

# **BUZZ MAGAZINE**



**ISSUE # 2**

**MAY 31, 2014**

## EDITOR'S NOTE

*Dear Readers,*

*Our 1<sup>st</sup> issue came out on 11<sup>th</sup> May 2014, and we received an overwhelming response for it. The demand for the 2<sup>nd</sup> issue became so high that we abandoned our initial plan for making Buzz Magazine a monthly one. We made it a bi-monthly magazine.*

*In our interview section this time we have, Graphic Novelist and Illustrator, Tejas Modak. We would like to thank him for agreeing to talk to us.*

*The Special Features section for this issue concentrates on youngsters who started their own cafés. We therefore have Mumbai-based couple, Nikita Vichare and Prashant Nayyar, owners of the Magic Dust Café, talking to us about their dreams coming true. We also have Pritika Sen, the owner of Caramelle, which is a café in Kolkata.*

*We have introduced two new sections in this issue: one is the slice of life section and the other is the fan fiction section. We hope our readers like the new twist to our magazine in this issue.*

*Our Features Article writer Sharanyo G has come back with more tips and tricks for you in his Health & Fitness sections.*

*And we have new recipes for you, along with reviews for a book you might like or a movie you might have missed out on!*

*We thank you again for the wonderful response you gave Buzz Magazine on its maiden issue. Feel free to write into us at: [buzzmagazine@rediffmail.com](mailto:buzzmagazine@rediffmail.com) if you have anything to tell us about the magazine or if you want to send in personal messages to any of our writers.*

*We sincerely hope you enjoy this issue as much as you enjoyed the last one. (We received a complaint or two about our layout...we are working on it, I assure you. Things can never be perfect from the start, isn't it?)*

*Regards,*

*Aniesha Brahma  
(Editor & Co-Owner)*

*Buzz Magazine*

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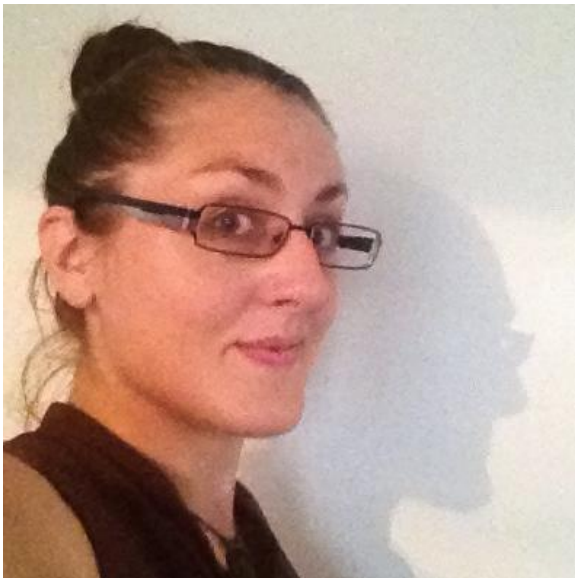
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## ***Fresh and clean by Malin Nyberg***

*fresh and clean  
feeling obscene  
out-ruling the routine  
of the relationship machine*

*brand new start  
no artificial heart  
every body part  
enhancing this work of art*

*a clockwork piece  
will never freeze  
an emotion police  
that will only release*



*Malin works with marketing and PR for a digital archive company. She learns about the magic of genealogy, but truly her heart belongs to music and the written word: composing songs, transforming emotions into melodic vocals and letters into lyrics and poems. That's a cleansing process*

## *Serendipity by Swarnali Das*

Serendipity is a happy accident, a coincidence which ends up being something pleasant.

Remember the John Cusack movie by the same name where he met his soul mate accidentally during Christmas shopping? Yes, those coincidences. Something similar happened to me a couple of months back. No, I didn't find my soul mate, but a lot of coincidences happened for one day.

Before I begin with what happened on 28<sup>th</sup> January 2014, I would like to give an excerpt of a chat I had with a classmate of mine the previous night.

Me: Hey, how come you don't have any pictures of you here on Facebook?

Avik: Never occurred to me to put up any!! :P

Me: Have we ever talked at the university?

Avik: Err...no, don't think so.

Me: Then how do I know which one is you?

Avik: Ah yes, true that. Well, I know you. You will be there at the Literary meet tomorrow at Maidan, right? I'll introduce myself tomorrow.

Me: That will be great. See you tomorrow.

The next morning I totally forget about the chat and go to the university for my classes as usual. I meet my BFF, Drisha later and set out for the Metro to go to Maidan for the Literary meet. On our way, Drisha and I stop at the roadside stalls at College Street to check some second hand books. We browse through a copy of War and Peace and before I decide to buy it, I spot a few pages missing and keep it back only to find a Jeffery Archer novel lying next to it which I promptly pick up. Meanwhile, I spot this guy (who looks like he is about my age) comes up and pick the very same copy of War and Peace. The look on his face tells me he had decided to buy it. Being the good Samaritan that I am, I go ahead and ask him not to and point out the missing pages. He thanks me and moves to the next stall. Meanwhile, Drisha and I buy a few copies of good old Jeffery Archer.

We move a couple of stalls and I find this book with a very interesting cover, a palace like structure with doves flying (I'm guilty of buying book with pretty covers). I browse through the blurb and it seems like a good one. So I decide to buy it. Suddenly, my gaze shifts to the figure next to me intently looking at the book. Happens to be the same guy we met before. He asks me if I intended to buy the book and then goes on to explain that he had read the prequel and had been looking for this book for a while. Another look at him and I knew he really wanted the book. The

angel in me decided to show up again and I handed him the book saying he could have it (in retrospect, I have absolutely no clue why I did that). He thanks me profusely, buys the book and walks ahead.

Drisha and I stroll along lazily and reach the metro station a couple of minutes later. Guess who I met at the station? Yes, the very same guy!! He is right there sitting on a bench smiling and waving at me as he spots us walking towards him. I wave back and we walk ahead and hop on the metro. We get down at Maidan and walk towards the exit only to bump into him again!! I couldn't stop my laughter and start grinning like an idiot the moment we see each other. He grins back and runs away (looked like he was in a hurry).

As always, Drisha and I stroll slowly towards Victoria Memorial (where the Literary meet was taking place), munching jhaal-muri. The place looked relatively empty when we arrived. We find a couple of seats empty in the third row and hurry towards it before it could get occupied. No points for guessing, I happened to sit right next to the very same guy!! The three of us couldn't hold on to our laughter anymore and start laughing hysterically, much to the surprise of the gentleman sitting behind us.

Guy : This is really funny, us bumping into each other.

Me: It sure is. :P

Guy: Okay then, I'm Avik.

Me (suddenly all excited): Oh, so you are Avik from the University?

Guy (taken aback): Err, no!! I'm from Sanskrit College.

Me (all embarrassed now): Oh darn it!!

I turn to Drisha and explain the entire confusion that happened, all the while trying to muffle my crazy laughter. Guy stares at the two of us laughing like hyenas.

Me (to the guy): I'm so sorry about the mess. I'll explain what happened. It is going to sound totally bizarre but please believe me, that is exactly what happened.

I explain the entire situation and he looks amused and laughs with me.

Me: So what are you studying?

Guy: I'm doing my B.A. in English Honours, 2<sup>nd</sup> year. And you?

Me (with a teeny weeny disappointment): Oh, I'll be your senior then. I'm doing my Masters, 2<sup>nd</sup> year as well. (For a second I think, I saw a look of disappointment on his face as well. Or maybe I wanted him to be :P)

The lecture we went to attend starts and we listen intently. A couple of minutes later, the sun shifts to a position where the direct sunlight falls on my face and makes it difficult for me to open my eyes. So, I put up my hand as a shade and try to focus on the session. Guy now pulls out a notebook from his bag and hands it to me to use it instead. I grin and thank him. While the session continues, I open his notebook and flip through a few pages.

Guy (a little embarrassed): Don't do that, I don't want you to see my class notes :P

Now , he takes the notebook from me and starts scribbling something on the last page, almost hiding it from me. I don't peep for courtesy's sake but happen to spot the first few words which go "I intend to....." I secretly expect him to show me what he had scribbled when he was done with it. To my utter surprise, he just closes the notebook and keeps it back inside his bag and gets up to leave.

Me: Hey, can I ask you a favour? I forgot to get my camera today, can you please mail me the pictures of the session you took today?

Guy: Only if you promise me a treat for that.

Me: Sure, will do.

Guy (handing a piece of paper): Here, write your e-mail id here.

I scribble it down for him and we all say our goodbyes. I realize that I never happened to introduce myself.

And well, I never got the mail with the pictures. There could only be two reasons-

Firstly, the guy could've lost the paper with my email-id; which is sad.

Or second, before he could send me the pictures; he was taken hostage by a gang of robbers. The cops gave a chase. They got away, but he caused a crash. When he came to his senses, he had lost his memory. An ex-con picked him up, mistook him for a fugitive and shipped him to Istanbul. He met some Afghan raiders, who took him to steal some Russian warheads. But their truck hit a mine at the border with Tajikistan. He survived, took to the hills and became a Mujaheddin. I refuse to get upset for a guy who'll eat borscht all his life in a hat like tea cosy. (yes, I totally lifted that from Amelie )

So that's that. Even though nothing really happened after that, the memory of all those crazy coincidences one after another and all the confusion from the day still makes me laugh. The only thing that is driving me crazy is to not to be able to remember the name of the book ☹ Can anybody tell me the name of this book whose story was based in Kolkata, had this palace like structure with birds flying on the cover?



***Swarnali Das** is currently wrapping up her MA in English from the University of Calcutta. She runs the blog, **Dreams and Drama**, along with her pen-pal turned bestie, Arpita Mahapatra. She is also a book reviewer for **A lot of Pages** and a blogger for **Half-Baked Beans**. Along with Aniesha Brahma, she belongs to blogger fraternity of **Four Seasons** as well.*



## KOI NO YOKAN by Meghna Chakraborty

*The drops of blood fell on the floor,  
As I felt the cold breeze rushing through the door,  
Piercing through my heart, from which they fell-  
Wondering, what a fatal thing is this 'koi no yokan';  
A devouring emptiness- that's where i dwell!*

*Assignments piled up, empty bottles of red wine,  
Crushed pieces of paper inquiring, 'be mine?'*

*Darkness peering into my soul, or the other way around-  
Can't make out- my sight all blurry,  
The air feels heavy, scattered colourful memories  
Of grey yesterday's wound!*

*Expectations that led to dejection,  
Human Heart and Mind never in sync;  
For all the misinterpretations and false judgments,  
At me, Fate is throwing a wink!*



*Meghna Chakraborty has just completed her school years. She loves writing, playing the guitar and singing among other things.*

## In conversation with Tejas Modak

Illustrator of *Animal Palette*, Writer and Illustrator of *Private Eye Anonymous: The Art Gallery Case*



TEJAS MODAK AT HIS DESK

Hello, Tejas, and thank you for letting Buzz Magazine interview you.

Tejas: My pleasure ☺

1. Tell us a little bit about your childhood. What began your journey towards becoming an illustrator?

Tejas: There's actually a real incident attached to that! I was around 3 years old when I happened to win a fancy dress contest organized by a toothpaste company. The prize was a set of sketch pens and a box of animal rubber stamps. I was completely smitten and would spend hours colouring! Very soon, I stopped depending on the rubber stamps and started drawing my own characters. It was a hobby that just didn't fade and has eventually become my profession.



2. How did the story for *Private Eye Anonymous: The Art Gallery Case* come to you?

Tejas: I was in the last year of Art College and happened to be doodling when I sketched a detective with a hat pulled down low and eyes and mouth not visible. The name 'Private-eye Anonymous' appeared out of the ether and I started thinking more and more about this character in my free time. Wasn't long before I realized I had to make a comic with Anonymous and being at an art school at the time, I started cooking up situations in a familiar setting and a story revolving around an art gallery started taking shape.

3. And tell us a bit about your second graphic novel, *Animal Palette*? Was getting the second graphic novel published comparatively easier than the first one?

Tejas: *Animal Palette* was in collaboration with my writer friend Chetan Joshi. It's a collection of four graphic short stories, each rendered in a different style and was a lot of fun to do! Actually I have had the unbelievably good fortune of having *Anonymous* published by the first publisher I pitched to, so in that sense though *Animal Palette* too found a publisher quickly enough it wasn't a stark contrast to my first experience.

4. What was it like working with Chetan Joshi for *Animal Palette*?

Tejas: Chetan and I both loved each other's work and had been good friends for years, so we both knew the experience of working together on AP was bound to be very enriching. It wasn't an entirely easy task though because the stories in AP had originally been written by Chetan as regular text only stories with no intention of graphic adaptation. Also it was the first time I was illustrating someone else's writing, so the process was a huge learning curve. I have very fond memories of the time.



"Creators of a World"



Page 9 from *Private Eye Anonymous*



"From Pune with Love"

5. What is the present scenario for graphic novels in India?

Tejas: Quite interesting since a lot of people seem to be busily toiling away at their drawing boards and computer tables stringing panels together to create the next indie graphic novel! With ever increasing media coverage and events like ComicCon India, I think readers too are waking up to the fact that the medium has very interesting possibilities within a grammar distinctly its own.



"Omnipotent"

We watched your Tedx Talk where you commented that no one seems to think art could be pursued for arts' sake. What do you think needs to be done in order to change that attitude?

Tejas: I wonder if something can actually be done to change such an attitude. The call really has to come from inside an individual... Having said that, I suppose if people are exposed to good art from an early age and informed about different art forms and what goes into perfecting them, they would more often than not grow into individuals sensitized towards aesthetics and inclined perhaps to pursue art for its own sake.

Also in the Talk you mentioned someone asking you about your 'real job'. Does it bother you to think people don't believe art could be the source of one's livelihood? Or does it simply amuse you?

Tejas: It doesn't bother me one bit since my livelihood doesn't depend on anybody's opinion about it. And yes, it does in fact amuse me no end and gives me funny stories to

tell once in a while ☺

8. Are you presently working on a new graphic novel? When can we expect it to be released?

Tejas: Yes! Working on a new graphic novel currently and having an AMAZING time at it... would have some news on that front around the latter part of the year!

9. We would like to know (and as would many of our readers), what are the basic differences between publishing a novel and a graphic novel? And what should one do, if they want to follow in your footsteps?



Tejas: The basic difference in the form of a novel and a graphic novel of course is the inclusion of images in the latter that play part of the role in telling the story. As for the difference between *publishing* a novel and a graphic novel, one might best let the publishing house worry about it. An aspiring writer / artist should be fairly assured by the fact that a good story has a greater chance of getting published than a bad one and simply concentrate on making good stories. But how do you make good graphic stories?

Read a LOT, watch good films, make lots of friends, travel. Sketch, doodle. Observe. Maintain a journal to figure out whether you're actually devoting enough time to what you want to do in life. Take a break when you deserve it. Smile (helps most times). Find out what else is happening in the world in your area of interest. And when in the grips of the procrastination syndrome, kick everything aside and jump into the work without second thought!

Graphic: Landmark Bookstore, Pune

Thank you, Tejas, for taking the time out to talk to us. We wish you all the best in all your future endeavors. We hope to speak to again someday in one of our future issues.

Regards,  
The Buzz Team

*Special Feature*  
*New Age Cafés in Mumbai & Kolkata*

In conversation with  
*Nikita Vichare & Prashant Nayyar*



Owners of the Magic Dust Café,  
Thane, Mumbai

Hello, Nikita & Prashant, thank you so much for letting us interview you.

*It's our pleasure.*

So, what made you two decide to open up your own cafe in Thane, Mumbai?

*Nikita: Well we both always wanted to start a business together. Prashant loves cooking and I am into the creative field, so we decided to infuse both in a cafe.*

*Prashant: For me it was always about having a place to just chill and have fun. Plus Thane needed a cafe like this. Since we stay in thane it was the most logical and convenient thing to open our first outlet here.*

Tell us about your initial days as owners of a cafe? Did it take awhile to sink in that you're your own boss?

*Nikita: Magic Dust Cafe is just 3 months old! So it is all still pretty new to us. I am just very grateful for it every single day.*



*Prashant: Initial days and even now it's a lot of fun running this place. And I had always imagined myself running a business one day and here it is happening successfully.*



Every  
thing  
comes  
with

its pros and cons. So what's the best and the worst thing about being your own boss?

*Nikita: I don't consider anything as pros or con's, it is all about experience. We have seen many things go wrong, but always learnt something from*

*it. So in a way everything is good so far.*

*Prashant: The pro's I would say is having the feeling that I own a business at the age of 26. The worst things are the times when we have to deal with certain issues which may be related to our staff, machine failures or official matters for the first time.*

What makes Magic Dust Café different from other cafes that can be found in and around Thane, Mumbai?

*Nikita: The moment you step in the cafe you will know it is different. Magic dust cafe is based on the concept of law of attraction with a retro theme. The place is more than a coffee shop.*

*Prashant: The whole idea of making a place like Magic Dust Cafe was to break the conventional outlook of hangout joints. We made sure that every aspect of the cafe has been designed to stand out among any other cafes around.*

*Nikita and I have done the interiors of the cafe ourselves.*

How have your customers reacted to your café? Is it like they show in the movies – there are a lot of regular faces every day?

*Nikita: Funnily enough it is indeed like they show it in the movies. In the past three months we have made more friends and had more acquaintances interacting in the cafe than we have ever before.*

*Prashant: We have come across all types of customers. Many tell us that it's like their second home. That feels good to hear.*

How do you guys decide on the Specials on the menu?

*Nikita: The menu department is handled by Prashant. It is better if he answers this.*

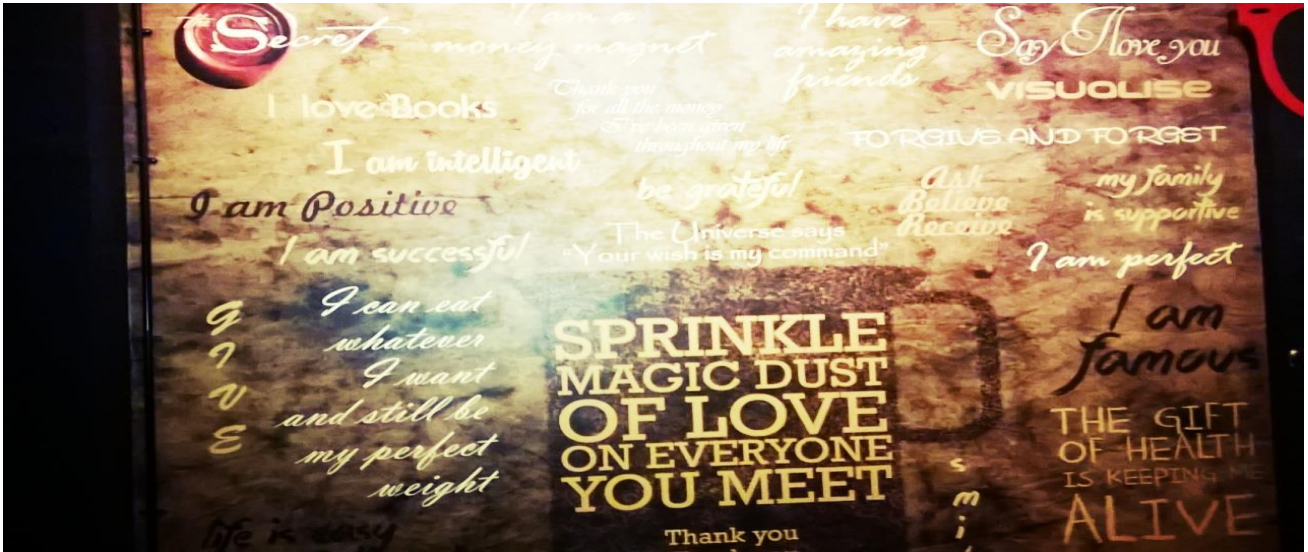
*Prashant: During my stay in Canada and US, I discovered many new recipes. We then modified them to suit the Indian taste buds. The "Philly cheese chicken burger" is an output of the same experiment.*

We keep seeing pictures of the 'chef for the day' on Magic Dust Café's Facebook page. Could you tell us why is that?

*Nikita: I have known prashant for seven years and he is one of the best cook I have come across. So when it is our cafe's chef's weekly off, Prashant is the chef for the day.*



*Prashant: Cooking is my passion. Being the chef for the day at my own cafe is like icing on the cake.*



Do you plan to extend your café's line some years down the line to other parts of the city or maybe even other cities?

*Nikita: The whole intention of having a cafe business together is to spread this concept PAN-India.*

*Prashant: We have lined up the next branches but it is too early to comment anything on it now.*





Do you have any advice for people who are perhaps trying to quit their mundane jobs and about to start their own business ventures?

*Nikita: This is my second business venture. I have been an entrepreneur from the past 4 years. It all depends on what excites your soul enough to translate it into reality. My only advice would be to believe in your dream 100% and stay positive no matter what. Don't be afraid to ask for help and always be grateful for what you have.*

*Prashant: I would say it's never too late to follow your heart and chase your dreams. I am a living example of it. From engineering to an entrepreneur, it has been a roller coaster ride but the journey was worth it in the end. So just take a leap of faith and don't give up.*



And lastly, do you have a message for our readers? Especially the ones living in or about to visit Mumbai?

*Nikita: As Prashant mentioned earlier, right from the kitchen floors to the walls, everything has been designed by us with loads of passion and love. We have put our heart and soul in making the*

cafe worth your time. So come and experience the magic we've created.

**Prashant:** If you are looking out for a place to tickle your happy side, magic dust cafe is the place to be.

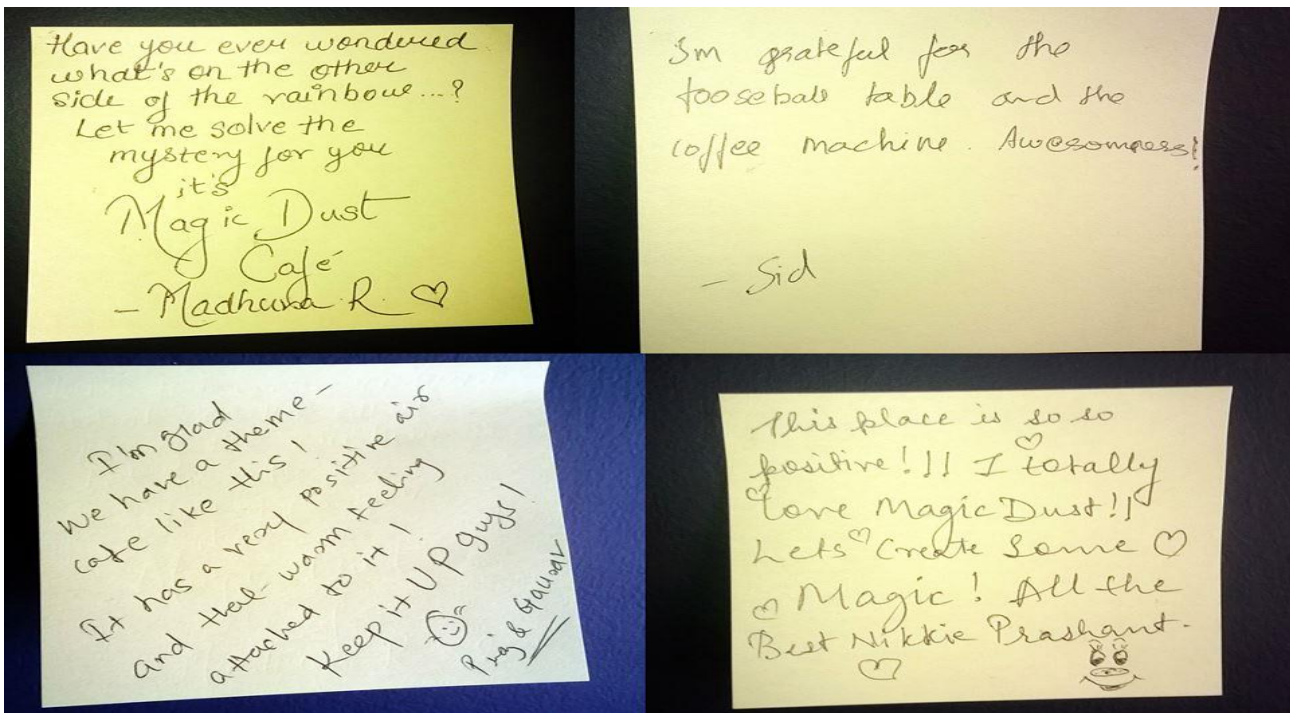
Thank you, Nikita and Prashant, for taking the time out to talk to us. We wish you all the love and success with your beautiful café. We hope to feature you again in one of our future issues!

Regards,

The Buzz Team

**Nikita & Prashant:** We are extremely happy and excited to be featured in the buzz magazine. We sprinkle lots of magic dust of success on you and your entire team.

Thank you Aniesha for this wonderful interview.



If you want to know more about the Magic Dust Café, you can like their Facebook page for more updates: <https://www.facebook.com/MagicDustCafe?fref=ts>

And follow them on instagram: @magicdustcafe

Or visit their website: <http://www.magicdustce.com/>

*A Conversation with Pritika Sen,  
Owner of Caramelle, Kolkata*



On Tuesday, May 20, 2014, my friend Rini and I went to meet with Pritika Sen, the young owner of Caramelle. It describes itself as a European café and when we entered the place on the first floor, we could see why. It's a really pretty place and the music playing at a low volume makes for a very lovely peaceful setting.

While we sipped on iced lemon tea, we talked about Caramelle, her love for baking and the plans she has for the future.

Pritika's love for baking started at a young age when she assisted her grandmother in baking. She was fascinated by the fact that flour, eggs, baking powder, butter, cocoa powder; etc could all come together become something as beautiful as a cake.



She tried to make a few of the things she'd watched her grandmother make, and they turned out really well. Noticing her knack for the art of baking, her grandmother and her grandmother's friends began to teach her how to make other goodies besides just the cake.

She believes that it is very important to be happy in the work that one is engaged in, and it was her love for baking that fueled her desire to open her own café.

Pritika recalls being told close friends and relatives, that her cooking good she ought to take. When she did do just that response was overwhelming. She participated in fête and by contributing a stall. remembers how certain products like the chocolate chip cookies all be sold out in one day. though the sales made her it also meant she would start from the scratch for those particular dishes again!



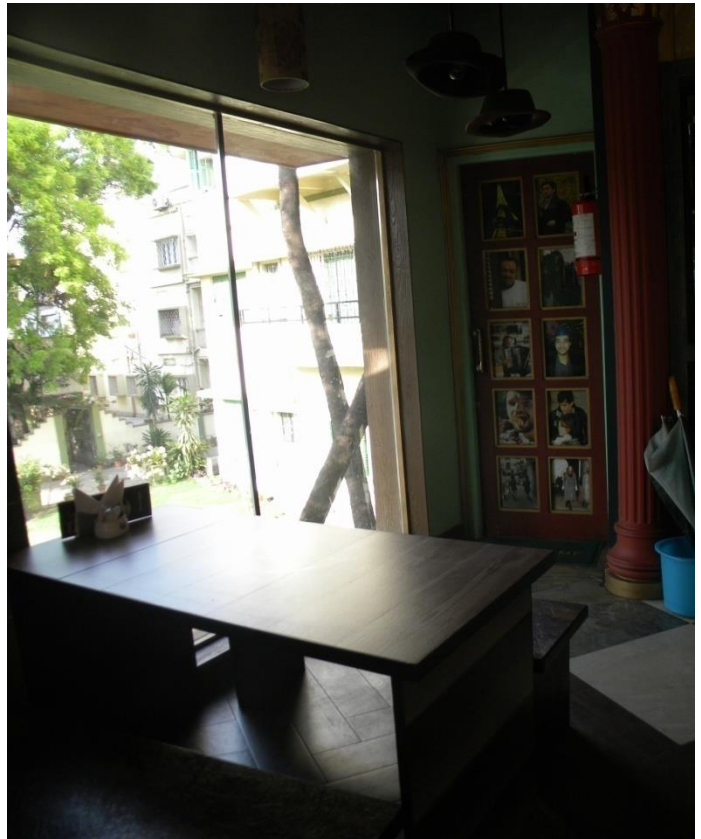
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She began working right after school at the Mayfair. The owners there would always encourage her to follow her own recipes, even though the chefs there followed the standard recipes. When given the chance to explore her creativity in baking, Pritika made full use of the opportunity. She later moved to Paris in order to learn the art of patisserie.

After she finished her studies, she came back to Kolkata and started Caramelle. Located in one of the nicest places Caramelle draws attention to itself from a distance. Since it is opposite Ice Skating Rink, it's not a very hard place to spot. The menu really delighted my friend, Rini, as she observed that Caramelle offered a variety of vegetarian dishes, which most other cafés in Kolkata. Pritika says that a lot of her customers have complained about there not being a lot of choices in the vegetarian section, however. The food, however, is heavenly. (We tried the Burgundy Burger and the crème brulee.)

When asked the difference between the CCDs and the Baristas, Pritika says that all the food served in her café is 100% fresh. They never store the food. She also says since she isn't a chef but a trained Patisserie, she has brought in a chef to decide the menus and bring in something new along with the dishes that are already being offered.



As we entered the café, we noticed that there was a board listing the specials. Pritika says the specials are decided according to the season. For example Summer being the time for watermelons, one of the specials on their menu right now is the watermelon mojito.

Caramelle sees both the youngsters and the fairly older people come in. With an active Facebook page, and word of mouth publicity, Caramelle has been pulling in the crowds. Pritika likes to think of it like a brand rather than her dear little café, and hopes to make it a global chain someday. 😊



We would like to thank Pritika for taking the time out to talk Buzz Magazine. We spent a wonderful afternoon talking to her about Caramelle. People in Kolkata and our readers who are planning to visit Kolkata sometime in the near future, do remember to check out Caramelle.

You can get more information about the café by liking their Facebook page:

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Caramelle/501948949869619?fref=ts>

## **Emancipation**

*I was young.  
A girl of thirteen;  
Thought no wrong,  
Without reasoning,  
Of earnest praying-*

*To a deity dubbed 'very powerful'  
What did I really wish for, of all?*

*I begged that we can  
Stop having a quarrel  
Did not know it then  
It was every woman  
And her daughter's tale.*

*Years passed by; a doctor's report came on the sixth,  
It said that she'd cease to associate anything with-*

*Us. She won't have  
A fight with her daughter  
Anymore, because she  
Won't even remember.*

*It has been two years  
Since I touched her face  
For the very last time;  
From then, wishing  
For myself stopped being  
A priority of mine.*





*Manali Roy is a freelance designer, aspiring artist and occasional writer. Her interests include watching films of various genres, reading historical and non-historical fictions with elements of fantasy and magic, understanding creative therapy and its connection with different forms of arts.*

***FAN FICTION: Under the Moonlight***  
***by Debdatta Dasgupta Sahay***

It was twilight, marking the end of another day. Once again it was time for the full moon to take its place in the night sky. A man popped out of thin air at the edge of Godric's Hollow and made his way through a familiar path. The houses lined on both sides of the path showed signs of heavy activity. Everyone was getting ready for dinner and then a night of restful sleep. But the man paid no attention to his surroundings as he kept on walking at a high pace with determined steps. The light wind ruffled his white flecked hair & his shabby worn-out coat. It was only at the intersection with the war memorial that he slowed down. He looked up at the familiar faces of his first two true friends and their child. A pang of pain flitted across his chest. It has been fifteen years since he had lost his friends, yet the pain of their loss was as raw as it was on the night they were betrayed and murdered. He picked up his pace as soon as he passed the memorial and hurried on towards where the ruins lay. He paused at the gate when the messages of hundreds of magical people appeared on the plaque at his touch. A lot of them had wished luck to 'the-boy-who-lived'. Harry would need it – now more than anything. He entered the premises and closed the gate behind him.

He stood there for a quite some time taking in every detail of the ruins and overgrown garden. He could see, in a flash in his mind, how the place had looked when James and Lily were alive and living here. With a deep sigh, he brought out his wand and started to walk around the boundary muttering incantations swiftly under his breath. He paced the perimeter twice and then came to stand at the same place he had started. He looked at his watch and sighed again. He had a little over an hour before the moon made its inevitable appearance and turned him into a monster. There was a bench nearby but covered with over grown weeds. With another flick of his wand, it was cleared and he proceeded to make himself comfortable. Yet another reluctant sigh escaped him. He had spent the first full moon after James & Lily's death here, alone. He had not known where else to go. With three of his best friends gone and the fourth locked up in Azkaban, he had simply no idea about where to go or what to do. So he had come here, where he felt closest to his friends, besides Hogwarts. Like today, he had set up protections to ensure the safety of the people in the town and let the moon take over him.

He looked up at the night sky once again. First, James and Lily, then Sirius and now Dumbledore. Everybody, who did not treat him like his affliction was his fault, was gone. Wasn't this lifelong curse of Lycanthropy enough? Why did he have to outlive everyone he loved and cared for? He would have gladly laid down his life for any of these people. Why did James have to put his trust in the wrong person? If Dumbledore hadn't sent him to live amongst the other werewolves, he would have offered to be their secret keeper. He would have taken the secret to his graves and Harry would still have his parents. Dumbledore too had trusted the wrong person. Severus Snape, the cold blooded murderer, had betrayed him. Harry had tried to warn them, but no one had believed him then. Remus Lupin shook his head as if to clear his mind of the day of Hogwarts attack and of the day he had lost the friend and mentor in Dumbledore. He looked at his watch again. There was still an hour to go. He let his head rest on the back of the bench, closed his eyes and let his mind wander back to when he was just 11 years old.

His parents had been sure that given his condition, he would not be able to attend any magical school, let alone Hogwarts. So they had been preparing him accordingly. They kept telling him that it was only for the better because he would not have to go away to school and could stay with them at home. Being home schooled would also be a good thing because unlike the other kids at school, he would get special attention and his education would not be restricted by a syllabus. That was until they were all taken by surprise when a letter from Hogwarts landed on their breakfast table one morning. His parents had immediately gone to Hogwarts and talked to Dumbledore, the new headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft & Wizardry. They had wanted to make sure that it wasn't some cruel joke before letting their hopes high. The headmaster had explained them that as long as some precautions were taken; there was no reason why Remus could not attend school with the other kids and like the other kids

The intervening months had then passed in a blur. He remembered visiting Diagon Alley, for the first time since he had been bitten, for his school supplies. His parents had been excited, happy and anxious all at the same time. For them this was a sign that their child could have a normal life. Well, at least it was the first step towards that. But they were also anxious because his condition would have to be kept a secret. Maybe the headmaster did not mind and maybe even the staff had no problem dealing with his condition. But they were sure that many parents would not want their children to associate with him. They kept on reminding him how important it was for him to keep his condition a secret. That no matter how many friends he made and how much he trusted them, he should never confide in anyone. They drilled it into him that he would have to

be careful when the full moon neared and that the school nurse would always be there for him. They had come to King's Cross to see him off but had kept a very low profile. They had done their best to not attract attention to themselves incase anybody identified them. Still it hadn't stopped his mother from waving at him till the Hogwarts express had turned a corner, taking him towards a new life and the people he would learn to love, trust and respect.

As his mother disappeared out of his view, Remus turned to lift his trunk and then drag it along the corridor of Hogwarts Express with hopes of finding a seat. Most compartments were either full or occupied by daunting older students. He caught sight of a couple of students, a boy with greasy black hair and a girl with flaming red hair, leaving a compartment. He picked up his pace hoping to get a seat there. He peeked in first to see only two boys sitting there. "Mind if I join you?" They shrugged and got up to help him with his trunk. Once they were settled, Remus introduced himself. One of the boys said, "I am James Potter and this is Sirius Black. We were just talking about which house we would like to land up in. What do you think?"

"Well, I think either Ravenclaw or Gryffindor would be good for me. But I am just happy to be here and wouldn't mind which house I land up in as long as I can be at Hogwarts." Conversation had then flowed freely among the three throughout the journey. When the sorting started, Sirius Black had been the first to be sorted. When he heard his name called, he had turned to the other two and said, "Keep your fingers crossed for me guys. Don't wanna land up with the rest of my family." It had taken the sorting hat a long time to declare him a Gryffindor. He had looked both happy and surprised as he rushed off to join his house table. Soon it was his turn to be sorted. He too joined the Gryffindor, soon followed by James. They had been quite pleased to have landed up in the same house as they had already formed a bond on the train.

Quickly they settled down to the daily routine at Hogwarts. He enjoyed his lessons, explored the mysteries of the castle and loved the company of his two friends. Soon they came to be known as the 'famous trio' of Hogwarts. All three of them were very good at whatever they did, Sirius and James were well known for their pranks and none of them were ever seen without the company of the other two. But all the while Remus heard a nagging voice in the back of his mind that kept on telling him that he was deceiving his friends. He felt heavy and tired all the time, as if he carried a ton of lead on his back at all the time. He hated the fact that he not only had to keep things secret from his friends but also that he had to lie through his teeth to them about his whereabouts

during the full moon. It was always someone sick in the family or that he had fallen asleep in some obscure part of the castle. If there were too many marks on him, then it had to be from some accident that he had gotten himself into, but never the truth. All the while, letters kept coming to him from home reminding him how important it was that no one should ever have any doubts or suspicion.

Their first year and a major part of the second year had passed without any incident. James and Sirius had accepted that his mother had a weak health and that he was accident prone. Remus had stopped being on the edge all the time until something unexpected happened. It was a Sunday, James and Sirius were in detention with Professor McGonagall and he had been out on the grounds alone. He had chosen a spot by the lake that was out of the way from most of the student. He was sitting there reading a reference book on Potions when Lily approached him. They had gotten to know each other over the time they both spent in the library. “Can I talk to you for a minute Remus?”

“Yeah sure. I was just going through the reference book that Professor Slughorn suggested. I am sure you are already done with it, right?”

“Yes I finished it yesterday. But I wanted to ask you about something else...” Lily drifted off uneasily. Remus noticed that she was awkward and was fidgeting.

“What is it?” he asked soothingly.

“It’s kind of personal. I don’t want to offend you or anything. You don’t have to talk to me about it, but...”

“Come on Lily, what is it?”

“Its... it’s just that... I have noticed how moody and edgy you are before you have to go away. You come back covered in bruises and scratches and that you always have some emergency during the full moon.” Though she had started awkwardly, Lily rushed through her words as if that would minimize the impact of her words. Remus tensed immediately and looked away from her. “I have done some research and everything points to one thing only.”

Finally someone had figured it out. How long would it be before everyone else came to the same conclusion? Or would Lily just run screaming and warning everybody? Eventually the news would spread. First the students would start to avoid him and then their parents would complain and

object. Then Dumbledore would be left with no other choice but to send him back home. His parents' dream of seeing him have a normal life would break. Would they think that he had not been careful enough? But most importantly, how would James and Sirius react when they found out that their friend had been lying to them all along? That they had been sharing their dormitory and living with a werewolf pretending to be their friend?

“Remus...?” Lily’s voice broke into his trance. He noticed that he was gripping the potions book so hard that his knuckles had turned white. He dropped the book as if it was on fire. “Remus, I am pretty sure about my assessment. I just wanted you to know that I know it. You don’t have to carry this burden alone, you know? If you ever need any help, please, do not hesitate to ask me.”

He had been expecting screaming, running and horrified tones. Instead, Lily spoke in such soft and compassionate voice that it took him some time for him to register what she was saying and even longer to actually process it. “What??” he asked bewildered.

“I said that if you ever need any help, you know where to find me,” Lily repeated in a kind voice. “I mean, James and Sirius are not the best note-takers.”

“You know? How long have you known? Don’t you find me revolting? Why aren’t you running and screaming on the top of your voice to warn everybody?”

“Come on Remus, I knew you before I worked out about your problem. I know you wouldn’t hurt anyone, not even a fly, if you can help it. And, when you can not help it, I am sure that the staff members are taking every precaution to keep you and rest of the students safe for those times, aren’t they? “

“How long have you known?”

“I made the connection at the beginning of this year and then did a lot of research. But I have been absolutely sure for a bit over a month now.” There was a hint of pride in her voice.

“For a month? And you haven’t told anyone yet? Why?”

“Obviously because you want to keep it a secret. You haven’t even confided in your best friends. They seem to believe your cover stories at their face values. And I don’t blame you. From what I found out, people are too prejudiced about it. They judge people for something that is not their fault. As long as the concerned people know, who am I to divulge your secret? I know that the teachers know because they try not to attract attention to your frequent absence. If any other student missed half the number of classes that you do, they would be in huge trouble – especially from Professor McGonagall.”



“It really doesn’t bother you that once a month I turn into a monster? That if people are not careful enough, I could end up killing people – even my own family and friends?”

“Like I said, it’s not your fault. You did not choose this for yourself and you cannot be held responsible for your actions after you transform. What matters is who you really are. You are a brilliant student, a loyal friend and you are always so good to everybody – even to someone like Avery! That’s who you truly are Remus. You are an honest person with a good heart. Don’t let other people’s blind prejudice dictate how you look at yourself. You.Are.Not.A.Monster,” Lily concluded with emphasis on the last words.

That was the day that had instilled true hope in him. Hope for a normal life, hope for true friends and hope of complete acceptance. Lily Evans had done that for him. Remus had gone ahead and answered all the questions that Lily had about Lycanthropy. From then on, whenever James and Sirius landed themselves into detention, which was pretty often, he would spend time with Lily. She would always have a copy of her notes ready for him whenever he missed a class. Having even one person he could be completely free with, was a great feeling – as if a great part of the burden lifted off him. He would still feel guilty sometimes for not confiding in his best friends, but at least it was better than before.

It was in his third year that James and Sirius started acting funny around him. He could tell that they were talking about him behind his back by the way they would whisper every so often and stop talking abruptly whenever he walked in on them. Dread filled him up again as million questions started to seep into his mind once again. Did they already know or were they just suspicious? Should he tell them or let them find out on their own? Would they understand and accept him or would they judge and abandon him. He kept on having internal fights with himself about how to handle the situation. A part of him wanted to confide in James and Sirius. After all they were his best buddies. If Lily could understand, they could too. If she could look past his monstrous side, they could too. Right? But then another part of him was still too scared to open up. Lily was exceptionally compassionate about everyone. She had a way of seeing the best even in the worst specimen of human kind. No one else could be expected to have the same level of compassion. James and Sirius were different and may not see things in the same light. He was sure that he would not be able to handle their rejection. So much so, he was sure that he would prefer the rest of the world’s disgust rather than see them turn their backs on him.

One day James asked him very casually whether he would be going home that weekend. It was going to be a full moon weekend and thus Remus's fears were confirmed. Pretending to be absorbed in the book he was reading, Remus had to keep a check on his nerves before replying, "No idea. You know it depends upon my mother's condition. There's no way to predict it. Why?" James had simply shrugged and said that they were going to have their first Hogsmeade visit that weekend and wanted to make plans. When Remus missed the trip, he was sure that they would confront him on his return. But his fears were in vain because when he returned, all the duo could talk about was the village. They had even brought him some Sugarquills from Honeydukes, the sweet shop in Hogsmeade. When days turned into weeks and another full moon had come and gone, Remus finally started to relax again. James and Sirius had not confronted him and they even had stopped whispering among themselves. He kept telling himself that he had only imagined it all. They must have been planning some prank that he wouldn't have approved.

On their second outing Remus was able to accompany them to Hogsmeade. James and Sirius took their responsibility to show Remus around very 'sirius-ly'. They guided him to every store in Hogsmeade that they thought he would enjoy. Even the bookstore! Then they dragged him to the Shrieking Shack which to their disappointment was quiet. They kept on swearing that the last time they had visited on their way back to Hogwarts, they had heard a lot of noises coming from there. Finally, they settled down at 'The Three Broomsticks' with mugs of Butterbeer. After a couple of mugs each, when they were feeling all warm and fuzzy, Sirius turned to Remus, "Don't you have something to tell us?"

"What? When did I say that?"

"It isn't what you have said, but it is what you haven't said yet. That's some big secret that you are hiding from us Remus. But people are talking. You know the Hogwarts grapevine. How could you do this to me, Remus? I thought we were friends," said James.

"What's going on? What did I do?" Any other time, Remus's insecurities would have kicked in, but at this point he was too relaxed and fuzzy.

"Shame on you, Remus. How long were you planning to keep this from us?" Sirius asked.

"Yeah, did you think that we would not even notice?" continued James. He and Sirius had taken to continuing each other's sentences recently. "That you can do anything behind our back and get away with it?"

Once again Sirius picked up from James, “It is really stupid of you think that, that James would not notice especially when Evans is involved.”

Remus had been staring between the two of them, “I don’t understand. What are you guys trying to say? Did Lily say something?”

James was staring at him dangerously. “Oh! So its Lily now, is it? How long have you two been going around? Does she even know about your ‘furry little problem’?!” He asked, his voice raising with every word that he grinded out. Remus spluttered his butterbeer.

“Calm down James! People are starting to look around at you. Besides, give the man a chance to explain.”

“You... you think that I am going out with Lily? No way James, she is just a friend. We just study together when... Wait! What do you mean by my furry little problem?”

James and Sirius spoke up at the same time. “Just a friend?” asked James.

“You thought that your affair with the full moon would escape our notice?” said Sirius. Remus, overwhelmed, continued to look at his two friends numbly. Sirius leaned forward and continued in a muted voice. “Look, we have known about your situation for a couple of months now. We were not going to say anything about it.” He gave James a pointed look. “This is something that you had to be comfortable about and so we wanted you to tell us when you were ready for us to know. But James here tends to get hot headed regarding Evans. But that’s beside the point now. We just want you to know that we are not freaked out about being friends with you. We have to do something about it though, but still have no idea what at this point though we are working on some ideas.”

“You are not going to Dumbledore about a new dormitory?”

“No you prat! We are not going to run off to Dumbledore for new sleeping or class arrangements and we are not going to tell everyone about how dangerous you are. That’s a shame though! Imagine the looks on those slimy Slytherins’ faces if we told them that you are going to eat them up next full moon! I can almost see it! Precious!”

“So you are okay about my transformation?”

“Okay?! I personally think its cool! Only wish, you would have told us before instead of us wasting three years to find it out!”

Remus couldn’t help but crack a smile. Only Sirius could think of it as cool. But James’s silence bothered him. So he turned towards him and ventured tentatively, “James, I swear there is

nothing between me and Lily. We are just friends. We just study together and that's it. She has been really good about my condition and has been helping me with the school work whenever I miss classes."

"So, you told her. But you couldn't tell us?" James looked a bit cheered up but not completely.

"I did not tell anyone. She worked it out by herself last year and has been helping me ever since. Haven't you noticed how I don't ask for the class notes anymore? Trust me. I did not tell her. My parents told me that I could not tell anyone. Ever."

"She worked it out last year? She is brilliant!"

"Yeah, that she is. So am I forgiven?"

"Sure. So, does she ever ask about me?"

Rest of the evening passed by with James grilling him about Lily Evans. Apparently, everything was forgiven and forgotten. It took the three of them and Peter almost three years to work out how one could become an Animagus. Three years of planning, hard work and excitement. Soon Moony, Padfoot, Prongs and Wormtail were found to be running around the Hogwarts ground and the Forbidden Forest every full moon. It was exhilarating and liberating. Remus had to spend his transformations locked up in the Shrieking Shack cooped up, scratching and hurting himself. But it was a thing of the past once they all mastered their Animagus forms. In their animal forms, they could communicate with each other. So instead of being lonely and hurting himself, Remus now explored in the company of his best friends. Even after leaving Hogwarts, they continued the tradition. They would go somewhere away from human habitation, and spend the full moons playfully. When Voldemort's rule became more and more dangerous, at least one of them, mostly Sirius would stay with him till he had to go underground on Dumbledore's request. What he had always considered as his curse, his friends turned it to a 'cool gift'. Where he had been terrified of his transformations before, he started to look forward to them now. His friends kept him company, made sure he did not hurt himself or anyone else while transformed and even managed to turn it to fun! Later he could not even think about why he had been so apprehensive about telling his friends... It only seemed natural that his friends would accept him and his 'Furry little problem' and make it their own problem.

Changes in his body brought Remus back to present. He could feel the transformation starting. He desperately wished his friends could be with him once again. Tell him that it was okay to feel and that they would always be together. That they would make sure he was safe. That he had nothing to worry about. His curse turned gift had turned into a curse once again. Padfoot and Prongs would never run with him again. It was just him and his affair with the moon. He thought about Tonks once. What would his friends say about her? Sirius had accepted him without any reservations but would he feel differently about him and Tonks being together? Was it even possible to begin with? Would it be fair to impose his curse on someone else? What would James have to say? Would he be angry with him for not trusting Harry enough? He had failed his friends in so many ways... His last conscious thought before the transformation completed was that his true curse was to be left behind alone. The fully transformed wolf let out howl, into the dark starless sky with only the moon shining through.

The inhabitants of Godric's Hollow heard a wolf howl into the night sky. They had heard legends about how people had heard a wolf whining throughout the night after the Potters were attacked. But that was fifteen years back and no one had heard anything since then. Tonight, after so many years, everyone heard the howls and the whining. It scared them. Only a little girl looked up at her mother reading her a bed time story and said, "It sounds so sad and lonely."



*Debdatta Dasgupta Sahay is a book addict. When she is not reading, she is talking about books. She helps authors reach a vast audience via her very popular blog: [bookr3vizus](http://bookr3vizus.com). She also loves cooking, as we'll see in the next segment ☺*

## *Recipe: Quick Chocolate Pudding*

By Debdatta Dasgupta Sahay

### **Ingredients:**

2 cups milk

1/2 cup Sugar

1/3 cup unsweetened cocoa

3tbsp Cornflower

1tbsp Vanilla essence



### **Method:**

Place all the ingredients (except vanilla essence) in a pan and put it on medium flame stove.

Stir and mix well in order avoid forming lumps and bring it to boil.

Switch off the flame and stir in the vanilla essence.

Pour in a bowl.

Place a piece of plastic wrap directly on the surface of the pudding to prevent a skin from forming, and chill in the refrigerator for at least an hour.

## **Recipe: Aloo Purée**

**by Hugo Surridge**

### **Ingredients**

*(Adjusting the quantities is allowed)*

**Potatoes** - 1 kilo (you can add more but not more than 500 grams)

**Onions** – 1 big yellow one or two medium ones

**Garlic** - some cloves (2 or 3)

**Ginger** - a piece of fresh one, equivalent to the amount of garlic (could be more or less...)

**Cinnamon** - 3 or 4 sticks (the relatively small ones, about 2 to 3 inches)

**Curry leaves** - 50 beautiful leaves with nice smell

**Mustard seeds** - a full teaspoon

**Chilli powder** - half a teaspoon (more if you can handle it)

**Turmeric powder** - 1 teaspoon

**Coconut milk** - 1 can

**Raisins (Sultana)** - as you wish (you don't want a raisin for every bite, or maybe you do)

**Sugar** - 1 tablespoon

**Oil** - to cook (a bit more than one tablespoon is enough)

**Salt** - to taste





### **How to proceed**

First, you need to cut the potatoes into small cubes (1/2 inch), chop the onion(s), wash the leaves and the raisins.

From there, you have got two choices, the quickest one and the prolonged one. You can cook the raw potatoes in water to soften them.. Just boil enough water in a pot in order to cover the potatoes. You can add the potatoes straight away before heating up the pot or after the water is boiling. You want the potatoes to be between 50% done and 75% done. You will then have to finish cooking these cubes with the other ingredients and more water. If you use the second choice, you will have to fully cook the potatoes with the rest and of course more water...

In a nice non-stick pan, heat the oil on medium-high. When it's hot, add the mustard seeds, let them fry for some seconds (15-20 seconds), then the cinnamon sticks (10 seconds) and the leaves (20 seconds). Of course, keep mixing while you're adding ingredients because you don't want to burn anything, especially the leaves. These ones should keep their great color at the end so be careful. You will also enjoy the incredible smell of these leaves during this step. After this one minute chemistry experience, you will need to add the chopped onions and cook for 10 minutes until golden. During this step, you need to add the ginger-garlic mix (could be done at the beginning or halfway through). And at the end of this same step, the two spices should be added separately (first chilly). Make some space in the middle of the pan in order to stir-fry the spice on its own for some seconds until the smell reaches your nose then mix everything. Add two tablespoons of water and let everything cook for one or two minutes so the spices will be well

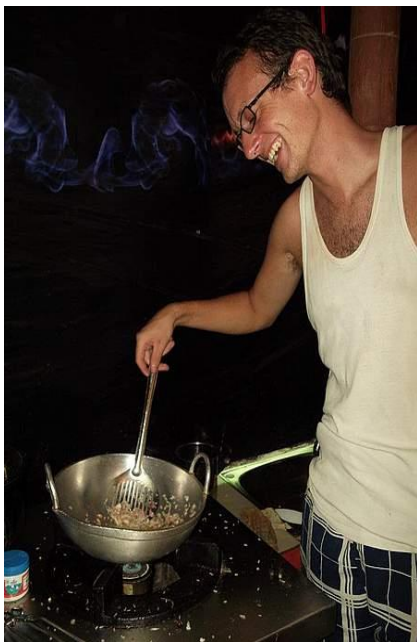


incorporate to the rest. During all these steps, you can add little amounts of water and/or reduce the heat if you feel that it's going too fast.

Finally, just add the potatoes and mix well and add the coconut milk and water . You want the potatoes to be reduced as a "purée" inside the pan so the amount of water used depend on how cooked the potatoes are. So don't forget which choice you made earlier. Let the potatoes cook on medium heat but don't run away from your kitchen during that part, check if it's not getting sticky under all these combined ingredients. You will add raisins some time and sugar and salt close to the end. The potatoes don't really need to be mashed; they should make it on their own. Put more water if you feel it needs more. At the end, you should get a nice and smooth "purée"

Remove the cinnamon sticks and eat the dish with any kind of bread on one side and a tasty yogurt on the other.

Bon appétit!



*Hugo Surridge is an everyday traveler, thanks to the multicultural city he lives in(Paris) and an authentic traveler when time and money allow. Asia is and may stay his favorite destination, especially India. He cooks like a king and is a really lazy guy during the day and a mystic poet by night.*

**Book Review:**

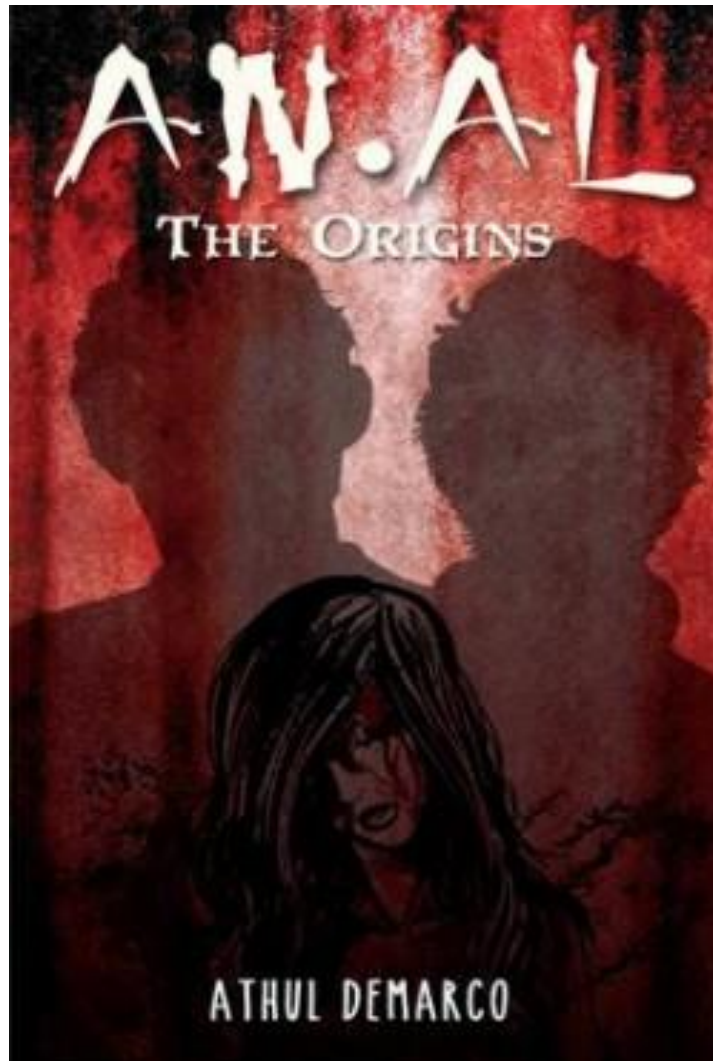
***An.A1 by Athul DeMarco,***

***Reviewed by Anuj Sharma (Courtesy Vault of Books)***

***By Athul DeMarco. Grade A.***

He worked as a lounge singer in a Piano bar for six months in 1972 after his first solo album Cold Spring Harbor tanked. The legal disputes with his label were not yet over. But he didn't abandon his dreams — he continued to write songs. And then he wrote 'Piano Man' and grew to become the third-best-selling solo artist in the United States. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is Billy Joel!

When I called Athul DeMarco, Elton John's voice greeted me with "It's Nine o'clock On A Saturday/The Regular Crowd Shuffles In". Yes, the song was 'Piano Man'. The story is no different, Athul wrote "An.A1" in the year 2010 and a painful wait of three years followed before his debut book got its jacket.



There are legends, myths, fables, and parables. And the tale of the man with two heads is one of them.

When the invitation to play is a dead, mutilated stray dog stuffed inside a gunnysack, you know that the game is going to be dangerous and that the only way to stop the madness is to understand it. And to hope that when the time comes, the knife finds a sweet spot. This is where it all began ...this is the story of the man with two heads

An.Al is a dark detective book, and staying true to its genre, the book opens with a scene where a woman butchers a stray dog and then curls up on the floor like an innocent child, sleeping near the deftly cut dog. With this we're introduced to the world of Anita. In plain words, Anita is the legitimate evil child of Dexter and Joker. A demented girl who will make you empathize, hate and simultaneously love her. The latter part makes you feel guilty when you realize she is a psycho killer, and the fact that Athul has done a swell job of eliciting these emotions in you is testimony of his powerful writing.

The protagonists of the story, conjoined twins Andy and Alfie are two amateur sleuths, let's say Athul's Sherlock-Watson. The twins are extremely observant and perceptive to details, possess keen ability to focus and concentrate outside of exterior distractions, while being geometrically opposite to each other in hundred different ways. And then the story turns and spasms into giddy thrills as the paths of the twins and Anita merge. Meanwhile, the other characters of the book leap from one shade to the other as you read Athul sewing a switch-blade into the rules of detective writing.

I won't say the book is fast paced; it is a slow burn indulgence, yet astonishingly not a single chapter feels sluggish. It's impossible not to be thrilled by the sheer intensity of the plot. The characters are complex and setting is so real that the real and surreal are

nearly impossible to decipher here. The only disappointment was the climax which didn't work for me, and left me starving for more.

Buy it! I want it to do well commercially so that publishing houses have enough space for these smart books. I am sure, at least in a world inhabited by my clones, this would be a bestseller.



*Anuj Sharma is 21 and pursuing Microbiology (H) from Delhi University. He loves to read everything; he even reads the offer document carefully before investing. He has had a journey of evolution and an evolution of literary taste and preferences, which range from Tilismi Jaal of Raj Publications to Haruki Murakami. His other interest includes music, movies and your girlfriend. He is a part time Royal Poison Tester, Crime Scene Cleaner, zombie killer and full time exaggerator. Currently, he is a reviewer at VaultofBooks.com, where this article was first published.*

## ***Health & Fitness by Sharanyo***



### ***Eat healthy to look healthy!***

In the previous issue I mentioned how important your diet is. Its 75% of how you look, yes you read that right!

People often overlook their diet. They believe that because they work out, they are free to eat whatever they want. That is not true at all. If you don't follow up your workouts with proper nutrition, you will never see results.

Now, you might be wondering, that what if I don't have access to any kind of gym or workout equipments, how do I lose weight then? Well, here is some good news! You can lose weight just by cleaning up your diet. Although exercising speeds up the process of weight loss, but following a strict diet is a great start to losing weight.

So let's look at some of the basics of eating healthy:

- Cutting down sugar intake. And by sugar, I don't mean natural sugar that you get from fruits and vegetables, but added sugar. There are two types of sugar in our bodies. Glucose and Fructose. Glucose is naturally present in everything that we consume and also our body produces it. Fructose is something that is present in added sugar and it's not needed by our body (Does not include Fruits). Consuming high amounts of Fructose affects your metabolism in a major way especially if you're inactive throughout the day. Because sugar is metabolized by your liver, most of the fructose that you consume turns into fat and it affects your liver. And as a result, it can lead to diabetes. Scientists have also proved in multiple tests that constant elevation of your insulin level can lead to cancer.

Try to avoid things like cold drinks/sodas, packaged juice (even if it says unsweetened/ no sugar added), processed foods like things out of a can or frozen products. A good way to avoid consuming things that are high in fructose, is reading the label and the nutrition information at the back of the product. If it says Fructose, avoid it! It's that simple!

- Completely eliminating carbohydrate intake after 6 PM. So if you are someone who loves to indulge in rice, roti/bread, and pasta for dinner, this is for you. Whatever carbohydrate you want to have, make sure it's for breakfast and lunch. This is mainly because our body's digestive system slows down later in the day. So whatever carbohydrate you eat at night, most of it turns in fat. This is because your body is unable to digest the food properly later in the day. Most of us are active during the day, so it's logical that you want to eat during that time when your body is able to digest it. Most people are not very active in the evenings, so the digestion slows down and as a result we put on fat. So does this mean we cannot eat after 6 PM? Not at all! Whatever you eat, just make sure it doesn't have carbohydrates in it. For example, a simple chicken salad. Chicken is a great source of lean protein, which is essential for your body and as for vegetables; we all know how important they are! They are full of vitamins and minerals which is a must, in order to have a healthy body.
- Reducing salt and sodium in your daily diet. Having too much salt in your diet increases your blood pressure that can lead to various heart diseases. Also, having too much salt in your diet makes you look a lot heavier than you actually are. This is because sodium tends to hold onto a lot of water in your body, which can make you look bloated and flabby. So if you are on the thinner side but still have a little belly, it might not be fat, but your body is basically retaining water. A good way to get rid of this water retention is simply by drinking more water! Funny, isn't it? Drinking more water allows you to get rid of the excess water in your body.
- And last but not the least, drink plenty of water throughout the day. Try to drink 6 to 8 glasses of water on a daily basis. The benefits of water are endless. Water suppresses your appetite, helps you flush out all the toxic materials from your body. It helps in better blood flow throughout your system. It makes your skin look a lot brighter and it also helps your metabolism.

A quick tip: If you feel really hungry throughout the day, most of the time you're actually not hungry, but thirsty. If you feel like munching on something all the time, try drinking a glass of water and see the difference. If you're still hungry then go ahead have something, but most of the time you won't be hungry anymore. Try it, give it a shot!

These are few basic tips just to get you started living a healthier lifestyle. Make sure you give me your feedback and/or if you have any questions regarding this article or anything related to health and fitness, feel free to email me at [gsharanyo@gmail.com](mailto:gsharanyo@gmail.com). I would be more than happy to help you out!

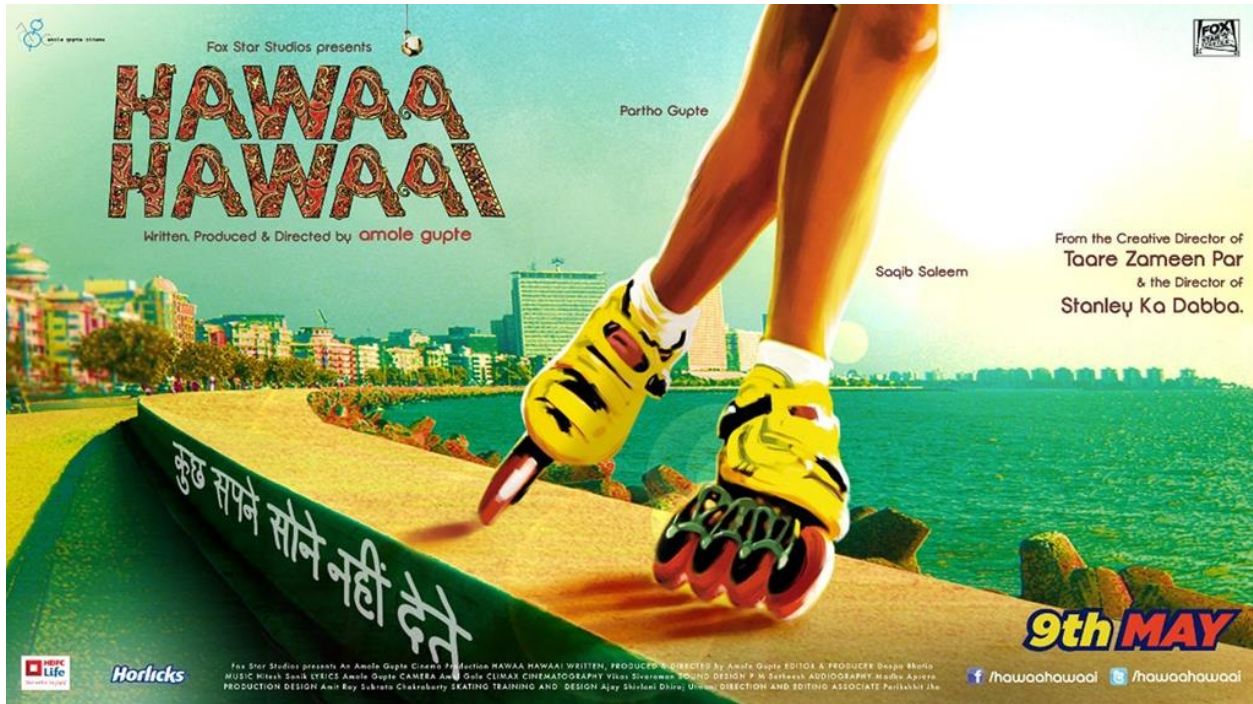
Till then, stay healthy!



***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!*

## Movie Review: *Hawaa Hawaai*

- **Aniesha Brahma**



I had no idea that there was a movie called *Hawaa Hawaai* being made, much less that they were releasing it on the Mother's Day weekend. My mother insisted on going to see the movie and I decided it had to be a good Mother's Day gift. So we went to see the movie in a practically empty hall...and by the end of it, I couldn't help but wonder why more people had not come to watch this heartwarming movie!

*Hawaa Hawaai* is the story of a young boy, Arjun Harishchandra Baghmare (Partho Gupte), who has come from the rural area to urban Mumbai with his mother, sister and grandmother, following the untimely death of his father. In an effort to chip in with the family's financial struggles, Arjun takes up the alias of Raju and becomes the helper of a *chaiwallah*. On his very first night on the job, Arjun is introduced the wonderful world of roller skating and the roller skating coach and later his mentor, Lucky Sir (Saqib Saleem).

Despite belonging to the lowest strata of the society, Arjun's friends gather scraps and with the help of a mechanic, make roller skates for him. (I know lots of reviews have



criticized this particular plot point, stating the kids have more knowledge of aerodynamics than engineers do. I beg to differ. There was one really smart kid, who had lived half his life in a mechanic shop. He draws the diagram of the roller skate after inspecting it and the real mechanics at the shop build it! If you chose to think otherwise, I suggest you go watch this movie at the theatre nearest your home!)

Coming back to the movie, all four of Arjun's friends deliver beautiful performances. The dialogues even though make you laugh will gently touch upon the harsh truth: some children do not have the luxury of having a childhood. They have to begin working from a very young age in order to support their families.

Despite all of their problems, a very strong friendship binds the five boys together. They all have the same dream: to see Arjun becoming a roller skating star. They plot to make Lucky Sir and Arjun meet each other – and in a thoroughly misguided manner, achieve their target. Lucky Sir is impressed that Arjun had learned to skate on his own by merely watching his students, and that five kids could put together a pair of roller skates from nothing but scrap!

What follows is the beautiful tale of the student and teacher, as they move towards their goal of making Arjun the roller skating star. Amole Gupte wrote the script keeping in mind that his primary audience is children and teenagers, and his intention does not fail.

*Hawaa Hawaai* is a must watch for every child who has a dream. It truly inspires people to not give up even when their worst nightmares come true. Yes, bits and pieces of the movie are predictable, but that didn't stop me from being on the edge of seat!

I insist once again, that if you haven't seen the movie, you should definitely watch it. Because Bollywood hardly ever makes movies for children...especially one this well made.



### ***Recipe: Hamburgers by Jenni Harra***

I have never met a person who didn't enjoy a delicious, tasty hamburger. More often than not they are, however, full of things that are terrible for you: a lot of salt, fat and they are not even very nutritional. This recipe combines the good-for-you effects of fresh, healthy ingredients to the great taste of a nice hamburger!



### ***Ingredients:***

400 g of mincemeat (chicken, beef, or pork), whatever your preference!

You can also substitute it with a vegetarian alternative.

1 egg yolk

2 cloves of garlic

1 small onion

1 tablespoon of cocktail sauce (or hamburger sauce etc)

Salt, pepper

1 teaspoon of mustard

Hamburger buns

Tomatoes

Lettuce

Cheese slices (preferably cheddar)

Cocktail, hamburger or barbecue sauce

### ***Method:***

Peel and chop the onions and garlic. Add all the ingredients and mix. Make 4 balls and flatten. Fry or bake in the oven (unless you like it raw...)



*Jenni Harra is a Finnish musician and teacher who currently lives and studies in Belgium. In her free time she likes to cook, bake and travel.*

**Poem:**

***Life as a Slide by Rahul Basu Roy***

The highway seems never ending,

Machines, come and go by.

The traveler is lost, left behind as a loner.

The conscious learned acts weird.

The conventional thoughts closed as in a prison,

The heart is convinced to forge a treason, as love needs no reason.

The intent killed, affection spilled,

The attachment vanished, confusion prevailed.

The tradition lost, consciousness pushed to the corner.

When will he rise to see the light?

When will he gather the courage to fight?

When will he be ready to take the flight?

All seems useless now...because life moves on as a colourless slide...



*Rahul Basu Roy currently works for Bennett and Coleman. He is based in Versova, Mumbai. When he's not working, he's busy getting in touch with his creative side.*

**Poem:**

***In Reply by Soumya Sinha***



I have your letters -  
The ones we wrote, sitting together.  
And few that travelled miles.

I read them on winters  
as they remind me of falling leaves.  
In summers, I sun bathe them.

Blue parchments, yellow postcards, hurried white -  
Inks have been blotted in places.  
And they have your touch, ridge skins, printed.

(They talk about)  
The broken table lamp we had,  
Constructive madness, correctional grammars and  
faded restraints -  
You have it all (here)  
said, unsaid, implied, avoided.

I have your letters -  
The ones we burned together  
and few that burned hundreds of miles.



*Soumya is an IT professional at day and an obscure by night. Apart from loving the binary world, his interests lie in Indian politics, Reading books, watching films from all over the globe and wandering around the streets.*

## *Slice of Life*

### *Manicure by Usha Ramani*

"Please come madam, sit here," she coyly led me to a comfortably ostensible sofa. I had just entered one of Chennai's popular chains of spa and salon. I thanked her and settled down for a session of manicure. I could figure out that she wasn't a Tamil speaking lass. She began with her work on me- stretching my hand out to reach for my nails so she could get them filed. I was supposed to be relaxing there as it was my weekend getaway. However I couldn't but help engage in a conversation with her. I need to be resting the blame on my inquisitiveness I say. I kept gazing at her- she was all but a tiny frame trying to earn a living by serving the salon's customers who want to plough into some opulence.



She caught me gazing and I quickly returned a smile. She fields my gaze at her with a question- "Aap ka shaadi hogya?" (Are you married)? That question got us talking. She hails from Jalpaigudi, West Bengal, India. The moment I showed signs of my geographical awareness, she seemed to be thrilled- She quickly acknowledged that with a question- "Aap Jalpaigudi jaante ho?" (Are you familiar with the place)? There have been multiple such people whom I have met- I have always been curious to know more about them. What made her different- and make me want to write about her- I really don't have a direct answer. Nonetheless, I carry on with my newfound acquaintance. I was bowled over with the rest of the conversation that ensued. This puny thing was married!! She was all but 21 and had come down all the way from Jalpaigudi for the sake of love- I had asked her what she was doing here in Chennai, where she has no linguistic or cultural familiarity! She gingerly replied- "Woh yahan kaam karthen hain na, uskeliye!" (He works here, and thus am here)! Hamare bhaai ka dost hain woh-(he's my brother's friend)-was the answer to the connection that I was trying to establish, for I still couldn't place her here in Chennai, of all the places- not that Chennai is bad or anything- All I thought was, she could have been closer to her home. Her work seemed rather lighter and non-monotone- for she was discussing her life with me. Perhaps not

many would have had the slightest botheration. After all the hassle of having been able to relocate to Chennai and run a home, she says that she hardly gets to meet him now- their schedules were different- including their day-offs. Amidst the story, she deftly manages to brush my arms and have them massaged- "Pressure ok hain na?" she's quick to check with me. (Is the pressure for the massage okay)? Now I was more interested in getting to know this little woman, so everything seemed just perfect. Oh no, I am not going to be talking about her entire life thus far here. This is just introspection; over the lovely lives we get to lead whilst there are some others out there doing I wouldn't say menial jobs, yet struggle to get ends meet. While she's almost done with her work on me, her colleague checks the clock and hints at her saying- "hey your shift is about to end." As she was wrapping up for the day, I pottered around there and came to know that these girls employed there are timed for the work they do. Thinking aloud with me she says, "How could I possibly get a manicure or any other service done in just 30 minutes?" It is not plausible- the customer would raise their voice stating that the service isn't gratifying. It's a constant battle, she says, between keeping up time and managing the tantrums of her bosses on the floor. I thanked her with glee, inquiring her name- she sheepishly replied- "Geetha, aur aapka ?" (And yours?)

*Usha Ramani, is Communicative English grad. She hails from Kerala, and has been in Chennai for a really long time now. Work-wise, she is an ITES professional, who has been in the industry for a decade. She has always been passionate about writing and hence took up blogging. She writes about almost anything that catches her fancy.*