

SAIKATEY

Bengali Association of
South Florida | BASFL 
2016





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PRESIDENT'S *Message*



“ Throughout the year BASFL strives to connect us, the Bengali community of South Florida, with our beloved native Bengal. ”

It is that time of the year again! It's the time for dhaker awaaj, dhoop-dhuner gondho, monro and kashor ghonta. Maa Aschen Jey! On this festive occasion, on behalf of the Bengali Association of South Florida, I would like to invite you to join us in the celebration of Maa Durga on 8th and 9th October 2016.

Throughout the year BASFL strives to connect us, the Bengali community of South Florida, with our beloved native Bengal. It is

also through our festivals and cultural events that we try to inculcate in our next generation the same culture and traditions that we grew up with. Earlier this year, we celebrated the Saraswati Pujo and Holi with great enthusiasm. The overwhelming participation at the Rabindra-Nazrul Jayanti proved again how we Bengalis, both young and old, love our great poets.

I sincerely thank our BASFL members in organizing all events this year with great success. I also appreciate our donors, sponsors and advertisers for their generous support. I also acknowledge the effort and hard work put in by the BASFL participants and volunteers in organizing these events. On this auspicious festival of Durga Pujo, which epitomizes the triumph of good over evil, I would like to convey my warmest greetings and Sharodiyar Subheccha to you. I hope you have a memorable time at this year's BASFL Durga Pujo and Sharodiya Jalsa.

Happy reading Saikatay.

Thank You,
Bhaskar Choudhuri

JALSHAGHAR !



A look at the interior of the "Jalshaghar" in the Thakur Dalim, a film from the Scrippsian Mukherjee's family home. I took this picture during the 2011 film festival, hosted by Bibhu Chaiti Mukherjee during the 50th anniversary of the film. 4 years back.

“ Shorbot e ki diye-
chis re? Angye
Hujur, muchkundo
fuuler gota kotok papri
bete diyechilum.....Ooo,
besh hoyeche.!”

However simple might be the sight of a zamindar relishing his glass of refreshment on his return from an afternoon outing, the observer is instantly conveyed the regality of his daily life, his glass of "shorbot" laced with the paste of "Kanak Champa petals" .. The privilege of his birth and his style...How luxurious!

The grandeur & the decadence of belonging to a family of prestige, is too much of a burden to carry when the reality differs on a catastrophic scale from the opulence one was used to once. Ray portrayed the

torments of a lonely man, born into royal blood and riches, living in a decaying palace, trying to uphold his pride and family prestige against all odds of almost nonexistent economic means, his only resources being the family jewels of his predecessors, which are already dwindling down to the last few.

Being the last in his line of rich zamindars, having lost everything, including his family, to his

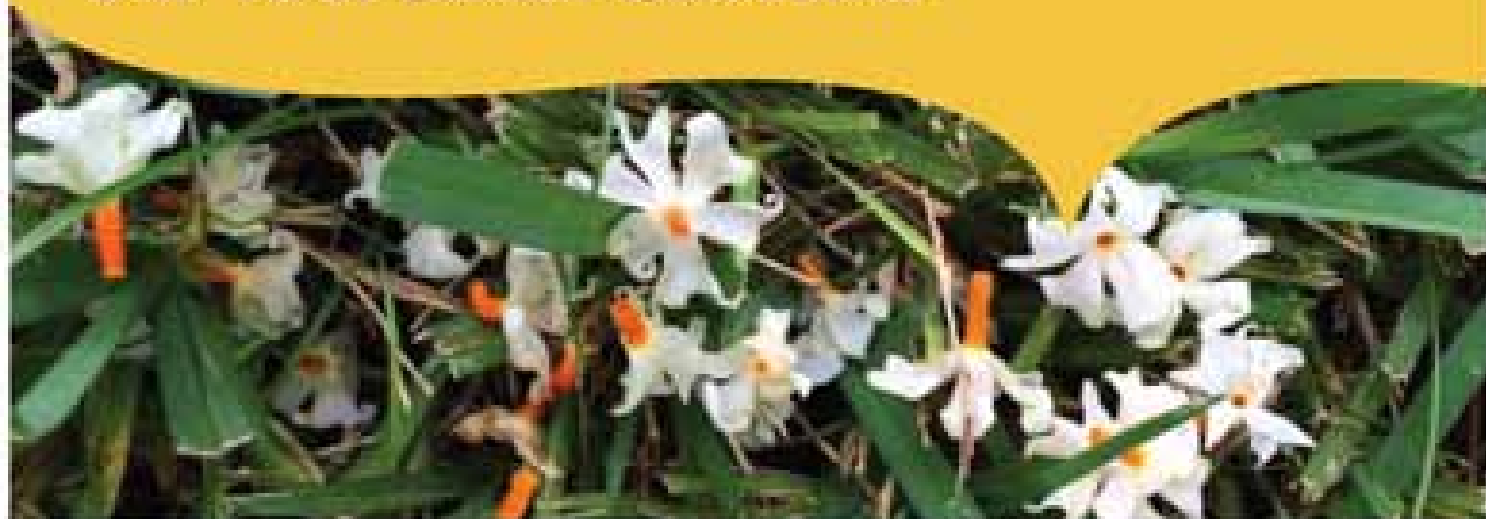
ill fate and changing times, things he could have saved if only he faced the reality instead of overindulging in his passion for music and his numerous extravagant musical soirees, he spends his last days looked after by a handful of trusted age long servants, and holds on to his memories and royal customs, tries to live the life he grew up into...Unable to come to terms with the fact that a commoner can accumulate wealth and climb up the social ladder, he takes it as a challenge and dwindles every last penny he had, and then his last breath as well.

One of the many classics created out of Ray's magic wand, I keep going back to these movies whenever I feel like it, happy or dejected, and they work like placebos. *Jalshaghar*, revisited!

- By Sutagna

OF KASH & OF SHIULI

Our First Shiuli Blossoms



“ And then we know
for sure, SHE will be
here soon. ”

The fondness that trickles down from a mother to a child, from the parents to their offspring. No one knows how, but it happens, as if following the path of a chemical pattern that interlinks the heart and the mind to the other senses ...

And that fondness escalates to humongous proportions at a particular time of the year, when bundles of cumulus float in the sky, and there is a touch of cold in the night that leave kisses of dew on the grass, when the morning sun says hello. When my friend **Shiuli** visits me every time without fail, and that bushy tailed **Kaash** laughs at the wind. So, that fondness for everything *Shawrawt*, of

the smell of myriad new flowers- from frunner Shiuli to the ones getting sidelined by her strong presence- Kamini Kanchan Togor, to the sights of *Dhaak* adorned with *Shamukkhohoi* feathers, traveling on the top of a local bus, to the bamboo poles being tied together at the most inconvenient location of the *para r more*. Small, subtle changes in the everyday life, with each passing days, as the sun moves on and giveaway to autumn.

And then, the bloom of fondness bursts into a thousand flowers, of the full blown presence of autumn, with the silent cacophony of shiuli and kaash, the ubiquitous megher bhyala, the intermittent trial beats of dhaak, the *huut kore thanda lege jaoa*, the rush of *pujo r bazaar*, the *chhuti chhuti bhab* to the *utsaber shobdo* to everything else Robi Thakur talked of.

- Sulagna

LOVE

Love. It is this simple, monosyllabic, four-letter word, imbedded into the norms of our society, which has come to signify the most zealous and influential emotion in the history of mankind. Just as the Trimurti of Hinduism controls three aspects of the universe - creation, sustenance and destruction - Love also possesses these powers and more. As a result, love has an influence over man in a way religion never will, giving any loving man the power which exceeds the control God. Similar to the Hindu God Brahma, who is known as the creator of the world, Love also withholds the power of creation. The most famous music, art, and pieces of literature have inspired themselves from the supremacy of love. Love also has the power to shelter, just as Lord Vishnu's power in protecting the universe. As was once said by the mystic philosopher, As was once said by the mystic philosopher, Laozi, "Being deeply-loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage." Just as the

blessings of God gives one strength and loving God gives one courage, Love also arms man with the ability to conquer roaring tides not even God can tame. The power of destruction possessed by the Hindu deity Shiva can be seen as a parallel to the detrimental power of Love. An innumerable number of examples can be given regarding the destructive nature of love, including the play, Romeo and Juliet, where the fear of living without love caused the protagonists of the story to commit suicide. It is said that at the end of each cosmic cycle, Lord Shiva performs the sacred dance, Tandav, to destroy the universe so a new age can begin. Just as Lord Shiva uses an art form as beautiful as dance to perform an act of destruction love an emotion which is considered to be one of the most beautiful aspects of humanity, can also lead to destruction so that a new age and a new love is reborn in heaven. Love gives mortals the power to make a crack in the sand glass of time and bestows upon man the

artillery to face the challenges of God. Embedded in our society is a multitude of philosophies regarding love: how love is immortal, how love surpasses God, and how love leaves men in hunger and despair. The irony is that we often associate love with the metaphysical supremacies of time, nature, and religion, when in actuality love is man's creation. No other species on this planet views love with such complexity as man and no other species gives love such influence in the existence of their kind. Love is the most human of sentiments and yet, we see love as beyond the supernatural. What is the actual nature of love, not even God can say. Yet what is clear is that love, with all of its power over God, nature and time, is no more powerful, no weaker, no more amorphous and no more imperfect than its creator, man.

- By Anoshha Banerjee

MY SISTER, MY HERO

I, Jacob Patron, was having a bad day in school. I flunked in my exams, bullies picked on me, and my class teacher had a sneer on her face when I left the classroom. At home, my parents admonished me for lying that I didn't break my mom's favorite vase. What was the big deal? Whenever Mom choose a new vase, she said that that was her favorite vase. She could buy a new one

I got suspended from school for a week. How could I tell this to my parents? I called my best friend, Nathaniel Hughes, for some advice. Usually he had a solution for every problem, but this time he did not. I got further depressed. I quickly ate my dinner and went to my room. My sister, Maya, followed me. She wanted to play with me. I said no to her in a very stern way. I pushed her out of the room. She started sobbing. I picked up a book from the shelf and sank in my bed.

It was a book that I got last birthday but had never felt interested in reading. I flipped through the pages. There was a picture in it that caught my eye. I observed it keenly. There were huge sequoia trees and giant ferns (about my height). It was a scene of a swamp. All of a sudden, I heard a buzzing noise behind me.

I heard a low growl. As the shiny objects came closer, they seemed more like eyes. With a thunderous growl, an enormous jaw full of sharp teeth opened in front of my face. To my horror, it struck me that the tree I bumped into was a SPINOSAURUS, the largest carnivorous dinosaur. I shut my eyes and screamed my lungs out. I

“ Thank you, Maya, I said and hugged her. Why? she asked. For saving me from the dinosaur, I said. She giggled. ”

I turned back. I saw the same exact swamp that was illustrated in the book. The buzzing noise was now louder and clearer. OMG! A swarm of bees was approaching me. I started running. I bumped into a tree and landed with a thud. The bees were gone. I sighed in relief. I looked up. There were two shiny leaves up in the tree glowing in the moonlight. A gust of wind blew on my face. The shiny leaves seemed to become bigger and bigger.

prayed to god. I felt a grip on my hand and started swaying vigorously. "Jacob...Jacob!", said a sweet little voice. I opened my eyes and saw the beautiful face of Maya. She was pulling my arm and nudging me. "Thank you, Maya.", I said and hugged her. "Why?" she asked. "For saving me from the dinosaur.", I said. She giggled. The book, "SCARY ANIMALS OF THE WORLD", laid beside us on the bed.

- By Shreyan Singha
(Age : 9 years old)

BE CONTENTED WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

A long long time ago, there was a poor woodcutter, who lived in a small hut in a quiet, peaceful village. The miserable woodcutter worked hard under the burning heat of the sun for the whole day. He strolled tiredly back to his broken hut every night. He was unable to take proper rest and a good night sleep due to the poor condition of his hut. One day, in the forest, while cutting the trees, he suddenly noticed a star shaped cloud in the sky. He once heard about the star shaped wishing cloud in the sky from some villagers. Then, he quickly made a wish to have a beautiful cottage like the rich and wealthy people had, to the wishing cloud. He thought he could have a good night sleep, rest, and relax in the luxurious cottage.

For the next few days, he felt comfortable and cozy in his nice cottage after a hard day of wood cutting. After a couple of days, the temperature rose rapidly. He was feeling extremely hot and getting exhausted very quickly.

So, he yearned for a palace that could bear all the scorching heat of the sun. He felt cool and even more relaxed in the palace. Suddenly, after a few days later, there was a severe thunderstorm and heavy downpour / heavy showers for many days. While it was raining, the beautiful paint of the palace went off slowly.

he next day, while he was about to go out for the woods, he noticed that all his belongings got wet like a sponge soaked all the water. He felt distressed / gloomy about his loss. Then he begged to the wishing cloud that, whenever the paint of his palace would drain off, it would magically reappear again. He also wished for his wet belongings to be dried up.

The wood cutter was never satisfied with what he had. So, the following day, he aspired to be the most powerful source of heat, the burning sun. As the blazing sun, he wanted to dry everything up that got wet by the devastating flood.

His wet belongings along with the village started to dry. After a few days, he observed that a drought was about to start in the village. Then he longed to be the soothing rain to the magic cloud. When it started to rain, the wood cutter fell to the ground and lost whatever he urged for.

He then, consequently, became a regular poor wood cutter again. He had lost all of his power and privileges. He felt very depressed and heart broken. After that, he received a lesson to be happy with what he had.

*By Shubham Ray
(Age: 9 years)*

FOSSIL BEACH



What is a fossilized coral?

A fossilized coral is coral that has turned into rock over millions of years. Let me describe what they look like:

1. They are white in color.
2. They have faint stripes.
3. In some, you can still see the polyps.

“ On the bright side of things, I found 3 pieces of fossilized coral and 1 piece of fossilized sea sponge. I felt so so so so excited. ”

It all began when we stopped at Days inn, Islamorada. We went to Key West and on the way back, we stopped at Days inn. My mom said we should go to the beach. When we got there, we found out it was a disappointment. So was the pool. We went back to the beach and sat down. Shortly after, I pointed out that there was a trilobite fossil. Sadly, it would take a pickaxe to get that specimen. On the bright side of things, I found 3 pieces of fossilized coral and 1 piece of fossilized sea sponge. I felt so so so so excited.

At first I Thought it was a Brachiopod. I was wrong. It was really piece of fossilized coral.



How does coral fossilize?

Coral fossilizes when a lot of pressure is applied to the rock, which the coral died on. I think the fossil I found went extinct at the Ordovician extinction. I need to find a paleontologist to find out how old they really are.

- By Shirsho Banerjee

UPON RACIAL EQUALITY

Hi, I am Ankita Guha Patra, an American-born Indian who is currently living in Mexico. To give an insight on my current condition, I am a seventeen year-old who is grappling through the IB program, with a prevalent interest in the field of medicine. Although with this brief introduction I seem to be just like any other student, I like to believe that what makes me stand out is my exposure to diversity. From a very young age, my father's frequent job relocations embarked me on a journey throughout the globe from Canada to India; India to Hong Kong; Hong Kong to the US, and finally the US to Mexico. Being exposed to a multiplicity of cultures and traditions, I have been obliged to develop an accepting and global mindset towards every aspect of life. As fortunate as I am to taste the many spices of the varietal world, I take pride in sharing my views and opinions

towards global issues such as those of racial inequality. Taking into account my background, I often get asked, "Amongst the many countries you've lived in, which is your favorite?" Every time I think hard for a straightforward answer, but in a perplexed manner. I chose to say "I don't know." As apathetic and indecisive

because although they are both fruits, they are not the same fruit. Usually, after giving this response I get understanding nods, or smiles of agreement because it is easy for people to understand that every country is 'equally good', but for some odd reason, when it

“ Amongst the many countries you've lived in, which is your favorite?”

Every time I think hard for a straightforward answer, but in a perplexed manner I chose to say...

I don't know.

as this answer may seem, it is the most truthful answer that I can possibly give. "I don't know" because every country's individuality is what makes it preeminent in its own way. Thus, every country is "my favorite" for its own specific reasons. It is merely impossible to compare apples to oranges

comes to the similar topic of race, people forget to apply this simple rationale. As hard as it is to admit, racial inequality is a problem yet to be solved on a global level. When it comes to where the world stands today,

Story Continued...

'Black Lives Matter' protestors are still stomping through our streets, black culprits are still serving more time in jail than white culprits for the exact same crime, and modern day politicians are still getting away with categorizing an entire nations people as rapists. While it feels rewarding to recognize how far we have come from the past, it is important for us to be just as observant towards how much further we need to go for the future.

Racial inequality is not just a problem that we hear of on the news happening to other individuals. It is a problem that some of us, like myself, have experienced personally in our lives. Being said, coming from an ethnically Indian background, I remember being told as a child that I should stay away from the sun.

“ It is a problem that we all have to open our eyes to and work towards as a team, because as H.G. Wells once quoted...

Our true nationality is mankind.. ”

I remember feeling baffled by the fact that this was not a warning against heat-stroke or skin cancer, but that this was a warning against losing the skin color that qualifies with today's beauty standards for women in India.

Although this may seem as a trivial example, it shows the underlying belief of a larger problem of discrimination towards darker

skinned people, which is reinforced with skin-lightening creams and other such products all over the nation. Fundamentally, we should not consider any skin color to be 'more beautiful' or make anyone 'more elite'; because when we do, we light a spark of normality towards racial inequality.

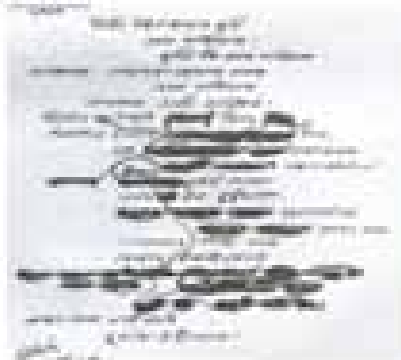
On an ending note, no matter the degree, racial inequality is a problem that can only be tackled with a global changing mindset of the coming generations. It is a problem that we all have to open our eyes to and work towards as a team, because as H.G. Wells once quoted, "Our true nationality is mankind."

By Ankita Guha Patra

DEATH OF HANDWRITING

It was my usual car ride . My mom was listening to her usual NPR radio station in spite of me constantly nagging her to change the channel to 'today's pop hits' . So there i was, stuck with listening to election news, south florida water contamination and Zeka scares. I wasn't really paying any attention until I heard the topic "The death of handwriting".

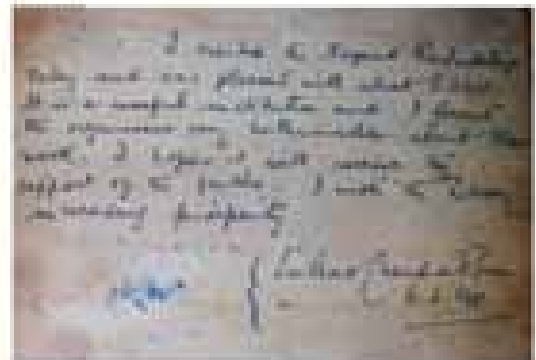
TAGORE



VYDEKANANDA

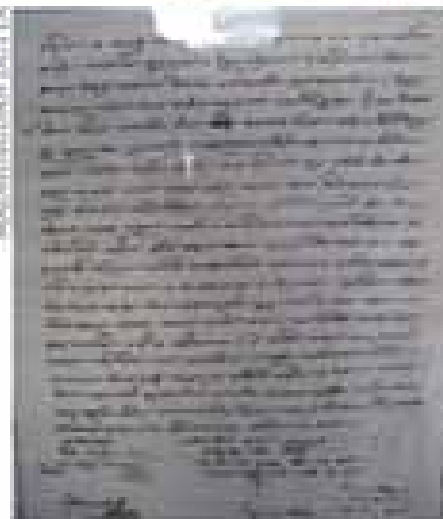


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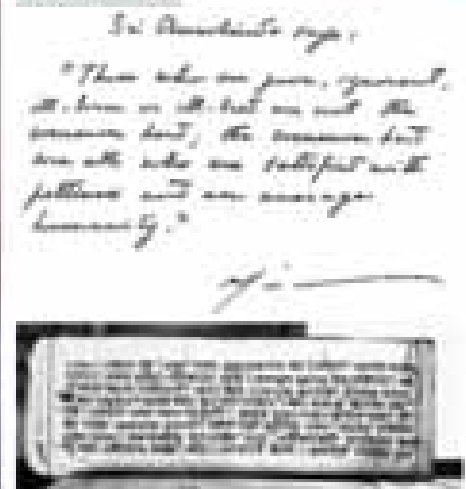


It was a segment about how handwritings are becoming obsolete. It was all about how people don't write handwritten notes anymore. I was thinking to myself - why would people miss odd twisted scribbles . We can produce such uniform perfect prints with many amazing fonts. Ma did not agree. She could not stop talking about how all famous bengalis had

MAURITIANUS DEUTER



SRI ANANDMOHINI



SRI SANKARISINA

most beautiful and artistic handwritings. She was convinced that having beautiful handwritings had some kind direct connection of being a bengali. When I came home I wanted to see the handwritings for myself. I searched up and gathered all the handwritings for some of the famous Bengalis that my mom listed out for me. I was amazed. They were not just writings but looked like artworks . They were more like brush strokes than alphabets. I was fascinated by how Tagore turned his writing mistakes into paintings. I was in a total awe how handwritten notes could express so much creativity. Now that I have experienced the beauty of handwriting it's your turn...I am sure you would wish we hand write more and not contribute to death of handwriting.

- By Shreya Dutta

গন্দ্যময়পৃথিবী

কবি বলেছিলেন

“ফুমার রাজ্যে আজ পৃথিবী গন্দ্যময়”

কৌতুক হয় ভেবে আজ...

ফুমা কিসের! কতই বা ধরন তার?

ফুমাতো পৃষ্টির টান দেখারও মতেপারে!

ফুমা কি একটা ইচ্ছা বা অভিসন্ধী?

যাকি সুখই অভিশ্রয় !!

আজকাল ফুমা বিনীতী খাবার বা smart phone-র,

পৃথিবী আজও গন্দ্যময় বটে...

চাকরির পৃচেষ্টার বা বেতনের উদ্ভাসে!

মানুষ আজকে জীবনের ধারাকে করেছে গন্দ্যময়!

গন্দ্যময় রাজ্যে পৃষ্টির টান আজ কলসানো কটি নয়,

Moonlit dinner-র romantic বাস্তবায়ন ...

ভেবে দেখো আরো একটু,

গন্দ্যই থাকনা ... খারাপ কেনো?

সুখ ছন্দটাই নেই, কিন্তু আছে অনেক কথা!

কথার পিছে লুকিয়ে থাকে, অথ কিছু ব্যথা!

ছড়িয়ে যাওয়া স্মৃতির যাকো...

ব্যস্ত এই জীবনটাতে ...

ছন্দটা নয় বাই হল ...

ভুলগতো আছে প্রান, আছে থান ...

আছে ফেট ফেট পুণী

অরও আছে আশা .. এখিরে যাওয়ার ..

- By Soumi Banerjee

সারমর্ম

এসেছি একা এই পৃথিবীতে
কিন্তু থাকি সকলের মাঝে।
শেষ আরম্ভি শিশুকাল থেকে,
প্রতিটি দিন সকাল সার্টে।
মানুষের প্রীতি, মানুষের মন
মানুষের দ্বারা মানুষের আকর্ষণ।
অস্বাগ্নী নহে, ঋষিকের নহে
এ জ্ঞে সবার আছে চিরজ্ঞান।
কিন্তু আজ বিদিয়ে নিয়ারে সবার মন,
কে কত করিবে সঞ্চয়, চিন্তা পরাঙ্কণ।
জীবনে আজ এসেছে চাওয়ার পাওয়ার দ্বন্দ্ব,
হোক না ধনী, হোক না পত্রীষ, হোক না জাল মন্দ।
অনেক চাই এ জীবনে, পাওয়া ও যায় অক্ষুণ্ণে,
মেটে না তবু সাধ, চাওয়ার নাই যে অন্ত।
বিষয় ফুলে ভালবাসা চাঁও
এ হল জীবনের সারমর্ম
মানুষই সত্যি বিষয় নহে
প্রচার কর আজ এ ধর্ম।

সমীর কুমার ভট্টাচার্য্য

By Samir Kumar Bhattacharya

AN ACROSTIC POEM

Durga Puja

Durga Puja is one of the most important autumnal festivals of India.

Undestroyable Maa Durga is the symbol of triumph of good over evil Mahishasura.

Reunion of different traditions, culture and customs come together in Durga Puja.

Goddess Durga is worshiped for ten days; last five days are special-Shashti, Saptami, Ashtami, Navami & Dashami.

Auspicious Maa Durga has 4 children – Laxmi, Saraswati, Ganesha & Kartikeya.

People worship Goddess Durga and celebrate the festival happily.

Ultimate power and bravery of women reflect through Maa Durga.

Joyful celebrations occur in Durga puja.

'Akai Bodhan' is Shree Ram's invocation of Goddess Durga before going to war with Evil Ravenna.

*- By Shubham Ray
Age: 9 years*

A POEM ABOUT ME

My name is Ayaana,
My friend's name is Diana;
I have a long braid,
I love to travel by train;
I went on vacation to Guyana.

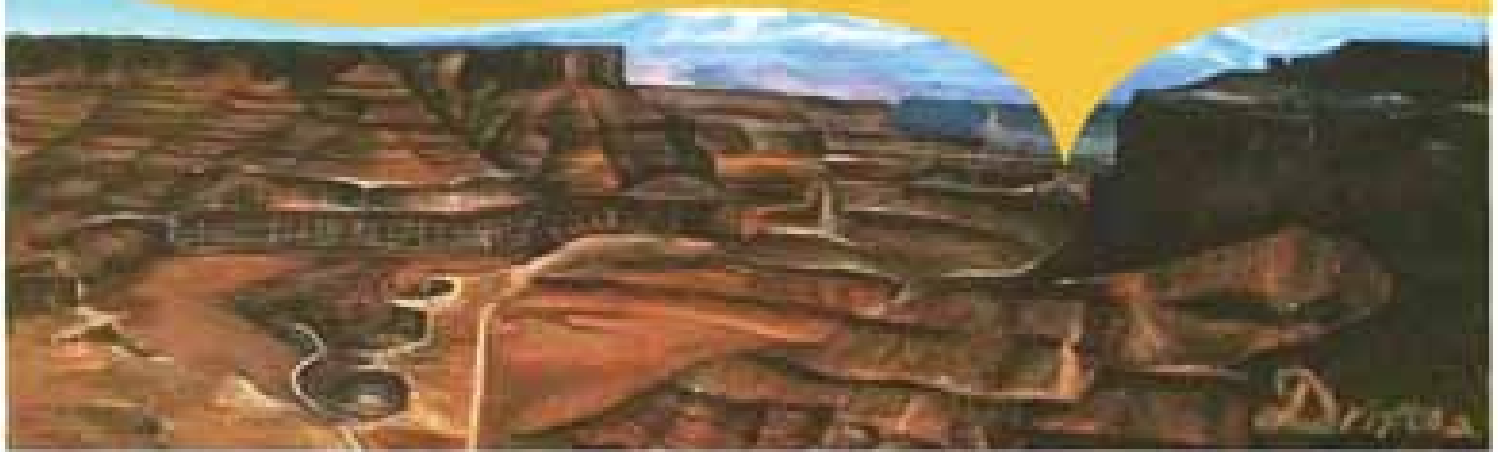
I am a happy girl,
I have curls;
I love to dance,
I want to travel to France;
I want a necklace of pearls.

Music is my passion,
I have compassion;
I love to talk,
I do not like to walk;
I wear clothes that are in fashion.

I am loving,
I am giving;
I love to make friends,
Both with ladies and gents;
It is easy for me to be forgiving.

- *Ayaana Majumdar*

MY EXPERIENCE IN *Canyon Lands*



If a thousand people were to muse over their experiences in Canyon lands, their recollections would most likely diverge more vastly than the Colorado River. This river, the sculptor which created the canyon, left ample room for a viewer to manipulate what they see using their imagination, hence, the unique perspectives. Every engraving upon the rock can be interpreted in hundreds of ways, one's imagination being the only possible limit.

The setting in which the engravings are found, often influences the mind on what image it interprets. The diverse landscape of Canyon Lands causes the settings in different areas of the park to be very distinct; from a wide picturesque panorama to a narrow gorge, which especially at night, seems to swallow you whole.

The scene that I depicted in my painting was intended to seem surreal and heavenly. The elegant mountains in the background, with

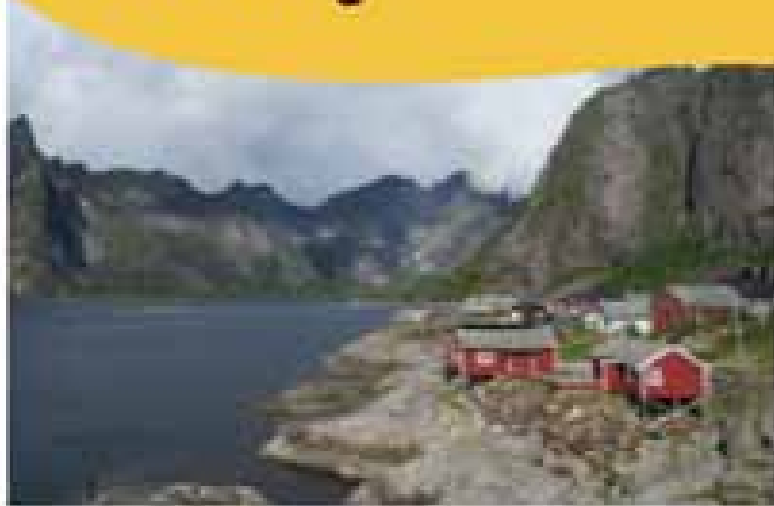
the path leading to them, were my way of inviting others to follow me through my journey across Canyon Lands. While painting, I subconsciously exaggerated some images I saw inscribed upon the rocks, and later realized it worked to my advantage since it provides the audience of my composition with a more complete story of what I had seen.

I would like to conclude on the note that exploring the marvels of nature often helps us to put things into perspective. There is no feeling like standing at the edge of a canyon and looking around, realizing how small a single person is in context to nature. The more we experience, and the more we relate our experiences to those of others, the more complete we become as human beings.

*By Dripta Chakraborty
(Age 12)*

LOFOTEN ISLANDS

Norway



Land of Fjords and Trolls

This summer when we visited Lofoten Islands up in the far north of Norway, 100 miles above the arctic circle. However, before we got to Lofoten, we visited many places around Norway. We first flew into their capital Oslo. It is also their most populous city. There are many wonderful places to visit, like their Opera House, Viking museum, Royal Palace and The National Museum housing the famous painting The Scream.

From Oslo we took the 7 hr train to Bergen. Bergen is a city on Norway's southwestern coast. It's surrounded by mountains and fjords, including Sognefjord, the country's longest and deepest. Bryggen features colorful wooden houses on the old wharf. The Fløibanen Funicular goes up Fløyen

Mountain for panoramic of the city.

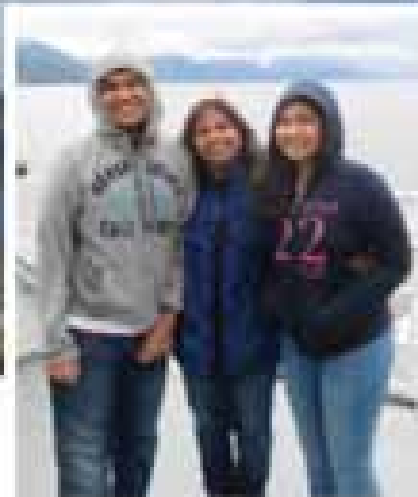
From Bergen we flew to Bodo crossing the arctic circle. Bode is a town of about 50,000 inhabitants and lies just above the arctic circle. From Bode we took an early morning ferry to get to the Lofoten islands. The ferry takes about 4 hours across the ocean and as we approached the islands we could see its jagged peaks rising straight out of the ocean.

Lofoten is an archipelago of islands in northern Norway. Lofoten is known for its distinctive scenery with dramatic mountains and peaks, open sea and sheltered bays, beaches and untouched lands. Though lying within the Arctic Circle, the archipelago experiences one of the world's largest elevated temperature anomalies relative to its high latitude.

Story Continued...



At Lofoten we stayed in a beautiful cabin in a small fisherman's village.

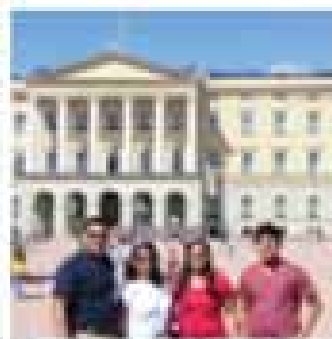


There were small red cabins surrounded tall cliffs and blue ocean. During our stay, we visited the many islands by driving around in our rented car along winding mountainous roads with high mountains on one side and ocean on the other. There were not many people around and it was peaceful and quite. As it was early August we had almost 24 hours of sunlight and the sun never set. That is

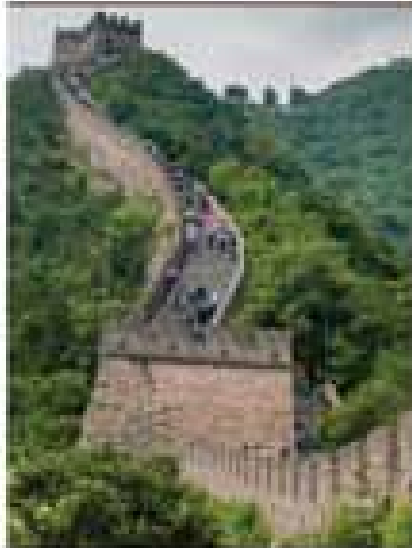
“ As it was early August we had almost 24 hours of sunlight and the sun never set...That is why this place is also called the land of the mid-night sun. ”

why this place is also called the land of the mid-night sun, and the sun never set. That is why this place is also called the land of the mid-night sun.

- By Rohan & Ritika



GLIMPSE OF CHINA



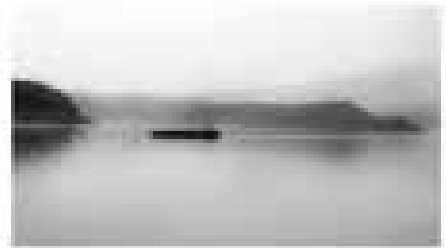
As a first time visitor to China, I was blown away with the surprising economic growth, very latest state of the art infrastructure development, and unbelievable investments both in rural areas and in urban cities. The two week trip was an amazing eye opening experience to see how this ancient culture with full of history, rich heritage, archaeological marvel, warm and friendly people is transforming for the future and becoming a major economic power house in the world. I didn't spend enough time to know or even to understand how all these advancements, within the very controlled political environment, are contributing to human development or how many of almost a billion and a half people have improved their quality of life as a result. What I saw was a very small fraction of this politically, geographically, culturally, socially diverse country to make any assessment except to be awed. I hope the following random images will give you a flavor of a very narrow slice of the country.

The Great Wall is a series of fortification walls, consisting of stone, tamped earth, wood and any other locally available material, along east west line on the northern China were built around 220–206 BC by Qin Shi Huang, the first Emperor of China against the raids and invasions of the various nomadic groups from the north. Since then, the Great Wall has on and off been rebuilt, maintained, and

enhanced. The Ming Dynasty in the 14th century revived the wall and constructed stronger walls built with bricks and stones instead of tamped earth. The Great Wall is a World Heritage Site and is estimated to be 13,171 miles long including all its branches.

“ The Great Wall is a World Heritage Site and is estimated to be 13,171 miles long including all its branches. ”

Story Continued...



Yangtze River is the longest river in Asia and the third-longest in the world, next to the Nile in Africa and the Amazon in South America. This nearly 4,000 mile river is the longest in the world to flow entirely within one country. It originates at the Qinghai-Tibet Plateau and ends up in Shanghai port. The Yangtze River is an integral part of the history, culture and economy of this country and is the main navigational channel for trade. The Yangtze River flows through a wide array of ecosystems and is habitat to several endangered species including the Chinese alligator, the finless porpoise, the Chinese paddlefish, the (possibly extinct) Yangtze River dolphin or baiji, and the Yangtze sturgeon. For thousands of years, the river has been used for water, irrigation, sanitation, transportation, industry, boundary-marking and war. The Three Gorges Dam on the Yangtze River, completed in 2003, is the largest hydro-electric power station in the world.

“ Yangtze River is the longest river in Asia and the third-longest in the world, next to the Nile in Africa and the Amazon in South America. ”

Terracotta Warriors another memorable UNESCO World Heritage site is in Xian where a platoon of over 7,000 terracotta soldiers constantly stand guard to protect the tomb of the first emperor of China Qin Shi Huang. He took the throne in 246 BC at a young age of 13. By 221 BC he unified a number of warring kingdoms and the Qin dynasty was started. During his rule there were standardized coins, weights and measurements were introduced, roadways and navigational channels built to connect states and the earliest sections of the Great Wall was constructed to prevent nomads from invading. According to historians the emperor ordered the construction of his mausoleum.

More than 700,000 worked for over 38 years on the project. The terracotta soldiers were discovered by the local villagers digging for water in 1974. The actual tomb itself has not been excavated and is expected to be filled with treasures. It is considered as the most significant archaeological excavations of the 20th century.



Story Continued...

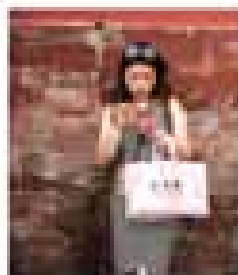


Temples are integral part of Chinese history and the architecture is as varied as the culture itself. Here are three examples out of possibly hundreds around the country.

“ Young generation is ready to make this ancient country relevant and a leader in the next century. ”

From the left: Red Pagoda, along the bank of Yangtze River, a nine story pavilion was built in 1819 to aid people to climb the steep cliff to reach the temple; Temple of Heaven, built in 1420, served as a sacred place for almost 600 years during Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) and Qing Dynasty (1644-1911); Jade Buddha Temple in Shanghai was originally built in 1882 to house two jade statues of Buddha brought from Burma. The temple was destroyed during the revolution to overthrow Qing Dynasty and was rebuilt in 1928.

It appears that the political culture is very slowly evolving towards a more progressive and in the direction of very limited openness. Not sure how all the changes benefits an average farmer or a factory worker, but the future of China seems promising. Young generation is ready to make this ancient country relevant and a leader in the next century



A future leader, a well-connected millennium and a group of budding entrepreneurs.

- By Subrata Basu

SNACKS AFTER SCHOOL

From sweet to healthy and everywhere in between, these are after-school snacks you can feel good about feeding to your kids.



| Sweet Twist

Do as as it shows.



| Honey maid bites

Honey Maid honey graham cracker
Cake icing (vanilla flavor)
Fresh banana and strawberry slices.

Instructions

Spread cake icing on cracker
Top with fresh banana and strawberry.



Dates bites

Dates
Dry coconut
Raisins
Cashew nut
(u can use any type of nut).

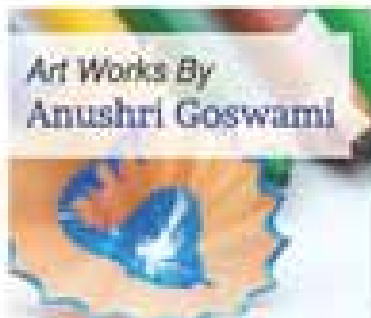
Instruction
Clean the dates and remove all seed
Mix rest of ingredients.
Just fill all mix in dates.

By Tanasa Mitra

AWSOME PAINTINGS



Lavanya Singha
(Age: 4years)



Art Works By
Anushri Goswami



A LOOK AT BASFL EVENTS **2015**

Durga Puja



Saraswati Puja



Rabindra Jayanti



Holi



PHOTOGRAPHY



- By Debarati Deb

Subho Bijoya



SAMANTA SAMPTA
Ritika, Rohan, Nandina &
Shantanu

Saradiya Subecha O Obhinandan

Sarva Mangala Mangalye
Shiva Sarvatha Sambhale
Sharanam Trimbake Gauri
Narasanyai Namostute



শারদীয়ার
প্রভেচ্ছা ও
অভিনন্দন

Shubham, Soma & Sandipan Ray

**Shubham, Soma &
Sandipan Ray**

Sarad Subecha



Lavanya
Shreyan
Anuradha
Sanhar Singha

**Lavanya, Shreyan, Anuradha,
Sanhar Singha**

Saradiya Subecha



Bhaskar & Paulami

HAPPY DURGA PUJA!



Sujit Hazra & Family

Saradiya Subecha



**Dr. R.K. & Swapna
Family.**

Subho Bijaya

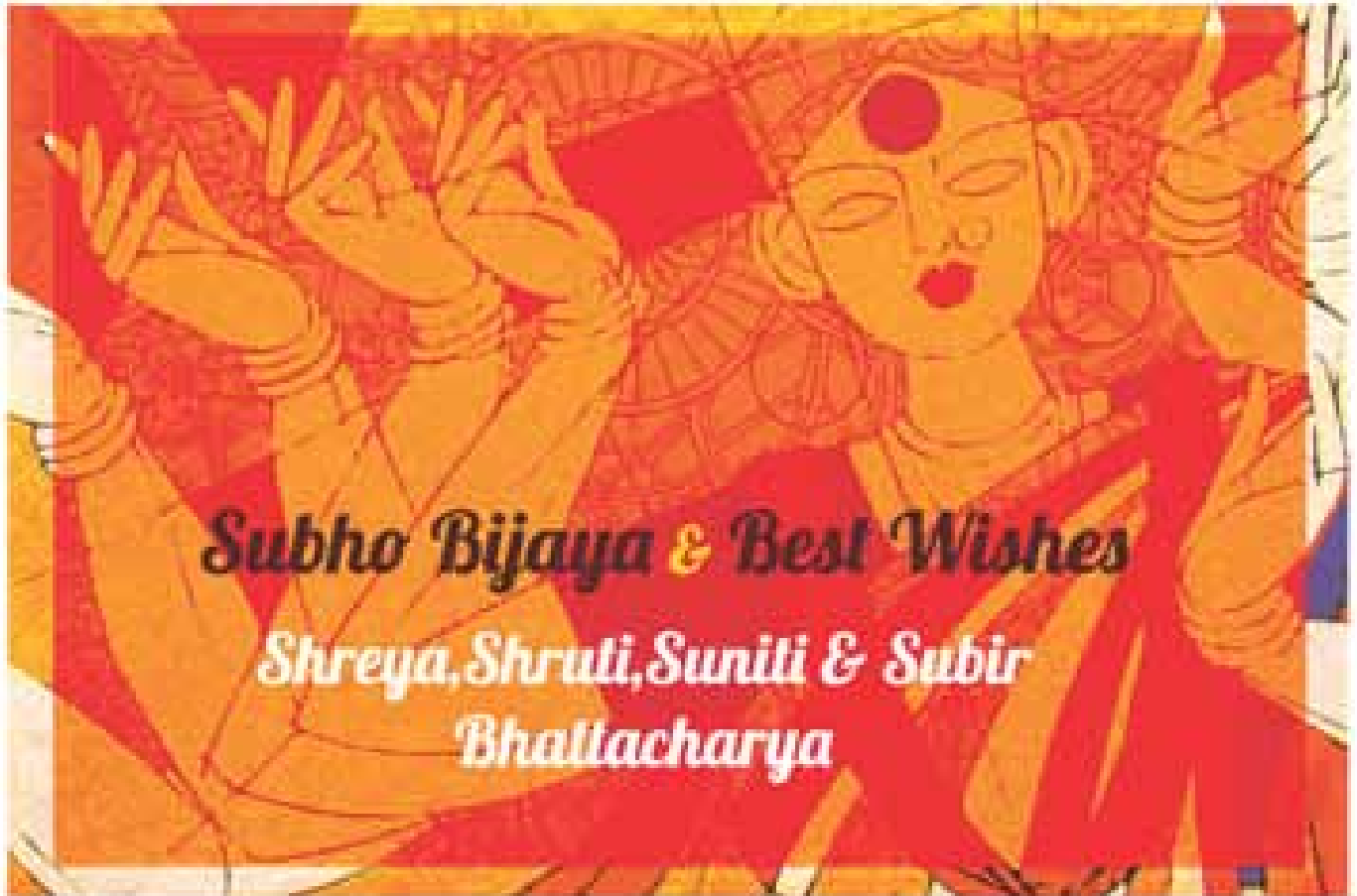


**Here's wishing Subho Bojaya to one
and all from the
MAJUMDARS.**

Best Wishes

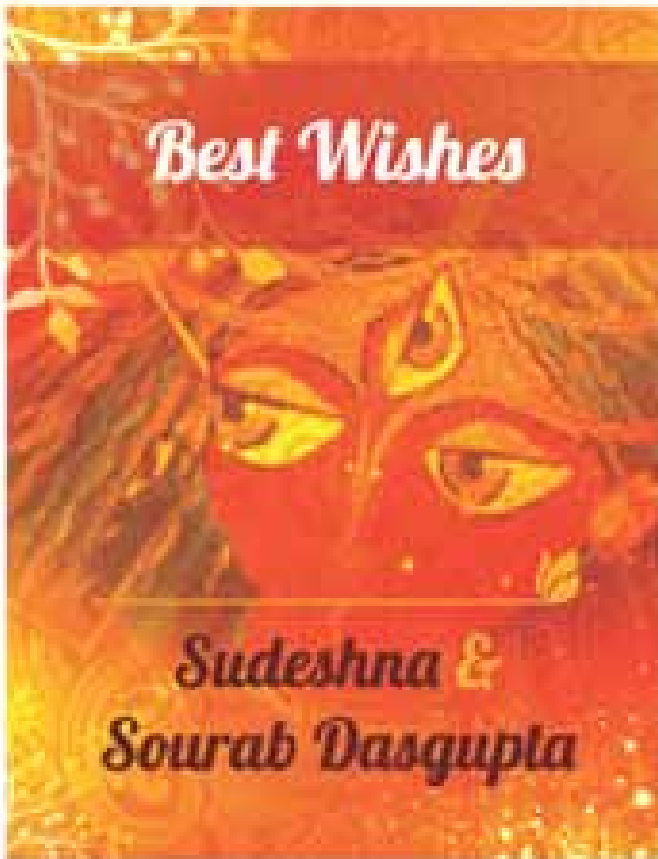


Srirang, Sulagna and Sudipto Basu



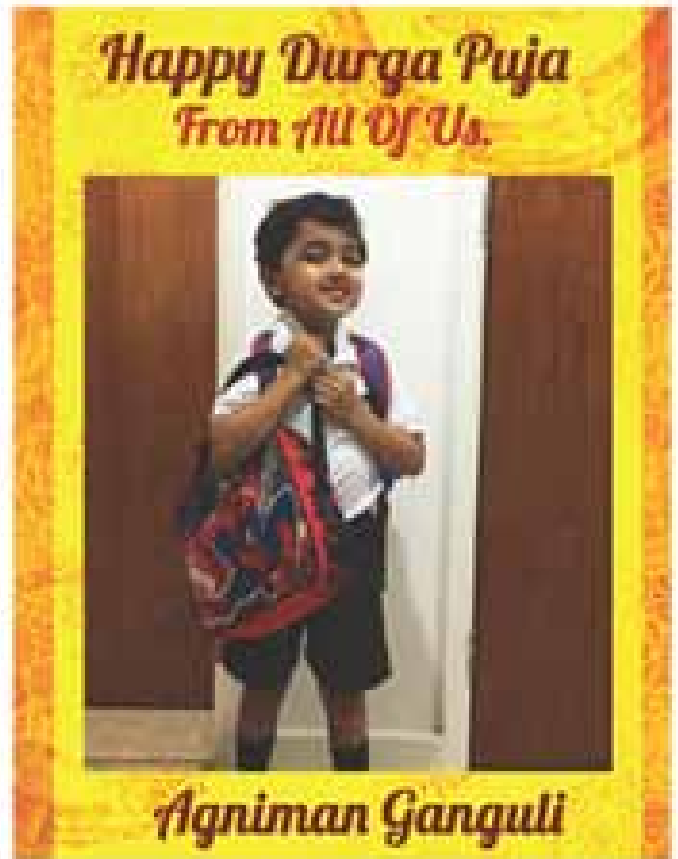
Subho Bijaya & Best Wishes

***Shreya, Shruti, Suniti & Subir
Bhattacharya***



Best Wishes

***Sudeshna &
Sourab Dasgupta***



***Happy Durga Puja
From All Of Us.***

Agniman Ganguli

*Saradiyar preeti o
subhechcha saho*

*...Mimi,
Partha, Ishika
& Ivanka*



*Dr Basanti
&
Dr Asish
Basu.*

*Happy
Durga Puja!*



Shubh Vijaya Anantrik Preeti o Subhecha Janai Shokathe



*Basu Family
Amrit, Chandrima, Malini, &
Dr. Abhijit Basu*



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Wonderful New Year*



*Roy Family
Debashish, Tanushree,
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Sarodiya Priti o Subhecha



*Shreya , Sharmistha and
Arup Dutta*

Wishing you a Happy Durga Puja

"Within the child, lies the fate of future" Maria Montessori



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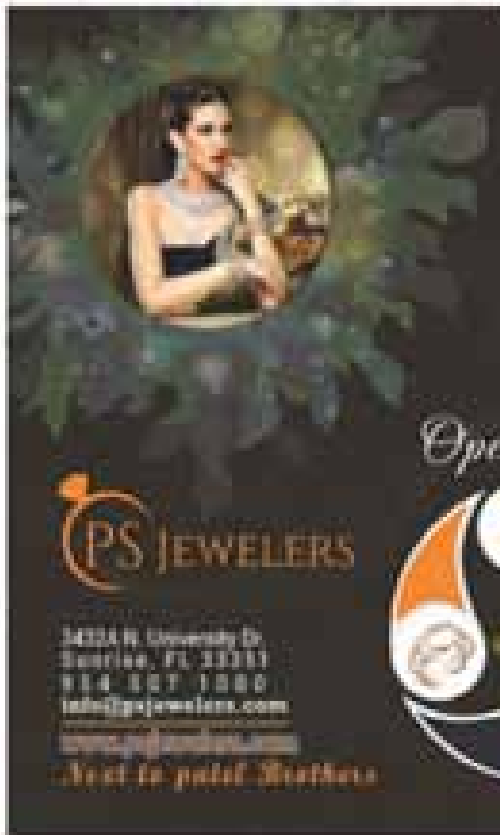
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