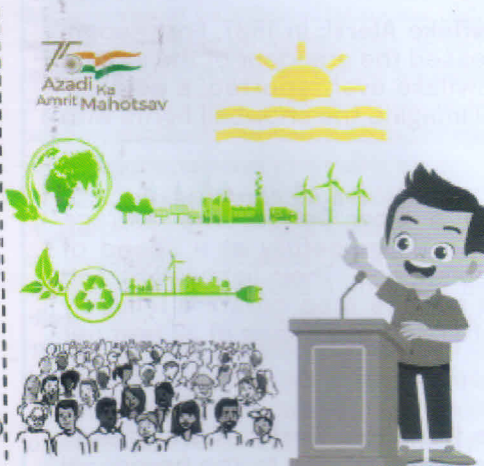
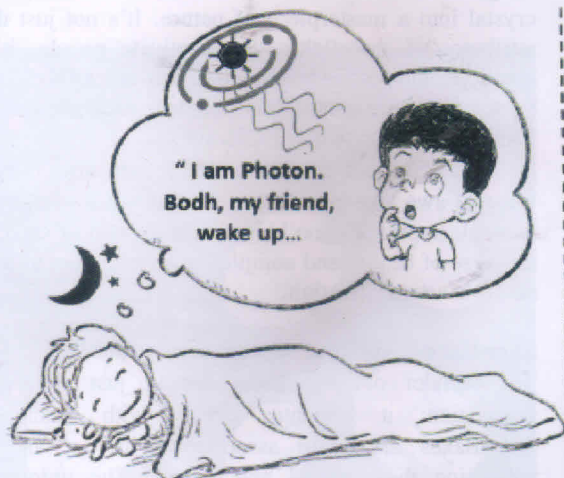


BODH TO BODHODAYA

A Transformation towards Sustainable Nation

Sushovan Ghosh



Left: Bodh is in conversation with Photon. Right: Bodhodaya is delivering speech on the Independence Day.

(self-complied, Source: Internet)

THIS is a story about “Bodhodaya”, aka “Bodh”, a boy who lives with his parents and grandmother in the village “Katundidanga”. He is now nine and a half and has just started attending high school in a nearby town. Bodh’s father is an auto-driver, and his mother is a homemaker. Earlier, his father used to sow paddy seed on their small land, but the scarcity of rain stopped that engagement.

It is around 8 pm; Bodh’s father has returned from work. The crackling sound of burning wood, the greyish smoke, and the odour of boiled rice prevailed across their premises. His grandmother is continuously coughing. Bodh’s mother comes out through the smoke and offers a glass of water to the old lady. She asks her mother-in-law to stay away from the kitchen area.

Tomorrow is 15th August. Bodh is busy drawing the tri-colour flags for his school function, and his father and the neighbours are arranging the setup to hoist the flag in their locality. They look enthusiastic about commemorating the ‘Har Ghar Tiranga’ on the ‘Azadi Ka Amrit Mahotsav’ occasion.

It is around 9.30 pm. They are having dinner. This time, Bodh used to talk about his daily activities in school. Bodh (to his parents): “Maa-Pa! You know tomorrow there will be a grand celebration in our school. Our BDO sir will come. Namita madam, our headmistress, asked us to prepare a speech.”

“So, Beta! Have you prepared any speech for tomorrow?” asks his father.

“No, Pa, I have not prepared yet. I do not know what pledge we should take for tomorrow and every day”, Bodh replies. Meanwhile, he finishes his dinner and goes to sleep.

“What shall I speak for tomorrow?” resonates in his mind.

Bodh feels that a ray of glittering light falls on his pupils. He cannot open his eyes entirely to that dazzling light. Suddenly, the beam asks, “Bodh, my friend, wake up. The time has come to become Bodhodaya from Bodh”.

“What? Who are you?” asks Bodh in complete confusion.

“I am Photon, coming from the Sun by travelling 150 million kilometres for you. It is because of me that all lives sustain on earth. Even there will be no existence of earth without me. I bring day and night, seasons and years”, the earlier voice reverberates.

Bodh is astonished and asks. “Hey, Photon, why have you come to me!”

“What do you want from me?” he adds.

“I am in big trouble, my friend, so as your earth. I need your help. I believe the day Bodh will become Bodhodaya, my worries will start to decline,” replies Photon.

Bodh is utterly perplexed and asks, “How?”.

Photon starts unfolding his story. He asks, “My little friend! Have you ever heard about Aerosols?”

“No. what are they?” Bodh replies with a lot of curiosity.

Photon says, “Aerosols are one of my enemies, so as yours. They block me and my friends from reaching the surface of your earth.”

“How can they hinder you?” asks Bodh.

Photon says, “Aerosols scatter or absorb incoming solar radiation based on their optical properties, which depend on their chemical and physical characteristics. Most of them are sub-micron to nanometers in size. The average diameter of your hair (human) is 50-70 microns. So, you think how tiny they are. But a few of them can be seen by the naked eye. When I enter through your window, you can see some of the big-sized demons (aerosols). Some are dark black, such as ‘Black Carbon’ aka ‘BC’, and completely absorb us; some are