

world. Nowadays, over ambition has also become a cause of divorces, so today's MNC's workers should read this book. In the middle, the writer has glimpses of the life of Shrimati and Shrikant's friends. This shows the comparison between a normal life and extraordinary life. The title also suggest that Shrimati's decision is not an explosion, but it is a result of long meditation. Her inner peace is not in being the wife of a successful MD but in mutual love and understanding which they have left behind. But her tolerance ends as Shrikant has no time for her.

Their romance is so cute and unadulterated and maybe almost unreal in today's time. Bakula is a name of a flower and their initial romance started around a Bakula tree. *Gently falls the Bakula* signifies how slowly the romance fades out. First of all, we should know something about Bakula. Bakula is a common flower, which is normally goes unnoticed as it is not very attractive but retains its fragrance for a long time even after it has dried. It interests the readers to know, that, "Bakula's" attraction lies purely in its fragrance. The narration shows a stunning similarity between Shrimati (the protagonist) and Bakula (the flower), thus making the reader comprehend the meaning of implied simile. Bakula which is placed high at the beginning of the narration slips slowly and steadily as the events unfold, losing its sheen. The fall of Bakula implies the fading of Shrimati, until one day, she decides to pursue her passion for academics. Rooted in Indian soil, it is a simple story and classic narration by Mrs. Sudha Murthy. She has an uncomplicated narrative style. *Gently Falls the Bakula* is no exception. This book is about her life and her feelings. It is a very well written book. It is quick and easy to read.



Jaydeep Sarangi

YOUR IDENTITY

What makes you so happy?
 The red soil and the sweet smell
 Of tress numberless;
 College boys passing with confidence
 Challenging the world of profits and delight.
 Your bows attract me to work
 Your goat takes me its own side;
 I dream my own story in cool shade
 Like a man directed towards
 The honey of experiences.
 My mind sits back....
 Looks into heaven for manna
 As life piles on life
 Experience leads to another.
 The river is your energy;
 It writes your history.
 Unfurls memory frozen
 In cool folk dance
 And your identity generation.
 The college girl stand first
 In University Examination.
 History is re-written in black ink.

