



BLKPA E-Magination

2021

2021 Events & Happenings:

Cultural:

Saraswati Puja
Noboborsho Celebration (Virtual)
Kali Puja Across the World (Virtual)
Kali Puja Dinner & Cultural Program
Holiday Party (Virtual)

Charitable:

Donation to Mercer Street Friends Food Bank, USA
Donation to Sundarbans School, India
Donation to Autism School, Bangladesh

Educational:

Bengali Heritage Class (Weekly; around the year)
Trip to Pearl Buck's Home

Literary:

Updated Level 1 and Level 2 Text books

Other:

Continuous update of Website
Weekly Sunday morning Executive Committee Meetings

Magazine Made By:

Compilation and Edits:

Meena Dam & Ivia Sky Yavelow

Proofread:

Rupa Sanbui & Samiyah Syed

Design:

Kartick Dutta

**Thank you to our Parents & Grandparents
for their Support & Encouragement**

Founder's Message

Dear BKPA Members,

Welcome to the latest Bengali Kids of Princeton Area's e-magazine! I want to extend my gratitude and appreciation to the BKPA executive committee, members, and families to continue organizing cultural events, community service work, etc. during the pandemic and pivoting successfully to virtual and hybrid events. I am happy we can start in-person events again, while emphasizing health and safety.

A couple years ago I wrote about how ever since BKPA's conception, the organization has given me an outlet to learn about my Bengali language and heritage, and therefore, BKPA always gave me an avenue to show my Bengali pride. My desire to continue exploring my Bengali language and heritage was harder once I left for college and moved away from my family and BKPA. However, the opportunity did present itself when I was in graduate school and I applied for the U.S. State Department's Critical Language Scholarship (CLS) in Bangla. During the 2017 Summer, I spent three months in Kolkata, immersing myself in the Bangla culture, people, language, and we can't forget about food and sweets! It was an amazing experience and one that I would cherish for the rest of my life. I encourage anyone in college or graduate school to apply for CLS (clscholarship.org), they offer over 14 languages to choose from.

I also wanted to share a recent experience I had when I was invited by the State Department to attend a dialogue session on U.S.-India Higher Education with Secretary of State Antony Blinken and Foreign Minister Jaishankar, hosted at Howard University in Washington D.C. Never did I imagine that being the recipient of the CLS and my desire to learn Bangla would lead me to such an opportunity. Below is a picture of me meeting Secretary Blinken and Education and Cultural Affairs Assistant Secretary Lee Satterfield. Full remarks from the session can be found here: bit.ly/3FCmAIw

With Warm Regards

Anita Dam

BKPA Founder



Message from BKPA's Co-Presidents



Dear BKPA Friends and Families,

As co-presidents, we'd like to thank you for your cooperation during these COVID years. With your support throughout 2021, we have been able to expand on the foundations that BKPA was created on: education, culture, literature, and charity.

Let us remember what we achieved this past year; *together!*

We recruited additional teachers for our on-line Bangla Classes this year, with help from the American Institute of Indian Studies (AIIS) of Kolkata. This helped us to increase the number of classes by dividing the classes into smaller sizes, adding one-to-one classes, and further enriching the learning process for students by connecting them with more Bangla speakers across the globe. This also provided short breaks for our BKPA teachers.

Culturally, the virtual format for Saraswati Puja, International Mother Language Day, and Kali Puja including a medley of marvellous performances by the talented BKPA children continued to keep us entertained. At the year end, the virtual Holiday Party facilitated friendships amongst the BKPA children and put smiles around the screens.

Additionally, in concurrence with every event in 2021, we made donations to charities in the United States, India, or Bangladesh. As we look back on the year behind us, we can't forget that none of this would have been possible without the continued support of the BKPA families. Thank you for coming together!

We should be proud of our resilience in facing another year of the COVID-19 pandemic and being able to come together as a community. We are hoping that 2022 will be kinder to everyone and help us return to a more normal way of life; be the "new normal".

We are grateful for the opportunity to serve as the Co-Presidents and as we journey through life, we will truly remember the experiences and lessons that we have learned. Stay safe!

Sincerely,

Jareen Shuva
Samiyah Syed

Jareen Shuva & Samiyah Syed
Co-Presidents of BKPA, 2021



Debipur Pragati
Village: Uttar Debipur
PO: Debipur; Maipith Coastal
24 Parganas (S); West Bengal – 743383
INDIA

Dear BKPA friends,

Subhechha KG School is very proud to learn that you kids have welcomed us to be your sister school. We are excited and eagerly waiting to start a wonderful journey together.

Your donation to our school of INR 44,242.00 last year was much appreciated.

Our school became 10 years old on February 14th, 2021, but because of COVID, there could be no celebrations last year. This year we are back in school. COVID was a very difficult time for the students of Subhechha KG School.

We are happy to have the kids start back their learning. With that enthusiasm, we celebrated Saraswati Pujo this year. Part of BKPA's donation is used for this year's festivity. Your kindness has helped raise the kids' spirit & what better way to introduce BKPA kids to the school kids. We are looking forward to a grand union between the two schools in the future.

The school also needs more rooms, a shed, a library – your contribution will help start the new building. The school cannot thank you enough for your goodwill and generosity.

Thanking you once again,
Subhechha K.G. School Kids
05/03/2022

প্রশান্তি
অটিজম স্কুল



PROSHANTI
AUTISM SCHOOL

December 12, 2021

Dear BKPA,

Thank you greatly for the donation of 45,000 Taka sent to us here at Proshanti Autism School. For many years, we have helped children with autism and other mental disabilities, in numerous ways, from their education to improving their physical health.

With the donation from BKPA, we were able to purchase gym equipment so that our kids can fulfill their athletic dreams.

We look forward to continuing a partnership with BKPA, and wish the kids there, success in their goals of education, charitable outreach, and connection with their cultural roots.

Sincerely,

Shahidul Islam
Chairman
Proshanti Autism School

Address: House No # 30 (Ground Floor), Joy Nagar 2 No Lane, (Beside Singer Show Room),
Chowkbazar, Chittagong. Phone: 01711-785332, 01826-984722, E-mail: proshantiag16@gmail.com

Committee Members:

Co-Presidents:

Jareen Shuva & Samiyah Syed

Executives:

Aabir Banerjee, Arush Sanbui, Ishani Chowdhury
Sayan Shuvra Chakraborty, Shounak Ghosh

Executive Committee Advisors:

Ivia Sky Yavelow, Meena Dam, Shamit Saha

Officers:

Aarohi Banerjee, Akanksha Purkayastha, Anish Bhattacharya,
Ayan Das, Ayushee Mukhopadhyay, Nidhi Pramanik, Srestha Halder

Website:

Ishani Chowdhury, Mitali Chowdhury

Staff:

Aaryaan Roy, Archit Biswas, Arin Dutta, Mia Saha,
Raj Saha, Rupsha Biswas, Swarnab Roy, Udit Ray

Assistants:

Ahana Guha, Anjali Mukhopadhyay, Ashmita Ghosh, Jason Roy,
Lily Bhattacharya, Navistha Banerjee, Rishi Sanbui, Shamika Mukerjee

Past Presidents:

Arushi Biswas & Shalin Banerjee
Rupsha Chakraborty & Swayam Shuvra Chakraborty

Anisha Das & Anushka Purkayastha
Sahil Banerjee & Mitali Chowdhury
Sohan Pramanik & Sanjukta Mahata

Soham Bhattacharya

Arnob Dam

Pia Pal

Anu Gupta

Anita Dam

Nikhilesh Dey

Subha Samanta

Sneha Basu

Nimita Mittra

Founder:

Anita Dam

Mission & Vision

BKPA stands for “The Bengali Kids of Princeton Area”. Our mission is to bridge the gap between American and Bengali cultures, while learning about the Bengali Culture, Heritage, and Language in a fun way.

Bengali is the 7th most spoken language in the world. Our organization focuses on four pillars of instruction: Educational, Cultural, Literary and Charitable.

As American Bengali Kids, our goals are to pursue higher education, establish ourselves as good citizens, and give back to the local and global communities.

Four Pillars

EDUCATIONAL

- Weekly Bengali Heritage Class
- Trips / Tours
- Physician Shadowing Program in India*

CULTURAL

- Saraswati Puja
- Bengali New Year
- Eid
- Summer Picnic
- Kali Puja

LITERARY

- E-Magazine
- Book Publishing
- Providing Academic Scholarships in West Bengal

CHARITABLE

- Autism Walk*
- Rebuilding Sundarbans
- Donating to Food Bank
- Volunteering Abroad*

*Paused due to COVID-19 Pandemic

The Bengali Heritage Class concentrates in exposing kids to our Bengali language, culture, heritage and helps them to learn the material in a FUN WAY.

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Bengali Class Students

In 2021 Class met virtually

Aaryan	Arushi	Lili
Aishani	Ashmit	Raj
Akanksha	Avik	Rishi
Anika	Ayushee	Robin
Anish	Bipasha	Rupsa
Anjali	Biswajoy	Samika
Anushka	Jareen	Samiyah
Arin	John	Shalin
Arkayan	Mia	Shounak
Arush K	Navistha	Swarnab
Arush S	Neil	Udita

BKPA Gives... Locally & Globally



" জীবে প্রেম করে যেই জন, সেই জন সেবিছে ঈশ্বর "

— স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ

স্কাউট ক্যাম্পিং

স্বর্ণব রায়

২০২১ এর আমেরিকার স্বাধীনতা দিবসের দিন আমি ছয় দিনের জন্য ক্যাম্পিং- এ গিয়েছিলাম। Ockanica, PA তে আমি একা গিয়েছিলাম। আমি অনেক উপভোগ করেছি। আমি রক ক্লাইম্বিং, ধনুক চালানো, বন্দুক চালানো শিখেছিলাম। আমি সাঁতার এবং বোটিং করেছিলাম। আমি সাঁতার পরীক্ষাতে পাস করেছিলাম। আমাদের ভালো খাবার দেওয়া হয়েছিল। Punctuality শেখানো হয়েছিল। ক্যাম্পিং এর শেষ ending ceremony হয়েছিল। বাবা, মা এবং ভাই আমাকে নিতে এসেছিল। আমি তাদের দেখে খুব খুশি হয়েছিলাম। ক্যাম্পিং ট্রিপ খুব ভালো লেগেছে। আমি অনেক কিছু শিখেছি।



SCOUT ক্যাম্পিং
- স্বর্ণব রায়

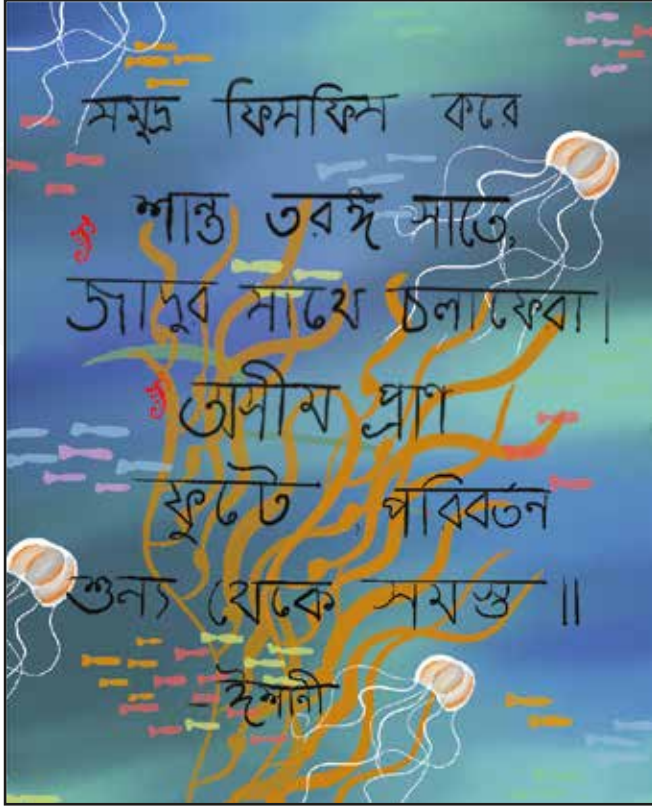
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Bellfool

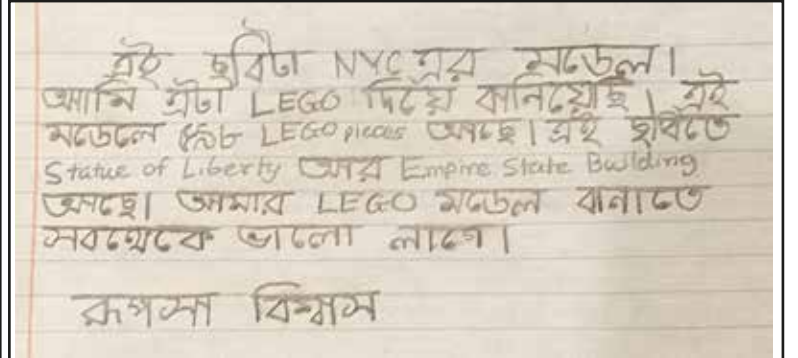
Rishi Sanbui

Bellfool grishey photay. Amar komola rong khub prio, kintu, belfuler sada rong o amar khub pochondo. Belfuler gondho khub sundor.



ছবি ও লেখা : ঈশানী চৌধুরী

ছবি : শমীকা মুখার্জী



এই ছবিটা NYC এর মডেল। আমি এটা LEGO দিয়ে বানিয়েছি। এই মডেলে ৫৯৮ LEGO pieces আছে। এই ছবিতে Statue of Liberty আর Empire State Building আছে। আমার LEGO মডেল বানাতে সবথেকে ভালো লাগে।

লেগো মডেল ও লেখা : রুপসা বিশ্বাস

My COVID-19 Vaccination Experience

Aarohi Banerjee

One and a half years ago, a pandemic started that disrupted our world. Gradually, we found a solution by getting vaccinated against COVID-19. Recently the vaccine was approved to be given to children above the age of 12.

My parents and family wanted to protect me from this deadly

virus, so we went to get the first dose of the vaccine for me early this summer. After taking the shot, my arm felt sore for a few days but I felt fine. I didn't get any fevers or have any other symptoms. I needed to take two vaccine doses. The two doses were given 3 weeks apart and during

that time I didn't feel sick or experience anything harmful or different. I got my second dose later on in the summer. That night, I had a high-grade fever. I was



restless and could not sleep all night and felt weak. My throat was dry and I was shivering throughout the night. My mother gave me medicine and it made everything hurt a lot less, but my fever persisted throughout the day. The next night I managed to sleep but I

woke up a few times. My fever had come down and was now a low-grade fever. For the next few days, I felt like I couldn't move my arm, but that soon passed as well. Now, I am protected by the vaccine for COVID-19 and I feel more confident and secure. I still wear my mask and follow guidelines, and

suggest all of us do the same! Hopefully, this will allow us to win this battle and return to school and work and live our normal lives again!

Visit to Pearl S. Buck's House

Arush Sanbui

BKPA kids visited The Pearl S. Buck House, a National Historic Landmark Museum in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Pearl S. Buck House was the home of Pearl S. Buck and her family. We gathered at Meena Mashi's house, had sumptuous lunch, and played golf before we drove to the museum.

A well-known author, Pearl S. Buck wrote

multiple books and short stories throughout her life. Many of these books and stories focused on her experiences in China. She was also a strong advocate of women's rights and civil rights, and was dedicated to supporting the welfare of Asian children. Pearl S. Buck published her first novel, *East Wind, West Wind*, in 1930. Her second novel, *The Good Earth*, earned

her a Pulitzer Prize in 1932. In 1938, Buck was the first American woman to become a Nobel Laureate.

My most favorite quote of hers is: "The young do not know enough to be prudent, and therefore they attempt the impossible -- and achieve it, generation after generation."



Escapism

Shreshtha (Rani) Halder

I'm sprinting through the woods, my feet burn, my lungs ache, and I hear my breath trying to fill my lungs. I know I must get to the palace in time or chaos will rule. I hear the leaves crinkling under my feet, feel the blood rushing through me, the sweat dripping down my face, but all of this doesn't stop me, because I am determined. I run and run and run but then I'm suddenly jerked from my books to actual reality as my mom calls me downstairs.

I sigh and close my book. Back to regular, boring life I go. My days move in circles of school, activities, homework, sleep, repeat. Each day goes the same, nothing different, so dull. My escape from our pitiful world are the pages filled with enchanting words transporting me to a new reality with infatuation, and adventure. As much as

I long for those breathtaking worlds and delightful characters, I'm stuck in the bland alley that is the real world.

I trot downstairs to eat my breakfast and get ready for school. My neighbor and I walk to the bus stop. Then, I finally arrive at



biology, my first period class. The teacher drones on and on about our lab for 20 minutes, and then we finally get started. My friend and I set up our lab but as she fills up the beaker with water she accidentally splashes it all over us and

the glistening droplets of moisture coat our skin. We both chuckle until our aching stomachs yell at us to stop. The rest of my day goes by pretty regularly, eating lunch with my friends, going to class and laughing about the stupid things sticking out in our lives.

As I'm walking home I realize that I'm pretty content with my life. I have amazing friends, and parents who'll support me through anything. I have food laying on my plate and a roof to protect me and my family. While going on adventures to find my one true love and save the world all sound amazing, I recognize that book Characters are only presented to us at the peak of their lives. We don't see them before, we don't see them going to school or doing chores. I realize that the smaller moments like laughing with your friends

until you can't breathe are the ones that truly make your life worth living. I comprehend that there's already enough magic in our world as is and I should appreciate it for exactly that.

When a new girl arrived at our school, my friend group was too afraid to go talk to her and introduce themselves. I, on the other

hand, was intrigued and went ahead and said hi. I sat in Band, bored out of my mind and suddenly a new girl walked in. She went to sit in the back and introduced herself. I decide that I want to become friends with her and at lunch propose this to my friend group. They say she looks intimidating and that they don't want to. I'm

disappointed by this but I don't care and go up to her during lunch and introduced myself. It was awkward at first but soon we got into a rhythmic conversation. Today, she's my best friend. If I hadn't gone up and talked to her even though my friends didn't want to or I was too afraid I wouldn't have met my closest friend.

ডিজনি ওয়ার্ল্ডে অনীশ ভট্টাচার্য

আমি বসন্ত বিরতিতে ডিজনি ওয়ার্ল্ডে গিয়েছিলাম। আমি অনেক মজা করেছি। আমাদের হোটেলে ড্রাইভ করতে সতেরো ঘন্টা লেগেছিলো। প্রথম দিনেই আমরা জাদুর রাজ্যে গিয়েছিলাম। আমি এবং আমার পরিবার স্পেস মাউন্টেনের মতো রাইড গুলিতে গিয়েছিলাম। পরে গিয়েছিলাম এপকট তারপর অ্যানিম্যাল

ডিজনি ওয়ার্ল্ডে
আমি বসন্ত বিরতিতে ডিজনি
ওয়ার্ল্ডে গিয়েছিলাম। আমি
অনেক মজা করেছি। আমাদের
হোটেলে ড্রাইভ করে সতেরো
ঘন্টা লেগেছিলো। প্রথম দিনেই
আমরা জাদুর রাজ্যে
গিয়েছিলাম। আমি এবং আমার
পরিবার স্পেস মাউন্টেনের মতো
রাইডগুলিতে গিয়েছিলাম। পরের
দিন এপকট, তারপরে অ্যানিম্যাল
কিংডম যা সমান মজার ছিল।
ইন্ডিউস্ট্রি স্টুডিওতে গরমে
হাটহাট অনেক কষ্টের ছিল।
অবতার রাইড আমার প্রিয়
ছিল। সামগ্রিকভাবে, এটা খুব মজা
ছিল। আমি আবার যেতে চাই।

কিংডম যা সমান মজার ছিল। ইন্ডিউস্ট্রি স্টুডিওতে গরমে হাটহাট অনেক কষ্টের ছিল। অবতার রাইড আমার প্রিয় ছিল। সামগ্রিকভাবে এটা খুব মজার ছিল। আমি আবার যেতে চাই।



The Last Spirit

Aabir Banerjee

Under the azure sky, on the lush, green plains which we have been so graciously gifted by our planet, there have been innumerable tragedies that have befallen our race over the last two years. These tragedies have made many realize the value of this miracle and also how so many choose to neglect it. The tragedy and the miracle, the two things I refer to, are one and the same. I speak of the ephemerality of human life. Something so fleeting and beautiful, that each one carries an individuality and uniqueness that can never be matched by anything else.

Due to the COVID-19 pandemic that is still raging on and has disrupted every sanctuary we have held sacred, over the last year and a half we have all learned loss in some form. So many of us have lost our brothers, our sisters, our mothers, our fathers, our uncles, our aunts, our

friends, our teachers, our community, and our idols. A lucky few survived. Many didn't. We feel pain. We have all learned to know grief and feel pain. We have learned to empathize with our dear ones as they struggle through this journey.

This experience has birthed negative emotions among many. I can now



admit that for a long time I had embodied the emotions of hate and grief as a result of this pandemic - when I saw close relatives struggle with this disease. I realized the stark reality of the situation when it was my turn to experience loss first hand, losing one of the kindest humans I have known in my short life

thus far. The pandemic has stolen the world from many of us, but we still have so much that can aid us in shaping the world into what we wish it to be. It's a bittersweet realization, but every day there are lives lost in this inflamed, burning world of ours, each one not any less meaningful than others before it. We are all living in this world, so we are born and we eventually die. It's that time in between that we have to learn to appreciate.

We, the human race on Earth, have one characteristic that cannot be matched by any other species: We do not give up. We lose, we are beaten down, and often may feel like we can't continue our dismal existence, but we always get back up and continue to fight for our beliefs. Countries and governments do not seem to understand what they are doing. Men, women and children alike are

facing situations like never before. The average person is unsure about what to believe about the people who they follow. In times like this, I like to call upon the story of Pandora's Box. For those unfamiliar with the classic Greek mythology tale; an inquisitive girl, Pandora, is set to marry a Titan by the name of Epimetheus. Among the many gifts they receive from their wedding attendees is a beautiful container with instructions to not open the container, or else adverse consequences will ensue. A short period of time goes by. Pandora and Epimetheus are living together happily, as husband and wife, with

that container teasing Pandora's attention almost every day. Finally, unable to hold her curiosity any longer, Pandora opens the container and unleashes upon the world disease, death, and other malevolent spirits. However, when all of the other spirits have left the container and Pandora is sitting in grief, contemplating the repercussions of her actions, one spirit stays by Pandora and the human race ever after. No matter what came, that spirit was the strongest one, and could only be vanquished if mankind gave it up. The name of the spirit was Elpis: the spirit of Hope.

Pain is a reminder of the battles we have fought, and scars are testaments to the lessons we have learned from them. However, no matter how many battles we fight, we learn from those battles and don't lose hope for a future triumph. Never forget your past, but look for a future that you can brighten with your actions. Every day is another chance to do something, remake yourself, or fix something you couldn't do the day before. Treat every day like the greatest gift in the world, because you'll never get it back. If we carry the torch and keep the last spirit alive, I dare to ask - What could possibly defeat us?

আমার গল্প

নীল স্টাইনার্ট

এই সপ্তাহে আমি New York শহরে গিয়েছিলাম। আমার বন্ধু Chris-এর সাথে দেখা করতে। Covid-এর কারণে, আমি অনেকদিন Chris কে দেখিনি। সে আমাকে তার কিছু প্রিয় জায়গায় নিয়ে গেল।

আমার ভালো লাগল শহর পরিদর্শন করে, কিন্তু আমি সেখানে কখনই থাকব না। এই শহর শান্তিপূর্ণ নয়, এখানে খুব ট্রাফিক, কলাহল, আবর্জনা, আর অনেক বাড়ি। আমি প্রকৃতির কাছাকাছি থাকতে পছন্দ করি। কিন্তু

কখনও কখনও শহর পরিদর্শন উপভোগ করি।



My Favorite Sport

Udita Ray

Dear Reader,

I will be writing a story about my favorite sport, Speed Skating. Hope you enjoy it. I came to know about skating in a funny way. So before I even got my skates my cousin's sister used to skate and told me about it. After deciding we thought of buying quad skates, quad skates are wheels with 4 wheels. So, I got my new skates. And one day I went to practice early in the morning at the Plainsboro Park. And I saw some group of people skating as well so we asked the coach what the class was and all that stuff and at the end he gave a card of all the information. So, after thinking for a while, we decided to go early in the morning to join the class. That is

how I knew about my skating.

I was 9 years old when I started skating and now, I am 10.

I was inspired by my cousin sister but when I joined my speed Skating club, I was inspired by my coach. He has been skating for over 20 years and is a professional. He will wake up early in the morning and go to skate at the Plainsboro community park. He does not race anymore because of his age. When he was younger, he used to win and get gold medals, silver medals and more and he was a world champion. I am also inspired by my other coach. He is also as good as my first coach. He joined the club after I joined because he had a lot of work to do but now he is with us and trains us very hard and

sometimes we train with him 2 times a day.

There are 3 types of skating in speed skating. There is just practice/warm up, Pace, and races. I will tell you how I feel when I do all of them. For practice/warm up I feel like being serious because after the warm up we have races. For races I feel like "I can do this". "It is ok if I lose that means I just need more practice" and more. And lastly, many people don't know what a pace is. A pace is skating but you are not racing or you are not warming up. It is like going by the wind and having fun and being calm. By myself a pace feels like calm, going with the wind and not going fast. And going with someone or a lot of people is the same but it

feels better and sometimes you could even talk to them and skate for a long distance like half a mile which we sometimes do. So that is how it feels to skate.

This has definitely

been one of my hobbies or my favorite sport because I give a lot of focus and pay attention and I dream that I could go and win some nationals and worlds. I hope my dream comes true.

I definitely want to continue skating because most of the sports I have gone to I have quit but skating I know I will always do and win some gold.



এটি একটি হেমন্ত কালের
ছবি। পাখিটা গাছের
ডাল আর পাতা দিয়ে
বাসা বানাবে।

উদিতা রায়

এটি একটি হেমন্ত কালের ছবি। পাখিটা
গাছের ডাল আর পাতা দিয়ে বাসা বানাবে।

ছবি ও লেখা : উদিতা রায়



ছবি : অহনা গুহ

The Chained Rainmaker

Samiyah Syed

*“Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another
day”*

The crackling of ice echoed throughout, as the vaguely humanoid smiled, cracking his delicate porcelain skin. He emitted a pale blue light from the cracks that formed from the movement of his mouth, in a way that would have humans observing him with no small degree of curiosity and concern, if not for the fact that he was invisible to mortal souls. “Finally,” he murmured, in a voice raspy from disuse for millennia, as his smile widened even more, causing more of his light to swirl around him, in a manner befitting mist.

In light of his new eagerness, the stars in the sky around him seemed to flicker, as they became

dimmer in relation to the brightness pouring from the cracks in his skin. He stood for the first time in centuries. He slowly stood, and began stretching out his arms, going through the time-old ritual, going through the movements almost on muscle memory, without



affording them a thought. As he went through the ancient ritual, beginning to shift and spin throughout the cosmos he resided in, above the earth, the stars near him actually dimmed, before one by one they started going out. After so long left

under the curse of the humans, only strengthened after every new generation of humans joined the ranks of their eternal soldiers, he had spent years withering away, and needed to borrow the power of his fellow beings. It was a costly ritual that he planned to complete, but the prospect of revenge after so long chained above the earth, able to observe but not act, as the power contained in his skin crawled and itched like thousand beetles underneath the dirt without even small releases of power... he was more than willing to suffer any consequence to punish the humans who thought they could contain his rage. They may have been many while he was one, but he was Timeless, while their entire species were mere

infants in comparison to the rest of the cosmos, and he had learned his lesson while to them he was but a mere nursery rhyme. Never again would he underestimate them.

He breathed out softly, more of the blue fog swirling in the faint light of his own mist, the night sky having been completely extinguished. Any humans who had looked up would not have seen anything amiss- the ancient warnings of the rage of the Timeless had long been lost to time, but those Beings in the nearby neighborhoods knew enough to stay away from the destruction about to be wrought upon the mortals. He carefully cupped his hands at his waist, focusing his power carefully, and furrowed his brow as beads of liquid rolled down his face, before puffing away into vapor the second they left his

skin until finally, a small radiant spark appeared in the center of his hands, and slowly grew larger until, gasping, he directed it at the colorful sphere below him. As the beam of energy approached earth, it formed into a larger sphere around the atmosphere, where it began raining, first in drops, until it turned into rivulets and then torrents of water. He continued focusing the beam on earth, until he could nearly hear the cries of the beings on earth, taking punishment for the sins of generations upon generations of their forebears.

Weakened as he was after millennia of chains, focusing the beam of energy onto the mortals cracked his skin, until pieces of his delicate skin started breaking completely off, only to be replaced by swirling fog. He continued focusing the beam until he used up the borrowed

energy, and the torrents of rain went back to drops until they too stopped, and the water on the vibrant planet lowered. But the damage had been done. The mortals had been destroyed and with them, their curses. As his beam ran out, the stars around him, began shining once more, though dimmer than they had been, realizing that the punishment had been wrought. Heaving a relieved sigh, he smiled once more, before the last remaining pieces of his body cracked, and changed into faintly glowing pearlescent mist, which held his shape for a few moments before dissipating into the inky blackness.

Bear

Ashmita Ghosh

Once there was a cute little bear
Who lived in a cave inside of there

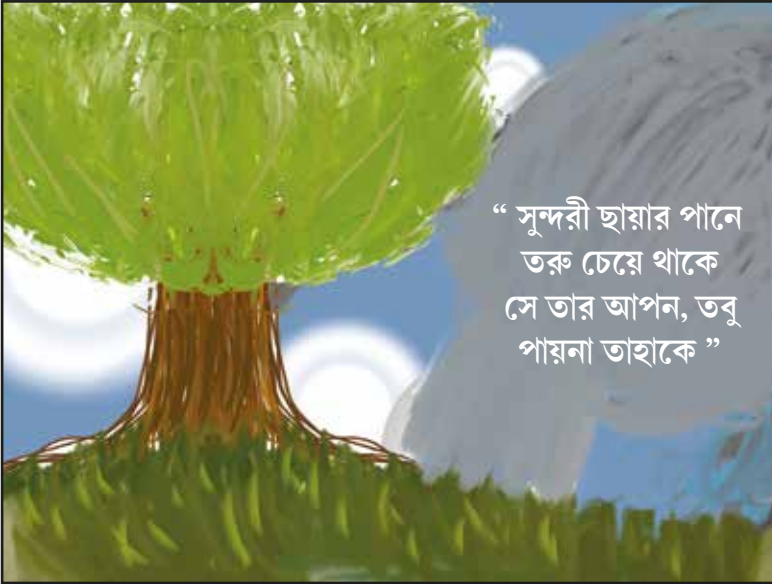
He was named Contary
He loved to climb his little tree

He ran faster than anyone
And always had lots of fun in the Sun

He was really a cute little bear
Who knew how to take care



ছবি ও লেখা : অস্মিতা ঘোষ



“ সুন্দরী ছায়ার পানে
তরু চেয়ে থাকে
সে তার আপন, তবু
পায়না তাহাকে ”

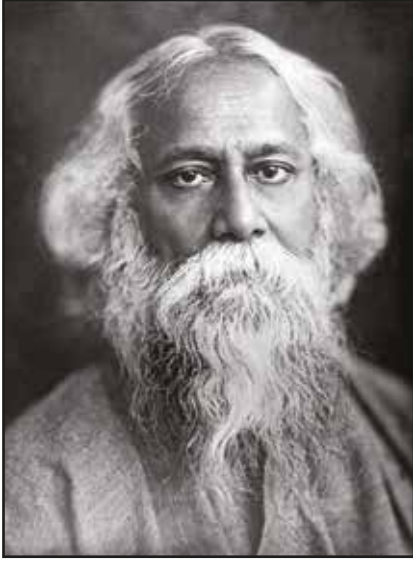
The tree gazes in love at
The lovely shadow
It is her own, and yet
She can never grasp her.

Translation by
Mia Saha

ছবি ও লেখা : মিয়া সাহা

Tagore: The Patriotic Poet

Raj Saha



Rabindranath Tagore is an Indian poet who won the Nobel Prize in literature in 1913 for *Gitanjali*, his most famous collection of poetry. He was the first Asian to win the Nobel Prize. Tagore wrote the national anthem of India and Bangladesh.

Tagore supported Indian politics by hosting the first Indian



Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, and independence leader Mahatma Gandhi in his home.



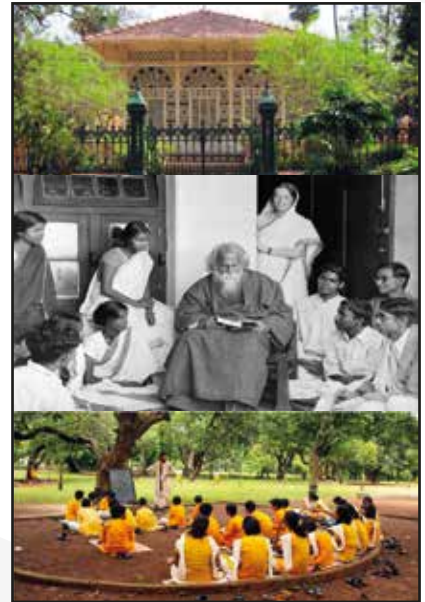
His wife and daughter died in 1902 and his son died of cholera in 1907.



Throughout his life, Tagore championed causes against segregation or discrimination based on religion, social class, and gender. Tagore was awarded knighthood for Services to Literature in 1915 by King George of England. In May 1919, Tagore gave up his knighthood to protest

the British in India after the Jallianwala Bagh massacre (also known as the Amritsar Massacre).

Tagore founded an experimental school at his family's estate in rural West Bengal, Shantiniketan. His goal was to combine the best in the Indian and Western traditions. The school later became Visva-Bharati University.



কবিগুরু,
তোমাকে আমার
প্রণাম জানাই!
-রাজ সাহা

The Wonders of Music

Shounak Ghosh

As the only universal language in this world,

the school orchestra.

BKPA has given me

variety of instruments with people my age, were the best parts of it all.

I think we can all agree that good things came out of the pandemic too. Many of us discovered new hobbies, tried new sports, or even learned an instrument. During the virtual band performances, I learned how to do audio / video editing through different softwares. I am really excited and looking forward to organizing in-person bands for the upcoming performances and onwards.



music is a way of healing and expressing every emotion without words.

The pandemic has affected everyone greatly and we all needed to isolate as well as find something to keep us motivated. To me and many others, that thing was the endless melodies and patterns of musical notes.

I was very passionate about music from when I was a child, and I am still learning Indian Classical Music and Piano also and cello in

the opportunity to direct the kid's band in the virtual programs, playing songs like "Aamra Shobai Raja", "Kharabayu Boy Bege" and more. To share my knowledge & experience, and to play a



Bright Side of the Thunderstorm

Debodipta Ghosh

When you think of COVID-19, what comes to your mind? Maybe how you stayed at home? Maybe how you felt the first couple of weeks at home felt like a vacation? Maybe it was not having connections between your friends? Even having to be isolated. Like, how the world was scared and pushed to the corner with no escape. Covid had a special place in all our hearts, maybe not in a good way, but definitely unique; whether it was memorable, scary, the worst time of our lives, or you hated it.

In our world humans tend to immediately spot the bad in things. Because negative information causes a surge in activity in the information processing area of our brain, bad

information and news has the power to shape our minds, behaviors and attitude. So, when we hear or read the words “COVID-19” our minds flood from the years before full of struggles and the many cases we’ve all faced and never think hard



enough to see the sun the cloud is covering.

COVID-19 had us all go through the five stages of human emotions; sadness, anger, fear, and lastly, happiness. We can all agree, COVID-19 has brought sadness to all of us. Whether it is losing someone, watching

someone go through that process, or even just listening to the news and hearing what our world has been through. We will never forget the pain that the younger generation shouldn't have had to go through. But they did, and the rest of the world stood by them. Anger. Anger is, most of the time, fueled by stress. COVID-19 is the definition of stress!!! How many times had you been afraid of going to a public place during COVID-19? Straight up I can say to myself, that there have been times I have avoided meeting up with my friends and going out just because I was scared. Which brings me to my next emotion: Fear. Nobody reading this article can walk up to me, look me straight in my eyes and

tell me that they haven't been scared. Scared doesn't have to mean wearing 5 masks at a time. Scared doesn't have to mean locking yourself in a room and losing all contact with people. But we've all had that little part of our brain telling us don't go in there, or fix your mask that person's getting closer. When COVID-19 comes to your mind those are definitely some of the top emotions triggered, because our mind seems to overlook the good things. But, one of the most overlooked emotions COVID-19 actually brought out is happiness.

COVID-19 has reshaped lives everywhere. Think back to when COVID-19 started and how our schedules changed. Think of all the opportunities you have had because of COVID-19. One of the biggest things was virtual connections. People became more active online, there were



internet besties and many people found their friends from back in

kindergarten. Many people have found their passions and their lives have changed. Maybe your family got closer together, or you finally got time to change your future and shape it into what you dreamed of everyday. The amount of animals rescued and adopted will always be remembered as well. How our people have saved our own world is often not seen, but is true. The happiness COVID-19 has brought us is best referred to as 'The sun behind our clouds', because sometime someday the clouds have to move and then the sun will shine.

We hope everyone is enjoying
the 2021 issue of E-Magination.

A big thank you to the BKPA kids
who contributed to this year's magazine!

আমার বাংলাদেশের স্মৃতি

জারিন শুভা

আমার নাম জারিন আর আমরা আমেরিকাতে এসেছিলাম দশ বছর আগে যখন আমার বয়স ছিল পাঁচ। আমার বাংলাদেশের বেশি কিছু মনে নেই কিন্তু আমার আন্মু আর আবু আমার ছোটবেলার অনেক গল্প বলত। এই লেখাতে আমার ছোটবেলার স্মৃতি বলব, যেটা আমি বিশ্বাস করি অনেক হাস্যকর।

যখন আমি ছোট ছিলাম আমার আবু বিদেশে কাজ করত আর সে বাংলাদেশে ফিরে আসত সে আমার আন্মুকে জানাত। সবসময় আন্মু আর আমি এয়ারপোর্টে যেতাম আবুকে নিয়ে আসার জন্য, কিন্তু অনেক অপেক্ষা করে আমি বিরক্ত হয়ে যেতাম।

এই জন্য একবার আমার আন্মু আমাকে এয়ারপোর্টে নিয়ে যানি। সেইবার আমি জানতাম না যে আমার আবু ফিরে

আসছিল, ঐবার আমার চাচ্চু (আবুর ছোট ভাই) এয়ারপোর্টে গিয়েছিল।

যখন আমি আমার আন্মুকে জিজ্ঞেস করলাম কেন আমার চাচ্চু আমাদের বাসায় আসেনি কেন, আমার আন্মু বলেছিল যে সে তার বড় ভাইকে এয়ারপোর্ট থেকে নিয়ে আসবে। আমি অনেক ছোট ছিলাম আর আমি তখন জানতাম না যে আমার চাচ্চুর বড় ভাই ছিল আমার বাবা। তাই আমি আন্মুকে জিজ্ঞেস করলাম: " আমি কি চাচ্চুর বড় ভাইকে চিনি ?

আন্মু হেসে উঠে ছিল আর বলেছিল " হ্যাঁ তুমি অনেক ভালো করে চেনো।"

অনেক সময় হয়ে গিয়েছিল আর তারপরেও তারা আসিনি। আমি অস্থির হয়ে গিয়েছিলাম এবং আমি আবার জিজ্ঞেস করলাম: "আন্মু তারা এখনো আসেনি কেন? "

সে বলল: তাদের একটু দেরি হচ্ছে তারা একটু পরেই আসবে।"

তারপর আমি জিজ্ঞেস করলাম: "আন্মু, চাচ্চুর বড় ভাইয়ের কি দেরি হচ্ছে কারণ সে আমার জন্য চিপস নিয়ে আসছে? চাচ্চুর বড় ভাই কি জানে যে আমি চিপস খেতে ভালবাসি?

আন্মু আবার হেসে উঠেছিলো

এই গল্পের বাকি টুকু আর মনে নেই, কিন্তু আমার মনে আছে যখন আমি দেখেছিলাম যে আমার আবু এসেছিল আর তিনি হলেন আমার চাচ্চুর বড় ভাই, তখন আমি অনেক অবাক এবং খুশি হয়েছিলাম।



আমার আঁকায় বাংলাদেশের স্মৃতি জারিন শুভা



Working People (Fisherman)



Working People (Vegetables)



Working People (Spinning)



Working People (Band)



Working People (Landscape)



Working People (Basket)



Working People (In Garden Worker)



Working People (Shoe Worker)



Working People



Working People (Swing)



Working People (Spinning)



Working People (Plant Worker)



Working People



Working People (Carrier)



Working People



Working People (Plow)



Working People (Cow)



Working People (Sewing)



Working People (Market Seller)



Working People (Spinning)



Working People (Worker)



Working People (Worker)



Working People (Worker)



Working People (Worker)

আমার ছোটবেলার কিছু স্মৃতি

জন লন্ধান

এক আমার ঠাকুরদা আর ঠাকুরমা সাগরের কাছে একটি তিন তলা বাড়িতে প্রতি গরমকালে ভাড়া থাকতেন। আমার পরিবার দুই সপ্তাহের জন্য তাঁদের দেখতে যেত। আমার ঠাকুরমা তাঁর নিজের বিছানার চাদর সবসময় সঙ্গে আনতেন। আমার ঠাকুরমা কখনও বাড়িওয়ালার বিছানার চাদর ব্যবহার করতেন না। আমার ঠাকুরদা আর ঠাকুরমার প্রজন্মের ছেলেমেয়েরা তাঁদের উচিৎ জায়গা জানতেন। ছেলেমেয়েদের কোনও কাজ করবার আগে বড়দের কাছ থেকে অনুমতি নিতে হতো। তাদের আলাদাভাবে খেতে হতো।

দুই ছেলেমেয়েদের বিশেষ বিশেষ উপলক্ষ্যে রাতের খাবার টেবিলে বড়দের সাথে খেতে হতো। আমার ঠাকুরদা ও ঠাকুরমা রাতের খাবার খুব দেরীতে খেত। আমার মনে আছে,

এক রাতে খুব দেরী করে খাওয়া হয়েছিল এবং আমার ছোট বোন ঘুমিয়ে পড়েছিল, ও ঠাকুরদার বাঁ দিকে বসেছিল। ঘুমিয়ে পড়ার জন্য তার মুখ প্লেটের মধ্যে পড়ে গিয়েছিল। ঠাকুরদা এই ব্যাপারে কিছুই করেননি।

তিন আমার মনে আছে একবার আমি ঠাকুরমার সঙ্গে গির্জায় গিয়েছিলাম। আমি ওখানে ঘুমিয়ে পড়ি। আমার ঠাকুরমা ওষুধ ব্যবহার করে আমাকে জাগানোর চেষ্টা করে। বলাই বাহুল্য, আমি তাড়াতাড়ি উঠে পড়েছিলাম।

চার ১৯৫৬ সালের গরমকালে শহরে মশার নিয়ন্ত্রণের জন্য স্প্রে করা হয়েছিল। আমরা ছেলেমেয়েরা স্প্রে ট্রাকের পিছনে দৌড়েছিলাম। পরে আমার এই স্প্রে অস্বাস্থ্যকর লেগেছিল।

পাঁচ আমাদের বাড়ির পিছনে একটি কাঠের ডক ছিল। আমার ছোট বোন

আর আমি ডকের উপর crabbing করতাম। আমরা মাছের মাথা crabs-দের খাওয়াতাম, তারপর একটি জাল দিয়ে তাদের ধরতাম। একদিন যখন বড়রা দুপুরের খাবার খাচ্ছিলেন তখন আমি আর ছোট বোন ডকের উপর থেকে জলে পড়ে গিয়েছিলাম। আমি উঠে বাড়িতে দৌড়লাম কিন্তু বড়রা তখনও খাচ্ছিলেন। ওনাদের খাওয়া শেষ না হওয়া পর্যন্ত আমি চেয়ারে শান্তভাবে বসে ছিলাম। তাঁদের খাওয়া শেষ হলে আমি বললাম, ছোট বোন ডকের শেষে জলে পড়ে গেছে। বড়রা দেখল যে আমার ছোট বোন একটি মই ধরে আছে। আরেকটু হলে আমার বোন মারা যেতে পারত।



Bangla Class



Nusrata Banerji

অ	আ	ই	ঐ	উ	ঊ
ঋ	ৠ	ও	ঔ	ঐ	ঊ
১	২	৩	৪	৫	৬
৭	৮	৯	১০	১১	১২
১৩	১৪	১৫	১৬	১৭	১৮
১৯	২০	২১	২২	২৩	২৪
২৫	২৬	২৭	২৮	২৯	৩০
৩১	৩২	৩৩	৩৪	৩৫	৩৬
৩৭	৩৮	৩৯	৪০	৪১	৪২
৪৩	৪৪	৪৫	৪৬	৪৭	৪৮
৪৯	৫০	৫১	৫২	৫৩	৫৪
৫৫	৫৬	৫৭	৫৮	৫৯	৬০
৬১	৬২	৬৩	৬৪	৬৫	৬৬
৬৭	৬৮	৬৯	৭০	৭১	৭২
৭৩	৭৪	৭৫	৭৬	৭৭	৭৮
৭৯	৮০	৮১	৮২	৮৩	৮৪
৮৫	৮৬	৮৭	৮৮	৮৯	৯০
৯১	৯২	৯৩	৯৪	৯৫	৯৬
৯৭	৯৮	৯৯	১০০		
লাল	নীল	হালুদ	সবুজ	গাঢ়	
হাত	পা	মাস	ক	ঘাড়	



Saraswati Puja

February 21st, 2021



Noboborsho 1428

April 10th, 2021



Eid May 15th, 2021

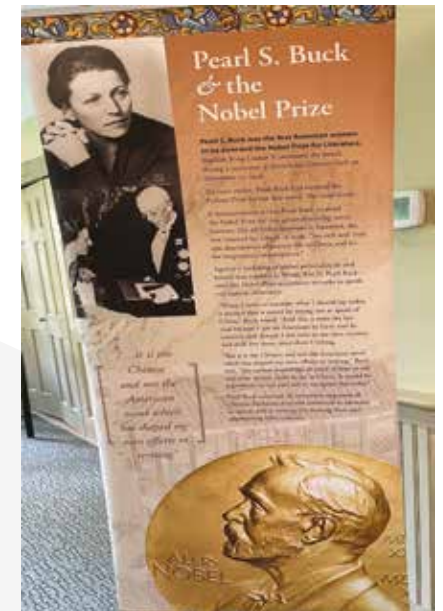
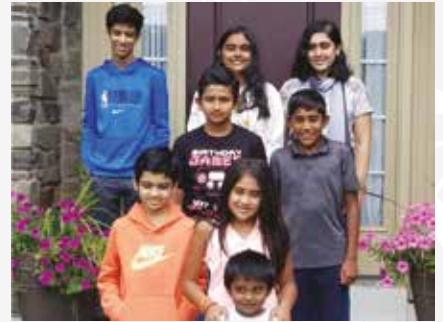


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