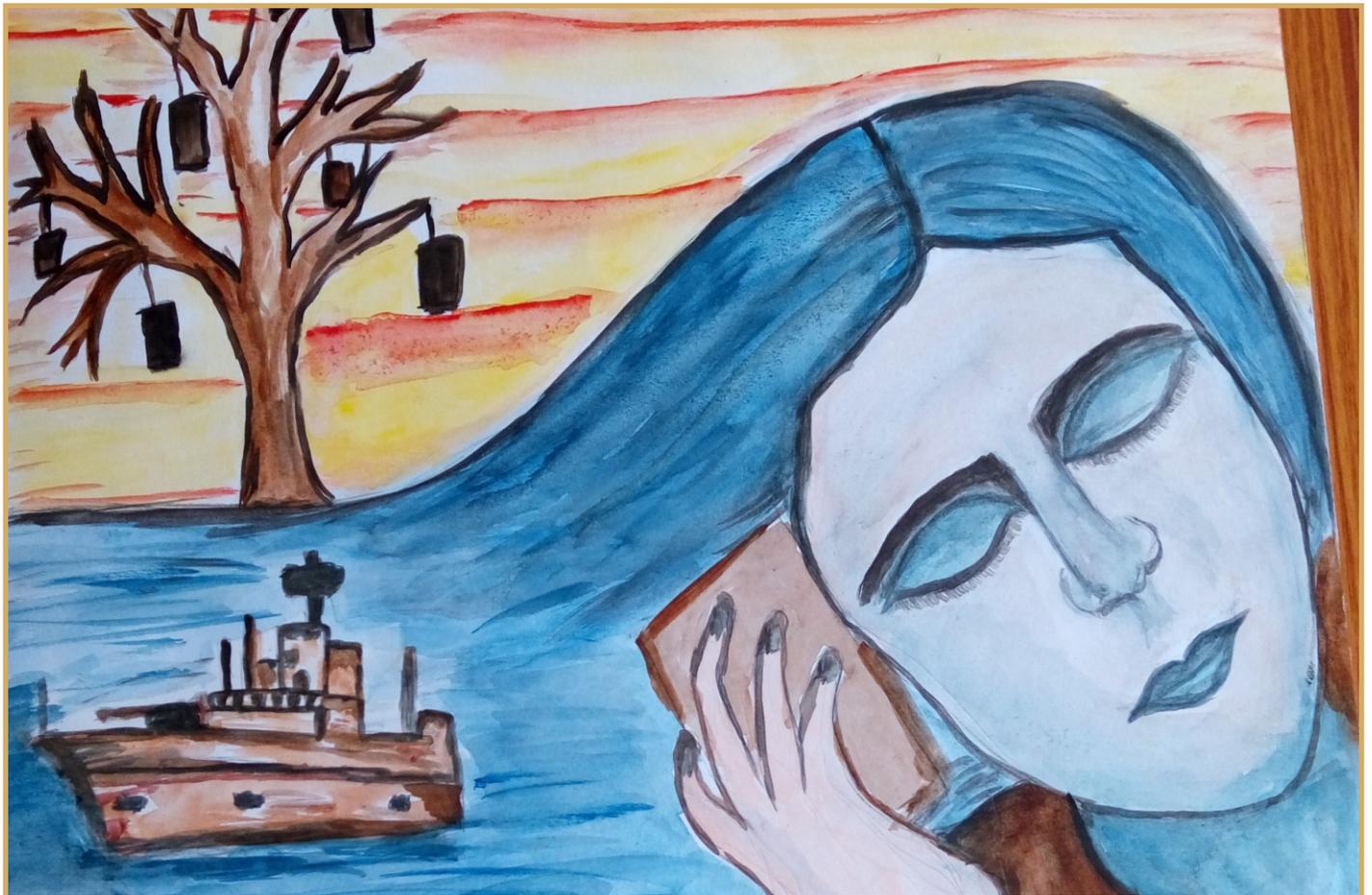




# VARUNI

*September 2017*



**When words speak...stories take birth!**

*Navy Wives Welfare Association  
(Western Region)*

## NWWA - COMMITTEE MEMBERS



## NWWA - WELFARE COMMITTEE MEMBERS



## TEAM SANCHAR

**Mrs. Vindya Ayyar**

**Mrs. Shruti Singh**

**Mrs. Meera Atul Bhadre**

**Mrs. Pushpa Singh**

**Mrs. Usha Soni**

From the Editor's heart...

*"After nourishment, shelter and companionship,  
stories are the thing we need most in the world"*

Philip Pullman

Dear readers,

Once upon a time there was a beautiful queen...



Does the above start to rekindle your thoughts? Or remind you of some incident? Feelings? Experiences? And did you get a chance to narrate and relive it? We all have enjoyed many of the evergreen classics earlier. Though, in this digital era, visual communication has taken the lead all over, story telling or writing is an art which can be cherished even today; and Team Sanchar proudly took up this opportunity to introduce our enthusiastic writers through this mouth piece of NWWA called "Varuni".

Keeping in mind what J.K. Rowling said, "There's always room for a story that can transport people to another place", we have designed each page with ideas that motivate, stories that entertain, poems that gladden, experiences that inspire, and recipes that make you rush to the kitchen.

We are delighted to present this edition, hoping that it would raise your spirits and boost your emotional bank account. Because we ourselves too are stories in the end!

Special Thanks to Mrs. Nitu Shaw who designed a priceless painting for the front cover page. Team Sanchar also appreciates efforts of all the contributors.

Please drop in your future contributions at NWWA Kendra NOFRA/ Navy Nagar, or reach us via email at;

[sanchar.wnc@gmail.com](mailto:sanchar.wnc@gmail.com)

Wish you all happy reading ever after...

Warm Regards

Vindya Ayyar

# NWWA की काहानी, मीरा की जुबानी

काहानी आरंभ हुई, रंग लाए सपने सयाने,  
मीरा चली नौसेना के अफसर संग, अपना संसार बसाने  
पति देव शादी पर आये, हुआ बड़ा उपकार,  
हफ्ते में ब्याहकार्य निपटाकर, साहब वापस ड्यूटी पर तैयार  
नया शहर, नया घर, नया संसार  
थोड़ी सहमी, थोड़ी गंभीर मीरा, डर के दिखे आसार  
चाहे हो घर शोध, घर बसाओ अभियान  
या फिर बॅचलर्स का कॉलिंग ऑन,  
वरुण देव, वास्तु देव, एम ई एस देव,  
सबके व्रत करे मीरा,  
रहने लगी अब वह मौन  
एक दिन आया नववआ का संदेसा  
मीरा न जाने, शीघ्र ही बदलने वाली थी उसकी यह दशा  
उत्तर की खोज में लगी मीरा ने जाना, इस रहस्य का स्रोत-  
एक अद्भुत नववआ परिवार  
नववआ की विविध छवियाँ दर्शाती इसके विस्तार की गति  
चाहे हो संकल्प का योगदान, समुद्री का समान या फिर प्रभावी  
प्रकृति,  
मिलजुल कर नववआ नारियाँ बाँटती अपनी खुशियाँ अथवा गम  
घर गृहस्थी, नौकरी सब संभालती, नहीं वह किसीसे कम  
कर्मठ है धर्म और स्वभाव से वह स्वार्थ हीन  
एक है नववआ, चाहे कमान हो – पूर्व, पश्चिम या दक्षिण  
लाल, नारंगी, नीला, सफेद मिलकर बने नववआ के रंग  
शक्ति, साहस, विश्वास, शांति हमेशा रहे इसके संग  
नववआ है परिवर्तन, नववआ है आधार व आशा  
शब्दों में ना बाँध सके, ऐसी इसकी परिभाषा

नववआ की पुकार लाई नई सुनहरी किरण  
मीरा ने लंबी उड़ान भरी, डर खत्म दिखे आत्मविश्वास के लक्षण  
ऐसे कौशल, ऐसी प्रतिभा जो मीरा कहे “मुझे ना ज्ञात”  
अचानक उभरे सबके समक्ष,  
नववआ कहे “वाह मीरा! क्या बात”  
नई सहेलियाँ मिलीं, आया नया विश्वास  
बदला दृष्टिकोण लाया जोश का एहसास  
सेलिंग में व्यस्त पति देव की चिंता टली  
जब उसने जाना मेरी मीरा अब नववआ से जुड़ी  
नववआ अपने दायित्व के प्रति कार्यरत हर पल  
दृढ़, प्रतिभाशाली नारियों से बना इसका सफर सफल  
नववआ परिवार है मेरे लिए, नववआ हूँ मैं व मेरी पहचान  
पहेली सुलझी आखिर मीरा को मिला अपने प्रश्नोंका समाधान  
कहते हैं कि हौसले को आजमाना चाहिए, मुश्किलों में मुस्कुराना  
चाहिए  
और यदि जिंदगीको सही ढंग से जीना सीखना हो तो  
मीरा की मानो एक नववआ नारी से पूछना चाहिए  
एक निराली प्रतिमा जिसके मूल हैं- निष्ठा, सहयोग और देश सेवा  
निरंतर प्रगति करती रहे सशक्त नववआ, जिंदा दिल नववआ  
प्रेरणा दायी नववआ  
धन्यवाद, करने तय यह सफर मीरा के संग  
रीचिंग आउट पुकारे, आईये जुड़ें नववआ के संग



मीरा भदे

NWWA Coffee Evening का आनंद लेते हुए

*“Read a thousand books, and your words  
will flow like a river.”*

*Lisa See, ‘Snow Flower and the Secret Fan’*

## Bus Love

Rashmi waved good bye to her colleagues in hurry as she had to take 7.45 bus no 25 out side CST station bus stop. Running with her short legs and high heels she managed to pass the stairs like escalators. Fair and bubbly Rashmi had a time limit to reach her house in accordance with the deal she had stuck with her parents for working in this multinational company for two years before they got her married by 25. Gasping for her breath she finally reached the bus stop where generally at this time people are in large numbers. “Oh man, did I miss it? No I can't afford to and tapped her foot. I will have to calm myself down before people notice my cynical side.”

She plugged her headphones into her ears and started playing the music. As soon as her music started a boy in white shirt passed by her. Rashmi's gaze followed his steps. There was nothing special about this boy other than his small cute face with perfect eyebrows that were hidden by his glasses and his short height. What attracted Rashmi was his small wavy hair that looked like an overplayed football turf. He stood about one foot away from her.

“Rashmi stop staring at him!!” she kept reminding herself and every other moment she checked him then the bus. This process went on of bus and boy until it started pouring. Every one ran for shelter at bus stop. Rashmi was at the entrance of the stop which made it difficult for her not to get wet and not to bump on other older men who were having fun of her back view. Within few seconds a bus zoomed at the stop and Rashmi rushed to catch it. While entering the bus she looked behind and saw the boy looking at her but not entering the bus. Once settled in bus, she couldn't take her mind off the boy and wondered what was his name? Which bus he takes? Does he come late at stop or early? That night Rashmi had questions to which answers would have to wait till next evening home travel.

Next day Rashmi checked her watch at regular intervals so she doesn't miss her secret crush. As clock struck 7.15, Rashmi packed her belongings quickly and rushed to the stop. “Please come please come”, the silent prayer were on and God didn't disappoint her. He was right there smiling at her and passing by. Again Rashmi's bus came. She went disappointed with no progress. Same routine followed everyday, neither they talked nor she came to know anything about him. Today Rashmi was already tensed as her boss made her wait. It was 7.35 already. She reached the stop at 7.45 pm sharp and to her surprise the boy was there waiting for her. The moment she saw him she secretly heaved a sigh of relief. “Thank God I was not late to reach here. The bus I saw leaving was not his”.

Smiles and eye talks were exchanged. As time was ticking Rashmi's face was sulking down. Finally a bus came and to her surprise it was not her bus but the boy stood in line to enter the bus. Rashmi did not know how to react, to be happy about gaining information about the boy or to get sad for missing her own bus. She held a weak smile and stared at the road.

As conductor rang the bell she peeped inside the but couldn't find him anywhere. She wondered where did he go in a few seconds. Before she could realize, a taxi stood in front of him and there he was waiting for her. He took the step towards the door.

“Hi, Piyush !!” She waved... the voice came and the door opened.

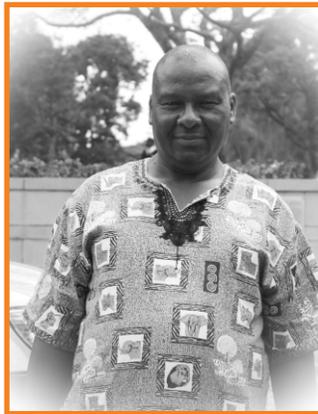


**Dr. Nidhi Kuvadia**

## **THE DRIVING FORCE** **HARRISON - A PROUD KAMBA**

When we heard of Harrison's death we knew the penny had dropped. Our Kenyan odyssey had come a full circle and it was, just perhaps, time for us to leave and go back. Harrison was a swarthy Kenyan, a proud Kamba and a God-fearing Christian. He was the first of the local peoples we had the privilege of connecting with. When we touched Kenyan soil, it was his hearty 'Jambo' (Hello) 'Karibuni' (Welcome) that ushered and eased us into an alien country. If Prado were a fighter aircraft then the mission (Indian High Commission) driver-supremo Harrison, who was to ferry the Defence Attache husband, would be Top Gun.

Smile on lips, a twinkle in the eyes, a brown safari suit in place and lumbering with a limp, he would present himself every morning with a robust "Good morning 'Kapitan' (Captain)!" Punctuality was his hallmark and he performed his duty as a driver almost karmically. His rustic wisdom articulated colloquially, enlightened us about the city and its people more than any nuggets from "Lonely Planet" or counsel from local Indians. "All this talk of city being unsafe... don't listen to people; if you do you'll not even be able to eat or breathe... this is bad, this not good... I live here all my life of 65 years, I drive at night, nothing happens to me," he would say in his inimitable Kenyan drawl. It was around; he seemed no less than a notorious for its crime and car-jacking. notorious Nairobi traffic by navigating in lanes as though he had a GPS in his head.



Being driven by him, even as we got insights into the man himself. Nairobi was, he urged me to go to the Kenya was. One day he revealed that that he had to give up running altogether. His day began with a concoction of some medicinal leaves followed by a healthy porridge. He would never eat out no matter how late he had to stay on duty. A modest meal cooked by him, of ugali (Maize flour porridge) and sukuma wiki (kale), the staple of most Kenyans, would see him through the day. He eschewed vices, stayed away from alcohol and smoking, but supported several wives back in his village.

Having sired eleven children (all grown up now), he was the quintessential father figure who said it like it was, mincing no words. And yet, he was there for us always, assuredly, with his ever ready "Hakuna Matata" meaning "No problem". He had a way with words and could hold on his own in any illustrious or 'august' presence of the diplomatic fraternity; rank, hierarchy and status fazed him little. Once when he was dropping us at the American ambassador's residence for an official function, the security at the gate, in his typical American condescension ordered Harrison, scurvily, to go and park far away from the gate. The proud Kenyan let loose a politically-loaded repartee "Who wants to be close to the Americans anyway!". What struck me most about his persona was his dignity and self-pride. Harrison owned a small kiosk, a small *kirana* store, in our neighbourhood.

One night, the civic authorities demolished it without any notice or warning. We heard about it from the nonchalant owner himself who held no grouse against anyone despite the calamity.

Kioko Harrison was a farmer at heart who talked fondly of fields of Irish potato and corn back home in Machakos. He looked forward to going there to be with his folks during Christmas where he would play the guitar to while away evenings. Accustomed to his business-like presence, it was difficult to imagine him with a floral shirt, strumming a guitar and riding a motorbike, carefree, on country the roads. Or perhaps not, but that was the real Kioko we never really got to see.

His death was sudden and though he did not die in a motorbike accident, in an indirect way, it was to be his nemesis. Down with common cold already, he contracted pneumonia when he indulged in a biking trip in the wintry country side air. But something tells me that there was more to it. That though he may not have died a bitter man, he must have died a pained man with a lament in his heart. His sons did not share his old-world and Christian values and rebelled against him for the firm hand he wielded on them. In an unfair and uncaring world, his upright ways did not always get recognized or respected and he had to swallow hurt and humiliation on many occasions. It was unfortunate that after his retirement we did not get to see him or bid farewell to him as the curtain drew over our *l'affaire Kenya*.

Padmaja Parulekar Kesnur



## Dialogues Distilled!

**Girl:** you are my world, you are my soul  
Nothing is untold, still I see some hole!  
**Warrior:** Am I your world? The statement is so bold  
My heart is in your soul, don't forget your role!

**Girl:** From the corner of my eye...  
Signing up for words without being shy  
Astonishing looks as though from the sky!  
**Warrior:** Oh my beautiful pie, I am like a sea  
Too many disturbances... with all necessary ties!



Vindya Ayyar

**Girl:** If you are the sea, let me blend like a river  
Salt mixture of my tears...  
will smile and say cheers!!!

**Warrior:** Emotions have gone dry  
Affections are holding you high  
Love has faded... but not waned!  
Mind can comprehend, whatever you sent  
The love that I earned... can't be penned...!

**Girl:** Oh my life... why can't I be your wife?  
Killing desire is rife... only your hug can purify!

**Warrior:** Come in my arms, no more qualms  
My queen, my love... let your heart be calm  
Will not let you go even from my palm  
This is an eternal promise  
And you know that I am a modern RAM!

## NWWA KE JHAROKHON SE...



**Aarogya**– Tender note to healing touch



**Coffee Evening by Headquarter- Taboo Talks**



**Sparsh**- Empowering through sponsorship



**Jagriti**– Talks on Speech & Language Development for teachers



**Jagriti**– A walk down the Heritage lane

## NWWA KE JHAROKHON SE...



Art Of Living Course for Children at **Kalakendra**



Well Stocked **Samudri**



AGM NWWA- .... In the august company



Go green with **Prakriti**



Monsoon Masti with **Aashirwad**

# अंदर की बात

## नेवी वाले

जीवन है तेरे हवाले ओ नेवी वाले  
कठपुतली तेरे हाथ की -  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले, ओ नेवी वाले  
गाँव में मेरा मन नहीं लगता  
मुम्बई नगरिया बुला ले ओ नेवी  
वाले  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले ओ नेवी वाले  
घर में बैठ कर बोर मैं होती  
जूहू चौपाटी घुमा दे ओ नेवी वाले  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले, ओ नेवी वाले  
शेरिंग में बड़ी मुश्किल होती  
यहाँ से ट्रान्सफर करा ले ओ नेवी वाले  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले, ओ नेवी वाले  
सर्विस में तुमने साईन कर दिया  
२०१६ का कमीशन ले लिया  
अब बच्चो को सेट करा दे, ओ नेवी वाले  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले ओ नेवी वाले  
सर्विस छोड़ के घर मत जाना  
यहीं पे बंगला बना ले ओ नेवी वाले  
जीवन है तेरे हवाले, ओ नेवी वाले



प्रीती सिंह

## नौसैनिक बहने

यह वंदनिय अभिनंदनिय नारी का अनुपम जीवन है  
संतोष समर्पण श्रद्धा का यह अतुलनिय गठबंधन है  
निज देश धर्म से जुड़े हुए नौसेना के जो सैनिक हैं  
उनके साहस संवर्धन की दृढ़ता के यह उत्प्रेरक हैं  
इनकी निष्ठा से ही सदैव घर की खुशियों का सावन है  
संतोष समर्पण श्रद्धा का यह अतुलनिय गठबंधन है  
कठिनाई के पल में भी ये तो धैर्य कभी नहीं खोती हैं  
घर वह बच्चों की हर जिम्मेदारी अपने कंधों पर लेती हैं  
जीवन साथी के कामों को पूरा करना ही पूजन है  
संतोष समर्पण श्रद्धा का यह अतुलनिय गठबंधन है  
सच्चे संकल्पों में बँधकर तुमने जो पथ अपनाया है  
नारी का पावन मातृरूप इस दुनिया को दिखलाया है  
नौसेना की वनप्राण वायु मानो समाज का दर्पण हैं  
संतोष समर्पण श्रद्धा का यह अतुलनिय गठबंधन है  
भारत रूपी इस उपवन के कण कण में खुशबू भर देना  
अपने उज्वल सतकर्मों से हर दिशा प्रकाशित कर देना  
स्वागत में मेरी स्वर माला पावन सेवा में अर्पण हैं



अनीता सिंह

## दिल की कलम से सपनों के कागज पर

सपना वह है जिसे हर कोई देखना चाहता है ! कई बार तो बंद आखों से देखा हुआ सपना भी हमें हकीकत नज़र आता है और कभी जो प्रत्यक्ष में होता है उसे भी हम सपना ही समझ बैठते हैं | दोस्तों ऐसे ही सपनों को मैंने अपनी खुली हुई आँखों में संजोया था | एक लड़की के कई ख्वाब होते हैं जैसे कि उसका पति एक आदर्श व्यक्ति हो और अगर वो युनिफ़ॉर्म में हो तो क्या कहने ! युनिफ़ॉर्म अनुशासन का प्रतीक है और किस औरत को ऐसा पति नहीं चाहिए होगा जो अनुशासित हो ? साथ ही यहाँ का माहौल भी ऐसा है की पत्नियों को आसपास के लोगों से कोई खतरा नहीं है | मेरे अनुभव के अनुसार हमारे पतियों की सफ़ेद युनिफ़ॉर्म एक और कारण है कि वे स्त्रियों का इतना सम्मान करते हैं |

एक नेवी के जवान से शादी होने के बाद मैं अपना सबकुछ छोड़कर मुंबई आ गई, एक ऐसा शहर जो सबको अपना बना लेता है | इस शहर को यूँ ही तो सपनों की नगरी नहीं कहाँ जाता | इस तथ्य से तो सभी परिचित हैं कि मुंबई शहर की महिलाएँ जितनी कामकाजी हैं उतनी शायद ही किसी और शहर में होंगी | महिलाएँ तो घर में रहकर भी अपने पति का घर खर्च में हाथ बँटा सकती हैं | इस तरह से छोटे मोटे काम करते रहने से महिलाओं में आत्मसम्मान, आत्मनिर्भरता स्वयं आजाती है | नेवी ऐसा मंच है जहाँ महिलाओं के आत्मनिर्भर बनने का प्रयास निरंतर चलता रहता है | नेवी जैसी संस्थाएँ महिलाओं को आगे बढ़ने के लिए सदैव सहायक रहती हैं |

इस बात से तो हम सब सहमत होंगे की यहाँ आकर हम सभी में कयी सकारात्मक बदलाव आये हैं | एक चुपचाप रहने वाली, सहमी हुई सी लड़की स्वयं को सबके साथ खड़ा रहने में अब संकोच नहीं करती | यहाँ आकर मैंने अपनी अधूरी शिक्षा पूरी की है और अपने आप को इतना सक्षम बनाया है कि मैं अब किसी के भी सामने अपने या अपने परिवार के हक व सम्मान के लिए लड़ सकती हूँ | और इसके लिए मैं यहाँ के खुले माहौल और नेवी की आभारी हूँ | एक कविता के बोल आपके समक्ष रखती हूँ :

कुछ जीत लिखूँ, कुछ हार लिखूँ,  
या दिल का सारा प्यार लिखूँ,  
कुछ अपनों के जज़्बात लिखूँ,  
या सपनों की सौगात लिखूँ,  
कुछ समझूँ या मैं समझाऊँ  
या सुनकर चलती ही जाऊँ  
पतझड़, सावन, बरसात लिखूँ,  
या ओस की बूँद की बात लिखूँ  
कुछ जीत लिखूँ, कुछ हार लिखूँ,  
या दिल का सारा प्यार लिखूँ,  
मैं क्या लिखूँ ?



पुष्पा सिंह



Personality Development class is one of the new ventures of NWWA which works towards over all development of our ladies. To join the next course contact :

Mrs. Meena Sinha  
(8790198257)

# Lost Roots

Bansi Singh



A true story for Independence Day

It was on 13<sup>th</sup> August 1947 that I lost my roots, my roof, and my home.

I was brought up in a very happy and congenial environment – a loving family, school, teachers, friends and surroundings. I later graduated, got married and my son was just five months old when the shock of partition hit us. We had to lock up our new home and my husband's medical practice at Lahore and walk out in five minutes leaving behind all our possessions.

As our car reached the main road we were surrounded by a mob. Fortunately someone recognized the doctor who had saved his eyes. So we were spared. We drove fast and reached the border town of Amritsar on the Indian side.

Those who had traveled by train that day never reached. All of them – men and women – old and young – were butchered. People also traveled in groups by foot or whatever transport they could find, fearing an attack any moment by the frenzied mobs.

So many people lost their families besides everything else. It was heartbreaking to hear the cries and heartrending stories of those who suffered and faced the killing of their loved ones and suffered the shame of their womenfolk – young girls brutally raped and killed in front of their eyes and thrown in the fields.

Those who reached the other side were in a miserable state – the cars in shambles, people badly wounded and half dead, everything lost – homes, properties, possessions, comfortable and happy lives, self respect, dignity and honour. They were physically, mentally, emotionally and financially shattered with wounded bodies, minds and souls. They reached the other side to find support and much needed love and care from relations, friends and even unknown people. The days and nights spent in Lahore just before partition were also terrible. We were cooped up at home like prisoners as it was dangerous to step out. One couldn't even have proper fresh food and lived mainly on tinned food which became available after the left-over war stocks came in.

We lived in constant fear of an attack as shops and houses around us were being attacked and burnt. There were fires raging day and night, with flames touching the skies. People were being stabbed in cold blood on the roads and in the streets. While all this was happening, the police was not to be seen. Instead, it was the men in our neighbourhood who took it upon themselves to guard our homes with whatever arms – guns, pistols, swords – they could find. They took turns every night to guard the surroundings.

Things were going from bad to worse when one day our brother-in-law, who was a very senior railway officer and was living in a 'safe' locality, called to say that we should move there as our home wasn't safe. As we stepped out we saw the car burning, so we quickly went back and rang up and he sent us a police car with police escorts and we found a few days of peace there.

In the meanwhile, we had lost touch with our families, which had been separated and no one knew where and in what state the other family members were. My father was in Karachi and we later discovered that he had sat at the airport to get whatever flight he could to Bombay. He literally cried with relief when he discovered that we had reached Amritsar safely.

Crowded trains with people perched on the rooftops were seen leaving Amritsar headed for different places, wherever they felt they could find help and start life anew. Fortunately for us, my husband found a job with Safdarjang Hospital in Delhi with a large and beautiful furnished accommodation, helping us with fresh beginnings and hope in our hearts. We were grateful to God that we could stand on our own feet soon enough and pick up the threads of life from scratch, even after going through the trauma and upheaval of partition. It was in Delhi that I was reunited with my parents and siblings and thanked God for his blessings.

This is a little part of "my story". The whole scene is in front of my eyes and is etched deep in my memory even after 70 years. My wish of visiting my "roots" has not yet been fulfilled and remains a dream.

## That flutter in my soul !

This is that undying feeling that is a gut feeling to my species and I am no stranger to it !

How fond the feelings grow as one grows!  
The survival of the fittest by Darwin is so apt in the race to win hearts !

It is eye to eye connect that does the magic!  
Eye contact with concomitant smile and the sheen of exuberance and exemplified joy that ushers this flutter in My soul !

I see this guy who is not so very handsome yet very rustic and the very intellectual streak he has! Now the game lies in pulling the strings so tight that the laws of attraction comes to the core and things need not be made explicit !

Ohh it is this guy who made my heart go flutter and I go hither thither to get the best of the attention !

Hail the womaniya and the charm of it !!  
Conquering the flutter and consuming the peace to live happily

It is the persona that behaves in the best way possible to woo the one who has been so deep in my eyes and my soul that the triumph of winning over the guy is like a reward on a different level! The peace that dawns the whole process is the modest and the best of all a girl can think of !



Jisha Anoop

## COURSES AT KALA KENDRA

COURSE	TEACHER	PHONE NUMBER
ZUMBA	NEELAM SHARMA	9899418061
YOGA FOR CHILDREN AND LADIES	MANISHA SONI	9619967171
BHARATNATYAM FOR CHILDREN AND LADIES	SWETHA SINGH	9869972649
AEROBICS	POONAM B.S	9869710585
BOLLY AEROBICS	MEHA KAUR	9869560704
WESTERN DNACE	KUSHAL	9867654147
GITAR	TABLOO RAI CHOWDHURY	9619124471
VOCAL AND KEYBOARD FOR CHILDREN	CHITRALEKHA	9167149171
VOCAL FOR CHILDREN AND LADIES	RAGINI PRASAD	9350003737
KUCHIPUDI FOR CHILDREN	SHIVALIKHA KANT	8332850364
MATHS AND SCIENCE (CLASSES 10 TO 12)	PINKY SHARMA	9869564239
HINDI AND SANSKRIT (CLASSES 1 TO 10)	POONAM SHARAN	9869408222
CHEMISTRY (CLASSES 9 AND 10)	DR. NIRUPAMA	9869725478
MATHEMATICS (CLASSES 9 AND 10)	SUJITHA	8879548758
ALL SUBJECTS TUTION (CLASSES 5 TO 7)	PRIYANKA GUPTA	8879548564
MATHS AND SCIENCE (CLASSES 8 AND 9)	PRIYANKA GUPTA	8879548564
ART OF LIVING FOR CHILDREN	RENU MEHTA	9869940492

### **PRAGATI COURSES AT FAMILY WELFARE CENTRE, OLD NAVYNAGAR (PH NO: 22152232)**

COURSE	TEACHER	PHONE NUMBER
Tailoring (Diploma)	Mrs. Neetu Dubey	9421189262
Casual Tailoring	Mrs. Rajakumari	9869772572
Casual Tailoring	Mrs. Sujatha	9969077305
Fancy Tailoring	Mrs. Rajeni	9421694692
Mehendi -1	Mrs. Monika	7710868836
Mehendi-2	Mrs. Shameen	7900017848
Beautician course	Mrs. RajeshDevi	9969401243
Beautician course	Mrs. Archana Singh	9869141627
Creche	Mrs. Seema Devi	9969774064
Drawing	Mrs. Neetu	7738261649
Dance	Mrs. Shrobanti Day	9930814412
Music	Mrs. Chitrlekha	9167149171
Baking	Mrs. Pratibha	9652066715
Tuition (6th to 9th )	Mrs. Sweeta	9655217368
Spoken English	Mrs. Shalini Yadav	8779465964
TISS Class	Mrs. Shweta	9920436266

### **PRAGATI COURSES AT KALYAN KENDRA, NEW NAVY NAGAR (PH NO: 22183729)**

COURSE	TEACHER	PHONE NUMBER
TAILORING (DIPLOMA)	MRS. SURESH DEVI	9581541669
TAILORING (CASUAL)	MRS. HARJINDER	9969307899
TAILORING (FANCY)	MRS. TRUPTI DONGRE	8080063228
CRECHE	MRS. NEELAM SHARMA	9757139803
LIBRARY	MRS. SUSHMA RAI	7907247758
MEHENDI( BASIC& ADV )	MRS. JYOTSNA SHARMAN	9867224979
SOFT TOYS&CUSHION MAKING	MRS. ANAJANA PATHAK	9768088563
BEAUTICIAN COURSE	MRS. KUSUM THAKUR	9969307716
BEAUTICIAN COURSE	MRS. REKHA RANA	9969307940
JEWELLERY MAKING	MRS. REKHA	9757315429
SPOKEN ENGLISH (BASIC)&(ADVANCE)	MRS. MARIETTE	9869833255
TUITION (VIII - XII)	MRS. POONAM( MATHS & CS)	9869815839
TUITION (III - VII)	MRS. RITU MISHRA-PANDEY	9757384057
BAKING	MRS. KHUSHBU	7506000175
FLOWER MAKING	MRS. REKHA	9757315429
DRAWING	MRS. NEETU SHAW	7738621649
DANCE	MRS. VAISHALI	9619257323
MUSIC/ VOCAL/ KEY BOARD	MRS. CHITRALEKHA	9167149171
PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT	MRS. MEENA SINHA	8790198257

## NWWA KE JHAROKHON SE...



**Pragati:** Young Moms' Day out



**Pragati:** Gift Wrapping competition



**Tarsh** 10th Anniversary



Janmashtami celebrations at **Balwadi**



### Lemonade Spa

Unisex Spa is run by Agnes, at the Gangotri-Bhagirathi Complex.

- 15% discounts to any one with a dependent I-Card
- Lifetime membership of 10 k to avail services worth 12500
- Lifetime membership of 15k to avail services worth 17500.

Lemony zesty discount packages will continue...

## Superhero : Your Hero is Within You



Caspia is the guardian city to the earth, situated in the stratosphere, right above the atmosphere. It is well ruled and it serves earth efficiently. As per rule, one member from each family in Caspia joins the Caspian army called Superhero's to serve the 'Earthians'.

Pancham is a young student studying in the school with all other children in Caspia. He tries his best to fit into the world of super smart children around him but fails. He cannot jump off a few miles during the morning exercise, he cannot do a few pages long calculations in his mind in a few seconds, he cannot finish a few pounds of food during recess and is usually 'late' in everything he does. Even his parents think that he is lazy and behaving different to escape the difficult tasks at school. They forcefully send him to school to be trained to become a member of the Superhero army in the future.

Finally, Pancham manages to finish school and joins the academy to become a Superhero.

Needless to say, Pancham fails miserably in the academy. His instructors get fed up of him in a few weeks and for the first time, a detailed discussion is held on Pancham's capabilities. It is concluded that Pancham is *not* a Superhero. And maybe, he does not belong to Caspia at all. In that case, he will have to shift to the Earth. The thought scares Pancham. Although unfit, he is a *Caspian*. He cannot think of living anywhere else in the universe.

Next day in the headquarters of the Superhero army, the senior officers conclude from the reports of surveillance that an attack will be made on the Earth. While they prepare for the fight, someone has to go to the Earth to hold a meeting of the leaders from all over the planet and warn them of the danger. They need to forget their differences and start making necessary preparations for evacuation, storage of food, water, fuel, etc.

After hours of discussions, it is concluded that Pancham should go because he is of no use in Caspia. This proposal is hugely debated because already the boy's capabilities are in doubt and not many are willing to trust Pancham with such a big task. Pancham himself is shocked to hear this. He never thought someone could think of him to perform such a task. His father tells him that this is his chance to prove his worthiness to be able to stay in Caspia otherwise he will have to shift to Earth.

Otherwise shy and self-contained, Pancham has to be a master negotiator and smooth talker to make the 'Earthians' realise the degree of the threat without creating panic. Pancham decides to take the challenge and agrees to go. Once on Earth, Pancham is treated like a celebrity. He feels out of place and awkward but this is a do-or-die situation for him.

Over a period of time, Pancham realises that he has exceptional communication skills, strong motivation powers and has outstanding ability to listen and make people listen to him. After weeks of holding closed door meetings within the 'Earthians', Pancham emerges as an all-round leader and controller of the situation.

A 'no one' in Caspia and an overrated celebrity on earth, Pancham is now wanted by both the worlds as their future leader. But Pancham has other plans. He wants to make everyone on Earth and in Caspia realise that there is no harm if a child is not what he is supposed to be by virtue of belonging to a family or a particular community. What a child must be known by should be his/her skills that benefit the society. The rules may be right but it is not totally important to go by them, especially at the cost of losing your childhood.

**Shruti Singh**



## Transformers (*Best Fit Forward*)



### Sangita Vishwanathan

I am a fitness trainer, clinical nutritionist, dietician and physiotherapist, so it behooves that I kill fat for a living. Fitness has been the catalyst for positive change in my life and has holistically affected me since I was 15. My mantra is "temporary pain for long term gain". My journey has no secret formulae. I work hard, stay dedicated and aim to be the best version of myself.



### Urvashi Thapa

Healthy body leads to healthy mind. I gained friends, confidence and in turn happiness and lifelong companionship with my involvement in Badminton tournaments.

## In the Spotlight– Mission Possible



### Apurva Solanki

An interior designer by profession, Apurva switched to being a hairstylist and make-up artist. She is a practicing image stylist and theater event stylist. After marriage, she started to paint, create home décor pieces and curios, personalized stationery and brand logos.

### Kasturi De

A former content writer turned home chef, Kasturi takes pride in having won a cooking competition, of having baked 4000 cookies for INS Viraat's decommissioning ceremony and for being one of the chefs on Kochi based food delivery company Masala Box. She also stores her goodies in Tripti, a provisions store run by BV Yard in NOFRA. She aims to bring smile on faces of people with her culinary skills and eventually, set up a quaint little café in the foothill of the Himalayas.



### Meenakshi Jain Nair

A software engineer by profession, Meenakshi got bored of her 9-5 office job and quit. She became a wedding photographer and has since covered more than 100 weddings of 12 different cultures in more than 15 cities. Venturing into a male dominated profession wasn't easy at first but this, she says, is her calling.



### Rupinder Kaur

A trained classical Hindustani vocalist, Rupinder began to do paper weaving and bottle art but found her calling in art jewelry designing. She stocks her designs at [www.worldartcommunity.com](http://www.worldartcommunity.com) and [www.culturetruck.com](http://www.culturetruck.com) and uses 'Recreation-The Inner Voice' as her brand name. She also has a Facebook page from which her designs can be bought. She also created a community of 18 other navy wives called 'Kritiya – the talented ones' who create stuff like art jewelry, painting, hand made bags and home décor items.



### Shilpa Kapoor

Shilpa is a voice- over and dubbing artist, corporate compere and a radio jockey at All India Radio (Mumbai) on 107.1 FM Rainbow. She has given voice to Naomi Campbell in "The Face", a popular show on Fox Life and latest Spiderman series films. She loves working for radio as the medium gives her opportunity to touch lives of people of all age groups.



# Inside Cinderella's Casserole

Winning Recipe by Mrs. Yogita

## Pumpkin Tikki Chat



### Ingredients for tikki

- Red pumpkin (kaddu) peeled and grated 250 grams
- Bread 5 slices
- Ginger finely chopped 1 tablespoon
- Garlic finely chopped 1 tablespoon
- Gram flour (besan) 2-3 tablespoons
- Red chilli powder 1 teaspoon
- Roasted cumin powder 1/2 teaspoon
- Dry mango powder (amchur) 1 teaspoon
- Oil 2 tablespoons
- Salt to taste
- Cheese grated as required

### Method

Heat 2 tbsps oil in a kadai, add ginger and garlic and sauté for ½ minute. Add gram flour and sauté lightly for 1-2 minutes. Add red chilli powder, chilli flakes, roasted cumin powder and dried mango powder and mix. Add grated pumpkin and sauté till all the moisture evaporates. Transfer the mixture in a bowl to cool.

Cut the bread slices into small pieces, add to the pumpkin mixture, mix and keep aside to cool completely.

Heat sufficient oil in a non stick pan. Add salt to the pumpkin mixture and mix. Apply gram flour to your hands. Divide the pumpkin mixture into equal portions and shape them into balls.

Place grated cheese on top. Gather the edges together and seal.

Roll into a ball again and press lightly to shape

into a tikki. Shallow fry the tikkis in hot oil, turning sides, till they turn

golden brown on both sides. Serve hot.



### Ingredients for Chat

- Green chutney 1/4 cup
  - Sweet tamarind chutney 2 tablespoons
  - Sev 1/2 cup
  - Sprouted green moong 1/2 cup
  - Yoghurt 1/2 cup
  - Finely chopped onion and tomato 1/2 cup
- For garnish
- Finely chopped coriander
  - Roasted cumin powder
  - Chat masala
  - Red chilly powder

### Method

Take 3-4 tikkis in a serving plate

Top them with all the chutneys and garnish

Prepare chat plate and serve immediately to enjoy this refreshing and delightful recipe, perfect for an afternoon or snack party.



**Visit of Mrs. Reena Lanba, President NWWA  
Mrs. Bimla Bisht, President NWWA (ER)**



**Visit at NWWA Kendra; Interaction with the NWWA committee**



**Conversations with TISS students and Welfare Committee**



**Touching Lives and Making a difference: A day well spent at Balwadi and Sankalp**



**Happiness- Coffee Evening hosted  
by ladies of INS Asvini**



**Meeting at Tarsh (Block Printing Unit)**