



Department of Biotechnology

presents

e-Bioवीड्य

A Rising Need For Mental Health Awareness



Welcome!

Dear Reader,

It has undoubtedly been a very exciting and innovative experience for us while creating the first electronic issue of Bioवीज़. This magazine is the cumulation of all the beautiful creations of our beloved seniors and classmates.

The primary focus of this edition of Bioवीज़ is “Mental Health”.

The ongoing pandemic, the economic crisis and the dangers concerning our physical health has taken a toll on our mental state. So speaking openly about our mental health needs to be normalized just like we do for our physical well being. The objective of this edition is to address the stigma surrounding Mental Health and support each other.

This “September Issue of Bioवीज़” would not have been possible without the help and guidance of our beloved professors, our HOD Dr. Srabanti Basu and our Bioवीज़ coordinator Dr. Nandan Kumar Jana.

The formation and completion of this e-issue, despite the numerous obstacles we faced, is a great achievement for our team. Ultimately, the success of our e-magazine lies in the hands of our readers.

We hope that our efforts and desire to bring change reflects through every contribution made in this magazine.

Thank you,

Editorial team



A NOTE FROM THE HOD

Bioवैज्ञ, the wall magazine of the Biotechnology department is going to be published digitally for the first time. I remember how enthusiastically our students used to draw, decorate and finally put up their magazine on the board in the other years.

This year we didn't have the opportunity to work in the department. But we worked together from a distance.

The pandemic could not stop us from being together.

It's my real pleasure to see the new move of the students. I congratulate the team.

I also congratulate Dr. Nandan Kumar Jana who guided the youngsters.

-Dr. Srabanti Basu (HOD)

Department of Biotechnology



A NOTE FROM THE CO-ORDINATOR

Our BT 2nd year students are always enthusiastic; they are full of energy for creation and imagination. Our students have always enjoyed and showed the minds of creation with wonderful ideas. Bioवैज्ञ is the canvas or showcase where we observe the artistic and literary skills and talents of our BT students.

As the coordinator of e-Bioवैज्ञ, I have enjoyed the wonderful journey of the first e-Bioवैज्ञ (September'20) issue from its starting to its execution, from the idea of creation to its presentation in the electronic medium. All of this would not have been possible without the collaborative initiative taken by the organizing team in terms of creativity, technical skills, team work and patience. I sincerely appreciate all the contributors whose artistic and literary work has been published.

It is the first presentation of such an e-magazine by BT students. I am sure it will be appreciated by all.

-Dr. Nandan Kumar Jana
Department of Biotechnology

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Hope, Time and You

*Khaamoshi ka saath ho,
Bin kahe bin sune, baat ho teri meri...
Neend jab ho laapata, udasiyan zara hata
Khwabon ki razaai mein, raat ho teri meri...*

You've been a collector all your life, you've spent the last two decades or so collecting almost anything that you've got hold of; memories, moments, mouthful of words, sometimes even the lack of it, glances, songs, mostly their lyrics, voices, even the silence but amidst all these gloomy classifications what you've tried to collect, is Time.

But as you lie down all alone at the end of the day, eyes glued to the ceiling or you simply sit idle by the window gazing at the pitch black sky all that you can conclude is that, it's Time that has collected you, you've left your pieces along with it throughout these two decades. You lost a bit of yourself with every failed attempt, with every unfinished word, with every unsaid goodbye and with every unheard call. You lost a bit of yourself every time. And you feel that you have failed, you have lost, and there is nothing good left for you.

But Time has collected these lost bits of yours and created an entity. That entity looks exactly like you but is made up of all the aspirations that you could never achieve, all the dreams that you could never fulfil, all the souls that you could never touch. That entity is the Hope that keeps you moving everyday. Let that stay. Let it guide you in every moment of your life. Let Time collect those lost bits. Let it create Hope in every breath of yours.

Hope looks exactly like you, it does. Let it stay.

-Prakriti Seth

Biotechnology, 4th Year

In A Maze

*I am moving.
From one place to another,
From one sad story to the next,
Skipping over lonely gardens
and walking amidst deeds put to rest.*

*My legs carry me away,
To lands beyond the known masses,
And as I listen to a thousand croaky voices
Narrate stories that matter to them,
I wander around alleys and highways
Trying to fathom what to run from next.*

*Is it the reality? Or is it just the people?
Is this even a way to live?
Or am I just running towards an oblivion?
My mind is swirling with thoughts,
My head is spinning with information,
I wish to make it stop, but I fail when time comes.*

*So here I am, moving
From one place to another,
From one sad story to the next
Skipping over lonely gardens,
And God knows what's next.*

*-Trisha Bhattacharya
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*

OCD Through The Eyes Of An Optimist

OCD or Obsessive Compulsive Disorder is a psychological disorder that is much worse than just arranging things neatly. Sounds quite pessimistic, don't you think?

My 13 year old self would have agreed, although her definition of optimism was going to be changed forever.

When I was about 14, I stumbled upon a book that preached that thoughts control our reality. I took it very literally and decided to control my negative thoughts in order to avoid any bad things from happening. Only happy thoughts were allowed now. As much as I tried, I couldn't stop negative thoughts and fears from appearing. So I tried to suppress them, only to have more such fears appear along with a new fear: the fear of making fears come true. This created a vicious cycle of attempted suppression and creation of fears. But I was an optimist; I was clearly not going to give in to the darkness like that. And so continued my cycle of multiplying fears and the futile effort to remain positive and fighting it with my all.

Then suddenly one day, it dawned on me how little I was able to fight it and that my worst fear would come true: I was going to die soon. I had a horrible mental breakdown and I was rushed to the ER due to shortness of breath. I had submitted to my fate, believing it was the end.

Of course it was nothing much, just symptoms of panic. But I just couldn't fight anymore, I could only survive. I yearned to feel alive again, like my carefree friends and family. I decided to get medical help because I finally understood I wasn't alright, that I was mentally ill. After a counselling session, I felt something I hadn't felt in a long time: hope. The hope that a person drowning in quicksand feels, when he sees a rope.

Years later, I'm an optimist again. I'm healing from the trauma and my OCD is more manageable now. But this time, optimism doesn't mean believing that my mental health will never deteriorate. Now optimism comes from knowing that I will slow down and get help when my mental health does deteriorate.

-Archita Das

Biotechnology, 2nd Year

Thoughts

*My mind desperately tries and tries
To forget the thoughts and worries
To let go of certain attachments
To free myself from the clutches of uncertainty
I stare up at my ceiling
Inside this room filled with the air of my heavy breathing
The smell of fresh breeze and damp grass outside my window
So sweet yet so far
The fear rampant on the roads
No more people smiling broadly
Their eyes reflect the horror in their hearts
Their swift pace becoming swifter by the second
The urging need to return home
Roadsides are deserted and desolate
The carefree laugh of children have become obsolete
The chirping of birds suddenly sound lonely and forlorn
Will it be a person with whom I share no acquaintance?
Will it be a loved one?
The terror which grips us all
The terror which makes our heart skip a beat at the threshold
Will it ever go away?*

*-Chandrika Sarkar
Biotechnology, 2nd Year*

Becoming Tough

*Some days it's really easy
But sometimes it gets rough.
Not knowing what's coming next,
Not being excited about things enough.*

*But days go by
And I manage to act like I'm fine.
Yet every day
Without any warning sign,
Comes these sudden rushes of anxiety
And evades every thought of mine.*

*Well, why is sharing feelings something I miss?
But to tell you the truth I wasn't always like this:*

*I had tried talking about this to people before,
But felt that I am burdening them with my unnecessary thoughts even more.*

*Some people termed me as weak,
Some said it was attention that I seeked?*

*After prolonged rumors I closed myself up.
Built this wall around my heart,
Made it stronger and tried to be more tough.
Now it's only my strong side that people see,
My weaknesses and vulnerabilities are for show, but only for me.*

*I adapted myself to the society.
I understood too young that people aren't always what they appear to be!*

*-Ankita Chowdhury
Biotechnology, 2nd Year*

Staying Positive During the Pandemic

"Anything that's human is mentionable, and anything that's mentionable is manageable"

Pandemics can be stressful. In this new world, where your smile gets hidden behind a mask, where hugs are no longer considered warm, where quarantine measures have become the need of the hour; the world at large is lonely and depressed, debarred from human touch.

Uncertainty brings fear. Constant fear about the health of loved ones, uncertain job status, especially for those who are working to make ends meet, break in daily routine, abrupt changes in eating and sleeping patterns are bound to bring in waves of anxiety and emotional instability. Running out of ideas on what to do every day ever since the beginning of lockdown makes days feel longer than usual. Supervising your mental health is a bit tricky one amidst the global pandemic!

It's high time to realize that mental illness is just like cancer or diabetes and requires knowledge, awareness and treatment. Dealing with anxiety and stress requires acceptance, compassion and kindness. Words are powerful. When we say them, we believe them. Say words of positivity to yourself daily, speak them out loud! Trust me, this helps.

The stigma associated with mental health has to be broken. Mental health requires more sunlight, candor and unashamed conversations. Social distancing does not mean emotional distancing .You can stay far away physically, but, your hearts can still be connected. Reach out to close and trusted ones; allow others to open up to you, LISTEN without giving advice, 'cause most often they need to speak things out. Small steps like these may help someone looking out for some hope and love.

P.S. - Your mental health is priority!

-Rijula Batabyal

Biotechnology, 3rd Year

নিশান

অনিশ্চয়তার জীবন
জানিনা পরের মুহূর্তে কি হবে
তবু অপেক্ষায় থাকে মন
এই দুর্দিন নাহি রবে।

বেশ তো ছিল ছন্দে ভরা দিন
লেখাপড়া বন্ধু আড্ডা মনেতে রিমঝিম
হঠাৎ এলো করোনা ভাইরাস
বিপর্যয়ে পৃথিবী সম্মুখীন।

ঘরেই শুধু অনলাইনে পড়তে ক্লান্ত মন
দুর্ভিক্ষ অসুস্থ আজ প্রতিবেশী সবাই
অনভ্যস্ত ল্যাপটপের আঙুল নিখর
মনোরোগী আমরা সবাই
চাই মুক্তি পণ।

করোনা যুদ্ধ শেষ হয়নি লড়াই আছে ময়দানে
তাই বলে কি হারতে হবে ?
মোটাই তা নয়
যুদ্ধ জয়ের শেষ নিশানা
পদাতিকই ঠিক জানে।

তবুও আমরা প্রান খুলে সবার সাথে হাসবো
সবাইকে বুঝিয়ে দিয়ে বলবো
গতকালের থেকে আমরা সবাই আছি ভালো
আরো বেশি দীপ্তি পাবে আলো ।।

-অন্বেষা রায়
বায়োটেকনোলজি, তৃতীয় বর্ষ

Feeling Empty

Looking at these empty pages for a moment, I understood how empty my life feels. It lacks words. Words not so deceiving enough to fill the heart with joy. I feel weak in my knees. I accept the truth. The truth, painful enough to break my heart apart. But lies? Lies are more painful. You die slowly and steadily when you get to know the truth. When you feel the pain- knowing that someone lied to you.

I know it is not good. Moving away from everybody. Maybe I am doing a mistake. I want to shout at them, "Come back! I don't want to leave you. Please don't leave me". Yet I can't utter a word. All I say is, "leave me alone!"

As of now I don't want to fill my heart. I don't want any friends. I don't want to shout and neither do I want to cry. All I want is one and only one thing: 'A life'.

*-Debasmit Biswas
Biotechnology, 2nd Year*

Artistic Minds I



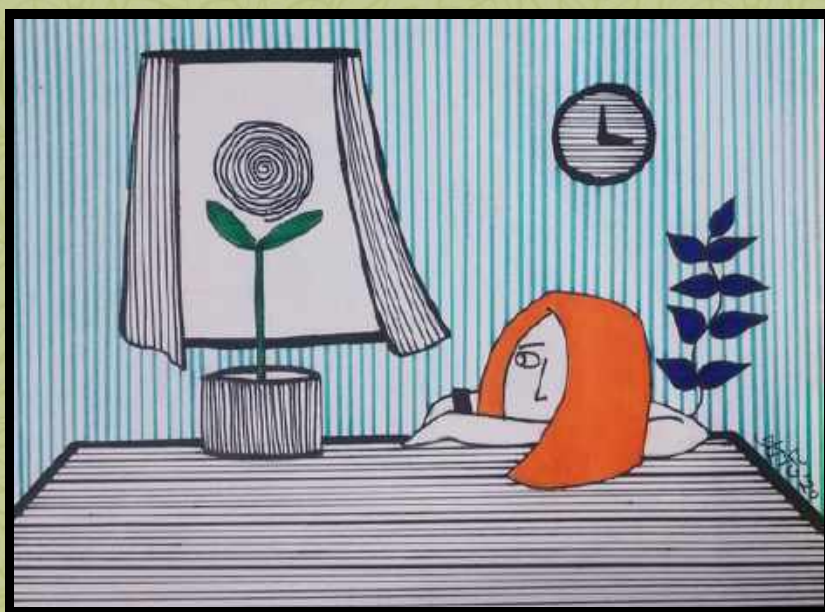
Chandrika Sarkar
Biotechnology, 2nd Year



Madhurima Majumdar
Biotechnology, 2nd Year



Roshni Majumdar
Biotechnology, 2nd Year



Prakriti Seth
Biotechnology, 4th Year

Loving herself again

*She is alone and all in pain
Darkness hovers over her brain;
She feels like a bird with a broken wing,
Mangled by all the bad she has seen.*

*Her mind is full of endless thought,
Tired from the battles she has fought.
She wants to fly like a kite,
Skedaddle from everyone's sight.*

*She craves for someone's hold;
Who is confident and bold?
She wants to utter, she wants to cry
Alas! There is no soul nearby.*

*A mesmerizing light falls on her face,
She feels energetic and amazed.
In the mirror, she glances at herself
And with a smile, she exclaims, "I still love myself!"*

*-Shubhayan Dasgupta
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*

Sadness

Sadness I do not wish to write about you. I wish to save you, all up for myself, alone. You were there, always there with me, for me.

You were there when my eyes refused to see anymore light, you were there when my heart felt alone, you were there when I didn't wish to be here anymore, embracing me in your warmth giving me all the darkness I needed.

In a corner of the shabby little world of our own, we spent days together in the dark, silent. You were there in all my beautiful sunsets and sunrises. You were there when I laughed and loved. You were there on lazy Sundays. You were there when I was alive. Every second, every day, every year, you were there.

Behind the kohl of my eyes, within my careless fingers, my carefully made smile. You were there, always no matter how lonely I was or not. You supported me, embraced me and broke me into beautiful little pieces and scattered them around, burning my smile and tears, telling me how I do not deserve to live without you. How it was meant for us to be here, poisoning our little messed lives and burying whatever happiness we had left. But I'm glad you were there. You set me free. So I mustn't write about you sadness, because I do not wish to share you.

-Debalina Das

Biotechnology, 2nd Year

O ' CLOCK

*Gale unfurls cavern of a bare sonnet,
Pitter-patter muddles some blissful gloom;
Tyrant is still dozy under the doom ;
Communion with petrichor in first light.*

*Now you turn out to be pantomime peril.
Torpido moaning never felt more piercing;
Apathy emerges out to be most tempting.
Clock to decoy death and deceive the devil.*

*Humanity gettin' baptized, smirks hierarch;
This test of time will be etched on as insignia of resistance.
Amidst torpor, I lament why everyday doesn't ripen into petrarch !*

*"To be or not to be" burbles the scholar ;
Choice mirrors a rift between struggle and existence.
From this gore macabre, seems hour be the only elixir.*

- Shourya Majumder

Biotechnology, 4th Year

*(Written on the dark hours of Amphan, 20/05... This time is hard for all of us,
but this too shall pass.)*

When it rains, look for rainbow, When it's dark, look for stars.

Currently, we are all facing an unprecedented crisis.

The world has turned topsy-turvy due to the global pandemic. During the lockdown period, mental and physical well-being of most people, be it senior citizens, job holders, students or housewives have been affected. Severe anxiety, stress, depression, lack of confidence has hit every section of the society. However, it is a very normal response amidst the sudden outbreak of this pandemic. But, losing hope and giving up to negative emotions cannot be a solution; instead we should try to keep ourselves busy and active to avoid negativity. Meditating, chatting with friends, relatives, neighbors, doing any kind of creative work, helping in doing household chores, reading classics, trying to learn new activities might help us enhance our quality of life amidst the pandemic. Also, extending our helping hand to atleast one needy person by enhancing their quality of life during this pandemic, we shall justify the values and ethics embedded in our Indian cultural system.

*-Aneshwa Chakrabarti
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*

Artistic Minds II



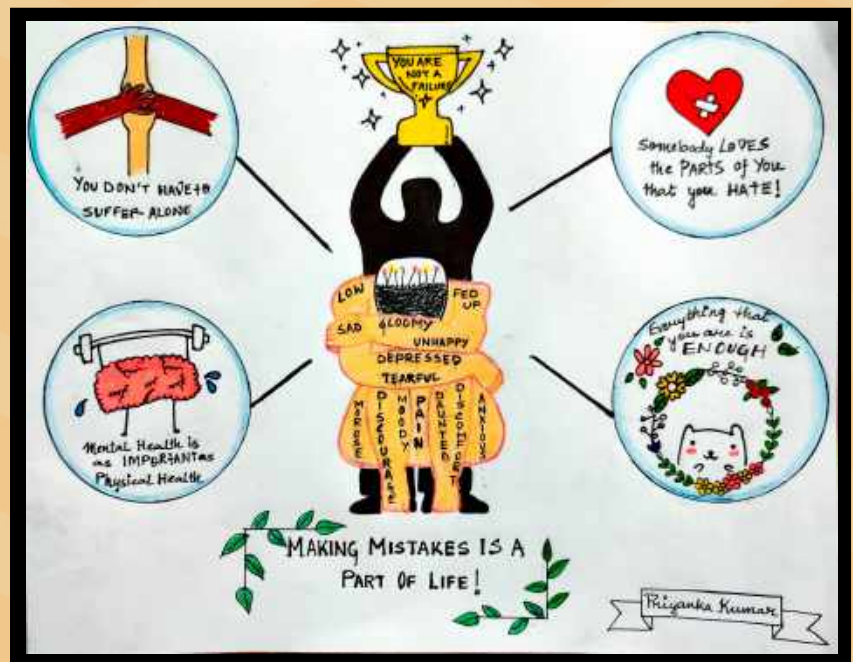
Gourab Das
Biotechnology, 2nd Year



Madhurima Mazumder
Biotechnology, 2nd Year



Trisha Bhattacharyya
Biotechnology, 3rd Year



Priyanka Kumar
Biotechnology, 2nd Year

Some Days

*Some days are uncertain;
You don't know what to feel
Your mind turns and reels
Jumbling emotions into a mess.
You cry and laugh at once
Wanting to reach out with stretched hands
Yet bound by heels.
And you let that inner storm brew
Until it takes an ugly shape
And burst out of you.*

*Some days are quiet;
They whisper nothings to you.
And even though you would like to,
You don't feel a thing.
You just sit there, facing the wind
Going over the choices that brought you here,
At yet another crossroad.
Hoping to make the right choice
Knowing it would someday seem wrong.*

*Some days are bright;
With happy memories all around
These are rare and they never last too long.
When you hit a downward spiral
They just remind you to not drown.
These days you miss the most,
The laughter and the love
The trust and belonging,
You claw hard as they slip
Like sand from your fist.*

*And the cycle goes on
Of life at the edge of this cliff;
Chasing your share of peace
Till you cease to exist.*

*-Ananya Bhattacharjee
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*

मानसिक स्वास्थ्य जागरूकता के लिए बढ़ती आवश्यकता

दुनिया भर में मानसिक स्वास्थ्य एक बड़ी चिंता है। इसे साझा करने में भारत भी पीछे नहीं है। यदि हम मानसिक स्वास्थ्य के क्षेत्र में विकास का मूल्यांकन करते हैं, तो गति धीमी प्रतीत होती है। अधिकांश निम्न-और मध्यम आय वाले देशों में मानसिक स्वास्थ्य सेवा वितरण में प्रगति धीमी रही है। बाधाओं में मौजूदा सार्वजनिक-स्वास्थ्य प्राथमिकताएं और धन पर इसके प्रभाव शामिल हैं साथ ही साथ नई तकनीकों का लाभ उठाने के लिए विशेष रूप से इंटरनेट, बड़े डेटा और सेल फोन सरल क्षेत्र हस्तक्षेपों को बढ़ाने में प्राथमिक देखभाल और अन्य पारिस्थितिकी में सफल पाया गया।

एक अध्ययन में किशोरों के बीच मानसिक स्वास्थ्य की साक्षरता बहुत कम पाई गई। स्वास्थ्य साक्षरता को "अच्छे स्वास्थ्य को बढ़ावा देने और बनाए रखने के लिए जानकारी का उपयोग, समझने और उपयोग करने की क्षमता" के रूप में वर्णित किया गया है। बड़ी भारतीय आबादी से अपने स्वयं के मानसिक स्वास्थ्य में शामिल होने के लिए, मानसिक स्वास्थ्य जागरूकता बढ़ाने के माध्यम से ही एकमात्र रास्ता है जो अपनी स्वयं की मांग उत्पन्न करेगा।

मानसिक स्वास्थ्य जागरूकता अभियानों के सकारात्मक परिणाम मिले हैं। मानसिक बीमारियों के बारे में ज्ञान का अभाव मानसिक स्वास्थ्य देखभाल वितरण प्रणाली के लिए एक चुनौती है। अनुसंधान ने निम्न-आय वाले देशों में समुदाय-आधारित प्रणालियों की भूमिका को उजागर किया और जागरूकता पैदा करने में भी सकारात्मक परिणाम प्राप्त किए हैं। जागरूकता और स्वास्थ्य साक्षरता एक ही सिक्के के दो पहलू हैं।

मीडिया मानसिक स्वास्थ्य जागरूकता के क्षेत्र में कार्रवाई की आधारशिला रहा है। पत्रकारों और अन्य सामग्री प्रदाताओं के लिए साक्ष्य-आधारित मानसिक स्वास्थ्य जानकारी आसानी से उपलब्ध कराना, जैसे विश्वविश्वसनीय स्रोतों से इंटरनेट पोर्टल, उनकी वेबसाइटों के माध्यम से एक अपेक्षाकृत सरल कदम है। बरामद रोगियों को प्रोत्साहित करने के लिए उनकी सफलता की कहानियों को सभी के लिए सुलभ बनाने के लिए प्रामाणिक आख्यानों की अच्छाई बनाना होगा।

यह देखते हुए कि मानसिक स्वास्थ्य को बढ़ाने के लिए पहले की अधिकांश रणनीतियाँ पिछले छह दशकों में या कम-विकसित देशों में अधिक सफल नहीं हुई हैं, नए उत्साह के साथ एक नया दृष्टिकोण अपनाने का समय आ गया है। प्रगतिशील सरकार की नीतियां एक साथ मानसिक बीमारियों के दोष को दूर करने में मदद कर सकती हैं।

-आर्यन

बायोटेक्नोलॉजी, द्वितीय वर्ष

বন্ধু

আকাশের আজ মন খারাপ। মন খারাপের কোন *specific* কারণ না থাকলেও, এই যে পাঁচ মাস ধরে স্কুল বন্ধ, বন্ধুদের সাথে দেখা হচ্ছেনা, এই নিয়েই মন খারাপ। ইদানিং, ওটিভি, পেপারে একটা নতুন শব্দ দেখেছে- 'ডিপ্রেশন'। আকাশ ক্লাস সিক্সে পড়ে, ফলে এত কঠিন একটা শব্দের মানে জানতনা। তার বন্ধুদের কাছ থেকে জানল এর মানে 'মনখারাপ'। এবার সে বলতে শুরু করল সে 'ডিপ্রেসড'। আর যাদের বলে তারা ও খেলার ছলে ব্যপারটাকে নেয়।

আকাশের পাশের ফ্ল্যাটেই থাকে আর্ষ। বাবা-মা সরকারি হাসপাতালের ডাক্তার, সকালে বেরিয়ে যায়, রাতে ফেরে। কোভিড রোগী দেখে বলে আলাদা ঘরে থাকছে, আর্ষর সাথে খুব একটা কথা হয়না, যা অল্প-স্বল্প কথা হয় ওই ভিডিও কলে। আর্ষ *class 12* পাশ করেছে এই বছর, তার ইচ্ছে 111তে *engineering* পড়ার, কিন্তু এই অতিমারির মধ্যে কিভাবে পরিক্ষা দেবে, এই নিয়ে ভীষণ চিন্তিত। তার সেরকম কোন বন্ধুও নেই নিজের মনের কথা বলার জন্যে। *Introvert* হওয়ার কারণে কোনোদিনই সে খুব একটা কথা বলেনি। তার *best friend* তার মা, এখন তো মায়ের সাথেও সেরকম ভাবে কথা হয় না। আর্ষ একা হয়ে যেতে থাকে। সে তার বাবা-মাকে জানায় সে একা বোধ করে এবং তার *depressed* লাগে। তার বাবা-মা খুব একটা পান্ডা দেয়না এবং বলে আজকাল সবারই নাকি এরকম লাগছে এমন কি পাশের বাড়ির ওইটুকু বাচ্চা আকাশও নাকি এরকম কথা বলে। সে আরও একা হয়ে যেতে থাকে এবং একদিন চরম রাস্তা বেছে নিতে বাধ্য হয়। তার বাবা-মা রাতে বাড়ি এসে অনেকবার দরজা ধাক্কা দিয়েও সাড়া না পেয়ে ফ্ল্যাটের ডুপ্লিকেট চাবি জোগাড় করে দরজা খুলে দেখে যে আর্ষ মেঝেতে শুয়ে আছে কোন হুশ নেই। সঙ্গেসঙ্গে তারা আর্ষকে নিয়ে হাসপাতালের দিকে রওনা হয়, সেখানে গিয়ে তারা বুঝতে পারে আর্ষ অনেকগুলি ঘুমের বড়ি একসাথে খেয়ে নিয়েছিল। কিন্তু ঘুমের বড়ি যথেষ্ট পরিমাণে না থাকায় তাঁর বিশেষ ক্ষতি হয়নি। আর্ষর মা সত্যিই বুঝতে পারে যে ছেলে *depressed* ছিল এবং এটা নিছক 'মনখারাপ' নয়।

ইতিমধ্যে ফ্ল্যাটের সবাই *depression* নিয়ে খুব সোচ্চার। আকাশ কিন্তু চুপ করে বসে আছে। সে সিদ্ধান্ত নিয়েছে সে তার বন্ধুদের বলবে যে *depression* নিছক মনখারাপ নয়, এটা মনের অসুখ, এটা হলে ডাক্তারের কাছে যেতে হয়, এবং আর্ষদাদার সাথে রোজ কথা বলবে।

কিছুদিন বাদে দেখা গেল আর্ষর নতুন *best friend* হচ্ছে আকাশ। আর আকাশও সবাইকে বলে যে তার *best friend* আর্ষদাদা।।

-দেবস্মিতা শর্মা চৌধুরী
বায়োটেকনোলজি, তৃতীয় বর্ষ

Artistic Animation



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Adrita Saha
Biotechnology, 4th Year

স্পর্শকাতর

স্পর্শ যখন স্পর্শকাতর
রুদ্ধ কারায় মন
জীবন যখন বেজায় জখম
বন্ধ চতুষ্কোন।

বন্ধু বলেই হাত বাড়ালে
বন্ধু মেলাই ভার
পাশে থাকার মিথ্যে আশায়
অপেক্ষাটাই সাড়।

অতিমারীর দাবানলে
বেড়িয়ে পড়ে সত্য
নতুন করে মানিয়ে নিয়ে
এগিয়ে চলার তথ্য।

নিজের সাথেই মনের কথা
নিজের মনেই রাগ
মানুষ শুধু কথার কথায়
নিজের নিয়েই থাক।

-শ্রেয়া ঝা
বায়োটেকনোলজি, তৃতীয় বর্ষ

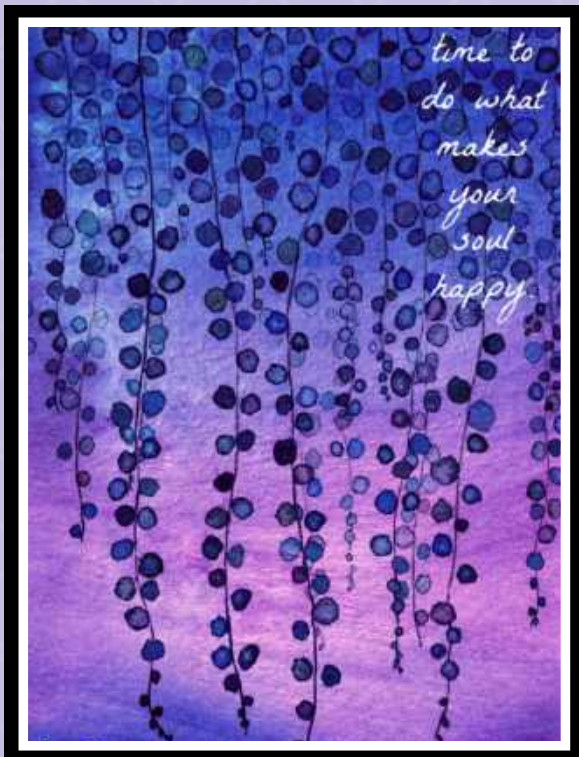
Artistic Minds III



*Anusua Sarkar
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*



*Kalpesh Saha
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*



*Pratik Mitra
Biotechnology, 3rd Year*



*Souvadra Das
Biotechnology, 2nd Year*

ORGANISING TEAM

Collection



Aiswaryee Banik



Debasmit Biswas



Ritacheta Ray



Srijita Debnath



Tanwi Sadhu

Editorial



Ankita Chowdhury



Chandrika Sarakar



Debalina Das



Rajanyaa Chowdhury



Urmy Biswas

Design



Aliza Hyder



Banhishikha Biswas



Bidisha Roy



Gourab Das



Souvadra Das

Thank You!



We would like to Thank You all for sending in your beautiful creations.

We appreciate the love and support you gave us to make this issue successful.