

# Akankika

*At the end of the day, everyone has a tale to tell*







”

*Akankika*

“

# ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I am grateful to Xavier University Bhubaneswar for giving me the opportunity to learn and grow.

Further, I thank Xavier School of Communications for providing me with ample resources and environment to learn and develop.

I sincerely thank Fr. Donald D'Silva, SJ., PhD., Academic Dean of Xavier School of Communications for his motivation and encouragement.

I would like to express our thanks to Mr. Pramod Saha, our course instructor/ project guide for his inputs and support in successfully completing this project.

I extend my thanks to all the faculty members, technical and support staff of Xavier School of Communications and to all the academicians from whom; I have learnt all about communication and media.

I whole heartedly thank all the people who helped us to successfully complete this project work.

Finally, I would like to thank our parents for their unconditional love, affection and for their sacrifice.

Anisha Kar  
BMCOMM1903



”

Akankika (noun)

It means an act; a play. Its the version that a storyteller tells the audience.

Right here through this book i have tried to reflect onto many unheard stories of people around us who might have never notices or bothered to know about.

“





# *Why Stories?*

Storytelling is the most powerful way to put ideas into the world today.

In a world full of Netflix and Chill, when someone tells the other person 'hey lets sit and talk for a while' and share the most significant to the most insignificant details and memories of life, that moment, feels to be the one of most priceless ones.

Life is really just stories strung together. If we stop and think for a moment, the most mundane of situations has the potential to transform into an interesting anecdote. We only have to summon the inner child within us to spot that unrealised yarn.

Stories are a different kind of truth. They show. They do not tell. They can renovate our pitiless memories into gentle sepia toned experiences. The formidable past is not so formidable when it becomes a story. Our deep rooted fears become battle scars, proudly worn and displayed.

Lucky are those who get to tell their stories and luckiest are those whose stories are heard and accepted. What the world needs more than storytellers is the listeners to their stories. Stories have the power to turn hearts of ice into hearts full of warmth. One should never be ashamed to tell his story for it could be a moving mountain in the life of another.



”

..... *Every Picture*  
*has a story to Tell* .....

“









”

Innocence is beauty, Innocence is rare;  
Innocence is a wonderful thing to share.  
Innocence is graceful, Innocence is elegant;  
Innocence is the enchanting music the angels  
chant.

The utter innocence of a child amidst all the chaos around was the thing that struck a cord. It was like reflecting back onto the very own childhood even after being an adult and understanding the importance ‘to stand and stare ‘ for a while. While nobody notices what the world has to offer even in its tininess of possibilities, a cute little child does.

In all times when we think that ‘ I am burdened with work all through life and I am so busy ’ what we have got to think more than that is

Where is the child that was inside of me?  
Reflecting upon all the innocence we had when we were kids and we had all the time in the world to be carefree and happy with life.

“





”

This story is about this man who has been staying in the Old Town region of Bhubaneswar for 63 years now.

What is interesting about him is that, everyday he wakes up to sit next to a tea stall with a newspaper in hand and read through it word by word. Everyday that is ‘His Spot’. Like all college goers have a spot to sit and chat so does this wrinkly old man. But what do we do sitting at our hangout spots? Talk, Sip a cup of tea and Gossip probably. Difference is that he doesn’t do the same. He is there at his spot but doing something so much better than gossiping.

Striking isn’t just that, it’s the fact that his daily life involves acknowledging and answering each and every passer by going around the place asking for this address and that address. Localities do claim him to be a cranky old man but trust me time has helped him grow seeds of wisdom and the respect. There is not a single address that he has refused to tell or has told wrong. Way better than all those gossips is the thank you he gets in return.

“











That's Gouri in the picture. Her story lies in the dreams we are talking about. Everyday she wakes up dreaming. Her most priceless dream is to go to school and become a doctor just for two years after which she had to drop out because of someone's

What is remarkable about her is that she has a fire in her. She says she dreams so that someday she would fulfil her dream. I am not a man yof us are actually Dreaming anymore, or





...pths of Dreams. She has a number of dreams she  
...ing about a different thing she could achieve. But  
...come a police woman. She has been to school but  
...to help her parents earn and thus had to work at  
...s house.

... in her eyes which refuse to be extinguished. She  
...them. Talking to her i started to realise as to how  
...r rather are just surving each day passing by.

”





This is Rahim. His story is one of those unheard tales of denial. His story not only reflects on a person because this gentleman here is a 10th Standard pass who lives in Bhubaneswar because of his title. Well what is to be done is to spread these stories like to give up everything around only because he doesn't want to. Khan because of his title has faced a lot of troubles. His unheard story needs to be heard. Because everyone deserves to be heard. Everyone deserves to be heard.





s around the globe that a lot of people know of but  
nal level but also the national and global level. Be-  
who was ransacked from his job at a biscuit factory  
ause of his religion.  
e wildfire. Because a diligent person like him had  
nt belong to the community you belong to. Rahim  
s not only with jobs, but with houses as well. This  
e deserves a chance to be given equal importance  
es to be noticed.

”



”


Thats Khyati Bhai. The jolliest of all in the Unit 1 Market. (Basically the very choatic Haat0

His story if you see isnt something very fancy or remarkbale or anything. Something you would find unnoticable. That is where the catch lies. Unnoticable. The reason his story is on of the list is his Comradship.

He closes his shop everyday at 9pm. And then goes around the entire place to greet everybody and ask them about their day. When asked that he could do that through Whatsapp as well, to which he said the feel isnt the same when someone forwards you a Good Night message and when someone hugs you and tells you the same.

He is a person everyone around calls out to when in vain or a problem. He is known to be the ‘Laughing Buddha’ amongst his peers. His secret to his happiness and calmness is his daily habit of meditation and him greeting people and listening to them.

Mr. Khyati here through his irregular sense of understanding and his weird sense of humour and his technique of building relationships has made us understand that the world no matter how changed cannot just run with the whatsapp forwards and the instagram tags but their is so much more to maintain a human relationship.



“









That's Sailendra Bhoi. He sells fish at the Unit 8 fish market. He gets his share of the fish stock and then works

Remarkable about his story is that he does all of his work for his two baby girls, this man toils day and night to give a life to his children and be educated and be able to move out of the shackles of poverty. His fathers who actually encourage their daughters to grow up and have a story to be the most extra-ordinary but there is a start to his story. He belongs to a lower community and





ket in Bhubaneswar. He wakes up everyday at 4am to  
till the night to be able to feed his family.

for his daughter. In a world where there is slaughter of  
his girl. All he wants is his daughter to be well read  
of the Caste System and someone in life. Hats off to  
v up and grow better everyday. You may not  
somewhere with stories like these and i really re  
ds up a lot of weightage to this issue.





”

This Gentleman you see next to this is a Shahrukh Fan. His soul and whole love of life is king Khan and nothing else. Toiling all day in the muddy sects of the market, the next big thing he looks onto is to go home and watch his favourite SRK movie.

Copying his dialogues and attires is what has kept his man up and about. From ‘Don ko pakadna mushkil hin nehi naa mumkin hai’ to ‘Kuch kuch hota hai, tum nehi samjhogi’ Veer here is well equipped with every SRK dialogue and song and stance.

His story may not sound every influensive but his struggles surely do. He has been saving his earnings so that he could go spend a week in Mumbai. something so simple yet so far fetched for him. Veer doesnt really dream a lot he says because he belives that his path lies in what he has already thought he will be doing. He is here to defy his destiny and be the nest better star (probably! Honestly his acting skills arent superb) But his love for his idol is one of the purest you could know.

“













The lonely old man wrinkled he's  
aged,  
he's gone into care he feels like he's  
caged.

Weak he's fragile but his mind is in  
tact,  
the way life is it's a matter of fact.

The lonely old man he's missing his  
wife,  
waiting to die looking back o his life

Looking through photographs a dis-  
tant memory it seems,  
frightened by death it's plaguing his  
dreams.

The lonely old man it seems nobody  
cares,  
in his bedroom he sits there and  
stares.









”

Thats Ramgyan. Happily healthy and with a job, a spouse and a kid. But sadly Deaf and Dumb.

Well i said sadly. Not HIm. He claims that the Good Old God took away his possessions so that it could be helpful to someone else. How many people has one met in the recent times who is so selfless that says this was done to help someone else. How many people would in the recent times to willing to not talk about thier problems but acknowledge their life to be a good one, no matter what has happened.

Thats Ramgyan everybody. Always willing to help somebody or the other and always willing to go beyond his capacity of work.

“





”

His human here is like a special mention because he claims to be Ramgyan's Best Friend. Half of the people around probably don't even remember his name but call him as Ramgyan's guy.

This is Joseph. He could be awarded for being such a selfless friend. This person here learnt all the attributes of Sign languages so as to make his friend's life easier. the only reason his story made it to the list was to reflect how a friendship should be and what should be the core of that feeling.

“















”


Generally in the hindu culture it is belived that the works like woodwork, iron work , etc should be done by the lower clan of the society and should ot be held onto the responsiblity of the upper class Brahmins.

But here we have an exception. This is the story of Sarata Babu. He is a born Brahmin and has lived the life of that of a proper brahmin as well. But while parents never wanted him to become a carpenter, he somehow grew up to be one. Trust me it wasnt that easy.

Wood craft was his passion and when he got stronger in it he asked his parents to let him follow that. He was denied because it was not suiting their caste. Defying all statements and amger, going against his parents he went on to break the myth of caste culture and became what he wanted to be. One would think he could have been well off if he would have done something differ-ent but what he would have not been is the emotion of happiness.

“





”

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task  
begin,  
Each evening sees it close  
Something attempted, something  
done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

The tales of a hard worker never go in vain.  
Working hard is what is going to lead to  
every success you wish for and lead you to  
every happiness you have ever wanted.

“



















“

In the age of digital watches and smart wa  
full of joy and happiness. He is a watch w  
one. One working with the lens thing on h  
batteries and understanding the ultimate v

He is an engineer by choice but he left his  
what he loved the most watches. It takes a  
about to do something



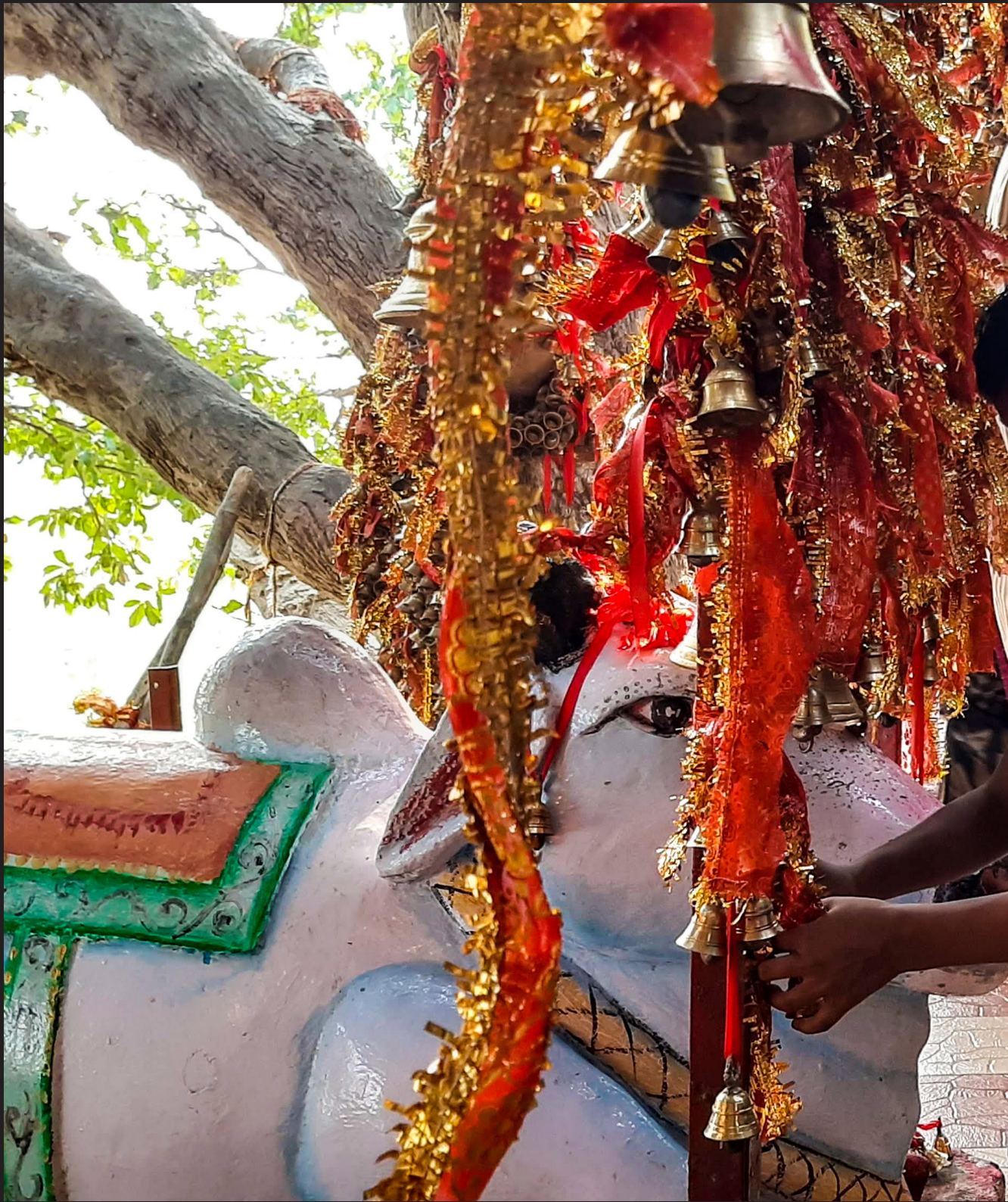


atches. Mr. Viren Mishra here is a man i met  
orker. I was amazed to actually have found  
his eyes with the tiny screws ans springs and  
value of the most valuable thing of all - time.

s boring desk job and came up to play with  
whole lot of guts to actually get up and start  
g you always wanted to.

”









This for me is remarkable moment when this little kiddo went around the entire temple praying. Then i got to know as to how Belief plays an important role in shaping the mindset of a kid.

She went around the entire place following the footsteps of her mother to know the powers of God and his beliefs and stay strong with the faith.

“Just believe that when the best things are going wrong, God is always going to be there to make you strong”



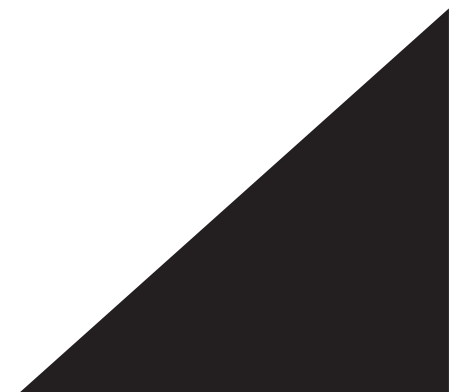
”

This is the story of the very strong and the emergent Brahmin Pandit who claims to have the superiority of hold onto an entire stretch of community. His stance shows his gust of superiority and his game of power in the world.

This story hit me thinking about the prevailing caste system and the epidemic of it. As to how the nation so divided yet nobody speaks a word but just keep on following that same rule of hierarchy in the world.

Its astonishing as to a country one calls secular and praises it for its diversity and unique culture still has the underlying truth about the differences in caste and religions. There still lies the silence of who rules over whom.

“















”

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

“





”

She now understands what it means to live and let  
live.

How much to ask for herself and how much to give.

She has a strong, yet generous heart  
and the inner beauty she emanates truly sets her  
apart.

Like the mythical Phoenix,  
she has risen from the ashes and soared to a new  
plane of existence,  
unfettered by the things that once that posed such  
resistance.

“













”



This auto riskshaw Bhaiya spoke to me for a continuous of 25 minutes. While i was having a terribly annoying day and had just put my earphone on he started out with ‘Madam, do you know where to find chocoalte cake. Its for my daughter’s birthday.” Inorder to answer i did have to put down my earphones and then the talk started. At first i was really annoyed as to for this man i had to put my playlist on pause but then i realised thorough the entire talk how lively he wanted me to feel and how lively it actually felt to have been able to sit down without my phone and messages and playlist for whole 25 minutes and get to know a person better and also learn a few lessons.

“



©swastik sahu





”

Let kids be kids; just let them be  
Princesses, pirates; let the bath be the sea!

Let them stare at the sky and find animals in the clouds.  
Let them dance in the rain and sing out loud.

Let them dream really big and wish upon a star.  
Let them feel the wind in their hair from the window of a car.

Smell their dandelion bouquet like it's your favorite flower,  
For they will grow up in what seems like just an hour.

Tell them bedtime stories each and every night.  
Let them sleep in the middle when they awake with fright.

Shield them from evil and keep them from danger,  
But teach them of acts of kindness for complete strangers.

Don't hurry them, overschedule them, and make them feel lost,  
For if this happens it will be you who will pay the cost!

Let them build castles, do cartwheels, and find shells in the sand.  
If they need a little help, then please give them a hand!

Let them walk barefoot and the grass tickle their feet,  
For it's the small things in life that will make them feel complete!

Let them make couch cushion forts and sleep in a tent,  
For this is the way childhood was meant to be spent!

So let kids be kids, just let them be.  
And our world will be a better place for you and for me!

“



To be OLD and wise, you must first be YOUNG and stupid.

This picture here is fancied by me because it provides a sneak peak into the life an old man peeping into the life a young one (metaphorically). To miss yourself when you are old and miss all the opportunities you could have utilised is something not advisable by wise and old men and women. therefore they say use your youth and your freedom carefully.















”

This is Bapi Kumar. In this era of expensive cafes and burger joints he has made me fall in love with the 10 rupees Street Food.

His story is nothing unique like the rest but is fascinating because he is a man of many talents. He not only seels Bada on the street but also is a theatre artist associated with a very acclaimed group of the state. Weekdays its the food day and weekesnd its the theatre and play days.

Its comes as a very strinking thought as to when we give so many excuses of not finishing our work of time with all resources provided how a man of so much work takes out time for every bit of himself. Strikes a thought doesnt it.

“





“

The game

How at an age when the kid is supposed to play, he stands looking pale and dusty and tired because of the heat for other kids to buy. Well played he must not do injustice to the world but also bring a

When did the world become so unple





of irony.

aying with the same toys and rejoicing there  
ecause of selling those toys in the scorching  
ust be syaing to the Almighty who did just  
about humans who supported the injustice

asant and unfair to these little souls?

”









”

The lonely old man he's missing his wife,  
waiting to die looking back o his life

Looking through photographs a distant memory it  
seems,  
frightened by death it's plaguing his dreams.

One day a young lady comes to help him get ready,  
on his feet he's not stable he's become unsteady.  
The lonely old man he's feeling a tired old chap,  
the lady dresses him smartly finishing with his cap.

Out in the gardens she takes him for a walk,  
from his wheelchair he laughs as they talk.  
The lonely old man and the lady they bond,  
watching the fish as they swim in the pond.

Days go by the man weakens he's worse,  
the lady stays with him that's her promise as a  
nurse.

The lonely old man ready to leave his life,  
he starts seeing the face of his beautiful wife.  
Holding his hand she knows he is dying,  
trying to be professional she can't stop herself cry-  
ing.

The lonely old man turns to the lady,  
his face has darkened his eyes grey and shady.

Slipping away his breathing is slow  
knowing it's time for him he must go.

“



”

This is Alfaz. A very interesting man who has a hold on his way of dealing with life.

He runs an antique store in Chor Bazaar Bombay. He is the most sane shopkeeper i have ever met and is the most decent and educated and serene gentleman who did not nag us into buying anything or hackle us with questions.

“























”

Life hasn't been easy for this man here. Being abandoned by family because of his sickness and being neglected around is what he got in his share instead of love and compassion from his family. He did a lot for his family. From being there through thick and thin to providing for every minute need he toiled hard, but his sons couldn't make it worth it.

He left him like he was a burden and never returned to see his face. Well good for this man that he didn't have to stay with them and understood the reality of people before being exploited more.

To all sons and daughter, it's our parents who should be your first priority because they are the ones who got you into this world and who worked exclusively for you and did everything they could.

“



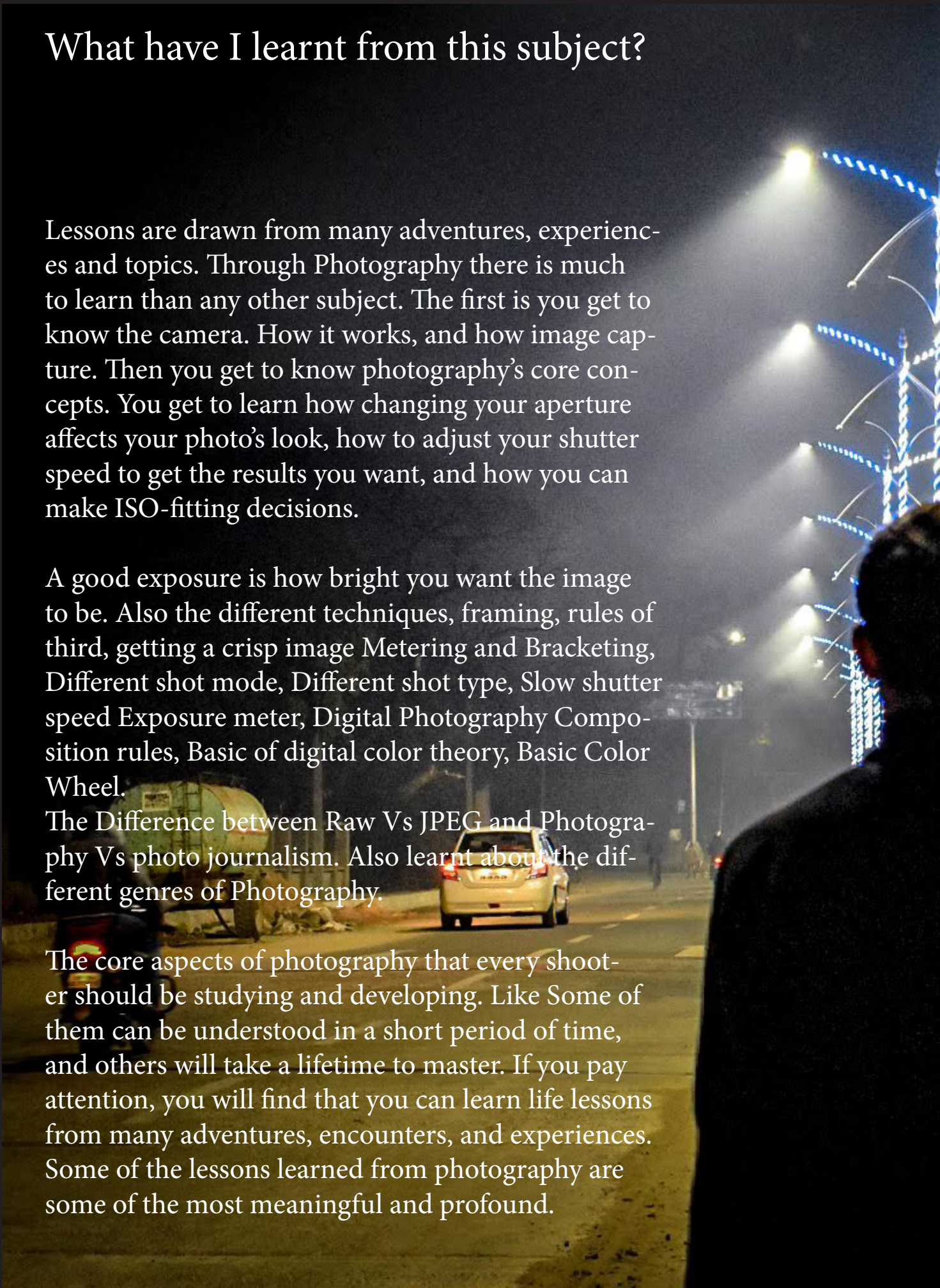
# What have I learnt from this subject?

Lessons are drawn from many adventures, experiences and topics. Through Photography there is much to learn than any other subject. The first is you get to know the camera. How it works, and how image capture. Then you get to know photography's core concepts. You get to learn how changing your aperture affects your photo's look, how to adjust your shutter speed to get the results you want, and how you can make ISO-fitting decisions.

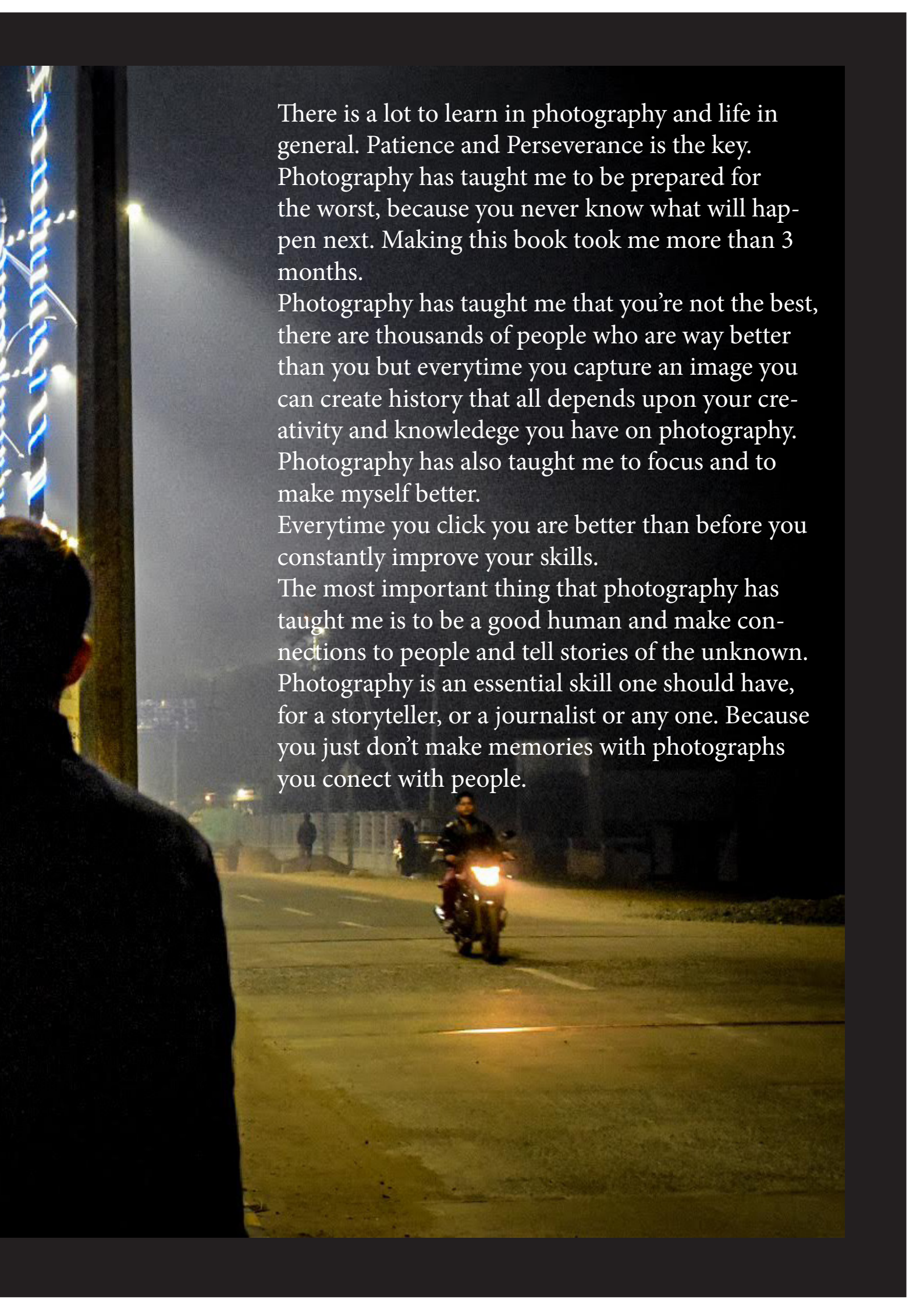
A good exposure is how bright you want the image to be. Also the different techniques, framing, rules of third, getting a crisp image Metering and Bracketing, Different shot mode, Different shot type, Slow shutter speed Exposure meter, Digital Photography Composition rules, Basic of digital color theory, Basic Color Wheel.

The Difference between Raw Vs JPEG and Photography Vs photo journalism. Also learnt about the different genres of Photography.

The core aspects of photography that every shooter should be studying and developing. Like Some of them can be understood in a short period of time, and others will take a lifetime to master. If you pay attention, you will find that you can learn life lessons from many adventures, encounters, and experiences. Some of the lessons learned from photography are some of the most meaningful and profound.





A night street scene with a person on a motorcycle in the distance and a person's silhouette in the foreground. The scene is dimly lit, with a street lamp visible on the left and the motorcycle's headlight illuminating the road ahead. The background shows a city street with some distant lights and a fence.

There is a lot to learn in photography and life in general. Patience and Perseverance is the key. Photography has taught me to be prepared for the worst, because you never know what will happen next. Making this book took me more than 3 months.

Photography has taught me that you're not the best, there are thousands of people who are way better than you but everytime you capture an image you can create history that all depends upon your creativity and knowledge you have on photography. Photography has also taught me to focus and to make myself better.

Everytime you click you are better than before you constantly improve your skills.

The most important thing that photography has taught me is to be a good human and make connections to people and tell stories of the unknown. Photography is an essential skill one should have, for a storyteller, or a journalist or any one. Because you just don't make memories with photographs you conect with people.

