

Jungle book

Dear Readers,

Birthdays were once for celebrating. Cutting of cakes. Blowing of candles. The singing of birthday ditty's. Gifts wrapped in shiny packages. Then with age came the realization that birthdays are in effect, a rude reminder that one is, one more step nearer to his maker.

As we celebrate the second anniversary of the Core Sector Communiqué, a realization of another kind is dawning upon me. Yes, I remember those days, when our beloved child was, literally a twinkle in my eyes. Those early days of labour. The pangs of birth. The severing of the umbilical cord. The pleasure of holding the baby close to the heart.

And then the struggle. The daily fight for survival. The war against hunger, disease, apathy. The vow to run faster than the fastest cheetah just to stay alive. The vow to be smarter than the smartest gazelle to reach the patch of green, to drink the lees of life. "Survival of the fittest", they said, "is the name of the game". And yes, we know what they meant. We have played the game, every minute, these last two years.

And then came the worst draught the jungle has seen in many, many suns. The water bodies dried up, the vegetation was scorched beyond comprehension. Hunter and hunted vied for access to the same watering hole as the fight for survival, the urge to take on all odds, just to proclaim, "I'm alive" added a fierce, somewhat grotesque dimension to the entire saga.

The blazing sun and the burnt earth claimed so many lives that even the scavengers were wont to take a sniff at the rotting corpses that dotted the landscape. For the tough and the mighty, pushed to the limit of endurance, it was a struggle to use the last dregs of energy to drag on, perhaps on way to a dusty death.

And just then, when the end seemed inevitable, the storm clouds appeared in the horizon. In no time they straddled the space, covering the sky, hiding the sun ... and the crack of thunder announced the onset of the monsoon, quenching the thirst of the perched land. Recreating, regenerating, renewing, reinvigorating – following, the eternal rules of nature.

The rain Gods have not been kind to us, yet. Advertisers wanting to use our vehicle to spread the word about their prowess are yet to appear on the horizon. The freak clouds that promise rain, albeit after keeping our souls as collateral are, we realize the mirages that are doing their siren songs. Life still, is a struggle – for existence, for survival.

And it is a struggle that we are cherishing. Every moment of it. We are here, not out of any compulsion, but out of choice. We are here chasing a dream. We are here because our heart commands that we be here. That is why, we have picked up every gauntlet that fate has thrown before us. That is why, despite odds that seems insurmountable, we have persevered. For we are here, and we won't rest, till victory becomes our crowning glory.

We have complied a few of the articles that have appeared in the Core Sector Communiqué over the last one year. It is by no means an authoritative compilation and have added some new features that are aimed at tickling your grey cells. A sampler of what we are capable of, a sampler of what we will improve upon over the years.

We have by no means created an institution. Perish the thought. But this is just the state that we are on the way, unwavering in our dedication and are sure that we will do justice to the faith, love and trust that you have reposed on us over the years.

Wish us Godspeed.

Thank You

With Best Regards,

Suvbrata Ganguly