

the Journey called **B.D.M.I.**  
*and the legacy continues...*



Estd: 1966  
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**B. D. M. International**

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# From the Desk of PRINCIPAL



**Mrs. Vijaya Chaudhuri**  
**Principal**

My Dear Students...

I feel honoured and elated to be able to join with you through this platform. Cosmic connection I believe. Who would have thought that you and I will get a second chance to revisit the old days? The moment I sat down to write a message for you lovelies, probably for the first time Wordsworth's Daffodils started making the right sense to me.

“ ....For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills...”

You are my bliss of solitude. As an educator, being near you has been my great escape from the tumultuous world, and I can't be more thankful. You have indeed grown up to be able citizens of the world and have made every one exceptionally proud of your achievements, that have helped you make a mark for yourself in the society, for good. How you grow up!

But, for me you will always be the little ones with a heart of gold. Over the years, I have realised that I owe my young heart to you.

I am, because you are. Welcome back home.

Lots of love and good wishes!

# From the Desk of VICE PRINCIPAL



**Madhumita Seal**  
**Vice Principal**

Dear Readers,

Greetings from B.D.M. International!

Home is where your heart is. Home is where the young minds are nurtured to face the VUCA world, they are empowered with wings to fly... Yes! I am talking about the second home of many, B.D.M. International.

B.D.M.I. - is not only a school, it is a legacy. A legacy of more than five decades. When we look around, we see our ex-students established in different parts of the globe and they have made us proud. Every child has a story to unfold and the hallowed spaces of an educational institution are witness to this wonderful journey.

B.D.M. International had started this inspiring process to ensure and enhance the immense

possibilities, inherent in young minds. Since its inception on 1 May 1966, with just two students and a few teachers to the present strength of more than 7000 students, we have come a long way. The dream envisioned by the founders, late GN Khaitan and late Draupadi Devi Khaitan, to impart knowledge and guide budding talents in the right direction has borne fruit.

Since 2nd May, 1966, when the school got its first admission, the steps taken by the late founder Principal and visionary, Mrs. Usha Mehta, reached the first milestone, when the Institution received CBSE affiliation in 1979. The journey

towards the paths of glory and success had begun!

The school has achieved phenomenal success with each and every passing decade. The students have scaled the heights of academic performance with every passing year, getting exceptional CGPA grades. It is my proud privilege to share some of their success stories in this book – “The Journey called B.D.M.I.”, which I am sure all of you will enjoy reading. As you flip

through the pages of this book you will witness the “Cherishable days” to “Kaleidoscope of experience”, to “The potters of life”, leading to “The path to success”.

From Mr Abhishek Halder - an entrepreneur, to Dr Saurav Mondal - an anaesthetist, to Chitrabhanu - the Mathematics Professor and to Madhura Chanda - a Geopolitical Risk analyst, all of them are true inspiration by themselves and the legacy continues. Each write up takes us through the niche of the corridors of B.D.M.I. and tell us how the school has left a mark in each and every heart of the ex-students, our brand ambassadors.

To all my readers...Do and Dare, Dream Big. May the Divine shower His blessings on all of you. All the best to all B.D.M.I.-ians, with joy for the moment and hope for the future. Let us march ahead with zeal and excitement.

Happy reading!



2013



**Mitrajyoti Ghosh**  
**Graduate Student and Teaching Assistant**  
**Cornell University**

## Adding Meaning to Memory: School

It's August. And that means, in many parts of the now tiny world, it is "Back to School" season. As posters and flyers scream discounts on laptops and the newest handhelds, every store from the local stationers to the very non-local Amazon proceeds to flood you with notebooks, frilly bags and pencil cases, deftly packed and marketed- as the essential arsenal of every school-goer around.

If you observe carefully, it may quite rightly appear to you that very little in this whole "Back to School" uproar is really about school at all. The siren called consumerism attracts students and parents alike in droves. The new school year promises to be exciting, but apparently not without new jeans, or a new computer, or a lucrative new course in Media Marketing. But I am not so readily excited. In fact, I am drawn somewhere else, to a time and place where you didn't have a multinational corporation to tell you to go back to school, and yet you

went anyway, every day, waking up to a 6 am alarm so that you won't miss the bus – you would run, water bottle flapping wildly behind you as you barely managed to get through the gate before it closed. You would never remember the lines in the morning prayer (because you didn't pay any attention in music class) but close your eyes and move your lips with utmost pretence. The real prayer was that no one noticed you, or your shoes, because God, they are far from being the shiny black they should be!

You would have forgotten your "project file" at home and been thrown out of the class in the process. You would have not written your history answers "In points" and had your assignment rejected. You would hide your cell phone in your bag and pray through the day that the phone didn't accidentally go off in a frenzy. You would be terribly hungry before lunch break and stuff some biscuits in your famished mouth under the table



when the teacher wasn't looking. If you are anybody like me (yes, I am guilty of all the things above!), you would be anxious and worried and stressed most of the time, hoping to fit in with as many social circles as you can, to varied success. And yet, every morning, you'd get up, and go to school. No questions asked. You may not have adored everything about school, but you certainly found something about it that made all those painful alarms and lost sleep bearable. Somewhere, something worked out.

B.D.M.I., or "school" wasn't where I was constantly happy, but it was always a place where I felt I belonged. In a system where one must always deserve a place, school always gave me a place. In a world where people are increasingly intolerant of opposing views, school was accepting of mostly everything. Quarrels with peers would get washed away as readily as the school courtyard would get washed away in the monsoons. And what monsoons they were!

Clearly this opinion is subjective, but nothing surpasses a courtyard submerged in waist-deep water as a stronger reason to come to school for.

Give me some stormy morning, and I'll wake up before the alarm to catch a glimpse of the school-turned-island, the inconveniences blissfully ignored, for who can deny it's a genuine thrill to be wading through floodwater to get to school, all drenched and dirty, but very definitely elated.

There is a notion that school is supposed to teach you discipline, hard work, punctuality, and values. We even had our values hilariously tested in exams back in the day. But over time, it becomes obvious that these cannot be taught, for young age cannot be tamed so soon. Youth is naive and without foresight. It cannot be taught to not make mistakes. It needs school not to show it the way, but to break the fall whenever it trips in the darkness. Your phone maybe confiscated for ringing in class, but you'll always get it back. You might get locked outside for being late, but many years hence, you will laugh about it, no harm done. You might have cried a lot over your stoichiometry, and your rotational mechanics might have been your weakest faculty, but all your Mathematical woes, for the most part, will be water under the bridge. Much like home, school was that one place where most things were forgiven. And most imperfections forgotten.

This is not to say that we didn't learn at school – we did. I'll not have the luxury of recalling my countless

interactions, both the scholarly and completely cheesy ones, with all my teachers (or expressing my gratitude to them) in this very brief memoir of my time at school. But when I addressed my first clamouring group of college students in a classroom, I realized with every muscle what it must have been like in the 12th grade Physics class to try to make kids understand bipolar junction transistors. Or how hard it was to stop us from drinking the Mohr's salt in chemistry lab by accident. But our teachers did it and they still do. As children we were often mad at our teachers for so much – for the reprimands, all those marks deducted for "no reason at all", but adulthood seems to be taking away most of the reasons to complain. This year, I believe that "Back to school" has more meaning in the world than ever before. Some of the more fortunate ones among one will be going back to school after what seems like eons on staying home. Of course, the rest of us will have to face the world, face work and face society with none of the protection of our youth. I guess this is why people miss school. When school ended and I was heading to college, and later, to places father off, I was shown time and again how school had kept me in a comfy cocoon.

Reading the thought for the day at the morning assembly felt like an honour back in the day (boy was I happy with so little). I remember my first, the ubiquitous quote about "teaching a man to fish". Today I understand that school wasn't quite teaching me to fish, but it was the pier on which I stood while I looked out at the sprawling ocean ahead, fishing rod in hand. And even if some of the big fish are hard to catch, my feet were stable, my mind at ease. I go past the school once every couple of years now when I'm in town.

I see new things every year – the courtyard has been covered up to prevent flooding. There is now a very chic new building. That may be, but B.D.M.I. for me will forever be the white old "P2 building", where the canteen was a small little shack under the stairs and the classrooms always smelled of the fresh earth of the countryside and the turpentine of wooden benches. These wooden benches have since been replaced by chairs. I will miss them, for they told me I would never need to grow up.

Too bad I had to leave the pier and climb aboard a rocking ocean-bound raft, still looking for fish that are just as hard to catch now as they were years ago.



2005



### Abhishek Halder

**Worked for HPCL - Mittal Energy Limited (HMEL) in and with different functions like Operations, Technology, Finance and Treasury, Strategy, Supply Chain, Planning and Procurement, R&D and Innovation from 2012-18 1K Kirana Bazaar**

## The path to success

I have been a part of B.D.M.I. since 1991. Whatever I have achieved till date, starting from high scores and ranks at the Boards and the various competitive exams to setting up my own venture as an entrepreneur – I owe it all to my school, my fantastic teachers, mentors and dear classmates.

I consider myself fortunate to be a part of this institution which has allowed me to dream big and push all boundaries to realise the same. The guidance received from a team of accomplished, affectionate and caring teachers at B.D.M.I. has shaped my life skills, making me a top achiever of sorts.

My years at B.D.M.I. coupled with those at NIT Durgapur and IIM Ahmedabad have honed my entrepreneurial skills. Today, I along with my two friends have established the 1K Kirana Bazaar, to fulfil tier 2 + India's consumer aspirations through a B2B distribution platform. We later transformed into a franchise store ( '1K Kirana Bazaar' ) model, in order to serve customers better and gain control over the distribution network.

Words are not enough to express my gratitude to this fantastic institution which has nurtured me into what I am today. Thank you B.D.M.I.!!



**Shatabdi Biswas**  
Technology Consultant at  
PWC India



## Things end but memories last forever

This journey started in the year 1998 when I joined B.D.M.I. Memories are the part and parcel of every one's life. School life is a wonderful period in everyone's life. Apart from getting education, I learnt a lot of things from the school environment which includes patience, sincerity, loyalty, sincerity, friendship, discipline etc. The school is really an unforgettable experience in my life.

Though time passes by, but I learnt a lot of lessons from many teachers and had a different sort of experience from different classes.

The teachers by whom I was inspired were Tilottama Ma'am, Sudipta Ma'am, Moly Ma'am and Vijaya Ma'am.

They taught me not just academics but other lessons needed for life. It is because of them I came to know that I have the potential and leadership quality in myself which definitely helped me in my corporate life.

Thank you B.D.M.I. for nurturing me in such a way that, today I am successful in my career.



2017



**Divyangana Maiti**  
Presently In Mari State University, Russia Pursuing MBBS  
(4th Year)



## An incredible journey

I get filled with nostalgia, affection, gratitude, when I think about my school days.

When I got this opportunity to share my emotions and thoughts of my alma mater, I was excited and emotional at the same time.

Education as we all know is important for one to live, to gain knowledge, to head forward in life and I am proud to get that knowledge, in a school like B.D.M.I. I took admission when I was in class 5 and continued till the end, passing out in 2017. Life was really a “bed filled with roses”, it was so simple, no sorrows, no regrets, no hard-core stuff; just a joyful ride. My beloved teachers never let anyone feel inferior or superior; they always treated us equally with equal support in each and every step. Whenever we faced failure, they were there holding us up straight never letting us see the downfall. Each and every teacher awakened the curiosity and impressed upon us the need for observation and capacity for original thinking, be it my Social Science Teacher, Science, Maths, English, Bengali, Hindi, Art and Craft. All of them have shaped my life during the most impressionable period of my life. I cannot thank them more for their help and understanding. They were like my family as I could relate to the exact saying “School is our second home”.

I still remember the time when I was comforted after scoring poor marks by a teacher and well lauded after doing well at a later time – making me understand that it is not the marks that makes a difference – I will always remember the encouragement and inspiration received at every step of my formative years.

Being appreciated for my work was getting motivation whenever I got down – my alma mater made me believe that if you get love you can conquer anything. The best time I had was during the annual functions and all the other events held in school. It makes me smile each and every time I think of it. I participated every time and the best part was during practice when I had to leave my on-going classes my teachers never stopped me, they kept extra classes for the participating students. What can be better than this?

I made a good group of friends and they always helped me whenever I was in need. Getting a school like B.D.M.I. is like getting to experience the best days of one’s life. I am way beyond LUCKY to get such wonderful teachers who made me realise the potential in me, the capability in me and all. Thank you for making me a part of this Alumni journey, where I managed to relive my school days once again; and feel rejuvenated.





**Aniruddha Dey**  
**Final year PhD Student (Chemistry)**  
**The Johns Hopkins University**  
**Baltimore, Maryland, USA**





## Living a dream

It was a rainy morning. The world was hazy at that time. My mother walked me in through a green gate and let go off my hand. I turned around and saw her waiving at me. She said “Be good”. I stood clueless; I am supposed to be home. Why am I here? Well, I was about to be groomed. I was about to be made ready to face the world. I was to be taught hardship, struggle, discipline and leadership. I was at B.D.M.I. A newfound home where I was about to spend the next few years of my life! Had Mrs. Urmimala Mukherjee (the-then In-charge of B.D.M.I.) not put a stop to my endless wailing to go home on the very first day at school, I would have really missed out on a journey that was about to turn out into one beautiful memory.

I was in B.D.M.I. from 1993 to 2010.

We moved from wearing off-white and brown to red-green checks. The school was everything for me! Classes are fun when you have animated classmates, long live IX-8 and XII- Science-B! I miss the roll calls, the school assembly and the school bus ride!

Memories of this 17 year long journey are obviously many and I wish it could be scribbled into this piece here but alas, they have word limits! Anyway, the best part was during the annual function rehearsals which were a priceless excuse to miss classes. I still cherish those backstage moments and the after- event hangouts. While some might find it fun, know that it was never easy to run into your teacher across the hallway after skipping her class, especially when you

are sporting a blue badge with the word “Prefect” engraved on it. Those who may recall, one can never forget the sight of V.C. Ma’am gracing the overhead balcony above the main stage (be quick in sneaking out, she is watching you!)

Receiving Best Student of the Year award from Late. Usha Mehta in 2006. Today as I sit far across the globe in a foreign land in this small room of mine, I miss those great teachers who had shaped my thoughts since school. My sincere and deepest respect goes out to our late Usha Mehta Ma’am whose absence is still felt in our hearts. Little did I know that I would be doing a PhD in Chemistry today and that I would be writing an article with some evergreen school memories rambling across my mind. The school has given me a lot, not to mention the countless friends who I miss having around. It was also here where I came across a performer within me and would often find myself in the presence of eminent figures like Bikram Ghosh, Arindam Sil to mention among a few. That musician continues to live within me. The school evolved into being “International” but it will continue to remain as an “Institute” for me. From the deepest core of my heart, thank you B.D.M.I. Its community is ever growing and may it continue to do so forever. The newbies should know that the roots of this institution are strong and that we, as the alumni community, are out there, always.





**Amitava Das**  
Actor (ZEE Bangla)

## Follow your dreams.....

I found my kind of people, when I joined B.D.M.I. I was never a diligent student and a topper in class. I wanted to be a “jack of all trades” and my school supported me in all respect, be it acting, sports, dancing or debate! I enjoyed my school days to the fullest. My school shaped me into what I am doing today and taught me to take risk in life and follow my dreams. My gratitude to all my teachers and mentors who accepted me with love and nurtured me to become a good human being. I cherish my golden days at B.D.M.I. All the best to everyone with B.D.M.I. family!







**Dr. Sayantani Nath**  
**Assistant Professor (WBES)**



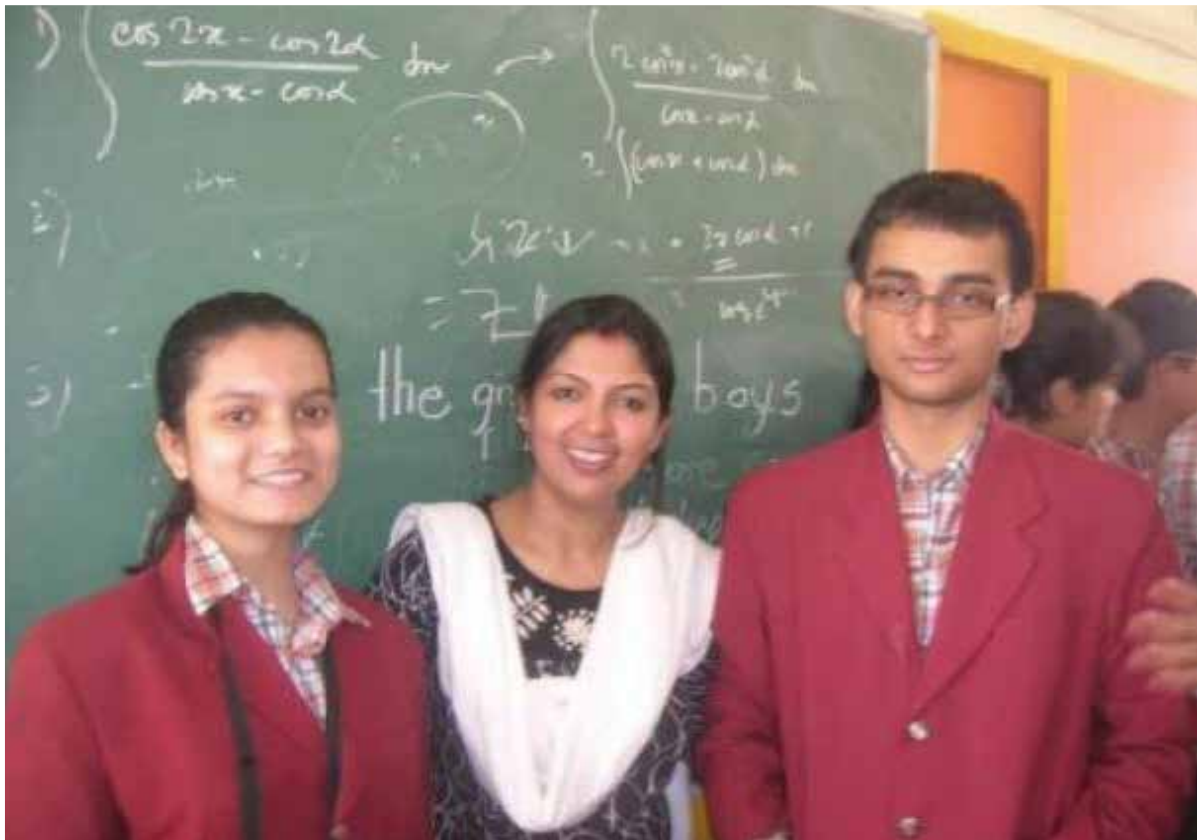
## School days were fun.....

Reminiscing school days is like taking a ride of the time machine and I can see myself walking down the long corridors of B.D.M.I. wearing my school uniform chattering incessantly with friends. Although getting up early for attending the assemblies felt like a torture those days, now I miss it a lot. I miss the affectionate mentoring of our beloved teachers. I cherished sitting in the classrooms without any worries where our teachers conferred us lessons of life, always treated us equally irrespective our academic achievements but at the same time identified our competencies. In addition to academics we were always encouraged and thoroughly exposed to all kinds of co-curricular activities for holistic development. After leaving school I realized that my school prepared me well to face the real world. I feel that pursuing higher studies was made much easier for me since the basics of my concepts were sculpted intricately by some of the best minds in the field. Now a teacher myself, I realize the pivotal role my school played in laying down the foundations of my character and shaping my entire life. The time I spent there is very precious and it is always a pleasure to be associated with my school.



**Riddhi Banik**

**PhD student in Chemical Engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York  
The Johns Hopkins University Baltimore, Maryland, USA**



## Kaleidoscope of experiences

I didn't know about Little Red Riding Hood when I was three years old, but when I look at my photos in my school dress during that time, there seems to be a tinge of similarity. I didn't go to playschool as a kindergartener but as I look back, the very first memories of my school are those bright layered slides and see-saws, which is every child's delight. I didn't have the traditional "hate-khori" before joining school and my first class teacher in Nursery at BD Memorial Institute taught me to write for the first time. And that's how I started learning almost everything I know from the one institution where I would spend just about four and a half hours of my entire day. To my parents' dismay, I would come home and sing the prayer songs out loud, while the lyrics were all incorrect. Of course, I learnt the correct words are 'There is Father up above' and not 'Da re fadarafaba' in due course of time, but wasn't it so much more fun this way? Just being a child, and getting guided towards discovering things on your own?



Academically speaking, I was above average for most of my school life but I always wanted to express myself creatively. My shy demeanour didn't help in getting these aspirations evident to my teachers. I was afraid I would never get noticed when an English teacher asked me to take part in an Independence Day short skit. As an adult, I now realize how important it is to have an inclusive environment and create opportunities for all kinds of talent, but I'm still amazed at how my B.D.M.I. teachers made it look so effortless. Classes 9 and 10 were full of creative ventures for me, taking part in Debate competitions, organizing and judging debate competitions, street play at Kolkata Literary Festival and what not! I don't remember studying hard or going to too many private tuitions, but somehow, things still fell in place. Apparently, I was a model student, never too mischievous or disrespectful, but I would often forget homework assignments and carry out some insane multi-tasking to get them done at the last moment. On one occasion, I felt I narrowly escaped getting caught by our In-charge Ma'am, but her deep gaze got me confused, did she really not notice me?



Our administrators had that Sherlock Holmes kind of awareness level about every little thing and that still gives me Management goals. I always felt that my teachers had much better faith in my abilities than I did and with their appreciation of every tiny little achievement, I slowly started growing more and confident with myself. A Bengali teacher once told us, "যাহা অব্যক্ত, তাহাই নীল" while explaining the colour of the sky.

Even though I understand the Riemann Scattering effect now, these philosophical musings keep making me wonder and recognize the subtle realities of life. In this thoroughly polarized world, I have rediscovered the meaning of many of our school assembly songs and they still guide me in choosing what's right.





2020



**Anwasha Nasreen**  
Geological Sciences 1st year at Jadavpur University, Kolkata



## A magical journey



They say magic is a myth. It is true but not entirely. There is magic in love and friendship. There is magic in the way we connect. Even sadness has its own magic.

I have to admit that in this situation when I am confined to the four walls of my home, I recall about my school days. When a bird is suddenly shackled and put inside a cage it experiences pain. This pain is particularly extreme for a bird who has once known freedom.

Freedom. That's a perfect word for my school days. Apparently, it might seem a little imperfect.

Standing here right now with a truckload of memories and experiences both good and bad, I can say, with conviction that even imperfections are beautiful. If I had to pinpoint a single experience that made me laugh and cry at the same time, it would be the last day of school. I remember thinking "I don't want this to end. Ever". Of course it ended. We can't be kids forever. Reality is different. That day made me realize, some endings are spiritual. I will cherish that day until the day I die. Everyone was there. Perhaps a thousand beating hearts, heavy with emotions. A crazy mix of emotions, feelings, dreams, hopes and surely a little bit of regret. I was there too, with the people who now mean more than the world to me. It was a heart breaking experience. My school has given me so much, that making an entire list would be meaningless. But the most remarkable of them are the People.

People who I can hold on to, people who flash before my eyes when I reminisce about those golden days, people who will be there for me and the same people for whom I will be there for, now and forever.

Most of my personality is shaped through the time I spent in school. It would be a lie if I said that I don't have any flaws in my personality. We all have flaws and so do I. It was through countless experiences in school that I learnt; it's okay to have flaws; it's okay to cry when I need to and most importantly, failure is just another word for growth. The only way to get stronger is by embracing your weaknesses- my school has taught me this and so much more.

I did not mention my teacher in particular, because each one of them has made an impact in my life. After all what is school without teachers. We take them for granted but they truly deserve a lot more. When I was little, I once asked one of my teachers, what kind of gift she would like for Teacher's Day. "Your happiness"- she replied. I guess it stayed with me till the very end. Thank You B.D.M.I.





**Treena Goswami**  
**PhD Student, University of Connecticut, USA**

## Believing in the possibilities

As someone still part of the education system in the student status, albeit as a very senior doctoral student, I jokingly claim that being a student is my full-time job and one in which I seem to perform moderately well. I have spent many years at B.D.M.I., joining this school for kindergarten and leaving as a young adult after the 12th standard, and in those years and beyond, I have seen my old school grow in leaps and bounds. As someone who had an older sister going to the same school (who happened to be a better and studious student and still is!) and studying under the same set of teachers, I was never compared to her or anyone else for that matter. I was judged by my teachers on my merit. In a country like India, where students face pressure to pursue "Sciences" for higher secondary studies, when I decided to pursue the Humanities stream, I found only encouragement and support from my school –without being judgemental. I have made friendships at this school that are now over twenty years old and still counting. Undoubtedly, one can talk about the school's academic achievements over the years as it is well documented. But apart from academics

the brilliant role played by the teachers, are worth mentioning. I remember the fond and fun memories of the times leading up to the annual fest with hours spent over fixing a science or art project or practicing the march-past before sports day with fellow friends.

As I write, I am reminded of the view of the school courtyard from the top floor of the school building outside the geography lab room. From that high vantage point, you could observe the humdrum of the school. As I am putting my fingers to the keyboard to relive my thoughts about my alma mater, I feel like I am looking back over my school years and reliving them in the same breath. I realize that my old school taught me the values of individual meritocracy and judgement-free living, not in words but actions, and I feel grateful for this critical and classic lesson.

So, I wish the very best to the current and future students of B.D.M.I. And lastly, I want to acknowledge and thank all my teachers over the years whose support has been immeasurable. Thank you B.D.M.I.



**Chitrabhanu Chaudhuri**  
**Assistant Professor, Mathematics, at NISER Bhubaneswar**

## Potters of life

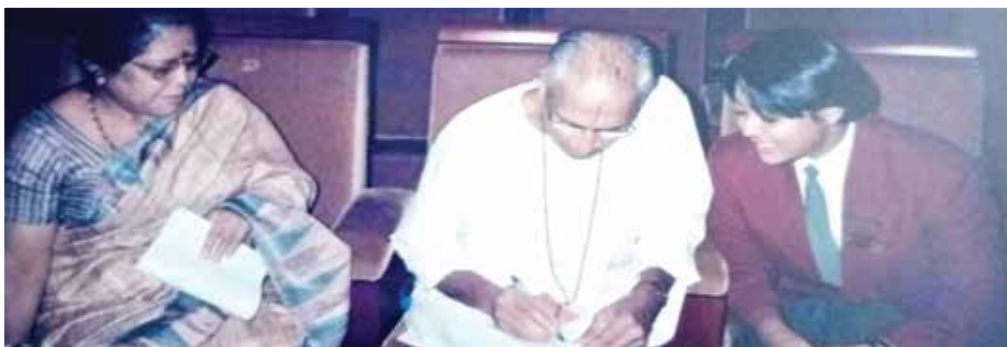
I have very fond memories of my school, B.D.M.I.. Joining the school in Class 5, exposed me to a dream world of warm affectionate and caring teachers and peers. It was indeed a delightful beginning!

The closely knit group of friends and teachers that I discovered here, made me cherish these days forever. The mischievous friends in the group ensured that we indulged in a lot of fun besides serious academics. Talking about my teachers, I would surely like to mention SRC Ma'am who taught us Bengali, Supriya Ma'am, Ishani Ma'am and of course Ruma Basu Ma'am-who all had a great role to play in shaping me into what I am today. Our student fraternity grew as we moved into a new campus at Pratapgarh – the shifting was a learning experience in itself! Needless to say, one had to encounter quite a few challenges in the journey, however eventually we all settled down to some more years of fun filled experiences....

Infact, I discovered my love for Mathematics in grade 10 or 11, which enabled me to pursue a career in the same. I am truly indebted to the teachers and friends of B.D.M.I. in moulding me into the person that I am today. Thank you B.D.M.I.!



**Debalina Acharyya**  
PhD Student (University of Tennessee)





## Capturing the past..

It has been 11 years since I have finished school and I would give an arm and a leg to relive those days. I miss everything about school life. Praying on all fours that all your friends stay in the new class at the beginning of the session, planning ways to convert any period into the games/singing period, being part of sports and annual fest events regardless of your athletic or dancing prowess, honing your mad pen-fighting skills in the back bench, eating your lunch while the teacher was teaching in the class, last minute cramming for exams; nothing beats the madness and excitement of a school life and I had oodles of them.

I am not and never was a studious person. I enjoyed learning new things, but I did not care about cramming for exams which meant my grades did not reflect my best efforts. My standard report card remark was ‘Can do better’ till my last day. But what I lacked in academic achievements, I made it up with my extra-curricular activities. I have been there and done it all. I was the school prefect which meant I was always organizing and moderating school events. I have never missed an opportunity to participate in any of the school functions. I was the student editor for The Telegraph in Schools (TTIS) and have represented my school in multiple inter-school competitions including the International Thinkers festival in Dubai where I was accompanied by the Late Madam Usha Mehta in 2007. In short, if there was an event, I was there! And while many people were worried about my future (including some of my teachers and my own parents), the opportunity to experience so many things shaped me to be the person I am today.

Not having the pressure to have the top scores allowed me to learn things in less stressful environment and pick up skills that have been very handy to further my career.

But my school life memories will be incomplete without those numerous incidences of tomfoolery that I was a part of. From breaking fan blades while playing football in the

class to imitating teachers during our free time, there was never a dull moment. Any event at the school was always a very big celebration and we had plenty of them. I specifically remember our annual festivals because that was always a long-drawn-out vacation from studies for me. From inaugurating new buildings to having important guests visit our school, everything was crammed into those few days, and it took months of preparation from the teachers as well as us to make that happen. Our sports days was an equally memorable event because we had to practice for months to choreograph the drills and get everything ready to go for the big day. But even though preparing for these events were hectic, I had some of my best memories associated with these events.

After finishing my school in 2010, I pursued my bachelor’s in microbiology from Scottish Church College followed by my master’s in microbiology from St. Xavier’s College. I then went on to work as a Project Assistant at Indian Institute of Chemical Biology (IICB), Kolkata before being offered position at Institute of Stem cell and Regenerative Medicine (in STEM) under National Centre for Biological Sciences (NCBS), Bangalore. I am currently pursuing my PhD at The University of Tennessee under the Department of Biochemistry, Cellular and Molecular Biology. My research investigates the phenomena of excitotoxicity, one of the underlying conditions associated with various neurodegenerative diseases and ischemic stroke, and its effect on different areas of the brain.

My school life was extremely transformative and helped me realize who I was. I was fortunate to be taught by teachers who were there to guide me and help me make my own choices. We do not often understand that making mistake is an integral part of growing up and school life is the best time to make them. If you do not know what you are bad at, you will never discover what you are good at. So, make mistakes and learn from them.”





**Sohini Chakraborty**  
Postgraduate Student, Jawaharlal Nehru University,  
New Delhi. (4th Semester)

## A fond Reminiscence

I began my journey at B.D.M.I where the value of togetherness was instilled in me. What is a school? Reflecting on this quotidian question becomes a daunting task when I look back at my journey at B.D.M.I. Is it simply an institute aiming at conveying knowledge to students? Or is it a site where students interact with teachers to achieve their goal of receiving their academic degrees? My experience of having associated with my school for the lengthiest part of my life directs me to look at this institution differently - evidently with marks of nostalgia, warmth, and gratitude. In my vision, B.D.M.I. has curated students into human beings with care and responsibility. When flowers of a plant bloom, each flower is distinct, yet they are nurtured by the same gardener. When I look back at the journey I have had in B.D.M.I, I find each student prospering in the paths they have chosen for themselves, under the guidance of the same teachers and the learning environment of the school. Guidance and careful advice in B.D.M.I. has never been restricted to academics only. Extra-curricular activities have always been encouraged since teachers are keen on inculcating the spirit of holistic development in the personalities of their students. For most of us, this had been instrumental in developing a sense of self-direction which is ethical



and practical. I had the opportunity to represent my school as a “Prefect” in 2012-13 and as the “Head Girl” in 2015-16. Under the active guidance of our teachers, we started organising ‘Euphoria’, an inter-school event, in 2015.

The contributions of the mentors in helping students deal with the challenge of selecting streams of studies at the senior secondary level has shaped career choices to a large extent. Such empowerment and encouragement have helped us develop ourselves not just as individuals but also as social beings. The pragmatism to devote equal attention to all subjects and disciplines made the exchange of ideas easier, thus generating a sense of commonality and belongingness.

Whatever we acquire during the formative years of our lives, shapes and conditions our experiences in the days to come. Having passed out from B.D.M.I. in 2016, I qualified for a Bachelor of Arts in Sociology at Presidency University, Kolkata where I was awarded the University Gold Medal in 2019 for securing the first position in the Department of Sociology and the Faculty of Arts. Thereafter, I have studied a Master of Arts in Sociology at Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi and have been associated with the Department of Sanskrit Studies, University of Hyderabad during 2021. My scholarly works have been published by Jadavpur University, Kolkata and Asia Research Institute, National University of Singapore.

Whenever I reflect on my interest in Sociology, the Social Science and Sociology classes in the school play a prominent role. Without the English classes, I would not have developed and worked on my writing skills. The basic knowledge of Science and Math helped me qualify for National level examinations and secure positions in Institutions of reputation. The knowledge of languages helped me converse, make new friends and feel at home at places outside the Bengali heartland. Friendships, solidarities and connections raised during the journey of fifteen years and sustained thereafter shall always have a special place in the heart. The lessons learnt together in the process of growing up have shaped us in ways that cannot be comprehended fully. I am indebted to B.D.M.I. for imparting the invaluable lessons of humility, and the spirit of “believing in togetherness”.





2017



**Prerana Sengupta**  
Author at Ukiyoto Publications, Toronto,  
Canada/ Masters (University of Sussex, UK)



## Stepping stone to the present

A few days back, in an attempt to define the word 'home', I said "home is where the heart is". Home is a place that gives you warmth, a space to heal from all the scars of your past, an instant feeling of attachment and truck loads of memories. For me that place is B.D.M. International- the place that taught me everything I needed to know and the one that witnessed almost all my firsts.

B.D.M.I. was the first place where I walked up to a stage, held a microphone in my hand and read out the Top News of that day or the place that gave me the honour of being named Student of The Year in 2017. But most of all, it was the first place that witnessed me go beyond the line that I was afraid of, the place that saw me fall down and get back up and the place that taught me important life lessons. It has been 10 years since my first day at B.D.M.I. and it still feels like yesterday that I walked through those big black iron gates for the first time. I was wearing the uniform, which became a part of me with time, only to get lost in a sea of hundreds of unknown faces. With my heart thumping loudly inside my chest and my fists clenched to prevent myself from having a panic attack, I made my way to the quadrangle that would witness millions of laughter and tears in the days to come. Looking back at those wonderful days now, I have but one thing to say- it has been the journey of a lifetime.

The B.D.M.I. family made me what I am today. Everyone I met taught me something important- from reiterating the fact that there is nothing under the sun that I cannot do if I set my mind to it; to inspiring me to push my boundaries each day every day- I learned something new and life-altering. I met teachers who made me believe in myself, friends who stood there by me through thick and thin- friends who are now my family and critics who gave me the reason to never give up. I have always been in competition- not with others but with myself. Every critic I met along the way gave me reasons to keep working on myself and prove them wrong and achieve what they said I did not deserve. As I grew up, I kept competing with myself but those voices pointing out my flaws did not bother me anymore. My life was controlled and inspired more by my teachers and less by those voices and whatever I have done since my time at B.D.M.I. has been a result of all the love B.D.M.I. gave me and all the values I inculcated from my 'home'.

So, here's to six wonderful years spent at B.D.M.I. and here's to the million memories made- I am indebted to you, forever. A true BDMIAN at heart.....





2011



**Dr. Surupa Dutta**

**Dental practitioner and Assistant Professor in Guru Nanak Institute of Dental Sciences and Research, Kolkata**





## Those were the days.....

The worth of the days can be known once they are gone. Somewhat similar thing happened with my school days. 'School' meant B.D.M.I. to me. Getting into the school was my parent's decision. But repeatedly choosing my school over any other was my decision. It was the strong connection with my people that made me choose her all the time. As a child I loved going to school. Studying in so many branches over so many years little did I realise how protected and fortunate I was. Until 2011 when I passed out to face the world for the first time. I moved to Dental college and completed my Graduation and Post-Graduation. Now I am a Dental and Periodontal Surgeon.

Life after school continued to be beautiful, however the emotion that connects us with B.D.M.I. is irreplaceable. My school had evolved with me through red checks to brown frocks to green skirts and from empty fields to stepping stones and mile stones. Fest was the best part

of the year. I miss my school even more on special occasions like Rabindra Jayanti and Independence Day, especially when I see the school going kids all decked up for their performances. Today when I look back, I am flooded with warm memories only. As I move ahead in life, I realise how the little things taught in school help us to cope with bigger situations later on.

The foundation of our character was built during our school days and I am obliged that it was done in such a way that help us to stand out amidst all the crowd. During those 14 years, we had mixed feelings for school, however today on flash back, all I can find is golden memories. Really wish to get back to that prayer hall where I had won over the fear of speaking in public. Every corner of each building has different memories as we moved through different age and phase of life. Wish I could get them back once more to feel them a little more.





**Bidisha Ganguly**  
Masters in Film Making Student, EICAR, Paris



## A Journey to cherish

The tree with its strong roots can be compared to what a school is to a child/student. I joined B.D.M.I. and found a home outside home, a ball of warmth and wisdom and a family that believes in togetherness. B.D.M.I. is that family to me that received me with welcoming arms when I was a just a mould of clay and shaped me to my best form. I have been in a journey with this school for 14years of my life so the memories I left back is what draws a curve on my lip even today at any moment that I think of it.

The sounds of the church bell here, takes me back to the big black gate opening to the sound of the tolling bell and the children rushing in to form their respective prayer lines for the morning assembly. Those sound feels like a melody now that I crave to hear just one more time again; the hymns to which everyone matched their voices together, the silence that followed next for any announcements from the Teachers and a greeting of 'Good morning' from our Principal made sure that the rest of the day would go well.

The days went like a joyride with friends and teachers who were more like family. Sharing stories and food is what made the recess even more special and the end of the day led to the promise to meet again the next. Days kept passing and we didn't realise when that promise reached its end. B.D.M.I. has exposed me to the international world and also to schools outside our own boundaries, starting from inter school debates, mock parliaments and so much more, it has made me more outspoken, confident for this daily world and courageous to face every situation of life.

Festivals were even more vibrant in this family, Independence Day to Saraswati Puja all these made us experience the most colourful days of our lives. Every stone of those buildings has seen me fall, cry, smile, laugh, and for the most it has seen me grow and hold my head high always. Now if someone comes and asks me, would you do it again? I will gladly say All over again, from the beginning until no end. You know that famous saying that goes, "these are the days my friend, they will never comeback", oh how I wish they did. However, I am glad that I could be a part of this journey and I am ever thankful for whatever B.D.M.I. has given me. This family will always remain my family, and even today, I visit it whenever I am in the city. Quoting Rabindranath and paying my gratitude to my Alma Mater 'আমার ভিতর বাহিরে অন্তরে অন্তরে আছ তুমি হৃদয় জুড়ে' (You will always remain in my heart and soul)







ANITA DONGRE

2011



**Satyaki Chanda**

Senior Fashion Designer at House of Anita Dongre Ltd, Mumbai, India.





## Good memories

Memories are part and parcel of one's life looking back at mine the most memorable are those 13 years of school life, it is the period where I found myself. Even after 10 years of leaving the premises of Pratapgarh or 'P-2' as we B.D.M.I.ans know it, we the batch for 2011 still find reason to come back here like many of our senior batches. As we know the importance of school life and why it is considered the golden period. It is the first experience of our life which leaves behind a strong impact. My school life was a roller coaster ride of good, exciting, & sad memories. Good memories helped me learn dedication and self-actualization. I was a fairly average student but keen towards art, craft and dance, my teachers though at times concerned with my marks had always motivated me and pushed me to achieve my best which has made me what I am today.



Exciting memories are those that I made with my friends here. I earned all my friends here. Friends who will remain so for my entire lifetime. They were the ones who made this journey unforgettable and now some of them I call family.

Sad memories of failures when not winning an inter school competition, for a friend gone too soon, for all the self-doubts, but the school walls comforted me..... its windows opened the horizon and, in its canteen, had the best fun, never to forget the momos and fried rice that we all fought for.

As we all know, that the first and last day of our school life are the most memorable days. I entered my school weeping, and even while leaving, the difference being the former was for not wanting to go, and the latter was for not wanting to leave.



The joy of my school life has given me countless memories - which will remain to be the best days of my life. So standing here away from home away from friends working for my dreams, school life memories are the best kind of escape, so all I want to say as an alumni as someone who has lived what you are living now - enjoy it, open your lungs to its air, tap your feet at dance practice, memorize your lab experiments, play breathlessly, enjoy your breaks, have fun with your friends and bond with your teachers, respect them, question them when facing dilemma and most importantly help yourself to love yourself and spread love.

No Mathematical equation can explain this long lasting relationship!!





**Adrijaa Ray**

**Learning Coach at StayQrious (a startup EdTech initiative)**

## An unforgettable bond

Its been six years since I left B.D.M.I., but for a sure fact I can say that B.D.M.I. has not left me. I have spent fourteen years of my life in this place and looking back at it today, I feel it ended too soon. From learning my first letters to discovering myself, from finding my favourite subject to finding my life- long friends, B.D.M.I. has been witness to all. Today I am a teacher and I don't think I would have chosen this profession if not for the wonderful teachers that I had in my life. Some of them were not merely subject teachers but turned out to be my lifelong mentors, whose support I seek till date.

To speak of my journey in my Alma Mater is very emotional and intimate for me, as B.D.M.I. was not only my school it was my second home. Each and every day in those corridors are a memory that I will cherish forever. I remember how I found my love for Mathematics being in the classroom of some amazing Mathematics teachers. Here I first found my love for writing, when I was given the opportunity to be a part of the school paper. My bag of happy memories also holds a special place for all those rainy days which were extra special; for any B.D.M.I. student back then.

I sing high praise and talk of all happy and good things not

because there were no bad days, but no matter how sad or bad those days were, this school always taught me to appreciate the good and learn from things that do not go our way and grow from there. B.D.M.I. has truly made me the person I am today - it has taught me how important it is to hold your values high no matter what. It has taught me how important friendships are, it gave me the confidence and comfort to be the person I wanted to be.

B.D.M.I. is no magic but it surely always has helped whenever one needed it and I could not have been more thankful that I was a part of this school.

In my profession I came across multiple platforms and spaces where we discussed- what good education is, how a good school is supposed to be, what is an ideal classroom or what are the best teaching methods. On more than one occasion I have looked back at my school days and drawn examples from there to answer many of these questions.

I really consider myself lucky to be a part of this school, for all the people and experiences that I had. I hope every student who is a part of this institution feels to be as fortunate as I was.





**Herak Bhowmik**  
**Inspector of Customs & GST, Ministry of Finance**  
**Govt of India.**

## Great stories begin here

Recalling my school days at B.D.M.I. makes me nostalgic at all times. The guidance imparted during the formative years in a child's life is extremely important as it can 'make or break' a personality.

I must say that I was blessed with a family of fantastic teachers who guided me at every step and ensured that I had developed the right skills to take on the world. These were teachers who not only taught us the subjects, but they also taught us basic life skills. Thinking 'out of the box' was much encouraged – a skill that is much in demand in today's day and time.

Besides having a great set of teachers, I too made some great friends – relationships which are very dear to me even today. All round development was the unspoken motto of the school. Participation in various activities were given as much importance as excellence in academics. I was fortunate to get an opportunity to try my hands at various things in school.

I realised my passion for Physics and Mathematics during my high school days. This passion helped me to pursue Physics at a higher education level and I managed to get selected for the post of Inspector of Customs, Central excise, Government of India.

I owe my success to my school, B.D.M.I. It has allowed me to create my own identity in the outside world!!



**Omker Mahalanobish**  
Senior Data Scientist at Walmart



## Walking in togetherness

It was a fine morning in April 1995, when I, clad in my new red-white checked shirt and red shorts (then uniform of pre-primary classes), slowly crossed the gates to attend my first class as a student of B.D.M.I. My mother still remembers the day with a drop of tear in the corner of her eyes. She complains that I was the only child who didn't cry on the first day of school, as I happily bid her goodbye and walked inside the school premises. I don't know why, but probably I already started to feel the homely vibes that B.D.M.I. offered. Since then, the school had slowly developed into my second home, for 13 long years, and many more that followed. My time in B.D.M.I. was spread across 13 years, guided by the hundreds of teachers, some of who still own a place in my heart. The friendships that developed and the memories made are worth treasuring for a lifetime. Apart from the regular academics the school offered, there were lots of extra-curricular activities, participating in which have actually helped me grow over the years. I still remember my participation in the school fest, annual sports day and other regular celebrations. There was a healthy unsaid competition among the different houses as well as the different branches. Coming

to academics, the wonderful teachers that we had took enough care and effort to guide us to the path of glory. Albeit at times, they have been strict; but more often, it was a very friendly approach that they extended.

In 2008, after my 10th board exams, with a very heavy heart I had to choose to discontinue at B.D.M.I. for the greater purpose of studying the subject of my choice. I took up Statistics as a subject and continued to pursue the same, completing my Post Graduation from Indian Statistical Institute. Since then, I have been working in the field of Data Science for Walmart.

Although my academic journey spanned across a few established institutions, B.D.M.I. has always been the root which shaped me into what I am today. The virtues of discipline, empathy, humility, courage, inclusivity that B.D.M.I. inculcated in me, has helped me grow in leaps and bounds. And not just me, I am sure, all the students would echo the same vibes. As it goes in our song, "Believing in togetherness, walking in togetherness, we move forward. We, the students of B. D. Memorial Institute."



**Ankana Basu**  
**Pursuing LL.M in corporate law from NMIMS Mumbai**

## Being ahead of Times

When I was told to write about my school experience and summarise it within 500 words, the first thought that crossed my mind was that it is just not possible. Like many others, I believe my school was extremely special, and hence 500 words are too less to express what I feel about my second home. I still remember my initial days where I had this constant feeling of being the “new kid in the block” and not knowing anybody, seeing my fellow classmates with their friends and how they knew others, made me feel very lonely and left out. I was trying to adjust to a new environment and at the same time missing my home terribly as I had to shift from my old place. But within a few days’ things changed when I finally made a friend and then got to know some people and gradually by the end of that year I had found a place which went on to become nothing less than a second home. What I did not realize was the friends I made there would become such an integral part of my life. Now whenever we sit together, taking a trip down the memory lane is inevitable, thinking about the time when we spent hours on the field watching football and cheering for our favourite school team, or the times during the school fest, or just some funny incidents

in the classroom, writing for the school paper, the rainy seasons, etc. etc. One of the most awaited times of the year was when we had to work on the school paper. It made us feel like young journalists, having discussions over the articles and content that one would cover, but visiting the newspaper office was hands down one of the most exhilarating feelings of my life and that day will stay with me for a long time.

My journey in B.D.M.I. taught me about friendship like no other place could. It also gave me some of my best teachers and guides for whom I shall always be thankful. But when I was younger, like all other school kids, even I used to wait for my school to be over, to grow up and become an adult and lead a life like my parents did; and like every other parent even my parents used to tell me how I will realize one day that the time I spent in school was the best time of my life. Now I know what they meant. My school holds a very special place in my heart. The emotions I feel for my school are beyond words. The place made me feel at home and gave me a bag full of memories to treasure for life, and I shall carry them with me wherever I go.



**Madhura Chanda**

**Geopolitical Risk Analyst at Mitkat Advisory Services Pvt Ltd.**

## My school ..... my haven

B.D.M. International is my second home. Although, I did not experience the spacious auditorium, and I have only heard in stories from my juniors, but attending our Dance and Music classes within the curtilage of Stepping Stones and the courtyard of Milestones is something I will cherish forever. The month preceding the Annual Fest of school and during the monsoons, when we used to reach school after crossing knee-level water are my favourite memories from school. Another span of time that I have enjoyed the most was during Spanza and its rehearsals. Those days have given me happiness in the purest form. I have started this essay abruptly with the extra-curriculum activities of B.D.M.I. because I cannot imagine B.D.M.I. without winning few awards (with utmost ease) in tough inter-school competitions that were held back then. According to me, this is the spirit of my school that has always taught us that personal growth is as important as scoring good marks in exams.

Even today, I maintain a full-time job while dancing in Mrs. Alokanda Roy's core dance team, travelling and involving myself in few philanthropic and voluntary projects. The idea that one can multi-task has been incorporated by B.D.M.I.. In other words, my school has made me realise that you are much more capable than you think you are and it's time to act than provide excuses. Even today, I abide by the same rule of life, "try and try, but don't cry" and that has kept me going.

Having spoken about the fun part of my school, the education that B.D.M.I. provided me with has made the person that I am today. It was during Class XI that my then class-teacher, Ms. Chirasree Bhattacharya has encouraged me to pursue International Relations

from Jadavpur University. Although, I did not see myself cracking the hard JU entrance for this particular department, she has always believed in me. I still remember that in 2015, there were over 3500 applications and only 11 seats were allotted to CBSE boarders. I could not believe my eyes when I saw my name on the selection list. That was a surreal moment. I had ranked third from humanities department in Class XII board exams in 2015. My award ceremony had coincided with B.D.M.I.'s Golden Jubilee and consequently, had received the special trophy in the form of "50" for ranking high.

Currently, I work as a geopolitical risk analyst at Mitkat Advisory Services Private Limited, it is considered to be one of the best AI-driven risk advisory firms, globally. While in JU, I had the opportunity to work at prestigious institutions and assist renowned professors. In January 2021, I worked in the capacity of Research Assistant at University of Oxford. Before that, I have worked as Research Associate at Raisina House, New Delhi and International Association for Political Science Students (IAPSS), Netherlands. Earlier, I have interned at Bengal Chamber of Commerce and Industries (BCCI), Qrius (formerly known as The Indian Economist) and Foreign Policy Research Centre (FPRC) and have published multiples research papers on geopolitics and national security.

For whatever I have achieved till now and will achieve in future, I give full credits to my school, my teachers and the non-teaching staff who have made me a better person. Now, half of the projects that I take up are based on the belief on my education that I have gained from B.D.M. International.





**Dr. Sourav Mondal**  
Consultant Anaesthesiologist AMRI

## Cherishable Days

Somewhere between “আজ স্কুলে যাব না” (won't go to school today) to “আজ থেকে আর স্কুলে যাওয়া হবে না” (won't be able to go to school anymore), we all grew up.

Beginning the morning in the assembly hall, praying and preaching with the nerdy eyes to the end of the day, when all of our hefty bags seemed eternally heavy, those were really the days, when the petrichor of our life, really indulged into fragrance.

Proud back bencher, extremely mischievous and very naughty - not a day passed by, without leaving any single stone unturned. It was the real achievement of our soulful, kind-hearted, motherly teachers (whom we lovingly called “Aunty”), who not only shaped these evil creatures into what we are today, but also shouldered responsibilities in nurturing us into good human beings.

School life was truly the most pleasant period of my life.

2016



Arnab Kumar Chanda





## Friends and memories in the journey called B.D.M.I.

“A journey called B.D.M.I... Tales to tell.. A joyride.. The B.D.M.I.” The time you have spent during the school years will be one of your most cherished memories of your lives.’

Contemplating on those words, now I understand the value of it. Most of us while enjoying those cherished moments and creating more memories, we forgot that we had this limited time period and took it for granted. This is the time we created bonds with friends for a lifetime and were blessed with teachers who turned out to be our mentors, rather, the beacon of light to help us reach the end of the tunnel.

This was the environment to strengthen our roots, evolve ourselves from a seed towards a tree and hence get nurtured to withstand the atrocities of the world outside.

Thus, with a nostalgic vibe, a numb feeling in my eyes and an overpowering BDMIAN spirit possessing over me, let me take you through my journey of my adored Alma Mater. To begin with, my journey started during kindergarten. I was loved by all the teachers there as far as I can remember, especially by the head teacher of the school at that time, Mukherjee Madam. Even till this day I have some friends who studied with me from K.G, till the end of my journey here at B.D.M.I. I completed Class 12 in 2016.

I always sensed a camaraderie growing among us since we all knew each other from the very Beginning. As a matter of fact, after thinking about it carefully we were inculcated with that discipline and culture as we grew and studied there together. Taking care of one another in unison as a big

family. I remember, it was a very proud moment for us as students of B.D.M.I. when we heard our institution expanded abroad and received accolades at an international level. I am thankful to B.D.M.I. for the creation of favourable conditions for the successful personal growth and the large number of extracurricular activities. I was mainly into sports and I received a lot of medals for that reason participating even in The Spanza fest and other inter-school competitions. We also had fun during our annual inter-section football tournaments and let me brag about the time my section won the inaugural Cricket tournament as well. But apart from that our school gave us opportunities equally to shine in other fields from ‘Spell bees’ to Science Olympiads and other inter school competitions.

B.D.M.I. gave me unforgettable student years. Getting to know amazing people and the best teachers. For many of us, working at our alma mater is a professional’s dream come true. While I personally have not yet had the opportunity to do so in a formal capacity, I would love to share the stories of what makes my alma mater so amazing. As alumni of institutions that shaped our lives so significantly, we could serve as an alumni speaker, setting up a networking event for prospective students. Also, to stay in touch with the Faculty and Staff.

In the end, I would say that the journey is more important than the destination and this journey with my Alma Mater is forever woven into the Tapestry of my life.





2005



**DR. Sankha Shubhra Chakrabarti**  
**Associate Professor & Head, Department of Geriatric Medicine, Institute of Medical Sciences, Banaras Hindu University**

## A fascinating saga

A chilly breeze blew through the open window of the school bus as it sped along the eastern metropolitan bypass (wonder what they call that road now) on atypical Kal-boisakhi day. The storm had passed and the rain had quenched the thirst of the sun-baked southern fringe of Kolkata, and mine too.

Nearly reached my home which at that time was Santoshpur, and then the bus had to make an about turn to take the Patuli-Jadavpur route, as a giant tree blocked our road ahead. Probably, when I think of my fondest school memories, this one comes to my mind first. This was class 9 or 10 I guess; the other kids on the bus make merry as we begin our detour; as an introvert, I just gazed out of the window lost in my own thoughts. I remember this, and so much more.....the pen-fighting sessions sitting on the last bench which was my preferred seating arrangement all through classes 11 and 12, the ice candies at the corner shop at Pratapgarh, priced at 2rupees a piece at the time, and which we called 'chushi' for some unknown reason-splendid times. Even the 6 rupees a piece fish fry served at 'tiffin break' was something I would love to taste again- God knows which fish they could get at that rate (better not think about that), but that was delicious.

Rewind back a little, and I remember classes 6 to 8- the threat of Disshu, our disciplinary teacher- a stocky Christian gentleman, who was 'hands-free', in the sense that he loved using his hands freely for disciplining purposes (guess

that's banned now). Thank fully having been a teachers' pet all through my school life and later college life, I was spared the rod. Rewind a little more, and I am just a new kid, having landed in the behemoth that is Kolkata (south Kolkatan forever) from the tiny state of Goa in 1995, mid-session, and the only school willing to take me in was B.D.M.I.

Audaciously took up Bengali as a second language too despite vehement opposition and a good amount of scolding from my teachers, as I had trained in Konkani (similar to Hindi) up till that time. It took me a year to become the class topper and once more an object of affection for my teachers. Incidentally, am doing this write-up, taking time off from a gruelling hospital-research-COVID schedule at the behest of my class 4 class-teacher. I won't name them individually lest I miss out some, but our aunties and sirs were some very sweet people. Today, by Lord Vishwanath's grace I am Associate Professor and Head of department of Geriatric Medicine at the prestigious Institute of Medical Sciences, Banaras Hindu University, having spent my entire adult life in Varanasi.

Responsibilities abound, and you would expect to hear me talking about complex stuff I studied, career preparations I did, and teachers who inspired me to achieve whatever little I have in life, but it was actually the school bus-chushi-kooler achaar-pen fighting-dishshu- aunty/sir-friends-composite which made me what I am. Adieu!



**Subhankar Ghosh**  
**Assistant Manager in Sofitel, Saudi Arabia**

## Reaching for the stars

I am very honoured to be a part of alumni group of the highly prestigious institution B.D.M.I. Let me begin my experience with my school by quoting a few lines from one of my favourite books entitled "The Road Less Travelled" by M. Scott Peek; "Life is difficult. Your life is not a democracy, figure out what matters to you, your aspirations and hopes, and the things you really don't like.

Life is short, fill it to the brim with things that matter to you, and remember that not everybody gets a say. You will have to make compromises sometimes, but don't undersell yourself or lose yourself in the noise, and trust me boy, there is a lot of noise. Pursue what you love, which sometime means letting go of other people's expectations and much more importantly your own. What you need most is the trust in your own capabilities. My school taught me all these fundamental lessons of life. My experience of school is a perfect blend of joy and hardships. I feel nostalgic whenever I think of my old school days. Every inch of this school is still

imprinted in my head. There's no regret to admit that I was a very difficult child to handle at that time but my teachers had never shown impatience. I still miss my classes, my friends, my teachers, the laughter and everything related to my class. Given a chance, I would definitely like to relive my school days again. I was an active player of our school football team which helped me to develop my resilience. The entire faculty and other members of this institution were very cooperative. It's the teachers' unconditional love and support that made me what I am today.

My school days are unforgettable and in fact those are the happiest and colourful days of my life. I am blessed that I got so many good friends in my school. I achieved my degree in Bachelor in Hospitality Administration from West London University and am currently residing in UAE, prior to that I used to live in the USA. My gratitude to B.D.M.I. for motivating me to achieve my goals.



2012



**Ishita Bhattacharjee**  
Pursuing PhD in theoretical and computational  
Chemistry in Indian Association for the  
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## A home away from home

Millions of people around the world have said it billions of times so it won't hurt to say once more that "School days have been the best days of my life". From Nursery to Class-XII, these fifteen years happen to have their deepest impact on me not only from the point of learning the course curriculum but also building our character as an insightful and intuitive person. It may seem a bit exaggerated but as I look back, everything, every aspect of B.D.M. International looks so great.

I thoroughly miss the long corridors, the playgrounds and mostly the classrooms. As I passed out of school and went on to acquire higher degrees, I sincerely realized how dedicated our teachers were and how they looked after each and every individual student. I would never forget how we used to pester our teachers with silly questions even during recess and their smiling faces as they went on to answer those.

I was myself a very school-oriented child and most of my friends during that time were from school. However, as I mingled with the outer world and encountered a wide array of challenges, I can proudly say that I have always faced them with confidence and determination, a quality as I have sensed, lacked in many.

Everything was so warm and homely that I cannot think of it just as an educational institution. Even B.D. (that's what we call our school lovingly) implanted in its students such an amiable nature that even if we have drifted apart in the course of action, none of us think twice to contact each other in the time of distress. I also remember fondly the annual fest and annual sports day and the way we used to get prepared before that. Frankly, I was not much of a sports enthusiast and didn't participate in any contest. But I miss those parade practice sessions and how we used to chat in lines when teachers were not looking. I also miss the long rehearsals we used to have before fest. The last fifteen to twenty days were really like a celebration where we used to roam around the school with no classes and all of a sudden everything used to become so exhilarating.

I will never forget the practical classes of Class XI and XII and however exhausting they were, the teachers really ensured that each of us got the correct results. As I look back, I ponder how I spend those years so casually and never really understood the worth of those days. I wish I could go back and cherish each and every moment individually. But as I sit back and reflect, my heart fills with gloom because "gone are those days...."





### Mayukh Nandy

**Research Associate at the Department of Electrical, Computer and Energy Engineering, Arizona State University; Technical Intern at Intel Corporation.**

## An ode to the days gone by...

“I want to sit on that chair someday and have the cup of coffee if you’ll offer me”, said she, looking at us while her hands reached for the container of artificial sweetener she always kept in her handbag for the steaming cup of coffee on the table. That was the last time my friend and I met Usha Mehta Ma’am, way back in 2014. Although, as young teenagers struggling to prepare for school final exams, we laughed her words off as a farfetched dream. An autographed coffee table book was a prized possession I profited off that encounter.

My parents enrolled me in B.D.M.I. for pre-school (previously ‘Transition’) when I was just four. Little did they know that their child would indeed be fortunate enough to grow up with the world of opportunities that the school provided him for over a decade. Like many (all?) others, formal education in classes was amongst the least of my priorities in school. Friends and intra/inter-school events woke me up every morning, not textbooks or examinations. I remember a time in 9th-10th grade when my life hopped from one event to another- preparing, training, and competing to make my school proud.

My parents were sceptical many a time about missing classes for tournaments, but the support from my teachers meant the world to me. Classes helped me with exams, but the school outside classroom prepared me for life. Reminiscing about the highlights of my life at school, I am reminded of one such interschool debate competition where a group of school seniors spontaneously accompanied to root for me. Not only did their

support calm my nerves on the big stage that evening, but they also became life-long friends and advisors.

Life was simple. As surprising as it may sound, it was in this school that I was professionally trained for a street theatre performance at a prominent literary festival in Kolkata. A couple of years later, I enacted the role of Antonio for a play on Julius Caesar at the school fest. With my appalling acting skills, I could never have imagined in my wildest dreams that I would take part in a play, had it not been my teachers pushing me to take on challenges. My school welcomed changes. Be it implementing new curriculum or modernizing facilities with time, we were always growing. Not until recently did I realize how important a lesson this was for us all to incorporate in our lives i.e., to be open and accepting.

After graduating from high school in 2014, life moved on. Through college I stayed in contact with a few of my friends from school but lost connection with most. I made new friends along the way, who found and accepted me in the shape influenced by the fourteen years of my life at B.D.M.I. I can say with good grace that I would not have my journey any other way even if I could start over. Today, as I write this memoir sitting in my study in Tempe, Arizona, my prized coffee table book is probably garnering dust in a shelf somewhere in my home in Kolkata, but her words eventually resonate with me, “I want to sit on that chair...”, as I continue to build on the foundation which still fuels the dream to offer that cup of coffee someday.



2007



**Soumyasree Bera**  
**PhD Scholar, IIT KHARAGPUR**

## Sweet remembrances

“B.D.M.I.” has a very special place in my life as it has given me friends for life, made me learn new things every day and helped me build my career. The journey has taught me a lot of things including; discipline, punctuality, patience, sincerity, loyalty, friendship, etc.

I had the privilege to seek guidance from some of the awesome teachers who have always inspired and encouraged me to perform well in academics. Still remember the Bengali literature class by PM Aunty and her admiration towards Bengali literature especially Rabindranath Thakur and various stories she used to narrate to us. She also saved us from being punished on several occasions (result of being part of some of the notorious bunch of students), which brings back so many bitter sweet memories.

Teachers motivated us to take part in extra-curriculum activities. There used to be various events like Annual fest, Annual Sports, Saraswati Puja, Teachers’ Day Celebration, Rabindra Jayanti etc. but one of my most memorable events was the Intra-school Kabaddi competition for girls. Although every year (i.e. from class IX-XII) we became the first runner-up, nonetheless the spirit of participation never left us.

It has been a wonderful journey of 15 years with countless joys with so many teachers and friends influencing various aspects of my life. Indeed, the time spent at school are the best of my life and all of those experiences hold a special importance in my heart. These wonderful memories are a part of my growing up years.



2020

**Sharanya Banik**  
**MBBS 1st year at NRS Medical College, Kolkata**

## Flashbacks

“Education is what remains after one has forgotten what one has learned in school.” B.D.M. International is the place where I first came across this quote when this was read out as “Thought of the day” in our morning assembly. B.D.M.I is also the place which made me understand the true meaning of this famous quote from Sir Albert Einstein. I joined this school as a little girl in the year 2005 and have studied here till 2020. Thus, it is needless to say that my school made me the person I am today and has an unforgettable contribution in whatever successes I have achieved till date.

Unlike many other students I do not remember my first day in school anymore. Maybe that is because it was not the one special day. In fact, each and every day that I spent with the B.D.M.I family seems special to me now, as each day was filled with little lessons taught, healthy seeds of thought sown in our young minds and an immeasurable amount of fun. B.D.M. International allows each and every student to discover himself or herself. I for one, would have never known about my acting abilities if I wouldn't have taken part in a couple of school plays. I remember being scared and thinking “What have I gotten myself into?” more than once. Yet support from my friends and teachers steered my boat to calmer waters every time and I managed to perform successfully on stage.

Each morning as I rushed to school to reach in time for the morning assembly, I didn't realize that unknowingly I was learning the importance of time and punctuality. Being a medical student now I have come to know how even a tiny amount of delay can be catastrophic for a patient's life and I realized how that small lesson can make a huge difference in my career as a doctor. This interesting journey was not all about learning though. It was also about making friends, sharing our little secrets and our lunch with them and finding true mentors in our teachers. The way in which my mistakes were corrected lovingly, the thirst of my inquisitive mind was quenched and my mischief's were forgiven by my teachers is not something I can describe in words.

Our school took great pains to make every “Children's Day”, Annual Fest, Sports Day and all other festivities throughout the year enjoyable for us. There were activities and events for each one of us to polish up and showcase our talents and earn precious words of praise from our teachers and friends. One of our teachers used to tell us that, till the time we were at school we were wrapped up as cocoons. True. It was in that sheltered cocoon that we grew as individuals, got ready to face the real world and as we struggled to break it open over the last 2 years of school we got the final push that gave our wings the strength to make us fly. Thank you B.D.M.I.




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## B. D. M. International

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