“DEH SALEH EKSOMARE AADDEEI”

BIZU 2015

BAD TIMES
BIG DEAL
STILL WE WILL WALK TOGETHER

Let’s write Bizu with colors & Happiness

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Message from Director, ACN

Dear Readers,

It is with much joy and anticipation that we (Arunachal Chakma News) going to be publish the magazine during this year Bizu. On behalf of the ACN Team, I would like to extend a very warm wishes and greetings, “A VERY HAPPY BIZU TO ENTIRE COMMUNITY”. I take this opportunity to say thanks to all of whom have volunteered to contribute to the success of the magazine. I am also grateful and thankful to Upasak Punya and Upasak Tejang for making the magazine a reality. Without their tireless efforts it would not have been possible.

I would like to welcome to every youngsters of our community to come forwards and contribute as they can towards the society. As we all know very well that we the Chakmas have been facing many problems in every corner of the world. There is no peace for our community. I am sure that we the youngsters can brings peace, smiles, changes, harmony etc in our society if we work hand in hand, and when we unite and works actively. This is high time to show the powers of youths.

This magazine is an endeavour to make every member of our community know their rights and problems facing them. The magazine also attempted to bring information about our brothers and sisters living in other parts of India and outside.

I am very hopeful to see a vista in development of the community and bring about a new harmonious community that we may feel proud to be from Chakma community in others appreciation.

Finally, I wish to encourage more contributions from the entire community and especially from the youth to show their creative talent and ensure a continued success of the Arunachal Chakma News and its forthcoming publications. Authors, reviewers and guest editors are always welcome. We also welcome comments and suggestions that could improve the quality of ACN and its other publications.

Thank you. We hope you will find the magazine informative.

BAEKKUNOREY SIZI BIZU AAH PAT TURU TURU!

Ven. Nanda Priya Bhante
Director, ACN
Greeting from the Chakma Prince
(Aryadev Roy Chakma)

Jhu Jhu Bekkunore!

Bizu Bhaledi ar Hochpana janelung Changma jadbhei/jadbhon bekkunore! Arunachal Chakma News o team ore Patturuturu janelung more tara Bizu Publication ot legibatte hujuli goribatte. Iandoi mor mon huzi olo ar nizor gom bhaled mone gorlung.

Changma jatto ikkune no oleo 50 an dejot agee ami. 20 anor moto dejot 100+ Changma agon byline suna jai. Halik Changma unor bechbhag theide olode Bangladesh, India ar Myanmar ot.

Motmaat miline 10 Lakh/1 Million obong biline dhori lowa uye (estimate). Arunachal Pradesh ot Changma une 1 Lakh sanyen obak biline sunilung mui o.


Myanmar o puron amolye Changma, Tanchangya, Chak/Sak/Thek/Kadu, siuno bade Changma une bekkune Changma Rejjyo bidire elong biline Bijok ot lega aghe.

1956-1964 jokke Kaptai ot Hydroelectric Power Project banana olo sokke 1 Lakh o Changma jaga tun sori jeyon ar bhalukkune India jeyondoi. Te India jeyonde siune Arunachal Pradesh ar Tripura ot bech bhag agon ikkine biline hobor pelung. Aro Assam ot o agon halik hom.

Sokke amolot Changma Raja Tridiv Roy 50th Raja bo je mor Aju te go-da’gan no goribatte pressure di bure no eze ar bek CHT leader une o bure no ezon. Changma une adikke gori thaguye sardar ottun goribot pollong bekkun.

Te ikke sunonge Changma une jei bekkune ekka suk ekka dug gorine aghi bekkune. Halik CHT do Bangladesh sorkajje ”colonial power” sanye ama jaga hari loi ebo ar amare hub dugot ragelak.

Halik Arunachal Pradesh ot bele Citizenship an ebo dibatte no sadon Changma unore. Sian sunile harap lage. Ama Aju daye amolo lокkene Pakistan ar tara somajje USA miline Kaptai Goda’an o funding gojjon ar anti-USSR elak biline anti-India ar anti-Indian elak. Changma une India jebar siye biline ama ugre se hena an felelak.

Jiune India porong uyon tara bout duge hadeyon jingani an. Ar hono

Cndt.

Mottun mone oi bek Changma une juni eyan monet rage ami olonge ek bhachhe ek lo’r ek erar ek bongsho’r manuch. Ek Rejjyo tun echhei. Ekkkan Ajhapat loi ekkan Changma bhaj madei ar ligi. Salen ek joda oi ham gorle bekkune doro moro oi paribong. Jatto nuo gori dugot tun bech sugot ar oggyan ottun bech gyan doi thei paribong biline mone gorong.

Aza gorong ami aro nuo gori ama Changma jatloi mada ozol guri hoi paribong nijor Bijok, geed, bhaj, legha, hoda, reedi, sudom, ar ekkan attosom-man bodh loi jingani hade paribong.


E sitte olode Changma jonmeye gorbo gorana atto-sroddha gorana hub gom. Ar Changma jador maney re bhei ar bon izebe mon ottun hochpana thana an gyani manjor haam biline mone gorongor.

Aza gorong mo sanye tumi o sian buzi parine njore hoch peba njore sroddha goriba, gyan buddhi loi soliba, bibeg bibechna loi soliba, andho bichech no goriba.
Hub chid dighol o hujuli gorlung toma bekku nore ama jattore ozole dangor gori tulibatte nuo gori ek loge hamot lagi. Te ami puo sa loi nadin pudin une amare nang ghinile gom nang gonor para bon-nam goribar ham toge sug no pan para.

Ezo ami Changma une uzei ar ama loge ama jadbhe-i-bon unore o uze nejei. Eyan hone mo lega an thum gorlung. Lamba hoda ani poribar dhojjo shojejjo ragebatte Patturuturu janelung!

Sroddha ar Hochpana loi toma jadbhe-i!

Message from Chief Advisor, AP-CSU

Good to see that in these days Chakmas all over the world are getting conscious of themselves and trying hard to curve out their existence not only on papers but in true/real spirit. That's a great sign to move forward.

Many have already started campaigning online petitions to place before the concerned authorities asking for their rights, rights which range from basic to comfort level.

Some busy penning down the yester-years Chakma community history, re-designing its colorful traditional dresses, some especially in Tripura are pouring their hearts for getting the community scripts learned (thanks to Mr. Er. Aniruddha Chakma, GS (TCSA); some like Dangu Drishya Moni Chakma, Dangu Victor Changma, Dangu Uttam Chakma, Dangu Hemant Chakma are trying their best lobbying in the capital city of New Delhi to bring the Chakma community’s issues into the mainstream with positive thoughts and approaches; some like dynamic Dangu Prahlad Chakma, Chief GS, APCSU with go-getting attitude and Dangu Arunjit Chakma, GS, APCSU started medias like The Eastern Today in Dibrugarh which will definitely brings the best pictures of the North-East especially of the Chakma tribe in Arunachal Pradesh; and some started using social media to bring to light the issues. If this kind of trend continues, I am sure the these action will bear fruits in the coming days.

There are also many who are doing really fantastic jobs trying to bring smiles to the deprived community thereby trying to give meaningful versions to this life.

With this, saying pa-tru-tru to all the Chakmas of the world and I wish a lovely fun-filled and happy Bizu to everybody.

Jai Buddha! Jai Chakma!
Change is in the air. Spring arrives in. And with it comes the beauty of life especially for the Chakma tribe as their greatest festival BIZU is just standing at our doors to welcome it with full of happiness and joy. Wish, this BIZU will brings more radiant shades of substantial life than ever.

Festival is a true asset of the society. It reflects the true essence of a particular ethnicity of a particular tribe. Just take BIZU/BIJU for instance. It's the soul and the heart of the Chakma Community and wherever the Chakmas are living throughout the world, they celebrate it with much fun and gaiety. Everyone gets excited when the concerned or respective festivity approaches the concerned or related masses. So, the Chakma people all over the world are now in festive mood loaded with big smiles, merry-go feelings, as their greatest Festival BIZU/BIJU is just a few days from now and bringing with it the sweetest sounds of the “Biju Pekko’s woowoow! Woowoow! coupled with the beautiful weather, beautiful full blooming flowers of the king of the seasons the Springs ......and the watery, flavoring delicious Chakma traditional mixed curry called "Pajonn-ton".

BIZU, the greatest, biggest festival of the CHAKMA tribe comes every year in the month of April and this year .i.e. in 2015; it will be celebrated in April 13-15. The countdown begum already.

BIZU is the time of celebration for fun and joys; peace and happiness, games and sports; keeping the good old things going and giving wings to future.

It's the time for Refresh your resolutions and be filled with grace, joy and warmth. BIZU is also a time to renew our connections - with family and friends we care about.

We color and decorate our home which is the symbol of potential, beautiful life. It brings forth the air of freshness, new dreams, starting a good harvest.

And it's the time, "When we should let bygones be bygones and move ahead with joy and good-will."

Wishing you all happy and prosperous Siji Bizu! Dol Bizu!

Good lucks!
Fading culture and identity
By Romel Chakma

It is around break time after lunch, my mind was wondering for a refined and solid strategy towards an eventful moments during BIZU 2015. Suddenly a Facebook message popped out on my mobile screen which reads: “Hello Romel bhai, please send me some writings, articles, poems or anything creative for our ACN mag at punyat2013@gmail.com”

Having read that, for a moment I went into deep thought which helped me to conclude, its not only a message, in fact it conveys the hope, an inspiration and social duty that every individual should shoulder it.

Honestly, I won’t talk about any design or anything creative but I would definitely not let go the truth and the practicality.

In today’s scenario we, all have fallen like a prey to the modern digital communication. Perhaps it won’t be wrong to quote “the first thing a kid learns to communicate is the -SELFIE to put up in Facebook or Instagram “. Social media has become a necessity and a habit of the mass. I won’t exclude myself from this category, often I find myself expecting a comment or like.

Oh!!! Did I say COMMENT OR LIKE ????

Yes. That’s the thing that I wish to share to my people. These two words have change the way we used to communicate. Did Mark Zuckerberg invent something new?

No, never. He understood the need and habit of the people. That’s what we have been doing since human evolution right. We comment on people’s attitude or an action or say any deed and we endorse it, which means we appreciate it and it is nothing but a super like. This guy has just changed the medium of expressing or interacting in a new platform - ONLINE.

But that’s not the end of the story, sustaining is also unavoidable. You create it and you sustain it ..People’s mind changes every second and every minute. How you keep them engaged that’s the real challenge.

Let’s give a walk to our “BIJOK”.”Bijok” means history in Chakma language. Today none of us bother to give a re-look to our history that’s truly alarming. We had many kings who have fought ferociously and gallantly to secure our identity and culture. In real sense, where do we stand today?? Before answering that: lets understand the kings whom we lost in our minds, heart and souls.

Raja samargiri(6th century)
Raja Udaigiri (651 AD-745 AD)
Raja Bijoygiri (605-698 AD) from 7-10th centuries - no kings appeared for nearly 300 years. It is believed that ,it was under the controlled of Roang’s Raja and Tripura Raja.
Raja Kamal Chega (1095-1179 AD)-The king who reunited and brought independence for the rulers.
Raja Marek Raja (14th century)
Raja Julab khan (1639-1681 AD)
Raja sulab khan (1651-1686 AD)
Raja kalu khan (1661-1700AD)
Raja Fateh Khan (1671-1725 AD)
Raja Julal Khan (1707-1737 AD)
Raja Sher musta Khan (1712-1773 AD)
Raja sher Daulat Khan (1750-1780 AD)
Raja Jan Box Khan (1757-1787 AD)
Raja Tabur khan (1765-1798 AD)
Raja Jabbar khan (1767-1815)
Raja Dharam Bux Khan (1794-1831 AD)
Raja sukh Dev roy (1810-1873 AD)
Queen Kalindi Rani (1830-1873 AD)
Raja Pagla mama Daroga (1834-1874 AD) - became king for a year
Raja Harish chandra roy Bahadur (1853-1876 AD)
Raja Bhuvan Mohan Roy (1856-1934AD)
Raja Nalininako Roy (1902-1952 AD)
Raja Tridiv Roy (1933-2014)-In 1947, he fled to Pakistan for some political reasons.
Raja Devasis Roy (1959-present)-after his father fled to Pakistan, he took the responsibility in the kingdom. His wife died in 1998. His son, Prince Tribhuwan Aryadev Roy was born in 1990.

Now, if you look at the kings who have protected and served us for such a long time, it can be concluded by their names, they must have been through a huge influence from the other communities. There has been a constant identity shift right from Giri to Khan and from Khan to Roy. “Khan” it is very obvious and understood that it doesn’t belong to our culture or identity, similarly Roy takes the same stance. Let me throw more light during the era of Khan Dynasty. During 14th century Marek Raja lost the Roang Kingdom to the Arakan King and they ruled until 1666 AD. These regions were disputed for long time and the rulers changed frequently. Based on the writings of many scholars, it is highlighted, during this time when Arakan Kings ruled the Chakmas for some time. The Chakmas fled to Muslim’s nearby place, sought their help and they recapture the lost territories. It was the time when Raja Julab Khan appeared as a King and fought years and years to bring glories after glories. The Khan dynasty was seen until 1831 AD than the Roy came as Kings.

So what does it say? We have always borrowed the identities from others perceiving as a symbol of status. I believe those time power was a symbol of status. Communication was not advanced then, people did not have the knowledge about the happenings of the other parts of the world. Khan and Roy were the probably was perceived as symbol of superiority and elite.

Again, if we try to understand how we got our title “CHAKMA” though we pronounce “Changma”. We have always accepted what others have said-It was the British who could not understood our title fluently, thus branded us as CHAKMA and we still followed the same. Many of you might have questioned “Why your name and language is the same?” I guess, you were perplexed to answer that because we never have thought about it. We are followers. People gave, we took and marched forward.

Whenever people come across “John”, “Peter”-they presume an English person. We should tell those stereotyped people that we have countless such people in the name of John or Peter. Cntd.
Apology for this joke part. I have came across many people with funny names, funny because they will be a butt of joke when they will be introduced to the English people. OK. How about mango Chakma, decent Chakma, angry Chakma, attention Chakma, discipline Chakma, talking Chakma ..........We have truly forgot the difference between the adjectives and nouns. Before I dig at people’s name, take my name Romel Chakma, it is English right: Thank god it doesn’t sound adjective.

Did you come across -BOR Bije, BOR PEDA, SIGON CHAN. They are funny in real sense, but the truth is actually they have carried our culture and identity. Their names reflect much more than an identity.

Now lets try to understand people psychology while naming through WHY-WHY concept. Why a father or anyone suggested a name called APPLE or BEAUTIFUL. The person might have been through some sort of experience. Perhaps he read an English book, the word has stole away his heart or it could be the reason being an English word, it is perceived something abode.

Take a look at the people’s name in Facebook. I ignored many friend requests in Facebook of my best schools friends when I saw their names, assuming some Korean or Chinese.

Why am I talking and unearthing about some particular names. I don’t have a problem with their names but I would complain about their thought process. We follow things but we are not the perfect followers. We don’t do design thinking or critical thinking.

We take pride of certain things in our culture -say “We are Buddhists and are the decedents of Sakya’s clan “We have a rich culture and history.”

How many of us have tried to sustain our culture. We take shelter in monastery when we have no other options to lead our lives. We have adopted other cultures and identities to an extent, even blood also failed to unite us.

For us, the region comes first than the true identity. We fight only for the region we belong to and not for our race or community. People in metro cities will sing their own state but in true sense nobody has a region. We just fake it. We all know we have problems everywhere still we choose to ignore each other problems, rather we will try to give a fake smile claiming the self prosperity in their state or the region.

World Chakma Conference was held, more than 2 decades back in 1993 in Calcutta and still it is in sleep mode. Somebody needs to wake up to sing for the community. We have created our own problems and it will expand to an extent, the numbers of the Chakma population will fall contrary to the number of different identities will be born from CHAKMA.

Where are those days when “EKKO peeringo Boda atto (8) beye bakh guri haan.”

Going back to where I started - comments and likes: We have to understand the true platform that would treat us with productive result(s). Like comments and likes in Facebook are not new, similarly change in identities and adopting cultures is not alien to us. We have to identify the right words that would connect us to build a United Chakma World.
We have to embrace design thinking to control our actions, need to re-look our path frequently and build a system that act as fuel to drive our society towards a better future.

We have to question every change and dig out the solution to move forth and pro. Remember when we say, we are developing, consider the other parts of the world. It could be true also, if you have moved X probably the world has already moved 3X. Believe it or not that’s what happening. We might be having good time in the form of small tweak in the system but it has to be looked at the broader perspective. We have the habit of looking and thinking of our boundary only. We have to be open minded to understand the world too and comparison should be done at broader level.

This is the smart era where innovations are taking place at higher rate. We must have to walk along the change prevailing in the world. World is looking at top level of marshall of hierarchy of pyramid, where as we are looking at the bottom of the pyramid- Basic necessity.

What if, we look at the smart education and innovation as prime need, may be after a decade we will have our own intelligence and smart environment.

We will be self dependent and need not have to rely on others.

Why Arunachal people are fighting for citizenship though legally they are already granted. Citizenship means having rights and access to jobs plus better facilities ...Now what are those facilities -good house, electricity, water supply, food, transportation, good earning, no threats, independent life, pride and what not?

Look at this way: First equip yourself with knowledge, innovation, great thinking and professionalism. You will build your own eco-system, need not have to beg to others. For every need, you will have the solution at your palm. I see ISRAEL as an example, the world has abandoned them, they were stateless for many centuries today they are one of the most powerful and innovative communities in the world. Don’t go mad at me – Yes, citizenship is a necessity but don’t cry assuming you are buried, life is not end there ...Instead march with double force and win it. Today look at the people who are on the front, look at their style of working and look how they are making use of their intelligence and knowledge.

I take the pride of the people who writes artistically to communicate the need of the society. Understand!!! The force is forming, with due time the force will be much stronger to conquer everything.

To conclude, my words might be debatable. The essence of Facebook meant critical and innovative thinking, the kings names is a metaphor to our adoption to different cultures and identities. The rest meant to re-look and ask question (why? Why?) in pursuit of proper solution.

Lastly, A very happy and prosperous BIZU and Lets wake up!!!

The writer based at Bangalore, loves to write about things that really exist. In short, he writes creativity based on practical happenings.
A peeks into APCSU’s tour to Arunachal last year
- By CHAKMA Punya Tannya

After a hectic, strenuous but a life-time to cherish, APCSU's tour (April) to Arunachal last year, I am back to Delhi and now trying out to pen down the things my crazy mind takes me down the memory lane.

Friends, it has been really fantastic times as I've hoped. The food, the spirit of the team, the places, the journey, the occasions, the people out there. The tour was lined with the historical Arunachal Bizu Mela (13-15 April, 2014) taking the call of more than 40K people from all parts of Chakma inhabited States (Tripura, Mizoram, Meghalaya, Assam, Arunachal and others) followed by breaking-up of the dead-lock between the villages' monks and Bana Vihar monks on the on the august occasion of Chakma New Year Day (15th April @Avoidpur at the Bizu Mela ground itself; the APCSU’s National Conference on 16th April, 2014 and the immediate APCUSU's General Public Meeting at Avoipur on 18th April, 2014 saw a greater interest among the people for working towards the development of the society at large. There itself at the meeting, we have got/heard the public dissatisfaction with the delay in realising our rights. In this regard, a public meeting was convened where various issues were discussed including some issues with CCRCHAP. A number of resolutions were taken.

On my part, I was tasked to carry out the workshops of our Arunachal Chakma News and the 7Sisters Project Mobile-based Radio. Both of them have partnered in news-sharing. I take pride in saying ACN is the first published newspaper by the Chakmas and for the Chakmas. It’s main aim to bring the plight of the deprived Chakmas and Hajongs in the State of Arunachal Pradesh to the mainstream of India and thereby creating a substantial breakthorough in helping the poor cornered people to know their potential, their rights, and subsequently a way to move forward for better tomorrow. On the other hand, 7Sisters Project which is Mobile-based Radio has been a remarkable symbolically in helping out the deprived people to place their grievances/voices into the dynamic system and from their transporting the same into regional Medias. However, as of now, these two ACN and the Radio have been working on their own only.

This was my first public-facing stage and I give this credibility to the present APCSU’s Administration. Many might be inspired by great men, sun, stars, moon, beautiful things and so on, but I have taken the inspiration to work for my community from my friends like Ranjan (APCSU’s President) who carries fairly well-up public face; dynamic Prahlad, Chief GS, APCSU who has put into me the energy to let out my voice to be heard by self and to others too; young and vibrant Arunjit also times and again ticked my inner feeling questioning “Why, if this young man, who can leave his luxurious lifestyle in Delhi and get himself at the grass-root level working generously for the development of the society, can’t I do something?” The answer came very easily. Yeah! Obviously I can and my inner mind says “I should do”. Also, I given my

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credit to Binoy Shanti, Natunnye, Gyanomoni, Chiranjeet, Sunil and many more to add. With this, now, I do believe, I have the beautiful reason to live this life to the fullest.

Anyway, back to APCSU’s tour. In between of the General Public Meetings, executive meetings, we used to have brainstorming sessions looking for the best answers. Kudos!!! to dynamic Prahlad for bringing this beautiful, most important session of any aspiring/developed organizations!

APCSU had a meeting with CCRCHAP on the 22nd April, 2014 to discuss various issues. Unfortunately, we could not be reach a consensus on the issues. And ultimately as it should happened to any person(s)/organization(s) aiming for social upliftment, APCSU giving upmost regards and respect upon the public frustration due to the delay in realising our rights led to the formation of a new committee to works for citizenship, human rights and development of the Chakmas.

Friends, I do remember, CCRCHAP has done excellent jobs for the community including the judgment of the Supreme Court of India in 1996, which was both a historical and landmark judgement given in favour of the Chakmas and Hajongs of Arunachal Pradesh; the 105th Rajya Sabha Petition on the Chakmas in 1997 and others. However, the public are frustrated due to the delay in finding a solution even after the court judgment and the dismal life loaded with all denial modes: be it the voter cards, be it the ration cards, be it the trade licenses, be it the school education, be it the birth certificates (I hope you know all what is a birth certificate. In a very simple terms, birth certificate is the first document that certifies that you are born in this world and you know refusing this paper to you means is the greatest insult kicks at your being existence. Wake up man! Wake up! or you will be swept away before your eyes see this world). Therefore, the decision to form a new organization was taken to find to supplement the previous good work done with the ultimate aim of realizing our rights. The new organization seeks to take on board Chakma intellectuals in the decision box backed by greater public consensus, I do 100% believe that for sure it would have been altogether good days, good times, we would be with by this times now.

Dear friends, referring to my last tour to Arunachal, I have seen lot of things have changed in the last few years. For instance, there are many young men riding on bikes; some have cars; some have built good homes and so on. Here, how these developments are cropping up need a must think?

These so called the developments are coming up at the risk of keeping our children away from the current education scenario. These are cropping up due to the hard-toiled handy works of our folks day and night. These results when many of our people having their stomach half-filled. These are arriving at the cost of our children’ dreams (when they are meant for playing games and sports, attending schools and so on they are put up to earn a living). We are seeing these developments at the cost of our youth’s gala times in colleges, travelling the country length and breadth; pursuing their dreams to become established

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citizens economically, socially, politically and culturally. So, in other words, we can sum up that these so called developments are coming up at the cost of having a dynamic future.

Besides these, I have seen: there are people who are dealing in drugs and this need an immediate attention; there are people who have lost complete hope in CCRCHAP; there are people who believe in CCRCHAP; there are people who have hope in APCSU and who believe APCSU can give them the dignified life they have been deprived of till late; and there are people who are in no side; there are people who does not care about what is CCRCHAP, what is APCSU. There are people who want peace and who want CCRCHAP and APCSU should come together on a same table. Friends, we need to think wisely and get done the necessary things at home as early as possible because you know, the more the case of ours in Arunachal gets delayed, the more complexity it will be and believe me it will be really a tough job to come out of it.

Friends, just close your eyes and think wisely. Why we the Chakmas of Arunachal, though arrived in Arunachal (then NEFA) in 1964 and still we have not able to register ourselves as the true citizens of the land? Why? Many of you might be familiar with the Supreme Court's verdict in 1996 given in favour of the Chakmas of Arunachal (SC given the directive to State Govt. to process the citizenship works in respect of the Chakmas) but yet why none of the Chakmas has been recognized as the citizen of the land? Friends, is it okay for us to blame the State Govt for it tactics against us. If yes, then to what extend? If not, then who is to be blamed for our pathetic life? Is it CCRCHAP who is to be blamed as it is the lone committee fighting for citizenship of the Chakmas and Hajongs of Arunachal or do we need to blame ourselves. Friends, believe it or not, I am finding quite difficult to have a sound sleep. There are many things at home needed to be addressed at the earliest possible time. Should we stucked to be away from home and forget our home? Is n't it, it is our duty, our responsibility to make our life beautiful, to make our folks realize better lives? Friends, all of us know that we have to do something but when that knowing, community feeling will come inside us and subsequently push us to do that something that leads to our better lives?

Friends while saying this, I am feeling assured and at ease that though for a bit but at least we must acknowledge that good days are not far behind. Baah! What are you talkin about? You are silent. APCSU is silent. And CCRCHAP also seems to be silent. So, how can you say good days are ahead and not far behind? In fine, I am Okay. Okay I have no idea what CCRCHAP is doing these days and Yes, I agree APCSU has been quite since sometimes, but I am confident that APCSU will bounce back sooner or later powered with solid working force. Some of you can’t deny that your grievances are not heard or looked into. You must have to acknowledge that nowadays there is no community harassment being reported from our neighbours which is a good sign of mutual understanding and mutual good-will behavior. Or in other words, you are now access to voice your voice (s)/grievances on a right platform like The Eastern Today

Cnd.
Chakma Punya Tannya loves to write songs, poems especially for creating awareness, build up inspiration among the students of Arunachal Pradesh.

or other online social media pages. While saying this, I also feel sorry that APCSU is in ‘pause pace’ for the time being and so is finding its difficulty getting your grievances addressed on an upward scale trending.

We must sigh a relief if not fully but a bit. Why? Since Chakmas moved or have been brought to Arunachal (erstwhile NEFA) in 1964-69, they had been under the administration of Singpho leaders or other neighbor and honestly, we have not seen a good but a dismal picture of ours till date. But now as times pass, many things changed. First and foremost, now the administration (Bordumsa-Diyun Constituency) is under a gentle and kind hearted personality Nikh Kamin, Hon’ble MLA, who is from the Western part of the state. There is plain hope that Chakmas are going to prosper under his able and visionary leadership. Here, I am talking no nonsense. You can check it out for yourself.

Last but not the least, during my last tour to Arunachal, lots of things were brought before my eyes. I felt amazingly cool seeing the talk of the land was of course about the BIZU Mela, It was awe-some! 40000 plus Chakma people under an unified platform. It was a handsome achievement!!! And that shows the people willingness to live in harmonious culture. I have also witnessed there are many good hearted people who are yearning for changes for better lives and who have complete faith on APCSU in bringing good times sooner or later.

Wish you good times, and happy BIZU. May Buddha bless us all.
A Way to Gain Fundamental Right

- By Bishwa Jit Paksha

There is an old saying in Chakma "Ni-toa happe Ghasso poare" , (Keep on cutting a tree, it will fall down eventually) which means to keep trying your work(s) with strenuous efforts, zeal, energy and with firm determination, categorically success is there. So, I urge all dear brothers and sisters who have good feeling for your community, should keep working on the field (social cause) through which we all are earnestly longing for beautiful lives since the last fifty years.

The work should be systematic and in order to tackle the problem(s), first we have to find out the cause and effect of our failure(s) in which we have the deficiencies and thus looking for rational, logical way out for development picture. It is not to blame others or to any groups. Because, that won’t do well for us. We must be thankful to those who had worked: big or small. Be grateful to them. Here, I place my heartfelt gratitude to you all.

We all have to understand our problem of being stateless-ness in Arunachal even after living there more than 5 decades and going on. What is stateless-ness? In simple terms, statelessness means lack of any nationality. No nationality means you are helpless, having no citizenship and in return you are out of the rightsdevelopment box/processes of the state’s plans and programmes. And this is the position we are in.

No citizenship means is like a body without spine or a body having no bones. Without bone or spine, body is useless. So, thus without citizenship, we are hopeless. My take is that, We all are India-born; our great-great grand parents too born in united India. So, why we are living the life of stateless? Why we are living scatter, the life of destitute and desperate? Why we are splitted and why we are engaged in scattering our energy and strength in different directions and why our energy is not being utilized in unison for greater purpose of community development?

Although we have many educated, graduates but useless. Hardly few using his/her knowledge for rescuing the community from the dark chapter that envelops it since long time. We get acquire knowledge through education. Once we have the knowledge and become educated, we should use that knowledge to help ourselves as well as to extend help to our peoples. What is the use of knowledge if we can’t use for good causes. Just look at the great peoples like the Lord Buddha, Baba Saheb Ambedkar, Nelson Mendala, etc who sacrificed their lives for the well-being of the general masses.

But we are not using our brain power on right expectations. Remember, by birth no one is refuge but the system and politics keep labeling us as refugees. We are not refugees but we are just victims of partition of the undivided Bharat, which is affecting (harming) us tremendously in many ways: psychological, politically, economically, etc. Due to this, we are constantly under suppression and
oppression from dominance groups. All these are happening due to lack of good leadership, lack of awareness and various other causes and factors that lead us suffering continuously for many decades.

I urge all good minded people to come forward, work together to gain our right to live with dignity, for well-being of our future, for well-being of our future generation.

We all are born in India, its our right to live our lives with dignity and respect. To get our universal right, we have to be vigilant, heedful and keep on working with good intention and honest heart. Here nobody will come to help us; but we have to help ourselves to gain our right. We have to create our own destiny through our good efforts, through good communication, through sharing our noble ideas. We have to work ourselves to achieve the earnest desires, which we are looking forward since long.

One is own refuge and its master, whether it is good or bad, one is solely responsible of it. So let hold some responsibility and work for betterment of tomorrow.

95% of Chakmas in Arunachal Pradesh is Indian born. Even their father, grandparents, foreparents all were born in undivided India. Unfortunately the Chakmas are branded as refugees.

If the Chakmas of Arunachal Pradesh are refugees, then they are entitled of beneficiaries of Article 19 (1) (d) of the India constitution. But no facilities are given to Chakmas, even birth certificate is denied, why?

On contradict of Article 19 (1) (d) of the India Constitution, the Arunachal Pradesh state government had stop all beneficiaries from Chakmas. In late 1990 even right of education and basic health care were snatched. My question, is Arunachal Pradesh not under India judicial law, not under India Constitution?

According of Citizenship Act 1995, the Chakmas are indigenous peoples of India and entitled to Indian citizenship (see ...economic citizenship in India by Binda Sahini.page 4)

When we see the Citizenship Act 1995, we Chakmas are grossly neglected by India government and its law. Under the section 7B (1) and 5 (1) (g) of citizenship Act 1995, the person OCI (oversea citizenship of India) are eligible to apply Indian citizenship and given all extended benefits. If so why the Chakmas of Arunachal Pradesh are ignored and forgotten? Why they are not entitled of articles 7 B (1) and 5 (1) (g) ? Is it India law is only for rich? Is the Indian law not entitled to poor peoples?

According of Citizenship Act 1995, if a person parents and grandparents born in United India shall be a citizen of India by descent. If so all our parents, grandparents till 1000 years back all were born in India. So why we are kept in dark and grossly discriminated?

Under the section 6 A (1)(c) of Citizenship Amendment Act 1985 of Assam Accord, the territories included in state of Assam, which included Bangladesh.

Under the section 6 A (1)(d) of the Citizenship Act 1995, a person shall be deemed to be of Indian origin,
if he or either of his parents, grandparents any of his parents born in undivided India. It is clearly indicate the Chakmas are Indian citizen by birth but the system and politic keep us in dark, no justice to innocent peoples.

Why the article under section 6 A (1)(d) of the Citizenship Act 1995 is not applicable to Chakmas? Under the article of section 6 A (2) of citizenship Act 1995, all persons of Indian origin who came before the 1st day of January 1966 to Assam from specific territory (Bangladesh) and who have been ordinary residents in Assam shall be deemed to be citizen of India.

Point to be noted here that all the above articles and points are shown that we have many positive points to fight our case. What we need, a good lawyer to fight. Not the lawyer who is shifting the case date by date. We need to accommodate a good lawyer and some good intellectual peoples to work with lawyer keeping an eye on him constantly. Can we do it? If we are ready, we can get our right soon. It is the only right way to gain our right.

Our work and effort are like a Kamma. The kamma theory is one of the fundamental and core teachings of the Buddha, which make realize to understand the good and bad, its consequences and results. It teaches to understand one action, and it’s significant. So every individual is responsible for his/her action. Whether it is good or bad, individual is responsible of own action. So here our action is to gain our rights. To achieve our right, we all should work together united, every personal contribution will proves to be boon and bonus to achieve our ambition. Let all of us work together and make a historic achievement.

The writer is from Arunachal Pradesh: [B.A Hons, M.A (Philosophy) Kelaniya University, Sri Lanka], M.Sc (Medical Health Counseling) Sydney University, Australia)
Ven. Bimal Bhikkhu’s report on the Daingnet (Chakma) people of Myanmar, 1 March 2015

Date of visit: 17-01-2015 to 04-02-2015

Introduction

Daingnet (Chakma) people are indigenous to the Rakhine State of Myanmar. They were the first people among those who settled in northern Rakhine State. They were called Sak during the erstwhile British rule. They belong to the same ethnic group as that of the Chakma of Chittagong Hill Tracts of Bangladesh and north-eastern India. They claim to be Changma (Chakma).

The appearance of the Daingnet people is indistinguishable from the other Rakhine people. The Daingnet (Chakma) people are known to be honest, hard-working and reliable. According to an internal census in 1995, they were numbered about 60,000 and in 2011, their population was estimated to have been at 80,000. Now, they claim their estimated population to be more than 100,000 as of 2014.

The Daingnet people are one of the 135 ethnic groups officially recognized by the Government of Myanmar as being indigenous. According to Burma historian Gordon Luce, the Sak or the ancestors of the Daingnets attained a higher cultural level than any other minority people in Arakan.

An Overview: Rakhine State

Formerly Arakan of Burma is now the Rakhine state. Its capital is Sittwe. The Rakhine state is situated on the west coast of Myanmar, bordered by Chin state in the north, Magway region, Bago region and Ayeyarwady region in the east, and the Bay of Bengal and the Chittagong Division of Bangladesh in the west. The area of Rakhine state is 36,762 square kilometers (14,194 sq. miles).

Demographics: Rakhine State

Rakhine state has a diverse ethnic population in keeping with the other parts of Myanmar. As per the official figures, the population of Rakhine state stands at 3,118,963. The ethnic Rakhine are the majority inhabitants besides several other ethnic minorities like the Rohingya, Chin Mro, Chakma, Khumi, Dainet, Bengali Hindu and Maramgi. The topography of this state is mainly hilly.

The Rohingya population constitutes about 41% of the total population of Rakhine state; 96% of the Rohingya Muslim population inhabits the border as well as coastal areas of Bangladesh.

Settlement Areas: Daingnet People

The Daingnet people are found in Mawndaw, Buthitaung, Kyauktaw, Paletwa, Mrauk-U and Myaunbgwe in the Rakhine state. Many other Daingnets also live in the Arakan Yoma Mountain and Chin state. The Daingnet people are also found in Yangon though they are few in number.

Culture: Daingnet People

The culture of the Daingnet people is colorful and rich, quite similar to the culture of the Chakma in the Chittagong
Hill Tracts of Bangladesh and the north eastern region of India. Rice is their staple food, and vegetable, fish and meat are their preferred food. They are fond of dry fish, too.

The men wear lungi while the women wear pinon from the waist down like the thamin of the Burmese ladies; khadi is worn by the women from the waist up. The pinon is very much like that of the Chakmas of the Chittagong Hill Tracts of Bangladesh. The pinon is especially worn by the Daingnet Chakma women during special religious occasions and festivals.

The Daingnet men usually engage in agriculture and horticulture while the women take care of the children and cook food for their families. Besides, they wish to work in mom-and-pop shops that sell essential commodities of daily household life.

The Daingnet people normally like to settle near rivers but some of them are also found to live in the mountains whose livelihood comprise slash and burn cultivation called Jum.

The colorful dance of the Daingnets is a big draw for many people and their song is sweet to listen to.

The Chakma and the Daingnet people have the same linguistic script. The latter have several unpublished scripts as literature. The language of the Daingnets is characteristically a mix of Tibeto-Burman and Indio-Aryan languages. Majority of the Daingnets are multi-lingual.

Apart from their own Chakma language, they can speak Rakhine, Burmese and Bengali (Chittagonian language) while the educated Daingnet can speak English too.

**Religion: Daingnet People**

Daingnets are followers of the Buddha. Traditionally they have been strict followers of Theravada Buddhism. Almost every village has a Buddhist Monastery.

The male member of the Diangnet people is obligated to become a Buddhist monk at least once in his lifetime, although he is not required to remain a Buddhist Monk for life. The Daingnet people go to the Buddhist Monastery, pagoda on major Buddhist festivals which usually fall on the full moon days.

On the occasions of wedding ceremonies, the Daingnet community invites Buddhist Monks to seek their blessings.

The last rites of an individual are also performed by the Buddhists Monks.

**Economy: Daingnet People**

The main occupation of the Daingnets is agriculture. Paddy is their main crop. Majority of the Daingnets are engaged in agriculture. A few of the Daingnets are traders. The economy is mostly dependent on agriculture and hence it is affected by changes in weather patterns.

There are two kinds of farmers among the Daingnets: some of them work on farmlands on a permanent basis while the others do farming in the hills and mountains by slash and burn or shifting cultivation technique. Owing to an under-developed economy, there is widespread poverty among the Daingnet community in the Rakhine state of Myanmar.

They avoid the occupations of fishermen and butchers due to religious convictions rooted in Buddhism.

Cndt.
Transport and Communication: Daingnet People

The transport and communication system of the region inhabited by the Daingnets mainly consists of waterways. Communication via roads is limited.

It is only in 1996 that a highway was constructed from Sittwe to mainland Myanmar. However, there is an airport in Sittwe, the capital of Rakhine state.

The Daingnet area is easily accessible using the waterways from Sittwe, after travelling there from Yangon by air.

Education: Daingnet People

Education facilities in Myanmar are extremely limited except in the main cities of Yangon and Mandalay. As the Daingnets have been living in the northwestern hilly region of Rakhine state, they are educationally backward. There are a few schools in the region though. These are mostly primary schools.

The people are scattered across the region with clusters of 30 or 40 odd families residing at some of the locations. It is very hard to find clusters of 100 families settled at one particular place.

As a result, there are no secondary schools but only one primary school per 4/5 villages. Hence, school going children can avail themselves of educational facilities in those schools only up to the fifth standard.

After passing out of a primary school, the children have to go miles away to a small town called Buthitaung to continue their studies in a middle school. Buthitaung is situated at Rohingya, a Muslim populated area. The children start early in the morning at 06:00 am to go walking to school and attend the classes. They are faced with harsh problems especially during the rainy season.

The muddy paths are filled with puddles, the fields flooded and the rivers overflowing with water in the wake of heavy rains during the rainy season. There is no bridge across the river. Some of the ambitious children would challenge themselves and they cross the river by swimming to reach school.

Only a minuscule number of the people can afford education for their children in the town. Hence, the number of 7 graduates among them is quite small. This is the reason why the Daingnets have continued to be backward both educationally as well as socially.

Socio-Political Factors: Daingnet People

At present, the Rakhine state is faced with political unrest. Due to ethnic clashes between the Rakhine and the Rohingya Muslims, fear and tension prevail everywhere in the region. There is lack of trust among the people.

Social exchange between one community and the other is becoming restrained day by day due to fear. This prevailing situation has increased the sufferings of the Daingnet people. Their children can neither study in the vicinity of the Rohingya Muslim community nor can they afford to live in the town to educate their children.

All this has brought upon the the Daingnet community a crisis which is seriously hampering the education of their children. Some of the educated Daingnet Cntd.
People live in Yangon.

Their occupation mostly comprises service in the private sector while some are small traders. Their guide is Buddhist Monk. Normally, spiritual leaders guide the leaders of a country.

The Daingnets society is no exception; they are also guided by the elite Buddhist Monk Sayadaw U. Punya Thami and Sayadaw U. Sandawara. They have dedicated their lives for socio-religious causes while Mr. Aye Maung is a good organizer who is also dedicated to serving the society and is always ready to extend his active co-operation in social work.

The educated Daingnet people are becoming more and more aware of the socio-economic condition of their society in Myanmar. They have realized that without social organization, no society can thrive. So, they have attempted to organize the people and have formed “The Daingnet (Chakma) Welfare Association” in Yangon for the welfare and development of the Daingnet society. It is a non-profit association and its aim and objective is community development.

The address of “The Daingnet (Chakma) Welfare Association” is as given below.

Sayadaw U. Punya Thami Or U Aye Maung, 40, Atthawadi Road or (Monastery Road) Word 2, North Okkalapa Township, Yangon, Myanmar

Mobile: 09 401 560 699 09 739 015 49
Email: subitayechakma449@gmail.com

The Daingnet (Chakma) Welfare Association has undertaken a project named “Destitute Home” at Buthitaung of Rakhine state to educate the under-privileged and socially uncared for children of their community. It is the association’s maiden project.

Presently, to run this project they have started campaigns for fund raising at home and abroad.

The Daingnet (Chakma) Welfare Association appeals to the generous people and philanthropic organizations to extend their helping hands sympathetically towards the association for the benefit and welfare of the Daingnet community.

Conclusion

There is tremendous scope for welfare and development work viv-a-vis the Daingnet community through The Daingnet (Chakma) Welfare Association. Myanmar is a Buddhist populated country. The term Daingnet is synonymous with the term ‘Chakma’. The term ‘Chakma’ has its origin in the term ‘Sakya’. It is believed not only by the Chakma and the Daingnets but also by the people of Myanmar. The general notion of the people of Myanmar is that the Daingnets are the descendents of the Sakyamuni or the Buddha.

Owing to this perception, the Daingnet (Chakma) people find themselves in the good books of the Government of Myanmar. Myanmar is gradually establishing itself as a democracy from erstwhile military rule. The country is opening up more and more to the world.

By Bimal Bhikkhu

Bodhicariya Vihara, Chakma Road, New Town, Rajarhat, Kolkata -700 135

Email, bbhikkhu@yahoo.com

Source: Venerable Ajahn Visuddhananda Thera (Free & Shareable).
Traditionally, the Chakmas are strong followers of Buddhism. However, there has been an alarming trend in Chakmas being converted to Christianity in India, particularly in Mizoram in Arunachal Pradesh.

Freedom of religion in India is a fundamental right guaranteed by the country's constitution. Every citizen of India has a right to practice and promote their religion peacefully. However, there are instances of people being converted by force, inducement, etc.

According to statistics compiled by Young Chakma Association (YCA), Kamalanagar, Mizoram, 4,987 Buddhist Chakmas have been converted to Christianity by Christian Missionaries till 2010. The YCA states that the Zoram Baptist Mission has been working in the following Chakma villages:

1. M. Kawnpui
2. Parva
3. Lompuighat
4. Bulongsuri
5. Udalthanasora
6. Kamalanagar
7. Hmunthar
8. Vairawkai
9. Chhuahthum
10. Phairuankai
11. Rolui
12. Tuichawng
13. Mtrisora
14. Zohmun
15. Serhuan
16. Samuksuri
17. Tuikawi
18. Sachan
19. Marpara
20. Mauzam
21. Khantlang

The YCA further claimed that the effort to convert the Buddhist Chakmas into Christianity can be traced back during the later half of the 18th century. In Mizoram, the proselitization campaign among the Chakmas can be traced back to 1939 when the Baptist Christian Mission appointed two Mizos evangelists namely Kawha (Sapkunga) and Siama of Sirte to work in the Chakma areas in the then Lushai hills. The Presbyterian Church also started working among the Chakmas and Brus since 1948.

The Christian Missionaries also used the tactic of changing the Chakma villages/towns with Mizo/Christian names. For example, many Chakma villages such as Dema Giri (named after Devo Giri) has been changed with Tlabung, Kamalanagar is referred as Chawngte in almost all official communication, the river Karna Fully was changed with Khawtlang Tuipui, etc. The names are allegedly being replaced without consultation with the Chakma villagers. This is one way of removing the identity, claimed the YCA.

Some of the Churches where the Chakmas have been converted/affected include Chakma Baptist Church in Kamalanagar-I village under Chakma Autonomous District.
Council (CADC) in 1983; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Mastarpara village under CADC in 2006; Immanuel Baptist Church at Montola village under CADC in 2004; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Udalthana-I under CADC; Evangelical Church of Maraland at Udalthana-II village under CADC in 2014; Chakma Baptist Church at Jamersury village under CADC in 2008; Baptist Church at Sumsilui village in Lai Autonomus District Council in 1982; Lairam Baptist Church at Sumsilui village in LADC in 2014; Chakma Baptist Church at Jagnasury village in LADC in 2010; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Sedarilui village in LADC; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Tuichawng village in 1982; Baptist Church in Mizoram at Tuichawng-II in 2010; Presbyterian Church at Tuichawng-II in 2008; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Matrisora village in 2010; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Marpara-S village in 1990; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Sugurobasora village in 2011; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Gobosury village in 1985; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Shipirtlang village in 2009, Presbyterian Church at Haguduor village in 2006; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Pantlang village; Baptist Church of Mizoram at Samuksury village in 1991 etc.

In some of the villages almost all the Chakma villagers are converted to Christianity.

This report is based on the report “Prosetalization by Christian Missionaries Amongst the Minority Buddhist Chakmas in Mizoram”, compiled by Young Chakma Association, Kamalanagar, Mizoram.
The campaign for Introduction of Chakma scripts in primary schools in Tripura continued during 2015.

On 28 January 2015, the High Court of Tripura in an order asked the State Government of Tripura to take a decision on imparting teaching at the primary level to the children belonging to Chakma community in their mother tongue.

The petition was filed by Sameer Chakma of Pecharthal in Unakoti district (Sameer Chakma vs. State of Tripura) due to failure of the State Government of Tripura to provide teachers for imparting education to Chakma children in their mother tongue.

The High Court directed the State Government to communicate the petitioner about the decision made in this regard. The High Court also asked the petitioner to approach the court in case of any grievances on the decision of the State Government.

It is pertinent to mention that the State Government in its cabinet meeting chaired by Chief Minister Manik Sarkar in 2012 made a decision to introduce Chakma language in Chakma script in primary schools of Tripura. It was decided to start in 58 primary schools in Chakma concentrated areas. However, the State was sluggish in implementation of its decision. The decision was taken following campaign by various Chakma organization in Tripura.

In January 2015, the Government of Bangladesh has restricted the access of foreign visitors and both national and international organizations to the Chittagong Hill Tracts. The restrictions had made it extremely difficult to organize meetings between indigenous peoples and, for instance, human rights organizations.

As per the decision, if anyone with a foreign passport wants to visit Rangamati, Khagrachhari and Bandarban districts of the CHT, they will have to submit an application to the home ministry at least a month before the intended visit. The home ministry will give the permission based on positive reports of the intelligence agencies concerned.

Various organizations had condemned the restrictions and demanded the withdrawal of the same.
**Chakmas reduced to second class citizens in Mizoram**  
- By ACN editorial team

**On 24 March 2015,** the Mizoram Government in a press statement stated that the State Government has amended the Mizoram (Selection of Candidates for Higher & Technical courses) Rules.

The controversial amendment to the rules included the explanation clause on the term “Local Permanent Residents” and “indigenous”. It is believed that the amendments made are the results of the agreement reach between the Mizo Zarlai Pawl (MZP) and the Government of Mizoram in September 2014 following protest by MZP.

The amendment of the explanation clause of Rule 5, with the insertion of “Zo-ethnic people who are native inhabitants” in place of “indigenous people of the state of Mizoram” effectively reduced the Chakmas of Mizoram to second class citizens in their own land.

With the amendments, the selection of candidates for Higher & Technical courses against the reserved quota of seat shall be made on ethnic line not on merit.

The Chakmas and other minorities of Mizoram are the most backward and giving the official preference to the majority ethnic “Mizos” over the non-Mizos is an act of discrimination. The amendment violates various provisions of the Constitution of India including Article 14 relating to “equality before law”, Article 15 relating to “prohibition of discrimination on grounds of religion, race, caste, sex or place of birth”, Article 21 relating to the right to life and Article 29 relating to “Protection of interests of minorities”. The amendment also violates the Mizoram Peace Accord, 1986 which provides that “the rights and privileges of the minorities in Mizoram as envisaged in the Constitution, shall continue to be preserved and protected and their social and economic advancement shall be ensured.”

The amendment completely ignores the very cordial relations the Chakmas and Mizos shared from time immemorial. Though there have been some stray incidents of violence between individuals from Mizo and Chakma communities, which happen in all societies living together, historical records show that Mizos and Chakmas never had any major conflicts, which are regularly seen even today in Assam, Manipur, Meghalaya etc among different communities. In fact, though a number of other ethnic communities of Mizoram resorted to armed rebellion against the State Government, the Chakmas never resorted to such violence. The agreement signed with the MZP nullifies such best practices of community relations and instead pushes both the communities towards communal disharmony.

The amendment ignores the fact that the Chakmas of Mizoram are local permanent residents of the State of Mizoram since time immemorial. The Chakmas were notified as a Scheduled Tribe under the Constitution (Scheduled Tribes) Order, 1950 in erstwhile Assam under which current day Mizoram was a district. The Chakmas enjoyed the same...
when Mizoram was created as a Union Territory. The same was guaranteed when Mizoram was created as a separate State in 1986 as provided under the 1986 Mizoram Peace Accord. The Constitution of India recognizes the Chakmas of Mizoram as local permanent residents. On 29 April 1972, the Chakma Autonomous District Council (CADC) was formed under the Sixth Schedule of the Constitution of India. As a result, the Chakmas under the CADC enjoys special safeguard granted by the Article 273-G of the Constitution of India.

Therefore to say that the Chakmas are not permanent residents of Mizoram or sons of the soil/indigenous is without basis and of no legal standing.

It is pertinent to mention that when reservation is made for any particular group of people under the Constitution, it is made based on the findings on the socio-economic conditions of the targeted beneficiaries. If indeed reservation is to be made in Mizoram, it should be made for the Chakmas and other non-Mizo minorities because of their socio-economic backwardness including in education. As per the official records, the Chakmas are the most illiterate ethnic community in Mizoram, which is counted among the States topping in literacy rate. The literacy rate among the Chakmas in Mizoram is only 45.3% against 95.6% literacy rate for the Mizos as per 2001 Census. The official data made public at the launching of Rapid Action Total Literacy Campaign in December 2010 in Lunglei show that there are 12,129 illiterate people in Lawngtlai district followed by 4,200 in Lunglei district and 2,845 in Mamit district. All these three districts (Lawngtlai, Lunglei and Mamit) have substantial population of minorities like Chakma, Bru, Lai, etc. The largest minority group, the Chakma, lives only in these three districts. Considering the backwardness of the Chakma minorities, exclusive reservation for the Chakma minorities if made by the State Government of Mizoram shall be justified before the Courts as the Chakma minorities should be brought to the same level as the majority Mizos. However, the amendment based on an agreement with the MZP regrettably excludes the Chakmas and other non-Mizo minorities from their access to higher education.

Various Chakma organizations in Mizoram and outside have condemned the controversial amendments.

Pertinently, various organizations including students Unions have appealed the State Government of Mizoram during the agreement reached between MZP and State Government last year.

The amendments are illegal and the State Government must immediately withdraw the same and treat all its subjects with equality and non-discrimination.
A Call for action

As a communication secretary of Arunachal Pradesh Chakma Students Union (APCSU) I decided to write on something to the youth. When selected as Communication Secretary of APCSU, I know at first hand that how important this responsibility is for me and for our community. This is a team work and I know success comes when common people like me do common work uncommonly well, I believe we have a great team and we can take the students and youth to new heights and glory.

In words of James” Youth is the joy, the little bird that has broken out of the eggs and is eagerly waiting to spread out its wings in the open sky of freedom and hope.”Youth is the spring of Life. It is the age of discovery and dreams. Chakmas everywhere has a huge pool of talented youth and it is the greatest source of energy, the energy that can lead the whole community to a happier, safer, secure and prosperous living. If Chakma youth make up their mind and work in close unity with working class people, they can hold the political power in their hands. We youth has the power to make our community from a developing community to a developed community. It is the dream that is calling me and us all.

The youth can make our community, a community free of poverty, unemployment, inequality and exploitation of man by man. A community free of discrimination on the grounds of race, colour, language and gender. We want to make our community full of creative challenges and opportunities to conquer them. But let us convert these hopes in reality.

The role of youth is of most importance in today’s time. It has underplayed itself in field of politics. It should become aspiring leader rather than mere workers. It can play a vital role in elimination of terrorism. Young participation is important because youth are the power. Youth recognize problems and can solve them. Youth are strong forces in social movements. They educate children about their rights. They help other young people attain a higher level of Intellectual ability and to become qualified adults.

Unfortunately no one is bothered to dream any such vision. Martin Luther has said, "I have a Dream" and the dream come largely true. If he had not thought of that dream he would have accomplished nothing in his life. Another problem is indifferent attitude of youth towards things, situation and politics. The new cool formula of the youth “sab chaltahai” is proving fatal to our development. Lack of unity and spirit is the major setback. It is time the youth, the students have to realize their power, their role, their duties and their responsibility and stand up for their rights. Now it is time that we wake up to a new dawn of Unity. Being united can only make our voice heard. If you want to make your dreams come true, the first thing you have to do is to wake up and change the attitude because it is a little thing that makes a big difference. We have to leave this attitude of “sab Chaltahai” and each one should try a bit to make a difference in his or her own way. Each one should act as guardians of our people. To start with, let us stop ourselves being a waste to our society, let’s control on alcoholism and drug abuses. Let us stop younger brothers and sisters going in a wrong direction.
We should encourage youth to venture out in different streams of life, like sports, music, politics, art, entertainment, etc. We have to encourage and empower youth to make them realize their true potential of a torch bearer of the community.

We can become a developed community only if everyone contributes to the best of his or her capacity and ability. Youth is wholly experimental and with the full utilization of the talents of the Youth, we will become a complete Community. Let us hope for the same. I would like to appeal to our distinguished leaders and youths of our community to join us in the unprecedented protest against the denial of rights to the Chakmas of Arunachal Pradesh that is being tentatively planned to be organized in December of 2014 in Delhi and possibly at Diyun and Guwahati.

Thanks and regards,

The writer is the communication Secretary of APCSU

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**New Evil in our Society – Drug Addiction**

- By Binoy Shanti Chakma

Drug means medicine, but now a day it has been given a new connotation which is related to fatal narcotics which includes cocaine, heroin and brown sugar and so on. All these drugs have evil effects on the mind and body cells of the addicts. Drug addiction leads to harming oneself and also his/her family. When drugs become an integral part of one’s life, the victim goes with lots of problem which can be classified into Physical, Psychological, Spiritual and Social. There are many reasons for drug abuse by a person. Most of the time one goes to drug under peer pressure. There are many reasons like emotion, such as not being loved, depression, low self-esteem, feeling neglected, stress in the family, bad parenting and some time bad company or friends leads to drug abuse.

The symptoms for drug addictions are as follows: Dishonesty and frequent lies, Withdraw from family and friends, mood swings, depressed, isolating oneself, sleeping disorder and stealing.

Treatment of drug-addicts is done through different medical processes. The patient suffers from several physical troubles, when he is made to give up his addiction. He regains his normalcy gradually by the method of detoxification, after that psychiatric treatment has to be started. And above all the patient’s family members play a vital role in his/her recovery by supporting him/her in every way.

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This drug menace has gripped our society very badly and making our lives miserable day by day. Earlier this menace was not there in our areas (Chakma areas) but now some vested interested persons are playing with our lives. In making quick bucks they don’t realize that for their selfish motive our society is getting ruined and getting bad names. During my childhood to adulthood days, I haven’t heard any cases of theft in my village (Avoipur), but now after this menace I am hearing frequent cases of theft, even the cattle and betel nuts are not being spared. This is not a case of my village only, the whole Chakma areas has become the same. Many lives and families are getting ruined because of the drug menace.

Now, the big question is how we can prevent it from ruining our society further. According to my perception it is the duty of every individual and local authority to take part in stopping this menace. Awareness camp and program in every village regarding the bad effect of drug abuse should follow. And we should make a strong group of volunteers in every village and identify the peddlers and give them stern warnings. If stern warning don’t deter them, strict action should follow, within the law of the state. There are many people who go to the deep forest to cultivate Ganja and Hani (Opium), which should be stopped immediately. Those who oppose should be brought to the notice of the authority and law will take it own course. This will be possible only if we all come and work together unitedly with the help of the local authority.

The writer is based in Delhi
Chakma Community represented ‘Arunachal State’ for the first time in Delhi

Delhi –NCR Chakma Community attended the first ever very interactive session with DONER (Development of North Eastern Region) Minister Dangu Dr. Jitendra Singh cum Musical-Cultural Evening organised by My Home India on 26th March, 2015 in New Delhi.

The beauty of the programme was that the Chakmas for the first time represented the state of “Arunachal Pradesh” and that too with an opening performance of the august occasion.

Here it is felt that it is worth mentioning one of the attendees, Dangu Hemant Larma’s awesome reaction (taken from Facebook) to that particular occasion in his very words, “It was thrilling to listen to the opening announcement "The opening cultural of today’s prestigious event is represented by Arunachal Pradesh, showcasing the spring end and beginning of new year festival for the Chakma community from Arunachal Pradesh, here comes the BIZU dance" and then with thunderous claps i could see my little sisters dancing their way to the stage with beautiful Pinon & Haadi...WOW. Though it was performed over a modern song, how does it matter..., for me it was coming of age and beginning of Soft diplomatic achievement on which we have been working so hard to engage those who matter in Delhi.

I was doubly delighted to witness brother Dangu Uttam Chakma recieve a momento from Dangu Minister for his con-
backwards, as for him sitting in the same place had been a commonplace. He couldn’t stand sitting long because at his age friends’ kites must be souring in the blue skies. He almost felt jealous of them thinking of it. They might be running one after another, whooping in the shingle beach. But suddenly he came to his sense, almost banging hard his fist on the table as he remembered what happened yesterday with his friends.

“I hate them,” he found himself muttering in a hush tone.

After a long tedious strolling along the lobby of the building he was looking out of a bow window at a breathtaking view: far down the hills, there he could see a river ran down, licking the banks. And on the other shore of the river, were some lonely log cabins from where smoke was belching out of the chimneys. But he could not make out with his little eyes if there were any people strolling around. So, the boy stood with his elbow on the window sill as he plucked the flowers’ petals which branches came sticking out of the window bars. But he suddenly heard someone’s calling behind him, and he turned round when he saw none.

The boy sluggishly tilted his chair backwards, as for him sitting in the same place had been a commonplace. He couldn’t stand sitting long because at his age friends’ kites must be souring in the blue skies. He almost felt jealous of them thinking of it. They might be running one after another, whooping in the shingle beach. But suddenly he came to his sense, almost banging hard his fist on the table as he remembered what happened yesterday with his friends.

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By the moment he tiptoed back to his rickety chair, he looked about the lobby when there suddenly showed up a woman almost out of nowhere. She might be in her late sixties, with a gentle smile on her face upon which dangled her wispy fringes that was going grey, she wore a pair of half-moon glasses which she took off as she led her legs towards the reception. The boy was busy turning pages of

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the book when he was almost jumped out of his skin as this woman with chubby cheeks started, “Hello! Boy, do you have a place for the night,” looking as though she had her doubt if this boy was the receptionist.

She looked frail when she stood before him with a bundle of something loose, wrapped with a rather unkempt clothe.

The boy stood up with his heart still beating.

“Yes, we have place for the night; but not for you”, he breathed flatly, as he was alive to that she would flinch back hearing the price.

She looked around, turning her head heavenwards. She seemed to have been worn out at his off-hand response, but having no way out she asked further in a tune trying to sound pretty gentle, “How much for one night then, boy?”

Although it wasn’t the first time for him when he had the difficulty to bring himself to tell the price, he paused for a moment looking nervously at her. But the woman seemed to be curious to hear the price.

“Ok, you can stay here but providing you can bear the price of the room; yes, the price is 500 Rupees per night”

“Can it be 300 Rupees per night, because you see I am old enough to bear the price?”

“No, there is neither a riff off nor a hard bargaining”, said the boy tersely.

To his surprise, her facial expression went normal to bits which had already conceived a curiosity to have a look at the room. She hastily waddled to keep her stuff in a dark corner of the lobby, and they climbed up the spiral flights of stairs to a room. But at times when they were at their half-way to the room, the boy stopped to a halt, looking behind at the woman who was scrambling up.

The woman briskly looked up, “Er...why you stop?” she panted, fidgeting her hand on the stair case.

“Oh, I forgot the key of the room,” said the boy remorsefully, as he ran down the stairs.

“Your forgetfulness!” smiled the portly woman sitting on the step.

The boy snatched the key from the board and ran up the flights of stairs with his spindly legs.

It was in the third floor. The boy pulled the key out of his pocket as it jangled when it hit the door. He whacked open the door with a creaking sound from it when the woman looked full joys of spring to have seen the room. There they could see the slanting stream of lights which were casting on the tidy floor through a window which curtains were half-opened. The room had a single bed with a floral bed spread but it seemed to have seen better days; a table in the middle of the room with a vase of flower which withered slouching down. The woman sat on the edge of bed gazing on the tapestry on the wall. She looked on top form with a sense of joy, looking out of the window as though she was thinking that her pilgrimage to this land had been truly eventful at last. Except for everything of the room, having a panoramic view of the majestic temple’s dome through this open window was one of the best things she

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mostly appealed to. Before shutting the door behind, she told the boy that she liked the whole caboodle of the room.

As they made their way to the downstairs, the boy knew that there could be a hurdle for her or even for him, because the woman might not meet the cost of the room. He unwillingly led his legs behind her, thinking that he too wanted her to get the room.

The woman stopped, looking behind at the boy who was coming down with his hand rubbing on the staircase.

“What’s your name?” gently asked the woman.

There was a pause.

“Tim!” said the boy curtly through a mouthful of something, scratching his scruffy head.

“I couldn’t get at what you said ‘Thin or Tim’ “, requested the woman jokingly.

“Tim”

“Oh, good name”, said the woman, stroking his mousy hair with her wan fingers.

When they arrived downstairs there was none except for woman’s bundle which was propping on the wall as if an old man was putting his feet up for afternoon siesta. Tim ran to bring the bundle when suddenly he whined, limping off across the floor with his hands pressed calf. He must have bumped his wound against the edge of the table which he got yesterday.

The woman turned round and shrieked, “What happened?”

Tim sat making his face on the floor still pressing his wound as the woman waddled to him.

“How did you come by that wound?” said the woman, tapping gentle Tim’s calf. Tim grimaced painfully at the woman trying not to tell her how he got it.

“Oh, you don’t want me to let into your secret”.

“I hate them, they shoved me to the spiky rock in the river” Tim revealed angrily, “They are so cliquy”.

“Who are you talking about?” asked the woman feebly, drooping her shoulders.

“My friends” Said the boy brusquely.

“They are your friends, and are cliquy too?” said she, giving a little hollow laugh although worrying about lest Tim should get angry.

After minutes of his nagging complaint of his friends Tim was at the reception, wiping out his tears with his disheveled sleeves. The woman neared him, tugging her bundle of clothes. Now she stood at the table with her elbow poised on the table, looking at the boy as the boy scribbled something on a piece of paper rather absently.

“So, how much?” asked the woman, letting out a relaxing breath.

“Didn’t I tell you before?”

“So, there is no discount”, said the woman in a hoarse voice, sounding as though she went into a state of tense but trying hard to be gentle, knowing that he was just a little thing.

“Ok, I have got to look for room in another place then”, she turned round

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with her bundle towards the gate when she could hear behind her
“I am sorry”.

She looked round at the boy and
beamed at him mirthlessly.

As she waddled towards the gate
Tim looked at her wistfully until she vanished behind the bushes on the road.

All the evening was quite quiet as
Tim stood by the open window looking out at the setting sun – far behind the mountains. The waves in the river were shimming in the evening sun; the cold wind began blowing from the east; the birds were chirping as though they were on their family feud. But Tim was fed up with those chirpings of the birds as he called off his game with his friends, perhaps he fell out with them. Now the darkness was swarming around as he sat with his chin on arms, still thinking of that weighty woman. She must be sleeping feebly somewhere among those mountains. By the night fall Tim slipped back to his room which was a basement with a rectangular-shaped window from where he could see the dusty sill covered with moss as it was always drenched by constant water falling. He sat on the bed planking the yellowish pillow to the spotty wall. And threw himself into the bed, looking at the dusty book shelf with his flapping eyes. And he knew nothing when he went to sleep.

Today, the weather was fine. The sky was getting colour as the sun put into an appearance above the massive mountains. Tim was busy sweeping out the leaves that were whipped off the ground in the morning wind. He hardly balanced the broom as it had a long handle which was double his height. If the woman were again here she would have given the boy a hallow laugh, seeing his fledgling experiences of life. However, Tim was doing his best. Today, he might make up his mind going out after finishing his work.

No sooner did he finish his work than there again he could see the portly woman walked towards him with the same smile on her face as yesterday. When she approached the boy, she carelessly put her bundle about the ground as Tim stood with his broom rather importantly.

“I am back again, boy”, sighed the woman, “do you still have the room?”

“I want to get this room, no matter whatever the price; yesterday, I was on the lookout for a room, and finally I got one but it was far more costly than yours. I understand you boy, you are helpless to help me”

Tim said nothing until the woman asked him to sit on a bench beneath the tree. The woman pulled some fruits out of her bundle and offered to Tim.

“You haven’t said anything yet?” said the woman.

“Oh, yes...yes we have the room, if you wish you can come”. Tim stammered, clearing his throat.

They leaned against the tree as they munched the fruits. Now they were getting on well each other. Tim seems to like her as he was all alone yesterday evening; now at lease he had a company. Tim threw the peels on the ground as the woman crooned boring songs for the boy.

The woman raised her head up

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looking at what Tim did; looking as looking as though she was going to ask the boy something.

“I remember you telling something that you hate someone, boy?” asked the woman as Tim exchanged his glances with her.

“Yes, my friends; I hate them, because they hit me” Tim said.

She asked the boy to come closer when she gently patted his back with wrinkled palms. They both sat looking at the raising mountains which seemed quite at the moment.

“You hate your friends, because they beat you?” said she, “why should you hate them, you should love them instead; even if they are bad one day you will cry reminiscing their naughty days with you”.

“Here, all are good, if you are good,” said she letting out relaxing breathes.

Tim sat looking at her eyes as if he doubted if she was right.

“You will love yourself if you love your surrounding including your neighbors; they all are in need of your love” She further said as though she did not know what she had just said.

“So, will you go to play with your friends?”

Tim sat dump struck with neither a nod nor a shaking from his scruffy head, he seemed to be miles away at the moment.

“Ok, I will come tomorrow, and keep the room for me” breathed the woman as she got to her feet with her baggy bundle. She gave Tim more fruits to eat which Tim put aside to tuck in later.

Tim, after three days of waiting for that kind woman, was growing anxious, thinking that she probably left the place; but without saying him good bye. On the other hand, Tim could not see his way — why she should say him good bye; she was nothing to him than a kind stranger.

But today he was again lonely, sitting with a face as long as a fiddle under the gnarled bark tree which stood spreading its twisted branches. It was cold beneath the tree, but still he stood leaning with his back on the tree, absent-mindedly throwing stones on the ground. And at last he almost took it for granted that the woman might have gone back on her words.

After all the lonesome, listless moments of the day Tim abruptly remembered that he had some fruits in his stuffy basement which were given by the woman. He hurriedly ran towards the room but there suddenly wafted a nauseating smell that he had to run with his hand pressed his aquiline nose. “Yeck! What – a –sickening smell!” stuttered Tim. As soon as he took the fruits in his hands he hurried out to munch them under the tree. He just left the turning of the building wall; he glanced about the tree when there he could see what looked like a woman sitting on the bench with her shoulders slouching. When Tim neared the woman, he was as happy as Punch to have recognized the woman; it was she whom he might be fretfully waiting for. But Tim sat beside her as though he was blissfully unaware of her presence, dangling down his legs to and fro from

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thrilled to bits at the look of how the butterflies flew flapping their beautiful wings. Sometimes they took rest under the strappingly big trees with the vines tangled round. The woman would give Tim something to eat. Sometimes the woman gave a hearty laugh at Tim when she saw Tim washing his little hands with the dewdrops that still remained on the soft leaves like diamonds in a string. Tim walked slowly around the tree, feeling the little stones under his feet as the woman sat on a big root of the tree, looking at the boy’s fidgety manners. The boy would nag at the woman to continue their journey so that they could took rest for the second time until they would arrive to a shingle beach. They had yet some minutes’ walk to arrive to the shingle beach. Tim was always walking leaving the woman behind until he saw someone walking towards them. He looked behind at the woman who was walking as slowly as she could. Tim would make his face. Now, he turned round to look at those persons who were approaching him. He could see a woman walking with a little girl who clasped a flower basket while her mother held her fingers with her right hand. They smiled at Tim as they walked past him; Tim beamed back happily.

After a big turning of the road, it gave on to a breathtaking view of a clump of trees which were laden with pinkish blue flowers. The trees of the flowers grew up from the bottom of the ravine so that the boy could easily feel the touch of the flowers from the wooden bridge which was covered with greenish moss. The air was filled with rejuvenating fragrance which even more
heightened the boy’s spirits. He ran friskily on the bridge but he seemed to suffer from vertigo, looking down the bridge he felt as though he was going down. He flinched back with his flapping eyes, and looked at the woman who stood amazed, looking the flowers with her hands on hips. They could also hear a burbling stream down the bridge before they continued walking.

It was when they found themselves walking along the shingle beach; Tim could never expect himself having such a dramatic journey filled with everything exciting. He looked at the trees that stood on the bank of the river with their knotted roots spreading over the huge rocks until they touched the limpid water pool. The water was so transparent that Tim could see every rock on the bottom of the pool, but the water was very cold that Tim had to jump from one rock to another to sidestep the touch of the water on his feet. The woman always warned him to walk carefully lest he should stumble on the rocks as he walked with a reed in his hand. By the time when they came face to face with an enormous mountain, they could see some huts between the tall trees on the other shore. All seemed quiet at the moment.

After a long walk along the river they arrived to a place when they could see an old bridge over their heads; the bridge stood between the two mountains and below the river ran. They scrambled up the steps to the bridge – which was beautiful with flower pots on the both sides. They could see the water from the bridge. As they walked on the bridge the boy suddenly stopped to a standstill, turning round and round as though there wafted something evocating smell. The boy turned round, gazing at the woman, and asked her if she could make out the direction of the faint clanging sound that was coming.

The woman gave her head a fitful nodding, trying hard to listen as if she held her breath. After a moment the boy jumped excitingly, showing the direction in the other side of the bridge, when there suddenly loomed up a temple. Of course, the boy did his best to show it to the woman; but every time it blurred to her eyes. When they got at the temple they could see it was girdled by trees laden with succulent fruits, pervading a sweet smell into the air. There were sparse people walked around the temple which was built at the foot of a lofty mountain with a waterfall dripping down from a steep hillside. They strolled around the temple, looking at the peerless beauty of the painting on the walls. Tim, the boy always seemed to be walking on air as he peered at the painting before they went to another place.

The day seemed to be going with everything exciting until they arrived at the picturesque narrow streets of a market place. The place was crowded with people who were busy haggling things from the shopkeepers who stood by an open window. The teeming streets went as hectic as it could be with people walking up and down on the brick floors.

Tim barged through the crowds to the woman when she waited for him. The boy let out a breath as he stood before the woman, wiping the rivulet of sweat on his forehead as the weather went a bit sticky. They made off the place as it was

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rather stuffy, and went to other shops to buy something as souvenirs. At last they stopped to a shop where the woman stood, peering at the antiques and the bric-a-brac. Tim looked at her face as she was turning a snow-white conch shell in her hands. It was truly beautiful with flower curving on the shell. She sometimes gently tapped it with her fingers and looked into her satchel. But when they asked the price it was very expensive; the woman could not afford. Tim was sad.

As they walked to another shop the boy was shuffling wistfully behind the woman, and sometimes he caught her up. He wanted the woman to get the conch shell. When they arrived the other shop the woman was buying herself some clothing as Tim stood near her as though she was his mother. “Now, it is Tim’s turn”, said the woman under her breath, looking some shirts of Tim size. “Tim, which one do you like?” said she, groping behind her a little hand. But response. “Hey, boy”, said she, tugging at an arm. But she looked stunned; she was holding an arm of a little girl smiling at her. The woman shuddered at the thought of losing of the boy, darting a nervous glance around the shops; but no trace of the boy. She was almost crying as she hurriedly wandered about the streets, asking for a little boy. But what others said her was “negligent!” She might ask one person twice in the streets, but nobody spotted that lad. At last she was thirsty, hungry, and angry sat guiltily under a big tree by the roadside. And tomorrow was her departure; where will she find that boy?

Next day, until it was late night; the woman was on the train, struggling within herself until she could come to two of her crucial decisions: whether to leave the place or to find out the boy, but her money was running short. She would not get by her money if decided to get off the train and find out the boy. It was 11 O’clock and the train was due to at 11:30. “30 minutes left” she thought, gloomily glancing at the chiming clock on the wall. She could not imagine what it would be after thirty minutes; she would be either on the train or in the streets asking for a little scrawny boy. She pulled open the window; the air was cold. The sky was star –studded with the luminous moon, settling lights on the platform. The station was busy with the train whooshing by while some were juddering to a halt on the platform. No matter it was winter, it was stuffy on the train. She could hear hurry feet out side. People were trudging on the aisle with their bulky loadings.

After a while the woman could see an old man, with receding hair line, was waddling towards her with his two grandsons of Tim age. The old man sat lugubriously by the open window, dabbing the window sill with his shaky fingers.

Out of the window who might be his daughters, daughter in-laws were crying their eyes out as someone consoled them. The old man seemed to be hardly holding back his tears as his daughters wailed out. Soon the old man suddenly choked into tears with sobbing when his wife came throwing her arms around him. The grandsons huddled beside the old man, exchanging nervous glances. For a moment the woman
almost forgot of Tim, but suddenly her heart jumped as Tim sprang to her mind. She darted a quick glance at the clock. It was only ten minutes left. The train squealed with a deafening noise. She was frantic with worry. “Heaven knows, where that boy is” she cried restlessly, with a pasty face. Her heart seemed never to stop palpitating. She agitatedly closed her eyes with some murmurings from her lips. The train shrieked; it gave a jerk, and she uneasily opened eyes then there–lo! The lad was sitting on a bench with his head burying between two knees. The train slowly glided off the station when the woman got to her feet and yelled, “Tim...” Tim woke up with a start with his flapping eyes, and saw the woman. The woman did not know if she was crying or laughing at the presence of the boy. Tim ran towards her with something wrapped in his hand. Tim ran fast to catch up the train before it could gather speed. When he could touch the woman hand, she hit Tim lovingly. “I am sorry” Tim said innocently, as he gave her the wrapped package. “I will come again, Tim” said the woman. Tim stood at the station, waving his little hands. Tim was soon far behind the mountains. The woman opened package, and saw it was the conch shell; she could not stop herself crying.

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The writer is from Arunachal Pradesh, District: Changlang. Presently, he is based in Buddhagaya since 2014 and working in the Maha Bodhi Society of India, Buddhagaya Centre as apprentice office assistant and pursuing further education in the Gaya College (BA first year).
Bizu
By Natunnye Chakma

Bizu aelow,
Bizu aelow monor huji loi
Gachchun bachchun naazi utton boijek-go boiyerloi.
    Phool gachchun phool pododon.
    Nanan-rongor potta-pottiye naaji utton.

Bizu aelow , Bizu aelow monor huji loi,
Bizu aelow, Bizu aelow aagow porono eddot-loi.
Sigono awktot langta-bangta hodow Bizu gulo haa jidung...
    Eeyaan-ye ! thanda-thanda paanit buri-eedung.
Nanan rongor" phozaak (hobong, haadi-pinon) pini gabusse aar gaaburi,
    Phool baaji de-jaadaag aa-aoj guri.
    Zuroo-zuroo aabai gang-aanei hun-hunai,
Aazaa gorong nanan-rongor phoolun denei gang-aanei geet gai.

Bizu aelow , bizu aelow monor huji loi.
Begor awntowror biderey bizu, bizu , huji podi uuder .
    Ekkah-ekkah amaa ! Buroo bebero,
Purono hodah eddot udi- bogoraa guri aaji uuder.
    juzz juzz guri gelung jekke bebe hai,
    Degi bebe hoi ! Daa edu aai.

Sunai bebe aagow purono bizu hodah,
"Berei naach, gaan utsab gottong begei oi ekk zodaah.
    Hoi aarow "tulona-gorong aagow bizu , ekku bizu.
    Honaw gom nalager-aaar ekku.
Bizu aelow, Bizu aelow monor huji loi .
Bizu aelow, Bizu aelow aagow porono eddot-loi.

******

I crept into this blue, giant, spherical, living ball,
Can't recall whence I lived before.
'Tis said I and you were somewhere
And that we could be anywhere once we exit.
My deeds they say will determine my place
Up they call "Heaven", down they say "Hell".

Grown up amidst "Temples" and around,
Then explored "The holy Churches".
Bit of an idea 'bout "Mosques" too.
Puzzled, cross-roaded, reason?
Temples claim, "we're ideal ones"
Dost the Churches and the Mosques.

As I am on the verge to breakfree
I've widened my horizons,
So I say They're right yet wrong.
Who's been to heaven or hell?
Come tell me the fairy tales about "Up"

Come tell me the stories of red devils "Down".
Anybody? No?
True all of 'em have goods,
Which we should embrace tight.
But what 'bout evils?

Are we walking around blind-folded? Can't we see restriction of our equal-halves to four walls as an evil?
Isn't using muscle against weak an evil?
I'll say no more, it's endless. Nay I am not going to be one of you,

Don't call me in 'cause I won't come,
I am breaking free and 'tis best,
You too better come out, embrace humanity,
And together we can "Breakfree"

John Chakma is 1st year Student of Literature in English University of Delhi
Mirage  
- By John Chakma

I beheld a mirage too beautiful,
Sprinted hard in pursuit,
Thinking it'd lead me whence flowers bloom.
Halfway down the road,
A desert from nowhere grown.
Under the scorching ball of fire
More mirages out o' dunes shown.
Mirage faded amidst mirages,
She chased, was chased.

My senses've got blurry.
I can't see thou clear now,
'Cause nouse in my head I put.
Oh! Mirage, thee, a beauty turned dusty,
I'll no more chase thee.
Mui APCSU
- A poem from APCSU to all the Chakma people

Ye Bizu lokke
Somajor baledeer pokke
Mui APCSU
Guritem balet hissu noi hissu
Mui APCSU
Gojaang-or tomaidu
Mor poranor chit-digol Ju Ju!
Janaang-or tomare, begore Siji BIZU! Huzi BIZU!
Aar pogodaang gorong-or bek-kunoi-du
Somare mili-juli guri toolibong baledeer jaadu
Je-nye ej-se aajibo, it-toon bej dol guri pareei
Je-nye ejse uron-piron, it-toon bej sadok bane pareei
Mon hojoli gorey baar-baar
Gora puribo-de eeyan saar
"Samoy ejse, nijor haam giribaar,
Samoy ejse, ek loge miliney aadibaar,
Samoy ejse, holom loi-nye nizor hobaal ligibaar"
Mon haani-haani jaai,
Sogowt pani juri-juri jaai,
Jok-ke sugo jinhani edot oode
Jok-ke poronor balet din monot oode
Hidik-key yelong! Hidik-key guri puri aageei!
Ho-daw aaji-rongye tedong! Ho-daw dugowt puri aageei!
Yejona! ud-dor gureei-na jinhani
Yejona! sadok baneina jinhani
Gom lagibo tot-toon
Gom ligibo mot-toon
Gomm ligibo bek-chakma gonot-toon
.....Eyen aaja rageloong tomaidu, bek-kunoi-du
Ye bizu lok-ke
Somazor baledeer pok-ke
Ek Somare......Ek Somare...  
Together.......together  

- by ChAkMa PuNya

Yejona..., nizor haam gureei  
Come......Let’s do our work.  
Yejona..., jador haam gureei  
Come....Let’s do our community’s work.

Borpur hoch-paana loi  
With profound love,  
Pelang pelang gom-paana loi  
With plenty of affection, dedication,  
Ek somare.......Ek somare...  
Together....Together...

Yejona, Bey Lok! Yejona bonn Lok!  
Come, Brothers! Come Sisters!  

Ek somare aadeei.  
Together! Let’s walk.  
Ek somare maadeei.  
Together! Let’s voice  
Dol gureei-na jinghani  
Let’s make our life beautiful.  
Por gureei-na jinghani  
Let’s make our life sun-shine.  
Gom lagibow tot-toon  
You will like it.  
Gom lagibow mot-toon  
I will like it.  
Gom lagibow bek-koonowt –toon  
Everyone will like it.

Ek Somare.......Ek Somare...  
Together.......together....

Yejona, Bey Lok! Yejona bonn Lok!  
Come, Brothers! Come Sisters!  

Hodok...teybong aalsi guri  
Till when? We will stay lazy.  
Hodok teybong gumowt puri  
Till when? We will keep sleeping.

Hodok teybong andharot.  
Till when? We will be in darkness.  
Hodok teybong baai-rot  
Till when? We will stay outside  
(here, outside is staying out of our community’s development).

Yejona, Bey Lok! Yejona bonn Lok!  
Come, Brothers! Come Sisters!  

Ek somare jaageei.  
Together! Let’s wake up.  
Ek somare looreei  
Together! Let’s put forth our feet.  
Ek somare darr eerideei.  
Together! Let’s throw away our fear.  
Ek somare bol sarideei  
Together! Let’s push up the energy.  
Ek Somare.......Ek Somare...  
Together....Together...

Yejona, Bey Lok! Yejona bonn Lok!  
Come, Brothers! Come Sisters!  

Ek somare naageei  
Together! Let’s dance.  
Ek somare aageei  
Together! Let’s laugh.  
Huji gureei-na mon  
Let’s make our mind happy.  
Sadok gureei-na mon  
Let’s make our mind pious.

Gom lagibow tot-toon  
You will like it.

Cndt.
Chakma is my community
- By Gyan Tanya Chakma

Our strength lies in its substantial creativity
We have to keep protecting it
From all four quarters by each giving an upward push though bit by bit.

And I find in it’s the true identity
We should work together and live in harmony
And build a family based on humanity.
We will help inject out the darkness And spreads happiness
Extending needy hand to each other Thereby standing firm for one another In times of sunny or dark days Garlanding the ourselves with the warmest rays.

We should help making rock its immunity
We have good culture and lovely language
Where lies our pride and we gauge Our behavior with finest touch of generosity Paving a way for a lovely society

And is a peaceful society
Times and again, we have been discriminated and neglected But we will bounce back sooner or later and ene-
mies must be getting de-
feated.
Jai Chakma!!!
Enjebee Chakma, d/o Alexander Chakma of Assam has been making the State and particularly the Chakma community proud again and again: She won 2 gold & 1 bronze medals in Assam Karate Championship held in Guwahati Nehru Indoor Stadium on 7-8th Feb, 2015. In Jan, 2015, she won a Bronze Medal in the 60th National School Games for Karate held in Indore (Madhya Pradesh)

Rinky Chakma of Tripura made proud the entire Chakma community by winning the first runner-up of Sunilk Miss North-East, 2015 held in Guwahati

President of India, Pranab Mukherjee presenting the National Award-2011 to Mrs. Promita Chakma of Tripura for crafts in New Delhi on 1 July 2014
Chakmas on Musical vibes

**Just Released**

SOJAK, an audio-video Chakma album produced by Young Chakma Association (YCA) based on its activities and the extra good news for the Delhi-NCR residents is that the very album is now available in Delhi on payment of Rs. 200/-. Please contact Dangu Hemant Larma, MCDF for your copy. SOJAK means be alert, vigilant, watchful, being keeping yourself informed about what is happenings around you and the world.

Cheer up more! First Audio Album on Buddhist devotional track named “Punya Sadak” is being produced by Diyun Vana Bihar, Buddhist Temple, Arunachal Pradesh.

![Punya Sadak Album Cover](image)

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Track</th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Artists</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>Moha Sadak</td>
<td>Sujan Chakma, Sujan Chakma</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Chakma Jadar</td>
<td>Phulim Bihari Chakma, Reema Chakma</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Bara Vihar</td>
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<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Sukho Hulo</td>
<td>Sujan Chakma, Reema Chakma</td>
</tr>
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</table>

![Jinghani Album Cover](image)

i Jinghani by Deathaphor - Chakma Rock Album from Agartala, Tripura, India. This one is the second Chakma album by the Band. Songs available on youtube.com.
Chakma community in Delhi-NCR welcomes BIZU

Pictures says it all
Bodhi Educational and Research Center
- Working for humanity

Ven. Jayanta Bodhi Bhante, Founder

Young Buddhist monks at Bodhi Educational & Research Centre, Pune
Mor Thengari (My Bicycle), First Feature Film in Chakma Language in Bangladesh

Mor Thengari, the first feature film in Chakma language premiered at the Shawkat Osman Auditorium at the Central Public Library in Dhaka, Bangladesh in the presence of Chakma Raja Debashish Roy, who was present at the programme as the Chief Guest.

Mor Thengari (My Bicycle), written and directed by Aung Rakhaine, was screened as part of ongoing 13th International Short and Independent Film Festival. The movie was appreciated for the simple portrayal of Chakma life, scenic beauty of the hill tracts and of course the good acting.

Photo: Daily Sun
Deh Salei Ek Somare Aadie

A Bizu publication of Arunachal Chakma News (CAN), a Fortnightly Newspaper from Diyun, striving to connect all the Chakmas in Arunachal Pradesh, Mizoram, Tripura and elsewhere by bringing their world closer and covering all subjects that matter to them. In doing so, we inspire people to fight for their rights and justice.