

# **Between the Lines**

The Art of Written Expression — Winning Entries

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*“Where words create worlds and thoughts take flight”*

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# My World in Contrast: What I See, What I Like, and What I Don't — Srijan Biswas

1st Below 18 Category

I remember a time when my world was small enough to fit inside my hands. As a little boy, the morning began with my mother tying my shoelaces and my biggest worry was whether I would lose my pencil. The street outside my house felt enormous then—the barking dogs, the vegetable seller's call, the school bus that looked too tall to climb. I saw the world from below, from behind adults, trusting that everything around me was steady and certain. Life felt simple because decisions were not mine to make.

As I grew, the world grew louder. School bags became heavier, not just with books but with expectations. I learned to read clocks, calendars, and mark-sheets. I learned that some answers mattered more than others, and that being "good" often meant being quiet and obedient. The streets stayed the same, but I changed. I began noticing things I had ignored before—tired faces on buses, worried conversations at home, the seriousness with which adults spoke about the future. Now, I stand at the edge of childhood, looking back at the boy I was and forward at a life I am expected to choose. I live in a world that rarely pauses.

What I see most often is effort, but also a quiet selection. As a boy growing up, I notice that not all effort is rewarded equally. Some students run faster because the track was built for them—they have time, money, guidance, confidence. Others run just as hard but keep stumbling, not because they are weak, but because the ground beneath them is uneven. The world speaks loudly about merit, yet it whispers its real rules. I am beginning to understand that success here is not only about working hard; it is about fitting into a system that was never made for everyone. Beyond school, the Indian city unfolds in layers. There are temples and mosques standing calmly beside honking traffic. There are billboards promising success, fairness, confidence, as if life can be fixed with the right product. I see people rushing—office workers, vendors, delivery boys—everyone in motion, everyone late for something. Progress is everywhere, yet peace feels scarce. The world I see is busy proving that it is moving forward.

But what I like does not shout. It waits quietly, often unnoticed. I like early mornings when the city is still gentle, when the air feels lighter and the noise has not yet arrived. I like sitting by the window during monsoon rains, watching water collect on rooftops and roads, turning everything briefly softer. In those moments, the world feels forgiving.

In school, I like the rare periods when learning feels alive. When a teacher tells a story instead of dictating notes. When a poem is read slowly, and for a moment, the room forgets about exams. I like the feeling of understanding something deeply, not just memorising it. It is rare, but when it happens, it stays longer than marks ever do. I like friendships that arrive without warning and stay without

effort. They are built on shared silences as much as shared laughter—on tired eyes during morning assembly, on half-eaten lunches passed across desks, on jokes whispered when the teacher looks away. With friends, I can admit my fears without naming them. As a boy, I realise these bonds protect me in ways marks never can. In a world that teaches us to measure ourselves constantly, friendship is the one place where I am not required to prove anything.

Books became my quiet refuge when the world felt too loud. Inside them, people are allowed to be uncertain, to break, to start again. No one asks them for ranks or results. Reading gives me permission to slow down, to feel deeply, to think without fear of being wrong. Sometimes, I close a book and feel a sadness I cannot explain—not because the story ended, but because real life does not offer the same patience. At home, love speaks in careful voices. My parents ask about my day, my marks, my plans, as if each question is a small prayer for my future. I see their tired faces, their unspoken sacrifices, and I feel the weight of their hopes settle quietly on my shoulders. As a boy, I want to succeed not only for myself, but to justify their faith in a world that does not forgive failure easily.

There are things about this world that leave me uneasy. I do not like how quickly a child is turned into a result, how confidence can vanish after one bad exam. The world calls this preparation, but it often feels like judgement. I am slowly realising that the system does not fail loudly—it fails quietly, by convincing many that they were never good enough. This truth hurts, but it also opens my eyes.

I'd prefer not how success is defined so narrowly. In my world, there are approved paths and risky ones. Stability over passion. Safety over satisfaction. Students who choose differently are often met with concern disguised as advice. "What will you do later?" they are asked, as if happiness must come with a guarantee. The world claims it is full of opportunity, but it places conditions on who may enter. You must speak a certain way, think a certain way, dream within approved limits.

I can't stand the pressure to compare, because it enters quietly and stays for a long time. It begins with marks and ends with self-doubt. I see it in conversations that pretend to be casual—who joined which coaching centre, who speaks better English, who seems more confident online. Social media makes it sharper, turning lives into highlights while hiding the effort, fear, and failure behind them. As a boy, I often feel as if I am running someone else's race without knowing where it leads. The world teaches us to look sideways before looking inward, and slowly, comparison replaces contentment.

I also notice contradictions that make me uncomfortable. We speak of values, but practise convenience. We celebrate equality, yet accept inequality as normal. We teach children to respect elders, but not always to respect differences. I see kindness and cruelty existing side by side, sometimes in the same person. This confuses me, but it also makes me think. Still, my world is not hopeless. Hope exists in small acts. A teacher who listens. A friend who understands without explanation. A parent who supports quietly, even when they do not fully understand your choices. These moments do not make headlines, but they make life

bearable.

As a boy growing into this changing world, I stand at a difficult crossing. I am told the world is opening up, becoming modern, becoming fair. Yet I can see that it still chooses its winners carefully. Change exists, but it is selective. Freedom exists, but it is conditional. I am learning that growing up does not mean inheriting the world equally—it means negotiating with it, understanding its limits, and deciding how much of myself I am willing to adjust just to belong.

My world is still unfinished, and so am I. Every day, it shows me what must be questioned and what must be preserved. I have learned that seeing clearly is not the same as surrendering, and disliking injustice does not mean losing faith. As a boy standing at the edge of change, I carry forward what this world lacks—patience, fairness, and courage—believing that the future does not arrive fully formed, but is shaped slowly by those who refuse to stop hoping. I may not control the world I inherit, but I am determined to shape the one that follows.

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# Coming and Going — Sharanya Ghosh

**2nd (Joint)** Below 18 Category

That's how it was. Mornings full of play, friends stopping by for a game or two. Not a gang, just a few—close, without trying. The bonds came easy then, so did the games.

We quarreled, we squabbled, said things we didn't mean, but we always showed up the next day.

What I see now is the tension sweeping in—the same people, empty smiles, careless waves, drifting into something as distant as strangers.

It strikes me as odd that the goodbyes were never really said. The silence just settled on its own.

That's how easily we forget what once held us together, how presence becomes replaceable.

What I don't like is how forgetting feels normal, how people become memories before we realize they were leaving.

Maybe it was the new friends they made. Maybe it was the changes we saw in them. Maybe with age, our mindsets grew apart. And just maybe, it could've lasted.

But alas, all things must pass. The new ones arrive and, just as naturally, settle into our days. As they light the days ahead, we let go of the ones left behind.

Like seasons, they come and go, though some never vanish like stars.

What I like is that coming and going doesn't erase what was real

The friends, the memories, and the goodbyes.

It teaches us to move on, to welcome the new ones with open arms, and to cherish the ones that stuck along.

That's how we adapt to the seasons.

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# My World in Contrast — Rachayita Bose

**2nd (Joint)** Below 18 Category

## What I see

I see a world constructed like a dam—vast, disciplined, and obsessed with control. Every life is a measured release of water, regulated so nothing overflows, so nothing is wasted. Time is rationed through sluice gates; ambition decides who surges forward and who must wait behind concrete. People learn early how to hold themselves back, how to store desire safely, how to fear the consequences of spilling.

I see seriousness hardened into infrastructure. It runs underground like pipelines—mostly invisible, entirely compulsory. Wonder is filtered out as sediment. Imagination is redirected into approved channels where it can irrigate careers, reputations. Reality presents itself as a finished map with a single legend, insisting there are no blank spaces left to explore.

Yet the dam is not seamless. Hairline fractures appear. Water hums behind the walls. Sometimes it leaks through as laughter at the wrong moment, a sudden pause in a practiced life, an urge to look away from the prescribed horizon. I watch those leaks carefully. They are the most alive parts of the structure.

## What I Like

I like rivers that refuse to be straightened. I like water that forgets where it was supposed to go and invents its own geography. I am drawn to currents that vanish underground and re- emerge miles later—unannounced, unaccounted for.

My idea of escapism isn't about avoidance.; it is submersion. It is choosing depth over surface. It is sinking into imagined worlds where pressure rearranges you and the noise above cannot follow. In books, in thought, in quiet mental rooms, I loosen the bolts that keep identity rigid. I become fluid. I become unnecessary.

I like freedom that feels like buoyancy rather than flight—the knowledge that nothing is holding you down, even if you remain exactly where you are. I like the elegance of useless motion: eddies, spirals, slow drifts that serve no function except existing beautifully.

I like not being harvested by purpose.

## What I Don't Like

I don't like responsibility when it behaves like burden- constantly increasing, demanding more mass, more seriousness, more permanence. I don't like how people are praised for how much they can carry, as if collapse were the only acceptable proof of depth.

I don't like channels dug so deep they forget the river was ever free. I don't like futures poured in advance, set to harden before you've had the chance to change your mind. I don't like the language of inevitability—the quiet insistence that resistance is childish and drifting is dangerous.

Most of all, I don't like when escape is called erosion, as if wearing away rigid structures were not sometimes necessary for new landscapes to exist.

### Where My World Flows

My world is not a reservoir. It is a watershed—temporary, shifting, responsive to unseen weather. It forms wherever pressure meets refusal, wherever a path becomes too narrow and water chooses sideways.

It appears absurd only to those who confuse control with meaning. It follows no blueprint, but it follows sense—the slow, ancient sense of movement toward openness.

This world does not aim to conquer terrain. It aims to remain water.

And in a world obsessed with walls, that, in itself, is a coherent choice.

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# The Inheritance of Dust — Pratyush Patra

**1st** Above 18 (English) Category

The horizon wasn't burning; it was bleaching. The colour was draining out of the world from the edges inward, leaving behind a humming, static white void that smelled faintly of ozone and forgotten dust.

Partha checked the stabilizers on the transit- pod for the third time. "Baba, the eastern district is gone. The Fade will hit this longitude in twelve minutes. We have to seal the hatch."

His father, Keshav, didn't look up from his tea. He was sitting on a wrought- iron chair that Partha knew for a fact had been melted down for scrap twenty years ago. But here, within Keshav's personal gravity, it existed.

"The tea is good today," Keshav said, taking a slow sip. "The dampness in the air brings out the flavour."

"There is no air, Baba! It's dissolving!" Partha grabbed his father's arm. The skin felt papery, anchored to a different reality. "Please. The coordinates are set for the New Colony. It's safe there. Solid linear time; where the past stays behind you instead of dissolving under you. Where you only have to live a day once."

Keshav set the cup down on a non- existent table. He looked at his son with eyes that seemed to be watching two different years simultaneously. "You don't know what you're asking me to leave, Partha."

He stood up and simply stepped sideways. Not through the pod door, but through the afternoon light. Partha has tried this from childhood, he could never do this like his father does.

Partha gasped and lunged after him, stumbling.

The humming static cut out instantly. The air went thick, humid, and smelled aggressively of open drains and frying garlic.

They were standing behind Mrs. Gupta's old bakery, but the brickwork was slick with moss, not soot- stained like Partha remembered. It was twilight, 1968.

A much younger Keshav, barely twenty, his spine still loose with restless energy, was crouched behind a stack of crates. His hands were shaking as he struck a match against the wall, lighting a flattened cigarette.

The present- day Keshav watched his younger self with mild amusement. "Four annas for the whole pack," he murmured to Partha. "I was terrified my mother would smell it on my breath. I chewed cardamom for three hours afterward."

Partha stared at the young man who would become his father. He saw the raw,

nervous hunger in his eyes, a desperation to be grown up in a city that felt too small for him. "Why are you showing me this?" Partha whispered, afraid to break the temporal surface tension.

"Because you think this lane is just a shortcut to the metro." Keshav said, already turning a corner that shouldn't have been there.

They stepped around the brickwork and into a wall of sound.

It was midday, perhaps a decade later. The heat was ferocious. They were embedded in a sea of bodies surging down Central Avenue. Red flags snapped in the hot wind, thousands of throats roaring in unison. The collective sweat and cheap polyester created a fog over the crowd.

Partha was jostled hard. The physical solidity of the past was terrifying. He saw his father a few yards ahead, mid-shout, his shirt torn at the shoulder, his face contorted in euphoric rage. He looked alive in a way Partha had never seen him in the quiet, decaying present.

"We thought we could stop the tides just by shouting at the moon," old Keshav said, his voice clear despite the deafening roar around them. He wasn't looking at the rally; he was looking at the pavement. "See that man next to me? The one with the thick glasses? Two days later, the police took him. We never saw him again. His name is still carved into the tarmac near the university."

Partha looked down. The ground beneath them felt sacred, thick with blood and hope that hadn't yet soured. He felt a sudden, profound shame for his transit-pod and its promise of sterile safety.

"I didn't know," Partha said, his voice thick. "I didn't know it was so heavy here."

Keshav took his elbow. They took the small lane away from the crowd. The noise of the rally stretched, warped, and then silence fell like a heavy blanket.

The air was cool, smelling of antiseptic and floor wax. Fluorescent lights hummed. They were looking through the scratched observation glass of a hospital nursery.

It was late night, 1986.

On the other side of the glass, a younger Keshav, looking exhausted and terrified, was pressing his forehead against the pane. He was looking at a tiny, squalling bundle wrapped in a standard-issue blue blanket.

Partha stopped breathing. He was looking at the moment his own timeline began.

He watched his father's shoulders shake silently. He saw the moment Keshav realized his life was no longer his own property.

"You were so small," present-day Keshav whispered, his breath fogging the glass

right over his younger self's reflection. "I was afraid I would drop you. I was worried the city would eat you."

The white humming noise began to bleed into the hospital quiet. The edges of the nursery window started to fray into static. The present was catching up.

Tears tracked hot down Partha's face. The weight of it all, the nervous smoke in the alley, the roar of the lost crowd, the protective love behind the glass, all came crashing down on him. This wasn't just history; it was a living lattice of bone and memory.

"I'm not leaving," Partha said, his voice fierce. He grabbed his father's hand. It felt solid now. "I understand, Baba. I can't leave this. We stay. We end with it. I thought I wanted a world where the past stays behind me. But without the weight of these bricks, Baba, I'm just smoke. I'd rather drown in this rain than breathe that nothingness."

The white void roared, consuming the hospital hallway. The transit- pod materialized behind them, its hatch open, an inviting black mouth against the blinding nothingness.

Keshav looked at his son. The softness was gone from his eyes, replaced by a hard, urgent clarity.

"No," Keshav said. He yanked his hand away and shoved Partha hard toward the pod.

"Baba! What are you doing? I'm staying with you! With our home!"

"This isn't your home, Partha," Keshav shouted over the roar of dissolution.

Keshav grabbed the edges of the pod door, framing himself against the apocalypse.

"You're weeping for a cigarette you never smoked, Partha," Keshav said, his voice barely audible over the roar of the oncoming white. He turned his son toward the open hatch, his grip suddenly as heavy and unyielding as the bricks of the old bakery. "You're drowning in a rain that never touched you, walking in a shadow that was never meant to be yours."

He looked at the transit- pod, then back at the dissolving nursery. "Just remember where you are from." With a sudden, violent surge of strength, he pivoted, shoving Partha toward the dark mouth of the vessel. He stayed silent as he tried to get hold of what his father was saying.

"Don't borrow my memories to build your future," Keshav said, his figure already starting to blur as the timeline collapsed. "Go build your own. Find ground that remembers your footprints."

The hatch hissed shut. Partha pounded on the glass, screaming, but the sound

was swallowed by the void.

As the pod stabilizers engaged, lifting him away from the dissolving coordinates of what was once a country, Partha looked down one last time.

The hatch sealed with a hiss, cutting off the scent of antiseptic and rain. Below, the hospital and the rally didn't explode; they simply ceased, tucked into the silence of things that never were. In the centre of the white void, Keshav remained a solitary figure in a chair, lifting a tea cup towards an invisible horizon. Partha pulled his hands away from the glass. They were solid now, opaque and heavy in the pod's clinical light. He looked into the empty white ahead. It was terrifying, and it was his.

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# Imaginary Homeland — Adrija Chatterjee

**2nd** Above 18 (English) Category

Where poems don't rhyme, And oh how sweet is lime! Where the verses don't match up, Much like swans in a bathtub.

Where irony is not a thing, So sweet songbirds soulfully sing. Where the sun shines on set, And poets don't alliterate.

Where all the verses wander loose and free, The similes are silly as a bee. Where the couplets are not bound by meters, And none dare personify lifeless creatures.

Where all rules of poetry are broken, An ancient vase shattered to pieces. Where expressions run unshackled, Unjudged and untampered, wild and raw, Lies what I'll call my imaginary homeland.

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# আমারই দেশ — Atmadeep Sengupta

1st Above 18 (Bengali) Category

হয়তো কাল অত ফুর্তি না করলেই হত! রিন্টি বলছিল জায়গাটা ভালো নয়, আমিই গা করলাম না। এবার কে জানে মেয়েটা কোথায় কি অবস্থায় আছে। শালা মাথাটাও ধরে আছে, কাল এতো বাড়াবাড়ি করেছি। মা বাবা জানলে কেলেক্ষার হয়ে যাবে, যে করেই হোক ওকে খুঁজে আনতে হবে, কিন্তু কোথায় পাবো সর্বত্রই তো খুঁজে নিলাম-এক নিঃশ্বাসে এতটা ভেবে নিলো সে। তার নাম, অতটা ইম্পরট্যান্ট না, একটা মাতাল বেকার হেলে। রকে বসে সারাদিন আড়তা, এদিক ওদিক থেকে একটা বাইক ভাড়া করার চেষ্টা, আর রাত বাড়লেই বোতল বোতল বাংলা। বাইকটাও জোগাড় হচ্ছেনা, হলে অন্তত ডেলিভারির কাজ শুরু করা যেত। কাল থেকে বেকারের বোন রিন্টি, নির্ধারিত রিন্টির কলেজের জন্যই ওদের কলকাতায় আসা মাস দেড়েক আগে, বেকার ভেবেছিল কিছু একটা জুটিয়েই নেবে। হয়নি এই পোড়া দেশে। কাল রাতে রিন্টি পড়তে গেছিল, একটা নতুন টিউশানি তে ভর্তি হয়েছে এই সেমেস্টারে। বেকার কে বেশ কয়েকবার ফোন করেছিল, বারবার বলেছিল, দাদা আয় তুই একটু নিয়ে যা, জায়গাটা কেমন অন্ধকার, মদো-মাতালদের উৎপাত, আমার ঠিক ভালো লাগছে না। বেকার কর্ণপাত করেনি। 'চুপ একদম, একে তো তোর জন্য আমার সব টাকা জলে যাচ্ছে, বিয়ের বয়সে এখনো পড়ার শখ যায়না, তার ওপর নিয়ে যা দিয়ে যা, এই-সেই। যথেষ্ট বড়ে হয়েছিস, নিজেই পারবি চলাফেরা করতে' বলে বেকার থামিয়ে দিয়েছিল রিন্টিকে। পরে অবশ্য ওর মনে হয়েছে যে এতটা না বললেও হত, মেয়েটা একটু পড়ছে, ওর তো সেটাও হয়নি। যখন রাত আড়াইটে তে বেকার বাড়ি ফিরলো, ঘরের আলো নেভানো ছিল। রিন্টি রিন্টি ডেকেও সাড়া পায়নি। বেশ চড়ে গেছিল, বোন ঘুমিয়ে পড়েছে ভেবে নিশ্চিন্তে বেকার শুতে চলে গেছিল। সকালে উঠে দেখে নেই বোন। কিছুক্ষণ ভাবার পর বেকার মনে করতে পারল, চাবিটা রাতে সে-ই খুলেছিল, মানে রিন্টি রাতে ফেরেনি। সেই থেকে সে হন্যে হয়ে খুঁজছে বোন কে। কিন্তু পালিয়ে অন্য কারো সাথে বিয়ে করে নিলো? আদৌ এই নতুন টিউশন টা আসল তো? কুলকিনারা পাচ্ছেনা বেকার। বেকার ফোন করল তার বন্ধুকে, ধরা যাক তার নাম বেকার-২। 'ভাই কালকের মালটা জম্পেশ ছিল, অনেকদিন পর এরম মাল খেলাম ভাই। বল ভাই আজকেও খাবি নাকি?'

'আরে একটা বিপদ হয়ে গেছে রে! রিন্টি কাল রাতে পড়তে গিয়ে আর ফেরেনি। সারা পাড়া খুঁজে নিলাম ভাই। কোথায় গেছে বলতো?'

'ভাই কি বলছিস কি তুই? তাহলে কি ওটা রিন্টিই?' 'কোনটা রিন্টি?' 'আজ সকালে আমাদের পাড়ায় একটা অচেনা মেয়ে গলায় দড়ি দিয়েছে। কেউ নাম ঠিকানা বলতে পারছেনা। তুই একবার তাড়াতাড়ি আয় তো।' 'এই তুই কার সাথে কাকে গোলাছিস কি বলছিস? আমার বোন এরকম না এটা ও হতেই পারেনা!'

বেকার আবার ভুল ছিল। রিন্টি পারে। ঐ বটগাছ টায় যে লাশ টা ঝুলছে, সেটার জামাটা অনেক দূর থেকেই ও বুবতে পারছে, চড়কের মেলায় গত বছর কিনে দেওয়া চুড়িদার টাই। বেকার কাছাকাছি যেতে পারেনা, একগাদা লোকের ভিড়। 'আজকালকার মেয়েছেলে গুলোকে দেখো একবার। খালি এদিক ওদিক প্রেম করে বেড়াবে, আর তার ফলাফল এটা। দিনকে দিন সমাজ টা উচ্চন্ত্রে যাচ্ছে। প্রেম পিরিত মোছ্ব সেক্স..... বেকার খুব রেগেমেগে কিছু একটা বলতে যায়। কিন্তু ওর গলার কাছটা অন্তুত দলা পাকিয়ে যেতে থাকে। পিঠে চড়িয়ে সারা গ্রাম ঘোরা, সাইকেল শিখিয়ে দেওয়া, মাধ্যমিকে যখন স্কুলে প্রথম হল সারা স্কুলে মিষ্টি বিতরণ, রিন্টির গানের অপরূপ গলা, আবৃত্তির তীব্র ঝংকার, সবকিছু বেকারের বামি হয়ে বেরিয়ে আসে। এক পাড়া লোকের মাঝে বেকার কাঁদতে কাঁদতে বামি করতে থাকে। রিন্টির কাছে গিয়ে দেখে ওর জামাটা একটু ছেঁড়া, বেচারি সংসারের হাল দেখে সূচ সুতোর কথা মুখ ফুটে আর বলেনি।

পুলিশ এসে লাশটা নামায়। দারোগাবাবু কিছুক্ষণ দাঁড়িয়ে থেকে বলে, এই একবার এদিকে দেখো, গালে ঘাড়ে আঁচড়ের দাগ। আমার ঠিক সবকিছু ঠিক লাগছেনা। ভাঙ্গারবাবু কে জিজেস করে উনি যদি পিএম রিপোর্ট টা একটু আর্জেট বেসিসে করে দেন। দেখো আশেপাশে আর কিছু পাও কিনা। আর ওর দাদা মালটাকে ডেকে আনো, একটু বসিয়ে জল মিষ্টি দাও, দেখে বেশ রঞ্চ লাগছে, কেঁদে কেঁদে একসা হয়ে গেছে। বেকার এক কোণে রিন্টির ব্যাগ টা নিয়ে ফুঁপিয়ে কেঁদে চলেছে। হঠাৎ কি মনে হল, ব্যাগ টা একবার খুলে দেখল। একটা

খাতা, একটা জলের বোতল, একটা বইয়ের প্রিন্টআউট। কি বাকবাকে হাতের লেখা ছিল মেয়েটার, পুরো ওর চোখ দুটোর মতো। খাতাটা খুলতেই একটা ছেঁড়া পাতা নিচে পড়ল, বেশ অবস্থার কাঁপা হাতে লেখা। বেকার বেশ বিস্মিত হল, রিস্টি এভাবে নোটস রাখার মেয়ে নয় বলেই জানতো ও। তবে কি এটা সুইসাইড নোট? পকেট হাতড়ে চশমাটা খুঁজে পেলোনা বেকার। পুলিশের একজন কে ধরে পড়তে বলল কি লেখা। সাধারণ হাবিলদার, বেকারের চেনা, বেশ সহানুভূতির সাথেই এগিয়ে এলো। 'দাদা আমি রিস্টি ছিলাম। একবার শুনে নিতি আমাকে শেষ করার আগে। চললাম, বাবা মাকে কিছু জানানোর দরকার নেই। একবার.....' হাবিলদার পড়া শেষ করার আগেই ছুটল দারোগার কাছে। বেকারের মাথায় একটাই আর্টনাদ মনে পড়তে লাগল, 'দাদা ছেড়ে দে আমাকে দাদা খুব লাগছে আমাকে ছেড়ে দে আমি তো তোর বোন হই বল দাদা প্লিজ দাদা প্লিজ লাগছে দাদা প্লিজ দাদা'

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## সমর্পণ — Aritrabha Majumdar

**2nd** Above 18 (Bengali) Category

বেদনা নয়, প্রেম নয়, হাদয়ের গভীরে  
এক অনিবর্চনীয় বোধের জন্ম হয়।  
সে নীরবে এসে অবশ করে দেয়  
আমার প্রত্যেকটা স্নায়ুকোষ...দোনলার শব্দ শুনি  
বিরহের, নাকি মরণের মুখে এসে পড়ে  
সব; আমাদের অস্থি চর্ম রক্ত নিয়ে  
পড়ে থাকি আমরাও, মৃত মৃগদের মতো।  
আমাদের এ হাদয়ে ঘুম আর আসেনা কো,  
বোধিসত্ত্বের সভায় আজ নিষাদের নিঃশব্দ পদধ্বনি...  
সর্বত্র আজ কঞ্চিরোধ, অথবা নিঃশব্দ সমর্পণ।

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*Congratulations to all the winners!*