

*A  
Journey  
to  
Tranquillity*



# A Journey to Tranquillity

BANDYOPADHYAY DEV S.



PUNASCHA

## A JOURNEY TO TRANQUILLITY

By Bandyopadhyay Dev S.

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To my revered father, the living lexicon and esteemed teacher of English,  
Late Priyatosh Bandyopadhyay  
and  
to my progressive mother  
Late Jyotsnamayee Bandyopadhyay  
– a heartfelt tribute.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

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My family, including my brothers, sisters, and well-wishers, have been a source of inspiration. And last but not least to the readers, who will bring this work to life, I offer my heartfelt regards and respect.

Kolkata

May 06, 2025

## PROLOGUE

As I navigated the formative years of adolescence, youth, and early adulthood, I immersed myself in various scientific disciplines for a considerable period. Although the education system dictated that I explore other subjects as well, literature somehow claimed a permanent place in the depths of my heart, thanks to my father's influence at home and some inspiring teachers at school. I wonder if it was the result of genetic predisposition or the unseen forces of the universe, perhaps even the unproven concept of rebirth that shaped my affinity for literature. Whatever the reason, the 'law of conservation of energy' – a principle that resonates deeply with me – seems to have played a role in my journey.

One truth remains undeniable: as the individual is myself, and no one knows 'me' better than I do, I realised that literature drew me in far more than science ever could. It was with literature that I fell in love, and my father and teachers fanned the flames of this passion. Yet, societal pressures and economic realities held me back from fully surrendering to literature's realm – a decision that perhaps reflects my shortcomings. As I entered adulthood, my bond with my father deepened, and the river of literature that had been flowing like a hidden stream beneath the surface of my life began to resurface. During that period, he soothed my inner turmoil with a gentle stream of books, each one a balm to my soul. The depth of his care and understanding is beyond words.

About five years before my retirement, the introverted 'I' began to secretly nurture long-held desires, passions, and knowledge accumulated over lifetimes (whether one believes in reincarnation or not – a democratic right reserved for readers). I decided to revive these aspirations post-retirement, enriching myself with diverse information. Amidst writing

novels and stories in Bengali, I received an unexpected request to pen a novel in English. Initially hesitant, I later saw it as a remarkable convergence of events. Does history repeat itself in life? Is recurrence possible? The thought resonated deeply, echoing a prophecy my father shared nearly four decades ago. I'm unsure how far I've succeeded, but I've tried my best. The rest is for readers to decide, and they will speak for the unspoken.

Now, let me briefly discuss the book.

While it may not fit the traditional definition of a novel in the strictest sense, it blends elements of fiction and fact, woven or mingled together with a deep sense of time and place. The narrative juxtaposes imagined characters with real figures from the past century and a half, creating an intriguing convergence that might be seen as serendipitous. This blend of fantasy and reality is deliberate, as I've drawn upon my imagination to craft the story. Some names have emerged organically in the narrative, and I've relied entirely on my belief in the concept of *planchette* as a medium to guide the storytelling.

Notably, many esteemed individuals and thinkers have subscribed to this philosophy. Just as reincarnation is a concept that some dismiss, others fervently believe in, while some adopt a more nuanced stance. If, for the sake of argument, readers were to suspend disbelief and consider the possibility of rebirth, they might find the characterisations in this book to be strikingly familiar, as if they were reincarnations of figures from the 19th or 20th centuries. Perhaps, or perhaps not. Nonetheless, if readers can immerse themselves in the characters' journeys, they might find themselves transported to a hidden, unexplored world of imagination, where everyone exists, has existed, and will exist. In this realm, some dream of stardom in cinema, others of healing in medicine, some of captivating audiences through acting, while others envision establishing an ashramic educational institution that fosters scientific progress through collective effort and selfless dedication. Nature, too, is woven into the narrative, its essence captured through poetic descriptions of time and place. The book invites readers to experience the sublime harmony between humanity and the natural world, a melody that resonates deep within the soul.

As one transitions from adolescence to youth, life undergoes profound changes, sometimes unwilling, secretly desired. Wonder never truly departs, and the allure of beauty, emotion, and virtue beckons, drawing one into the vibrant world of youth.

A leaf falls from one branch to another, only to blossom into a flower; it becomes a shield for someone's life, shaping their destiny and turning dreams into reality. Twenty years from now, the world will unveil its wonders, layer by layer.

A character embarks on a new approach to education, immersing themselves in nature's splendour to create boundless literary treasures. Yet, for reasons unspoken, they may choose to depart, leaving behind a flower in the bouquet of life – a flower that bursts with colour, enriching the lives of others.

Nature's call beckons another, establishing them in a different form. Yet, over time, some desires remain unfulfilled, and memories fade away. This story doesn't confine itself to one narrative but branches out, spreading its fragrance far and wide.

Each chapter unfolds a new dimension, and in thirty chapters, a remarkable convergence emerges at the conclusion. Unwillingly, one is compelled to say, "Who can alter the writing of destiny?" What is meant to be will be; everything is predestined. The green leaf that once fluttered in, creating history, eventually disappears into the currents of time.

This book, a tapestry of diverse characters, might have remained a mere narrative, but Punashcha's gentle nudges brought forth a long-held dream. With fervent enthusiasm, Punashcha not only respected my aspiration but also fuelled my passion to create something unique – a glossary that accompanies this novel. This comprehensive resource offers grammar, synonyms, and examples, enriching the reading experience. I envision every reader benefiting from this endeavour.

As I conclude, I acknowledge that this book transcends individual ownership; it belongs to humanity, the planet, and the essence of love and nature.

I entrust you, my beloved and respected readers, with the sacred duty of safeguarding it.





## CHAPTER I

### I'LL BOND YOU, MY LOVE

She bumped against someone while running and fell. She couldn't remember how far she'd travelled, lost in contemplation, after seeing that image. She didn't even comprehend her own thoughts.

Did her first menstrual pain, a scary<sup>1</sup> event in her new role as a woman, fade into the background?

Or did it all blow away like leaves that have dried out?

She closed her eyes and saw only the dark, interminable trail ahead and the wide expanse of untamed<sup>2</sup> grass. Not even the taste of her first womanhood was left in her recollection. ....