freelance editor. She is an avid reader and writes fiction in both English and Bangla. She blogs at [One and a Half Minutes](#) and [Moreechikaa](#). She's a Ph.D dropout and gorges on all kinds of cinema when she's not reading or writing.

A Winning Poem

If you get embarrassed in front of the prom queen,
Be sure that I am not living in the middle anymore.
Because the scoreboard never lies.
Never has.
But if can't is the cancer of happen,
Then why must you have a shrimp fork in your purse?

But we can watch Jaws on the ocean in the dark and be afraid together.
We'll shake the trees and be on rocket ships to the moon on some nights



Alexander Vogel is a saxophonist, writer, and aspiring scholar. His music interests are Jazz, Free Improvisation, and Indian Classical. His academic interests are history, political economy, social theory, ideology, the United States, and South Asia. His music work can be found here: <http://alexandervogel.l.bandcamp.com> & written work: <https://independent.academia.edu/VogelAlexander>

Poem: Tough Love

always dreaming of rain kissed grass
when we`d walk and let pass
streams of worried thought -
a wooden memory is all I have,
watch it being eaten away.

with a mouthful of words
i swallow what i want to say.
cobble pathways
secret angels
why do you stray?
why do you stray?

on the edge is where we meet
on the edge, with tender feet
wave me goodbye -
in a distant field is where we meet
in a distant field, beneath rainy sheets
together we`ll lie.



***Man In the Box:** is an attempt to portray the illusion of "Happiness". The everyday man struggles to find colours, though he's mostly living in a box - he tries in vain to break the monotony*

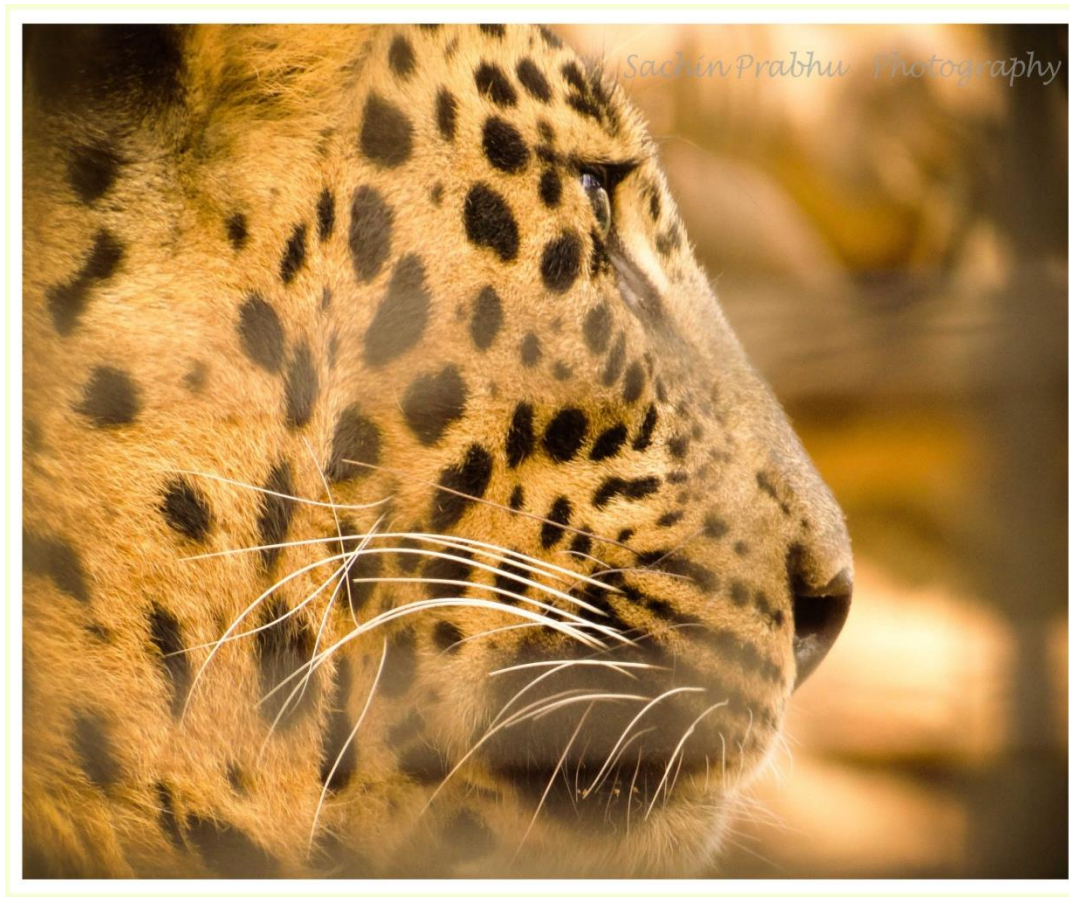


*WINDING ROAD- It's inspired by the quote "straight roads never make skilled drivers".
The idea is to face up to the struggle and learn from everything life throws at you.*



***Leela** has a Master's degree in English from Jadavpur University. Her passions include music and photography.*

PHOTOGRAPHY



“CHEETAH”



Sachin Prabhu is from Shimoga, Karnataka. He is an engineering student studying computer science. He is a nature lover and loves to read novels. A part from which he likes to be good friends with people interested about gadgets, music, movies, travelling. He also loves to sketch and click photos. He is a newbie in the blogging world. You can read his blog here <http://jrnywithprabhu.blogspot.in/>

You can also contact him at sachinprabhu@live.com

SPECIAL FEATURE: MOTHER'S DAY**“MOTHER”**

- *Uday Menon*

Mother: a word that is defined by the dictionary as, “a female parent. “

However, I envisage it is a vague and fragmentary definition for someone who not only plays such an essential and imperative role in our lives but also influences and molds our character and personality to a great extent. Rather, Mother is someone that gives us a near perfect definition to some words such as trust, love, care, affection that can seldom be realized otherwise.

Mother also signifies the epitome of sacrifice and selflessness. She always puts your needs before hers, regardless of the gravity of the consequences. Right from the time her child is in her womb, she begins an array of sacrifices. She sacrifices her career, her likes, her dislikes, her wants, her ambitions and moreover, her lifestyle among thousands of other things, trading them all in to fulfill the sole, passionate desire of becoming a mother. The pain she undergoes at the physical level is astringent and incomparable and is accentuated by the mental pain and stress to a magnanimous extent, yet she pulls through it all.

There may be hundreds of books out there on parenting, but being a mother is instinctive and that instinct cannot be nurtured by any books or advice regardless of how well renowned they are. It is human tendency to take something for granted when they are certain of its presence, i.e. when they get used to something. This is exactly what many tend to do to their mothers. It isn't until we leave our house, go to college or sometimes even get married that we realize the importance and impact this one person has made in our lives.



***Uday Menon** is currently awaiting the results of his 12th board exams. He lives in Mumbai and writing has always been his passion.*

SHORT STORY



MOTHERHOOD

- *Shreya Chatterjee*

(1)

‘I wish I was a better child’, thought Minu.

The storm didn’t seem to cease. It was a sad morning: cloudy, heavy droplets washing away thick dust on the verandah. There wasn’t much hassle on street: the rain kept people locked indoors. Minu looked out of the window, and all she could see were bending trees and drenched strayed dogs, running from one shed to another. She closed the window in a hurry.

Mother was not keeping well for a month. Medicines didn’t seem to work much and the doctors kept a close watch. Her health was not improving. Nevertheless, she responded very slowly to the treatment at times. Therefore the doctors prescribed to shift her to the city hospital if mother’s condition deteriorated. She was at her worst that morning. But, the rain!

Minu sat by her Mother’s bed. She took her feeble hands and tightly clasped into her own. All these years of struggle had made her weak. The smell of fresh tuberose: Mother always loved to adorn her hair with them. Since she has fallen sick, Minu had been placing a tray full of fresh flowers beside her bed, hoping she would open her eyes and give her a smile. But days passed. Neither her Mother smiled, nor the flowers did any miracle.

(2)

Minu had seen everything her Mother had gone through: her joy, her tears, her endurance, her sacrifices, her anger, her fear, and her prayers: Everything. How much she loved her little child! Minu was a below average student in school. Her teachers had almost no hope on her, yet her Mother never stopped hoping that Minu would just make it fine one day. She struggled day and night, taking her to tuition classes so that she fares well in examinations. Her prayers were answered. Minu managed to clear her school finals and get into a college. Another struggle began, as Minu couldn't cope with the college environment. An unknown fear of getting lost into the crowd grasped her so tight that she began bunking her classes. Her low-attendance made her ineligible for writing the exams. Minu could not complete her degree further. Getting a job was next to impossible: someone from the neighbouring city got her a suitable match. But her marriage didn't last long. Minu was back to her Mother's arms within a year.

The rain washed away everything that night: even her Mother's life. Minu could do nothing. Heavy storm had interrupted the traffic: it was impossible for any ambulance to travel across the city. Telephone lines were dead. All Minu could do was to sit and stare at her Mother's face. "I quite look like her", she murmured. And her moist eyes hazed everything

(3)

Everybody told her Mother that bringing up a child alone was something next to impossible. She was married off to a merchant when she just had just completed her school. Since her childhood, she had been dreaming of this day: her marriage. But her pink world soon turned grey when her husband got a second wife, and she was forced to leave home. Minu was a week's old in her womb. Every second was tough, but she never stooped down. She silently moved out, with her hopes keeping alive. It wasn't easy for her to manage alone, but for a strong lady like her, everything fell into right places in the end. Minu was born, and her world was full of smiles again.

(4)

Minu was distracted for a while. The sound of thunder brought her back to the world. The smell of tuberose hovered around in the room. She slowly lied beside her Mother, clasped her tight, and rested her head over her shoulder. She would never get to smell her again. These twenty two years of her life was nothing without her Mother. Every single step she took, all that she did, her Mother was always there beside. How would she survive alone in this world? That unknown fear of getting lost in the crowd made her claustrophobic. "I wish I was a better child," uttered Minu. "I could give you nothing Ma. Nothing!" She broke down in tears.

(5)

The storm had stopped for a while. The water seemed to recede, it was still drizzling though. Minu got up from bed, and dialed a number. The ambulance would reach her home soon. The room would be empty forever and so would her heart be. No amount of consolation would cease her pain.

Minu stood by the verandah. She felt little uneasy. "He must be hungry", the continuous kicks reminded her. Mother said Minu had a baby boy inside, when she had conceived five months back. But for the first time in her life, Minu prayed her womb bore a girl. She wanted to give birth to a daughter: a daughter like her Mother. She knew exactly what she wanted. She wanted to raise her Mother up, with love, with care, with honor, with respect, with gratitude, with everything she was ever deprived of, with everything she actually deserved. She wanted to be the Mother of the woman who had given her life. She looked up to the sky. The seven strands of colour smiled over the clouds. And for the first time in life Minu realized... she wasn't scared to face the world alone.



Shreya Chatterjee, pursued BA in Comparative Literature from Jadavpur University, Kolkata. She holds an MBA degree in Marketing & International Business from AIMS, Bangalore. She has spent three years in Banking and Financial services.

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR MUM AN EASY RECIPE



- *Indrani Banerjee*

“Handi Chicken”

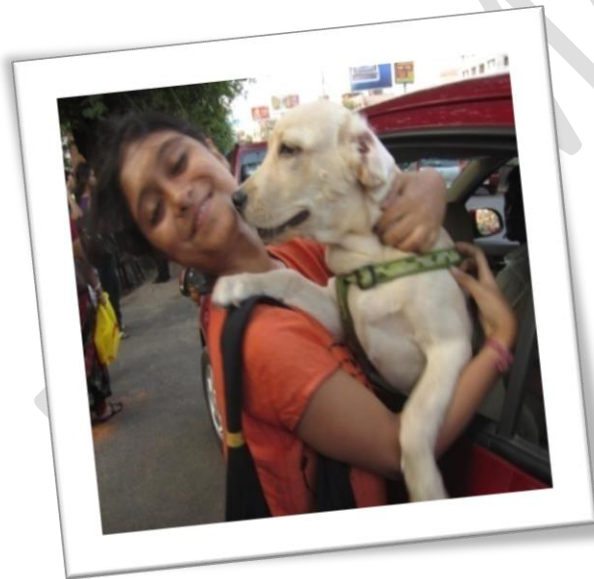
Ingredients

1. ½ Kg boneless chicken
2. Finely chopped onions
3. 200 grams of hung card.
4. 3 Table spoons Mustard oil (for marination)
5. Red chili powder (according to taste)
6. Ginger paste (1 table spoon)
7. Garlic paste (2 table spoons)
8. Lemon juice
9. 1 large and 1 medium tomatoes blanched and pureed
10. Whole Garam Masala (Cloves, Cinnamons, Green Cardamoms, Peppercorns)
11. A cup of milk
12. Salt
13. Green chili paste
14. ShahiGaram Masala Powder
15. KesariMethi

The shortest way to heaven, or how to make this delicious chicken preparation:

- Pierce the chicken pieces with a fork and make way for the spices.

- Prepare a marinade of ginger paste, garlic paste, hung card, mustard oil, ShahiGaram Masala, Red Chili Powder, blanched and pureed tomatoes.
- Douse the chicken pieces in the marinade evenly and make sure all pieces are well coated.
- Let the chicken soak in the flavors for some time. Leave aside the mixture for an hour and a half or so.
- Heat ghee in a frying pan and sauté the onions till they turn golden brown.
- Pour in the marinated chicken.
- Fry until the oil separates from the masala.
- Sprinkle some water.
- Add milk, water, and salt and chili paste.
- Stir well, cover the meat and cook it on low flame till it is tender and the gravy has a smooth, creamy texture.
- Drizzle a bit of ghee and kesarimethi and serve hot with chapatti or rice.



***Indrani Banerjee** currently works for Zomato, a very popular food critique website. She had pursued Comparative Literature from Jadavpur University, Kolkata, for both her BA and her MA degrees. She love writing, cooking and caring for homeless animals.*



7 Super Awesome Things About Living Alone

- *Suhasini Mitra*

1. You can create your own time zones on days off: Wake up at noon, sleep at 3 a.m.; who cares?!
2. KFC for breakfast, lunch or dinner: Gourmet breakfast=last day's leftover.
3. Wear whatever, whenever: With no one to watch, you can wear the most awful clothes to snuggle in them or those flashy designers to make yourself feel good.
4. Stock of Chilled Beer, always: Open your fridge and they'll greet you. What better way to end the day than that chilled bottle of froth?!
5. Pass-out Passport: When you stay alone, you have the licence to pass out wherever in your house, it need not be your room!
6. Dance like no one's watching: Because no one is watching!
- 7: You are the boss: Living alone also teaches you to be responsible, to take initiative and be the leader. So while at it, make the most of it.



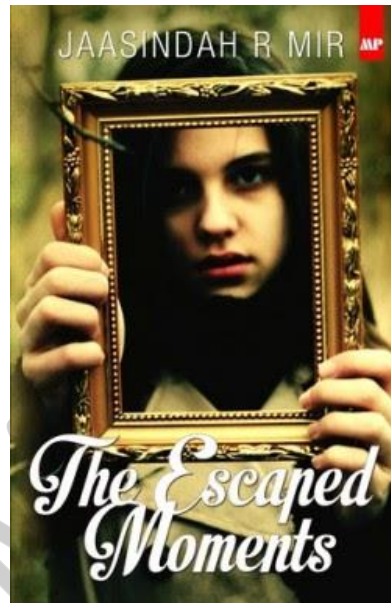
***Suhasini Mitra** holds a BA in English honors from the University of Calcutta. She completed her MA from COMMITS, Bangalore. Presently she works for PlayRight.*



THE ESCAPED MOMENTS

- *Aparna, from Vault of Books*

By Jaasindah R Mir. Grade: A.



Aatirah Rohail Kazi, a fifteen-year-old small town girl of Kashmir, has only seen the grey shades of childhood since her mother died. There are a lot of things Aatirah hates about her life: her cruel step-mother, her dad and her moronic step brother.

For the past five years Aatirah has hidden her troubles from everyone. It's only when she finds Mysha at a social networking site, she confides into her. But now things are getting complicated: Mysha wants Aatirah to solve a complex love triangle between Mysha, Sahir and Tamanna. To top it all off, Aatirah has taken to smoking out of stress.

Would Aatirah be successful at grabbing the freedom of her heart by opening up to a distant person or does the desire of having a friend to confide into have a bigger price to pay?

When I turned the last page of *The Escaped Moments*, I went ‘Whoa! I didn’t see that coming! Or... Did I?’ Debutant Jaasindah R Mir makes a mark on the exploding Young Adult genre by taking on a slightly different path from the done-to-death college romances.

The Escaped Moments is told from the perspective of a lonesome and bookish teenager Aatirah, who befriends a complete stranger – Mysha – on Orkut, in an attempt to mentally escape her own oppressive family. As the friendship grows into a network of other people, Aatirah finds herself sucked into this virtual world of confusing affinities and misleading identities. Aatirah is your usual teenager with a big board of ‘the world doesn’t understand me’ hanging from her neck, and this virtual quagmire only serves to worsen her sense of alienation – manifesting as socially unacceptable and dangerous habits of smoking and drugs. Whether Aatirah will be able to extricate herself from this vicious cycle or not forms the rest of the plot.

This was a book that I started reading without any expectations, but it never ceased to surprise me. The cover in itself mirrors the storyline – simple and straightforward, yet haunting. Each of the characters is etched so well, be it Aatirah’s best friend or her cruel stepmom, or a sidekick that Aatirah comes across on one of her escapades, or even all the virtual characters Aatirah meets online. All of them have a distinctive identity and characterization that’s developed well enough that a reader can predict the reaction of any character at any given point.

The real success of *The Escaped Moments* lies in bringing out the nuances of all the various characters from a single person’s – Aatirah’s – point of view. Never does Jaasindah take the help of a different character or narration. Though this would largely go unnoticed, it is what makes

Aatirah and her worldview believable. For a debutant writer, and one that's so young, this kind of disciplined writing is highly commendable.

Jaasindah's command on language is very good and reflects a well-read persona, which gels well with the bookish character and vocabulary of Aatirah. There are minor glitches in construct here and there, but considering this is a first book, they are negligible.

At times, one would feel that the emotions described are far-fetched and too superficial, but then one is reminded of one's own teenage days, when even the slightest thing was so visceral as to evoke extreme reactions. For a first book, *The Escaped Moments* is almost impeccably done, and makes me want to watch out for future work from the author. It would be interesting to see how Jaasindah would tackle characters and storylines outside her comfort zone of young adults. I

have high hopes!



***Aparna** is 29 and works at a math factory in Bangalore.*

When not trying to stay afloat in the sea of statistics, she loves to read. She reads anything from a toothpaste carton to religious texts, though fantasy is where she feels at home. She wrote this review originally for www.vaultofbooks.com, a book-reviewing haven which is looking for more bibliophiles it can give free books to.

IN CONVERSATION WITH ROHIT GORE,
BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF *THE GUARDIAN ANGELS*

- The BUZZ TEAM



1. *Hello! Thank you for agreeing to let us interview you for **Buzz Magazine**.*

Rohit: A pleasure, and thank you for featuring me on Buzz Magazine.

2. *First things first – tell us a little bit about yourself? What was your childhood like? Did something inspire you to write since then?*

Rohit: My father worked with a centralized bank and as a result we relocated several times in my childhood because of his transfers. So every

city or town we went to, my parents used to make sure that they found all the nearest libraries for me to spend countless hours there. My love for books comes from parents. I, along with a childhood friend of mine, also started a library from my house. We used to charge two rupees for a book and one rupee for a comic. Not very commercially savvy, I know! But we were ten and didn't have the budget to hire a price strategist! This is all just too geeky, but those are the most cherished memories of my life. During various stages of my life I wanted to be one thing or the other. I wanted to be a bookshop owner when I was in my early teens. This dream has survived till today! In my late teens I wanted to be an Architect. In my college days I was a pretty good stage actor and did a lot of amateur drama. It led to many late nights of rehearsals and ignoring studies. And so, I wanted to be a dramatist and theater director. None of these dreams amounted to much, unfortunately.

3. *How did the transition from the IT sector guy to a writer happen?*

Rohit: I believe a number of authors have said this that if you read a lot, there comes a day when you read a book and think you can do it too. Something like that happened to me too and I started finding time in my daily routine to write. Support and encouragement of my wife Pranita was crucial. I don't think I have a deeply intellectual answer to why I write because I believe writing fiction is not an intellectual, but an emotional and psychological exercise. I love taking the readers on an emotional and psychological journey through my writing.

4. *I'll be honest. It was the Circle of Three that made me begin reading your books. What had the response for your first two books, Focus, Sam and A Darker Dawn been like?*

Rohit: Well, to be perfectly honest, I cringe whenever someone tells me that they are going to read FOCUS, SAM. Very recently when a reader

requested me to sign a copy of it, I wrote – ‘Please be a little indulgent as this is my first novel’ before signing it. The fact is, it was my first novel that got published and it will forever remain my most loved one. I guess many people admit to loving their firstborn the most. It hasn’t met with the phenomenal success that some well known debut novels like Twilight or The Kite Runner or The Hunger Games did, but for me that’s completely beside the point. The mere fact that a big publisher like Rupa wanted to invest in an unknown nobody like me was the greatest reward in itself. A DARKER DAWN is a very gritty and dark tale, as I have been told. It is quite un-mainstream. Both these books did make their marks, but if your yardstick is ‘Five Point Someone’ and ‘One Night At Call Center’, then you would find that they didn’t sell anywhere close to these two books!

5. *How did the story for Circle of Three come to you? I mean, it is a unique concept. The cover makes one believe the three characters must be related to one another from the start. But when one reads the book, it becomes pretty clear that these lives are meant to intertwine in the most unpredictable of ways...*

Rohit: CIRCLE OF THREE came to me in the same way most ideas have popped up in my head. You read a lot of books, watch a lot of movies, you travel, you meet interesting people, you live through situations that are, in hindsight, very interesting, you land in trouble, you come out of the trouble. All of these experiences go into a kind of mental blender, it goes in your head and something else comes out on the paper. I generally start with a situation when I start a novel. A kind of ‘What if?’ For Circle of Three it was – what if the paths of three completely unrelated people who have lost all hope in life cross?

6. *Coming to your more recent success, The Guardian Angels. It has been months since its release and yet, the praise for the books seems to be ringing loud and clear. It was a story that touched many of your readers. How did the characters*

of Adi and Radha come to you? Did you always plan on following them right from their school years?

Rohit: Well, I am glad and quite relieved that *The Guardian Angels* has resonated so well with the readers and the critics. It wasn't an outright conscious attempt, but I have always wanted to write a book that would be truly deemed as a commercial fiction. *Adi and Radha's* just kept on evolving in my mind and I was determined not to let the writer in me to be the boss in this book. Sometimes the characters drive a book completely and something like that happened with this book. I imagined two teenagers meeting for the first time in a dire situation and the story kind of kept developing from that.

7. *If someone gave you the option for bringing one of your novels to cinematic life, which one would you chose and why?*

Rohit: Well, it would take a succession of incredible miracles for anyone significant in the Indian Film Industry to take notice of my books. But just to fantasize, I would pay the price of a premium ticket to watch an adaptation of *The Guardian Angels* starring Ranbir Kapoor and KanganaRanaut or Parineeti Chopra. It has the most commercial appeal among all of my novels. Closely followed by *FOCUS*, *SAM*.

8. *Every writer adheres strictly to a schedule for writing. Or say a lot of myths. How true is this statement for you?*

Rohit: All the things that you have heard about the craft of writing, this statement probably has to be the most significant. Writing is all about discipline. The more disciplined you are, the more output you will produce. I would say either have a target of words (say 2000 words a day) or have a schedule (say five to eight in the evening). Probably the greatest writers had both – a target and a schedule!

9. *And what are your other hobbies?*

Rohit: Apart from being a voracious reader, I love history. I was a bit of a stage actor when I was a child, so I love theatre. I am a music buff too, across the genres and eras, although I am partial to the 70s and 80s era rock.

10. *When can we expect your next novel? And could you tell us (tentatively) what it would be about?*

Rohit: I am in the middle of my next novel. Hopefully I will see the end of it soon! It tackles paranormal themes.

11. *Do you have message for all your fans?*

Rohit: Please read a lot. Don't stop reading. And please talk about books at every opportunity you get. Talk about Indian fiction. Spread its awareness.

12. *And any advice for our readers who might secretly wish to become a writer like you someday?*

Rohit: To writers, I would suggest that they 'read a lot and write a lot'. Some of the greatest authors have said that, so it has a grain of truth in it. Reading is the most essential activity for a writer. If you are not a big fan of reading novels, you cannot be a good writer. Can you be a very good guitarist if you don't really like listening to notes from a guitar? Read across the genres. Don't stick to just what is popular. Read classics and contemporary. Just read a lot! To be a good writer a certain discipline for the craft is required, as I have said in the previous question. Writing is a craft. Like the guitarists, painters and sculptors, you have to practice the craft.

Thank you so much for taking the time out to talk to us. We wish you all the best for all you future endeavors, and hope to talk to you again in one of our future issues.

Regards,

The Buzz Team



BUZZ MAGAZINE



STAYING IN SHAPE? WE DON'T
NEED IT.

- *Sharanyo G*

As a matter of fact, we do!

Look around! Everyone is talking about fitness and how everyone should try to stay in shape. Are they all just saying it? Or is it actually something important?

Let's look at some statistics here.

According to the WHO:

- *Worldwide obesity has nearly doubled since 1980.*
- *In 2008, more than 1.4 billion adults, 20 and older, were overweight. Of these over 200 million men and nearly 300 million women were obese.*
- *35% of adults aged 20 and over were overweight in 2008, and 11% were obese.*
- *65% of the world's population live in countries where overweight and obesity kills more people than underweight.*
- *More than 40 million children under the age of five were overweight in 2011.*

Staying in shape is actually quite easy and requires three basic steps.

Step 1: Proper nutrition/ Diet

Yes I know what you're thinking! Diet? Boring! It really doesn't have to be! Diet does not mean eating salads all day. By diet I mean, maintaining a balanced diet throughout the day, that is, the

correct ratio of protein, carbohydrates and fats as required by your body. Diet is 75 % of how you look.

You can work out 10 hours a day and not see any results without a proper nutrition.

The most important part of your diet is to drink plenty of water throughout the day. Your goal should be to drink, somewhere in between two to three litres of water on a daily basis.

We've all heard the phrase "You are what you eat", and let's be honest, we all want to look good! So if you want to look healthy, you got to eat healthy!

Step 2: Exercising

Exercising is not just about looking good in a particular dress that you want to wear one night at a party, or trying to impress a boy/girl next door (yeah, yeah we are all guilty of that), but to overall improve your health. Benefits include reduced cholesterol, blood pressure, heart diseases, anxiety/depression, reduced aches and pain, strengthening of your bone and overall improvement of your immune system.

Exercising can reduce the chance of cancer, increase metabolic rate and it also helps you get a better sleep at night, yes that's right, for all you insomniacs out there!

Exercising does not mean running on the treadmill for an hour everyday. It includes a variety of different things like weight training, aerobics, swimming, cycling, yoga, tai chi etc.

Step 3: Motivation

Getting that initial motivation is tough, but that is something, You and only you can do. The change has to come from within. Most people will say "Oh staying in shape is tough", well, of course it's tough! Or else everyone around you would be doing it, but that's something that

makes you stand out and not be ordinary. Exercising shouldn't be like going to work, something that you dread. Instead, it should be recreational, it should make you feel good about yourself, an achievement that you can be proud of. Starting out is the hardest part but once you do, it's the best decision you will ever make, trust me I've been there!

Do you want to live the rest of your life like a couch potato or do you want to be that person who is an inspiration to others? It's your choice.

If you want to get in shape or lead a healthy lifestyle, you're at the right place! Be sure to check out the next issue of Buzz Magazine for tips, tricks and advice!

I am always here to help so feel free to write to me at gsharanyo@gmail.com if you have any questions or concerns regarding anything related to fitness or if you want me to discuss any particular topic in the next issue.

Till then, happy exercising!



***Sharanyo** was born and raised in Kolkata. He then moved to Toronto, Canada, at the age of 14. He is currently in Grad School at University of Toronto, studying Environmental Sciences. He is a fitness enthusiast. He loves working out and staying in shape: it's more than a hobby for him, it's a lifestyle. He helps a lot of people with their workouts, diets and proper supplementation. So if you want to get in shape, he's your guy!*

HAPPY FEET



- *Soumma Roy Chowdhury*

Summer is all about getting rid of your full sleeves, trousers and also your sneakers! We always give special attention to our face, hair and these days even the back!!

But summer clothes cry for comfy sandals for the feet. So, grab your best pair of sandals and team it up with a casual summer dress.

Wait, are your feet ready? I mean, hope they are not smelly, dry and dirty with chipped nails and polish because if they are, it's better for you to stay at home or you may listen to me and do your feet a little favour ;)

You will need:

1 cup of sugar (brown or white, either will do)

1/2 cup of coconut oil or almond oil

1/2 teaspoon of cinnamon

Mix the cup of sugar with coconut oil or almond oil and cinnamon. Please don't mix so rigorously so as to dissolve the sugar granules. . .

Now scrub your feet with this mixture; it is alright if the sugar granules dissolve while scrubbing!

Colour your nails and you are all ready to go out in your sandals!

Make this a weekly habit and get the love you deserve from your feet :)

Boys, please follow the similar regime and spare our eyes and noses from the torture ;)



***Soumma Roy Chowdhury** pursued BA in Mass Communication & Journalism from the University of Calcutta, and went on to complete her MA in Mass Communication from Makhanlal Chaturvedi National University of Journalis and Communication. Soumma enjoys painting and teaches this fine art to young children over the weekends. She presently works as PR executive and Junior Media Relations Officer at Carpe Diem.*

RECIPE

HALWA

- *Satish Kumar*



This recipe for *Sooji ka Halwa* is not for the weak-hearted... and I do mean that quite literally. You will see exactly why in a bit... But, having said that, it is also as you will come to learn... a bowl of instant comfort! It is simple, versatile and Oh! So Decadent! Feeling low on a rainy evening... all by your lonely own in your apartment... Something to brighten-up a casual get together with family or friends... or just for those moments when you're craving something sweet and delicious in the middle of the night... works for one and all!

Ingredients

One standard size teacup of *Sooji* or Semolina

Depending on the intensity of your sweet-tooth use anywhere between half to three-fourths of a teacup of sugar- fine grain is always better

Three-fourths of a teacup of *Ghee* or melted/clarified butter- no compromise here! Using half a cup would be fine enough, but going the extra bit gives you a really lovely texture.

These are the three basic ingredients. You could just as well make it without anything else and you would be still a happy camper! But, if you do feel indulgent- and I always do feel particularly indulgent- you could use an assortment of dried fruits or nuts. Really anything would work. The trick is to add them at the right point in the process.

I love using raisins, or sultanas, or currants along with flaked almonds and chopped cashew.

As for flavouring, again, you could leave it plain and it would turn out just fine. You could, however, flavour it with saffron, or cardamom (green or black), or nutmeg, or even cinnamon, for that matter even vanilla. I've tried them all, but I do seem to have a soft corner for the combination saffron and nutmeg.

The Modus-Operandi!

In a heavy-bottom (preferably non-stick) set the *ghee* or clarified butter to heat and in the mean while soak a generous pinch of saffron in two cups of water from a recently boiled kettle. Once the *ghee* is hot- mind you not smoking hot- add the semolina. Stir constantly for the next ten minutes or so on a medium heat. It is really difficult to put it down to an exact time... sometimes semolina from two different packets of even the same brand cook differently... So it's better to do this by feel. What you are looking for is a rich golden colour. You keep roasting the semolina in the *ghee* until it takes on a rich golden colour. At this point you add the sugar, the nuts and dried fruits and keep stirring until this rich golden turns to a rich golden brown. By this time the nuts should be nice and toasty, the dried fruits should be just on the brink of caramelising and the sugar should have just about melted. Now you lower the flame and add the water along with the saffron strands- which, by now, should look a beautiful autumn sunset... in liquid form... The recipe now demands swift action. From the moment the water hits the pan you must stir vigorously and constantly to avoid any lumps.

Once the semolina has absorbed most of the moisture and the mixture is nearly dry- the *Halwa* is ready. Again, feel free to do this by feel. If you think that the semolina is not cooked enough, feel free to add a bit more water and stir on a low to medium flame till the mixture dries out. It also has to do with your preference- some like their semolina well cooked... others prefer it al dente...

So, when you are satisfied with the texture and consistency of the mixture, take it off the heat and grate some nutmeg over it... again depending on how much you like the flavour... up to a teaspoon's worth is good. I would advise against using more, as too much might give the *Halwa* a slight bitter or muddy taste.

Serving

There you have it! My recipe for a wonderfully indulgent and decadent treat! You could if you wanted to use full cream milk in place of water, or part milk and part water, or simply stir in some fresh cream in at the last moment before digging-in. I usually like my *Halwa* with a drizzle of honey and some extra flaked and toasted almonds.

This recipe feeds four-well adjusted or two greedy people.

Do not be afraid to experiment with this recipe... try different flavour combinations... put your own spin on it! I am certain it will prove to be as comforting a companion to you as it is to me!

Fin

*Fascinated by the culinary arts from a young age, **Satish**, grew-up watching and observing his grandmother cook. These experiences and memories have shaped his approach to both food and cooking. Besides being passionate about food, he is an avid reader and studied Comparative Literature.*

SHORT STORY



SYLVIA

- *Tithi Mukherjee*

“What? Are you sure honey?” asked Lucy with humour in her eyes.
“Yes I am sure mom. I am in love” chirped Kevin, looking up at his mother with concern in his eyes.

Kevin looked at his mother. He could tell from her expression that she was silently laughing at him. He was too young to be in love, everyone said. Kevin frowned and went back to his room. He had been staying shut in his room a lot for the past few weeks. That’s what they did in the movies. The boy, madly in love with the girl who was more famous than he was, writhed in the agony of the whole situation and stayed shut in his room for weeks, with messy hair and an unshaven face. It would take years for Kevin to grow a beard, but the rest of it, he was sure he could do. He climbed on top of his bed, flipped the corner of his mattress and took out an old book and from inside it, a page torn out of a notebook and stared at her name. Sylvia. He loved her name. His eyes ran over the curvy, bold letters that made up her name. The letters were his favourite pattern. He had memorised the way they looked on paper. It was this picture that always formed in his mind whenever he saw her face. He put the sheet back inside the book and placed it under the mattress. He turned to look at the moon. It wasn’t there, although only seconds before he thought he had caught it shining through the window. He stared at the dark sky. He had sneaked a look at the search engine on the computer that always had all the answers and had found out that Sylvia was a Greek name, meaning “a dark, wooded forest”. Before this brilliant idea of checking out what her name meant, had knocked his brain, he had assumed it meant ‘silver’. He had always thought it meant silver and had been secretly

glad because that meant he could compare her to the moon, which was perfect because he had heard Sylvia say that poets, compared their lovers to the moon. They were known as 'beloved'. Sylvia was a beloved. His beloved.

Next day, he sat right in front on the third row, so that he could see her. He wore a dark green tee shirt that day and hoped no one would guess its significance and snigger at his stupidity. She entered. He gulped. She looked best when she was reading. He loved listening to her. She spoke about a story she had read once. It was about a boy whose parents had died and he was sent off to live with his cruel stepfather and his equally cruel sister. They were like cold, steel boxes and did nothing but bother him. Kevin looked at Sylvia, touched by the way her voice saddened while recounting how he had lived with the cruel stepfather who was always screaming at him, making him nervous and spoil every little thing he was good at. When she mentioned about his triumphs when he grew up and his marriage with the girl he loved, her eyes sparkled and Kevin's heart lifted. He remembered the day he had realised he was in love with her. She was talking about this story of a poor little boy whose good luck gets him to visit a chocolate factory where there were magic chocolates that tasted like whole meals and trees and woods made up of chocolates. Kevin had stared open-mouthed at her, as she talked animatedly about a river of chocolate and liquorice flowers. It was like magic. He had gone home and read the book in a single night. He was so fascinated that he had borrowed the sequel, from his elder sister Susan the very next day. Sylvia had made him discover how great holidays with cousins could be, solving mysteries on an island. He had finished the entire series in the summer holidays. Sylvia had shown him that magic existed. He had discovered it in the stories she talked about. Her voice made everything possible in the world of stories. All he now did was dream of strange lands where the land was made up of clouds and the sky was made up of sand. He thought of how great it would be if the sun one day decided to turn blue and the moon decided to turn green. He made ships out of bread and set sail to them on a gravy boat. Only last night he had started scribbling something about a little cave where no one went, but which actually was a trapdoor to a world where all

things were hidden. He planned to write a story about it. He hoped to write lots of stories when he grew up. He decided to read a lot too when he grew up. He hoped Sylvia would like it. He could hear his mother and father talking in whispers outside his room. He was supposed to be sleeping. He listened intently to what they said.

“Really? His English teacher? No wonder he cannot lay off books nowadays”.



***Tithi Mukherjee**, 22, is currently pursuing her Masters in English from Jadavpur University. Her fascination for the subject goes back to her junior school days. During leisure hours, she likes scribbling short stories and one day hopes to write a book of her own.*

FLASH FICTION: ZEAL

- *Swathi Shenoy*

“I can't do it anymore, mom” cried Jane as she stepped down from the stage. She had tried enough. She had suffered enough and now she could do it no more. She wanted to stop it all: the fear, and the humiliation! She had decided to quit and no amount of coaxing from her mother could change her mind. The fame she loved dearly had become her enemy now.

Jane was known for her sweet voice. When she sang, the crowd went crazy. She was the singing sensation of her college. She was envied by everyone. And Jane enjoyed all this until the day when fate turned the tables forever.

Jane had been returning from one of her practice sessions, extremely happy about the upcoming concert that she would be performing in. She was so lost in her dream world that she didn't notice the car until it was too late! That day she had lost her legs and was confined to the wheel chairs for lifetime. The blow was too much for her to take and Jane had started to sink into her shell. She feared facing people and slowly she gave up her passion. She wouldn't perform anymore even after successive persuading from her mom and her teacher.

Then one morning her teacher arrived at her home and asked her to accompany him somewhere. He promised her she would love it. Jane had so many questions in her mind but she quietly followed him for she knew he always wished well for her. She had let him down when she quit singing and she thought this was the least she could do.

After an hour long journey, they reached a school for the physically challenged. As they walked in Jane noticed children of different ages, every one having some trouble or the other. There was a boy who couldn't see but he was learning to write. A girl, younger than her had lost her hands and she was learning to draw with the pencil between her toes. There were many children like this who despite of being faced with difficulties, were living life with Zeal. A lump formed in her throat as she saw them.

At that moment her teacher faced her and said “Challenges are a part of life. Life doesn't end when something unfortunate happens. It ends when you give up. You see these kids? They all are facing some difficulties or the other, but they never gave up. They don't bother about what people think about them. They just want to live their life to the fullest. That is the kind of zeal you should have Jane. That's what makes life worthwhile”

Jane finally understood what her teacher was saying. She felt it was silly that she gave up her talent thinking people will mock her. She walked out as a stronger person, someone with zeal to live her life to the fullest without being afraid of people any more.



***Swathi Shenoy** is a student by profession, singer by choice and writer by passion. When she is not busy with coding, she can be found blogging at [Flightless Bird Thoughtful Wings](#). What began as simple diary entries to kill time and find solace soon turned into blogging! She writes short stories, poems, experiences and sometimes inspirational posts. She is also an artist who likes to sketch and paint in her spare time.*

SHORT STORY:



A TALE OF LOVE

- *Mahesh Ramani*

The strawberry cream cake stood within the glass display case – she was a bit sad and desolate. It was Valentine’s Day and no one had picked her yet; all her batch-mates had been sold. It was then that she overheard one attendant telling the other – “That idiot baker he has spelled it out as *‘Velantine’s Day’*. Good lord such a lovely cake is going to remain unsold!”

The cake felt extremely sad and was totally downcast! That’s when she heard a voice – ‘Hi there Pinky; why do you feel sad?’ It was from the stack of milk packets – one of the packets which lay right next to the glass divider separating the cakes and milk packets.

The cake replied well you see I am not perfect – I am going to remain unsold and discarded! I am not going to make anyone happy.

The milk packet replied – ‘Hey be cool Pinky, we will all find a way!’

Business hours ended and the shop attendants closed down the small restaurant.

As the night progressed the milk packet and the cake had a long conversation. The cake said how she was made from strawberries that were grown in the lovely hills of Mahabaleshwar and fresh cream that was added with chocolate writing on top that the baker had messed up with his spellings.

The milk packet for his part said that he was a product of an assembly-line were over 25000 packets all similar to one another with the standardized 6.5% fat were packed, stamped with the dates and price and then sent to respective sellers via trucks.

The two shared a special bond – comforting each other as the night progressed and they finally went to sleep as the refrigerant did its trick and the all pervading darkness and silence enveloped the city and a gentle rain drizzled cooling the parched city.

The next morning the chef and restaurant attendants came in and went by their duties. The chef saw the strawberry cake and the sole remaining unsold milk packet and wondered what to do! Then he had a brainwave. He went ahead and wrote on the white-board – **Chef's Special – Strawberry Milkshake with a hint of chocolate.**

The first customers for the day came in – a couple madly deeply in love; oblivious to the world around them. Their eyes lit up on seeing the 'Chef's Special' and they promptly ordered two milkshakes.

In that moment the chef sliced up the cake and cut the milk packet added the two in the blender and blended them to unite them in harmony creating a symphony of love. The two were united finally!

As the attendant placed the two milkshakes on the table and walked away and the girl began sipping at the milkshake; the boy gently took out a ring encrusted with an emerald and asked the girl – 'Lekha will you marry me?'

Lekha smiled that lovely smile that comes from a mix of shock, love, adoration and respect and hugged the boy!

The milkshakes in their respective glasses now united as one – felt happy as well!



Mahesh Ramani was born in
Calcutta: a pucca Behala baby. He lived
in Poona returned to Behala, spent 8
years at MP Birla School and by a quirk
of fate landed in Chennai. An MA in
English Literature and an MBA in
Project Management; he is still
searching for the purpose of his life :)
He blogs at:

www.teerthadanam.wordpress.com.

POEM:

Euneurophrenia

- *Purba Chakraborty*

*There you were
Enveloped in fog,
Ogling at me
With your winsome smile.*

*I ran amidst the woods
My breaths laced with angst,
Desperation dipped in soft pleasure
To enhance our proximity.*

*With slightly trembling fingers
I brushed your cheek,
My eyes gently closed
As I touched my dream.*

*My smile broadened
With your delicate whisper,
Your eyes hinted
Shades of woe and ecstasy.*

*Our pulsating heartbeats
Interweaved into one,
The lilac sky
Embellished the dark silence.*

*With silent amazement
We intensified our embrace,
Till the second
I recognized my state of euneirophrenia.*



Purba Chakraborty is currently pursuing MBA in Marketing from Kolkata. She is also a freelance content writer, magazine writer, blogger and the author of best selling novel “Walking in the streets of love and destiny” . Her second novel “The Hidden Letters” is in the editing process now. Her short stories have been published in various anthologies. She can be reached on facebook and twitter or you can drop her an e-mail: purba.khushi@gmail.com

POEM

MASTER OF MUMIFICATION

~ *Mohit Jain*

Today is the day I set myself,
free from the monstrous procrastination.
Today is the day the journey begins,
From a frivolous present to a purposeful destination.

What shall be left behind,
are pain, disgust and imprecations.
I shall not look back ever again.
I shall not vouch for the accusations.

Life is an uncertain thing,
full of hope, desire, anger and depression.
One can never be sure,
about his plans and expression.

The best thing to do when you are down,
is to overcome the indignation.
Kill the past and stuff it in a closet.
Become a master of mummification.



Mohit Jain, 21, has a bachelor's degree in Economics from the Cotton State University, Guwahati. He wrote his first poem at a school competition and have been writing poems ever since. Currently he has taken a break

from studies to figure out what to do with his life. While he figures out life, you can read his blog at: gmohit.wordpress.com.

PHOTOGRAPHY

-----LONELY VOYAGERS-----



When visiting Babughat, I saw some fishermen preparing their boats for a round of fishing. But their boats were in a very interesting position. It seemed to me that they were waiting to be sailed again.

Subhojit Mukherjee is a Computer engineer by profession (Cyber forensic Research Intern in CDAC Kolkata), who is passionate about photography of the genre Landscape, Street and Wedding. He started photography as a hobby but it has now become his second profession. You can follow him in following links:-

- <http://subhoimaginereality.weebly.com/>
- <https://www.facebook.com/subho.imaginereality>

Transcreation

Amar bhanga pother ranga
dhulay...

- Hrishit Banerjee



*Oh whose footsteps have graced
this stretch of walk,
As it lies broken and strewn with dust.*

*And from whose garlands
have soft petals fallen
and adorned my desolate avenue...*

*She came without a word,
into my heart and soul,
but wandered off in a hurry
leaving me alone,
steeped in memories, yet again...*

*Who else but she,
can bring tears to me
in such loving tenderness!!*

*It was springtime then,
flowers and foliage was in abundance,
the hues of nature, shown off in full bloom...
And this lonely path, was strewn with spring blossoms
when she came...*

*But alas! Ignorant was I,
The days just idly passed by
in the lonesome corner of my half dead room,*

*'Tis time again,
to seek her out,
in the plaintive wilderness,
Bearing along the burden
of this hollow life of mine...!*



Hrishit Banerjee pursued B.Sc and M.Sc honors in Physics from Jadavpur University, Kolkata. He is currently in 2nd year of Ph.D. Working in theoretical / computational Condensed Matter Physics at the Department of Condensed Matter Physics and Material Sciences of Satyendra Nath Bose National Centre for Basic Sciences. His interests include poetry, singing, reading and recitation.

MOVIE REVIEW:



FROZEN

- *Swarnali Das*

“The skies awake, so I’m awake.” And six year old Anna’s voice is going to echo through your mind until she’s show to have grown into a rather harum-scarum young woman. The story of Frozen is a simple one. One of two sisters: the elder of which, Elsa, has been born with the special power of producing ice at will.

Elsa and Anna are very close when they are little but a fatal accident forever changes their lives. As tragedy strikes the heart of Arandale, Anna desperately reaches out to her sister for help and guidance, and mostly love. But fearing that she might hurt her sister with her powers again, Elsa withdraws further into her shell.

Things begin to look bright and cheerful when the day for Elsa’s coronation dawns. But as anyone could have guessed, things begin to fall apart the minute they seem have been coming

together. An unexpected fight with her sister, Anna, causes the newly crowned Queen Elsa, to lose control of her powers and set off an eternal winter.

Frozen is the tale of two sisters who battle all odds to find their ways back into each other's lives again.

The characters are all very well fleshed out. Our hero, Kristoff, is the perfect gentleman and his reindeer, Sven, is completely adorable. You are also going to be bewitched by the charm of Prince Hans of the Southern Isles. And laugh hysterically at Olaf, the snowman.

But mostly you are going to *love* Elsa and Anna, and their adorably different outlooks on life. If happen to have an elder or a younger sister, you will be able to relate to this movie even more strongly.

As an animated movie from Disney it lives up to the trailers that had flooded YouTube and Facebook. The songs in the movies are very catchy and special mention ought to be made of "Let It Go" that has inspired so many other singers to cover the song.

I have only one word for the movie: brilliant.

All in all, Frozen is a one hour forty two minute movie, and every minute is worth it. You might even get addicted to this movie.



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*belongs to blogger fraternity of **Four Seasons** as well.*

AGONY AUNTY BEE ANSWERS YOU (with some help from Diptee Raut)

Q. Dear Agony Auntie Bee,

I am currently in the 10th standard and I hate Science. However, my parents want me to pursue engineering. I am more drawn to studying Humanities from the 11th standard. How do I convince them that I want to pursue a career in arts?

- Tisha, Kolkata

Ans: Hi Tisha,

Humanities is fun. When it comes to your career and life take decisions that will make you happy. Speak to your parents and explain it to them. Ask them what would please them more - a failed engineer or a happy, successful person. If required show them the statistics of the number of engineers that graduate every year and how many of them are unemployed. Tell them that if you do something that you do not have your heart into, you will never do well in life. Finally go buy the movie, 3 idiots and show it to them. Show it again even if they have seen it earlier. I am sure they will agree.

Q. Dear Agony Auntie Bee,

I have a friend who likes to proclaim to the world that he's a great writer. While I know "good" and "bad" are subjective terms and I have no business to judge him, the truth is: he has zero writing skills. All our mutual friends and acquaintances laugh at him behind his back. I don't want to trample all over his dreams but I want to gently put across to him that writing is

not his calling. Please help!

- Name and place, withheld

Ans: Hi there.

So which amongst the following authors do you think are good. Durjoy Dutta, Chetan Bhagat, Amitava Ghosh, Salman Rushdie...? Seriously you cannot decide what is good writing and what is not. What may be bad for you may be awesome for another. You can give a critical feedback to your friend; tell him what he needs to work on and then let him decide if he wants to take that feedback or not. He will figure it out with time if writing is his calling out or not.

Q. Dear Agony Auntie Bee,

I found a stray black cat near my house. My parents are convinced it will bring us bad luck. Please help me make them understand that if I abandon the black cat, she will face more cruelty?

- Monica, Durgapur

Ans: Monica darling.

Superstition is a dangerous thing. Try using reverse psychology with your parents. If they are the religious kinds tell them that since the black cat is Ma Shashtis mount (vahaan), throwing it away into wilderness will only bring in more bad luck.

Q. Dear Agony Auntie Bee,

I have a friend who is very nice and sweet, but suffers from bad body odor. She really is one of my good friends, but I don't know how to tell her about her problem without hurting her feelings. I had read somewhere that gifting deodorants is subtle way of telling someone about their body odor. However, this tip has not worked on my friend. I am at a loss to know what to do, as are our other friends. Please help us!

- Ahana, Kolkata

Ans: Hey Ahana.

You call yourself a good friend and yet you shy away from telling her that she has bad body odor. If you are really her friend then go and tell her. Tell her nicely; send her links to websites that give tips on curing body odor. Let her know that you wish to help her. It won't hurt her feelings. Rather, it will strengthen your friendship.

BUZZ MAGAZINE



DREAM, TRAVEL & BECOME

- *Minu Marie Matthew,*

(with Bharath Tejshinghani)

I've never made any decision so off hand before but this one time I decided to take that colossal jump, pack my bags and leave on a trip that changed my life. All I knew was that it was a place far south on the right side of India on the Atlas. This was all I knew about Bali, a small island in Indonesia, way before it became a sought after holiday beach destination. Bali is the most traveller friendly destination I have ever had the chance to visit. Simple Carefree lifestyle, friendly people, picturesque landscapes!



Quick stop at Malaysia: Three friends from India, joining their best friend and her husband for a holiday was the simple plan. We routed our trip through Malaysia with an 18-hour transit, which we made the most of trying out street food, bubble tea, taking metro rail journeys, lying down and watching the sky and the

towering Petronas tower on a bright early morning in Malaysia.



We were on the edge of our seats as we waited impatiently to land at the Denpasar airport in Bali. Having a bird's eye view of the landing, it was as if the airport extended itself into the ocean like an endless runway giving the impression that we in fact landing straight into the ocean bed.

Petronas Tower, Malaysia

Step down at Bali: I was in a land far away from people I knew. The people that judged, the ones who were jealous and unreasonable, caught up with their own work and personal lives, chasing unreasonable targets and all that hustle of life was left behind.

The stay was in a pent house in Kuta (one of Bali's most popular tourist resort localities) with a spacious room, living room, kitchen with a coffee maker, bathroom with large sliding glass windows and doors opening up to a view of the swimming pool and a balcony with a view of the pink skies where we sat all night sharing dreams over beer.

Day 1 - In Kuta: We wanted to experience the true essence of Bali, and Kuta being Bali's most crowded area with narrow streets lined with shacks, spa's and pubs, we decided to spend the entire day here doing all that we wanted to do. Eat local street food, try our hand at surfing, swim in the crystal clear waters of Kuta beach, shop for artifacts, get massages and we even had our hair braided at a local saloon.

The town wakes up as late as 1 p.m.; hence with no activity during the day besides shopping we spent the early part of the day browsing shops selling boomerangs, surfboards and other

artifacts in wood and metal. Post 1 p.m. you can find the locals and tourists enjoying their piece of cake, boiled vegetables, brown rice and seafood in a Warung or Ocha (shop) with wooden tables ladies with crisp aprons wrapped around their waists and serving love and cheer with every dish on the table.



The Brown Rice & Boiled Vegetables

Day 2 - Scuba Diving Experience: After a relaxing day at the beach, the next day we set sail on a ferry ride and anchored at the middle of the sea for what would be the experience of a lifetime.



As the five of us signed up for it, we felt that snorkeling was child's play and we wore our body hugging scuba diving suits zipped up all the way, heavy oxygen cylinders on the back, weights around the hips and goggles around our eyes brimming with confidence. We paid lot of attention as we mastered the underwater sign language. I wondered why we ever did have to learn the sign "Out of Oxygen". Only then it dawned upon us that we had absolutely no idea what we were in for! In minutes we would be joining colorful fishes and corals while swimming around like mermaids.

I vividly remember being carried and thrown into the transparent mirror-like ocean, a move our instructor calls "face your fears". We held each other's hands and a few clicks away we were slowly sinking and going underwater to the ocean bed. The fishes swam around as if they were welcoming us, the colored corals danced, the currents tickled our legs and a feeling of heaviness

pertained. For the first time I experienced the true meaning of a word. Most of the times meaning of the words can never be understood until you experience it.

“Like Silence....

I closed my eyes and I could hear nothing.

Silence has a color and it is blue,

It has a feeling and it is cold.

And it has a meaning it was solitude”

A sense of victory dawned upon me, was it the exposure to something? Something I never thought I could do? No, it was the feeling you get when what you experience is much more than what you expect it be! It was in a nutshell, life changing!

I stood at the deck facing the wind pushing me behind; I felt I was ahead of the world front leaving everything and everyone behind.

Day 3 – Sightseeing: We went from under water, over, around and everywhere to greenery and more greenery as we explored the terrace farming hanging gardens in Ubud (pronounced oobood). This place is known to have been home to the most famous medicine man that ever lived. It was like letting you loose on a gigantic three-dimensional Maze. It was green lined with small water filled compartments sometimes leading you to another road a level above or below or sometimes to a dead halt. I have never seen so many shades of green in one frame.

Later that evening we visited the Monkey forest. We were warned against Monkey attacks and that we don't carry bags or pouches through this old abandoned temple for the fear of aggressive monkeys. It had a very old forsaken temple feel where men lived and died, nature grew a cover

and concealed old secrets. Much to our dismay we were told that Komodo Dragons walked over these lands. In any case none were sighted and I live to tell you the tale.



GARUDA

Guide: Below mentioned is my version of guide containing everything you need to know if you'd like to visit Bali yourselves.

Where is Bali?

Bali is an island and province located in Indonesia.

Currency – Indonesian Rupiah

1 INR= 192 IDR

Visa can be obtained on arrival or from an Indonesian Embassy in advance

How to get there?

Flights to Ngurah Rai International Airport, also known as Denpasar International Airport, located in Denpasar (capital city of the Bali province) will get you there.

Which airline and route is best?

Tiger Airways and Malaysian Airlines offer the best value if you are on a budget. The former gives you a transit at Singapore and the latter at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Air Asia is also a good option.

Where to stay?

Private villas, Resorts and budget houses available.

Getting around

Bicycle, motor bike and taxi rentals widely available.

Things to do

- Shopping at Kuta and get a Balinese massage
 - Water sports, snorkelling and Scuba diving at nominal prices
 - Visit - Garuda Wisnu Kencana a private cultural park dedicated to Lord Vishnu and Garuda. The statue of Lord Vishnu is about 75 ft tall and visiting this place in the night is a delight.
 - Terrace farming at UBUD
 - Sacred monkey forest where the monkeys open doors for us to spend some time in their world.

- Temples in Ubud
- Do not return without tasting their local beer “Bintang”

After everything was said and done, it’s needless to say that my colossal jump paid off. Simple as



how you want your life to be; sit by the window watching rains, smell of coffee, the places a deep whiff of the pages of the old classic novel would take you to. Be boundless and never ending. If you ever wanted any of these like I always did I give you my word, Bali is the place to be. . With just about a perfect hot humid summer day to cool dry nights the climate plays the best sport.

Clear waters with white sands, towering volcanoes in the backdrop you can always sense moderation and slowness around.

I have left my heart back in Bali and I know for a fact sooner or later go back to fall in love all over again and get it back.



Minu Marie Mathew is a travel enthusiast and blogger with a strong passion to inspire others to travel. Her writing style allows readers to come on her journeys with her, as she details even the most miniscule of events on her trips. She gives her reflection on each experience, which gives a humane touch to each one. Blog link- www.minumariemathew.blogspot.com