

ISSUE 1  
NOVEMBER 2025

# RHINO CHRONICLE

READ REFLECT RELISH

SPORTS THAT EMBRACE & CELEBRATE BROTHERHOOD



AN INITIATIVE BY  
THE RHINO CLUB (Regd.)





# BUILDING A BETTER WORLD




At NRL, our responsibility goes much beyond oil refining. Bringing a positive change in the lives of the people through our CSR programs is of paramount importance. The identified five focus areas make sure that we remain focused and do not digress from our committed path.

Corporate Office: NRL Centre, 122A, G S Road, Christianbasti, Guwahati - 781 005

Refinery: Dist. Golaghat, Assam, India, Pin - 785699

CONNECT WITH US ON:

 [www.nrl.co.in](http://www.nrl.co.in)

 Numaligarh-Refinery-Limited-181688512167464

 @NRL\_MoPNG



# A B O U T   T H E   M A G A Z I N E

*The Rhino Chronicle marks not just the launch of a magazine, but the birth of a movement — a heartfelt chronicle of unity, spirit, and shared dreams. Born from the vision of The Rhino Club, this inaugural issue captures the pulse of a community that believes in the strength of togetherness and the unyielding power of sports to connect hearts across boundaries.*

*From a simple idea on a sunny morning in 2019 to a thriving institution today, The Rhino Club has grown from weekend cricket matches into a registered body symbolizing hope, camaraderie, and resilience. This magazine retraces this journey — from those early Sunday games to the grand success of the Rhino Cup, a tournament that brought North Eastern pride to the fields of NCR. His words echo the heartbeat of every player who believes that cricket is more than a game; it's a bridge of friendship.*

*It reflections remind us that the club's mission extends beyond sports — it's about maintaining love, brotherhood, and unity among the North Eastern communities living far from home. Their shared passion turned dreams into a legacy.*

*The Rhino Chronicle celebrates these emotions through powerful stories, sports features, and heartfelt expressions of belonging. It's not merely pages bound together — it's a testament to human connection, resilience, and the eternal spirit of Assam beating in every Rhino heart. Strong, united, and ever forward — Rhino Chronicle stands as a symbol of brotherhood that transcends boundaries and celebrates life through the game we all love.*



## EDITORIAL BOARD

**Chief Editor:** Mrs.Sumi Borkakoty

**Asst.Editor:** Mrs.Moitrayee Borkatakya

**Members:** Mr.Amrit Singha

Mr.Bipul Ch.Kalita

Mr.Nitumoni Baishya.

Mr.Prashanta Bora .



# RHINO CUP 2025

AN INITIATIVE BY THE RHINO CLUB (Regd.)

SPONSORED BY






ऑयल इंडिया  
**OIL INDIA**

CO-SPONSORED BY



## OUR PROUD PARTNERS

 <b>Park Hospital</b> <i>Advanced Super Speciality</i>	<b>EXPRESSION</b> 360	 <b>TCY</b> TheCodeYogi	<b>HCJ</b> HASTI CABLE INDUSTRIES	 <b>Kumollia</b>
---	--------------------------	--	---	--





# PARTICIPATING TEAMS



# RHINO CUP 2025

## CRICKET TOURNAMENT





सर्बानंद सोणोवाल  
SARBANANDA SONOWAL




पत्तन, पोत परिवहन और जलमार्ग मंत्री  
भारत सरकार  
Minister of Ports, Shipping and Waterways  
Government of India



### शुभेच्छावाणी

क्रीडाई समन्वयब माजेबे एखन सुस्व-सवल समाजब वार्ता बहन कबि शान्ति-सम्प्रीति आरु शारीरिक-मानसिक उॄकर्ष साधनब पथ देखुराई आहिछे। क्रीडा प्रतियोगितासमूहे खेलुरैसकलक एखन सठिक मञ्ज प्रदानब लगते तेठुंलोकब प्रतिभा विकशित आरु प्रदर्शित कबातो सहाय कबे। मई जानिवलै पाई सुखी हैछे ये "The Rhino Club" उदोद्योगत अहा नबेम्बब माहब १ ताबिखब पबा "RHINO CUP 2025" ब द्वितीय संस्करणब क्रिकेट खेलब आयोजन कबा हैछे। बाजधानी दिल्ली तथा इयाब निकटरती अञ्जलसमूहत बास कबा उठुब पूर्वाञ्जलब युरसमाजब माजत खेलाधुला, ब्रातृत्वबोध आरु सांस्कृतिक ँक्यब बान्कान सुदृढ कबिवलै एई प्रतियोगिताखनिये गुरुत्वपूर्ण भूमिका पालन कबिव बुलि मई आशाबादी। एई प्रतियोगिताखनब लगत संगति बाखि एखनि स्मृतिग्रन्थ प्रकाशब दिहा कबाटो अति प्रशंसनीय बिषय। मई "RHINO CUP 2025" प्रतियोगिताब सफल आयोजन कामना कबाब लगते इयाब लगत जडित समूह बिषयबवीया, कार्यकर्ता तथा अंशग्रहनकाबीलै मोब तबफब पबा आन्तरिक शुभेच्छा ज्ञापन कबिलौं। अनागत दिनतो एने प्रतियोगिताब आयोजनब योगेदि "The Rhino Club" ए दैहिक सक्कमता आरु दलीय चेतना तथा ब्रातृत्वबोधब बान्कान शक्तिशाली कबि आमाब समृद्ध सांस्कृतिक ँक्यक बान्कवायित कबिव बुलि आशा कबिलौं।

२४ अक्टोबब, २०२५  
नतून दिल्ली

  
(सर्बानन्द सोणोवाल)



ड° हिमन्तु बिश्व शर्मा  
Dr. Himanta Biswa Sarma



मुख्यमन्त्री, असम  
Chief Minister, Assam



CMS.7/2024/3095  
Dispur, 11 Bhado, 1432 Bhaskarabda  
August 28, 2025

### MESSAGE

It gives me great pleasure to extend my warm greetings and best wishes to the Rhino Club on the organisation of the Rhino Cup from 1st November 2025 at Faridabad, Haryana. The tournament provides a unique platform to bring together the youth of the North East and the National Capital Region.

Sports are a powerful medium to unite people, foster friendship, and strengthen cultural bonds. The Rhino Cup is not only about cricket but also about celebrating the diversity, energy, and talent that the North Eastern community contributes to the NCR. Beyond the game, it embodies an exchange of traditions, values, and experiences that deepen mutual understanding and respect.

I urge all players to compete with passion and fairness, keeping alive the true spirit of cricket. On behalf of the people of Assam, I wish the tournament great success and hope it inspires more such initiatives that promote unity through sports.

  
(Dr. Himanta Biswa Sarma)



**Taranga Gogoi**

MLA

92 Naharkatia LAC



সত্যমেব জয়তে

Chairman

Assam State Youth Commission

Dispur-06

Ph- +91 9707552163

Email: tarangagogoi@mla@gmail.com

Ref...NHK/MLA/2025-693...

Date.. 31.10.2025.....



## শুভেচ্ছাবাণী

ক্রীড়াৰ মাধ্যমেৰে ৰাজধানী নতুন দিল্লী আৰু ইয়াৰ নিকটৱৰ্তী অঞ্চলসমূহত বাস কৰা উদ্ভৱ-পূৰ্বাঞ্চলৰ যুৱ সমাজক ওচৰ চপাই অনাৰ মহৎ উদ্দেশ্য আগত ৰাখি “দ্য ৰাইন’ ক্লাব”ৰ উদ্যোগত পহিলা নৱেম্বৰৰ পৰা ৰাইন’ কাপ-২০২৫ ৰ দ্বিতীয় সংস্কৰণৰ ক্ৰিকেট খেল আয়োজন কৰা হৈছে বুলি জানিবলৈ পাই মই অতিকৈ আনন্দিত হৈছোঁ। এই প্ৰতিযোগিতাৰ সৈতে সংগতি ৰাখি এখন স্মৃতিগ্ৰন্থ প্ৰকাশৰ দিহা কৰা বুলি জানিও সুখী হৈছোঁ।

ক্রীড়াই দৈহিক সামৰ্থ বৃদ্ধিৰ উপৰি প্ৰতিযোগিতামূলক ভাবধাৰা আৰু ভাতৃত্ববোধৰ প্ৰসাৰত গুৰুত্বপূৰ্ণ ভূমিকা গ্ৰহণ কৰে। আধুনিক ক্ৰীড়া হৈছে দক্ষতা, একাগ্ৰতা আৰু মানসিক দৃঢ়তাৰ প্ৰকাশ। ক্ৰীড়া প্ৰতিযোগিতাসমূহে ক্ৰীড়াবিদসকলক তেওঁলোকৰ সামৰ্থ, সম্ভাৱনা আদিৰ বিষয়ে সচেতন কৰি তোলে। ইয়ে খেলুৱৈসকলক কৌশল বিকশিত কৰাৰ সুযোগৰ লগতে দুৰ্বল দিশসমূহ চিনাক্ত কৰাতো সহায় কৰে। সম্প্ৰতি সমগ্ৰ দেশৰ লগতে অসমতো ক্ৰীড়াৰ এক উন্নত পৰিৱেশ সৃষ্টি কৰাত খেলো ইণ্ডিয়া, খেল মহাকুস্ত আদিৰ দৰে প্ৰতিযোগিতাসমূহে বিশেষ বৰঙণি যোগাইছে।

দ্য ৰাইন’ ক্লাবৰ উদ্যোগত আয়োজিত ক্ৰিকেট প্ৰতিযোগিতাখনিয়ে ৰাজধানী নতুন দিল্লী আৰু ইয়াৰ নিকটৱৰ্তী অঞ্চলসমূহত বাস কৰা উদ্ভৱ-পূৰ্বাঞ্চলৰ যুৱ সমাজ মাজৰ পৰা ক্ৰীড়া প্ৰতিভা চিনাক্তকৰণত উল্লেখনীয় অৱদান যোগোৱাৰ উপৰি ভাতৃত্ববোধ আৰু একত্ৰ ভাবধাৰা সৃষ্টিতো বৰঙণি যোগাব বুলি মই নিশ্চিত।

সদৌ শেষত মই ক্ৰীড়া প্ৰতিযোগিতাখনৰ সফল আয়োজনৰ লগতে উদ্যোক্তা তথা অংশগ্ৰহণকাৰীসকললৈ মোৰ আন্তৰিক শুভেচ্ছা জ্ঞাপন কৰিলোঁ। আশা কৰোঁ, এই উপলক্ষ্যত প্ৰকাশ পাবলগীয়া স্মৃতিগ্ৰন্থখন পঢ়ুৱৈ সমাজৰ দ্বাৰা সমাদৃত হ’ব।

(**তৰংগ গগৈ**)





### Message

It is my utmost pleasure to extend my heartfelt greetings and best wishes to the Rhino Club which is being held from 1st November, 2025 at Faridabad, Haryana.

As Dr. Bhupen Hazarika said, “Ey prithibi ek krirangan, Krira ek santir prangan”, I too believe that this world is united with sports. And with sports, we can bring unity, brotherhood, and sportsmanship. A person should always be associated with one sport at least, because it gives the ability to connect with the rest of the world.

Just like our beloved singer Zubeen Garg, he connected with the world through music and he loved sports, especially football and cricket, and travelled all over the world to watch World Cup matches. He also went to small football and cricket tournaments to encourage the sport and the sportsmen.

Rhino Club has continuously encouraged youth engagement in sports, fostering a culture of discipline, teamwork, and healthy competition. The club’s initiative will definitely uphold the spirit of sportsmanship and inspire a lot of young players to pursue their passion for cricket with dedication and integrity.

I extend my heartfelt support and encourage the Rhino Club to keep going forward in sports with courage, strategy, and the unyielding strength that defines the Rhino spirit.

“Play hard, play fair, and let every game reflect the pride and power of the Rhino.”

*Smitakshi B. Goswami*

**Smitakshi B Goswami**  
Director, Pratidin Media Network



# TABLE OF CONTENT

<b>FROM SPROUTS TO TREE</b>	09	<b>WHY A PSYCHIATRIST MIGHT EMPHASIZE CRICKET FOR MENTAL FITNESS</b>	37
IZAZ HUSSAIN PRESIDENT, THE RHINO CLUB (REGD)		DR. MRS DIPANJALI PHUKAN SENIOR PSYCHIATRIST CONSULTANT, TINSUKIA	
<b>THE STRENGTH OF OUR BROTHERHOOD</b>	10	<b>A HOLISTIC WAY TO HEAL STRESS, ANXIETY &amp; DEPRESSION</b>	38
BIPUL CH. KALITA GENERAL SECRETARY ,THE RHINO CLUB (REGD.)		SSREI PANCHI BVOURUAAH	
<b>THE STRENGTH WITHIN US ALL</b>	11	<b>LATE SANJIB KAKATY BEST BATSMAN AWARD A LEGACY OF PASSION FOR CRICKET</b>	39
SUMI BORKAKOTY CHIEF EDITOR, RHINO CHRONICLES		DIBYOJIT DUTTA	
<b>ONE TEAM ONE DREAM ONE BROTHERHOOD</b>	12	<b>জুবিন গাৰ্গ অসমীয়াৰ বাবে কি আছিল?</b>	41
MOITRAYEE BORKOTOKY ASSISTANT EDITOR, RHINO CHRONICLES		PRANJIT BORA, SENIOR MANAGER, ASSAM GRAMIN BANK, HEAD OFFICE, GUWAHATI	
<b>FROM SCOREBOARD TO STRENGTH: HOW SPORTS BUILD RESILIENT MINDS IN YOUNG ONES</b>	14	<b>A TRIBUTE TO ZUBEEN GARG</b>	43
AMRIT SINGHA		NEOR SANDHILYA	
<b>“ASSAM BHAWAN – OUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME, WHERE HEARTS MEET, BONDS STRENGTHEN, AND THE SPIRIT OF ASSAM LIVES ON.”</b>	15	<b>MY JOURNEY</b>	44
ASSAM BHAWAN DELHI CRICKET TEAM		MRIGAKHI BORKAKOTY CLASS 8, SHIV NADAR SCHOOL, FARIDABAD	
<b>UNFULFILLED PROMISES OF THE ASSAM MOVEMENT, IDENTITY, POLITICS, AND THE LIMITS OF REGIONAL NATIONALISM</b>	16	<b>HER DREAM, MY JOURNEY</b>	45
NABAJYOTI PATOWARY		BARANYA PATOWARY, CLASS VIII, DPS, GURGAON	
<b>THE TUSSLE BETWEEN THE MIND AND THE MUSCLE</b>	20	<b>CRICKET AND PHYSICAL FITNESS: A PHYSICIAN'S PERSPECTIVE</b>	50
KULADHAR SAIKIA, IPS, RETD. DIRECTOR GENERAL OF POLICE, ASSAM		DR ANIL BORKATAKY SENIOR SURGEON, TINSUKIA	
<b>TO HOCKEY, WITH LOVE</b>	22	<b>A TRUE EXPERIENCE</b>	51
ARANYAK SAIKIA, INDIAN ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES (IAS)		TAJKUR REHMAN	
<b>MY EXPERIENCE OF PLAYING IN PAKISTAN</b>	25	<b>ZUBEEN THE WORLD ITSELF IS ENOUGH</b>	55
ABHIJIT BHATTACHARYA FORMER INDIAN VOLLEYBALL CAPTAIN		SHIVA DATTA SINHA (DELHI POLICE )	
<b>MY CRICKETING LIFE</b>	27	<b>ভালপোৱা</b>	55
DR. ARUN BORKOTOKY RTD VETERINARY OFFICER, GOVT. OF ASSAM		মৃগাংক গগৈ, শিৱসাগৰ, অসম DELHI POLICE	
<b>WHEN FITNESS TURNS FATAL DOES INDIA'S GROWING GYM CULTURE NEEDS A HEART CHECK?</b>	28	<b>TODAY'S DILEMMA OF THE GENTLEMAN'S GAME – BALL VS POKA KOL (RIPE BANANA)</b>	56
DR. BISWAJYOTI HAZARIKA, CHIEF- DEPT OF HEAD & NECK SURGERY, ARTEMIS		HANNAN S RAJ CAPTAIN, UNITY OF DELHI POLICE (ASSAM)	
<b>HOW ASSAMESE DIASPORA BROUGHT CRICKET HOME TO DELHI NCR</b>	34	<b>FOR THE BOY WHO NEVER STOPPED DREAMING</b>	59
DIBYOJIT DUTTA		BHRINGARAJ	
		<b>জুবিন গাৰ্গ- অসম এক অনুভূতি</b>	61
		অভিনন্দন গোস্বামী, দ্বাৰকা, দিল্লী	





# From Sprout to a Tree

— IZAZ HUSSAIN

PRESIDENT, THE RHINO CLUB (REGD)

It was the year 2019, and a bright, carefree morning when a simple thought struck me, “in a world ruled by routines, screens, and self-imposed rules, where was the room for joy?” For me, joy has always worn whites and leather—cricket. I shared the idea with a few friends: let’s step outside the grind, meet up, and play. The response was instant and wholehearted. A ground was found, a date was set, and the dots connected themselves. All we needed next was a name.

I personally proposed the name of the entity “The Rhino Club”—a name that felt strong and personal, with a special connection for us. It was agreed by all. In the summer of 2019, we began. Win or lose, every Sunday became “Cricket Calling.” Word spread, and friends from our community kept joining. The circle grew wider, the laughter louder, and the game meant more than the scoreboard ever could.

Then the world changed. COVID-19 arrived like a storm none of us had braced for. Streets fell silent and so did our bats. From 2020 through much of 2023, everything paused—plans, play, and plenty of dreams. It was a hard, humbling time, and all we could do was wait for the light to return.

When it did, we stepped back onto the field with renewed purpose. This time, The Rhino Club decided to build something lasting. We completed all formalities and registered The Rhino Club under the Trusts Act, turning a passion into a proper institution and giving our community a home that would endure.

That’s when one of our esteemed members, Bipul Kalita (Senior), suggested an idea that sparked everyone—host a tournament. The brainstorming began, roles were assigned, and the work started in earnest. The name of the dream proposed by Ashim Sharma (another trustee) and the result was our first Rhino Cup in 2024—a resounding success that reached corners of the NCR we had only hoped to touch.

The momentum was undeniable. Enquiries for a second edition poured in, and all the esteemed Trustees of The Rhino Club agreed on; we would honor the enthusiasm of the masses. And Rhino Cup 2025 is on—this edition it’s bigger, sharper, and more inclusive. Among the most exciting additions is Luitporia XI, traveling from our homeland Assam to compete, along with a steadily rising number of teams from across NCR eager to be part of the experience.

None of this would be possible without the encouragement and trust of our supporters (including all of our spouses, kids, and siblings). We extend heartfelt thanks and gratitude to all, and all our partner associates for standing with us. Their support helps transform a Sunday pastime into a celebrated community event.

From a spark on a sunny morning to a highly rated tournament in the NCR, The Rhino Club remains true to its simple promise: bring people together, keep the spirit high, and let cricket call us—every Sunday, and beyond.

Long Live The Rhino Club. 🙌







# The Strength of Our Brotherhood

— **BIPUL CH. KALITA**

**GENERAL SECRETARY ,THE RHINO CLUB (REGD.)**

Through this RHINO CHRONICLES of THE RHINO CLUB, FBD, I would like to express my sincere thanks and best wishes to all of you. I take this as an opportunity to express my sincere gratitude and thanks to all our respected members and well-wishers of the Rhino Club. Your dedication and sincerity, your wholehearted participation are always a blessing for all of us.

During the initial stage, with the involvement of a few very special persons who always try to keep all of us motivated, maintaining love and affection, brotherhood among all the northeastern people of Delhi NCR is our motto. And we are continuously trying to maintain it.

The acceptability and popularity of The Rhino Club can be well measured with the number of participating teams in this year RHINO CUP-2025. We are working as a catalyst for all northeastern communities living in Delhi NCR. Thank you everyone for your support.

My dearest friends of The Rhino Club, I am very much proud to be with you as a member since the start of the club. Expecting more love and support in the near future.

Please forgive me for my mistakes while relieving the duties towards the club in the entire journey till now.

Love you all.....

JOI AAI ASOM

Long live The Rhino Club







# The Strength Within Us All

— **SUMI BORKAKOTY**  
CHIEF EDITOR, RHINO CHRONICLES

Sports have always been more than just games – they are a celebration of teamwork, passion, and perseverance. Whether it's running on the field, swimming in the pool, or lifting weights at the gym, every form of physical activity strengthens our body and sharpens our mind. Fitness is not limited to athletes alone; it is something everyone should pursue to live a balanced and energetic life.

In today's fast-paced world, where people are constantly juggling studies, work, and other commitments, maintaining good health often takes a back seat. But as we all know, a healthy body leads to a healthy mind.

Today, sports are evolving, and so is the understanding of fitness. At “Rhino Chronicle”, we bring you insights into fitness, sports science, and the importance of mental strength—essential for every sportsperson and enthusiast alike. Whether you are an athlete, a fan, or simply someone who loves the thrill of the game, we hope this edition fuels your love for sports even more. So, let's keep pushing limits, staying active and inspiring others to move towards a healthier, stronger, and more energetic tomorrow.

Stay fit, Stay unstoppable

**THE ONLY WAY TO FINISH IS TO START**







# One Team One Dream One Brotherhood

— **MOITRAYEE BORKOTOKY**  
ASSISTANT EDITOR, RHINO CHRONICLES

With the launch of the inaugural edition of Rhino Chronicle, we embark on a remarkable journey — one that goes beyond cricket, beyond boundaries, and beyond words. This magazine is not merely a collection of pages; it is a celebration of the brotherhood that unites every member of the Rhino family. It reflects our shared vision, our relentless passion, and our unwavering belief in the spirit of togetherness. Rhino Club was born out of a dream — a dream to bring the North East under one banner, where unity and friendship find expression through the beautiful game. Over time, this dream has evolved into a family bound by trust, respect, and the unspoken understanding that true strength lies in brotherhood. Every story, every photograph, and every contribution in this edition carries the heartbeat of that unity. Rhino Chronicle stands as a symbol of collective spirit — a reminder that when individuals come together with a shared purpose, they create something far greater than themselves. As we turn the pages of this first edition, we celebrate not only our achievements on the field but also the bonds that hold us together beyond it. This is more than a beginning — it is a tribute to friendship, teamwork, and the undying flame of brotherhood that defines Rhino Club. Here's to new beginnings, lasting connections, and the promise that together, we will continue to grow, inspire, and uphold the true spirit of Rhino — strong, united, and ever forward.





**প্রতি  
দিন** **TIME**  
**PRATIDIN TIME**

**WWW.PRATIDINTIME.COM**

**TATA | sky**  
CHANNEL NO  
**1974**

**airtel**  
CHANNEL NO  
**639**

**dishtv**  
CHANNEL NO  
**1531**

**VIDEOCON** (d2h)  
Digital DTH Service  
CHANNEL NO  
**1997**

**GTPL**  
V&S  
CHANNEL NO  
**268**

**QCC**  
CHANNEL NO  
**4**

**SUN**  
DIRECT  
CHANNEL NO  
**705**

**NXT**  
DIGITAL  
CHANNEL NO  
**333**



# From Scoreboard to Strength: How Sports Build Resilient Minds in Young Ones

*“Every champion was once a contender who refused to give up.” – Rocky Balboa*

Every missed goal, every lost match, every near-miss at the finish line conceals an invisible curriculum — a quiet education in endurance, humility, and growth. For a child, sport is often the first, most honest introduction to life’s unpredictability. Unlike the classroom, where effort often translates neatly into marks, the playground is governed by uncertainty. A team may practise for weeks yet lose by a single point. A budding cricketer may rehearse a shot a thousand times, only to falter when it matters most. And in that silence after defeat, when applause fades and the child stands still, something profound begins — the slow shaping of resilience.

## Gentle Teacher Called Defeat

Modern parenting and schooling often rush to cushion children from failure. We celebrate wins, console losses, but seldom let them linger. Yet, paradoxically, it is defeat that polishes character. Losing gracefully teaches what triumph cannot — reflection, restraint, and renewal. When a child learns to confront failure without fear, they learn one of life’s rarest virtues: perseverance. Defeat, in this light, is not a setback but a tutor — stern yet fair — compelling young minds to reassess, recalibrate, and return stronger. Each loss etches humility, patience, and grit into their character.

## Invisible Curriculum of Sport

Beyond stamina and skill, sports nurture an emotional intelligence no textbook can teach. Team sports instil empathy and shared responsibility — the humility to pass the ball, the grace to applaud another’s moment, the courage to own a mistake. Individual sports, meanwhile, cultivate solitude and focus — the discipline to self-correct, the composure to bear both praise and pressure. A tennis player who falters learns self-awareness; a runner who stumbles learns pacing; a goalkeeper who misses learns redemption. These silent lessons — learnt through sweat and silence rather than sermons — travel far beyond the playground. They later surface in boardrooms, exam halls, and life’s crossroads.



**By Amrit Singha**

*A senior professional with over 18 years’ experience in digital transformation and intelligent transportation systems.*

## From the Playground to Life’s Arena

Sports teach what life keeps proving — resilience doesn’t come by birth, it grows with every challenge we face. Each exposure to pressure, loss, and recovery rewires the mind to adapt and endure. Children who regularly engage in sports develop stronger emotional balance, greater self-assurance, and steadier coping mechanisms under stress.

What begins as a simple game soon becomes emotional conditioning for life. A child who learns to process defeat on the field — to absorb disappointment, analyse mistakes, and return with composure — is quietly learning to manage life’s other anxieties. The same emotional reflexes apply: pause, reflect, recalibrate, and try again.

In a world where academic and career pressures often trigger fear of failure and burnout, the lessons of sport become vital. Defeat on the playground serves as a rehearsal for the real world — teaching children that failure is temporary, recoverable, and often the first step toward growth. Those who have faced and accepted loss early in life are less likely to crumble under examination stress, workplace competition, or career uncertainty.

The purpose of sport is not merely to create champions but to cultivate consistency — the discipline of regular effort, the humility that comes with teamwork, and the calm to accept both applause and silence with grace. In many ways, the playground is the most democratic classroom there is: it rewards perseverance over privilege, attitude over ancestry, and spirit over status. Sports, therefore, must not remain an extracurricular indulgence, but an educational necessity — the arena where children learn not just to win games, but to win at life itself.



**“Assam Bhawan – our home away from home, where hearts meet, bonds strengthen, and the spirit of Assam lives on.”**

### *Assam Bhawan Delhi Cricket Team*

We are a team consisting of the staff from Assam Bhawan, Diplomatic Enclave, Chanakyapuri, New Delhi. Being posted away from our homes and families in Assam, we often find ourselves missing the warmth and togetherness of our native place. Life in the capital city moves at a fast pace, filled with official duties and responsibilities. Yet, amidst this busy schedule, weekends provide us with an opportunity to come together, unwind, and engage in sports and recreational activities.

These sporting moments are not just about fun or fitness; they build unity, friendship, and a strong sense of belonging. When we play together, we share teamwork, laughter, and joy, which make us feel like one extended family of Assam Bhawan.

Our dedication to sports is evident from our participation in tournaments held at far-off locations like Noida and Faridabad, often travelling 50–60 km and collecting contributions among ourselves to make it possible. This spirit truly reflects the enthusiasm and commitment of our members.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to the Rhino Club for organizing the The Rhino Cup and providing us with this wonderful platform to showcase our sporting spirit. The Rhino, proudly featured in our logo with a bat, represents the indomitable spirit and rich heritage of Assam. It stands as a symbol of strength, resilience, and pride—qualities that inspire our team both on and off the field. We also fondly remember Zubeen Garg, whose untimely demise caused profound grief among all of us. Beyond being a celebrated artist, he deeply loved sports and often played football and cricket for social causes, including raising funds to help flood-affected people. His passion and compassion continue to inspire us to use sports as a means to connect, uplift, and serve society.



From an Assamese perspective, sports have always been more than a game, they are a celebration of our culture, community, and shared identity. Whether it is the love for football in Guwahati’s local grounds or cricket played in small villages along the Brahmaputra, Assam instills a spirit of resilience, teamwork, and pride in every individual.

Participating in these sports events in Delhi allows us to carry a piece of Assam with us, sharing our traditions, values, and heritage with others.

Our sporting gatherings also serve as a reminder of the rich cultural fabric of Assam—from traditional music and cuisine to the warmth and hospitality of its people. Each match, each celebration, and each interaction becomes an opportunity to showcase our culture and build bonds with fellow North Eastern communities.

Such events not only encourage healthy competition but also strengthen our ties with other teams from the North Eastern states, reinforcing the sense of brotherhood among the “Seven Sisters and One Brother.”

These activities also beautifully align with the Government of India’s initiatives like “Khelo India” and the “National Fitness Movement”, promoting a culture of sports, wellness, and unity.

Through these shared experiences, we celebrate the spirit of sportsmanship, togetherness, and the feeling of home away from home, carrying Assam in our hearts wherever we go.

# UNFULFILLED PROMISES OF THE ASSAM MOVEMENT

## IDENTITY, POLITICS, AND THE LIMITS OF REGIONAL NATIONALISM

BY NABAJYOTI PATOWARY

### INTRODUCTION

The Assam Movement, also known as the Assam Agitation or Axom Andolon, remains one of the most defining socio-political movements in modern Indian history. Beginning in 1979 and continuing for six turbulent years, it was a mass uprising fueled by concerns over large-scale illegal immigration from neighboring Bangladesh. Led primarily by the All Assam Students' Union (AASU) and supported by various regional organizations, the movement aimed to safeguard the cultural identity, political rights, and economic interests of the indigenous Assamese people.

The agitation culminated in the signing of the Assam Accord on 15 August 1985, an agreement between the leaders of the movement and the Central and State governments. The Accord promised to detect and deport illegal migrants, protect Assamese identity, and accelerate economic development. Yet, four decades later, many of these promises remain unfulfilled, leaving behind a legacy of frustration, division, and unresolved questions about citizenship and belonging.

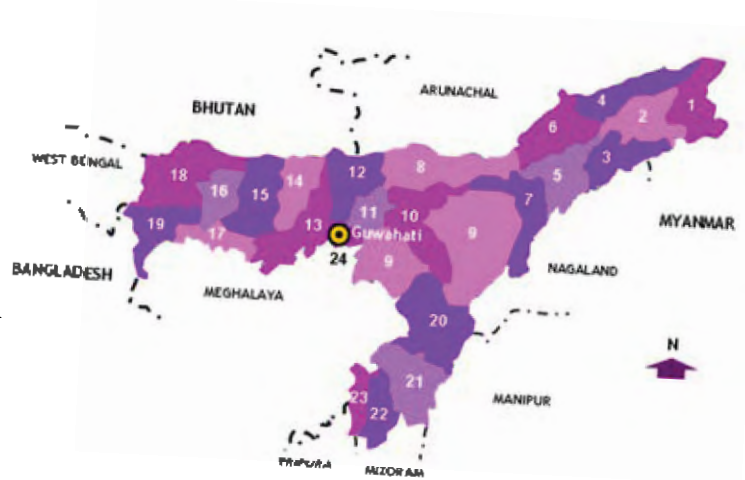
### POLITICAL DEMOGRAPHY OF ASSAM

Assam's complex demographic composition lies at the root of the movement. Historically, the state has witnessed unprecedented population growth—much higher than the Indian average throughout the 20th century. Since Assam's natural population growth rate was below the national average, this increase was primarily the result of immigration.

#### COLONIAL-ERA MIGRATION

The seeds of Assam's demographic transformation were sown during the British colonial period. The British expanded tea cultivation in the 19th century, bringing tribal and low-caste laborers from central India to work on plantations. They also encouraged educated Bengali Hindus from Bengal to serve in administrative and clerical positions. The most significant influx, however, came from Muslim peasants of Mymensingh (in present-day Bangladesh), who migrated to Assam's fertile floodplains after 1901. These groups were soon joined by smaller communities of traders, moneylenders, and dairy farmers, including Nepali settlers.

The colonial administration reshaped Assam's social and linguistic landscape. Bengali was imposed as the official language, displacing Assamese until its restoration in 1874.



The dominance of Bengali Hindus in government and education bred resentment among the emerging Assamese intelligentsia, who viewed both the Bengali elite and the British rulers as outsiders.

#### POST-INDEPENDENCE IMMIGRATION

In the post-Partition era, migration from East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) continued—often illegally. Assamese elites initially supported the settlement of Bengali Muslim peasants to boost agricultural production, but as immigration increased, it became a source of deep anxiety. The inclusion of suspected foreigners in electoral rolls triggered fears that Assamese people could soon become a minority in their own land. These demographic and political concerns laid the groundwork for the Assam Movement.



## GENESIS AND CONTEXT OF THE MOVEMENT

The immediate trigger came in 1978, when S. L. Shakdhar, India's Chief Election Commissioner, expressed alarm at the inclusion of foreign nationals in Assam's electoral rolls. He cited an unnatural population increase of 35% between the 1961 and 1971 censuses, suggesting large-scale cross-border migration from Bangladesh. His remarks deeply resonated with Assamese nationalists, confirming their fear that uncontrolled immigration was undermining their political and cultural existence.

This revelation coincided with the Mangaldoi parliamentary by-election of 1979, which became a turning point in Assamese politics. During voter list verification, about 70,000 of 600,000 voters were suspected to be foreigners. When 45,000 names were officially declared illegal, public outrage exploded. The AASU, seizing the moment, called for a statewide bandh on July 8, 1979, demanding the deletion of foreigners' names from voter lists and the postponement of elections. The bandh was widely observed across the state, marking the beginning of a mass movement.

## THE COURSE OF THE MOVEMENT

### EARLY PHASE: NON-VIOLENT MOBILIZATION

Initially, the movement was largely peaceful and democratic. Through strikes, sit-ins, and picketing, AASU and its allies sought to pressure the government to recognize the issue of illegal migration. The slogan "Detect, Disfranchise, and Deport" captured the sentiment of protecting Assamese identity and political rights. The movement quickly spread across the Brahmaputra Valley, transforming a student-led protest into a statewide people's struggle.

### THE TURNING POINT: 1979–1983

The first major confrontation occurred in December 1979, when Khargeswar Talukdar, a student leader, was killed during protests against the upcoming general elections. His death

galvanized public emotion, making him the first martyr of the movement. AASU called for a boycott of the 1980 parliamentary elections unless foreign names were removed from electoral rolls.

Widespread resistance forced the government to cancel elections in 12 out of 14 constituencies. By the early 1980s, as negotiations with the Centre stagnated, frustration deepened. Lacking a clear mechanism for identifying foreigners, many activists resorted to coercive tactics. Extremist tendencies began to surface, and communal polarization increased. What had begun as a democratic movement started showing signs of intolerance and violence.

The 1983 state elections became the grim climax. While the Central Government insisted on holding the polls, AASU and its political ally, the All Assam Gana Sangram Parishad (AAGSP), called for a total boycott. Assam plunged into chaos—polling booths were attacked, roads and bridges destroyed, and candidates threatened. Violence erupted on an unprecedented scale. Official estimates placed the death toll at over 4,000, though independent reports suggested much higher numbers. The Nellie Massacre, in which hundreds of Bengali-origin Muslims were brutally killed, remains one of the darkest chapters in Assam's history.

## THE ASSAM ACCORD, 1985

After years of turmoil and negotiation, the movement formally ended with the signing of the Assam Accord on 15 August 1985 between representatives of the Central Government, the Government of Assam, and leaders of AASU and AAGSP, including Prafulla Kumar Mahanta, Bhrigu Kumar Phukan, and Biraj Sharma.

### KEY PROVISIONS OF THE ACCORD:

#### 1. Citizenship Criteria

- Migrants who entered Assam before 1 January 1966 were to be regularized as Indian citizens.
- Those who arrived between 1966 and 1971 would lose voting rights for ten years.
- Those entering after March 24, 1971, were to be detected and deported.

#### 2. Cultural Safeguards

- Clause VI promised constitutional and legislative measures to protect the cultural, and social identity of the Assamese people.

### 3. Economic Development

- The Centre pledged accelerated economic growth, infrastructure development, and industrial investment to uplift Assam's standard of living.

### 4. Political Measures

- The 1983 state government was declared illegitimate, paving the way for fresh elections and political reorganization.

The Accord was celebrated as a historic victory, symbolizing the restoration of Assamese dignity and rights within the Indian Union. However, its implementation proved slow, inconsistent, and often politically manipulated.

## UNFULFILLED PROMISES OF THE MOVEMENT

### THE FOREIGNERS ISSUE: AN UNRESOLVED LEGACY

The central goal of detecting and deporting post-1971 illegal immigrants remains largely unrealized. Administrative complexities, lack of bilateral cooperation with Bangladesh, and humanitarian concerns stalled implementation. The much-publicized National Register of Citizens (NRC) update of 2019 aimed to settle the matter but instead deepened divisions.

Over 1.9 million people were excluded from the final list, sparking widespread disputes and court cases. Far from resolving the issue, the NRC reinforced a climate of fear, uncertainty, and polarization.



### SAFEGUARDING ASSAMESE IDENTITY

Another major promise was the protection of Assamese culture and language through constitutional safeguards.



However, despite symbolic recognition, Assamese identity continues to feel insecure. The Clause VI committee, formed to recommend safeguards, submitted reports that have yet to be fully implemented.

Meanwhile, ethnic assertions by Bodos, Karbis, Dimasas, and other groups have fragmented Assamese nationalism. Instead of one united identity, the state now faces multiple sub-nationalist movements, each demanding separate recognition and autonomy.

### POLITICAL MORALITY AND GOVERNANCE

The Assam Movement had inspired hope for clean, people-centric governance. However, once in power, AASU leaders quickly became part of the political establishment they had opposed. The AGP government was soon tainted by corruption scandals, factionalism, and inefficiency.

Disillusionment spread among supporters, who realized that the new leadership had become indistinguishable from traditional politicians. The moral authority that had sustained six years of sacrifice eroded under political opportunism.

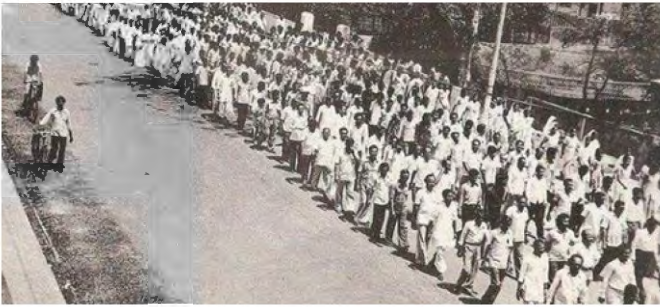
### PEACE AND SOCIAL HARMONY

Perhaps the most tragic unfulfilled promise is the restoration of peace and social harmony. Instead of unity, Assam witnessed recurring ethnic clashes and insurgencies in the post-Accord years. The Bodo movement for autonomy and the rise of ULFA (United Liberation Front of Asom)—a separatist militant organization—reflected growing frustration with unaddressed grievances. Violence, extortion, and counter-insurgency operations dominated the 1990s, turning Assam into a conflict zone. The state that once sought justice now grappled with cycles of fear and mistrust.



## HUMANITARIAN AND ETHICAL SHORTCOMINGS

The movement's obsession with identity and exclusion overshadowed humanitarian values. Thousands of Bengali-origin families, many of whom had lived in Assam for generations, were branded as "foreigners." This collective stigmatization damaged the state's social fabric. Instead of promoting integration and coexistence, the political narrative fostered suspicion and division. The moral promise of a just and inclusive Assamese nationalism thus remained unfulfilled.



## LEGACY AND LESSONS

The Assam Agitation was a landmark assertion of regional identity and democratic protest against central neglect. It mobilized millions, redefined citizenship debates, and influenced political movements across Northeast India. Yet, its aftermath reveals a paradox.

The movement succeeded in voicing legitimate concerns but failed to translate them into sustainable solutions.

Today, the same issues that sparked the agitation—immigration, underdevelopment, identity insecurity, and alienation—continue to dominate Assam's politics.

The incomplete implementation of the Assam Accord stands as both a reminder and a warning: popular movements, however genuine, risk failure when idealism gives way to intolerance and when identity politics replaces inclusive development.

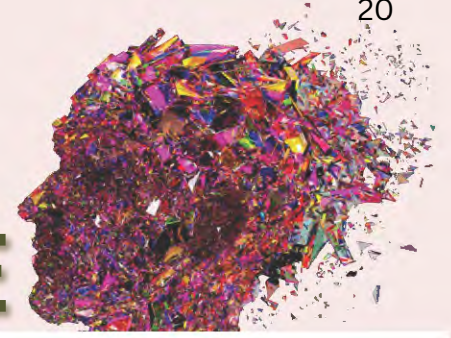
## CONCLUSION

The Assam Movement was born from a genuine desire to preserve cultural identity and political rights in the face of demographic change. It awakened political consciousness across the region and compelled the Indian state to acknowledge long-ignored grievances. Yet, forty years later, most of its promises remain unfulfilled.

The foreigners issue persists, economic deprivation continues, and ethnic polarization deepens. The leaders who once inspired a generation failed to build institutions capable of realizing their ideals. What was envisioned as a renaissance of Assamese nationalism instead ended in disillusionment and division. The lesson of the Assam Movement is clear: lasting peace and progress cannot emerge from exclusion or chauvinism. They demand a commitment to integration, equity, and empathy—values that the movement, at its peak of moral clarity, once embodied but could not sustain.



# THE TUSSLE BETWEEN THE MIND AND THE MUSCLE



**KULADHAR SAIKIA, IPS, RETD. DIRECTOR GENERAL OF POLICE, ASSAM**

Two attributes attract our attention as we witness the superlative performance of a sports person in the Ring, or in the Court or along the Track- his physical strength, and his mental strength. While witnessing the legendary Armstrong cycling through the Tour de France regardless of the weather conditions, terrain hostility, exhaustion from long stay on the saddle, one was amazed to see how he was able to keep himself focused on the goal at hand: riding his bike at a nerve-breaking speed leaving the competitors behind. Every time he won the race, one could not help getting mesmerized by his consistency in speed for all the race days, his adherence to the winning zeal to the last and his mental strength and capability to differentiate between the mere excuse for stopping and a genuine reason for stopping.. Sometime he looked tired and physically uncomfortable, but nothing could deter him. Fellow riders might have found legitimate excuses for stopping when it was not absolutely necessary to halt. The lesson was loud and clear: To be able to perform exceptionally well under these circumstances requires not only physical strength, but immense mental power. To achieve outstanding outcome you have to hold your nerve, concentrate your mental energy on to the goal of performing under the most intense pressure, and consistently turn it on to the best. That's why Armstrong even after down with the diagnosis of serious disease was so strong to win the most prestigious title of cycling competition seven times.. It was the mental strength that would play the vital role in deciding who should be the winner at the end of the day. These sport persons know their real tough battle is not so much on the court or in the track, but inside their heads. They are engaged in a silent and continuous war within their mind and they have to come victorious against the mental resistance if they want to be the best.

In simple term, the mental strength is understood

to be the ability to overcome mental resistance and cause things to happen.

It is needless to emphasise that "the things" we are talking about are the things that we personally desire to achieve in life. These may be some pecuniary or material goals or something more than that. Or may be just release of some dose of simple adrenalin and experiences of exciting moment. In a competitive world with limited resources achieving 'the things' what makes one person very happy and the deprived competitor miserable. There is a gap between deciding what we want and then actually achieving it. They say the gap is mental resistance which consists of subjective elements like the thoughts, feelings, prejudices and beliefs that stand between us and our goals. Fear, self-doubt, lack of confidence, or simply being overawed by the tasks ahead can stop us from achieving our true potential. It's that negative pull within our head that can bulldoze us from striving, and attempting to achieve the goals that we want to in life. This type of resistance would be writing you off even before you start. The presence of a well known sport personality as a competitor would dissuade you from aspiring for the best but would tell you to go for the second best. The negative effect of mental resistance can certainly sap our energy and prevent us from achieving the result that we are actually capable of achieving. Christian Lattanzio, 35, was born in Rome and moved to London 9 years ago. He currently delivers his Mental Skills Training Programme to the Under 18 squad of Tottenham Hotspur and West Ham United and trains the mental strength of a number of professional and semi-professional athletes ranging from Football to Rugby, from Running to Swimming, from Basketball to Tennis, from Golf to Boxing. It is worth quoting the impression of a marathon runner who took lessons from Christian on mental strength to boost up his performance - "It was .."



amazing to discover how easy it is to train your own brain to overcome injury worries and just get on with the important business of running! In my experience the first 20 miles of a marathon are about physical strength and the last 6 miles are about mental strength. The trouble was, I previously had no idea how to channel my thoughts into getting through the pain of the last few miles.....” .

Mental toughness is what makes sporting legends like Michael Jordan, Mahammad Ali, Pele or Chris Evert so special. Very often it is seen that if your physical condition is still good but your mind is not, you will give up for sure. This is the compelling reason why researches are being conducted by the sports scientists and psychologists all over the world to throw up new ideas to understand the role of mind and emotions in shaping up the future of a sportman in realizing his true potential. Experts are engaged to help their clients develop mental fitness and strengths so that the psychological tensions of a big tournament and the resulting negative mental barrier don't take away the game from them.



It is known from countless studies that mental toughness and skills are acquirable and one can, with practice, learn to perform mentally. One can improve confidence, concentration, motivation and anxiety levels if one chooses to. The mind and the body are inextricable linked – “how you feel physically affects how you feel emotionally”. These relaxation exercises are being taught by the experts so that these bring down the anxiety level, release the mental pressure and make you mentally tough even in front of the toughest opponent. Voluntary Relaxation is the ability to consciously calm the mind and body .

This is expected to increase concentration significantly. Visual Rehearsal consists of the exercises that would create the ability to produce and creatively manipulate mental images of individual's own best performance For every sport person there is a state of mind that facilitates peak

performance. Those who learn to achieve this ideal state have a definite advantage over their opponents who can not. Some athletes learn to through trial and error. Some achieve this state by chance. Others fail to learn even from experiences and as a result are seen to fail consistently to bring out their best.

Given that mental strength is so vital, it is truly amazing that very often such things are so neglected in training routines. There are lessons on sport-specific muscle strength training , footspeed drills, agility training courses, anaerobic endurance training and even training routines on nutrition for maximum sport-specific performances. But a genuine all round training program on any sport must include schedules to ensure that the training is intense enough to inspire growth in all three essential segments of a sport e.g., physical strength, techniques and mental strength. That is why in his book ‘Wado-Ryu’ karate, Hironori Otsuka opines that there are three kinds of strength – Physical Strength, Technical Strength and Mental Strength – and if any of those is deficient, it will be “the downfall of the individual”. It's a common misconception throughout the martial arts that ‘technique’ is the key; if we have good technique then we will be effective in combat. The fact is that technique is no more or less important than physical fitness or mental conditioning. Experiences have proven that Peak Performance is the result of combination of proper physical, nutritional and psychological training and preparation. Professional coaches and trainers are aware of and use proper physical, and nutritional preparation but very few incorporate all three essential ingredient into their training regimen.

However things have started changing in this competitive world of today. All these important ingredients of training have been increasingly given importance by almost all the nations who have left their mark on the modern day sports irrespective of whether it is team game or a individual performance. There is increasing recognition of mental strength and stamina as one of the important variables of Peak Performance level of a player. An integrated approach to stimulate the muscles and the mind can be the order of the day while designing the training regimen for a sports person.



# TO HOCKEY, WITH LOVE

BY ARANYAK SAIKIA, INDIAN ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES (IAS)

I think it was the year 2003 when I watched my first match of men's hockey. If I remember correctly, it was probably an Asia Cup match where India was trailing against Pakistan and then a dramatic turnaround in the last ten minutes led to India winning the match. My father is an ardent fan of the game and it was he who exposed me to the stick and ball game that day. The speed, the skill, the danger and the adrenaline were just at another level. I got glued to the sport that day, and I have never looked back since.

In the initial years, the commentators used to lament about the falling Indian standards in the sport, reminisce with a sigh the glory years of the 1960s to 1980s when it won eight gold medals at the Olympics and speak in awe of the European teams which had begun to dominate the game with their long passes and speedy manoeuvres on the astroturf. It was not that India did not have good players back then. The skills of Dhanraj Pillay, Arjun Halappa, Dilip Tirkey – to name a few- were at par or even better than many of their European counterparts. But individual brilliance simply could not match the speed and agility of the likes of German or Dutch teams while the Indians tried their best to dribble around a dodgy defence to penetrate into the opponents' 'D'. The introduction of the astroturf in the eighties had completely altered the fundamentals of the game. The Europeans had mastered it, the Indians were still stuck in the shadow of their glory years when they played on grass.

The sport had lost relevance in the country, being

played mainly by village kids from central and north India. Nobody talked about it. None of my friends followed it. Amongst my circle of friends and family, my father and I were the only ones keeping track of the next World Cup, Champions Trophy, Sultan Azlan Shah Cup or the Rabobank Trophy. I remember both of us going to meet Sardara Singh, the then captain of the Indian hockey team, when he came to Guwahati for a domestic tournament somewhere around 2012. He was actually surprised to find some 'fan' actually coming to meet him.

Hockey in India reached its nadir when the country failed to secure a spot in the Beijing Olympics of 2008. The slide to the bottom had already begun from the early 1990s. Indian kids practising hockey in domestic tournaments were still accustomed to the grass pitches instead of the fast astroturfs which had become the norm in the international arena. The Premier Hockey League (PHL) introduced in the year 2005 failed to make its mark in the absence of good sponsorship and strong viewership. It wound up by 2008. A number of different coaches tried their hand at the team but achieved limited success. The team still did produce some clinical hockey players back then, such as Viren Rasquinha, Chinglensana, Ignace Tirkey, Adrian D'Souza, Bharat Chetri, Sandeep Singh and Sardara Singh. These young players then would go on to build the foundations of the next set of Indian players that turned around hockey for India.

In the next few years, India crawled its way back

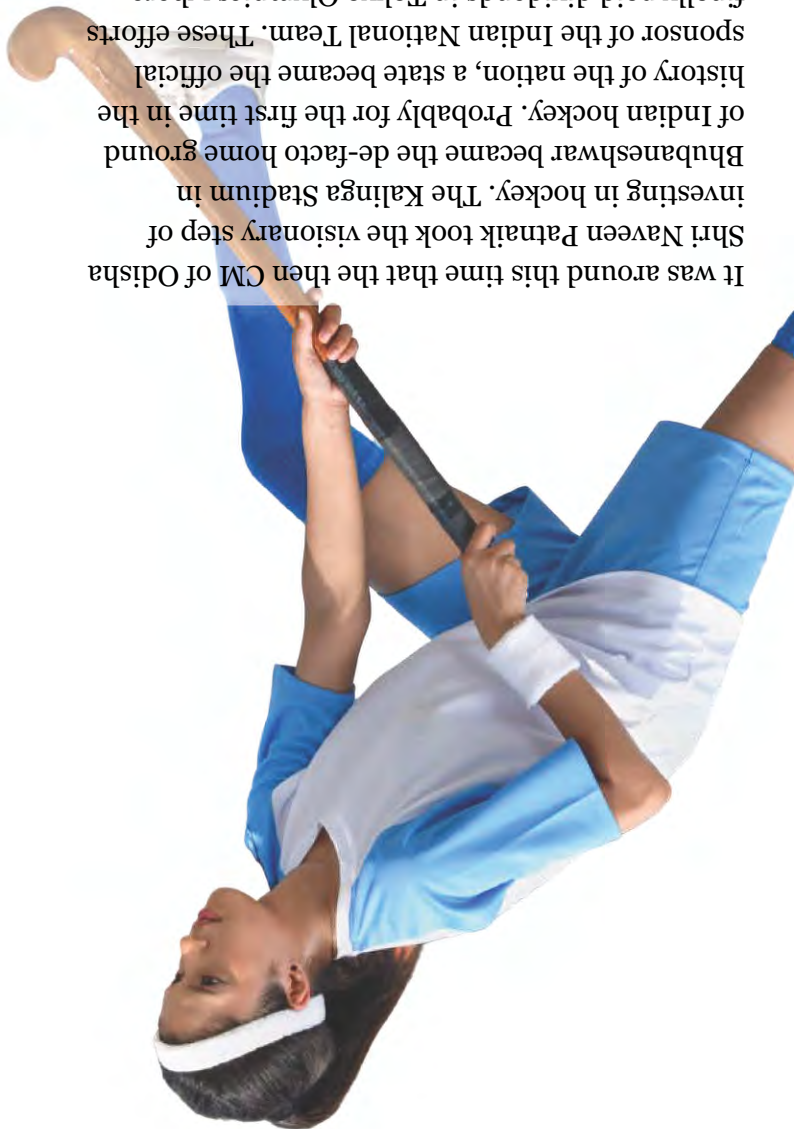


On the field, the last minute jitters and failure to control possession leading to conceding of late goals continued to plague the side. However, in the midst of the despair, a young and dynamic team was gradually getting built. Terry Walsh from Australia joined the Indian side in 2013 as the head coach. Along with high performance director Roelant Oltmans, young mavericks such as Manpreet Singh, Rupinder Pal Singh, SV Sunil, VR Raghunath and Akashdeep Singh were getting groomed for a different style of Indian hockey that marked its departure from the earlier years but which is so characteristic of the Indian side today. Terry Walsh left the Indian side in 2014, but the lift off had already begun. This was also the time that the women's side began to mark their own stamp on the women's arena. We can talk about it at length someday.

In 2016 Rio Olympics, the team reached the quarterfinals. In the next few years, it reached podium finishes in the Asian Games, Commonwealth Games and many more. The Indian side's hockey style began displaying a different finesse altogether. Long passes, the occasional scoops, the ability to quickly change from a defensive to an attacking front, rooming drag flick specialists and focusing on saving penalty corners from opponents were some of the new areas that the team was venturing into with unprecedented speed and precision. The results were beginning to show. This was also the time that there were talks of introducing a sports psychologist into the team. The last minute jitters of losing possession and conceding late goals continued to haunt the team. The players needed more than just tactical training, they also had to control their nerves at the last minute.



It was around this time that the then CM of Odisha Shri Naveen Patnaik took the visionary step of investing in hockey. The Kalinga Stadium in Bhubaneswar became the de-facto home ground of Indian hockey. Probably for the first time in the history of the nation, a state became the official sponsor of the Indian National Team. These efforts finally paid dividends in Tokyo Olympics where India ended its medal drought after 41 long years. The coaching baton then passed on from Graham Reid to Craig Fulton who unleashed his own style of preparation to the side. At the Pro League, we saw at Paris. At that time, very few would have guessed that he had saved the best for the last. The bronze medal victory at Paris feels personal. Not because of the successive bronze that India has secured after nearly 52 years. Not because of the befitting farewell that PR Sreejesh has got. Not because of the vindication of the fact that this is a team that plays world class hockey. It is because of the fact that in some remote way, I have been a part of this journey of Indian hockey, watching from a far corner of the country, gasping in the lows and rejoicing in the highs, following the game from its nadir to its zenith today. And for the fact that today, I can celebrate this victory with a billion other Indians, discuss the game, talk about the players and ultimately, share in the ecstasy and the tears of joy that flowed in as the final hooter rang.



**TCY Consulting— Where Strategy Meets Impact.**  
**Tired of guesswork? We turn bold ideas into smart, sustainable solutions powered by insight and precision.**  
**Own your digital space with TCY's AI powered digital offerings.**

## Building AI Enabled Software Solutions for Enterprise

### ● App Development

Delivering high performance, robust and scalable Apps engineered for your digital challenges



### ● Generative AI Products

Empowering innovation with cutting-edge Generative AI solutions, including intelligent AI Agents and advanced Agentic AI systems.

### ● Enterprise Solutions

Crafting AI Enabled cloud and hybrid custom enterprise grade web applications



### ● Digital Marketing

Consultation and Implementation of digital marketing solutions blending art and algorithm that resonates and drives results for your business

### ● UI/UX Designing

Fusing technology and design, TCY crafts UI/UX that's scalable, responsive, and future-ready for seamless integration with emerging digital ecosystems.



## Our Flagship Products

AssetSync, DocVault, Apparel Sync, TravelSync, DocuSense, CustomerSync

+91 120 404 3034

✉ info@thecodeyogi.com

📍 India (HQ): G-43, 3rd Floor,  
Sector-3, Noida : 201301



# MY EXPERIENCE OF PLAYING IN PAKISTAN

**Abhijit Bhattacharya**

Former Indian Volleyball Captain

Founder of The Brahmaputra Volleyball League



THERE CANNOT BE BIGGER RELIEF IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY, THAN SPOTTING A MUG INSIDE THE TOILET...! AND THAT'S PRECISELY, WHAT MADE ME FEEL AT HOME, WAY BACK IN 1997 WHEN I FIRST LANDED IN THIS COUNTRY, WHICH OTHERWISE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR BY-DEFAULT ENEMY NUMBER ONE.



For reason best known to Volleyball Federation of India, it was decided to send the Junior Indian Volleyball team (instead of the senior team) to participate in a seven match volleyball test series with Pakistan senior team in Islamabad and Lahore. I was fortunate to be a member of the junior squad.

Since, there was no direct flight from Delhi to Islamabad, we took a connecting flight from Lahore. It was at Lahore airport wash room, where I experienced my first feel at home moment finding a green mug inside the toilet instead of tissue papers. It was followed by a grand welcome at Islamabad which made us to believe, for a while, that we were no less than Sunil Gavaskar or Kapil Dev. The excitement doubled when convoy of four jeeps escorted our bus to The Best Western Hotel in Islamabad.

The delicious yellow dal fry, butter naan and butter chicken at the dinner buffet made me feel more at home. Next morning at the practice session in Muhammad Ali Jinnah Indoor stadium, the team was pumped with confidence. We prepared strategy to beat the Pakistan team in the evening. But, all our excitement and confidence was punctured within 24 hours of landing in this neighbour's country. The mighty senior team of Pakistan beat us in 3 direct sets, in-front of their

home crowd. We were humiliated, dejected and felt like running away from the stadium. That night at the dinner table, even the Karachi chicken curry could not arouse our appetite.

In three days, Pakistan leads 3-0 in the seven match test series. I had never read Urdu in my life, but in those three days, I could make out what those captions were all about, in the sports pages of the local newspapers. There was a rest day before playing the last match in Islamabad. So, to make us feel better, our coach G E Sridharan, took out for sightseeing. Islamabad was a new city, established in the 60's. Looking at the government buildings, Faisal Mosque, neat and clean surroundings, no traffic jam, we envied, how come a Pakistani city be so beautiful? Only, when we were taken to Rawalpindi, which is on the outskirts of Islamabad, we felt like at home. Crowded, congested with full of middle class population like us.

During our five days stay at Islamabad, I became close with the bus conductor/helper who was responsible for taking us to the stadium. He was around 14 years old. We both used to share stories from our villages. Listening to his stories, I felt life in both the countries are almost same. I named him Sukhvir, as his face resembles my friend Raghuvir's brother, Sukhvir Singh. Sukhvir was our lone silent supporter in the foreign land.

Fortunately, we managed to win the last match and went to Lahore on a winning note to play the remaining three matches. At Lahore our humiliation continued and finally we felt relieved when the series ended 5-2 in favour of Pakistan. After the matches were over, we were taken to famous Anarkali market, one of the most famous market of undivided India. We spotted a photograph of Nehru ji, in one of the famous sweet shop. Mr Nehru, visited Anarkali Market during the Lahore Session of Indian National Congress in



1929. After tasting the famous triple layer ice-cream of Anarkali Market, I and my friend Kapil (now an Arjuna Awardee) dodged the security guards and went to one of the narrow gullies in search of low cost jeans. With little cash in hand we started bargaining. Since, they spoke Urdu which is quite similar to our Hindi, but slightly different in accent, the shopkeepers initially thought that we were from Peshawar. But, after a while they became convinced that we were neither from Peshawar or Karachi but from a completely different place. They desperately wanted to know if we were from Kabul or any other place. I explained to them that if we disclose our home town, they would never offer us discount. Hearing our conversation few more by-standers, arrived. The atmosphere completely changed upon discovering that we were from Hindustan. More people gathered around the jeans shop. We were offered chai, ice cream, samosa, cholay bhaturay and many more. "Bhai jan, app Hindustan say aiye ho, app humaray mehman ho, humko appka seva karnay ka mauka de jia" they requested. The shopkeepers were quite enthusiastic to know more about Hindustan and their people. Once again I felt like at home. Soon, I realized they know more thing about India, then I knew as an 18 years old boy. We became instant celebrity. As the words spreads and crowd grew larger, the security guards arrived and escorted us away. Quickly, I tried to pay for the jeans but Iqal bhai, the shop keeper was in no mood to take the money. Somehow I kept the money on the table and left with my first ever pair of jeans. I had never worn a jeans in my life, till then. Next day we left Pakistan after facing a humiliating defeat but carried loads of beautiful memories with us.

The humiliating defeat was to be avenged. So, 7 years later we once again arrived at Islamabad for the South Asian Games in 2004. General Musharraf was the chief guest at the opening ceremony. It was a mega event as per Pakistan standards. After the Kargil War it was for the first time multi-nation sports event was hosted by Pakistan.

Next day, after the practice session was over, I heard a familiar voice calling my name from behind.

It was our old friend Sukhbir. We hugged each

other. Later, he came to our hotel to meet us. He bought biscuit, chocolate and bottle. In Pakistan bottle is referred to as cold drinks. The security guard refused him entry but with our personal intervention he was allowed inside the hotel. Over a cold drink, we discussed our life. Then he told me of his desire to see the Taj Mahal and visit Ajmer Sharif once in his lifetime. He told me that he like everything about India except for three person. When I asked him who the three person are? he named a senior Indian politician, who became popular through Rath Yatra's and a popular veteran right wing leader from Maharashtra. When I asked him who the third person was. He shy away from naming. Only after my repeated perusal, he finally said it was Sunny Deol, "kyun ki, Sunny Deol Pakistaniyon ki bahut petia karta hai". We could not stop ourselves and rolled out on the floor laughing.

At the Games, we beat Sri Lank in the semi-final to meet Pakistan in the finals'. It was the same Pakistan team, the same Muhammad Ali Jinnah Stadium and the same crowd where we faced humiliation seven years ago. The only difference was, we were seven years experienced with an old score to settle. At the finals, the stadium was over packed. I remember our only supporters were the Indian Badminton team of Jwala Gutta, Aparna popat, Oli Deka, Krishna Deka, Vidya and Chetan Anand cheering for us from one corner of the stadium.

The game stretched to the deciding set. It was super tensed moment, with India leading 15-14. The crowd was so loud that we were unable to listen to each other. The heart beat must have probable crossed 200. Finally, a return cross court spike from Y Subba Rao silenced the entire stadium. It took us some time to realize that we won the Gold Medal beating Pakistan in Pakistan. The team hold each other arms in a circle and send a silent Thank you message to our Gods. We would never forgot those 52 seconds in our life when the Tricolour was hoisted and we all sang the National Anthem at the heart of Islamabad.

As we left the stadium, the spectators gave us a standing ovation, we reciprocate by folding our hand conveying our thanks with a Namastey. This country gave us loads of beautiful memories, which we shall continue to cherish for ever.



# MY CRICKETING LIFE

**DR. ARUN BORKOTOKY**

**RTD VETERINARY OFFICER, GOVT. OF ASSAM**

The word cricket gives “goosebumps” to most Indians—and I am no exception. Cricket has been an inseparable part of my life, bringing back countless fond memories from both my school days and my years in service.

During my childhood, we played many games in our leisure time, but cricket was my first love. I used to play across different corners of my hometown, Sivasagar. The Boarding Field, located right in front of our school—The Sivasagar Government Higher Secondary and Multipurpose School—was our main cricket ground.

One day, while we juniors were playing at one corner of the field, a senior selector approached me. He had been observing our matches and asked me to join the Team Sivasagar District Cricket practice session from the next day. I was thrilled beyond words and, of course, agreed immediately. The following morning, I joined the team’s practice. Except for one, all players were seniors to me, but they welcomed and encouraged me wholeheartedly. I was selected mainly for my bowling and fielding skills. The team underwent nearly a month of rigorous practice, and when the final squad was announced, I was overjoyed to find my name in the main eleven. Our captain was Sir Ram Bahadur Thappa, and the wicketkeeper was Dulen Chetia.

**My parents never objected to my love for cricket, as long as I maintained good results in my studies—and fortunately, I did.**

In 1973–74, I joined the College of Veterinary Science, Khanapara. With my new academic responsibilities, I had less time for cricket, yet my passion never faded.



Along with some local youths, I formed a team and played matches against other colleges of Guwahati, both on our campus and at the Nehru Stadium. To my delight, I was awarded Best Cricketer for two consecutive years in the college tournaments.

After graduation, I began my professional journey as a Veterinary Officer at Baghmara, near Pathsala town. There, too, I formed a team with enthusiastic local schoolboys and played regularly. Later, during my postings in Bokakhat and Naharkatia, my love for cricket remained strong. In Bokakhat, I joined the local team, though my busy schedule gave me little time to play. But in Naharkatia, I had more opportunities. I played for Milon Nagar Cricket Club, where we participated in many league matches across Duliajan, Namrup, and Naharkatia.

Looking back, I feel truly fortunate to have earned the appreciation of people wherever I played. Balancing my passion for cricket with my personal and professional duties was not always easy, but it taught me discipline and focus. I managed to perform well both in academics and in my service career, which I eventually completed without a single public complaint.

Cricket—and sports in general—have given me so much more than physical fitness. They have strengthened my mind, my spirit, and my character. Today, I am glad that sports are an integral part of the Indian school curriculum, ensuring that physical education continues to nurture both body and mind for generations to come.



# WHEN FITNESS TURNS FATAL

## DOES INDIA'S GROWING GYM CULTURE NEEDS A HEART CHECK?

DR BISWAJYOTI HAZARIKA  
CHIEF- DEPT OF HEAD & NECK SURGERY  
ARTEMIS HOSPITAL, SECTOR-51,  
GURUGRAM

WHEN KANNADA FILM STAR PUNEETH RAJKUMAR—A CELEBRATED ACTOR AND FITNESS ICON—COLLAPSED DURING HIS REGULAR WORKOUT IN 2021, THE NATION WAS LEFT IN DISBELIEF. ONLY 46, KNOWN FOR HIS CLEAN HABITS AND DISCIPLINED EXERCISE ROUTINE, PUNEETH WAS A SYMBOL OF VITALITY. HIS SUDDEN PASSING FROM CARDIAC ARREST SHOCKED MILLIONS AND RAISED AN UNSETTLING QUESTION: IF SOMEONE AS HEALTH-CONSCIOUS AS HIM COULD DIE SO SUDDENLY, WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF US?

In the years since, similar stories have surfaced across India—young professionals collapsing on treadmills, marathon runners suffering cardiac arrests, gym-goers dying mid-exercise. The recent deaths of Gundla Rakesh (25 years), who died while playing badminton; Priyajit Ghosh (22 years), a promising cricketer who collapsed during gym work-out) and Himanshu (15 years), who lost his life during 100meters sprint practice highlights the growing and deeply concerning trend of sudden cardiac deaths among healthy individuals. Each incident grabs the headlines, briefly triggers anxiety and then slowly fades from public memory – a familiar pattern by now. It's high time that we recognize this silent killer for what it is: an emerging endemic demanding urgent attention.

### THE HIDDEN HEART RISKS

Sudden cardiac death (SCD) among the young is not new, but it's becoming more visible as India's fitness movement grows. Behind many such deaths lie undiagnosed heart conditions—some inherited, some acquired—that remain silent until physical stress exposes them. Though the terms are used interchangeably, there's slight difference between sudden cardiac arrest and sudden cardiac death.

A sudden cardiac arrest occurs when the heart unexpectedly stops beating, cutting off blood supply to the brain and body, but there's a chance of revival if acted swiftly. But a sudden cardiac death is the tragic outcome when the victim doesn't survive the arrest, –often leaving no window for revival, even with expert intervention. For sudden cardiac death, conditions like Hypertrophic Cardiomyopathy (HCM), where the heart muscle thickens abnormally, or Arrhythmogenic Right Ventricular Cardiomyopathy (ARVC), which disturbs heart rhythm, are leading culprits. Others may develop coronary artery disease, myocarditis (heart inflammation after viral infections), or even electrical conduction defects. A word of caution here –the term "athlete's heart". Familiar in sports medicine, can sometimes mask an underlying hypertrophied cardiomyopathy. While athlete's heart is a physiological adaptation (the heart muscles thickens) to intense – where the heart muscles thickens uniformly and require no treatment – hypertrophied cardiomyopathy involves uneven thickening of heart muscles due to genetic mutations, a potentially fatal condition in the young adults. In a country like India, where heart disease appears nearly a decade earlier than in Western populations.



**SUBTLE WARNING SIGNS**

The body often sends small signals before a crisis, but they are easily ignored. Warning signs may include:

- Unexplained chest tightness during workouts or slight exertion.
- Shortness of breath disproportionate to the physical efforts.
- Sudden dizziness or fainting
- Excessive fatigue or sweating even on mild exertion.

In India, where visiting a doctor is often seen as unnecessary until one feels “really sick,” these signs are dismissed as “normal tiredness” or “office stress.” That cultural mindset needs to change – it’s the need of the hour.

**THE FITNESS PARADOX**

Of late, India’s urban youth and to some extent, the middle aged have embraced the fitness revolution with remarkable zeal. From early morning joggers to gym regulars, fitness has become a badge of discipline and success. Yet, this new passion sometimes comes with misplaced intensity. The “no pain, no gain” mindset, often amplified by the frenzy of social media, encourages overexertion. Pre-workout drinks loaded with stimulants, excessive protein intake, and the unregulated use of muscle-building steroids can all lead to undue stress on the heart. Add dehydration, inadequate rest, and emotional stress, and the risk multiplies.

It’s ironic—people exercise to protect their hearts, but without awareness and balance, they may end up harming the very organ they’re trying to strengthen.



**THE GYM CULTURE CHALLENGE**

Most Indian gyms today focus on aesthetics—muscles, chiseled abs, and dramatic transformation—rather than holistic wellness, and people are falling heel over head for this body sculpting mantra. Shockingly, most of the gyms lack basic medical readiness – a gap that can turn overexertion or an undetected heart condition into fatality.

In a sudden cardiac arrest, the first 3–5 minutes are critical. An AED can save a life—but without one, or without someone trained to use it, those minutes are often lost. Gyms must evolve from “body-sculpting centers” into safe fitness environments that prioritize health over hustle.



**PREVENTIVE FITNESS: SMARTER, NOT HARDER**

Exercise remains one of the best medicines known to humankind—but dose and awareness matter. A few simple steps can prevent most exercise-related cardiac emergencies:

1. Know Your Heart: Before starting intense workouts, get a basic cardiac evaluation—blood pressure, ECG, and lipid profile. Those with a family history of heart disease should consider an Echocardiogram or Treadmill Test (TMT).
2. Build Gradually: Avoid abrupt jumps in workout intensity. Fitness is a lifelong process, not a 30-day challenge. We really don’t have to hit HIIT (high intensity interval training) to stay healthy.
3. Be Supplement Smart: Avoid unverified pre-workout formulas or anabolic steroids. Rely on balanced nutrition and hydration.
5. Choose Safe Spaces: Prefer gyms with AEDs and CPR-trained trainers. Don’t hesitate to ask if such measures exist.
6. Annual Health Check: Especially after 30, a yearly health review helps detect silent heart risks early. The body looks after us till 30, but after that, we need to look after it—my own mantra for lasting health.



## RETHINKING FITNESS

India's youth are driven, ambitious, and increasingly health-conscious—qualities worth celebrating. But our definition of fitness must evolve from aesthetic perfection to sustainable health. True fitness is about resilience, not recklessness.

It's time to replace "no pain, no gain" with "train smart, stay safe." The goal isn't to exhaust the body but to empower it—to make the heart stronger, not overburdened.

## IN CONCLUSION

THE SUDDEN LOSS OF PUNEETH RAJKUMAR, RAJU SRIVASTAV AND OTHERS LIKE THEM REMINDS US THAT GOOD HEALTH IS NOT GUARANTEED BY GOOD HABITS ALONE—IT ALSO DEPENDS ON AWARENESS, MODERATION, AND PREVENTIVE CARE.

EXERCISE SHOULD BE A CELEBRATION OF VITALITY, NOT A RISK TO IT. AS INDIA RUNS, LIFTS, AND SWEATS ITS WAY TOWARD FITNESS, LET'S REMEMBER:

"A STRONG HEART BEATS LONGER WHEN IT BEATS WISELY."





# Jai Shree Hasti



HASTI CABLE INDUSTRIES

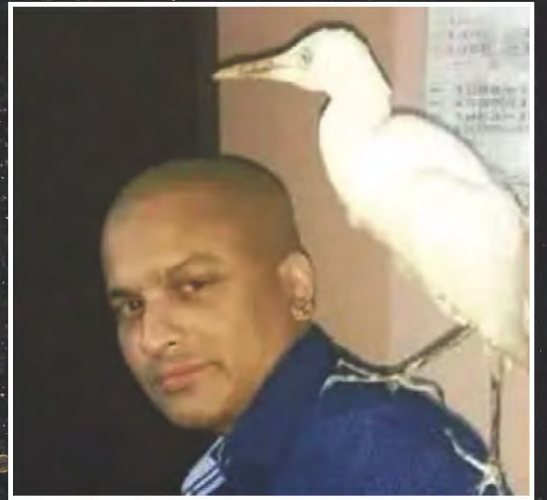
## AB POWER<sup>®</sup> WIRE CABLE

A/370, JAWALA NAGAR  
AMBEDKAR PARK  
SHAHADRA, DELHI  
110032

anandbetala@me.com  
9911144960









# ZUBEEN GARG

যদি জীৱনৰ ৰংবোৰে লুকাভাকু খেলে, যদি আশাৰ চাকিটি উমি উমি জ্বলে,  
তথাপি বন্ধু আগুৱাই যাবা।

পিছলৈ ঘূৰি নাচাবা,  
যদি জোন বেলি তৰাইয়ো মুখ চাকে।

যদি মুক্ত আকাশৰ ৰদেও নাহাঁহে, তথাপি বন্ধু মনোবল ৰাখিবা, শেষত সকলো পাবা।



**NOV.1972 - SEP.2025**





# How Assamese Diaspora Brought Cricket Home to Delhi NCR

By Dibyojit Dutta

For thousands of young people who leave Assam for the bright and bigger opportunities of the Delhi NCR—be it for studies, a career, job or business—the move comes with a hidden cost: the loss of easy access to their beloved sports fields and cricket. In a land where talent often lies in arts, culture, music, and sports, the lack of common sporting facilities in Delhi became a "far cry" from home. For years, in the vast cities, where municipal parks, RWA parks are 'no-go' zones for field sports like cricket, football, or volleyball forced many Assamese youths to abandon their favorite Sport for which they once spent hours on the field in their home towns. Then sheer logistical nightmare of assembling the required number of players and finding a ground in cities like Delhi, Gurugram, Noida, Faridabad meant that for the Assamese diaspora, the passion for field sports slowly faded. Then one day during first week of May 2022, there was a sudden big blast explosion which broke the silence. A surprised telephone call came from a cricket enthusiast with the message that Assamese associations in NOIDA, Gurugram, and Faridabad had not only formed their own cricket teams but had already begun playing matches for an ongoing tournament viz. "Assamese Premier League". Now enquiring if it was time to sit like a

duck or should not we also react and join? This sent an urgent call to take action. Forming a team on such a short notice was an "onerous task." With limited knowledge about availability of players, we turned to Facebook frantically posting messages for possible interested team members.

The initial response was encouraging. Several "50 plus" seniors expressed to join and soon a team is nearing to formed with average age of staggering 52-53 years. All were invited to Vinay Marg Sports Complex for their first net practice. It was there, as they dusted off their old pads and bats, that their "good cricketing history" was finally brought back to life.

Finally the date came for the D-Day but with another challenge that the venue needed to be arranged by us. This challenge was monumental: finding an affordable, usable cricket ground in Delhi. After exhaustive search, a ground was finally located and following a series of negotiations, was booked for a costly Rs 15K for night match slot under floodlights. This ground was Rajokri Cricket Ground, located in Rajokri Village, New Delhi at the border of Delhi Gurugram. Luckily the Ground staff had provision to arrange umpire, scorer etc obviously with additional cost but it was great relief to us. Later, it came to known that several of similar grounds are available for rent in Delhi NCR region with time slot from 6:00 AM to 12:00 PM night which are commonly used for cricket tournaments, corporate matches and club games. They are equipped with natural turf Wicket, Boundary Size of Typically 55 to 60 meters. These grounds often include features with pavilion with toilets and washroom facilities, off-street parking, scoreboard, and sometimes floodlights for night matches. The ground management arranges everything on payment viz. umpire, scorer, ball, kits, lunch packet with nominal fees viz. Rs 1000/-



## ASSAMESE PREMIER LEAGUE ( SEASON 1 )

THE ASSAMESE PREMIER LEAGUE ( SEASON 1 ) WAS THE VERY FIRST ENDEAVOURS WHERE ALL ASSAMESE TEAMS FROM NOIDA ( LACHIT WARRIORS – APWA ), GURUGRAM( MAHABAHU XI AAG ), FARIDABAD( THE RHINO CLUB, FARIDABAD) AND DELHI ( BORLUIT WARRIORS – DELHI) PARTICIPATED.





Abhiruchi Sports Day 2022 was organised where four teams viz. Borluit Delhi, All Assam Students' Association-XI, Kaziranga Kings, UG 2 Gurugaon Participated. Three of the above 4 teams are comprised of Assamese youths. The 2nd match was between AASA(All Assamese Students Association) ND SUPERNOVA Vs Kaziranga Kings where the AASA ND SUPERNOVA won.

for scorer, umpire etc .It was a great learning for us how cricket matches can be arranged in future. Later it was found that converting land into cricket ground is a highly profitable business here. Here investors have transformed their land into cricket ground ,installed flood lights for night cricket and allowed local cricket academy to run these field. Then these cricket academy divides each day into 3 /4 hours slots and allow cricket teams to play their match at cost around Rs 12k- 18k depending upon the facilities, ground conditions. Now any team can play these match . If there are two teams it is fine and if there is only one, then they arrange the other team. They also provide umpire, commentators, scorers, YouTube live, webcasting realtime scoreboard updation, video recording & editing on nominal fees. That's how the entire ecosystem is built on a sports. There is no requirement to demand such facilities from Govt. A few individuals can easily build these.



Here cricket could successfully turn into a profit making industry , generating employment in addition providing entertainment.

**TEAM BUILDING**

Now as flood gate has been opened, so all teams were gearing up to build their own team. As few of our veteran players wanted a break citing various excuses , so time came to search fresh and talented players. So cricket talent search camps were organised to attract new players. Most of these new players were contacted through facebook. So very soon teams were rejuvenated. Then Abhiruchi Divas was celebrated to attract more players where matches were organized among teams.

**NEPL ( NORTH EAST PREMIER LEAGUE ) SEASON 1 CRICKET TOURNAMENT**



The inaugural match of the \*NEPL Season 1 Cricket Tournament\* was held on 20th January 2024 at Jamia Hamdard cricket ground, New Delhi .11 Nos of cricket teams from Delhi NCR joined this tournament.

**NORTH EAST MEDIA FORUM CRICKET TOURNAMENT 2024**

The North East Media Forum Cricket Tournament 2024 was an another tournament organized by NE Media Forum which brought fire to the region. It was held in several grounds where 10 teams participated and thefinal match was held 10th March 2024 at Police Ground, Kingsway Camp, GTB Nagar, Delhi where AASA ND won.



## RHINO CUP 2024

Then it came Rhino Cup . It is amazing to see reaching the final moment of concluding of Rhino Cup 2024 with two semi finals and final on the same day taking two grounds side by side. Faridabad has lots advantages to organise sports events with availability of plenty of sports resources supported by their sports loving community. With presence of Assamese & NE sports lovers on this special day, the entire area took on a festive looks on the final day . The team that won the Rhino Cup 2024 cricket tournament was Lachit Warriors. The final match was played on November 10, 2024 where Lachit Warriors defeated Unity Of Delhi Police - Assam 11 by 4 wickets.



## CURTAIN RAISER EVENT 2023

The Curtain Raiser Friendly Cricket tournament was held as part of the “Platinum Jubilee Celebration of Assam Association, Delhi ” on Sunday 3rd September 2023 which was participated by 8(eight) nos of teams viz. viz. Kaziranga Kings, AASA ND Super Nova, Lachit Team B, Samannay Cricket Club, Lachit Warriors APWA, Nilachal Brigade, Mahabahu AAG , Samanvay and Barluit.



## ASSAM CUP 2024 ( ABANDONED )

Assam Cup tournament was organized by Delhi on 7th 2024 at Talkatora Cricket Ground , New Delhi .The various teams participated were Rhino Club, Kaziranga Kings, Brahmaputra Braves , Assam House, NE Media, Lachit Warriors, Udayan Assam-Delhi Police, AAG Mahabahu Gurugram. But due to incessant rain only a few matches could be played and later this tournament had to be declared abandoned.



## RHINO CUP 2025

This Rhino Cup 2025 is organised by THE RHINO CLUB(reg) which will be commenced from 1st Nov. 2025. Already 18 teams have confirmed participation in this tournament viz. Unity of DP Assam, Lachit warriors, BORLUIT Worriers Delhi, Lachit Royale, Assam Bhawan Delhi, Royal Assam, Indomitables Lachits, Phagun Phoenix, Brahmaputra Braves, Rhino 1.0, Rhino 2.0, Luitporiya XI, Mohabahu XI, Tripura Super Kings, Hornbil, Bordoisila 1.0, Bordoisila 2.0 & Kaziranga Kings. The final is expected to be held on 23rd November 2025. Already elaborate arrangement has been made to make this event a \*Grand Success\* . Wishing Rhino Cup best of Luck for the event.







# Why a Psychiatrist Might Emphasize Cricket for Mental Fitness

composure, qualities that are vital both on and off the field.

Beyond the physical realm, cricket contributes significantly to cognitive resilience. The constant need for strategic decision-making sharpens concentration and problem-solving abilities. At the same time, cricket's social nature—shared goals, teamwork, and mutual support—builds emotional strength and motivation. These aspects make it an ideal model for mental conditioning, not just for athletes but for anyone pursuing psychological balance through sport.

From a psychiatrist's lens, cricket can be a powerful therapeutic tool. Engaging in structured physical activity promotes endorphin release and reduces stress levels. For individuals undergoing rehabilitation—whether from physical injury or emotional burnout—playing cricket encourages gentle physical activation and mental engagement. The sense of belonging within a team also aids in combating loneliness and restoring self-confidence during recovery.

While cricket enhances mental fitness, it's equally important to recognize the emotional challenges that accompany competition. The stress of performance, public scrutiny, and post-retirement adjustment can impact players deeply. This is where psychological support systems, counseling, and awareness programs become essential. A holistic framework ensures that athletes not only perform well but also sustain emotional well-being throughout and beyond their careers.

Cricket, viewed through the lens of rehabilitation and mental health, is more than a sport—it is a medium of restoration. It strengthens coordination, builds resilience, and nurtures emotional intelligence. For psychiatrists and sports professionals alike, cricket stands as a reminder that the journey to wellness is both physical and mental. When mind and body move in harmony, performance—and well-being—reach their true potential.

In modern sports medicine, the emphasis is steadily shifting from physical performance alone to a more integrated view of athlete wellness. A psychiatrist, specializing in physical rehabilitation and holistic recovery, understands that mental fitness is as crucial as physical endurance. Within this perspective, cricket emerges as a sport that nurtures both—demanding precision, patience, and psychological balance. Cricket is a game of rhythm and awareness. Every delivery, shot, and fielding move requires coordination between the body's mechanics and the mind's agility. The sport's structure—long hours, strategic pauses, and sudden bursts of action—creates a natural space for mind-body synchronization. This synergy helps players develop focus, adaptability, and



**By Dr. Mrs Dipanjali Phukan  
Senior Psychiatrist Consultant  
Tinsukia**



## A HOLISTIC WAY TO HEAL STRESS, ANXIETY & DEPRESSION



**Ssrei Panchi Bvouruaah**

In today’s fast-paced world, most of us are constantly running — chasing deadlines, trying to stay strong, and pretending to be “okay.” But deep inside, there’s often a silent exhaustion... the kind that no amount of sleep or coffee can fix. Stress, anxiety, and even depression have quietly become part of everyday life.

But what if healing didn’t always have to be about “coping”? What if there was a gentler, more natural way — one that calms your mind, balances your emotions, and restores your energy from within?

**That’s where holistic and energy-based healing comes in.**

Energy healing works on the subtle layers of our being — not just the physical or mental, but the energetic field that holds our emotions, memories, and life force. Modalities like Reiki, Lama Fera, and Shamanic Healing gently clear energetic blockages, release stored emotional pain, and help restore your inner balance. Reiki channels universal life energy to recharge and relax the system. Lama Fera, an ancient Buddhist technique, clears heavy, negative vibrations. Shamanic healing reaches deep into the soul level, helping you reconnect with parts of yourself lost through trauma or emotional strain.

At the core of all these practices lies the chakra system — the seven main energy centers in our body. When our chakras are open and aligned, energy flows freely, keeping us physically healthy, emotionally stable, and mentally peaceful. But when they are blocked, we feel anxious, irritable, or low in energy. Regular chakra healing helps prevent stress, anxiety, and even illness from overpowering us. A balanced energy body naturally attracts harmony in all areas of life.

Along with healing sessions, there are small daily rituals that help keep your energy grounded and clear. Start your mornings with a

sand whenever you can — it instantly connects you with Mother Earth and releases built-up stress. Practice simple guided meditations or breathing exercises to center your energy before starting your day. These small habits create a big shift in how calm and connected you feel.

But healing isn’t just about your body and mind — the energy of your home matters too. Every space carries vibrations. When a house has poor vastu (energetic or elemental imbalance), it can cause constant fatigue, emotional tension, health concerns, or even block abundance and relationships. Through Vastu healing, and balancing the five elements — water, fire, air, earth, and space harmony is restored in a natural way. A home that feels light and positive supports your healing journey effortlessly.

A holistic approach looks at every layer of your life — your emotions, your energy, and your environment. When these three are aligned, you don’t just manage stress — you rise above it. If you’ve been feeling drained, restless, or disconnected lately, maybe it’s time to realign your energy. A Reiki, Lama Fera, or Vastu healing session could be the gentle beginning your mind, body, and soul are waiting for.

**OCCULT PRACTITIONER |  
PSYCHIC MEDIUM | ENERGY  
HEALER GUIDING SOULS  
THROUGH FUTURE  
PREDICTIONS, HEALINGS &  
REMEDIES - BLESSED TO  
SHARE DIVINE LIGHT AND  
WISDOM.**

**FUTURE PREDICTIONS. ENERGY HEALING. VEDIC REMEDIES**

**SSREI PANCHI BVOURUAAH**  
OCCULT PRACTITIONER  
PSYCHIC MEDIUM | ENERGY HEALER

**BOTH ONLINE AND OFFLINE SESSIONS ARE AVAILABLE.**

- ✓ KNOW YOUR FUTURE & LIFE PREDICTIONS
- ✓ HEAL PHYSICAL, MENTAL & EMOTIONAL ISSUES
- ✓ CHAKRA BALANCING & ENERGY ALIGNMENT
- ✓ NEGATIVITY & SPELL REMOVALS
- ✓ RELIEF FROM PAIN, DISCOMFORT & EMOTIONAL BLOCKAGES
- ✓ IMPROVED FOCUS, CLARITY & CONCENTRATION

**WHATSAPP +91-9625913537, FOR ENQUIRIES OR SESSIONS**

[f](#) [i](#) @tarotandhealings

**SERVICES OFFERED:** TAROT & AKASHIC READINGS | VASTU & SPACE ALIGNMENT | NUMEROLOGY | ASTROLOGY | REIKI HEALING | LAMA-FERA HEALING | SHAMANIC WORK | INNER CHILD HEALING | FAMILY CONSTELLATION | PAST LIFE REGRESSION | CORD CUTTING | SPELL REVERSALS | ANGEL HEALING | MAA KALI HEALING | SPIRIT COMMUNICATION | CHAKRA BALANCING | AURA SCANNING | ANCESTRAL HEALING JOURNEYS | ENERGETIC PROTECTION CONSULTATIONS



# LATE SANJIB KAKATY BEST BATSMAN AWARD

## A LEGACY OF PASSION FOR CRICKET

-DIBYOJIT DUTTA



When I got an invitation for the Governing Body meet of Rhino Cup 2025 scheduled on 3<sup>rd</sup> August at Faridabad, I decided to attend as lots of enthusiasm have been palpable around Delhi NCR region for the upcoming Rhino Cup 2025 Cricket Tournament after their successful completion of the Tournament in the previous year i.e. 2024 where large nos of teams participated from various corners of Delhi. This year too the organizer RHINO Club has been trying Proactive and Methodical Planning with every possible effort thoroughly and left no detail unaddressed to ensure the event highly successful this year 2025. During discussing awards for various category and their possible sponsorship, immediately it came to my mind why not to sponsor one award in the name of our classmate Late Sanjib Kakaty who was a passionate cricketer since school days in Tezpur, played for our colleges during student days in Guwahati, became a regular player in a cricket team of Delhi NCR during his service life who happened to play the game till his last day. He being an opening batsman, it would undoubtedly be a great to sponsor the award viz. the 'Best Batsman' in his loving memory. It was undoubtedly a great honour that the Governing Board of Rhino Club accepted the proposal. After accepting the award, there are lots of interest coming to know about the person.

Late Sanjib Kakaty was one of the finest cricket batsman amongst us with some of memorable knocks during his college days in Cotton College (82-84), Assam Engineering College (1984-89). He was opening batsman for his hostel team H-4 where he scored one brilliant century with the formidable opponent Hostel-7 during inter-hostel Cricket matches. Later he shifted to Delhi NCR and was staying in Indira Puram, Ghaziabad as well as Gurugram where he was playing cricket for the local teams. He constituted one local cricket team with the RWA neighbors and started to practice on every Saturday, Sunday and holidays. Tragically on his last day, he was taking rest in his residence after completing one cricket match where death unexpectedly overpowered him and took him away. We all his classmates are still mourning for his untimely death.

Amongst all our batchmates and contemporary staying in Delhi NCR, Sanjib was the very first to re-start cricket life in Delhi NCR and then participated in cricket tournaments in Delhi NCR. He joined a local team viz. HCC-Heartsong Cricket Club Gurugram as RHB and as a Right-arm Off Break in the year 2019. At that time, he used to encourage us to back to ground and join cricket. But sadly none of his friends including me had the audacity to play cricket as we thought that our youthfulness have already been over and we are incapable to play at the age of around 55 Years.





In spite of immense workload being working in MNCs ( He was working as Director , Adobe Inc. and before it, he was Director, Oracle India ) , he could able maintain relation with Gym and Cricket. He started practicing cricket in their local cricket ground in Indirapuram as well as Gurugram with local boys . Later he joined a local team and started to play cricket match in Tournaments which were beyond our imagination at that time. But unexpectedly, on one Sunday he expired unexpectedly while taking rest in his flat after completing one cricket match with local boys in their colony ground. It was learnt that while resting in a sofa, he experienced some chest pain but assumed to be gas related which later became costly. When his phone was found to be non-

responding, the Chowkidar was requested to check where he found him to be lying on sofa. Though immediately he was taken to hospital , but it was already late.

Sanjib has been an inspiration for us who taught us that how heavy the workload might be , there is still some windows available to continue flow of life. . Cricket was his lifelong passion . He played Cricket for Cotton college and then Assam Engineering College. He was the opener for his hostel team Hostrel-4 like a defending wall for the hostel. There are several memorable knockings from him which still we remember. Cricket was his first love and would never miss practice in hostel. He would be always in field irrespective of whether it is rain or sun.

Most of his class mates including me who were around 53-54 years at age that time ( 2019 ) were physically older than actual age due to bad lifestyle But he taught us that it was not the age number but the mind which control our health. So if one feels , health can be rejuvenated. He was one of the reasons why majority of his class mates returned to sports particularly to cricket ground . If he is alive today, he would have love it very much seeing us involving with sports. But sadly he is no more.

For the above reason, it has been decided to sponsor a award ' Best Batsman ' in the loving memory of Late Sanjib Kakaty.







## জুবিন গাৰ্গ অসমীয়াৰ বাবে কি আছিল?

PRANJIT BORA,  
SENIOR MANAGER, ASSAM GRAMIN BANK,  
HEAD OFFICE, GUWAHATI

এজন উতনুৱা যুবক। চিগাৰেট খায়, চাদা মাৰে। ভাষাৰ লাগ-বান্ধ নাই; কথাই-কথাই অবাইচ মাত মাতে। বেশভূষাৰ কোনো হিচাব নাই। ৰাতি চানপ্লাছ পিন্ধে; কেতিয়াবা দুখন ভৰিত দুপাত বেলেগ-বেলেগ জোতা পিন্ধে। বাৰ্মুদা আৰু স্লীভলেছ টি-ছাৰ্ট পিন্ধি ভূপেন হাজৰিকাৰ দৰে নমস্য শিল্পীক শেষ শ্ৰদ্ধাঞ্জলি জনাবলৈ যায়। সময়ানুবৰ্তিতা নাই; দিনৰ বাৰটাত সময় দি ৰাতি বাৰটাতো আহিব নোঁৱাৰে। নিয়ম-কানুনক একো নামানে।

সাধাৰণতে, কোনো পিতৃ-মাতৃয়ে নিজৰ সন্তান, কোনো ভগ্নীয়ে নিজৰ ভাতৃ এনে হোৱাতো কামনা নকৰিব। কোনো যুৱতীয়ে নিজৰ পিতৃ-মাতৃৰ সন্মুখত এনে যুৱকক প্ৰেমিক হিচাপে চিনাকি কৰাই দিবলৈ টান পাব।

খেয়ালী গায়ক। পশ্চিমীয়া চণ্ডৰ হলৌ পোচাক আৰু কাওবয় হেট পিন্ধি বিহুৰ মঞ্চত উঠে। বিহুৰ মঞ্চত হিন্দী গীত গাই। মদ খাই মঞ্চত ঢলি পৰে; মঞ্চত খুটা বগাই; মঞ্চতে কামিজ খুলি পেলাই।

কোনো আদৰ্শগত স্থিৰতা নাই। বামপন্থী আদৰ্শৰ কথা কয়, কিন্তু সোঁপন্থী ৰাজনৈতিক দলৰ হৈ নিৰ্বাচনী প্ৰচাৰৰ গীত গাই। এদিন নাগৰিকত্ব সংশোধনী আইনৰ বিৰোধিতাবে চৰকাৰৰ বিপক্ষে থিয় হয়, পাছদিনা চৰকাৰী পৃষ্ঠপোষকতাত অনুষ্ঠিত ফিল্মফেয়াৰ বটা প্ৰদান অনুষ্ঠানত অংশগ্ৰহণ কৰে।

ৰসাত মাৰপিট কৰে; সাংবাদিকৰ লগত কাজিয়া কৰে; কেম্বাৰ সন্মুখত বহুৱালি কৰে।

আৰু সেই যুৱকজনৰ মৃত্যুৰ বাতৰিত এখন ৰাজ্য স্তব্ধ হৈ পৰে। এটা জাতিয়ে একেলগে প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰে, তেওঁৰ মৃত্যুৰ বাতৰি মিছা হওক। সকলো ৰাজপথলৈ ওলাই আহে। তেওঁৰ গানেৰে মুখৰিত হৈ পৰে ৰাজ্যৰ আকাশ-বতাহ। প্ৰতিখন গাঁও, প্ৰতিখন নগৰ, প্ৰতিটো পথ, প্ৰতিটো গলিত তেওঁৰ ফটো লগোৱা হয়। প্ৰতিটো পদূলিত তেওঁৰ নামত চাকি জ্বলে।

দোকান-পোহাৰ, ৰাজহুৱা যাতায়ত স্বতস্ফৰ্গাতভাৱে বন্ধ হৈ পৰে। ৰাজ্যৰ প্ৰতিখন বাতৰি কাকতৰ প্ৰতিটো পৃষ্ঠা কেৱল তেওঁৰ বাতৰিৰে ভৰি পৰে। প্ৰতিটো চেটেলাইট চেনেল, পৰ্টেলত কেবিনেট মন্ত্ৰী ঘূৰি ফুৰে শ্মশানৰ বাবে মাটি বিচাৰি। দিনৰ পাছত দিন জুৰি কেৱল তেওঁ আৰু তেওঁৰ বাতৰি চলে, তেওঁৰ গান বাজে।

ক্ৰিকেট বলিয়া দেশখনৰ এখন ৰাজ্যই চাবলৈ পাহৰি যায় ভাৰত-পাকিস্থানৰ মেছ।

নিৰ্বাচনী প্ৰচাৰ বাদ দি মূখ্যমন্ত্ৰীয়ে চাৰি দিন চাৰি ৰাতি খৰচ কৰে কেৱল সেই সংকাৰৰ আয়োজনত। তিনিজনকৈ তেওঁৰ নশ্বৰ দেহ চাবলৈ তিনি কোটি মানুহে দুটাকৈ বিনিদ্র ৰজনী পাৰ কৰে। বিমান বন্দৰৰ বাহিৰত, ৰেলৱে' ষ্টেচনৰ ভিতৰত, অভাৱব্ৰিজৰ তলত, ফুটপাথত, ঘৰৰ চোতালত, বাৰাণ্ডাত, বেলকনিত, শেতেলীত।

তেওঁৰ মৃতদেহ দেখি কৰ্তব্যৰত আৰক্ষী কান্দোনত ভাগি পৰে, টিভি ৰিপৰ্টাৰৰ চকুৰে চকুপানী বয়, ষ্টুডিঅ'ত এংকৰৰ মাত থোকাথোকি হয়।

কিয়?

জুবিন গাৰ্গ আমাৰ বাবে কি আছিল?

জুবিন গাৰ্গ অসমৰ বাবে কি আছিল?

অতুলনীয় সংগীত প্ৰতিভা? স্বীকাৰ কৰিবই লাগিব যে আধুনিক অসমত জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ দৰে সংগীত প্ৰতিভাৰ হয়তো আৰু নোলাব। এই অসাধাৰণ সংগীত প্ৰতিভা নিসন্দেহে জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ জনপ্ৰিয়তাৰ অন্যতম কাৰণ আৰু কাৰক। কিন্তু অকল সংগীত প্ৰতিভাৰ বাবেই ইমানখিনি জনপ্ৰিয়তা পাব, সেয়াও বাস্তব নহয়।

চলচিত্ৰ? সংগীতৰ ওপৰিও চলচিত্ৰৰ ক্ষেত্ৰখনত জুবিন গাৰ্গ বিশেষকৈ অভিনেতা, পৰিচালক আৰু প্ৰযোজক হিচাপে জড়িত। কিন্তু তেওঁৰ চলচিত্ৰৰ কল্পনাৰীতি ব্যৱসায়িক সফলতা স্বীকাৰ কৰিও ক'ব লাগিব, তেওঁৰ পৰিচালিত চলচিত্ৰত সেই নান্দনিকতা নাই যাৰ বাবে তেওঁৰ চলচিত্ৰলৈ আমি বাৰে বাৰে উভতি যাম। অভিনয়ৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত তেওঁ দীনবন্ধু আৰু মন যায় চলচিত্ৰ দুখনত মনপৰশা অভিনয় কৰিছে। তাৰ বাদে কিন্তু তেওঁৰ অভিনয়ৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত কোনো বলিষ্ঠ অৱদান নাই। গতিকে অভিনেতা বা চলচিত্ৰ পৰিচালক হিচাপে অসমবাসীয়ে তেওঁক ইমান মৰম দিয়াৰ অৱকাশ নাই।

জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ এক সামাজিক দিশো আছে। তেওঁ বহুতো সমাজ সেৱামূলক কামৰ লগত জড়িত আছিল। সমাজৰ বিভিন্ন শ্ৰেণীৰ মানুহক বিভিন্ন সময়ত তেওঁ বিভিন্ন সময়ত আৰ্থিকভাৱে সহায় কৰিছিল। তাৰোপৰি বিভিন্ন সময়ত বিভিন্ন সামাজিক আৰু ৰাজনৈতিক বিষয়ত তেওঁ জনতাৰ পক্ষত থিয় দিছিল। কিন্তু সেয়া নিশ্চয় কোনো ৰাজনৈতিক বা পূৰ্ণৰূপে সামাজিক ব্যক্তিত্বকৈ বেছি নাছিল। গতিকে, এই কামে তেওঁক কোনো ৰাজনৈতিক নেতাৰো কল্পনাৰীতি এনেকুৱা জনপ্ৰিয়তা দিব, সেয়া ভবা নাযায়।

জুবিনৰ জনপ্ৰিয়তাত এই সকলোবোৰ একো একোটা

কাৰক আছিল। কিন্তু এইকেইটা কাৰকেই জুবিনাৰ কল্পনালংঘা জনপ্ৰিয়তাৰ পৰিঘটনা ব্যাখ্যা কৰিবলৈ যথেষ্ট নহয়। তাৰবাবে আমি ঘূৰি যাব লাগিব জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ আৰম্ভনিলৈ।

বিংশ শতিকাৰ নব্বৈৰ দশকৰ আৰম্ভনি অসমৰ বাবে এক কঠিন সময় আছিল। ছবচৰীয়া অসম আন্দোলনে ৰাজহাড়া ভাঙি দিয়া অসমৰ অৰ্থনীতি তেতিয়াও খন ধৰি উঠিব পৰা নাই। আন্দোলনৰ ফলস্বৰূপে জন্ম লাভ কৰা জাতীয়তাবাদী দলৰ চৰকাৰখনৰ প্ৰতি জনতাৰ ইতিমধ্যে মোহভংগ হৈছে। আলফাৰ সসম্ৰ সংগ্ৰাম তেতিয়া তুংগত; অপাৰেশ্যন বজৰংগে অসমক জুৰুলা কৰি তুলিছে।

অসমৰ সাংস্কৃতিক ক্ষেত্ৰখনো তেতিয়া সংকটত। প্ৰায়সকল বিশিষ্ট শিল্পীয়েই তেওঁলোকৰ সৃষ্টিৰ সোণালী বয়স পাৰ কৰিছে। নতুন দুই-এজন ওলাই আহিছে যদিও তেওঁলোকৰ সৃষ্টিও তেনেই নগন্য। সকলোৰে হৃদয় চুই যাব পৰাকৈ পৰ্যাপ্ত নতুন গান নাই, সৰ্বস্বৰৰ মানুহক আকৰ্ষণ কৰিব পৰা এখন নতুন চলচিত্ৰ নাই, নতুন লেখক নাই। মাথো ভ্ৰাম্যমান থিয়েটাৰে ছেগা-ছোৰোগাকৈ কেইটামান মাহৰ বাবে অসমীয়াক আমোদ দি আহিছে। গতিকে, অসমীয়াই নিজৰ তৃষ্ণা পূৰাব লগা হৈছে হিন্দী আৰু ইংৰাজী গান আৰি চলচিত্ৰৰ মাজেৰে। বতাহত হিন্দী চলচিত্ৰৰ গান, চিত্ৰগৃহত অসমীয়া চিনেমাৰ স্থান নাই। চলচিত্ৰ আৰু সংগীতৰ ওপৰত নিয়ন্ত্ৰণ বহিৰাজ্যৰ লবিৰ। অসমতে অসমীয়াৰ কোনো স্থান নাই।

স্বপ্নভংগৰ বেদনা, ৰাষ্ট্ৰযন্ত্ৰৰ অত্যাচাৰ, সৃষ্টিশীল সংকটত পিষ্ট অসমীয়াৰ জাতীয় অহমিকা।

তেনে সময়তে উল্লেখ বহুৰীয়া যুৱক জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ অসমীয়া জাতীয় জীৱনলৈ আগমণ।

জুবিন গাৰ্গ এছাটি মৃদু বতাহৰ দৰে আহি অসমীয়া বেদনাদন্ধ হৃদয় শাত পেলালেহি, হাজাৰ নিৰাশাৰ মাজতো আহি আশাৰ পোহৰ দেখুৱালে।

গানৰে; অসমীয়া গানেৰে। এটাৰ পাছত এটা গান। প্ৰেমৰ গান আৰু বিৰহৰ গান; সুখৰ গান আৰু বিষাদৰ গান; নৈশব্দৰ গান আৰু কোলাহলৰ গান; জীৱনৰ গান আৰু মৃত্যুৰ গান; শৈশৱৰ গান আৰু যৌবনৰ গান; গৌৰৱৰ গান আৰু গ্লানিৰ গান; স্বপ্নভংগৰ গান আৰু প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতিৰ গান, কষ্টৰ গান আৰু সংগ্ৰামৰ গান, বিপ্লবৰ গান আৰু স্বাধীনতাৰ গান। তেওঁ গান লিখিলে অসমৰ কথাৰে; তেওঁ গানবোৰ সজাই গ'ল অসমৰ সুৰেৰে।

তেওঁৰ গানত আমি অসমীয়াৰ আবেগ বিছাৰি পালো। তেওঁৰ বাবেই আমি বৰগীতৰ কেছেট কিনিলো। প্ৰসাদ বৰুৱাৰ গীত, ভূপেন্দ্ৰ সংগীত, জয়ন্ত হাজৰিকাৰ গীত আকৌ বাজিব ধৰিলে। তেওঁ যেন আমাক অসমীয়াৰ পৰিচয় ঘূৰাই আনি দিলে। অসমৰ সাংস্কৃতিক জগতৰ তেওঁ প্ৰাণকেন্দ্ৰ হৈ পৰিল। তেওঁৰ অবিহনে ব্যৱস্থাটো চলাব নোঁৱাৰা অৱস্থা এটা হ'ল। তেওঁৰ নাম আৰু ফটোৰ অবিহনে বজাৰত কেছেট নচলা হ'ল। বহিৰাজ্যৰ শক্তিৰ নিয়ন্ত্ৰণত থকা এই ব্যৱস্থাটোত

তেওঁ অসমীয়াৰ পথ প্ৰশস্ব কৰি দিলে।

ইয়াৰ পাছত তেওঁ আৰু গায়ক হৈ নাথাকিল। তেওঁৰ অসমীয়াৰ স্বাভিমান হৈ পৰিল।

তেওঁক লৈ আমি সপোন দেখিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিলো। যি সপোন আমি সুধাকৰ্ত্ত ভূপেন হাজৰিকাক লৈ দেখিছিলো, কিন্তু আধৰুৱা হৈ ৰ'ল।

জুবিন গাৰ্গে আমাৰ সপোন পূৰণ কৰিলে, কিছূলাংশে। ফিল্মফেয়াৰত শ্ৰেষ্ঠ পাৰ্শ্ব-গায়কৰ বটাৰ বাবে মনোনয়ন পালে। আইফাত শ্ৰেষ্ঠ পাৰ্শ্ব-গায়কৰ বটা লাভ কৰিলে। অসমৰ বাহিৰৰ বন্ধু-বান্ধবীক ক'ব পৰা হ'লো-এইজন জুবিন গাৰ্গ; অসমীয়া ল'ৰা। এইবাৰ আইফা এৱাৰ্ড পাইছে। এইয়াই আমাৰ বাবে অসমীয়া অহমিকা।

জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ বাবে দুৱাৰ খোল খাই গৈছিল। তেওঁ থাকি যাব পাৰিলেহেঁতেন মুম্বাইত। আৰু বহুতো গান গাব পাৰিলেহেঁতেন। হয়তো আৰু বটা পালেহেঁতেন। হয়তো আৰু বেছি মানুহে চিনি পালেহেঁতেন। হয়তো বহু বেছি টকাও ঘটিব পাৰিলেহেঁতেন।

কিন্তু তেওঁ ঘূৰি আহিল। অসমীয়া মানুহৰ মাজত থাকিবলৈ। অসমত কাম কৰিবলৈ। আমাৰ জাত্যাভিমান পুণৰ জগাই তুলিবলৈ।

নিজৰ জীৱনৰ সমস্ত জমাপুঞ্জী লগালে অসমীয়া চলচিত্ৰৰ পুনৰুদ্ধাৰৰ বাবে। মিছন চাইনা। কিন্তু আমাৰ বাবে যেন সেয়া মিছন অসমীয়া। তেওঁৰ আহ্বানক আমি সঁহাৰি দিলো। দৌৰি-দৌৰি গৈ মিছন চাইনা চালো। ছবিঘৰত ধুমুহা বলিল। যি হিন্দী বলয়ে অসমীয়া চলচিত্ৰক অসমতে কাষৰীয়া কৰিছিল, সেই হিন্দী চলচিত্ৰসমূহ অসমৰ ছবিঘৰৰপৰা উৰি গ'ল।

মিছন চাইনা অসমীয়া চিনেমাৰ ব্যৱসায়ৰ ক্ষেত্ৰত এক মাইলৰ খুঁটি। জুবিন গাৰ্গে দেখুৱালে দুই কোটি টকা খৰচ কৰি অসমীয়া চিনেমা বনাব পাৰি। হিন্দী চিনেমাৰ লগত ফেৰ মাৰি ছয় কোটি টকা উপাৰ্জন কৰিব পাৰি। হিন্দী চিনেমাক ওফৰাই পথাৰ পাৰি। সেয়াই জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ অহংকাৰ।

অসমীয়াৰ অহংকাৰ।

জুবিন গাৰ্গে অসমীয়াক সেই অহংকাৰ দিলে।

এক কথাত জুবিন গাৰ্গ অসমীয়াৰ আশা আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ আবেগ আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ পৰিচয় আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ স্বাভিমান আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ অহমিকা আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ জাত্যাভিমান আছিল, অসমীয়াৰ অহংকাৰ আছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গ আচলতে সকলো অসমীয়াৰে ঘৰৰ ল'ৰা আছিল।

তেওঁৰ উৎপাতৰ বাবে আমি অসমীয়াই তেওঁক সমালোচনা কৰিছিলো, তেওঁৰ বহুৱালিত অতীষ্ঠ হৈ আমি তেওঁক গালি পাৰিছিলো। কিন্তু আজি যেতিয়া তেওঁ চিৰনিদ্ৰাত শুই পৰিছে, আমি যেন তেওঁক গৈ জোকাৰি উঠাই দিম। তেওঁক কম-এবাৰ উঠা। লাগিলে উঠি এটা অবাইচ মাতকে মাত। লাগিলে মঞ্চত উঠি খুটাকে বগোৱা। লাগিলে মদ খাই মাতাল হৈ বাগৰি পৰা। হিন্দী ইংৰাজী যি মন যাই তাকে গোৱা। কিন্তু এবাৰ উঠা। মাত্ৰ এবাৰ উঠা।





# A TRIBUTE TO ZUBEEN GARG

BY NEOR SANDHILYA

When I was a child, every afternoon, our small home echoed with your voice, Zubeen da – those melodies from ANAMIKA and MAYABINI wove their way through our tape recorder into the soul of a starry-eyed boy. I didn't just listen; I grew up inside your music. I grew up with your voice, Zubeen Da.

It wasn't just music, it was life itself. My childhood, my heartbreaks, my dreams They all carried echoes of your songs. I remember coming home from school with

JANTRA (AMI JEN JANTRA) blaring in my head. When loneliness knocked, I whispered MAYABINI to myself and felt less alone. It was YA ALI that gave my fragile heart strength. The song was more than a hit for me, it was a promise that things could change, that broken hearts could heal, and even when the world trembled, your music was my shield.

When I crossed the bridge to college, shivering with the fear of growing up, It was MON JAI and BHULOTU NASABA TUMI that made me brave enough to love without regret, to admit my pain, to revel in joy with friends who became family over riverside bonfires. When I dared to dream it was PAKHI PAKHI AIE MON guiding me like a lighthouse.

O MUR RONOR TEJIGHURA wasn't only a song for us, it was our story of restless youth, searching skies far beyond what our eyes couldn't hold. With ANAMIKA, you taught us that love doesn't die, it lingers like a fragrance in the air.

When I failed, JABOLOI KHUJUTE reminded me everyone searches and stumbles, that there's beauty in the longing. In the hardest moments, when my father left us and the house felt hollow, your voice was still there. EMAN MOROM played softly and I didn't feel alone, because you'd always managed to give words and melody to every feeling I couldn't say out loud.



You weren't just a singer; you were home. Your voice was the place we all ran to when the world was too heavy. Now the silence after you feels colder than I imagined. The sound system still hums your tunes, but the heart knows you are gone. Assam cries in every lane tonight – not just for the singer, but for the brother, the son, the poet, the soul who made music our second language. You gave ordinary people extraordinary emotions, words for the feelings we could never name. You were always there right from our innocence to rebellion, from first love to last goodbye.

As the world mourns, I mourn everything that won't happen now – no new songs to carry us forward, no more concerts where thousands sing in one trembling voice. Zubeen da, you have left behind a map of memories. From those carefree bike rides to my first breakup, every curve in my life is chartered with your music.

Now that you are gone, festivals will never be the same again. The world may go silent, but for us, you will always be singing. Your songs are now our prayers. The microphones may fall silent, but your voice – our childhood, our hope – sings on forever. Heaven must be celebrating tonight as one of its brightest and noblest soul returns. Rest easy Zubeen da and party hard. JOI ZUBEEN DA.





# my JOURNEY

**MRIGAKHI BORKAKOTY**

**CLASS 8**

**SHIV NADAR SCHOOL, FARIDABAD**

Hello! My name is Mrigakhi Borkakoty, and I'm a student of Grade 8 at Shiv Nadar School, Faridabad. My journey in baseball began in Grade 3, when I simply wanted to try something new. Over time, baseball has become one of the most important parts of my life. It's so different and unique compared to other sports. At first, I thought, "I can't do this—it's so hard!" But now, I play tournaments almost every month. I've participated in district, state, national, and even international tournaments. I represented India in the Little League Baseball Tournament in South Korea, and I had an absolutely amazing time there. It was such a wonderful opportunity and an unforgettable experience. One of the best parts was getting to see how other countries play baseball. Watching different styles and strategies really opened my eyes to new ways of thinking about the game. I also met so many new people—from my teammates to players from other countries—and it was great making friends and sharing stories. Playing in the tournament helped me improve my own game. The coaches and the competition challenged me to get better, and I learned new skills and tips that I'll keep using. Apart from the matches, I made countless fun and memorable moments—laughing with friends, exploring new places, and feeling the excitement of the tournament. I also loved trying



out delicious Korean food and tasting dishes I'd never had before. Overall, it was an incredible experience that I'll never forget. I'm truly grateful for the chance to represent my country. Heartfelt thanks and gratitude to Little League India, Anoop Sir, Saheb Sir, Vishwas Sir, and Sahitya Sir. I especially want to thank my coach, Sahitya Sir, for being the pillar of strength throughout my baseball journey.



# Her Dream, My Journey

Baranya Patowary  
Class VIII, DPS, Gurgaon

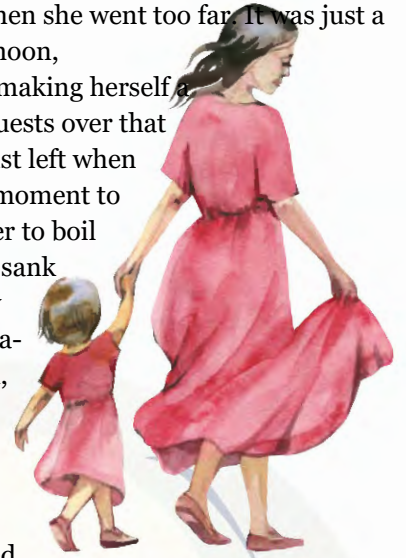
“Inaya, you have a brighter future than mine,” Maa said, smiling with eyes full of love as she tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. She always told me that her dream was for me to do all the things she couldn’t. But deep down, I knew how deeply wanderlust had consumed her. I knew how much she longed to see the world, even if it was just once. As a simple middle-class woman, she was married off at the young age of twenty-three. Her brilliant mind was confined within the little world we built together. Each night before bed, she would tell me stories about the beauty of the world and the people in it. I could never understand how she could find such a world—where dreams were silenced—beautiful. She was, without a doubt, a wonderful woman, and I am proud to call her my mother.

I still remember the day my mother brought home a helpless puppy from the streets.

She was a little Labrador, about four months old. Her tiny paws were covered in dirt, and there were scars on her face when Maa carried her in. I was overjoyed to see her for the first time, though my father was never really fond of her. We got to keep her only because my mother argued with my father for days. Their quarrels usually ended in a mess, with neither one giving in, but that time was different. Maa had truly fought hard for the little pup—or perhaps for me—for I was the reason she wanted to keep her. And so, we named her Kinu.

There was never a single time when my mother let me sacrifice my happiness for someone else’s. Sometimes, it brought tears to my eyes to see how hard she worked and how much she sacrificed just to see a simple smile on my face. I never knew how I could ever repay her for the immense love she constantly poured into me. A

mother’s love truly knows no bounds—and for my mother, those bounds simply didn’t exist. I know she only ever wanted to give me everything she could, but there came a time when she went too far. It was just a simple Sunday afternoon, and my mother was making herself a cup of tea. We had guests over that day, and they had just left when Maa finally found a moment to rest. She set the water to boil on the gas stove and sank onto the sofa, utterly exhausted after preparing breakfast, lunch, and snacks for five guests and the three of us. Fatigue clouded her senses; her mind had stopped



responding to the world around her after such a long, tiring day. After a while, she poured herself a cup of tea and went to the bedroom for a short nap. What she didn’t realize was that the gas stove hadn’t been turned off—and a disaster was quietly waiting in the shadows. The kitchen curtains, swayed by the wind, brushed against the stove and caught fire. At that moment, I was in my room, busy with my homework, unaware of the growing heat that began to fill the house. It wasn’t until my father screamed that I looked up—just as he accidentally knocked over a bottle of cooking oil, which spilled across the kitchen floor. The oil caught the flames, turning them into a raging inferno that devoured the wooden frames, the sofa, and even the pile of laundry waiting nearby.

Maa, awakened by the commotion, frantically searched for me as I did for her. When we finally found each other, we tried to make our way to the exit—it felt impossibly far, as if light-years away. My father had already reached the door with Kinu in his arms, calling for help, while Maa and I fought our way through the flames that surrounded us. I clutched her hand tightly, refusing to let go. She kept shouting at me to run, to save myself, but the thought alone brought tears streaming down my face. I couldn’t let her go—not then, not ever.

We had almost reached the front door when a wooden decoration from the ceiling came crashing down toward us. In that split second, Maa pushed me forward with all her strength. I tumbled across the floor and turned back—only to see her stumble, tripped by another fallen piece that landed near her foot.

She looked up at me, her beautiful face streaked with ash and marked by small cuts, and whispered, “Go, my love. Live your life the way you want to,” she coughed softly, “not the way I did.”



“Ma...” The cadence of my voice broke as I tried to form the words, my cries drowning out everything else.

“I love you, Inaya,” she whispered one last time before the fire caught her leg—burning the dearest person to me right before my eyes. At the last moment, my father pulled me away, and Kinu leapt into my arms, trembling as she searched for her savior. She whimpered softly as I sank to my knees, resting my head against the nearest wall and clutching her to my chest in a desperate embrace. Kinu didn’t understand that she would never see her rescuer again. How could I ever tell her that her savior—my mother—was gone?

It felt as though the whole world had come crashing down on me. I couldn’t imagine moving forward without the woman who had given me both life and the courage to live it. Maa’s presence had always been so powerful, so comforting—I couldn’t fathom how to exist without it.

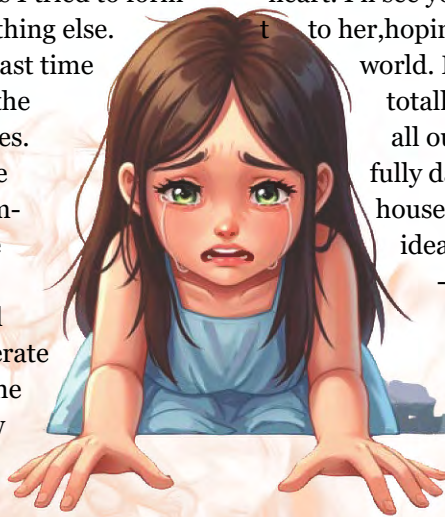
“I was with her... I should’ve run to the exit without letting go of her hand. I should’ve stayed with her,” my heart kept whispering, repeating every should’ve that tore deeper into me. It ached as the most heartbreaking scene of my life replayed again and again in my mind. It felt like I carried a storm inside me, but because of alexithymia, the thunder was muted—only the rain poured out through my eyes.

*How could the Lord be this merciless to someone like my mother? How could I let my mother go? Why was I so helpless?” I wondered.*

Not long after my father pulled me out, the fire brigade arrived, rushing into our apartment before the flames could spread to the two floors below. Fortunately, there were no floors above us—otherwise, the fire would have climbed faster, endangering even more lives. The firefighters hurried in, dousing the flames with water and carbon dioxide until the inferno was finally subdued. The fire was gone, yet the only thing left untouched by their efforts were my tears.

After the roaring blaze had been extinguished, an ambulance arrived to search for any bodies that might have been trapped inside. There was only one—my mother. The ambulance had come too late to save her. They confirmed her death... and the permanent fracture it left in my soul.

The nurses carefully lifted Maa’s burnt body onto a stretcher and carried her away to the mortuary. I handed Kinu—who had fallen asleep in my arms—to Deuta and gently touched Maa’s face during the ride to the hospital for the last time. I wanted to remember her as she had always been—strong, beautiful, and full of love—and I imprinted her forever-beautiful face in my



heart. I’ll see you again in another life, Ma. I whispered to her, hoping she’d hear me from somewhere in the world. By night, I had stopped crying and gone totally numb. My father, I and Kinu collected all our belongings from home which weren’t fully damaged and set off to my grandparent’s house. My father thought it would be the best idea to live with them as of now but it certainly was not. My paternal grandparents resented Kinu, or any house animal in general. There was no way they’d let Kinu walk on the same ground as them. On my first step into their house, Aita came rushing towards Deuta and pulled him into a long embrace, while I stood there with my face crimson from all the tears and Kinu in my arms.

Aita turned to me and cast a disgusted look at Kinu. “That dog is not going to live anywhere near us,” she snapped. “Ma, please let them stay just—” my father began, but Aita cut him off sharply. “When I say no, it means no,” she said, her tone final and cold. My father almost flinched at the sternness in her voice. He held deep respect for his mother, and because of that, he didn’t argue. Instead, he quietly excused himself and guided me and Kinu to the car. I could see the weight of the moment pressing down on him. Before speaking, he took a deep breath, trying to steady himself—trying not to let the hurt in his eyes spill out like a waterfall. He was truly a strong man for keeping his composure when his heart was clearly breaking. Then he spoke softly, “Ina, I think you should let Kinu go.” That was the line that shattered another piece of me that day. But I couldn’t accept it—not when Kinu was all I had left. I couldn’t let her go. She was my light in the darkness—my sun, and I was her earth.

*“No Deuta, I cannot let her go. I need Kinu with me.” I knew he’d try to compel me to stray from her, and so I spoke before he could. “can I stay with Ma’s parents instead?”*

My father was taken aback by my plea. He didn’t respond right away; instead, he stayed silent, lost in thought. After a long pause, he said softly, “You won’t be able to see me every day, my love. And you know very well the condition of their house isn’t the best.” “Can you visit me on weekends?”

I asked. But it wasn’t really a question—it was my answer.

I wasn’t going to leave Kinu alone. My father looked at me with a sad smile that said everything words couldn’t. I could see it in his eyes—the





pride he felt in my strength and independence, tangled with the quiet sorrow of knowing that the little dog beside me gave me more comfort and love than he ever could.

“Is that your final decision, Ina?” my father asked quietly. “Yes, it is,” I replied.

He sighed softly, then nodded. “Then I’ll drive you there. And I promise to visit every Saturday afternoon.”

I hooked my pinkie finger with his and leaned forward to press a gentle kiss on his forehead. “I’ll miss you,” I whispered. Life wasn’t easy living with my maternal grandparents.

They didn’t have steady electricity, and the water pipes on the ceiling seemed to prefer flooding the floor rather than filling the bucket in the washroom. The house wasn’t in great shape—certainly not as comfortable as my paternal grandparents’—but it still felt far better to live there than under my paternal Koka-Aita’s roof.

Both my Koka and Aita loved Kinu just as much as Maa and I once did, especially Aita. In her free time, she would play with Kinu, and sometimes I’d catch her whispering sweet nicknames or singing lullabies to her. She always made sure Kinu and I felt safe. There was an overwhelming warmth and innocence in her presence—one

that reminded me so much. Maybe that’s why my heart chose to stay with them. My Aita, though she never had much to give, always made sure to offer me, Kinu, and

Maa everything she did have — her love. And she still continues to do so. Home began to feel better than it ever had.

Aita, Koka, Kinu, and I mourned Maa’s absence for weeks, but with each other’s support and affection, we managed to face every obstacle together. We felt whole again, even while carrying the ache of her absence.

We were a family of five —one of us living in a place of eternal beauty, far away from the land she once walked. School, however, wasn’t as kind. My grades slipped through my fingers like grains of sand, no matter how tightly I tried to hold onto them. It didn’t take me long to realize that Maa’s eternal rest — and the time I took to grieve — had quietly stolen my focus. Each time I sat down to study, uninvited tears would knock at the doors of my eyes, reminding me of how patiently Maa used to teach me.

I tried to study harder after my terrible half-yearly exams, but even my annual results didn’t meet my expectations — though I did manage to pass. I spent my spring break feeling defeated, unable to accept how I, once the best student in class, had become just average. Then one day, before the new session began, I found a small piece of paper tucked away in Maa’s old, creaky table.



## DEAR DIARY

*I never had the opportunity to be educated, but I never complained. I know God has given me a life to be grateful for. But you know, sometimes it’s hard to stay grateful all the time. The other day, I saw Sanju Khura’s son being transferred to Stanford for his studies. How lucky he is! I wish I could go there too. I wonder if I’d ever be capable enough to be selected as a student anywhere at all. After all, I’m just a girl. Are girls even meant to study abroad? Who would know—we never had the chance.*

*There was something in Maa’s writing that brought tears streaming down my face. It wasn’t just the words, but the realization that after everything she had worked for to give me an education, I was wasting it by being distracted. My mother dreamed big but never got the chance to prove herself. And here I was—throwing away the opportunity she had fought so hard to give me.*

*The guilt that dawned on me that day was indescribable. It was the spark that lit the candle of determination inside me.*

*“I have to make Maa’s dream come true. I will make her proud,” I promised myself.*

*The ceiling above my bed still had a leaky pipe, dripping water constantly. The fan barely worked because of the unstable electricity, and when it did, it made a terrible creaking sound. But I didn’t complain. My grandparents were doing everything they could for Kinu and me—I owed them nothing but gratitude.*

*Maa wasn't the only reason I wanted to succeed. Koka and Aita played a huge role in shaping my dreams. For them, for Maa, and for Kinu, I worked hard. Despite the noise around me, I studied from dawn till night, taking only short breaks to rest, eat, or stretch. When I wasn't studying, I'd help Aita with her chores. Those moments gave me balance—they reminded me of life beyond books and helped me stay grounded. Aita was the oxygen to my candle, my greatest supporter, just as Maa would've been.*

*Success doesn't come from cramming or endless sleepless nights—it comes from determination, willpower, and the love of those who believe in you.*

*It was a bright spring morning. The trees shimmered in the sunlight, their green leaves glowing as a cool breeze brushed against my face and tugged playfully at my ponytail. My palms were sweaty, and my heart pounded as I prepared for the moment of truth—the twelfth board results.*

*The teacher called my name, and I walked forward, feeling every eye on me. My breath rose and fell unevenly; a drop of sweat trickled down from my forehead to my chin. Then, as I reached out to take my report card, the teacher smiled and said, "Congratulations, Inaya. You've got the highest marks in the entire twelfth grade—ninety-nine point eight percent!"*

*I couldn't believe it until I saw it myself—a perfect 4.0 GPA! My tears burst forth, warm against my cheeks, burning with joy. It felt like Maa herself was blessing me, whispering that she was proud. But I knew my journey wasn't over yet—Maa's dream was only half-fulfilled.*

*That evening, as the sky turned golden, I received an email from Europe. I had submitted my scores to the university Maa had once dreamed of attending. And now... I had been accepted.*

*When my holidays at Stanford began, I went straight home to see the people who meant everything to me. It was raining when I arrived in Guwahati. The petrichor filled the air, the birds sang, and the warm breeze tangled my hair. Yet, nothing felt as beautiful as the faint scent of Maa that still lingered in Koka and Aita's backyard. That scent—that memory—was home.*







**Kumollia**

**KUMOLLIA TEA  
IS PROUD TO BE  
ASSOCIATED WITH  
RHINO CUP 2025**



***Enjoy the Fresh Assam Tea this  
winters with Kumollia Tea***

**DM to Order: 98736 91923**



# CRICKET AND PHYSICAL FITNESS: A PHYSICIAN'S PERSPECTIVE

**Dr Anil Borkataky**  
**Senior Surgeon, Tinsukia**



Cricket is often celebrated for its skill, strategy, and teamwork, but its contribution to physical fitness is equally remarkable. Beyond the boundaries and scoreboards, cricket serves as a holistic exercise that strengthens the body, sharpens the mind, and supports long-term health. As a physician, I have observed how regular participation in the sport can enhance stamina, improve cardiovascular function, and reduce the risk of lifestyle-related illnesses.

Cricket involves continuous bursts of activity—running between wickets, sprinting to field the ball, or delivering multiple overs. These actions stimulate the cardiovascular system, strengthening the heart and improving blood circulation.

Over time, players experience enhanced lung capacity, better oxygen utilization, and improved endurance. Consistent play also helps maintain healthy blood pressure and reduces the risk of heart disease. Cricket is a full-body workout in disguise. The sport engages multiple muscle groups—arms and shoulders while bowling or batting, the core for balance, and the legs for stability and movement. This diverse engagement develops muscular strength and endurance, while simultaneously enhancing flexibility and coordination. Over prolonged play, these improvements contribute to greater agility and reduced injury risk. A typical cricket session, whether competitive or recreational, can burn between 400 to 600 calories per hour. The combination of aerobic and anaerobic movements elevates metabolism and aids in fat reduction. Regular participation in cricket, alongside balanced nutrition, helps maintain an optimal body weight and prevents obesity—a growing concern in sedentary urban lifestyles. The physical benefits of cricket naturally extend to mental health. Exercise releases endorphins, the body's natural mood enhancers, which alleviate stress and anxiety. Moreover, cricket's team environment fosters social connection, communication, and shared

purpose. This sense of belonging strengthens emotional resilience and overall psychological well-being, making the sport a valuable tool for mental balance. In today's fast-paced world, inactivity has become a major contributor to chronic illnesses such as type 2 diabetes, hypertension, and high cholesterol. Engaging in cricket keeps the body active and metabolism steady, helping to counter these risks. Regular movement improves insulin sensitivity, regulates lipid levels, and supports long-term metabolic health. Beyond the physical domain, cricket instills a lifestyle of discipline and consistency. Players adhere to schedules, train regularly, and develop strong habits of perseverance and time management. These behavioral benefits often extend beyond the field, translating into healthier daily routines, improved sleep, and better focus in professional and personal life. Cricket exemplifies the ideal fusion of physical activity and mental engagement. It is not merely a pastime but a path toward holistic fitness and disease prevention. For individuals of all ages, embracing cricket as a regular form of exercise can lead to improved physical strength, emotional balance, and a healthier, more active life.



# A True Experience

13th January - 1998  
Kidnapped by Mistake

I am a normal, extroverted teenager used to taking the basic comforts of life for granted. In January 1998, when I was a student of Class XI in the Army School at Narengi. I accompanied my mother on a short holiday to my Uncle's garden at the foot of the Karbi Along hills – Burapahar Tea Estate near the famous Kaziranga Sanctuary. It was the festive Magh Bihu season and we were enjoying the good life of the garden set in idyllic surrounding. I had taken my books along to put in a bit of studies.

On the 13th morning, I woke up early and after a heavy breakfast retired to my room. Some time later my mother called out to tell me that the garden barber had come. I was wearing my nightclothes and a light sweater. It was around 11:00 a.m. and just as I sat down to have my nails cut, I saw three men armed with carbines enter the compound. They demanded to know the whereabouts of my uncle, his sons and the garden manager. Feigning ignorance we tried to convince them that we were just guests and had nothing to do with the management. Meanwhile, I saw more armed men surrounding the house from all sides. Not convinced by our explanations they ordered me to show them the Manager's bungalow. My mother's pleas fell on deaf ears as they herded me out at gunpoint. On the way out one of the men cocked his automatic and sprayed the verandah with bullets, killing one of the pet dogs and making their insertions clear. The brave front that I had put up till then disappeared and feeling weak and giddy I went with them – I was shivering with fear. Finding the Manager's bungalow locked, they took me to the factory and then led me to the hills beyond.

As we started climbing the hills they grabbed a few chickens and ducks from the nearby houses. No one objected, as they were armed



and looked very menacing. Up to that point I could not fathom their intentions and was hoping they would let me go once they reached the safety of the hills. By then I saw that there were eleven armed men in the group. We kept on walking through rough mountainous terrain for what seemed an eternity—I was scared, dog-tired, and my legs were buckling under me. At dusk we reached a hilltop where they cut out a clearing, lit a fire, and started to cook. Some food was offered to me, but I just could not eat. I sat down with them and started to think of the predicament I was in. Slowly the numbing realization set in – I had been KIDNAPPED!! At 7:00 p.m. what started as a drizzle soon turned into a steady downpour. As there was no shelter we started to walk again. The tracks were slippery with the rain and I fell and hurt myself many times. At about 9:30 p.m. we reached a flimsy shelter—open on all sides but one. By that time I was badly bruised, soaked to the skin, shivering with cold, and very frightened. They gave me a track pant that I changed into and collapsed in a heap. It was not possible to sleep, as the ground was cold and damp. Throughout the latter part of this arduous trek, I begged my abductors to take my life and end the agony. I was physically exhausted, my spirit broken, and I felt I could not continue at that grueling pace. Early the next morning, being Bihu, they made a



small Meji, which they lit. I prayed for my safety and reunion with my family. We started walking again through a stream, in freezing knee-deep water, till about 8:00 a.m. We climbed another hill where they told me we had reached the border of Nagaon District. I sat down and wept unashamedly. I sobbed without control and it was some time before I could regain my composure. We carried on walking till 10:00 a.m. when they stopped to cook a meal. By that time I was starved, so I ate the little rice they gave me. At mid day we started walking again – once more I pleaded with them to put me out of my misery, the march being relentless. Finally, at 10:00 p.m. they called a halt near a scattering of huts. They locked me in a room with a bed into which I crumpled. I was woken at 11:00 p.m. made to get up on bicycle and pedal for one hour to another village. There they woke up the inhabitants of a house and had a room cleared for me. By this time there were only five men – six having disappeared somewhere along the way. Three of them slept with me while two stood guard outside. By the 15th morning I had fully reconciled myself to my plight and wondered how I had survived that torturous trek. Later on they told me that we had traversed almost 250 kms in two days!! They provided me with a pair of jeans, under garments and basic toiletries. I had to answer to nature's calls in the surrounding paddy fields with two armed men standing guard.

My most private moments had been exposed and I felt very humiliated and vulnerable. They gave me a meal at 10:00 a.m. and another at 6:30 p.m. after which I was blindfolded and take someplace else.

It continued like this for a while and every other day they would blindfold and take me to different hideout via circuitous routes. As time went by we got talking and they were friendly as long as I obeyed their commands. They told me that they had been forced into this way of life as they were unemployed and from very poor backgrounds. Initially they mistook me for a tea executive, so they provided me with reasonable – no more biscuits! Whenever they had information of impending raids by the Army or Police we would evacuate our lodgings and spend the night in the open paddy field. One such night I even heard an encounter taking place. Freedom was so near and yet it seemed so far away.

Frustrations of not being in control of the situation were building up with each passing day and the loneliness was killing me. Time stood still the future was uncertain. My soul cried for my family and friends in Guwahati where everything seemed to be normal. How could life be so unfair? How could everyone be so uncaring? How much longer? Why me? Had I harmed anymore in any way? I used to literally bang my head against the walls to give vent to my anger. I later realized that these were selfish thoughts but at that time I was overcome by self-pity. Slowly but surely there came about a change in my attitude. If they could live like this, so could I. Once I had adjusted to this mode of thinking things became more bearable. I started to interact with my captors even more – playing cards and chess with them – writing verse from Hindi songs with which they would woo the village girls. I even started to look like one of them and could have been easily mistaken in an encounter.





Without their weapons they seemed like normal human beings but they never let their guard down even once. Saraswati Puja came on the 1st February 1998. Being a student, I insisted that they procure a portrait of the Goddess and make some khichiri. I went through the rituals with a devotion I never thought possible – praying for my safety, praying for another chance to do the things I loved. I miss all near and dear ones – the hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach was overpowering. The days dragged on at that slow and lonely pace when suddenly on the 12th of February, a man I had never seen before came a moped. I was once again blindfolded and made to ride pillion with another man sitting behind me. On reaching a main road they gave me some money and made me board a bus. One of them accompanied me and got off at the next stop. I sat frozen in my seat being suspicious of the other passengers. The thought of there being other armed men raced through my mind. I wasn't sure of anything anymore. My confidence was shattered and I broke into a cold sweat. I remained seated. After several hours the bus reached a town that I recognized as Nagaon. I stepped down, and it slowly dawned upon me that after 30 days in captivity, I was finally FREE!! This unforgettable experience will serve as building block for the rest of my life – I have learnt never to take anything for granted. I've come out this nightmare much stronger

physically, mentally and spiritually – a more mature person and a better human being. Every cloud does have silver lining after all. Last but not least, I thank from the bottom of my heart all those who rallied behind my parents at this time of distress and prayed for my safe return.





# 13th January 1998

## SCHOOL BOY KIDNAPPED

**Lever executive's son kidnapped**

14 JANUARY 1998

By VAREEN HUSSAIN

Guwahati, Jan. 13: Unidentified gunmen on Tuesday kidnaped Saubhik Mr. Deepak Sharma, a senior manager of Hushon Lever who is heading the parent company Unilever's Asian operations.

Saubhik, a Class XI student of the Army School in Guwahati, was kidnaped by nine armed men from the Burapahar tea estate in Nagason district, 180 km east of here, around 11.15 am. The 300-hectare garden producing about 5 million kg of tea annually is owned by his uncle, Mr P. K. Sharma, who is a director of the Chandmani Tea Company.

Mr Deepak Sharma, contacted by The Asian Age, at his residence here expressed surprise over his son's abduction but dismissed suggestions that it had anything to do with his position as the chief of Hushon Lever's Rs 500-crore-a-year tea buying operations in Assam.

"There has been no threat to either me or my company. I am indeed surprised at my son's abduction, which might have been a case of mistaken identity. I hope he is not harmed or hurt by his captors," Mr Sharma said on Tuesday night.

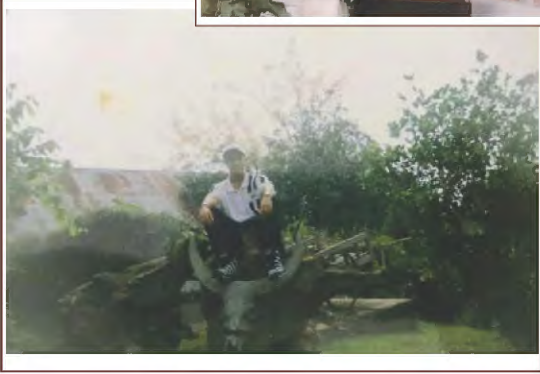
Saubhik had gone on a half-day visit with his mother Meghala to his uncle's garden at Burapahar on January 6. Around 11.15 am on Tuesday, he along with some family members were inspecting on the

Continued from Page 1

washhouse and wrapped Saubhik with a shawl departing with Saubhik, the gunmen fired a few shots in the air and killed a peacock.

"I was at my office here when I got a call from the garden as to what had happened. It was within 10 minutes of Saubhik being taken away," Mr Sharma said. Only on Monday, he had spoken to his son on telephone. Recalling his conversation with Saubhik on Monday, Mr Sharma said: "He had advised me to be careful specially as view of Sunday night's abhorrent had on the life of IGP Shashik Baruah."

Speaking on telephone, Nagason deputy commissioner, Syed Aharon said that police have launched a massive search operation immediately after the kidnaping took place. A top police official here said that their initial suspicion is on the Kuki National Volunteers, a rag-tag rebel group active in the hill district of Karbi Anglong. The official said that there could have been an extortion demand on the Burapahar tea estate due to which the gunmen came looking for Mr Sharma. Chief minister Prafulla Kumar Mahanta who returned from New Delhi on Tuesday has spoken to Mr Deepak Sharma's wife who is in Burapahar as well as the Nagason SP, currently camping in the tea garden.



THE SENTINEL, WEDNESDAY 14 JANUARY 1998

Sarma 13 Jan

**School boy kidnapped from Burapahar**



By a Staff Reporter

GUWAHATI, Jan. 13: A group of five or six youths, armed with AK-47 rifles, kidnaped 17-year-old Saubhik Sarma from the home of Mr Pranab Kumar Baruah, resident director of Burapahar Tea Estate, at about 11 a.m. this morning. Saubhik, who was on a visit to his uncle and aunt with his mother, was just outside the house when the youths walked up and asked him to call Mr Baruah. When he told them that his uncle had gone out, they said he had to take them where his uncle was. Saubhik's mother, who had come out on hearing the commotion, called out to her sister Mrs Baruah who rushed out and tried to explain to the youths that Saubhik and his mother were at the station. This seemed to

SAUVIK SARMA  
 AGE - 17 Years  
 Date of Birth - 23<sup>rd</sup> September 1980  
 KIDNAPPED!  
 (By Mistake)  
 DATE -> 13<sup>th</sup> JANUARY 1998

We can never be sure about the future will bring, even when the present seems very bleak. It may bring something we could not possibly have foreseen.

THE TRUE STORY



ice station as well as were immediately abduction. The only lar is that the youths visions and chickens, ved up the adjoining

The son of Mr Dipok Burapahar Sarma of



# ZUBEEN THE WORLD ITSELF IS ENOUGH

-SHIVA DATTA SINHA  
(DELHI POLICE)



In Bishnupriya Manipuri i want to share my feelings for this legend

দাদা, তঁহা আহিছিল উবকা তোৰ বিষয়ে, আমি যুৱ প্ৰজন্ম এতিয়াও হাৰ নপোৱা আছিলোঁ। কিন্তু তোক জানাৰ পাছত, যি তোৰ স্মৃতি, হৃদয়ৰ এবাক পেয়া, সেই দেহীয়ে এটা কেতিয়াও পাহৰি নোৱাৰিম।

দাদা, তই আমাৰ ওজা, মাতলৱত ভুল নহয়। তোৰ আখান এতিয়াও আছে, মণিপুৰী সমাজখনৰ বক্তত আজি পোৱা গুণগুণনি। (জীৱনত মৃত্যুত তোৰ লগে থাকিম)।

Dada not just manipuri but you had performed countless songs in countless languages and made a history might not in genius but in branches of hearts in north east...

দাদা, নিয়ম মতে নৰ্নৰ ঐতিহান মাতনী ব' প্ৰাৰ্থনা কৰোঁ, তেঁয়ে যিপেই থাকক, ভগৱানে তোৰ সকলো কাম সফল কৰক, জীৱনৰ পথটো শুভ হওক।

LASTLY আমাৰ YOUNG GENERATION-  
লৈ পথ দেখুওৱা বাবে  
আপোনাক কুটি কুটি ধন্যবাদ।

## ~ভালপোৱা~

ভালপোৱা এক অনুভৱ হওঁক,  
তোমাৰ আৰু মোৰ।

কাঁচিয়লি ব'দৰ পোহৰৰ পৰা  
সমুদ্ৰৰ গভীৰতালৈ।

জোন, বেলি, তৰাৰ কথা বাৰু নকওঁ।

সৰগৰ পৰা নাচি নাচি

বালিমাৰীৰ দৰে নামি আঁহক

ভালপোৱাৰ সমৃদ্ধতা।

হিমালয়ৰ পৰা বৈ অহা

পৱিত্ৰ অলকানন্দাৰ দৰে বৈ ৰওঁক

ভালপোৱাৰ সেই সেউজীয়াবোৰ।

সপ্তসুৰ আৰু সাতোৰঙেৰে

সুৰীয়া ৰঙীন কৰক

ভালপোৱাৰ গীতবোৰ।

বৰষুণে কৰক জীপাল।

সুন্দৰ হৈ ৰওঁক প্ৰকৃতিৰ দৰে।

সুগন্ধি হওঁক, বকুল-শেৱালী

আৰু হাচনাহানাৰ সুবাসেৰে।

প্ৰতিপল হৃদয়ৰ অনুভৱেৰে

কাহিনীবোৰ আগবাঢ়ক।

এক নতুনৰ সৃষ্টি হওঁক।

এক অপৰিসীম যাত্ৰা হওঁক।

মৃগাংক গগৈ

শিৱসাগৰ, অসম

Delhi Police

# TODAY'S DILEMMA OF THE GENTLEMAN'S GAME - BALL VS POKA KOL (RIPE BANANA)

## CRICKET IS NOT JUST A SPORT; IT'S A WAY OF LIFE!

One fine summer evening of 7th July 2025, scrolling through a thread of never-ending unread messages on my mobile, I landed my unrestful thumb on a video. 'Rhino Cup 2025.mp4' the title was enough for me to quickly download and peek into it.

With each beat of the rhythmic music, I started to recollect flash memories of the first edition of Rhino Cup. What a tournament it was! The thrill, the craze, the aspirations, the disappointments; all emotions encapsulated in seven megabytes. Thus began the saga... The Rhino Cup 2025.

I did a swift thumb play sending the video to our cricket group "Unity of DP Assam" and the otherwise dormant group sparked up with inflow of curiosity phrased in messages. When? Where? Are the dates declared? and so on.... The group discussions escalated in no time which converted into a video call conference within a few minutes. Even the hectic duty hours couldn't fade out my boys' ardour for the Game.

One for the Team... the plan started with myself at behest. (benefits of being a senior 😊) I took the charge with the resolution, "We were 2nd at the first season, we will work harder." So, next job was enlistment to the cadre of gentlemen, but to my amusement the list wasn't leading to an end. Oh! We need to split teams to accommodate our comrades. Indeed, a dilemma to bifurcate, but destiny had its plans laid.

Both our squads joined in, and I had retained 'Unity of DP Assam' tag to my collar. The organising committee 'Rhino Club' had meticulously scaled out the necessities for the event. This time we were quite serious on our



**BY HANNAN S RAJ**

**CAPTAIN, UNITY OF DELHI POLICE  
(ASSAM)**

strategy and everything was quite formal until they declared the first SOP for the tournament and then things started going south.

Controversies started to grow, frustrations erupted, text wars and so on.... All the teams were adamant to have it their own way. We are sure that the Organising Committee members rushed for a subscription of Saridon or Dolo to encounter the maniacs. Things were getting out of hand and when someone seriously complained about serving Kesa Kol (raw banana) during last season matches.

*Wait... What? Oh c'mon who else is interested in banana? Is banana a topic now?*

Contrarily, everyone nodded in unison and demanded an ultimate resolution to this issue. With each passing day, kesa kol crept deeper piercing into our cocooned SOP based deliberations. The demand spread like wildfire with erupting protests everyday inflaming our corrupted taste buds. Is poka kol (ripe banana) out of organiser's budget? Why did they serve kesa kol during the first season? Is there any dusto chokra (mischievous element) involved to upset our tummy? Why weren't the vendors blacklisted for supplying kesa kol? A new dawn is set to lead a revolution against corrupting our taste buds with kesa kol. Some were even considerate that what if the organisers were out of funds which they were unable to express out of embarrassment.

Meanwhile, amid the chaos, some opportunists, including myself, discreetly sided their agenda to revitalize themselves to a cup of hot tea at the cost of organisers. Don't blame us... It is indeed a



The triumph was overwhelming with victory cries resounding the Whatsapp platform (later that night Whatsapp nearly crashed 😊). After a long battle we slept peacefully, when in the early hours of the next morning, the screen lit up at a notification from the group.

*"Which BALL should we play?" I was like... Seriously? Not again....!*

I jumped out of the bed, putting my armour on. Ready to pick up another battle.... The vault was open again. Meanwhile, the organisers quickly refilled their stock of Saridon.

Here, I have to return to the initial stages of planning by the organising committee. RED hard tennis ball was the first choice and no one did object.

Everything was set in order, when an unwarranted 'SOP' change raised eyebrows. The 'GREEN VICKY' ball crept in the manual and all teams went nuts over it. It may be an oversight by the organisers or a deliberate move, the truth never revealed.

The teams raised hue and the organisers started to defend stating benefits of green ball. It kinda reflected a scene from the Parliament with debates enflaming with the air within. The green ball was our fugitive and we wanted a 'Tadipaar' declaration instantly.

NSA, MCOCA, UAPA, whatever charges can be enough to outcast the odd green ball. Nope, the authority won't give away. Oh! What a fight it was! We clinched onto our last resort, our Brahmastra-'WALKOUT'.

It worked! The tables have turned and the ball's colour changed from Green to Red, deep dark wine

RED! A sight of relief. We were so overwhelmed with joy over our victory, that we didn't notice for over a month that the newly appointed official ball was 'Vicky Red'.

Was it a spell cast upon us? How did it went unnoticed for so long? Kudos to one of our friend (should I mention the name? 😊) who managed to breakout of the spell and pointed out the fact. The gala of our victory broke and we stood up.... One Last Time.... For The Game... For Our Brothers.

Oh my good God! Everything's tangled in an exotic period drama. The teams came out with their tried and tested reports on Vicky red ball. Our team too lost much of these precious tender Vicky balls to our brutal willows in only an innings. Sorry, we can't afford to bear the cost of so many Vicky balls. It's a straight NO.

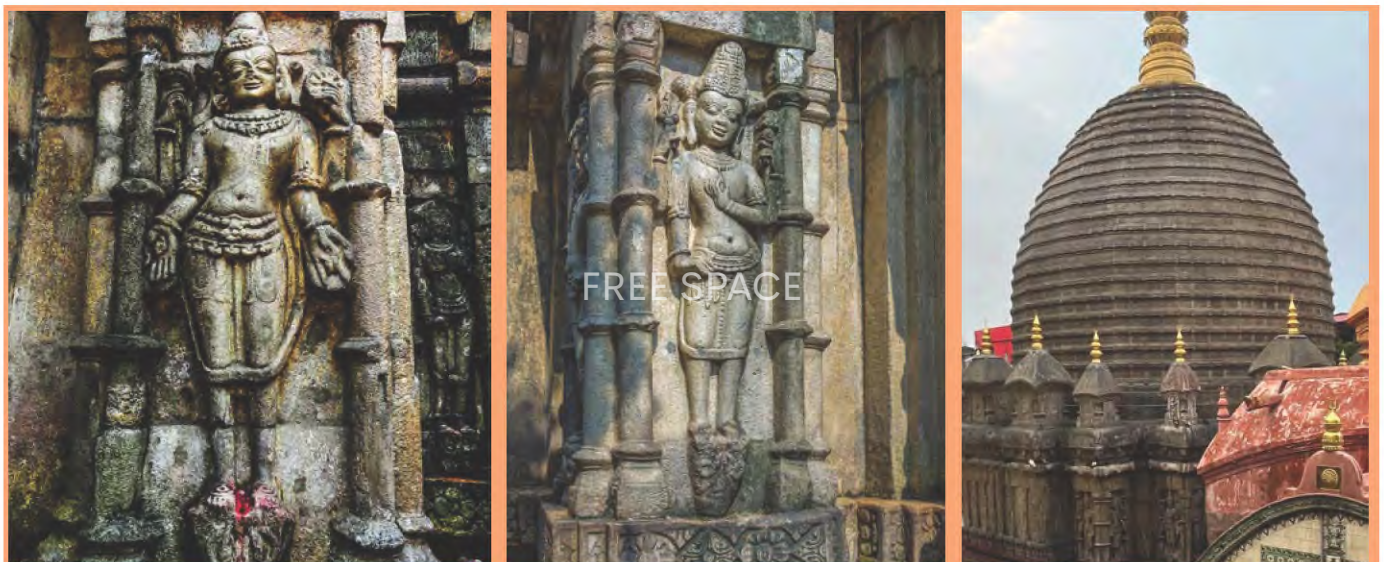
What could be the alternative? DAYNITE! Yes, it is... Once more the house stood divided, some in favour and some hardcore opponents. Thanks to that dear friend (should I still reveal his name?) who rang up every team leader went on adding grain after grain the whole night.

The devil's night dawned upon us. Nothing could have brought us pleasure as such...

The Saga of our pre-tournament battles was about to end until a video posted on Rhino Club's official page turned us fidgety. The thrill isn't going to dilute soon...

*What happened? Let us relay it on another day...*

The OCs nightmares aren't going to fade. Let us suffocate them once again 🐱







# Park Hospitals

EVERY LIFE MATTERS



## फरीदाबाद में अब सभी रोगों का इलाज करने वाला सर्वश्रेष्ठ अस्पताल



### हमारी स्वास्थ्य सेवाएँ

- जनरल फिजिशियन
- मनोचिकित्सक
- हृदय रोग विशेषज्ञ
- जनरल सर्जन
- न्यूरोलॉजिस्ट
- दिल की सर्जरी (CTVS)
- स्त्री रोग विशेषज्ञ
- न्यूरोसर्जन
- प्लास्टिक सर्जन
- बच्चों के डॉक्टर
- नेफ्रोलॉजिस्ट
- कैंसर विशेषज्ञ
- ईएनटी विशेषज्ञ
- यूरोलॉजिस्ट
- फिजियोथेरेपिस्ट
- त्वचा रोग विशेषज्ञ
- गैस्ट्रोएंटरोलॉजिस्ट
- डाइटिशियन
- हड्डी रोग विशेषज्ञ
- पल्मोनोलॉजिस्ट
- दांतों के डॉक्टर

हरियाणा सरकार, सभी प्रकार के TPA, CGHS, ECHS, CAPF, ESIC, आयुष्मान भारत, प्रमुख PSU एवं उत्तर रेलवे के पैनल पर उपलब्ध।

**24x7 Helpline 0129-4200000, 7531818181**

जे ब्लॉक, सेक्टर 10, सेक्टर-12 कोर्ट के सामने, फरीदाबाद, 121006



# For the Boy Who Never Stopped Dreaming



## DUST, DREAMS, AND A DISTANT HORIZON

I was a small boy once, barefoot on the wet, forgiving earth of Kathpara. Our home was an emerald slice of village life in the Banmukh region of Sivasagar, Assam. Our world was simple, bounded by the whisper of the wind through the paddy fields and the low, comforting hum of life near the riverbank. Everything beyond felt like another world entirely.

But to my young heart, something far more magical held my attention: the flickering television in our village courtyard. It was our communal treasure, brought out every evening. The picture was never perfect, the sound often crackling, but when it settled, it projected dreams. And those dreams were painted in the vibrant colours of cricket.

I didn't understand the complex rules, but I understood the pure, unadulterated joy. The sight of those men in bright jerseys—blue, yellow, green—running across impossibly vast, green fields filled me with a powerful, beautiful energy. I watched their faces, etched with purpose and pride. I desperately wanted to be one of them.

I'd stand in the muddy yard with a sturdy bamboo stick, swinging it wildly, imagining the rough, wet ground beneath my feet was the hallowed turf of a massive stadium. Every swing was met with a silent, imaginary cheer, every dash for a run was executed with the intensity of a final over. This was a wild, glorious dream, a pure, unshaped child's yearning. That small screen was my window to an impossible life.

## THE TRADE-OFF: BLUEPRINTS OVER BOWLERS

As the years passed, however, that open field was slowly replaced by the closed doors of adult responsibility. My parents, like so many in our community, poured their

*There are dreams that arrive like storms — loud, fierce, unforgettable. And there are others that come softly, like dew on morning grass. They don't shout; they wait. They sleep quietly in the corners of our hearts, waiting for the right wind, the right laughter, the right field. This is the story of one such dream — born on a small patch of wet earth in Assam, forgotten amid blueprints and deadlines, and reborn beneath the dust of a cricket pitch in a faraway city.*

silent sacrifices and endless hope into my education. I knew the drill: the future had to be stable, dependable, and secure. The fantasies of the cricket pitch were shelved for the harsh realities of exam halls and career planning.

College came, followed by the relentless demands of the job market. Eventually, I took the ultimate leap, founding my own company. My life became defined by corporate parks, spreadsheets, investor meetings, and impossibly tight deadlines.

It was a successful, proud life, but one that demanded a trade-off. Cricket—that innocent madness—faded away. It became a lovely, distant memory, an anecdote occasionally shared over coffee. The boy who swung the bamboo stick, the one who looked up at the screen with wonder, had quietly, dutifully fallen asleep.

## THE WAKE-UP CALL

Years blurred, success piled up, and life brought me, somewhat ironically, to the heart of the city—far away from the paddy fields and the mist of Assam. Yet, it was here, amidst the glass towers and blaring horns, that fate decided to step in and wake the child up.

I was deep in the metropolitan grind when I encountered a group of people from my own homeland—Assamese professionals now navigating the same urban maze. Their laughter carried the familiar, rolling rhythm of the Brahmaputra River; their stories were steeped in our shared culture and childhood memories. Speaking my mother tongue, surrounded by faces that felt instantly familiar, I realized I hadn't just moved away from my village; I had moved away from a vital part of myself.

It was out of this powerful longing for connection and shared identity that the 'Bordoisila Blasters' was born. Bordoisila, the seasonal spring storm, is a force of nature—and so was our need to reconnect. The team wasn't formed to chase trophies; it was formed to relive something essential we had all sacrificed in the pursuit of careers and stability: the simple, uninhibited joy of playing together.

## THE HEART OVER THE SCORECARD

When I first showed up for practice, I was acutely awkward. I was out of shape, my movements were clumsy, and my technique was non-existent. I had no professional history, no statistics to boast of. I felt like an imposter among these professionals.

But what I did possess was heart—the same fiercely beating heart that had once raced watching those heroes on the village TV. My teammates—doctors, engineers, entrepreneurs, all in the same boat—saw that flicker of childlike desire in my eyes. They didn't judge my fumbled catches or my missed shots. They embraced me as a brother.

Our practices became rituals. We gathered after the draining workday and, for two precious hours, we shed our corporate roles. We practiced under the pale, artificial lights—a world away from the sun-drenched fields of our youth. We would stumble, laugh until our sides hurt, offer clumsy coaching advice, and cheer every successful run like it was the winning shot of a major tournament. Every awkward run, every fall into the dust was therapeutic. It wasn't just cricket; it was profound healing, the slow, satisfying process of piecing a forgotten self back together through shared play.

## THE RHINO CUP: AN INNINGS FOR EVERYONE

The ultimate goal came in the form of the Rhino Cup—a community tournament organized by the Rhino Club in Faridabad. This event was specifically designed to bring together players from North East scattered across the NCR, turning competitive sport into a massive festival of shared heritage. This wasn't just about winning; it was

about belonging.

It was about recreating that powerful sense of community we cherished back home. What made the Blasters' approach truly extraordinary, and what makes our story unique, was our philosophy: we didn't just field one squad of the best players. We fielded two full teams. The leadership knew that the deepest yearning wasn't just to watch, but to participate.

There were many like me—people whose life choices meant they never had the chance to wear a jersey with pride. Our team believed that everyone, regardless of skill level or professional history, deserved their innings. That belief defined our journey. This experience therefore, transcends being a simple sports story. It's a testament to compassion, the enduring power of community, and the beauty of second chances. The organisers of the Rhino Cup have done something that no statistic can measure—they've provided a tangible platform to reignite dreams that had quietly turned to ash beneath the weight of adult life. For people like me, who once stood under the vast, open sky of a faraway village, imagining the glory of stadiums, they've given us more than just a bat and a ball; they've given us a direct, illuminated bridge back to our childhood selves.

As I stand today, lacing up my worn shoes and hearing my teammates' familiar laughter, I feel the powerful, almost physical presence of that small boy from Kathpara. He is here—wide-eyed, slightly nervous, heart full of impossible dreams made real. And as I walk onto the pitch, feeling the sun warm on my neck and the dust rise under my shoes, I whisper the quiet, powerful affirmation to him: We made it, little one. We're finally playing under the same sky we dreamed under.

**BY BHRINGARAJ**



BHRINGARAJ IS AN ARCHITECT, DREAMER, AND STORYTELLER WHO FINDS POETRY IN BLUEPRINTS AND RHYTHM IN MOTION.

HIS WORLD SWAYS BETWEEN THE HUM OF DESIGN STUDIOS AND THE ECHO OF OPEN FIELDS.

THROUGH CRICKET, HE REDISCOVERS THE INNOCENCE OF FORGOTTEN AFTERNOONS — THE SAME BOY, THE SAME HEARTBEAT,

NOW LEARNING THAT DREAMS NEVER DIE; THEY MERELY WAIT FOR US TO RETURN.



## জুবিন গাৰ্গ- অম্লান এক অনুভূতি

অভিনন্দন গোস্বামী, দ্বাৰকা, দিল্লী

“আকাশে গাতে ল'বৰে মন, সাগৰ তলিত শুবৰে মন, মনৰ চিলা উৰুৱাই জীৱনে” ১৯ ছেপ্টেম্বৰৰ ২০২৫ৰ সেই অভিশপ্ত দিনটোত যিদিনা আমি আমাৰ প্ৰিয় শিল্পীগৰাকীক হেৰুৱাইছিলো, সেইদিনা হয়তো এই গীতটিৰ কথাই আমাক বৰকৈ আমনি কৰিছিল। তেখেতৰ প্ৰথম এলবাম ‘অনামিকা’ৰ পৰা ‘ৰে ৰে বিনালে’ বোলছবিৰ সদ্য বিলিজ হোৱা ‘মোৰ মন দুচকুত অসহায় অকলশৰে’ গীতলৈকে প্ৰত্যেক অসমীয়াৰ প্ৰতিটো অনুভৱৰ প্ৰাণস্পন্দন আছিল জুবিন গাৰ্গ।

জুবিন গাৰ্গ একাধাৰে এজন সুৰকাৰ, গীতিকাৰ, সংগীত শিল্পী, অভিনেতা, প্ৰকৃতি প্ৰেমী আৰু সঁচা অৰ্থত অসমীয়া জনজীৱনৰ এজন প্ৰকৃত নায়ক আছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ জন্ম হৈছিল ১৯৭২ চনৰ ১৮ নবেম্বৰত মেঘালয়ৰ তুৰা নামৰ ঠাই এটুকুৰাত। শৈশৱকালৰ পৰা তেখেতৰ সংগীতত বিশেষ আগ্ৰহ আছিল আৰু অতি কম বয়সৰ পৰাই তেখেতে বিভিন্ন অনুষ্ঠানত গীত পৰিবেশন কৰি নিজৰ প্ৰতিভাৰ নিদৰ্শন দাঙি ধৰিছিল। জুবিনৰ পিতৃ মোহিনী মোহন বৰঠাকুৰ পেছাত অসম প্ৰশাসনিক আয়োগৰ এজন উচ্চ পদস্থ বিষয়া আছিল লগতে এজন ভাল গীতিকাৰো আছিল। জুবিনৰ মাতৃ ইলা বৰঠাকুৰো এগৰাকী ভাল গায়িকা আছিল আৰু স্বাভাৱিকতে জুবিনৰ মাজতো সৰু কালতেই সংগীতৰ প্ৰতি এক বিশেষ স্পৃহা জাগৃত হৈছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ দুগৰাকী ভগ্নী, জংকী বৰঠাকুৰ আৰু পালমি বৰঠাকুৰও সাংস্কৃতিক ভাবে যথেষ্ট আগৰণুৱা আছিল আৰু অতি কম বয়সতে অকাল মৃত্যুক সাৰটি লোৱা জংকী বৰঠাকুৰো এগৰাকী স্বনামধন্য সংগীত শিল্পী হিচাপে স্বীকৃতি লাভ কৰিছিল।

জুবিনে নিজৰ সংগীত জীৱনৰ সূচনা এজন তবলা বাদক আৰু কী-বৰ্ডৰ বাদ্যযন্ত্ৰী হিচাপে কৰিছিল আৰু তাৰ পাছত এজন সফল সংগীত শিল্পী হিচাপে জনমানসত প্ৰতিষ্ঠিতি লাভ কৰিছিল। ২০০২ চনত তেখেতে গোলাঘাটৰ জীয়ৰী গৰিমা শইকীয়াক নিজৰ জীৱন সংগী ৰূপে বাছি লৈছিল। তেওঁৰ বহুখৰীয়া বৰ্ণনা সংগীত যাত্ৰাত তেখেতে চল্লিশটা ভাষাত প্ৰায় ৩৮০০০ গীত বাণীবদ্ধ কৰি অনুৰাগীৰ মনত এক গভীৰ সঁচ বহুৱাই থৈ গৈছে। জুবিন গাৰ্গে অসমীয়া বোলছবিৰ এজন সফল সুৰকাৰ আৰু অভিনেতা হিচাপেও যথেষ্ট সমাদৰ লাভ কৰিছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ আপুৰুগীয়া সৃষ্টিৰ মাজত ‘মায়’, ‘পাখি’, ‘হিয়া দিয়া নিয়া’, ‘আশা’, ‘মুক্তি’, ‘পৰ্দ’, ‘যন্ত্ৰ’, ‘য়্যা আলী’, ‘ৰুমাল’, ‘নায়ক’ আদি অন্যতম আছিল।

জুবিনৰ পৰিসীমা কেৱল সংগীত জগততে সীমাবদ্ধ নাছিল। জুবিন সঁচা অৰ্থত এজন প্ৰকৃত অসমীয়া আছিল। জুবিন এজন প্ৰকৃতি প্ৰেমী আছিল, দুখীয়া-আতৰ্জনৰ বাবে সহায়ৰ হাত আছিল, সৰুজনৰ বাবে দাদা, মামা আৰু জ্যেষ্ঠজনৰ বাবে নিজৰ মৰমৰ ল'ৰা, ভাইটিৰ সমমৰ্যাদাৰ আছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গে কৈছিল ‘মোৰ কোনো জাতি নাই, মোৰ কোনো ধৰ্ম নাই।’ সেয়েহে হয়তো লাখ লাখ অনুৰাগীয়ে জাতি-ধৰ্ম-বৰ্ণ নিৰ্বিশেষে শেষ শ্ৰদ্ধাজলি জনাবলৈ ঘণ্টা ঘণ্টা ধৰি অপেক্ষা কৰি নিজৰ প্ৰিয় শিল্পীজনৰ শেষ যাত্ৰাত অংশগ্ৰহণ কৰিছিল।

জুবিন গাৰ্গৰ শেষ ইচ্ছামতে লাখ লাখ অনুৰাগীয়ে ‘মায়াবিনী ৰাতিৰ বুকুত’ গীতটি ৰোমহুৱ কৰি শিল্পীজনক শেষ বিদায় জনাইছিল। জুবিন গাৰ্গ মাথোঁ এজন ব্যক্তি নাছিল, জুবিন গাৰ্গ এক অনুভৱ আছিল, অমৰ এক সপ্না, এক অম্লান অনুভূতি। জুবিন বিহীন অসমীয়া সমাজে হয়তো তেখেতৰ গীতেৰেই তেখেতক এটা শেষ প্ৰশ্ন কৰিছে—

“যাবৰে সময়ত একোকে নকলা

কিদৰে থাকিম নাভাবিলা

যাবৰে সময়ত উভতি নাচলা

কিদৰে পাহৰিম নাভাবিলা।”





DOWN MEMORY LANE # RHINO FAMILY





**THE RHINO CLUB**

*Arup Kalita  
Mayukh Roy  
Padma Jyoti Bora  
Ashim Sharma  
Pradeep Kalita  
Biplab Sharma  
Hemant Oza  
Nripen Doley*

*Bipul Kalita(Sr)  
Bipul Kalita(Jr)  
Izaz Hussain  
Debjit Bhuyan  
Abhayan Kaskhyap  
Jayant Thakuria  
Haris Ali Hazarika  
Hemanta Borkakoty*

**THE POWERHOUSE OF ASSAM**



**DOWN MEMORY LANE # RHINO FAMILY**



 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>HOME LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>MSME LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE
<b>LOAN AGAINST PROPERTY</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>VEHICLE LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>INSURANCE</b>
 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>INSURANCE</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>EDUCATION LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE
<b>BUSINESS LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>CAR INSURANCE</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>MACHINERY LOAN</b>
 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>HOME LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>PERSONAL LOAN</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE
<b>CREDIT CARD</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>LOAN AGAINST PROPERTY</b>	 <b>WEALTHLINK</b> LINKING YOU TO FINANCE	<b>MSME LOAN</b>

# WEALTH LINK

*Sales and Distribution India Pvt Ltd*

**GST: 06AADCW4355J1Z4**

**CIN: U67100HR2022PTC108479**

[www.wealthlink.co.in](http://www.wealthlink.co.in)

[customercare@wealthlink.co.in](mailto:customercare@wealthlink.co.in)

**MOB: 9818009083**



# THE RHINO CLUB

Registration No.: HR/2024/0398997

**Established: 2019**



## THE RHINO CLUB

THE HALLMARK OF RESILIENCE

Registered office- 4th floor,office NO.BH-408, 81 high street , puri 81 Business hub, Sector-81  
Faridabad-121002

**Contact - 9818004783**





ऑयल इंडिया  
**OIL INDIA**

**Committed to India's Energy Security...**  
**Since last six decades**

**Follow us on:**

 OilIndiaLtd  OilIndiaLtd  oilindiaLtd  oilindiaLtd  OilIndiaLtdPR  Oil India Limited

 [www.oil-india.com](http://www.oil-india.com)



**Head Office:** A-24, Palam Vihar, Gurugram - 122017

**Mob.:** 91+9355633993

**Email:** [contact@rutbaresearchconsultancy.com](mailto:contact@rutbaresearchconsultancy.com)