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~ ONLINE MAGAZINE ~



An Ode to our 'RuBisCo's'

We bow down to you, today and forever, for planting seeds of knowledge



COMPILED AND EDITED BY:
THE STUDENTS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY, BETHUNE COLLEGE



From the Editors



It wasn't the rustling of leaves, neither the cooing of cuckoos; which greeted the faculty members and students alike during the commencement of a new session. Neither was it the maddening rush to reach class within time, hurried steps past Christ Church; nor was it a reverential glance towards the Ashoka tree, stolen through begged and borrowed time. Rather, it was the blaring alarm, just in time to somehow manage to 'Ask to join'. Flow of chat notifications in background, of which one may or may not be a part of.

We are the Gen-Z, so called tech-savvy generation. Yet, we found this digital jump perilous to navigate. We can only wonder about and salute the dedication of our beloved teachers, who not only managed to undertake this arduous journey, but as we all have witnessed by now, they are acing it.

Much like how barren our earth would be without this fascinating array of life forms present in it, facilitated by photosynthesis, in which RuBisCO is a key enzyme; our life too wouldn't have been what it is, without the presence of our beloved faculty members.

This teachers' day, we the students of Botany department express our heartfelt gratitude through an online magazine -

An Ode to our 'RuBisCO's

- By AHANA DAS,
on behalf of the Editorial Board



~ Editorial Board ~

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Semester 6, Year 2018-21

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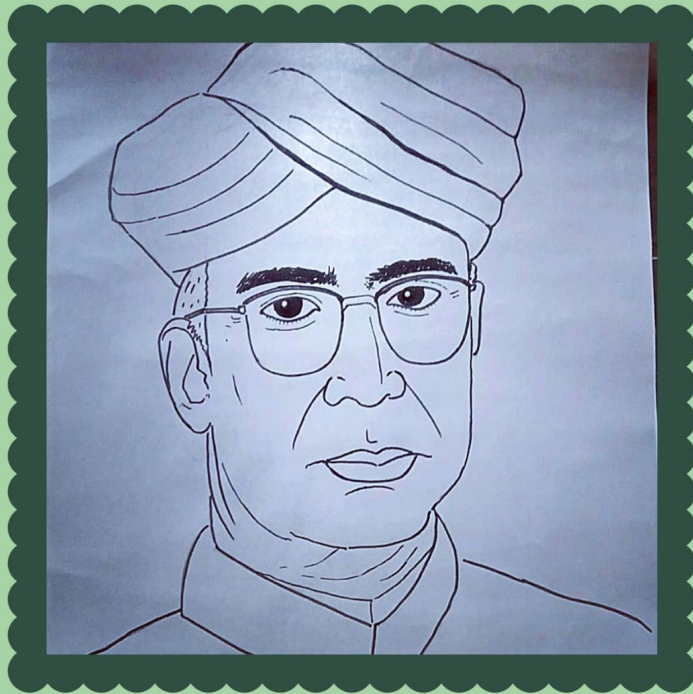


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~ The Great Teacher ~



Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, was an Indian academic professor, philosopher and politician, who served as the Vice-president of India (1952-1962) and the second President of our country (1962-1967).

Dr. Radhakrishnan always encouraged the youth to grow and step forward in shaping the world with the power of education. He always believed that "Teachers should be the best minds in the country."

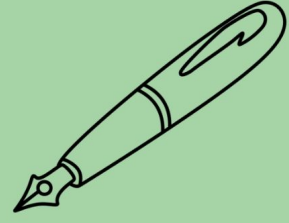
In the honour of his remarkable approach towards education and students, his birth anniversary on the 5th of September is celebrated as Teachers' Day every year, since 1962

- Illustrated by Saptaparna Mallick,
UG Semester 5

- Penned by Sreya Banerjee,
UG Semester 3



~ The Ode ~



সে শিখিয়েছিল বৃহৎ হতে।
অনেক বৃহৎ। তখন বুঝিনি সেই
বৃহতের মাপকাঠি কত! সে
বলেছিল দৃঢ় হতে। তখন বুঝিনি
কত আঘাত সহ্য করার দৃঢ়তা!
আগুন-ঢালা রোদ্রে দাঁড়িয়ে সে
বলেছিল সকলকে আশ্রয় দিও।
তখন বুঝিনি তার অন্তরে কত
প্রাণপ্রাচুর্য! সে বলেছিল
এভাবেই পায়ের তলার মাটি
আঁকড়ে ধরো তাকে সরে
যেতে দিও না। সে শিখিয়েছিল
মাথা উঁচু করে বাঁচতে ঈশ্বরের
আশীর্বাদ পুষ্ট এই পৃথিবীতে।
সে বলেছিল তুমি যত দেবে তার
চারগুন তোমার কাছে ফিরে
আসবে।

আমার তখন কতই বা বয়স
পাঁচ-ছয় বছর। আর কেউ যে
কথাগুলো শুনতে পেত না
আমি তার ছায়ায় তার বৃহৎ
আশ্রয়ের নিচে দাঁড়িয়ে সেই
কথাগুলো শুনতাম। তার সাথে
অনেক গল্প করতাম সে ছিল
আমার পরম বন্ধু, আদর্শ
শিক্ষক, স্নেহময় পথপ্রদর্শক।

তখন জানতাম না
ফটোসিনথেসিস এর ফলে তার
অন্তরের কতশত জীবনের খাদ্য
উৎপাদিত হয়। জানতাম না
তার শিকড়ের বিন্যাস, এক্সার্ক
জাইলেম এন্ডার্স জাইলেম,
জানতাম না মেকানিক্যাল
টিস্যুর মেকানিজম, পরাগরেণুর
মিলন, ফল উৎপাদন এসব
কিছুই জানতাম না। এখন
উদ্ভিদবিদ্যা পড়তে এসে বুঝেছি
কত বৃহৎ কত কত দানশীল
আর কী অদ্ভুত সুন্দর এই
উদ্ভিদজগৎ। শুভ শিক্ষক দিবস
জানাই আমার বাড়ির পাশে
মাঠে দাঁড়িয়ে থাকা সেই
বটগাছটাকে এবং শুভ শিক্ষক
দিবস আমার সকল শিক্ষক-
শিক্ষিকা কে।



- কলমে পৌষালী কাঞ্জিলাল, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার

~ The Ode ~



September 5, 2051

Dear Diary,

Years later, as I open my bouquet of late adolescence memories, a swarm of beautiful butterflies popped up and with their velvet hues, coloured my morbid life. They were like those bright red rhododendrons on a dreadful rainy day in the hills. They were like the splash of fresh paint on a dull, dusty wall. They were that encouraging, supportive, caring and tender smile; in this world of darkness and corruption.

They enlisted a lot of loved ones with their charming nature. I remember them having a heart to empathize for other's sorrows, guide them and help to understand that life is not always a smooth sail.

They made the broken look beautiful and the strong invincible. They walked with the universe on their shoulders and made it look like a pair of wings.

Years ago, I trusted in a dream, a hopeless cause; and now I watch the flowers as they bloom. They taught me to stay firm to my decision and never give up. They prepared me for the good fight.

They prepared me for life.

Thank you for everything.

Happy Teacher's Day :)

- By Dhrubaa Roy Chowdhury,
UG Semester 3



~ The Ode ~



I want to write you a poem, to tell you how amazing you are, to tell you how lucky I feel, everytime you teach us.

I want to write you a poem, to let you know, I don't just attend a lecture, I have fun in those hours, I enter a beautiful kingdom, a palace of books and knowledge.

I want to write a poem, to let you know how cared I feel when you make sure that we aren't neglecting our health.

I want to write a poem, to tell you how loved I feel when you ask us if we had our breakfast before joining your classes.

I want to write a poem, to thank you for going extra miles you go, just to help us.

I want to write a poem, to thank you for making sacrifices, so that we could have a good learning experience.

I want to write a poem, to tell you how grateful I am for you holding out your hand as we take baby steps towards our future, feet wobbly like a new born fawn.

While writing this I realized that I could keep listing things, go on for ages.

About things I want to write a poem about, but I'm afraid I'll run out of pages.

So I'll wind up here, by wishing all the teachers, a Happy teachers day!

Thank you for inspiring us everyday to be the better version of ourselves.



- By Swagata Bhattacharjee, UG Semester 3



~ The Ode ~



We are fortunate to have
such wonderful teachers,
who care for the good students
as well as the back benchers.

We attend their classes
where we learn and grow

We feel another thing,
the love which they show.

We are eager to learn from them
in offline mode classes.

God please fulfill fast
our earnest wishes!

We are happy to get a chance,
to learn in our college.

We gain different precious things,
not just the knowledge.

This is a small, humble way
to wish our respected Professors,
a very Happy Teachers' Day.



- By Kousani Kar,
UG Semester 3



~ The Ode ~



কলম ধরা এই হাত বিচার করা হয়েছে আমাদের ঠিক/ভুল।
নম্বর কাটার দুঃখ যখন চোখ ভরিয়ে গাল বেয়ে নেমেছিল
মুছিয়ে দিতে ভোলোনি সেই একই হাত।
চক ধরে বুঝিয়ে দিয়েছে কত গণিত।
স্নেহভরা সেই হাতটিই আবার তুলে নিয়েছে ছুড়ি বা লাঠি।
শাস্তি দিয়েছে class এর দুষ্টটিকে।
তাই সে হাত যেমন নরম
তেমনি কঠোর হতেও পারে।
কখনো সেই হাত দিয়ে বেয়ে এসেছে প্রকান্ড চড়।
পরে অবশ্য বুঝতে সময় লাগেনি সেদিন, সেই আজকে
জায়গায় পৌঁছানোর জন্য দরকার ছিল।
সেই হাতই বুনে দিয়েছে
অদেখা, অচেনা কত সব স্বপ্ন।
মাথায় আলতো ছোঁয়া দিয়ে,
প্রানভরে কত দিয়েছে আশীর্বাদ সেই হাত।
ছোট ছোট কুঁড়ি গুলোকে সূর্য,
বর্ষা, শীতের সময় ভালোবাসা
আর যত্ন দিয়ে এভাবেই বড়ো করে তুলেছে সেই হাত দুটি।
সেই হাতের ছায়ায় নিশ্চিনাতে বেড়ে ওঠা চারাগুলি আজ বড়ো
বড়ো বৃক্ষ।
সময় বদলেছে, কলম বা চকের জায়গায় সেই হাত তবু তুলে
নিয়েছে যান্ত্রিক mouse টি
পিছিয়ে যায়নি কোনোভাবেই।
রপ্ত করে নিয়েছে online class এর ব্যাপার স্যাপার।
নতুন মাধ্যমেই পৌঁছে দিচ্ছে শিক্ষার রসদগুলি।
স্নেহ, ভালোবাসা ভরা সেই হাতদুটি।
শুধু একটি বিশেষ দিনে নয়
জীবনের প্রতিটি দিনই আমরা ঋণী
সেই হাত দুটির প্রতি।

- কলমে আনিশা সুলতানা, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার



~ The Ode ~



As we look back few years later from now on, we'll reminisce that beyond our chattering classrooms, stolen microscope caps, ample of minutes spared and traded in waiting beside the mahogany for the classes to begin on a daily basis ,and all the mischiefs put aside our beloved teachers became our extended family meanwhile due to covid protocol everything shifted to "Students am I audible?" "একবার ঝালিয়ে নিয়ে কোনো জায়গায় আটকালে আমায় জানাস " This made me realise that they painted us a blue sky and everything turned into rain eventually due to covid. As for a reality check, a tiny screen connects us now. To the ones who guide us like their own children,who consistently push us to be the best version of ourselves in life regardless of what we are.

Happy Teachers Day!

- By Sukanya Roy, UG Semester 5



~ The Ode ~



"শিক্ষক হলেন জাতির আলোকবর্তিকাবাহী তথা মানব সভ্যতার ভবিষ্যতের রূপকার।" একজন শিক্ষক তাঁর জীবনের সিংহভাগই তাঁর ছাত্র বা ছাত্রীদের দিয়ে দেন। ক্লাসে পড়া তৈরি না হলে যাঁরা সবচেয়ে বেশি রাগ করেন তাঁরাই বিদায়অনুষ্ঠানে সবচেয়ে বেশি আবেগমন্ডিত হয়ে পড়েন। "শিক্ষক দিবস" এমন একটি দিন যেদিন প্রতিটি শিক্ষক বা শিক্ষিকা তাঁর ছাত্র বা ছাত্রী দের কাছ থেকে কিছু না কিছু আশা করেন। ঠিক তেমনি ছাত্র বা ছাত্রীরাও চায় তাদের মতো করে দিনটিকে একটু অন্যরকম করে তুলতে তাদের প্রিয় শিক্ষক বা শিক্ষিকার কাছে। ঠিক এমনটাই হয় শিক্ষক ও শিক্ষার্থীদের সম্পর্ক। কতটা স্নেহ, শ্রদ্ধা মিশে থাকে তাদের সম্পর্কে তা সত্যিই একটা অনন্য অনুভবের বিষয়। শিক্ষাজীবনের গন্ডি পেরিয়ে গেলেও যান্ত্রিক সভ্যতার জাঁতাকলে পিষ্ট না হয়ে সম্পর্ক গুলো চিরন্তন হয়ে থেকে যায়।

অতিমারির হাতছানি কাটিয়ে গুরু শিষ্যের সম্পর্ক আবার আগের মতো আবহে বয়ে চলুক। কিছু জিজ্ঞেস করার আগে যেন "unmute" option টায় click করতে না হয়। সকল শিক্ষক ও শিক্ষিকা ভালো থাকুক, সুস্থ থাকুক।

- কলমে তানিশা দত্ত, তৃতীয় সেমিস্টার



~ 'Nurture' ~



Clicked by Debolina Banerjee,
UG Semester 3

They are the
ones who nurture
us, fill our
monochromatic
life
with splashes of
colour

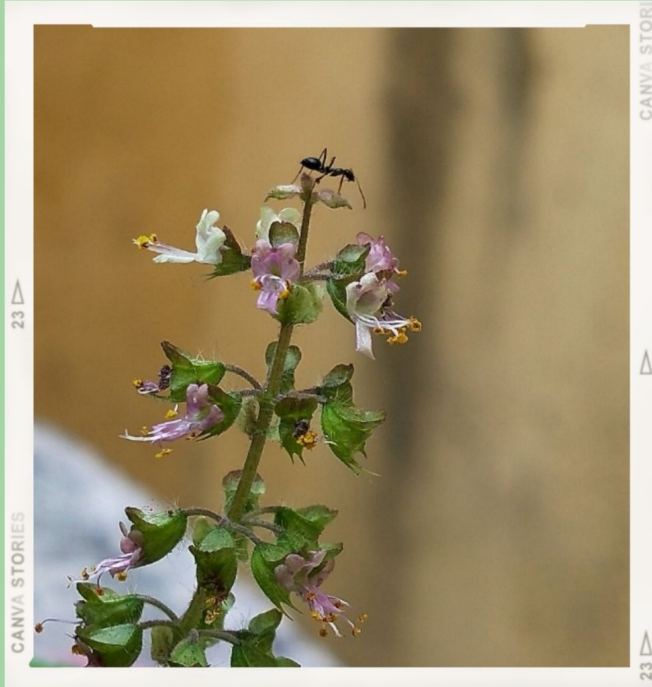


Clicked by Susmita Ganguly,
UG Semester 5

They impart it,
yet they never run
out of it!



~ 'Nurture' ~



Clicked by Shweta Jash,
UG Semester 5

Take charge of
the circumstances
around you and
look at every
obstacle straight
in the eye



Clicked by Bhumika Sarkar,
UG Semester 3

Look, who's
getting
inspired to scale
new heights!



Day out with a Bee

It was one of those nights. Too cold to survive alone, so we decided to huddle as we chattered among ourselves; important routes discussed, occasional sighs arose as we took turns to recount anecdotes from our day at work. But, its all in the past now.

Well, it is back to work again! It's a nice sunny day. Hey, look at those flowers, swaying merrily in the gentle breeze. Looking at them now, one can't guess how they all survived the storm yesterday night. Oh great! Its me babbling again. Allow me to introduce myself. Cy-bee here, back at home I am entitled to the accommodations of a worker bee. Glad to meet you!

Got to finish my daily target, so come along; that patch right over there seems fresh, lets take a look shall we.

-Hello dear, how are you doing today? It was such a mayhem yesterday! Never in my life of 20 sunrise have I witnessed such strong winds.

- Thanks for asking. Witnessed such cruelty yesterday! Thankfully I am healthy now but, I do miss my old friends. Learnt a lot from them, they inspired me to aspire to reach new heights, but now it all seems lost. Last night they were pushed away from me. Look, right there.

- There?

- Yes. They are a part of my giant neighbour, this banyan tree.

- Sorry to hear about your loss. But you know what everyone has their role to play in our life. Although they may not stay with us forever, the way they have touched our life never changes. For that matter; I observed and learnt to fly, keep my cell clean, collect essentials from my predecessors. In essence, they all are my teachers. Although I could not walk up to them and thank them individually, they are always omnipresent in everything I do.

- Oh! Thanks for sharing. Hey, are you done with your collection?

-Yes, my leg basket seems alright now. Let me go visit somewhere else.

Stay strong.

Ah! Such a nice fellow.

Let's go and meet a family of old friends. They live behind giant bars, crammed up in a pot.



-Hello there! How are you all doing today?

- Yes, we are doing fine. Last night was horrible. Inhabitants came and closed this window. But, hearing shrieks from our fellow creatures really saddened us.

- Yes, it was a terrible night. But, look at it now, you all are glistening!

- That we are. Inhabitants are providing us with enough to survive, not to mention this safe space.

- I am glad for you. See you later, my leg basket is overflowing now. Let me go and store them.

- Take care dear!

Oh! Let's get back home.

That's a wrap on my daily events. I am satiated. I will deposit my collections, clean up my cell, will rest and await another day under the sun.

(This is a fictional take about how a day in the life of a worker bee may look like; while one accompanies her as she gets enriched not only with pollen grains and nectar from plant but also realises the importance of teacher in our lives.)

- By Ahana Das, UG Semester 3



Eclogue to Life

I sit clutching the white stripped
black elkos pen;
taking a sudden dip
in the ocean of memories.

I reminisce the past crouching it,
full of pleasant laughter & cries.

We gradually descend from our
sweet rosy rings of childhood,
into the volatile terrains of teens;
But the memories which get restored
in the abyss of our heart,
are the pillars to which we can cling.

Our life's changing every moment,
amidst unbarred bounty of emotions;
with passionate penchant for
all earthly things-
from distant hamlets to
medicines & potions.

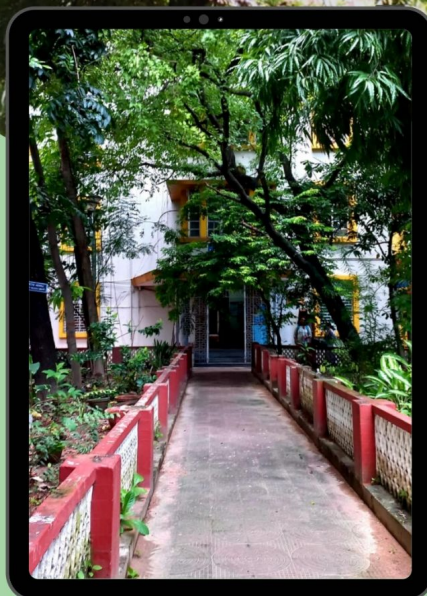
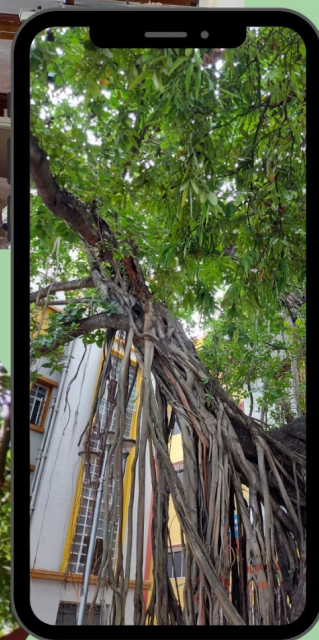
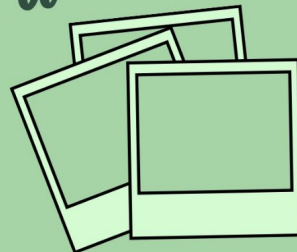
We die at present, but our
yesterday memories last-
Only is that we need to take the best,
these might be transient at
our long journey.
Yet we shall remember them
forgetting the rest.



- By Suchetana Bhattacharyya,
UG Semester 3



~ "We keep this love in a Photograph" ~



~ You raise me up, to
more than I can be ~



✿ Dear AD Sir,

Thank you for teaching that, if our heart is in the right place, it will not mislead us. Social obligations, parental expectations, peer pressure make us stray on paths that often lead to nowhere. Thank you for helping us realize our true potential and discover our real selves.

✿ Dear DC Sir,

Even at home, we are practicing to walk with our eyes stubbornly set on the ground, so that while outside, we can better explore the world around us.

Sir, we are grateful to you, for not just teaching us to face examinations as and when they come, but also to face life.



✿ Dear DR Ma'am,

We love how easily you manage to paint a picture of the lesson we are studying, before our eyes and make it easy for us to understand. Your good morning messages never fail to cheer us up even in the gloomiest of days. Thank you Ma'am for making us feel loved, everytime you asked whether we had our breakfast or not, or if we are taking proper care of ourselves.

✿ Dear SG Ma'am,

Ma'am, it was you who started your first lecture, while carefully explaining to us the etymological meaning of the word 'Botany'.

Occasional mention of Elvis Presley in diatoms, surely helped us to get excited about this subject.

Grateful to you, for not just teaching us, but also providing us with methods to retain them.



✿ Dear R Ma'am,

Thank you for being someone we could approach with even our trivial doubt, and know deep down, it won't remain unanswered. You never missed an opportunity to cheer us up in every possible way and we are grateful.



✿ Dear S Ma'am,

We pleaded for extension of submission deadlines or postponement of exams because we were not prepared. You, were the one who tolerated all our pleas. Thank you for aiding us to appreciate the world around us better; be it about transposons or ressurecting plants.



✿ Dear TR Ma'am,

We won't deny the fact that those surprise vivas which you took before the classes, proved to be of great help during the exam. Thank you for putting us to sudden tests, otherwise we would have continued to play the fool for the rest of the semester :)

✿ Dear SM Ma'am,

Thank you for appreciating every little thing about us and lifting our spirits after every event, which did not meet our expectations. You taught us how to be confident, explore beyond the limits and stretch beyond the horizons of our existence.



✿ Dear NB Sir,

Your way of teaching paleobotany and your boundless knowledge of the fossil world motivate us to go back and explore our origin and the world we are living in. Your enormous patience and unlimited enthusiasm in making us understand each and every topic deeply is what make us grateful to have you as our guide to the "PAST".

✿ Dear AB Sir,

ECOLOGY is something that needs clear understanding and conception and you have made it possible by by increasing our grip over the topic by the interactive lectures. We are very much obliged and thankful to have you as our guide.

✿ Dear GGM Sir,

Sir, you have assisted us a lot in plant systematics. We will never forget the way you taught us, by explaining the concept thoroughly. Your illustration of practicals were outstanding, and we are thankful to you for your overwhelming support.

✿ Dear BNB Sir,

Starting with plant anatomy , you have always helped us in developing skills on that subject. The demonstrations used by you are still unforgettable. We have been greatly benefited by the lessons we have received from you. Thank you Sir.



~ From your Students ~



In my school days , Botany was one of the boring subjects I had to deal with; but, YOU made it interesting. Our excursion to Indian Botanic Garden and your way of teaching there, will be an everlasting memory for us. You helped us whenever we were in trouble. I never felt that I'm just a generic elective student of this department. I really don't know how to thank you for what you have done to us! I consider myself grateful that I got teachers like you for two semesters. This college, this department has given me a lot. I express my heartfelt gratitude and bow sincerely to all of you.



- Avipsha Chakraborty, Semester 5,
Psychology Department





I want to convey my heartfelt gratitude to the respective teachers of our department of Botany for their constant support and proper guidance which help us to learn some really very interesting things about this subject.... Though it was my general subject but I wanted to give it the equal importance as my core course... and this courage I got from our respected teachers through their teaching.... Thank you to all the teachers....

- Pourabi Das, Semester 3,
Zoology Department



The 'Teacher'

On the occasion of teacher's day, there are thousands of things to say. A teacher is the most important role player in our lives. A teacher is the gardener who knows the gardener who nurtures the small saplings and makes them grow and explore the undiscovered Earth.

"...Expanding like the petals of young flowers, watch the gentle opening of your mind."

This is how Derozio addresses his students in his poem. A teacher always finds the gem in a student and rubs it to make it glitter. A teacher always comes forward fill the gaps and helps the student to reach the level they yearn for.

In the book 'To Sir, with love', the story narrates a teacher who checks "impertinent friskings" of some flamboyant pompous English boys and girls and that of course achieves their heart with utmost love and care. If you think these great stories are found only in books you may be wrong you can find them in flesh and blood we are really lucky to have them in our life.

Amidst the difficult situation when life became so unpredictable, and we had no clue what to do next, our teachers made it possible to take online classes. They left no stone unturned to ensure that our learning never stopped. "A teacher is like a candle, who burns himself to extend the light to others."



In modern days, 'Dronacharya-Arjunian' concept has been changed as per the teacher-student relationship is concerned, and now, a teacher is a friend, philosopher and a guide to students.

This certain term absolutely takes a test of a teacher and this is why this profession becomes tough nowadays for such zigzag complexities in the path of teaching sometimes teachers also can make errors and they gladly accept it if the mistakes are judged by the students as they are the best critics of their teacher. Except that, every teacher always love the students, feels for them and takes pride for them.

Thus they engage in this noble task and boast of the creation in their mould as A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, the god of teachers, aptly remarked

"Give me a child for seven years, afterwards let the god or the devil take the child"

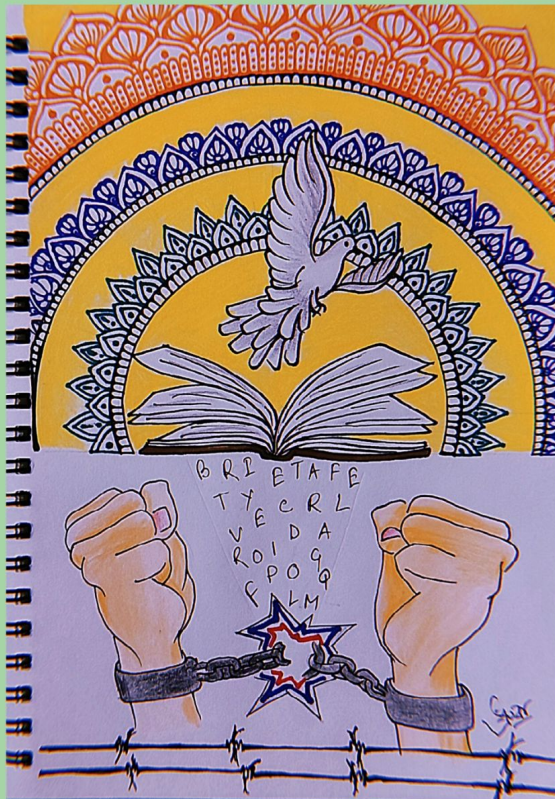
- Penned by Anisha Sultana,
UG Semester 3



~ From the Palette ~

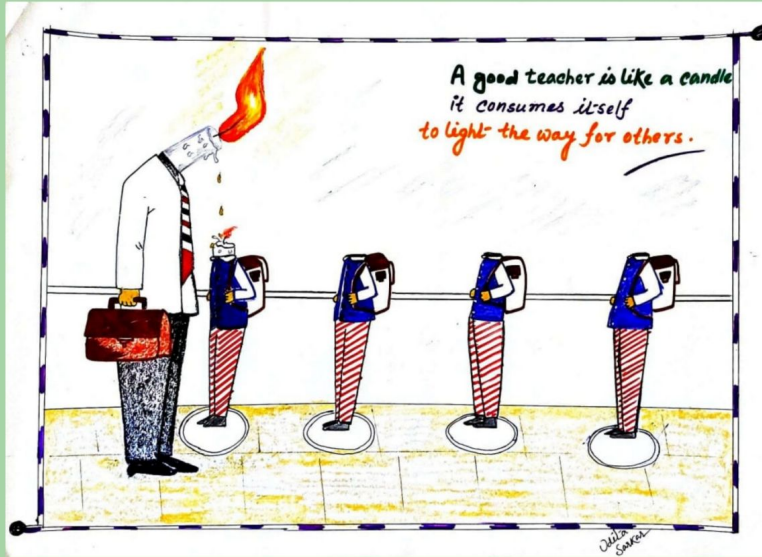


- By Bijetri Roy,
UG Semester 3

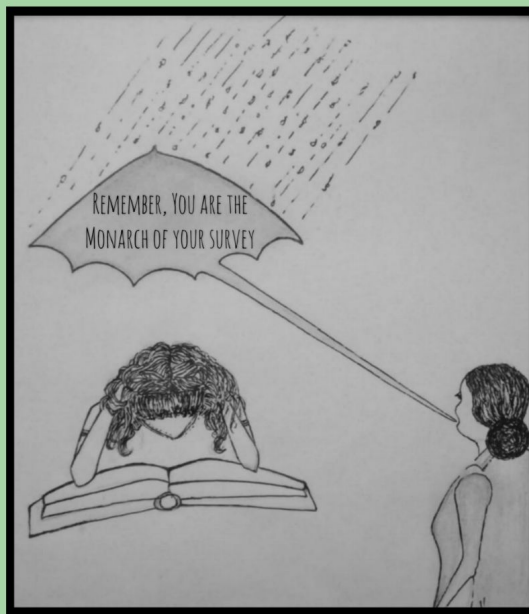


- By Dhrubaa Roy Chowdhury,
UG Semester 3





- By Udita Sarkar,
UG Semester 3



- By Sukanya Roy,
UG Semester 5



- By Poushali Kanjilal, UG Semester 3



Every teacher
Touches lives in
various ways. Some
show their care,
some motivate and
inspire, and some
help us *tread*
the right *Path*



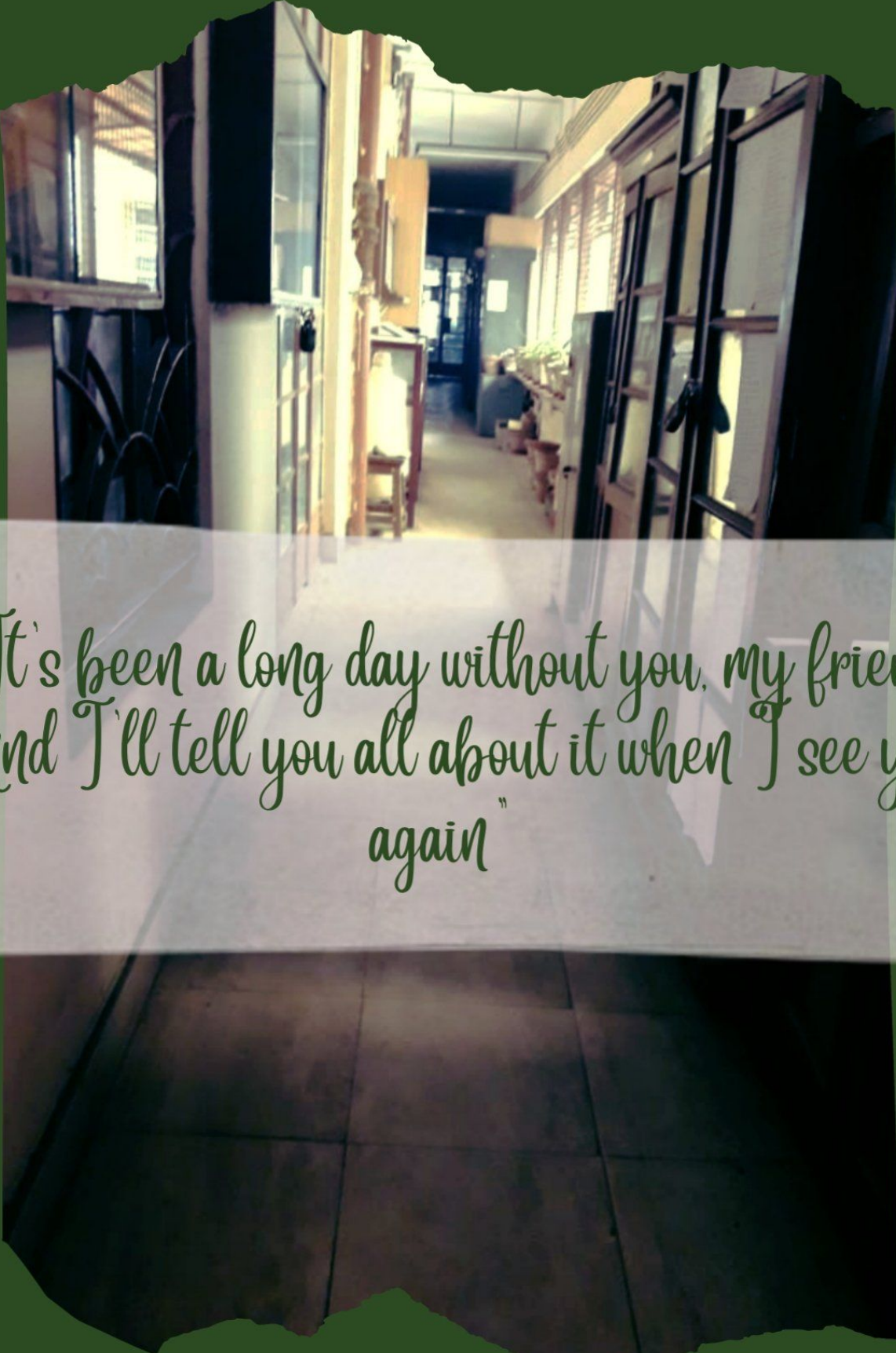
You are the one
who's made all the
difference
Thank you for
Everything!



We look up to you
in a

BTG
WAY!





*"It's been a long day without you, my friend
And I'll tell you all about it when I see you
again"*

**COVER PAGE DESIGNED BY: DHRUBAA ROY CHOWDHURY
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