

POCKET DIARY BOOK CLUB
MINUTES OF THE MEETING

Year 2023

23/07/2023 3:00 PM

PHASE II

Edition 19

Pocket Diary Book Club Edition 19 began with a smile. Receiving new books for the library and the excitement of beginning a new edition was inspiring.

Nirali started with the ritual of reading rules of PDBC and **Bharat** started reading the book **On the suffering of the world by Arthur Schopenhauer**.

"If the immediate and direct purpose of our life is not suffering then our existence is the most ill-adapted to its purpose in the world: for it is absurd to suppose that the endless affliction of which the world is everywhere full, and which arises out of the need and distress pertaining essentially to life, should be purposeless and purely accidental. Each individual misfortune, to be sure, seems an exceptional occurrence; but misfortune in general is the rule."

This book ignited a debate among readers, and Rajesh was the lighthouse.

Yogesh introduced us to **Robert Kiyosaki's Rich Dad, Poor Dad**. A 9-year-old boy calls his stepfather and real father "rich dad" and "poor dad," respectively. In the book, he uses that pretense to teach financial principles.

We went on to **Prince** reading **Jack and the Giant Peach by Roald Dahl** after a lesson from Dads. Prince intended to read in sequence throughout the next few editions. But our curiosity wouldn't let us. We flipped through the pages of the book after hearing Prince and discovered how peach looks from the inside. The most crucial question was where it will land. After a thorough interrogation by Rajesh and Nirali, Prince surrendered and stated, "It falls on New York City" and I was thinking the New York will change to New Peach city if this ever happens.

New girl **Hani** came with **The diary of a Young Girl by Anne Frank**. She was a bit shy, so we looked away while she was reading.

"Our personal faults are too small to scale."

Anne Frank is a frequent visitor at Pocket Diary Book Club. I think she might have said this if she is to visit our book club really.



"Hello everyone, it's truly an honor to be here with all of you today. I'm Anne Frank, and it's amazing to see how my diary has touched the lives of so many readers. I never could have imagined that my words would travel through time and connect with people from all walks of life. I hope my story continues to inspire conversations about the importance of hope, resilience, and the power of the written word. Thank you for keeping my memory alive and for discussing the thoughts and feelings I penned down during those challenging times."

For a brief moment we were with Anne. And Priya lightened up the mood by saying I love reading diaries of people.

I read **Roads to Mussoorie** by sweet **Ruskin Bond**. He has written fables from his time in Mussoorie as a kid and as an adult. It's so sweet that he refers to the year his parents got married as The Year of Kissing. He used to watch movie every alternate day in his childhood cause manager liked him. He found *Gone with the winds* too boring. And children mistook him for Dickens and Rowling. A girl snatched her book before he signs cause Ruskin was weak in Maths. All these sweet fables from his life were the light part that made us all smile.

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society by **Annie Barrows and Mary Ann Shaffer**, read by **Ruchi**, is a historical novel set, in post-World War II Guernsey. Written through letters, it follows Juliet Ashton, a London writer, as she connects with the island's residents and their secret book club formed during German occupation.

"That's what I love about reading: one tiny thing will interest you in a book, and that tiny thing will lead you onto another book, and another bit there will lead you onto a third book. It's geometrically progressive – all with no end in sight, and for no other reason than sheer enjoyment."

"Reading good books ruins you for enjoying bad books."

Ruchi was in awe when she saw the book, **The complete works of Lewis Carol**. She put the book right away in her bag and Priya was wondering what should we call a book with covers like that.



Then we met Macavity, a mischievous and elusive cat, who is known as the "Napoleon of Crime" among the cat community. **Asad** introduced us with **T.S. Eliot** by reading the poem '**Macavity**'.

Full poem - <https://poets.org/poem/macavity-mystery-cat>

T S Eliot have written a collection of poems about cats, which inspired the musical - Cats. It was written from a perspective of a cat. Eliot truly was a cat person before we even invented the word 'cat person'.

Cats were followed by an activity from **Bhavita**. It started with a riddle. Then she gave each one a paper and asked us to choose a sketch pen of any color. We had to write what was the first thought when we saw the color and then our thoughts when we chose the color. We were supposed to choose one color but Priya chose two, cheater and we all know now Rajesh hates pink color. This followed by calming and soothing meditation guided by Yogesh.

After cats, activity and guided breathing, Kauravs came to club with their version of Mahabharat, **Ajaya by Anad Nilkantan, Mantra** read it. On a visit to Malanada Temple, Kerala, Anand Neelakantan, discovered the temple deity to be none other than Duryodhanan, the ostensible 'villain' of the Mahabharat. This astonishing discovery prompted him to delve deep into the narrative of the defeated Crown Prince of Hastinapura, and the Kaurav clan.

Krishna advises Arjuna to focus on his duty as a Kshatriya and destroy the city of Khandiva. Krishna emphasizes that this is crucial for the Pandavas to establish their kingdom and protect their loved ones. Krishna and Arjuna are in a forest where they set it ablaze to make way for a new city. As the fire rages, Arjuna becomes hesitant and emotional about the destruction. Krishna urges him to continue, seeing it as their duty. Krishna justifies this as granting the



creature's moksha. The fire consumes animals, birds, and reptiles, creating a scene of destruction and death.

In a rebel Naga camp inside a forest, over 2000 Nagas, mostly elderly, women, and children, were present as many warriors had left for the South. Unexpectedly, the camp was attacked with flaming arrows, causing chaos and destruction. Mayasura and others tried to save the camp, but there was a dispute between Vasuki and Aswasena on whether to fight the fire or the attackers. Vasuki prioritized saving lives, while Aswasena focused on protecting weapons and horses. This portrays the tension and differing priorities among the Nagas during the attack.

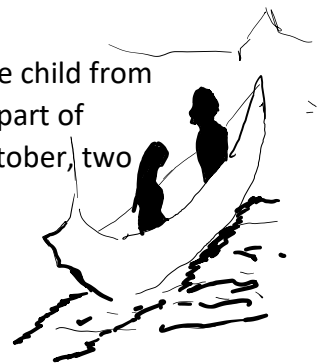
Just as the elephant is about to strike, an arrow kills it. Mayasura escapes, and in his panic, he approaches Arjuna with a plea for mercy. Arjuna hesitates and seeks advice from Krishna. Krishna suggests Mayasura could be of use and instructs Arjuna to ask him about his skills. Mayasura enters a trance and skillfully sculpts a model city from red mud, capturing everyone's fascination, including Arjuna's. Arjuna halts the massacre, and the soldiers and surviving Nagas gather to witness Mayasura's artistic creation. The forest of Khandiva is destroyed, and many lives are lost. Mayasura's intricate sand city includes palaces, temples, streets, and other features. Overwhelmed by the sight, Arjuna embraces Mayasura and asks if he can build the city in stone. Mayasura is deeply moved, and the crowd cheers as his dream is recognized.

Mahabharat wouldn't age. It will always be intriguing and novel.

We arrived at **October Junction by Divya Prakash Dubey** after a voyage of a little child from rich dad poor dad, peach city, Mussoorie, meeting a cat, and witnessing a small part of Mahabharat. **Rajesh** told us about two lovers' beautiful conversations. Every October, two people would meet and have these conversations.

"कभी बात करने का मन करे तो कॉल कर लेना, मैं आने को कोशिश करूंगा।"

"देखो करोड़पति इंसान, एक कुलहड़वाली चाय का इतना एहसान मत मानो। वैसे भी मेरी लाइफ हैपनिंग होने वाली है, तुम्हारा मन करे तो तुम कॉल कर लेना, ठीक है?"



Conversations before you fall completely in love with someone have this beauty to them. These are the conversations we keep returning to and cherish.

Loisa May Alcott had written a beautiful book - **Little women** and **Kusangi** started reading the first line of the book.

"Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug.

The four March sisters—Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy—live out this famous novel, which was first published in 1868 (This novel lived more than any of us), as they face the difficulties of growing up, chasing their ambitions, and helping one another during the American Civil War era.

Priya saw a film based on the novel directed by Greta Gerwig, one of her favorite directors. Kusangi has watched the older version of the film, whereas the majority of us haven't seen any of them. But we will, I assure you.

We were all giddy with excitement about the books until **Nirali** abruptly began reading **Murakami's Sputnik Sweetheart** to dampen our spirits.

Sumire falls in love with an older woman named Miu. Sumire is determined to become a writer and has a deep passion for literature. The narrator, who is unnamed, confesses their own love for Sumire, but they struggle to express their feelings to her. The story delves into the relationship between Sumire and Miu, and how Miu is nicknamed "Sputnik Sweetheart" by Sumire after a conversation they have at a wedding reception.

"Sputnik" is a Russian word that means "companion." Russia launched a satellite named Sputnik all alone in the space. I bet Russian space scientists were poetic while naming the satellite.

The tornado's intensity doesn't abate for a second as it blasts across the ocean, laying waste to Angkor Wat, incinerating an Indian jungle, tigers and all, transforming itself into a Persian desert sandstorm, burying an exotic fortress city under a sea of sand. In short, a love of truly monumental proportions. The person she fell in love with happened to be seventeen years older than Sumire. And was married. And, I should add, was a woman. This is where it all began, and where it all wound up. Almost.

Mitesh read Chandpur ki Chanda by Atul Kumar Rai.

कुछ साल पहले पिंकी और मंटू का प्रेम-पत्र सोशल मीडिया पर वायरल हुआ और ऐसे वायरल हुआ कि उसे शेयर करने वालों में हाईस्कूल-इंटरमीडिएट के छात्र भी थे और यूनिवर्सिटी के प्रोफेसर भी। लेकिन उस छोटे से प्रेम-पत्र के पीछे की बड़ी कहानी क्या थी, यह किसी को नहीं मालूम।

For the tale, Mitesh drove us to Chandpur. Everyone had a great time listening to him tell this story to us in Bhojpuri, and we all wanted him to keep going. Instead of that, I've provided readers with the passage he was going to read next.

"इमरान!"

"यस सर।"

"तुम फजलू बैंड वाले के नाती हो?"

"यस सर।"

"फिर नचनिया भग गया जी?"

"यस सर!"

'ओके ओके बैठो... शिवम!"

"यस सर!"

"कुमारी चंदा!"

"उपस्थित सर!"

हाय! इस 'उपस्थित सर' की मीठी आवाज से लड़कों की बेंच पर हलचल मच गई। एक झटके में ऐसा लगा मानो किसी बंजर मरुभूमि में चमेली का फूल खिल आया हो। भरी दुपहिया में रात रानी महक गई हो। पथरीली जमीन पर गुलाब उग आया हो। सारे लड़के टकटकी लगाए कुमारी चंदा की तरफ देखने लगे लेकिन मंटू सर झुकाए न जाने क्या लिखता रहा!

मास्टर साहब बोले, "शशि कुमार!"

मंटू की चेतना वापस लौट गई, "यस सर!"

"ओहो शशि कुमार जी उर्फ मंटू बाबू... बड़े भाग जो दर्शन हुए।"

मंटू ने सर झुका लिया। मनोहर मास्टर रजिस्टर लेकर मंटू के पास आर और आँखों में आँखें डालकर धीरे से पूछा, "वाह रे मंटू बाबू! धीरे-धीरे प्यार के बढ़ाना है... यही गाना बज रहा था न शुक्रवार को ? प्यार तो बढ़ाना है आपके लेकिन स्कूल नहीं आना है ?"

With that Mitesh got a new nick name from PDBC member, Mitehsvaa.

And with a smile, a chuckle, a grin, and delight, we ended Edition 19.

Writer: Raxil Rathod

Doodler: Priya Sogani