



Rotary
Club of New Bombay Seaside



STEPHANIE URCHICK
RI PRESIDENT 2024-25

Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside

RI District 3142 | Club ID 30081 | Chartered on 12th April 1994

DINESH MEHTA
DIST.GOVERNOR 2024-25



Rotary Club of New Bombay
SEASIDE



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Welcome to the Rotary Awesome Year!
In this edition, you will find our
events/projects covered from
November '24 - till date. Happy reading!

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RI PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE




Stephanie A. Urchick
President 2024-25



January 2025

I always walk into meetings at my home club of McMurray, Pennsylvania, with a smile on my face. A few years ago, someone arrived late. Instead of scolding the person, we cheered. Since then, we've made it a tradition to applaud all members when they arrive for meetings. It's tough not to smile with a greeting like that.



There's nothing more powerful for engaging and retaining members than a club that's vibrant, welcoming, and – yes – fun.

Think back to what drew you to Rotary. Chances are, it wasn't just the service projects or professional networking. It was the people – the friendships, the shared laughter, and the joy of working toward a common purpose. That's what keeps us coming back.

If you're looking for that sense of joy in your meetings, don't be afraid to ask yourself and your fellow members some tough questions.

If you were a prospective member, would you join your current club? It's a powerful question but don't stop there.

Do members of your club feel that they belong? Are your meetings fun? If not, what can you do about it together?

At your next meeting or event, try something new to bring out a few extra smiles. It's the simple things that create lasting bonds and make clubs simply irresistible.

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Here's one example of a club moving in the right direction. The Rotary Club of Fukushima, Japan, has been combining environmental responsibility with community fun since 2021. In Japan, people have made picking up trash into a sport known as SpoGomi, and every year the club hosts a game. This year, more than 400 participants cheered each other on while they came together to improve their community.

This event is an excellent example of how Rotary clubs can have fun, make a difference, and raise awareness for broader global challenges all at the same time. And the inclusive, family-friendly format allows people of all ages to participate.



When we enjoy what we do, that energy becomes contagious. It's what attracts new members and keeps our clubs strong and engaged. It helps people feel that they belong.



Retention and culture go hand in hand. The healthier our club culture, the more likely members are to stay.

Rotary magazine is an outstanding resource for inspiration on how to enhance our club culture and deepen member engagement. I encourage you to explore the stories and strategies in these pages, drawing from other clubs' successes to find ideas that work for you.

Together, we can create a more engaged, enjoyable, and inclusive Rotary that every member can feel proud to be part of.

Let's continue with renewed commitment and enthusiasm, living The Magic of Rotary.



OUR CLUB PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Fellow Seasideers,

As we reflect on the past two months, I am proud to highlight the remarkable achievements of our Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside. Our commitment to serving humanity has led to the successful implementation of several impactful projects.

We began the year by participating in the Tata Hospital Annapurna initiative, spreading joy and warmth to those in need. Our Happy School project at Gulsande School brought smiles to the faces of young students, while our Global Grants Project of \$50,000 enabled us to donate vital medical equipment to Matahdi Hospital Koperkhairne.

In our ongoing efforts to promote healthcare, we conducted a vaccination drive against cervical cancer that benefited 156 girls aged 9 to 14. Our Inter-school Science Project, Khoj 6, was successfully completed on January 25, fostering curiosity and innovation among young minds.

In collaboration with the RTO Authority in Vashi, we conducted a road safety awareness program, emphasising the importance of responsible driving habits.

Currently, we are working on multiple community-level projects, including the installation of solar panels at Matahdi Hospital Koperkhairne, funded through CSR grants from ATOS, a leading software company based in Navi Mumbai.

As Zig Ziglar once said, "You can have everything in life you want if you will just help other people get what they want." These words resonate deeply with our Rotary values.

I extend my sincerest gratitude to each of you for your tireless efforts, dedication, and passion for serving humanity.

Together, let us continue to strive for excellence and make a meaningful difference in the lives of those around us.

Warm regards,



**Rtn Sunil Shah
President 2024-25
RC New Bombay
Seaside**

TATA HOSPITAL ANNAPURNA PROJECT



Dear Seasideers,

On November 5, 2024, we participated in an important program at the Tata Memorial Cancer Centre in Kharghar to support the Annapurna project, which provides nutritional assistance to around 400 cancer patients.

During the event, we presented a cheque representing contributions from Seasideers and other clubs. This donation will support the Annapurna initiative throughout November 2024 and was handed over by DGE Rtn Harsh Makol to Dr. Prasant C. Bhatt, Medical Superintendent of ACTREC.

Additionally, we served dinner to cancer patients at Asha Nivas, TMC, Kharghar, from 7:15 PM to 8:30 PM. It was a rewarding experience to provide comfort and support to those in need.

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this meaningful event.





CPR WORKSHOP AT NERUL FIRE STATION

Dear Seasideers,

A successful CPR Workshop was held at the Nerul Fire Station on November 7, 2025, positively impacting over 50 participants from the local community, the fire department, and surrounding areas, organised by our club in collaboration with D.Y. Patil Hospital.

Key Highlights included

- In-depth training provided by Rtn. Dr. Surekha Patil and her dedicated team from Dr. D.Y. Patil Hospital
- Engaging hands-on CPR practice sessions - Valuable knowledge shared on emergency response and cardiac care
- Strong participation from Fire Chief Mr. Koli and his team

Supporting Organisations: -

- Innerwheel Club Sangini Centurion
- Innerwheel Club of New Bombay Seaside
- Rotaract Club New Bombay Seaside

We sincerely appreciate the contributions of: - Rtn. Dr. Surekha Patil and her team for delivering essential training - Fire Chief Mr. Koli and his team for their energetic involvement - Dr. D.Y. Patil Hospital, Nerul, for providing vital technical support - Innerwheel and Rotaract clubs for their valuable collaboration

Impact: This workshop successfully equipped participants with life-saving CPR skills, significantly enhancing the community's ability to respond to emergencies.



GLOBAL GRANTS PROJECT - MATAHDI HOSPITAL



Dear Seasideers,

The Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside is excited to announce a significant contribution to Mathadi Hospital in Koperkhairane. Our club has donated one sonography machine and two complete dental units, enhancing the community's healthcare services.

This initiative was made possible by the generous support of Rotarian Raviprakashji, his wife Ann Anjali ji, her late aunt Dr. Leela Murthy, and her son, Shri Arun C. Murthy, who contributed \$50,000 (40 lakhs INR). We are deeply grateful for their commitment to improving healthcare access.

We also appreciate the presence of DG Dinesh Mehta Sir and First Lady Jyoti Ma'am, along with all district members, club presidents, past presidents, and Rotarians who attended this important event. We believe this contribution will positively impact the Mathadi community, helping many individuals receive the essential medical care they need. Together, we are making a difference!



IMPORTANCE OF TREE COVER IN URBAN AREAS



A single tree planted can significantly impact our environment. Inspired by this belief, the Interact Club of Apeejay School, Kharghar, collaborated with the Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside, and the Inner Wheel of Rotary Club organised a Tree Plantation Drive on November 22nd, 2024.

Students and teachers enthusiastically participated, learning valuable lessons in teamwork and environmental stewardship. They also learned that nurturing the saplings is just as important as planting them.

Principal Dr. Sonali Balwatkar emphasised the ongoing commitment needed to protect our environment, encouraging students to be proactive caretakers of the Earth and contribute to a sustainable future. Through such initiatives, we can inspire the next generation to take meaningful action for our planet.





INAUGURATION OF E-LEARNING



The inauguration of the E-Learning Upgraded Classroom at Tungaratan Vibhag Vidya Mandir, Rasayani, took place on Saturday, 07-Dec-2024, at 10:00 AM.

As the sole High School in the region, Tungaratan Vidya Mandir plays a vital role in providing educational opportunities to students from underprivileged communities in neighboring villages.

This new initiative is set to greatly enhance the learning experience for all students, equipping them with essential tools for their educational journey. We extend our sincere gratitude to Rtn. MN Ramachandra for generously sponsoring a state-of-the-art smart TV for this project, which will undoubtedly contribute to a more engaging and interactive learning environment.





DISTRICT 3142 AWARDS



Dear Friends, I'm excited to share that District 3142 has achieved an impressive total of 34 awards at the Rotary Institute in Kochi, highlighting our collective commitment to excellence in TRF activities.

These awards celebrate our strong performance for the Rotary year 2023/24, with our District receiving 8 main awards and 26 clubs earning Platinum recognition in TRF. This remarkable achievement has positioned our District as No. 2 in the entire zone.

We would like to congratulate IPDG Milind Kulkarni for this outstanding success and extend a heartfelt thank you to Immediate Past TRF Chair Manoj Thakur. His strategic planning and tireless efforts have played a crucial role in helping our District reach these significant milestones. Let's continue to build on this momentum together. Congratulations to everyone involved!





HANDING OVER OF DIGITAL CLASS ROOM TO GULSANDE SCHOOL

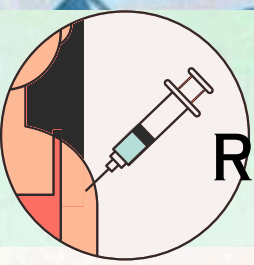
We are excited to announce the successful installation of a Digital Classroom at Gulsande School on December 7th, 2024. This initiative demonstrates our commitment to enhancing digital literacy in underprivileged schools.

Equipped with modern computers, an interactive smart TV, and high-speed internet, the Digital Classroom will provide students with valuable resources to develop skills in computer literacy, online research, and digital collaboration.

The handover ceremony was attended by notable dignitaries, including Sanjay Mahajan, Director of Navi Mumbai Vidyalaya Jr College, and Principal Sunil Kambli, who expressed their gratitude for our dedication to education.

This project was made possible through the generous support of our donors and partners, to whom we are deeply grateful. We look forward to continuing our support for Gulsande School and other educational institutions.





REPORT ON HPV VACCINATION CAMP



The Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside hosted an impactful HPV vaccination camp at Vidya Bhavan School in Nerul on December 24, 2024. We are pleased to share that a total of 156 vaccines were successfully administered to the students.

The event was made possible by the excellent arrangements provided by Vidya Bhavan School, which ensured that the vaccination process ran smoothly and efficiently.





ENGAGING CLUB MEETING



Dear Seasideers,

On January 5, 2025, we gathered at the beautiful Wonder's Park for an engaging club meeting surrounded by our cherished members and their families. The day was filled with joy as we celebrated the vibrant festivals of Uttaran, Makar Sankranti, and Pongal. The sky was painted with a kaleidoscope of colors as dozens of kites danced gracefully in the wind, their tails fluttering cheerfully against the clear blue backdrop. Laughter and excitement filled the air as we shared delicious food, creating unforgettable memories together. It was truly a remarkable day of community and celebration!





KHOJ- 06



ABOUT KHOJ

KHOJ is an Inter-School Science & Technology Competition organised by the Shreeram Radhakrishnan Memorial Trust and the Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside. This year, it took place on January 12, 2025, at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Vashi.

The competition aims to inspire scientific curiosity among the younger generation and has successfully run for six years. Participants competed in two categories: Juniors (up to 7th standard) and Seniors (8th to 10th standard). We saw strong participation, with 43 senior teams and 30 junior teams, totaling 73 teams and 220 students from 25 schools.

Seven distinguished judges meticulously evaluated the projects and reached a unanimous decision on the winners, highlighting the impressive creativity and innovation displayed by the participants.

Science exhibition Khoj 6 held at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan



By Chandrashekhar Hendve
@seashekhar

Vashi: The much-awaited science exhibition, Khoj 6, organized by the Shriram Radhakrishnan Memorial Trust and Rotary Club of Navi Mumbai Seaside, was held at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Vashi, showcasing impressive student innovations.

Among the standout projects was Shopping with Cleaning Trolley, created by Sushant Kumar Singh and Suraj Dhangar, two students from Navi Mumbai Municipal Corporation Primary School No. 18. Their project won third place in the junior category, earning them a cash prize of Rs. 2,000.

In the senior category, Ilesh Raju

No. 116, secured the first position with his innovative 'Safe Helmet' project, which earned him a cash prize of Rs. 10,000.

The event was marked by the presence of several prominent figures, including former corporator Surekha Gajakosh, Somnath Vaskar, and Komal Vaskar. They, along with Principal Mahendra Patil of Secondary School and Mangal Bhoir, congratulated the successful students and their guiding teachers for their outstanding achievements.

The exhibition provided a platform for young minds to showcase their creativity and problem-solving skills, highlighting the importance of inn



KHOJ- 06



Dear Seasideers,

We are pleased to announce that Khoj-6, a collaborative initiative between the Shreeram Radhakrishnan Memorial Trust and our club, took place successfully on January 12, 2025, at Bhartiya Vidya Bhavan, Vashi. This project was significantly enriched by an insightful presentation on Road Safety by our member Rtn Bharat Kalaskar, along with the active participation of RTO officials.

We are grateful to Rtn Radha and Lalitha ji for their exceptional anchoring of the event, which was made possible by the enthusiastic involvement of fellow Rotarians, Anns, Ajit Sir, judges, school students, teachers, and BVB officials. A special thank you also goes to Ann Sangitga Padhi Ji, who represented our sponsor, Apmosys, and whose supportive pep talk was invaluable.

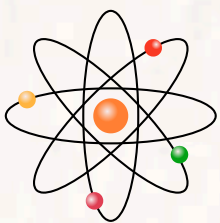
Rtn Abhi Gadre deserves special recognition for his energetic service, ensuring that everyone's hunger and thirst were well cared for throughout the event. With the successful conclusion of our first project for 2025, we look forward to building on this momentum for the year ahead.

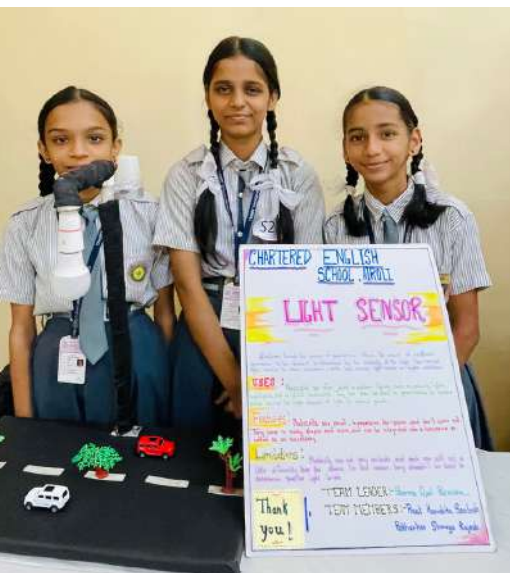
This year, we were truly inspired by the range of innovative projects presented by the students. Their enthusiasm and dedication shone through as they identified problems within our generation and proposed practical solutions to address them.

Each presentation offered a fresh perspective on the world, and it was heartwarming to see the amazing potential these young minds have for shaping our future.

Our Khoj for young talents is such a joy, as it helps us connect with these budding scientists who are eager to make a difference. Their creativity and optimism truly inspire us all! Their ingenuity reassures us about the promising developments that lie ahead.

The following pages highlight the images of our most promising project, showcasing the progress and potential we've achieved.







'सुरक्षित हेल्मेट' अव्वल

नवी मुंबई महापालिका
शाळांची विज्ञानात भरारी

लोकमत न्यूज नेटवर्क

नवी मुंबई : बदल्यात युगात विज्ञानात उल्लेखनीय प्रयोग होत आहे. विद्यार्थ्यांमध्ये याची रुची निर्माण होण्यासाठी आयोजित केलेल्या विज्ञान प्रदर्शनात नवी मुंबई महापालिका शाळांनी भरारी घेतली आहे. महापालिका माध्यमिक शाळा क्रमांक ११६ मधील इयत्ता नववीचा कु. इलेश राजू मालाया याने बनवलेल्या 'सुरक्षित हेल्मेट'साठी सिनिअर गटातून दहा हजार रुपये रोख पारितोषिक मिळवून प्रथम क्रमांक मिळवला आहे.

श्रीराम राधाकृष्णन मेमोरियल ट्रस्ट आणि रोटरी क्लब ऑफ नवी मुंबई साईसाइड यांच्या संयुक्त विद्यमाने रविवार, दि. १२ जानेवारी रोजी भारतीय विद्याभवन, वाशी येथे खोज-६ अंतर्गत विज्ञान प्रदर्शनाचे आयोजन केले होते. यशस्वी विद्यार्थ्यांचे आणि शिक्षिका सुरेखा गजाकोश यांना सन्मानित करण्यात आले. यावेळी माजी नगरसेवक सोमनाथ वास्कर, माजी नगरसेविका कोमल वास्कर, मुख्याध्यापक महेंद्र पाटील, माध्यमिक शाळेचे मुख्याध्यापक मंगल भोईर उपस्थित होते.



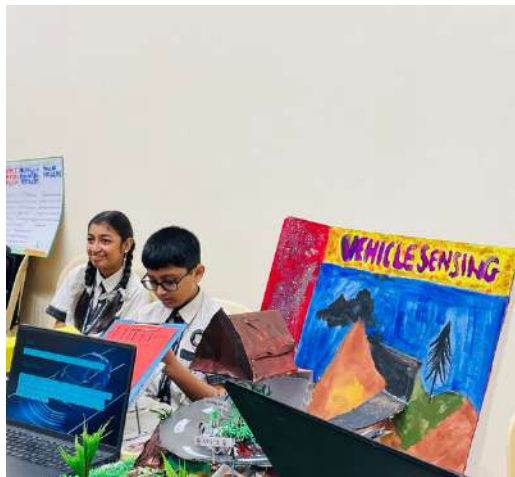
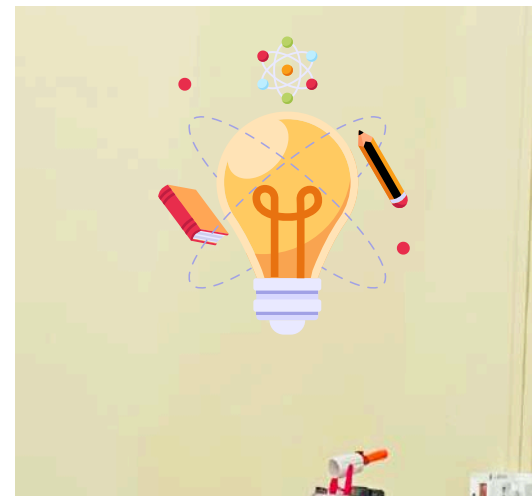
शाॅपिंग विथ क्लिनिंग ट्रॅलीला तिसरा क्रमांक

यात नवी मुंबई महापालिका प्राथमिक शाळा क्रमांक १८ या शाळेतील इयत्ता सातवीमधील कु. सुशांत कुमार सिंग आणि कु. सुरज धनगर या विद्यार्थ्यांनी बनवलेला शाॅपिंग विथ क्लिनिंग ट्रॅली या प्रकल्पाला ज्युनिअर गटातून तृतीय क्रमांक मिळवला आहे.

शाळा क्रमांक ११६ मधील इयत्ता नववीतील इलेश मालाया याने बनवलेल्या 'सुरक्षित हेल्मेट'ने प्रथम क्रमांक मिळवला आहे.



Hello Navi Mumbai



OUR AWESOME MARATHON RUNNERS



Dear Seasideers, I am thrilled to announce that four of our remarkable members triumphantly crossed the finish line of the exhilarating Tata Mumbai Marathon, completing an incredible 42.196 kilometres on January 19, 2025.

Their dedication and perseverance shone brightly as they raced through the vibrant streets of Mumbai, embodying the spirit of determination and resilience. Join me in celebrating their outstanding achievement!





Short Story





The Monkey's Paw

by W. W. Jacobs



Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlour of Laburnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

“Hark at the wind,” said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

“I’m listening,” said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. “Check.”

“I should hardly think that he’d come to-night,” said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

“Mate,” replied the son.

“That’s the worst of living so far out,” bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence; “of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst. Pathway’s a bog, and the road’s a torrent. I don’t know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses in the road are let, they think it doesn’t matter.”



“Never mind, dear,” said his wife, soothingly; “perhaps you’ll win the next one.”

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin grey beard.

“The first man had his three wishes. I don’t know what the first two were, but the third was for death.”

“There he is,” said Herbert White, as the gate banged to loudly and heavy footsteps came toward the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also condoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, “Tut, tut!” and coughed

gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall, burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.

“Sergeant-Major Morris,” he said, introducing him.



The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whiskey and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of wild scenes and doughty deeds; of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

“Twenty-one years of it,” said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. “When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him.”

“He don’t look to have taken much harm,” said Mrs. White, politely.

“I’d like to go to India myself,” said the old man, “just to look round a bit, you know.”

“Better where you are,” said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

“I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers,” said the old man. “What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey’s paw or something, Morris?”

“Nothing,” said the soldier, hastily. “Leastways nothing worth hearing.”

“Monkey’s paw?” said Mrs. White, curiously.

“Well, it’s just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps,” said the sergeant-major, offhandedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

“To look at,” said the sergeant-major, fumbling in his pocket, “it’s just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy.”

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

“And what is there special about it?” inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.



“It had a spell put on it by an old fakir,” said the sergeant-major, “a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people’s lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it.”

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

“Well, why don’t you have three, sir?” said Herbert White, cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. “I have,” he said, quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

“And did you really have the three wishes granted?” asked Mrs. White.

“I did,” said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

“And has anybody else wished?” persisted the old lady.

“The first man had his three wishes. Yes,” was the reply; “I don’t know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That’s how I got the paw.”

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

“If you’ve had your three wishes, it’s no good to you now, then, Morris,” said the old man at last. “What do you keep it for?”



The soldier shook his head. “Fancy, I suppose,” he said, slowly. “I did have some idea of selling it, but I don’t think I will. It has caused enough mischief already. Besides, people won’t buy. They think it’s a fairy tale; some of them, and those who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterward.”

“If you could have another three wishes,” said the old man, eyeing him keenly, “would you have them?”

“I don’t know,” said the other. “I don’t know.”

He took the paw, and dangling it between his forefinger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

“Better let it burn,” said the soldier, solemnly.

“If you don’t want it, Morris,” said the other, “give it to me.”



“I won’t,” said his friend, doggedly. “I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don’t blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again like a sensible man.”

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. “How do you do it?” he inquired.

“Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud,” said the sergeant-major, “but I warn you of the consequences.”

“Sounds like the Arabian Nights,” said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. “Don’t you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?”

Her husband drew the talisman from pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

“If you must wish,” he said, gruffly, “wish for something sensible.”

Mr. White dropped it back in his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterward the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second instalment of the soldier’s adventures in India.

“If the tale about the monkey’s paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us,” said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train, “we sha’nt make much out of it.”

“Did you give him anything for it, father?” inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

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“Did you give him anything for it, father?” inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

“A trifle,” said he, colouring slightly. “He didn’t want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away.”

“Likely,” said Herbert, with pretended horror. “Why, we’re going to be rich, and famous and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can’t be henpecked.”

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. “I don’t know what to wish for, and that’s a fact,” he said, slowly. “It seems to me I’ve got all I want.”



“If you only cleared the house, you’d be quite happy, wouldn’t you?” said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. “Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that ‘ll just do it.”

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn

face, somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a few impressive chords.

“I wish for two hundred pounds,” said the old man distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted the words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran toward him.

“It moved,” he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor.

“As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.”



“Well, I don’t see the money,” said his son as he picked it up and placed it on the table, “and I bet I never shall.”

“It must have been your fancy, father,” said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. “Never mind, though; there’s no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same.”

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the night.

“I expect you’ll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed,” said Herbert, as he bade them good-night, “and something horrible squatting up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains.”

He sat alone in the darkness, gazing at the dying fire, and seeing faces in it. The last face was so horrible and so simian that he gazed at it in amazement. It got so vivid that, with a little uneasy laugh, he felt on the table for a glass containing a little water to throw over it. His hand grasped the monkey’s paw, and with a little shiver he wiped his hand on his coat and went up to bed.

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table he laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the dirty, shrivelled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.

“I suppose all old soldiers are the same,” said Mrs. White. “The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father?”

“Might drop on his head from the sky,” said the frivolous Herbert.

“Morris said the things happened so naturally,” said his father, “that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence.”

“Well, don’t break into the money before I come back,” said Herbert as he rose from the table. “I’m afraid it’ll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you.”

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road; and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband’s credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman’s knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired sergeant-majors of bibulous habits when she found that the post brought a tailor’s bill.



“Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home,” she said, as they sat at dinner.

“I dare say,” said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer; “but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I’ll swear to.”

“You thought it did,” said the old lady soothingly.

“I say it did,” replied the other.

“There was no thought about it; I had just—- What’s the matter?”



His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed, and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed at her furtively, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband's coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit, for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

She saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face.

"I—was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. "I come from 'Maw and Meggins.'"

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked, breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interposed. "There, there, mother," he said, hastily. "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir;" and he eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry—" began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother, wildly.

The visitor bowed in assent. "Badly hurt," he said, quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh, thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that! Thank—"



She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White, in a dazed fashion, "yes."

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting-days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman's face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible; on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

"I was to say that 'Maw and Meggins' disclaim all responsibility," continued the other. "They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.



Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.



In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen — something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation—the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes miscalled, apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

“Come back,” he said, tenderly. “You will be cold.”

“It is colder for my son,” said the old woman, and wept afresh.



The sound of her sobs died away on his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

“The paw!” she cried wildly. “The monkey’s paw!”

He started up in alarm. “Where? Where is it? What’s the matter?”

She came stumbling across the room toward him. “I want it,” she said, quietly.

“You’ve not destroyed it?”

“It’s in the parlour, on the bracket,” he replied, marvelling. “Why?”

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

“I only just thought of it,” she said, hysterically. “Why didn’t I think of it before?

Why didn’t you think of it?”

“Think of what?” he questioned.

“The other two wishes,” she replied, rapidly. “We’ve only had one.”

“Was not that enough?” he demanded, fiercely.

“No,” she cried, triumphantly; “we’ll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again.”

The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. “Good God, you are mad!” he cried, aghast.

“Get it,” she panted; “get it quickly, and wish—Oh, my boy, my boy!”

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. “Get back to bed,” he said, unsteadily. “You don’t know what you are saying.”

“We had the first wish granted,” said the old woman, feverishly; “why not the second?”

“A coincidence,” stammered the old man.

“Go and get it and wish,” cried his wife, quivering with excitement.

The old man turned and regarded her, and his voice shook. “He has been dead ten days, and besides he—I would not tell you else, but—I could only recognize him by his clothing. If he was too terrible for you to see then, how now?”

“Bring him back,” cried the old woman, and dragged him toward the door. “Do you think I fear the child I have nursed?”

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlour, and then to the mantelpiece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized upon him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife’s face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

“Wish!” she cried, in a strong voice.

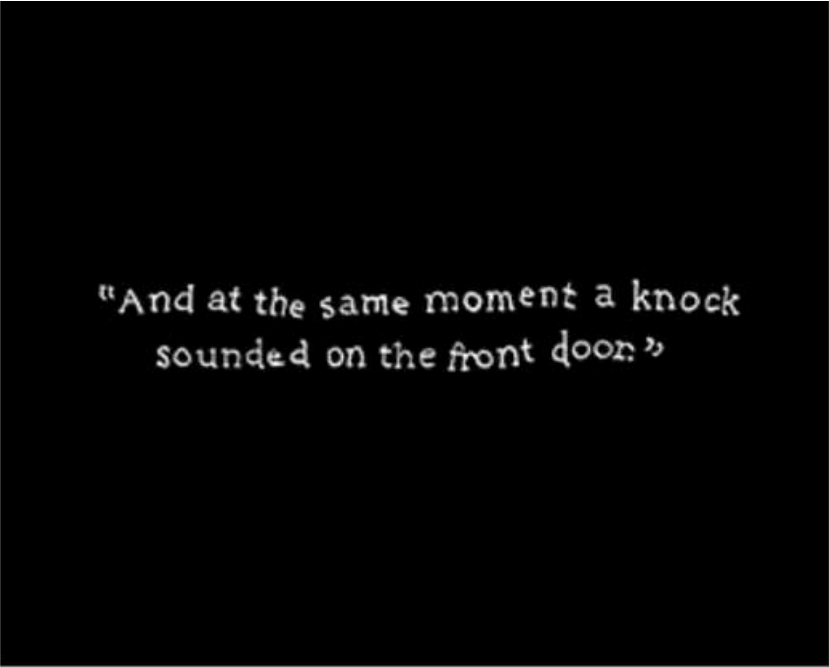
“It is foolish and wicked,” he faltered.

“Wish!” repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. “I wish my son alive again.”



The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it fearfully. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.



"And at the same moment a knock sounded on the front door."

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle-end, which had burned below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls, until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it

expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterward the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, he took the box of matches, and striking one, went downstairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another; and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand and spilled in the passage. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

“What’s that?” cried the old woman, starting up.

“A rat,” said the old man in shaking tones—“a rat. It passed me on the stairs.”

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

“It’s Herbert!” she screamed. “It’s Herbert!”

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

“What are you going to do?” he whispered hoarsely.

“It’s my boy; it’s Herbert!” she cried, struggling mechanically. “I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door.”

“For God’s sake don’t let it in,” cried the old man, trembling.

“You’re afraid of your own son,” she cried, struggling. “Let me go. I’m coming, Herbert; I’m coming.”

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried downstairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman’s voice, strained and panting.

“The bolt,” she cried, loudly. “Come down. I can’t reach it.”



But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back, and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.



SO WHAT IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT APOCALYPSE MEANS? IT'S NOT THE END OF THE WORLD!



Here's Tinkle's Favourite Comic Character

Meet Suppandi, the cheerful goof! He has worked on multiple jobs and never lasted in any of them past a day or two. He earnestly listens to instructions from his employers but then applies his own literal logic to them. What happens then? Utter mayhem!

Get ready to be amused and tickled by the (il)logic of Tinkle's most beloved Toon, Suppandi! Following that, you'll find a short story about Nasruddin Hodja. Enjoy!



SUPPANDI!

OH, SUP! YOUR TEMPERATURE'S REALLY HIGH. THAT MEANS YOU HAVE A FEVER. YOU REST UP, BUDDY!



SOMETIME LATER...

HEY SUP, THIS HOT SOUP WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.

NO WAY, MADDY!



SUPPANDI!

WHY, SUPPANDI?

AWK!

IF THIS SOUP IS PIPING HOT, THEN IT PROBABLY HAS A FEVER TOO!



HUNT FOR HAPPINESS

A NASRUDDIN HODJA TALE

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:

R.A. Rajesh,
P.B. No. 3, Bangarapet,
Kolar Dist 563 114.

Illustrations:
Prachi Killekar

ONCE WHEN NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS TRAVELING—

THERE IS NOTHING TO INTEREST ME IN LIFE, BROTHER...

YOU LOOK VERY SAD. WHAT IS THE MATTER?

... I HAVE A LOT OF MONEY, A GOOD WIFE AND CHILDREN. BUT I STILL CANNOT FIND HAPPINESS.

HMM... GO THAT IS THE PROBLEM.

HODJA SUDDENLY SNATCHED THE MAN'S BAG AND —

HEY! STOP, THIEF!

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN.

PUFF! PUFF!

HA! HA! RUN FASTER, SLOW-COACH.

AFTER SOME TIME —

HE HAS KEPT THE BAG DOWN. THANK GOODNESS IT MUST HAVE BEEN HEAVY FOR HIM.

MY MONEY, MY GOLD, MY PAPERS ARE ALL SAFE. I AM SO HAPPY.

YOU HAVE FOUND IT, MY FRIEND.

FOUND IT? FOUND WHAT?

HAPPINESS. HAVEN'T YOU?

FLAVOURS OF FUSION



Perfect Pairings

Freshness Matters

Customize Your Plate



Sambal Chicken Curry



Ingredients:

Chicken – 1/2 kg

Dried red chillies – 8-10
(depending on how much heat you can handle)

Turmeric powder – 1/2 tsp

Onion – 1 large

Garlic cloves – 6-7

Ginger- 1 large piece

Tomatoes – 2 large finely chopped

Cinnamon sticks – 2-3

Star anise – 1

Coconut milk – 2 tbsp

Lemongrass – 1 stalk

Lime juice – juice of 1/2 a lemon

Salt – as per taste



Method

- 1) Soak the dried red chillies in luke warm water for at least 30 mins. Make a fine paste of it using very little water.
- 2) Marinate the chicken with turmeric and ginger-garlic paste for at least an hour.
- 3) Blend the onions, ginger and garlic into a fine paste using little water.
- 4) Heat some oil in a pan. Add the cinnamon sticks and star anise.
- 5) Add the paste of the onions, ginger and garlic. Cook for a few mins on high heat. Then add in the dried chilli paste.
- 6) Mix well and cook for a few mins. Then add in the chopped tomatoes.
Cook this down until the tomatoes are mushy and it forms a nice saucy base for the dish.
- 7) Then add in the marinated chicken. Mix well and cook for a few mins on high heat with the lid open.
- 8) Add the coconut milk and a stalk of the lemongrass. Add salt and mix well.
- 9) Cover the pan and cook for at least 20 mins or until the chicken is well done.
- 10) In the end add the lemon juice. Sambal chicken will be ready to serve.





Easy Saag Paneer

Ingredients

8 ounces paneer cheese, cut into 1/2-inch cubes

¼ teaspoon ground turmeric

2 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil, divided

1 small onion, finely chopped
1 jalapeño pepper, finely chopped (optional)

1 clove garlic, minced

1 tablespoon minced fresh ginger

2 teaspoons garam masala

1 teaspoon ground cumin

20 ounces frozen spinach, thawed and finely chopped

¾ teaspoon salt

2 cups low-fat plain yogurt



Method

1. Toss paneer with turmeric in a medium bowl until coated. Heat 1 tablespoon oil in a large nonstick skillet over medium heat. Add the paneer and cook, flipping once, until browned on both sides, about 5 minutes. Transfer to a plate.
 2. Add the remaining 1 tablespoon oil to the pan
 3. Add onion and jalapeño (if using) and cook, stirring frequently, until golden brown for 7 to 8 minutes.

(If the pan seems dry during cooking, add a little water, 2 tablespoons at a time.)
 4. Add garlic, ginger, garam masala and cumin. Cook, stirring, until fragrant, about 30 seconds.
 5. Add spinach and salt. Cook, stirring, until hot, about 3 minutes.
- Remove from the heat and stir in yogurt and paneer.





Rtn Sanjana Dash
BULLETIN EDITOR

Letter From **The Editor**



Dear Seasideers,

Warm season's greetings to each and every one of you! As we stand on the threshold of a new year, I wish for it to be filled with an abundance of renewed love, hope, and inspiration for us all.

May this time of year bring fresh beginnings and cherished moments that uplift our spirits and strengthen our bonds as a community.

Reflecting on the past year, we proudly marked its conclusion by providing warmth and nourishment to cancer patients and their dedicated caregivers at the Tata Memorial Cancer Centre in Kharghar. It was a humbling experience to offer our support to those facing such challenging times.

As part of our impactful Global Grants Project, our club made a significant contribution by donating a state-of-the-art sonography machine and two complete dental units to Mathadi Hospital, enhancing the medical care available to those in need.

Furthermore, we took strides towards educational equity by installing digital classrooms at Gulshande School and Tungaratan Vibhag Vidya Mandir School in Rasayani. These initiatives aim to promote e-learning, empowering underprivileged students with valuable resources and opportunities for their future.

We are excited to highlight our cherished initiative, KHOJ, which is an Inter-School Science & Technology Competition organised by the Shreeram Radhakrishnan Memorial Trust in collaboration with the Rotary Club of New Bombay Seaside. This year, we proudly celebrated its sixth edition on January 12, 2025, hosted at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Vashi. The event continues to inspire creativity and innovation among students, fostering a passion for science and technology in the next generation.

