<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Category</th>
<th>P. No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Content Index</td>
<td>Index</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>saraswatipuja</td>
<td>Digital art</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>A few words</td>
<td>Sharmishtha Basu</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Let the journey begin</td>
<td>Digital painting</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Lotus media vs Anti Lotus media 3</td>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Slandering tongues</td>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Of journalists 2</td>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Respect for books</td>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Respect for nature</td>
<td>Essay</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>SOS</td>
<td></td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>FTQFS</td>
<td>Quote</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>POETRY</td>
<td>Digital Painting</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>1 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>2 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>3 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>4 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>5 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>6 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>7 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>8 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>9 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>10 poem</td>
<td></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Previous month's published desk</td>
<td>Links, channels</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and pix</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>STORYTIME</td>
<td>Digital painting</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>intro</td>
<td>intro</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>1, 2, 3, 4, 5,</td>
<td>Stories</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>6, 7, 8, 9, 10</td>
<td>Stories</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>11, 12, 13, 14, 15</td>
<td>Stories</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Stories</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>17, 18, 19, 20, 21</td>
<td>Stories</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Agnishatdal</td>
<td>About Agnijaat's</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>twin</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Agnishatdal critique</td>
<td>Editor, Labanya</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Agnijaat critique</td>
<td>Labanya</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Patreon August critique</td>
<td>Labanya</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Fir milenje-parting words</td>
<td>Digital image,</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>words</td>
<td>words</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Thank You</td>
<td>Note</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Agnijaat</td>
<td>Digital image</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>cartoon</td>
<td>Cartoon</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>The circle</td>
<td>Final image</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Sharmishtha Basu</td>
<td>The creator</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Shoptly Store Books</td>
<td>Booklist</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Gumroad and Kindle Book Links</td>
<td>booklist</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Crème de la crèmes</td>
<td>specials</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Wish you all a very blessed 2022! May our worlds heal and prosper with abundance!
A few words from the creator
Miss Sharmishtha Basu

You are getting all these piled up together in November, because I may take a long break from social media sites from this month till April 2022, I have upped all the rest that allows scheduling but this one, this one is the final one.

If you miss me you will find me in Agni Kahini, I check that channel almost every day from my phone, so it will stay alive. Leave a comment and you will get a response. I most probably won’t be responding to emails either, as if I do it now, anyways, 4 months is a massive break, so, those of you who may worry, this message will keep them at ease.

Hope you are and will enjoy the new style. There will be three main sections - story, essays and poems from July 2021. The illustration section will be there of course.

My Graphic story channel has been launched in YouTube on 17th July, Agni Kahini, new sister of Agnijaat and Agnishatdal is eagerly waiting for you. Please check it out and support if you can. A few likes, few comments and shares will fill up her tiny heart with immense joy.

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDjA/playlists

Take care of yourself and stay safe, even if your neighbourhood is not affected too much be cautious. Don’t blindly think that others will follow the rules. Be safe and be wise!

HAPPY NEW YEAR 2022 [in advance] Wish you all a very blessed 2022!!
If you want to buy/refer Ezines you know the drill- in shoptly/gumroad/patreon (they will provide you the books) or directly from me just make the payment via paypal and send me the list, I will send you the pdf files. Full list of books in shoptly, gumroad will be added at the end of the Ezines.

https://paypal.me/sharmishthabasu
https://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu
https://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu
and
https://patreon.com/sharmishthabasu
https://buymeacoffee.com/sharmishthabasu in case you want to refer me to your readers 😊
the new addition in April:
https://sharmishthabasu.artweb.com
https://zazzle.com/store/sharmishthabasu
https://www.redbubble.com/people/sharmishthabosu/shop
These articles are my personal view, don’t take them without a pinch of salt, I have no problems with Hindus or their being proud of Hinduism [I am both] but I don’t like people who pit people against each other for political gain, let that be Lenin, Stalin, Hitler and Nazis or Pheku aka Pradhan Sevak and his hatemongering party. These too are terrorists that cause immense harm to a country before they are thrown away, sometimes irreparable destruction.

So, my opinions will be from a person that hated Gujarat riots, Babri mosque demolition and the terrorist attacks that followed them all instigated by our current rulers. If you are a mature person then you will criticize everything before accepting, I write for mature people.
from previous month....

Then I shifted to this s***** and a new side opened up to me, the place we have rented is owned by a lotus regime fanatic who BTW is quite fond of doing things no Hindu will do, like forcing tenants to put their Tulsi plant out of their rented verandah, indirectly killing it, because a plant that has grown in a balcony will never survive under open skies. Who claims and have certificates to prove that he is a high caste Hindu but looks like a lowest class Hindu [if Hindu], not Bengali and acts like a slum-dweller from Hindi belt, actually he looks very much like my landlord of hell, aka Jodhpur, who as per his and his chum brigade’s words was a Rajasthani, he not only looked like this scum but also looked like my fiend sister in law, who I am damn sure was an active member of Hookers Inc. If she was not then I am really, really dumb possessing a pea-sized brain.

The entire neighbourhood is filled with jai shri ram types and I started to notice that these monkeys [not the neighbours- the overly Jay Shri Ram types, who are clearly Hindu fanatics, showing all signs of being a devout Hindu] lurk around the places where Muslims frequent and call them incestuous [they marry their cousins], they in turn lurk around Hindu frequented places, that includes temples and call Hindu women hookers. Have first-hand experience of both. That is I have heard both parties calling names and have been called by both parties I have realized now, so, someone has been setting out Hindu and Muslim fanatics at my heel since my return from hell. BTW my brother in law, the pimp-lord ran an office where devout Hindus and Muslims worked side by side.

It sort of opened my eyes why many people I have come across since moving to Kolkata were so sure that I was Muslim or Christian. Actually I had to convince a few Muslim vendors that I was not a Muslim, they must have heard those apes calling me names they call Muslim women and as I almost always wore salwar suit they must have thought that I am a muslim woman.

I actually thought that I look like the secular person I am from within, LOL, never thought that I was in the middle of two parties of filthy fanatics who had
their own agendas I am sure or were controlled by a really pissed off pimp lord and his boys and girls who traffic innocents and an insignificant woman tried to expose them as much as she could, so they ruined her credibility hiding behind religious propaganda.

But, I somehow have a feeling that this was not the only reason. An already active gang of scum was at my heel but they were very much around before and still are. Heckling others, trying to push Hindu and Muslim apart for their own gain! Pimp-lord most probably just used already active machinery against me.

I am not sure about its veracity but someone told me that Rajasthan is split between Lotus brigade and Congress, they win the elections alternately there, that means both party supporters thrived there and had a level of power, like running dirty rackets aided by local administrations.

What about the other side of the coin, the Muslim fanatics or terrorists? They have long had a reputation of creating fake identities of citizens of the countries in which they hide and run their operations from, what if they have been building the same brigade here too?

Now I am almost sure that there was and is a hidden war going against Hindus, especially the high caste ones, the aristocrats and the Hookers Inc. was/is just a part of that, so are all anti-Hindu and anti-High castes, like low castes, terrorists who have flexed their AK-47 against Indians, Hindus [Not all are non Hindu or non Indian- remember Tamil and Sikh terrorists? The ULFA and Naga…. the list will go on and on, human beings just love to slaughter each other].

Remember commies? India’s biggest enemy China is staunch commie. They have been blamed for funding terrorist factions directly or via Pakistan, Nepal for quite some time now. Commies have since their very beginning used the majority, un-educated working class against the hand-counted greedy [and not greedy] elites not to liberate them but to devour the money that these elite folks have earned or looted. They have used a section of the society against others and reaped the benefits, while the Government in power has helped the miscreants openly. Just like Lotus regime is doing now, helping those who are destroying the country so they can keep the graveyard under their control. They have turned young men into thugs and spies who rat against their own families and women into hookers who trap influential men.
mostly, these days women may have joined their fishing list too, don't know, but wherever there are commies there is an overload of hookers and thugs that work for the chairman.

Honestly speaking the actions of Lotus regime screams out loud that they are anti Hindu and have been placed on the throne by some powerful anti Indian. All they have done since sitting on throne is to destroy Hinduism and India all the while trying to fool idiots by singing praises of Hinduism, Hindus and turning Indians against each other to the level of blood thirstiness. Maybe the top ranking ones are made in China or Pakistan?

to be continued.......
Slander
ing tongues

Slander
ing tongues... one of the special qualities of human beings, which only
human beings possess, no other creature in God’s creation possesses this evil
vice. They settle their scores in open, fairly or unfairly.

This is a tactic used by human beings only to heckle those they dislike, deem
as threat, to speak and spread canards, true or false. This is an activity as old
as human nature one will suspect, because we keep hearing about their past
destinations since the ages of mythology. How they ruined virtuous and
innocent to serve own purpose or settle scores. Yet, willingly or unwillingly
most of us are sucked into this quagmire as target or as tools.

Those who say ignore slandering tongues are absolutely right if they are
telling you to not let it hurt your heart, soul your spirit, and absolutely if they
are telling you to not join them. Smart people ignore such people, they don’t
join in. After all we are not Gods, so how are we supposed to know before
thorough study that s/he is speaking the truth? Or worse, that s/he knows the
truth?

Twenty tongues are saying a thing but that does not make it truth, it can be as
false as falsity itself! Those twenty tongues might have been misguided, might
have been dumb or worse- might have been bought to say that!

Now, you really don’t think that people can’t be bought do you? If you are one
of those trusting kind who trust without thinking your argument will be why
won’t you open your heart and spirit to them? Well, the answer simply is for
your own sake. If you are the target then ignore them, don’t let them ever
contaminate you if they are false, because monsters have a way of mocking
goodness by painting them as monsters.

“Oh yes! He is mister virtue! That is why I saw him buying wine...”
Deliberately spreading the canard to two hundred ears, knowing all the time
that s/he is lying through his/her teeth.

If caught, they play the fool equally well, “Oh! It was not wine? Gee... it looked
like wine!” -2% of the listeners will know that s/he is lying. The remaining
98% may fully or half believe that Mr. Virtue is a snob, who does all wicked things but is never caught red-handed...

If you give in to these sniggering people, who are trying to prove you fake, deceitful... those who are trying to paint you black win- you become tainted, then the attack will increase most probably to drag you all the way down or leave you shattered, all the while they will strut around telling everyone we are bad but we have the guts to say it openly, we are not hypocrites.

If you have been the odd one out, the one who did not fit in, you know how true these words are, corrupted souls just can't tolerate purity, they really loathe it, if they can't corrupt it they taint it, if they can't taint it then they convince others that it is tainted or corrupted just like them!

No matter how hard you try to keep away from them, try to convince them that you have no problem with their ways as long as they keep their distance they have other plans! They despise your ways and will absolutely stay at your heels till they brand you or drag you to their ways. As you are the odd one out so don't under-estimate their power, because you are seriously outnumbered and bullies almost always gang up very well.

So don't let them get your spirit, heart, soul but put your brain on high alert, so that they even after sincerely trying don't get you in their clutches, and as for the canards, slanders... try to make as many friends as you can, so that their slanders and canards don't spread too much, if you stay strong, surrounded by positive people those mud cakes will dry off and wash away with time maybe leave a few stains. But if you try to fight them alone or give in to them you may drown in that quagmire.

Every noble soul, every talented wo/man in this world has been slandered, some were destroyed by it and some walked through that trail of fire. Be the latter.

For the other category, if anyone asks you to spread canards, simply don't join him or her, tell him that you don't believe anything unless you have ample proof against it or just shrug and say “Is that so...” and then throw those words out of your mind unless you want to test them, but don't help anyone into spreading them. You don't want to be a part of that ugly campaign.
The mainstream media these days is run by paid or manipulated journalists of the current kingdom, they have shown us how much hollow Indians are underneath all those big talks of big things, well, I am not surprised because I have known this since 2000, and yes, those who are blaming it all on the current kingdom sorry to break your heart but current kingdom was nowhere in sight back then, just a fledgling of darkness. So this darkness have always been inside Indian in a huge quantity, abnormally huge, modern kingdom only stoked it and brought it out in open. It sort of sounds like Damien Thorn of Omen III, does not it?

Well, back to journalists. There are two categories of journalists in India these days, one who are bards of the monarchy, their only aim is to misguide people and ensure them that our present kingdom is the best, the rest are absolutely unworthy of the throne. They are all crooks, thugs or bought out puppets of foreign powers.

They cleverly hide everything wrong that is going on under the current regime and highlight the sensational issues to divert the attention of the public. You see, just like the red dot used by cat owners to keep their cats away from their favorite couch or to prevent them from ripping it to shreds!

They don’t even try to educate people about the shameless extravaganza of elected monarchs of independent India while the mass is half-starving. It was half-starving before Corona. The only difference is now the no. has increased, but that is not stopping them from building a new parliament building spending thousands of crores of rupee! Can you believe it?

In a country where people are walking for hundreds of miles with their children, babies, elderly parents because government is too poor to give them a ride back home after snatching away their jobs on a four hour notice! They can build penthouses for the selects though - a brand new parliament house with better luxuries!

Their bards are busy diverting our attention to other things all the while! How
local non BJP governments are stealing Amphun relief fund, 20,000 or 30,000 rupees, come on! It is their duty!

What happens to that duty when reporting the great robberies committed by central government? It takes a break!

On the other hand look at the lifestyle of those who are loyal to the throne. Just watch the 9PM drama in the news-channels for a few days and see how they glorify the throne and the courtiers and then check out their financial status before the new rulers acquired the throne and their present status. Then just assess their personalities, the quality of their news, the way of their presentation of news and wonder how do they manage to make so much wealth in such a short period of time.

You just like many others will be sure that whatever way they make their wealth it is not through their knowledge, skill or talent. They have some invisible skill that showers money.

I have watched clips of these multi-millionaire anchors of Indian media, the way they talk, the things they talk about! The way they talk about those who talk against the throne.

Press is a weapon of mass destruction if it is used by throne, like Indian press is. It was never honesty personified but our current rulers have dragged them down to the level from which the mainstream media will most probably never recover!

They have shown us how easy it is to buy newspapers and media houses and use them as barking dogs against opposition, share the news of your choice and fake news if required to serve your purpose!

The level to which Indian journalism has sunk in this regime is a real shame! Any person with conscience and dignity will feel aghast at the mentality of these money-hungry men and women who are ready to destroy their own country for money. After all by helping these fanatics and advocates of middle-age they are destroying the country, they are insulting the country and they are helping to turn it into a middle-age tyranny, a thoroughly corrupted country.
Respect for books
article date 2015

This is something for which I will always be grateful to my parents and it also is one of those rare things for which I am grateful to my bully elder siblings, my parents only drew the outlines they did the meticulous fillings, that ended in a lesson that stayed for the rest of the life. Treating books properly! They truly are treasure, we learn that fact with age but as children well, as children they can be quite tempting!

I remember seeing books in library or lending stalls that had history written inside them, all sorts of babbling, sometimes pages were missing, especially the best pages! It can be quite tempting for a disrespectful or immature person to snip out the portions s/he loved best, a photo, a few pages... a thing we were taught not to do...ever!

My father had a whole collection of time-life books, they are sheer delight to any eyes, I can vouch on that! I remember I was not allowed to touch them when I was too little, even though I drooled on them, they were full of huge pictures of birds, flowers, animals!

One of my elder siblings used to sit with the book and turn the pages for me, they were that strict, and now I think that it was good that they were, it was another tragedy that they ruined those books in later years! The sole credit goes to them. They piled them up all in a room that was full of termites, and at that time we two, the youngest ones were busy as lunatics with our college and studies and of course serving them, it took only one monsoon to ruin them! By the time we discovered what has happened the damage was done, they were devoured.

But the lesson they taught when they were child resulted in a pure bliss, now, when the price of paperbacks is shooting sky high I feel glad that we were able to buy some as kids, there were lot more but there were some parasites in our ancestral home that stole and most probably pawned them off when we were not looking, a fact we came to know too late, by that time they were done with half of our library and wardrobe. But some of the books remained, and after reading them for hundreds of times they have stayed quite prim and pretty.
Now as I am writing this article I am wondering if I will bring them out the cartons in which they are, because there is no wall closet in this flat to place them. We had to keep them in the cartons in which they came here from Hyderabad.

If I fish them out of the carton I will have to place them on floor, will that be a good idea? I highly doubt! What if rain water enters through window when I am not looking? Guess I will have to wait for shifting to a decent house that has some in-built closets.
**Respect for nature**

Sometimes I thank God for the lessons I have been taught by my parents, especially my father. He taught me, us two invaluable lessons real early-treating plants, trees as living thing that feel pain and treating books with utmost respect.

I remember as a child I almost used to drool over the flowers in the plants, there were so many amazing flowers there! He was one gardener! Well, even though my tiny fingers itched to pluck them we were not allowed, at all!

The only time we got to play with plucked flowers was when he uprooted the seasonal plants for emptying the space for next season.

I remember those days! We used to play with flowers all day, till they dried up! But we knew very early that we can’t have all the things we want to have!

He was not always around but my elder siblings took care to play the role of his eyes with greater perfection, even though they were mean bullies but I will still be grateful that they were! It was a lesson I wish all kids were taught as kids, to respect other children of nature, trees, plants, animals! They taught us two at least- respecting books and plants, trees.

I remember how I was admonished the very first time I set fire on a pile of dry leaves under a tree, someone pointed it out to me how the flame, heat was effecting the leaves of the tree above and the grass, plants surrounding it.

Kolkata is infested with these pyromaniacs they just love to set fire. In small towns people use axes and sickles to clear bushes. In Kolkata they use matchstick and petrol, leaving behind ugly reminders of their heartlessness. It is quite a pity to think that majority of small town, village people are illiterate or semi-literate, whereas Kolkata people are always boasting of their superiority over them.
Whisperer
A little fault, imperfection sometimes makes a mundane thing magical. If you look for magic you will see it! If you don't you will reject it.

24.2.20
How can a financially dependent woman can be burden on her family? You have toiled and sacrificed a lot to create a career, be proud!
In the land below the waves,
palaces made of corals and shells
dwell mermaids
pretty and fair,
they swim with fishes
and play with sharks
and ride whales
pearls adorn their bodies dainty,
they rule that world
of magic and beauty.
Two
Two

Whenever wind blows
the lean trees shake
bow their body
from side to side
feigning submission
accepting the
supremacy of wind
one will say,
so they brave fury
of storms and tempests
let them blow away
their rage and calm down.
Three
Three

Cloudy sky filled up the winter sky
icy cold rain came pouring down to drench the earth
earth shivers cold wind runs around shaking the trees to drench the birds and have wicked fun one will say.
Sun sleeps hidden behind the gray blanket of clouds ignoring earth’s calls.
Four
Four

High mountains hide the horizon around the peaceful valley green, clouds hang low on snowy caps blue sky glows frozen wind blows sending shivers on green grass of the meadow wild flowers all over the meadow dance beaten not by icy wind they spread cheer.
Five
Five

Deeper is the night
in the woods
night creatures roam
looking for food
trees hidden in darkness
let their presence
known by soft murmur
and creaking branches
an owl hoots or screeches
perfect spot
for a scary story
to be told by fire.
Six
Six

Wooden stairs creak under his boot, he climbs on till he reaches top and the view that awaits him there green tree tops line under him like green cotton balls glued to earth softly shaking in the morning breeze birds sing a mellifluous choir to express his joy!
Seven
Seven

Tall trees look so small
under the towering hills
their bodies covered in
pure white snow watch
their own reflection in
the tranquil lake below
like a God-given mirror
it lies without a
ripple holding the hills,
trees and sky up above
on its earthbound breast
pleasing eyes
lucky enough to see
that sight divine!
Eight
Eight

A soft wisp of wind rises from the lake cool and refreshing it travels to the lady sitting on the porch knitting a sweater the winter is just around the corner her nimble fingers play with the patterns and colourful wools. Her kids have grown up wearing them now her grandkids get their quota
every year without a fail.
Soft sweaters
filled with love and warmth.
Nine
Nine

The river flows by
carrying her haunting song
with its waves to
lands far away
laments of a broken heart
pining for her beloved
in dark, lonesome nights
someone hears the plea
feels the pain hidden
comes looking for the maiden
to heal her heart
to make her love again
leave behind past
and reach out for tomorrow!
Ten
Ten

Time’s river flows
its waves carry
past and memories
far far away from us
and leaves them
somewhere on the shores
where some waste away
and some get new life
we may never come across
but they thrive
in their new world
in ways we never
thought they will.
My Youtube Channel

I am still learning how to create nice, enjoyable videos 😊 My channel is and am very sincerely planning to share some videos in October. There will be at least one about Durgapuja, few more may follow:

https://youtube.com/c/sharmishthabasu

Agni Kahini

Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SUZffO9DkbGDljA
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SUZffO9DkbGDljA/playlists

This channel is about graphic story, nature and artworks mostly. I use Pencil 2D to create my videos and it is really easy to use and great. Check out the videos, share, subscribe, leave a few comments and make my day!

Love.
Sharmishtha Basu
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SUZffO9DkbGDljA/playlists
Kartik shots

1

2
Story Time
The earlier edition of this book was illustrated thus extremely costly, so I changed it to simple stories. This year the stories are short, micro and miny ones. The genres are versatile, there is love, romance, supernatural and human beings in their different colours. Do share your views after reading.
The graveyard was silent. A thin veil of mist was hanging on the graves. He could hear his footsteps harshly ringing out in that realm of silence.

The place was too silent for comfort, there were supposed to be crickets in that place so filled with trees and bushes but apparently they were no around, all he could hear was the rude clicking of his shoe heels.

How much further was that caretaker’s hut? He could not see any light other than the distant dim light of the road.

An unexpected sound made him shudder and stop in his path. Sound of anklet bells and they were heading for him. He was about to run when she showed up, an elderly woman with a lantern.

“Who are you?” She asked, “What are you doing here so late, especially tonight, of all nights!”

“What is so special about tonight?” he asked forgetting the terror in one second.

“Tonight is Bhootchaturdashi, souls roam on earth tonight. You should not be roaming in a graveyard!” She chuckled.

“I was looking for the caretaker’s house. He has sent me a message stating something of urgent ad private nature.” He answered.

“I will show you the way.” She said and led him down the road. He started walking and soon lost the track of time. A hand gripping his shoulder brought him back to senses.

“Mate watch where you are going!” A hand was gripping his shoulder. He was standing on the brink of a steep fall, miles away from the graveyard. The woman was still walking forth- in air.
Sagar thought he was the big cheese, the ultimate predator, there was no way his prey could escape his clutches because he was the king of urban jungle. He played with lives and then threw them away like broken toys.

Then one day his time was up, Sumita walked into his life, straight out of his sweetest dreams. Sagar was obsessed by her like he has never been before. He could not call it love but had a tiny bit of suspicion that it could develop into love.

They moved in together. A month passed like dream, every night he was conquered by her bit by bit.

“Wake up!” Sumita was softly nibbling his right ear. His arms were still wrapped around her. Sagar opened his eyes, it was still dark outside but birds were calling that meant it was dawn.

“Why?” He mumbled.

“That is a surprise!” Sumita kissed him on his mouth. “Get ready we are going out!”

“I will be driving.” Sumita said, he sat down on the passenger’s seat and fell asleep. When he woke up it was almost noon and they were still driving.

“Where are we going?” Sagar asked.

“No questions.” She giggled. “I will pull into that resort, we will have a bath, lunch, and couple of hours rest and after that we will resume our journey.”

They reached an old mansion late in the night. “It is my ancestral home. We hold a special puja every year. Our younger generation brings their beloveds for a special blessing.”

“So I am someone special?” he asked.

“You certainly are.” She sweetly cooed in his ear. “You will have to do me a favour though!”
“Spell it!” he smiled.

“We both will have to fast all day tomorrow, by fasting I mean we can eat fruits, sweet dishes and drink water, sherbet or milk, we will eat after the puja is done, that will mean almost day after tomorrow.”

“Is it Kalipuja?” Sagar asked. “But it is December end!”

“No. Not Kalipuja. We worship a special deity, if our Lord is pleased we will be blessed with immense wealth and eternal youth!”

“Have you been blessed by him?” he teased her.

“That is a secret.” Sumita giggled. “You won’t see much of me tomorrow, I will be busy with the arrangements, I will come to fetch you when the time is right. You can spend the day with rest of the lonely lovebirds. I will introduce you to them at dinner table. Take a bath if you want, your dress, towel all are in the toilet. I too am going to have a long bath but in a separate toilet. No romance till puja is over.”

He let out a teasing mock sigh. Sumita parted with a smile on her lips.

When he came out of the toilet after a really long and relaxing bath she was waiting for him, fresh as a rose. He had an irresistible urge to kiss her and take her to bed but controlled it. She certainly had some hold on him. To make an atheist like him follow traditions was as close to miracle as it could be.

“Come along. You must be hungry, I am starving!” Sumita held his arm and led him down the stairs to a huge dining room. A group of men and women, all in their prime age were seated around a banquet table. Whoever thought such westernized houses could exist in such a remote area in India.

“It was the house of a British Viceroy, he sold everything when he left India, my great grandfather was over-westernized. He grabbed the opportunity. There is a grand piano in the drawing room.” She said, as if she could read his thoughts.
She introduced him to the guests and family members around the table. Not one of them was above thirty.

“It is a puja for the youth, held by the youth.” She said, eerily reading his thoughts again. “No I can’t read a thought, everyone has asked the questions you are thinking.” She squeezed his arm lovingly.

“Those are our seats.” She pointed out two empty chairs and they sat down side by side. A group of uniformed waiters came out and started serving the dinner, it was Indian though and delicious as heaven!

They finished the dinner and then the hosts took their guests to their bedrooms. “It will be a hectic day for us tomorrow, but we will have a party on Monday, then spend a week together here and leave for our destinations on next Monday.” Sumita said. It appeared she was the leader of her generation or age-group at least spokes-woman.

Sagar had no intentions of spending the day with a bunch of strangers so he passed the day sleeping mostly, only came downstairs to eat, and when he came downstairs he had a polite conversation with whoever spoke to him.

Sumit woke him up with soft nudge. “Get up and have a bath. Your dress is there. If you can’t manage it let me know, I will dress you up.” She smiled teasingly.

He knew how to wear a dhuti Panjabi, so he showed up fully dressed in that silk dhuti Panjabi, she grinned. “You look stunning!”

“So do you.” He returned the compliment. She truly was looking dazzling in a red border white sari, her hair open that fell to her knees, a red dot on her forehead, a gold chain around her neck, gold studs in ear, silver anklet in feet and gold bangles in both hands. He has never seen her wearing so many jewelleries.

“One we are married you will dress up like this all the time, only thing missing is a garland of jasmine for your hair.” He smiled.

“We will see!” she smiled, “Drink this and come.” She gave him a glass of sherbet.
He finished it quickly. It tasted heavenly. “Can I have another glass?” he asked.

She poured another from the flask she has brought. “No thought reading this time either, everyone asks for at least another glass!”

He followed her. The sherbet was really amazing. It filled up his heart with happiness. Actually a spring, fountain of joy was bubbling inside his heart as he followed her down the stairs.

The rest of the group was in the drawing room, and there indeed was a grand piano in that huge hall, two chandeliers and every other thing that a true blue viceroy will have in his drawing room, along-with the Indian touch given by Sumita’s family.

“Let’s go.” Sumita held his arm and led the group outside the building. They could hear the sound of bell coming from some distance. The source was hidden by trees. They reached a temple that looked heritage building type.

There was an elaborate arrangement of puja inside.

They sat down in rows after entering the puja hall. The priest for a change was a man in his early forties maybe mid forties. The deity was fully covered in garlands so Sagar could not guess what deity it was.

They sat there silently watching the priest perform the puja, a strange feeling was slowly overcoming Sagar with each passing minute. His mind was going blank, devoid of thought. He wondered what the reason was at first but within a few minutes he stopped worrying about that too, just sat there staring at the puja.

The priest stood up to perform the arati, so did they, and he felt absolutely light headed, as if his body was no longer his. She was holding his arm to keep him balanced.

The drum and other instruments played during arati filled up the hall with thunderous sound. They sat down again after the long arati. That is when he noticed to his horror that one of the men of the family was leading his girl friend to the harikath- the structure used for sacrificing animals during puja. The girl was walking with him like a zombie.
He heard not a scream from her or the rest of the people sitting in the room, his own brain was screaming but his mouth was glued shut.
The old house was silent, windows and doors boarded shut. No one has lived here for years.

The owners lived hundreds of miles away in city. They used to come here on vacations when their parents lived here. But after their departure that abruptly stopped.

The old man stood staring out of the boarded window, watching the garden crumbling away. A sweet tinkle of bangles made him turn, it was his wife with a cup of tea.

“You know.” He said, “I have changed my mind about their not visiting the house any more, its better this way. I just hope they won’t sell it away.”

“Don’t you miss them?” She asked.

“Yes I do.” He said, “But had they been coming here regularly, one or another would have seen one of us or both and most probably made us vacate the house.”

“That is for sure.” His wife laughed. “Who will live with a pair of ghosts?”
The house was silent, too silent you will say. He knew very well that an elderly couple lived here. Maybe they were sleeping upstairs. He lowered the window-shutter noiselessly and started looking around, the thin but powerful light of his torch exposed a room full of statues, small and big and absolutely huge! He wondered if they were antiques or just artworks.

Even if they were modern that meant the owners of the house could buy them. That smelled like money, lot of money!

He was about to step out of the room when the statue caught his eyes.

It was three foot or so tall statue of a woman, chiselled so well that one will feel she was alive.

“I will take you home.” He stroked it’s cheek.

She grinned baring a set of razor sharp teeth.
He quickly walked out of the metro station, the clock told it was almost twelve in the night. The roads must be deserted. Kolkata crowd will be under blankets by now.

He was uncertain if he will get an auto. Then he noted only one standing in the stand. He thanked the heavens and reached it in few quick steps.

The driver was not there. Only a young girl was waiting in the passenger seat.

“Where is the driver?” he asked. The girl answered she has no idea. He was about to start walking then the basic side kicked in and he entered the auto and sat down. Slowly he started inching towards her. Soon he was pinning her to the side.

The girl looked at him and smiled, baring her sharp canines.
She quickened her pace. The road was deserted. She hated walking down this road, always did, even during the daytime and now it was almost midnight.

Curse that damned bus! It broke down in the middle of the journey. The driver kept fooling them that it will get fixed any minute now and they believed him like a bunch of fools. Now she was almost running for her home at midnight instead of 3 in the afternoon.

She would have started running if she had looked back, two men have been following her from the bus stand and were gathering speed.

She marched past the graveyard, the root of her fear. Suddenly someone stepped out of the shadows. “You are late, very late!” The young man said.

“Who are you?” She asked startled by his sudden remark and alarmed, actually terrified.

The young man chuckled. He looked innocent and so nice that Rukhsana’s fear vanished but she maintained a safe distance and kept walking.

“You don’t remember me Rukhsana?” He sounded hurt. “I am Zahid’s friend.” Zahid was her brother. Now she recognized him. She has seen him once or twice during Eid. She smiled and a breath of relief came out of her chest. His name was Aman.

“What are you doing here at this time of night?” She asked.

“I came here to Amma’s grave on my way to home. He said. “I always do it at three, watch you walk by.”

She blushed and smiled. The men following her were barely a few feet behind them. They were about to strike when Aman looked back. They saw a skeleton looking back at them, yellow eyes glowing from the hollow sockets, daring them to come closer!
“Let’s do it tonight!” Mommy said. Pradhosh shrugged nonchalantly. He was bored with his tame wife already, to add up she has stopped reacting to their constant taunting and demands.

“You knew before marrying me that my father is a poor school teacher. Even then he gave you so much, everything you asked for and more!” was her only answer these days. They could not physically torture her. She taught the neighbourhood kids, handed over most of the money to her in-laws but that was not enough for them. She has absolutely failed to earn the affection of her in-laws but their neighbours and her students doted on her so physical torture was absolutely no-no.

Rukmini was sleeping in her bed when an icy nudge woke her up. “Get up! They are plotting to kill you!” She opened her eyes, a woman wearing white sari was standing by her bed.

“Who are you?” She asked.

“There is no time for questionnaire, hide in the closet and watch the fun. Don’t make a sound or come out before I ask you.” The woman said. Rukmini hid in the closet. Pradosh entered the room and softly touched her brow, sorry not her, the spectre by her bad has transformed into Rukmini and was lying on the bed.

“Are you OK?” He asked sweetly. “Mom has sent this horlicks for you.” He sat down to ensure that she drinks it to the last drop and sat there watching her die.

A few minutes later her in-laws showed up at the door. “Let’s call her family. Get rid of that glass.” Her mother-in-law said. They almost screamed when Rukmini sat up and looked at them coyly. “Hello hubby, in-laws you did not like me in life, now you will have to suffer me for the rest of your miserable lives.”

“Don’t try to escape.” She lifted a finger and door closed itself missing Pradosh’s nose by a few centimetres.

“From now on I will rule this household and you will serve.”
He had that dream again and woke up sweating. He has seen this dream so many times that it was etched in his mind.

It always started with a very pretty, chubby boy and a girl. Sitting on a see-saw, they seemed extremely fond of each other.

The land around them was covered in snow. A sudden jerk in the see-saw sends the boy flying, he falls on thin ice and starts drowning. The girl jumps in and the ice seals itself.

Their little bodies explode and become water.
“It is fun you know!” The old woman said to the younger one. “I was the youngest of four sisters of a poor aristocratic family with strong values.”

“One of my elder sisters, the eldest was married off by my father before he died. She lived a miserable life with a useless man and his nasty family.”

“The second one married a married man with kids.”

“The third one married a scheduled caste.”
“I stayed single because Hindu aristocrats don’t marry for love, they do add love as a perk but they expect benefits from marriage.”

“So I lived a happy single life in a society infested with lechers and rejects that have sky high ego.”

“Jackasses that think women stay single because they can’t get men!”

“Now I gather spirits like you and we teach lechers, rejects and greedy spouses lessons, ones that think they have some sort of right to harass, ruin others, we make their lives living hell.”
The deserted hut sat in the middle of the sparse wood, a drying pond by its side was still fighting to stay alive. It filled itself up during monsoon, when it rained heavily, it flooded the banks and sometimes reached the hut.

The hut on the other hand was given in to nature and was becoming one.

That bright spring morning a family moved in and brought them both back to life.

The hut became a home, the pond a lake.
She saw it too late and crashed the car trying to save it. There was nothing she could do about it. It was not its fault. It was just a deer, standing squat in the middle of the road. She would have been more attentive.

“Are you alright?” A voice outside asked, her head was still spinning and legs were wobbly. The young man opened the door and helped her out.

“Come!” He said.
“What will happen to my car?” She muttered weakly.

“It’s not going anywhere.” The young man answered. She looked at the car. Her mind was slowly clearing up.

She grasped the young man’s arm tightly when she noticed the crushed body inside the car—her body!
She sat there staring at the beautiful painting. Green trees on both sides of the forest road, not concrete one, the ones made by walking.

Sturdy trunks on both sides clustered together spreading their branches, she could almost hear their sot sound as they swayed in wind, the sweet twittering of birds that the painter has forgotten to paint.

Six years later she was sitting in a small, pretty cabin surrounded by a wood, her wood.

That painting has been her inspiration in the tombs of concrete and steel made by human greed and ambition.

Her path led her here. She retired before it was too late and surrendered to life.
Under all the facade of “Sati” and “Savitris" it was whores and lechers that ran that society. They were always eying innocents and beautiful, rich and powerful or fun-loving youngsters like vultures.

For centuries they poisoned the society. Finally the curses of the innocents and decent people bore fruit and nature struck.

It unleashed a disease that made people shun whores and all types of pleasure houses and lechers like plague because that disease was incurable for the time-being.

The palaces they have built on the corpses of innocents and virtuous fell hard, so hard that they turned into dirt.

It will take them long, long time to get that huge base of clients again!
“We Bengalis are like the bulls that drag the bullock-cart loaded with sugar bags, never get a taste of that.” She said.

“There are so many exemplary men and women in our state, I mean the ones that lived here before independence, especially before communists devoured the state and spat out husk.”

“But look at our newspapers and media channels!”

“They make place for cricketers, actresses, actors, politicians try to force them as role-models down our youth’s gullets and ignore the real role-models”

“We truly are pathetic!” She chuckled.
He rubbed his eyes, the road was dancing. Boy! He should have stopped after the third peg.

Soon he entered the piece of road where he could drive a little carelessly. Everyone avoided this road after dark that included drivers.

“ Weird inhuman things walk on that road after dark.” His agent has told him, “Locals are terrified of that road.”

He was driving fast, just wanted to get home and lie down. That thing came out of nowhere and froze right in the middle of the road. The impact sent it flying across the road into bushes where its dying howl snuffed his drunken stupor. He sped away not knowing its mate was watching him from shadows.

It watched him drive away and then went to its mate. It mourned for a long, long time then followed his scent to his small cabin in the middle of the forest surrounded by nothing but trees.

He was a writer, she knew that, came here to write in solitude. He passed his nights writing, days sleeping and evenings drinking in a bar an hour away from his home.

Every single night he returned home drunk. They always kept away from the road, God only knows what made her mate cross the road after seeing the headlights!

She will never know the reason but he will pay for snatching away her mate of eight centuries.

She stood there watching him park his car, turn the ignition key and step out of the car. Now!
“Let’s make it a little fair!” R said. They were out on a galactic trip and stumbled upon this lovely planet. The rest of the creatures were more or less nice, excluding the ones that dominated the planet.

“Are they troublemakers or what, they might have used that brain of theirs to do great things, good things, improve own lives and of the planet, but all the majority does is to use it hoard, harm and control!” S said. “Let’s have some fun!”

They were watching a group of hunters sitting inside an armoured jeep targeting a gorgeous lion.

Suddenly the jeep and weapons vanished. To help the sticky nasties a sturdy tree popped up in front of their noses, one that the lion could not climb but they could, but the lion could always sit below and wait from one to drop.
The ground below the tree was covered with bright red flowers that the Palash tree has shed. She picked up as many she could hold and stitched a garland.

The woods were singing, the air was resonating with the song of birds looking for mate.

She entered the woods walked for a long, long time before she reached an old palace covered with vines and trees.

Only one thing was clear of vines, shrubs and dry leaves- a statue of a man playing vina. She placed the garland around his neck and sat down.

Sound of an invisible vina filled up the forest. The birds joined it with their equally sweet voice to turn it into pure magic.
“The reason why I feed birds not dogs or human beings is simple.” She said, “I grew up in a home that taught us to share. We lived in a house where a family lived on free fund. Even their electricity bill was paid by our family. It is now that I look back and realize how cunning they were!”

“We, their landlords lived frugally, whereas they ate lavishly, their kitchen menu could compete with the menu of high middle-class families.”

“Their daughter trapped my elder brother and made quite a success out of that but my mother did not allow him to marry her. She in turn told everyone that she had a fling with my younger brother.”

“Her brother went after and was so shameless a bastard that I had to move out of my own home.”

“As for dogs they are absolutely like human beings, feed them and they will poop and pee in your home, bark at day or night without any reason! Sorry birds are way better!”
She sat there watching the Shimul tree in full bloom. Its glowing red flowers were dropping wind and covering the ground below with their dazzling red blooms. They did not fall petal by petal, instead the entire flower fell down to ground, making them look so much more beautiful!

She always wanted a Shimul tree in her garden but was not rich enough to buy a house with a garden, lucky that she shifted to this apartment, the rent was low because of the adjoining graveyard but that resting place was a haven for plants, trees, birds and animals.

She sat on this window seat for hours, enjoying them. Whoever thought areas like this were still alive in Kolkata.

When she woke up next morning and opened her window a flower of Shimul was waiting for her.

She picked it up and smiled. Someone else smiled to see her smile and went to sleep for the day in his grave.
She heard his flute from far away and memories of childhood came back, she bought quite a few of bamboo flutes and tried giving them the melodious life these flute sellers could. How they sang on their lips and screeched on her lips!

She also knew what will happen next. The minute the flute player came near her building the pack of dog owned by the neighbour will start howling at the top of their lungs. It will continue long after the flute was silenced and the seller was gone.

How human beings resemble dogs! Most probably that is why she once loved them both and now dislikes them both!

How she wished that these dog-hoarders and their dogs will be banished from human habitats forever!
Time stood still in that old house. Debangana no longer remembered when last of her fledglings left the nest and flew away. She remembers passing away of Deep though.

They have passed so many years together, how could she forget him? Even though she knew that he has gone astray when she was in her mid thirties but she maintained the facade for children.

He bought this manor in the middle of nowhere so she would not know of his wayward ways but she knew anyways!

When the kids grew up she asked for a divorce with proofs of his infidelity.

He brought her a box of chocolate for peace-offering. She made him eat half of them at gun point.

Now he lives on the ground floor, she on the first floor. It’s been thirty years since that chocolate but they are not in speaking terms.
Let her be, with time she will bloom like a magnificent lotus. Spread her warmth, beauty and fragrance to those who will know her, respect her, love her and try not to violate her. Let her fire keep her, save and illuminate her, let her lotus spread beauty, fragrance all around her. The warmth of love, light of wisdom, knowledge! Beauty of creativity and fragrance of peace become her more and more. May her journey be blessed and divine!
Agnishatdal

Agnishatdal is Agnijaat’s twin sister, she was the planned one, a group magazine blessed by wisest persons by their creations. As their huge contribution was overflowing her little basket Agnijaat took birth, to help her. It will contain only my works, that is the creator of these twins, Sharmishtha Basu. Hope they both will be blessed by the world, the universe and readers!

The creative group of Agnishatdal:

Troy David Loy
https://kestalusrealm.wordpress.com

Dominic A.Collucci
https://zendon777.wixsite.com/mysite-2

Raghunandan Kuppuswamy
https://ksriranga.wordpress.com

Brieuc Martin Onraet
https://equinoxio21.wordpress.com

Pat Ritter:
http://www.patritter.com.au

Saparchi
Labanya

Citizen Null
Bitter Pill

Sharmishtha Basu
https://agnijaat.wordpress.com
Critique by SB

By your good old editor! Few simple words about the works of my much cherished authors! So the critiques will be honest, short and sweet.

Shunyata by Labanya: Sad and almost heart breaking.

Ye reap...3 by saptarchi: Saptarchi is right again. Covid might have become an eye opener for Indians, but they love to keep their eyes shut tight! They are incurable! It is strange that after so many years of lie and deception they still fall for honey-tongued serpents.

Fogline by Brieuc Martin Onraet 17: Another piece filled with Brian’s fantastic humour! Weather department is same everywhere it seems!

A mix up by Vasu Srinivasan translated by Raghunathan Kuppuswamy: Loved it, I was not sure where it was going, the end was hilarious!

Cometh the Magnus by Troy David Loy: Fantastic piece!

You already are... by Dom Collucci: Very true words, if you think deeply!

Bitter Pill dose 45 by We are safe 2: BP is right again, if you read newspapers and other things where people either express their opinion or share things claiming that they are true, absolute truth, you will realize how one too many of them have Cyclops vision.

Gillu by Manju Balkrishna: Just love the writing style of Manju, there is so much warmth and beauty in this story.

Dream Angel by Pat Ritters 1: Looks like the narrator possessed gambling luck, but it is a very bad obsession, one should steer clear of it!
I believe that will be it for my critique as an editor, you will have to read the rest in Ezine. Of course there is truckloads of more works there!

Agnishatdal Bhadra 1428 August 2021
(https://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu)
(https://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu)
Critique by Labanya

Hi friends, let us begin!

Bhadra issue begins with another shot from Golconda fort, the tribute this month has been paid to Satyendranath Tagore and was full of fresh information about him, I have only read his name here and there.

Ye reap...3 by saptarchi: Saptarchi is right again. Covid might have become an eye opener for Indians, but they love to keep their eyes shut tight! They are incurable!

Fogline by Brieuc Martin Onraet 17: Very good observation of weather forecast.

A mix up by Vasu Srinivasan translated by Raghunathan Kuppuswamy: packed a good punch at the end.

Cometh the Magnus by Troy David Loy: Interesting piece. Surprise end for sure.

You already are... by Dom Collucci: Beautiful.

Bitter Pill dose 45 by We are safe 2: BP is very right about the half truth that has been recorded and fed to public since the day people started recording incidents.
Gillu by Manju Balkrishna: Don’t know Hindi.

Dream Angel by Pat Ritters 1: Interesting piece, great description, vivid and touching.

Treats:

Sfulingo and Agnidal 5 in Shoptly and Gumroad: Read them all. They were pure delight.

4 fantastic shots of sparrows and butterflies shared this month.

This month Linkedin Requests are worth checking out if you are a writer or artist.

UFO sightings by Graham Clingbine: It can be a great read!

Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu: Watched the channel, and enjoyed it.

Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA/playlists

Star of the Month Munni Begum- She is good.

Star of West: Nomadland: Sounds like a great movie.

Star of east: Amrita Shergil- I will have to check out her paintings, I have only heard her name, the painting shared was gorgeous.

Youtubia-PBS Space Time- fascinating.

Minutes Together: Liberated was spooky and sort of possible.

Loved the Bengali poem and the hindi poem both. Thank you for adding my work Shunyata in your ezine Agni and translating it for me.

Upamanyu- Have read it before but not the full story. Touching and sweet.
TnW- Let Go- good suggestion!

Bhandananda- Men will be men, women should start uniting and standing firm against bullying.

The sketches all through the ezine were pretty, very colourful and lovely.

That is it I guess! See you again next month, and thank you Agni/Sharmishtha for translating my works!

Yours sincerely,
Labanya

By the way if you see any other Labanya in Sharmishtha’s social circle that will not be me. I don’t use my pen name [Labanya] in social media, use the real one.

Agnijaat Bhadra 1428 August 2021
(https://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu)
https://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu

Critique by Labanya

Agnijaat Bhadra 1428 August 2021 critique by Labanya
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/LCkhlm
https://shoptly.com/i/bz6x

Agnijaat Shraban begins with a beautiful sketch of Lord Ganesha.

Agnijaat has gone a complete makeover from July 2021. It is now distributed in three primary sections, stories, poetry and essays. There are the usual delightful illustrations too.

ESSAY SECTION:

New Parliament House: Things Indian politicians do and get re-elected after that!
**Making rich richer:** The policy of politicians all over the world.

**Making poor poorer:** This is a specialty of third world countries, India at present may be one of the top ranking ones in this game.

**Deadly:** is a piece of chilling, terrifying reality.

**Suicidal business strategy:** Very true. First learn business ethics like international companies then see whether or not people buy your “Desi” things.

**SOS: Embrace:** You can’t run from life, accept all its colours, embrace only positive ones. Good suggestion.

**FTQFS: back to caves:** The cavemen are trying their level best, the question is will women scurry back to caves and rot?

**POETRY section:**

Beautiful pic of a fairy as section image.

After that there were ten poems and ten fantastic drawings of poppies and they all were gorgeous, there is something about red flowers! Loved the ninth poem the most, sort of nostalgic and haunting.

Then there was an announcement of Agni’s new graphic story channel in YouTube, check it out if you can, it is good.

Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA)

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA/playlists](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA/playlists)

Next there were four gorgeous photos of one of the prettiest birds that can be found in cities, woodpecker.

**STORY TIME:**

**A set of stories from Black Mist and other stories:**

[http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ontgsbe](http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ontgsbe)

Ten fantastic stories about things that go bumping in the night but of different types, loved them all. They all had different things to talk about. Being a ghost story fan I have no reason to complain.
After that there were critiques of previous month’s Ezines and Patreon books, some by me of course, some by SB.

**The cartoon Mr Stick:** Another dose of reality!

In the end quite enjoyed the Ezine, and its colourful sketches/paintings especially they are refreshing and pretty!

That is it I guess! See you again next month, and thank you Agni/Sharmishtha for translating my works!

Yours sincerely,
Labanya

By the way if you see any other Labanya in Sharmishtha’s social circle that will not be me. I don’t use my pen name [Labanya] in social media, use the real one.

**Patreon August 2021**

(https://patreon.com/sharmishthabasu)

**Critique by Labanya**

Hi friends, hope the weather is mild there, it is quite decent here this year, actually we have enjoyed quite a few pleasant days this summer and have not been roasted most of the time.

I have just finished reading the August bunch of Patreon books created/written by Sharmishtha Basu, sharing my honest opinion about them, hoping they will bring a few much needed patrons her way!

If you want them for free you will have to critique the Ezines for a year, loyally and faithfully, if you critique them for a year and send the critiques to Sharmishtha she will give you these five books for free next year. You can go on for years, I plan to!

How to get the Ezines? You can buy them directly from her [paypal] or through gumroad, shoptly. The second way is you can write/create for
Agnishatdal, if you send 12 pieces you will get 12 issues of both Ezines, that is, annual subscription of both ezines. Pick up your way and start writing the critiques.

1. **Agnilipi [writing/letter of fire]**: It contains 10 gorgeous photographs taken by Sharmishtha Basu. They are pleasing and pretty to my eyes. My favorite is the white royal Bengal tiger or tigress this time! Last month it was yellow ones, my favorites among all royal Bengals.

2. **Agnipat [portrait of fire]**: It contains 10 cute paintings of alligators and crocodiles, loved almost all of them.

3. **Agnimalya [garland of fire]**: This month the book contains a set of stories of different length, micro fiction to short stories, there are ghosts, aliens, lovers and more. Thoroughly enjoyable!

4. **Coming Kingdom**: There were stories of different sizes, about ghosts, aliens and human beings. Loved the short story about a wronged husband who came back to give his wife her due dose of medicine.

5. **SBPnB [Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush]**: It contains 10 illustrated poems, the paintings are pretty and the poems are of various moods, light, dark and beautiful.

Will return next month with critiques, till then stay safe!

yours truly,

Labanya

It is my pseudonym and I write for Sharmishtha only, when I use social media I use my real name not Labanya. I really don’t have any plans of writing for anyone else at present. If I do I will start using my real name! If you like my works you can always send a few lines to Sharmishtha or write them as comments, she will tell me.
Fir Milenge (Till we meet again)
Fir Milenge (Till we meet again)

Hope you kept my request in mind while reading Agnijaat, that these articles, poems, stories (most) are based on my personal experience, it can’t reflect the entire nation, it can reflect only the world in which I am living. That may be full of angels or infested with demons. All I can promise is truth of my tiny bubble, universe, world, or what I believe is true there.

Do try to believe in what I believe, two persons rarely fit into the same pair of shoes, and if they do, there is no guarantee that they will follow the same path-step by step, meet the same scenarios too. So, read with open mind, and always believe what your heart, judgment asks you to.

Hope you picked up some flowers and fruits for yourself from this little garden. See you again next month, on 1st Falgun 1428, that will be 14th February 2022, and first day of next Bengali month with another bouquet of Indian flowers and thorns too.... Ignore the thorns and enjoy the lotus.

STORE
https://agnijashatadalam.wordpress.com
https://agnijashatadalama.wordpress.com
https://agnijashatadalama.blogspot.in
https://www.paypal.me/sharmishthabasu
https://www.patreon.com/sharmishthabasu
https://www.gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu
https://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu
https://buymeacoffee.com/sharmishthabasu

Website
https://agnijaat.wordpress.com,
official email id
agnijaat@hotmail.com
but send a copy to sermistabasu@gmail.com or
sharmishthabasu@hotmail.com for prompter response.

Goodreads Group: https://www.goodreads.com/group/show/200142-sharmishtha-basu-s-indie-adda

New Addition:
https://sharmishthabasu.artweb.com
https://zazzle.com/store/sharmishthabasu
https://www.redbubble.com/people/sharmishthabosu/shop
A big thanks

I will love to thank these people/sites from heart -
My friends for sharing their priceless works (in Agnishatdal).

Wikipedia, vedpuran.wordpress.com,
Drikpanchang.com, coloursofindia.com,
goheritage.com, for information.

Google for information and models for my illustrations (some).

My graduation history book writer Dr. Atul Chandra Roy, Romila Thapar and Dr. Bimal Malhotra and Dr. Eugene J. D’Souza, M. Parineeta for writing books that will be quite a study material for me as I create and develop my twins to their full glory.

Finally to the readers and readers to be, ethose who will join the team in Agnishatdal or read Agnijaat and especially those who will like them and honour, encourage the creator by subscribing.
AgniJaat - Fireborn
Ghostly Puns

"Told you your darling wife will light a candle at door to stop you from entering."
Circle... it never ends..

Wish you all a healthy, happy Magh 1428!
See you in Falgun again! Be safe, stay well and happy!
Be blessed and loved Now and forever!
Happy festive seasons and a very blessed 2022!
Sharmishtha Basu is a prolific writer, digital painter, blogger, and current resident of Kolkata, West Bengal, India. She has written an astonishing number of poems, stories, and commentary on things Indian over the years. She authors and moderates quite a handful of blogs. She has produced a wide range of images to illustrate her works, and has published a set of illustrated and non-illustrated books in Kindle, Shoptly and justfiction-edition.com.

With a fertile imagination and keen understanding of social issues in India and thereabouts, her writings encompass such genres as culture, politics, fantasy, science fiction, horror, and matters of the heart. She is the creator and moderator of the twin eZines, Agnishatdal and Agnijaat, and continues her writing and painting unimpeded by those things that would discourage lesser creators of words and images.

She is currently keeps herself busy on hours of writing, reading, and creating evocative images. Tirelessly working on writing and painting projects, she spends much of her time immersed in music while painting, and it shows in the colorful results of her artistry, and writing.

If you want her newsletter agnijshatadalama write to her, and do mention in the subject line that you want her to add your name in the mailing list!

Her social media mumbo-jumbo for you:

Wordpress:
https://agnijaat.wordpress.com
https://agnishatdal.wordpress.com
Email id
agnijaat@hotmail.com
agnijaat2016@gmail.com
Youtube:
https://youtube.com/c/sharmishthasatu
linkedin:
https://in.linkedin.com/in/authorsharmishthabasu
(IF you want me to join your linked in group send the invite from your linked in profile to mine)
For directly or indirectly buying her creations:

https://www.amazon.com/author/sharmishthabasu
https://www.paypal.me/sharmishthabasu
https://www.patreon.com/sharmishthabasu
https://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu
https://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu
https://buymeacoffee.com/sharmishthabasu

...galleries of works:

https://sharmishthabasu.artweb.com
https://zazzle.com/store/sharmishthabasu
https://www.redbubble.com/people/sharmishthabosu/shop

If you want my work for your magazine, publishing company, blog (as a guest blogger/author/illustrator) feel free to contact me and make me happy. You will get the list of the books in my shoptly bookstore in the end of book. If you are looking for a freelancer you can check out my profile here:

https://www.upwork.com/freelancers/~01873ccd4b48c7e20c?viewMode=1
Hi friends,

I just started trying my hands on graphics stories in June 2021, so any constructive comment will be very much appreciated. I use Pencil 2D to create my videos and it is really easy to use and great. Music is copied from https://joshwoodward.com you will get a huge collection of free to use music there if you are looking for them.

Love.
Sharmishtha Basu

Agni Kahini

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDijA

All the works are here:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDijA/playlists
Sneak Peek
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b08v8gxv5h

Story one: The lunatic-

Scratching sound on her window woke her up. Mina opened her eyes, it was dark outside but she could see vaguely because of the streetlight. Someone was standing at the window, slowly running her finger on the glass, looking at her.

An old woman with disheveled hair and hungry eyes, she was staring at her like she wanted to devour Mina with her eyes!

She woke up in her bed with a bad taste in her mouth. Her husband was sleeping by her, like a baby. One arm wrapped around her waist. She gently freed herself and went downstairs for a cup of tea. A strange feeling of gloom took over her whenever she dreamt about this old woman. Sometimes she will dream that she was stalking her in a deserted road, sometimes she would be in a strange place with strange people, people who seemed known to her then this woman will show up and they will disappear.

The story of a young woman and her nightmares, how they became real in most horrific way!

Story two: The old graveyard

She fell asleep thinking about the song and had a strange, scary dream. She was walking alone in a deserted road, it was dark and the streetlights were really faint, most probably hundred watt bulbs. Huge, bushy trees were on both sides of the road, softly shaking in the wind. They looked like ghosts or monsters standing there, watching her, about to pounce!
Suddenly she heard that song, this time louder and clearer, she followed it and soon was standing at the gate of a graveyard. The sound was coming from inside the cemetery. She opened the gate and entered it. Like a dreamer does without thinking about the consequences, then she started looking for the singer.

Story of a young girl in college, when she heard that song for the first time her very soul froze, as if a dark clammy hand from her past reached out and touched her unleashing stark horror.

More stories in the book!

Don’t forget to share your views after reading.

I will be waiting!
SHOPTLY
http://shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu
BOOKS IN SHOPTLY (1.10.21)

http://Shoptly.com/sharmishthabasu

Saraswati
https://shoptly.com/i/roq
Seven
https://shoptly.com/i/ror
Seventeen
https://shoptly.com/i/ros
Trishakti
https://shoptly.com/i/z7v
Sharmishtha Basu’s Sketch Book 1 Sun
https://shoptly.com/i/5t2
Sharmishtha Basu’s Sketch Book 2 Water
https://shoptly.com/i/5tp
soulagni and Agni 17.7.2019
https://shoptly.com/i/5tr

AGNIKORAK

Agnikorak Book 1
https://shoptly.com/i/vkj
Agnikorak Book 2
https://shoptly.com/i/vkk
Agnikorak Book 3
https://shoptly.com/i/vkm
Agnikorak Book 4
https://shoptly.com/i/vkn
Agnikorak Book 5
https://shoptly.com/i/vko
Agnikorak Book 6
https://shoptly.com/i/vkc
Agnikorak Book 7
https://shoptly.com/i/vk9
Agnikorak 8 Summer Serenade
https://shoptly.com/i/fdx

AGNIMALYA

Agnimalya Book 1
https://shoptly.com/i/vma
Agnimalya Book 2
https://shoptly.com/i/vmb
Agnimalya Book 3
https://shoptly.com/i/vm3
Agnimalya Book 4
https://shoptly.com/i/vmt
Agnimalya Book 5
https://shoptly.com/i/vmu
Agnimalya Book 6
https://shoptly.com/i/vmv
agnimalya book 7 an adult love story
https://shoptly.com/i/p2b
Agnimalya Book 8 The Tower
https://shoptly.com/i/qeg
Agnimalya Book 9 The Soul Devourers
https://shoptly.com/i/ro2
Agnimalya book 10 Tall tales of fair folks 1
https://shoptly.com/i/fdy
Agnimalya Book 11 Tall tales of fair folks 2
https://shoptly.com/i/gyh
Agnimalya book 12 Ye Have Been Warned 1 June 2019
https://shoptly.com/i/hod
Agnimalya book 13 Ye Have Been Warned 2 June 2019
https://shoptly.com/i/hoj
Agnimalya book 14, They always come!
https://shoptly.com/i/5tu
Agnimalya Book 15 Urania's table 1
https://shoptly.com/i/95y
Agnimalya Book 16 Urania's table 2
https://shoptly.com/i/bat3

SBPnB

SBPnB Book 1
https://shoptly.com/i/vm2
SBPnB Book 2
https://shoptly.com/i/vmp
SBPnB Book 3
https://shoptly.com/i/vmq
SBPnB Book 4
https://shoptly.com/i/vmr
SBPnB Book 5
https://shoptly.com/i/qei
SBPnB Book 6 - beautiful dreams
https://shoptly.com/i/gy5
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 7
https://shoptly.com/i/bb7c
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 8
https://shoptly.com/i/bb79
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 9
https://shoptly.com/i/bbwa
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 10
https://shoptly.com/i/bbwb
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 11
https://shoptly.com/i/bbw3

AGNIJAAT

Agnijaat Magh, January
https://shoptly.com/i/vms
Agnijaat Falgun, February
https://shoptly.com/i/vm7
Agnijaat Chaitra, March
https://shoptly.com/i/vwz
Agnijaat Chaitra 1427, March 2021
https://shoply.com/i/bruo
Agnijaat boisakh 1428 April 2021
https://shoply.com/i/brm6
Agnijaat book 15, Ponchishe Boisakh 2021
https://shoply.com/i/bshv
Agnijaat Jyeshtha 1428, May 2021
https://shoply.com/i/bsh2
Agnijaat Ashar 1428, June 2021
https://shoply.com/i/b75x
Agnijaat Shraban 1428 July 2021
https://shoply.com/i/bxok
Sfulingo 5 17.7.21
https://shoply.com/i/bxoj
Agnijaat Bhadra 1428 August 2021
https://shoply.com/i/bz6x
Agnijaat Ashwin 1428 Sep 2021
https://shoply.com/i/b1z8

AGNISHATDAL

Agnishatal Magh 1424, January 2018
https://shoply.com/i/vmx
Agnishatdal Falgun, February
https://shoply.com/i/vmy
Agnishatdal Chaitra, March
https://shoply.com/i/vw1
Agnishatdal Boisakh, April
https://shoply.com/i/243
agnishatdal jyeshtha 1425, may 2018
https://shoply.com/i/p2a
Agnishatdal Book 5
https://shoply.com/i/vmz
Agnishatdal BOOK 6
https://shoply.com/i/pvc
Agnishatdal Ashar 1425
https://shoply.com/i/qeh
Agnishatdal Shraban 1425
https://shoply.com/i/rop
agnidal [Annual Digest 2018]
https://shoply.com/i/rou
agnishatdal bhadra 1425, august 2018
https://shoply.com/i/74d
agnishatdal ashwin 1425, september 2018
https://shoply.com/i/xyz
Agnishatdal Book 7- Durgapuja 1425
https://shoply.com/i/y8z
Agnishatdal Kartik, October 2018
https://shoply.com/i/x9u
Agnishatdal Agrahayan 1425, November 2018
https://shoply.com/i/zc4
Agnishatdal Poush 1425, December 2018  
https://shoptly.com/i/1m4
Agnishatdal Magh 1425, January 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/86t
Agnishatdal Book 8, Saraswati Puja 1425  
https://shoptly.com/i/4xi
Agnishatdal Falgun 1425, February 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/4jv
Agnishatdal Chaitra 1425, March 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/ext
Agnishatdal Boisakh 1425, April 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/fq6
Agnishatdal Book 9, 25she boisakh 1426, 7th May 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/gu6
Agnishatdal Jyeshtha 1426, May 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/gyi
Agnishatdal Ashar 1426, June 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/hok
Agnishatdal Shraban 1426, July 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/5tv
Agnidal Illustrated 3, 17.7.2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/5t3
Agnishatdal Bhadra 1426, August 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/6pg
Agnishatdal Ashwin 1426, September 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/dfv
Agnishatdal 10th Quarterly Durgapuja 2019 1426  
https://shoptly.com/i/jbi
Agnishatdal 1426, October 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/jow
Agnishatdal Agrahayan 1426, November 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/kic
Agnishatdal Poush 1426, December 2019  
https://shoptly.com/i/mon
Agnishatdal Magh 1426, January 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/nis
agnishatdal book 11 saraswati puja 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/oaz
Agnishatdal Falgun 1426, February 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/owh
Agnishatdal Chaitra 1426, March 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/cwc
Agnishatdal Boisakh 1427, April 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/95f
Agnishatdal Jyeshtha 1427, May 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/batb
Agnishatdal Book 12, Ponchishe boisakh 2020  
https://shoptly.com/i/bata
Agnishatdal Ashar 1427, June 2020
If you can’t buy via shoptly for one reason or other you can buy my creations (any one listed in shoptly, patreon) directly from me, via my paypal account.

But, after you make the payment DON’T FORGET TO SEND ME THE LIST OF THE BOOK(S) YOU WANT AND YOUR EMAIL ID.

My email id for that list is: sermistabasu@gmail.com
AMAZON BOOKS
Being rewritten every year
IN
https://www.amazon.com/author/sharmishthabasu
Books in Amazon
February 2021

The Lotus of Fire
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00o8m3o5e
A bouquet of wild flowers
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00RF97HXW
Sneak Peek
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b08v8gxy5h

April 2021

Black Mist And Other Stories
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ontgsbe
Tell Me A Story
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00p2bni8a
Moments from the Journey
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00W5VIDHE
Butterflies from life's garden
http://www.amazon.com/dp/b00w6tgy2
Lucifer's Liegemen- Kingmaker
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b0876w7xbw

May 2021

The child of woods [Kindle $1.07]
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QK1XD66
spirits of darkness and light [Kindle $1.07]
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QK1XHTY

June 2021

The bridge of her dreams
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QK117J6
The prisoner of sand castle
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QK1X4AG
Waves that became songs
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00WNZ63Z6
Melodies from moonlit nights [Price: Kin $1.07]
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00WTX0110

July 2021

Agnidal 5, 17.7.21
https://www.amazon.in/dp/B0989XD3ZR/
Sfulingo 5 17.7.2021
https://www.amazon.in/dp/B0989YJ5FG/
September 2020

Myriad colours of earth [Kindle 1.07]
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b0105jpae6
Wildflowers in bed of rocks [Kindle $1.07]
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b0105j2jfe
When the clouds dance
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b0105j2jko
Of dreams and reality
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b0105jdvh4

October 2020

the heart beats on
https://www.amazon.com/dp/b00ztn8z1e

crystal eyes
http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00QK11F3O
GUMROAD
http://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu
In case you are wondering, I opened this account in gumroad because it allows to pay through credit card and by checking out the forums I sort of felt it is a safe site to buy from. https://ecommerce-platforms.com/ecommerce-reviews/gumroad-review

My profile: https://gumroad.com/sharmishthabasu

Right Now I have upped only few books here, from next month it will sell the books I will sell through shoptly each month. The older books will stay in shoptly. Only the ones from July 2019 will come up in Gumroad.

July 2019 - 17.7.2019

Agnidal Illustrated 3, 17.7.2019  
https://gum.co/UMVSg

Agnijaat Shraban 1426, July 2019  
https://gum.co/kivvF

Agnimalya book 14, They always come!  
https://gum.co/JBMJY

Agnishatdal Shraban 1426, July 2019  
https://gum.co/nLkd

Sharmishtha Basu's Sketch Book 1 Sun  
https://gum.co/cmoWa

Sharmishtha Basu's Sketch Book 2 Water  
https://gum.co/gOrSq

Sfulingo Illustrated 3, 17.7.2019  
https://gum.co/ADqpJ

Soulagni and Agni 17.7.2019  
https://gum.co/XFvLc

August 2019

Agnijaat Bhadra 1426, August 2019  
https://gum.co/brlvb

Agnishatdal Bhadra 1426, August 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/QAAIC

September 2019

Agnijaat Ashwin 1426, September 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/gjIUz

Agnishatdal Ashwin 1426, September 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/ZPHiA

October 2019

Agnijaat 10th Quarterly Durgapuja 2019 1426  
https://gumroad.com/l/uVPKQy

Agnishatdal 10th Quarterly Durgapuja 2019 1426  
https://gumroad.com/l/gQiLv

Agnijaat Kartik 1426, October 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/xzpKY

Agnishatdal Kartik 1426, October 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/PJQvb

November 2019

104
Agnijaat Agrahayan 1426, November 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/uIAlLA
Agnishatdal Agrahayan 1426, November 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/QYioB

December 2019
Agnijaat Poush 1426, December 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/jKvWy
Agnishatdal Poush 1426, December 2019  
https://gumroad.com/l/umPGr

January 2020
Agnijaat Magh 1426, January 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/bJPEQ
Agnishatdal Magh 1426, January 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/RUPvJ
agnijaat book 11, saraswatipuja 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/SSRFKT
agnishatdal book 11 saraswatipuja 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/wXRZN

February 2020
Agnijaat Falgun 1426, February 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/PpWy
Agnishatdal Falgun 1426, February 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/XpPRN

March 2020
Agnijaat Chaitra 1426, March 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/fBwVj
Agnishatdal Chaitra 1426, March 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/pmPKO

April 2020
Agnijaat Boisakh 1427, April 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/THRVt
Agnishatdal Boisakh 1427, April 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/cOBGS
Agnimalya Book 15 Urania’s table 1  
https://gumroad.com/l/sjBFl

May 2020
Agnijaat Jyeshtha 1427, May 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/hDECQ
Agnishatdal Jyeshtha 1427, May 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/IOdFb
Agnijaat Book 12, Ponchishe boisakh 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/VRGqJ
Agnishatdal Book 12, Ponchishe boisakh 2020  
https://gumroad.com/l/RFwEa
Agnimalya Book 16 Urania’s table 2  
https://gumroad.com/l/BpXiE
JUNE
Agnijaat Ashar 1427, June 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/HJNol
Agnishatdal Ashar 1427, June 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/INnNj
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 7
https://gumroad.com/l/WrhcE
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 8
https://gumroad.com/l/sAuSj
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 9
https://gumroad.com/l/GXecr
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 10
https://gumroad.com/l/hWNs
Sharmishtha Basu's Pen n Brush Book 11
https://gumroad.com/l/zcUlD

JULY
Agnidal 4, 17.7.20
https://gumroad.com/l/HRaoTO
Agnijaat Shraban 1427, July 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/mjfPYT
Agnishatdal Shraban 1427, July 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/xGMbhD
Sfulingo 4, 17.7.20
https://gumroad.com/l/niLaap

AUGUST
Agnijaat Bhadra 1427, August 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/JFobi
Agnishatdal Bhadra 1427, August 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/unxfo

SEPTEMBER
Agnijaat Ashwin 1427, September 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/LWppS
Agnishatdal Ashwin 1427, September 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/KKnqK

OCTOBER
Agnijaat Kartik 1427, October 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/YxCxI
Agnishatdal Kartik 1427, October 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/Agbdb
Agnijaat Book 13 (Durgapuja 1427)
https://gumroad.com/l/oHGJMD
Agnishatdal Book 13 (Durgapuja 1427)
https://gumroad.com/l/EcyaD

NOVEMBER
Agnijaat Agrahayan 1427, November 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/IQFaM
Agnishatdal Agrahayan 1427, November 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/HkhrN
DECEMBER
Agnijaat Poush 1427, December 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/Vvffb
Agnishatdal Poush 1427, December 2020
https://gumroad.com/l/yjTMY

2021
JANUARY
Agnijaat Magh 1427, January 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/QVWPz
Agnishatdal Magh 1427, January 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/FCZLU

FEBRUARY
Agnijaat book 14, saraswatipuja 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/eNntp
Agnijaat Falgun 1427, February 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/qqmfnc
Agnishatdal book 14, saraswatipuja 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/sphXv
Agnishatdal Falgun 1427, February 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/uCaTo

MARCH
Agnijaat Chaitra 1427, March 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/imVkE
Agnishatdal Chaitra 1427, March 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/IlxMa

APRIL
Agnijaat boisakh 1428 April 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/VqzXJ
Agnishatdal boisakh 1428 April 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/HqbwW

MAY
Agnijaat book 15, Ponchishe Boisakh 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/BpoHGD
Agnijaat Jyeshtha 1428, May 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/ihKEm
Agnishatdal book 15, Ponchishe Boisakh 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/diElB
Agnishatdal Jyeshtha 1428, May 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/pwIUt

JUNE
Agnijaat Ashar 1428, June 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/iVgRV
Agnishatdal Ashar 1428, June 2021
https://gumroad.com/l/GBTdF
JULY
Agnidal 5 17.7.21
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/RmXtw
Sfulingo 5 17.7.21
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/ggIZt
Agnijaat Shraban 1428 July 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/cfOhd
Agnishatdal Shraban 1428 July 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/mWdYa

AUGUST
Agnijaat Bhadra 1428 August 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/LCkhlm
Agnishatdal Bhadra 1428 August 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/Ltbdj

SEPTEMBER
Agnijaat Ashwin 1428 Sep 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/zeZGu
Agnishatdal Ashwin1428, September 2021
https://sharmishthabasu.gumroad.com/l/qBugf
My first sold painting:

Let her be, with time she will bloom like a magnificent lotus.
Spread her warmth, beauty and fragrance to those who will know her, respect her, love her and try not to violate her.
Let her RTÉ keep her, save and illuminate her, let her lotus spread beauty, fragrance all around her.
The warmth of love, light of wisdom, knowledge! Beauty of creativity and fragrance of peace become her more and more.
May her journey be blessed and divine!

Sharmishtha Basu
sermistabasu@gmail.com
Finally I am traditionally published!


Two stories in one jacket-Harmony is about a very beautiful, perfect world, a world where your dreams may come true too, if you think outside the box! A journey into a beautiful planet where magical creatures still roam! A wanderer travelling in space finds love and home. The other story is a reminder of how wicked often hide behind mask of innocence. Red Butterfly is a story of two brave kids and a wicked witch.
The strange island and other stories


Two stories in one jacket- First, the strange island is the story of a girl with free spirit, she moves into a picturesque island and meets a man she just can't resist, ends up with more than she ever bargained for. She is ushered into a world of passion and strangest creatures. A world that is beautiful and enchanting in one hand but on the other hand its terrifying and scary. The second story,

Magic Wardrobe is again the story of a girl who discovers a mysterious world in the home she inherited in a beautiful town in the lap of Himalayas, a gift from her aunt she has never met. There she takes a journey into a world that just is not possible yet it materialized for her- a world full of dangers and intrigue.
My artwork stores
My artwork stores in Zazzle, Red Bubble and Artweb

Well, after being encouraged by compliments from those who have checked out my paintings I decided to open art stores [things are quite grim down here lately, so all possible options are getting tested!]

The paintings are sold as stickers, tote-bags and other stationery, you can check them out without buying and leave your views.!

https://sharmishthabasu.artweb.com
https://zazzle.com/store/sharmishthabasu
https://www.redbubble.com/people/sharmishthabosu/shop

If you are looking for a freelancer you can check out my profile here:

https://www.upwork.com/freelancers/~01873ccd4b48c7e20c?viewMode=1

My YouTube Channel
Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDjJ
Hi friends,

I just started trying my hands on graphics stories in June 2021, so any constructive comment will be very much appreciated. I use Pencil 2D to create my videos and it is really easy to use and great. Music is copied from https://joshwoodward.com you will get a huge collection of free to use music there if you are looking for them.

Love.
Sharmishtha Basu

Agni Kahini by Sharmishtha Basu
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCZae1W9SU3ZffO9DkbGDljA/pla
lists
Gifts for Patrons
And
Supporters in buymeacoffee
Almost all of you know that I have opened a profile in patreon, with one simple goal- to make something out of my creations, I cant advertise my works so hoping for admirers to pick up a few from patreon instead [the gifts for my patrons will cost buyers $1 each piece]. My profile there: 
https://www.patreon.com/sharmishthabasu

If you pledge $1 per month Agnilipi every month
If you pledge $2 per month Agnipat, Agnishatdal every month
If you pledge $3 per month Agnilipi, Agnipat, Agnimalya every month
If you pledge $4 per month Agnilipi, Agnipat, Agnimalya, Sharmishtha Basu’s Paint and Brush every month.
If you pledge $5 per month Agnilipi, Agnipat, Agnimalya, Sharmishtha Basu’s Paint and Brush and glimpses of my upcoming books in form of another mini book every month.

There are two more pledges go to the profile and check them out from there if you are feeling interested.

Agnimalya contains stories
Sharmishtha Basu’s Paint and Brush contains you can guess fully illustrated works of any possible type I can create-poetry, story, quotes.
Coming Kingdom will share pieces of upcoming books.
Agnilipi will share my new passion, selected photos.
Agnipat will share few paintworks each month

The fact is I was trying to use Patreon as my own tiny bookstore, art gallery [before discovering there are other ways to that but it is still on], there are no big promises. You will get my work, not Charles Dickens or Michelangelo’s! But the works you will get there are mostly brand-new or very much altered from the blog posts they once were! I am quite sure they will be worth your hard-earned money. Do let me know what you thought of them, if you want something more, else!

Hope you will enjoy my works and try them out!
Buy me a coffee!

A little help from you will help me more than you can imagine! It will help a desperately struggling author, artist survive.

Situations are not in our hand, so instead of working 9 to 5 in an office, earning money through menial or mental labor which sort of sounds easier to do if you ask me when it comes to earning money! Boring, frustrating, cumbersome but you know what is expected from you to get your salary, but life won’t permit that easy way out to me so here I am desperately trying to make something out of my writing and painting.

I write, paint and photograph [for own recreation] a lot in my own independent style. I have been desperately trying to make something out of these because I don’t have any other means of income, situations won’t allow that, even though I always wanted to be a career woman.

I write whatever I feel like [poetry, story, essays etc], paint and photograph everything that impresses me and is in my capacity and then put them together as books and try selling them.

But you know how hard it is without marketing, and for marketing you have to give too much money and that is something I absolutely don’t have. I can assume that many of you supporters are here to give chance to authors/artists like me who can’t afford to market their art/passion and don’t mind trying out authors/artists you have never heard of. Actually I am desperately counting on that adventurous, generous side of you!

So, if you will kindly browse through my membership and other plans I will be truly grateful and if you decide to help even a bit I will be forever in debt.
Membership Plan
$10 Agnijat/Agnishatdal/AM/AL/CK/SBPnB Annual subscription
$ 20 any two
$30 any three
$40 any four
$ 50 Pat 5 annual subscription
$60 Pat 5 + AJ/AS
$ 70 Pat 5 + both

$1 – AL/AM/AP/CK/SBPnB/AJ/AS
$2 2 of them
$3 three of them
$4 four of them
$5 five of them
$6 six of them
$7 all of them

AJ is Agnijaat, a monthly English Ezine in English featuring the works of Sharmishtha Basu only.

AL is Agnilipi, it contains Sharmishtha Basu’s photography.

AM is Agnimalya, it contains stories of different size and genres by Sharmishtha Basu.

AP is Agnipat, it contains Sharmishtha Basu’s artwork.

AS is Agnishatdal, an English monthly Ezine that contains works of artists/authors scattered all over the world.

CK is coming kingdom, it contains mostly stories that will be published in future, in shoptly, Gumroad or Kindle. Whatever it contains is in English.

SBPnB is Sharmishtha Basu’s Pen n Brush- as the name indicates it contains illustrated poem, stories and random thoughts.

you can check out a free sample here:
https://mydomainpvt.wordpress.com

After you become member or buy me a coffee don’t forget to leave a comment and let me know which books you want to buy or subscribe for. If you don’t want to leave your email in open then you can always write me a mail, but do leave a comment in there too, so that if your email is misplaced I will be able to track you and get the list.
My email id is sharmishthabasu@hotmail.com
Well, all is well here, if it gets a tad better or much better I will be super offline in December LOL, so, you are getting the books of Poush in Agrahayan and Newsletter of December in November.

Don’t be surprised if you don’t hear much from me, write a mail if you miss me, I will try to check sermistabasu@gmail.com and my YT channel as regularly as I can.