



# Dooars Expedition

2022-2023

“A Project Report on the  
Excursion of the Department”

Department of English



**HERAMBA CHANDRA COLLEGE**

23/49 Gariahat Road, Kolkata-700029

**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH**



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**DOOARS  
EXPEDITION**

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*“A Project Report on the Excursion of the Department”*



**2022-2023**

**Contributors**

**-Project Leader-  
Sri. Satyaki Saradar**

**-Team Associated with Project Report-**

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**-Project Guides-**

**Mr. Sumit Naskar  
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***Acknowledgement***

We, the students, extend our heartfelt thanks to the Department and the college for making us experience a memorable excursion at Dooars in the academic session 2022-23, and special thanks to our respected professors of the department for their continuous support and guidance during the excursion and in the creation of this project report. We also express gratitude to our classmates, whose support and shared knowledge enriched this report. It stands as a testament to our collective effort and the spirit of teamwork within our student community.

---Students' group

## **Dooars Expedition: A Project Report on the Excursion of the Department**

Amidst the bustling chaos of Sealdah Station, where the rhythmic cacophony of trains departing and arriving fills the air, a group of eager souls from our institution, Heramba Chandra College, Kolkata, gathered on a cloudy pre-monsoon night. Want to know their destination? The enchanting realm of Dooars in West Bengal, a land where nature weaves its most vivid tapestries, and adventure lurks around every corner. For many, this journey marks a departure from the familiar confines of life in the City of Joy, offering a chance to immerse themselves in the untamed wilderness that awaits beyond the horizon.

In the distant platforms of the station, the whistles of the departing trains beckoned us; their echoes carried the promise of new beginnings. With each step closer to the platform, the anticipation grew, fuelled by the stories we had heard of Dooars' lush tea gardens, dense forests teeming with wildlife, and the majestic Himalayan Shivaliks standing guard in the backdrop. But beyond the allure of picturesque landscapes laid a deeper narrative waiting to be unravelled – one of cultural richness, where the melodies of tribal folk songs intertwined with the whispers of ancient traditions, and of course the regional delicacies that made our hearts drool for more. It is a land where every river had a story to tell, every mountain held a secret, and every encounter left an indelible mark on the soul.

As we embarked on nature's pilgrimage, bound for the bewildering terrains of Dooars, we carried with us not just our backpacks and cameras but also a sense of wonderment and

curiosity. For us, the essence of travel laid not only in ticking off destinations from our checklist but in savouring the moments of joy and laughter shared amidst the journey. It was not just about reaching the destination, but about relishing every twist and turn, every stop and detour, that added depth and richness to our travel narrative.

**Day 1 (25th Aug, 2023):**

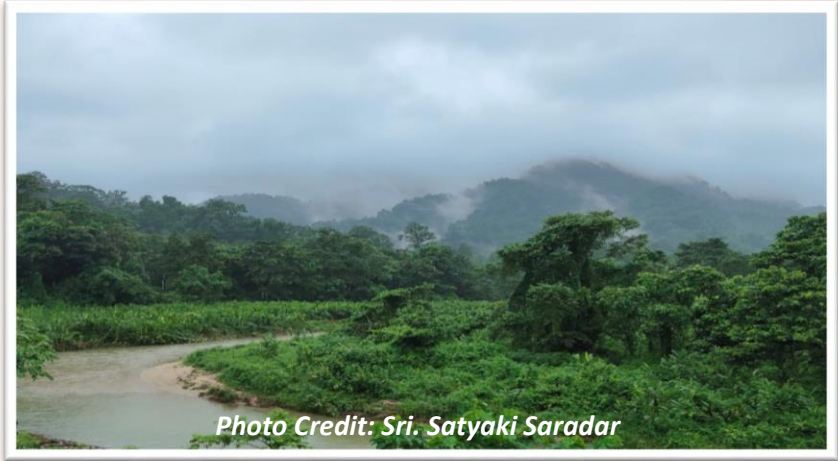
Dressed in casual outfits, the students, the professors and the assistants gathered around the proposed meeting point, the Sealdah North, in front of platform no. 12, late in the evening. The students included the pupils of Semester 4 & 6 from the Department of English, the Department of Bengali and the Department of Education of our college. We boarded the overnight train after the number of heads were counted and confirmed. As the initial excitement of sorting out our seats and luggage bags subsided, the wildness of our hearts found expression in non-sense talk, singing and playing card games while enjoying the slight drizzle of raindrops from the window, till dinner was served. A simple Chinese dish of chilli chicken and fried rice tasted a hundred times better in the company of our close comrades. We even made a friend – a mute, perhaps homeless boy, much younger than ourselves who added to the enthusiasm of the night. We named him Kamlesh for the time. The rest of the night was spent chatting away in hushed tones till we succumbed to the clattering lullaby of the train wheels hours after midnight.

**Day 2 (26th Aug, 2023):**

Most of us slept soundly till late morning, while a few woke up with the aesthetics of a sunrise veiled by a mist of clouds. The fleeting stations were glazy wet with the still drizzling rain while the morning birds chirped sweetly to compensate for the lack of roosters. A cup of cosy warm tea compensated for our lack of enough sleep last night. By the time the train reached Barsoi Jn., quite a few of us had already risen and were crowding near the compartment doors, feeling the cool little drops of rain on our skin, and capturing the serene scenery of green paddy fields with thickets of vegetation, and cotton and jute plantations in between, in our cameras as well as our memories. It was still a fair distance away from New Mal Junction, our destination and hills and mountains were still a far sight to be seen with our naked eyes. Many of us sat drowsily in our berths, and talked among each other, and the professors and our co-passengers while playing soft, soothing 90s Bengali music on our bluetooth speaker to compliment the morning vibe. As we advanced further, the paddy fields gave way to vast stretches of uncultivated land filled to the brim with yesterday's rain shower where fishermen tied fishing strings to the end of long, fully grown bamboos to catch their prey. The vast waterbodies, mirroring the marble-like texture of the sky above, with its varying shades of grey viewed through the rectangle-cut windows of the train made us feel the sensation of being in live-action retro movie. As we passed more time, talking about random things like the price of Hilsa this monsoon or various mythical folklore of Bengal, we had the opportunity to have a glimpse of the Naxalbari area and our professors briefed us on the Naxalite movement and the dawn of communism in Bengal and the rest of India. Our destination was no longer unfathomably far and in an hour or so, the tamed cultivation



turned into wilderness as the soaring hills of North Bengal, clad in their lush green forestry greeted us.



The scene seemed to eradicate the infestation of lethargy among us growing out of hunger, as every single one of us took out our

handsets and cameras, bringing out the cinematographer in ourselves. The mesmerizing prelude to the 'Dwar' of Northern Bengal presented hills, which embellished themselves with their murky grey crowns, flooded rivers that washed their sanctifying feet and banished rivers which barely had any water flowing through them and the white sand, gravels and rocks looked like their skeletal remains. Small brooks meandered their way through the hills and greeted us hello while drains filled with water as clear as glass ran toe to toe beside our train. The occasional appearance of stations and vast tea plantations spread across the undulating hills reminded us that civilisation had indeed pervaded the wild. Soon after, we packed our luggage and got off the train at New Mal Junction.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Rohan Hait*



It was then raining moderately, and we had to get our umbrellas out. We took some group pictures and waited for our conveyance to arrive. We sorted ourselves in groups into four Mahindra Boleros and rode off to our accommodation. The highway we took was neat and well-maintained and in a matter of minutes, we reached “Chalsa Youth Hostel” – a government sponsored lodge house. All the folks, hungry and tired freshened up as soon as they received keys to their allotted rooms. Brunch took enough time to be prepared, and hence, in the meantime, many of us busied ourselves in playing carrom in the hostel reception hall, while others roamed in and outside the building, exploring the area. Upon taking a short break post-meal, we set out to drench our hearts and feet in the waters of the Murti river.



*Photo Credit: Ms. Titas Saha*

The road was narrow and the ride bumpy, but the first rays of the warm, delightful sun smiling upon the water filled paddy plantation with strokes of feathers still floating in the clear blue sky delighted us. We walked over to the river, crossing forbidden barriers and taking utmost care of not being preyed upon by any leeches. Nature showed us it's wild side as we were barely able to maintain our stance in the river current and got our naked feet hurt by the numerous rocks and pebbles that lay underneath. We loitered around till sunset, stealing small pebbles to take back home, took the customary photographs and cinematic shots of the dying sun reflected in the river and returned to our stay.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

The night was still young and we relaxed around the hostel compound, played card and board games, chatted away in the large balcony on the first floor and had our mandatory cup of tea. At dinner time, we gathered in the large dining hall on the ground

floor and had a typical Indian meal of rice, lentils and fish curry. Most of us stayed up till late after midnight, playing, talking, or simply feeling and settling into the serene atmosphere of night time in this unfamiliar terrain.

**Day 3: (27th Aug, 2023):**

We were strictly instructed by our professors and organisers to be awake and ready by 08:30 in the morning. But being Bengalis ourselves, we follow our very own Bengali Standard Time, which implies that we are ought to be late by at least 30 minutes, if not more. Some of us early-birds, dressed in our best attire, sat disappointed in the dining hall waiting for breakfast to be served, which took forever due to everyone's delayed arrival. 'Luchi' and potato curry was served which fuelled our bodies for the rest of the day. We took off in our respective vehicles with the bare necessities required for surviving the day – from water bottles and umbrellas to phones and power-banks.

The clouds returned again to be the forever confidante of our journey. The car hit the highway, devouring the wet asphalt. The tunes of Arijit Singh's "Sooraj Dooba Hai" infused the adrenaline of high spirits in our veins as we turned towards the serpentine routes from Chalsa marketplace to conquer the beyond. The melodic strains however took a sharp deviation towards upbeat local DJ music as we ventured further into the wild jungles. Through the various twists and turns, we reached the tea gardens of Metali in Amba village.

Our professors led us deep into the tea plantations as we observed carefully the different qualities of tea leaves that gave our most beloved drink its heavenly flavour. It was altogether a

different experience to be educated about the specific requirements that allowed these sophisticated plants to thrive.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

The eastern edge of the tea garden had a steep decline into the valley and the view simply made us awestruck. Unfortunately, we had to leave this dreamland to advance towards our next stop, the Samsing river valley which was not too far away. Having reached the place, our jaws dropped, not just because of the spectacular scene of the mighty river, unearthing its way through



the majestic hills but the thigh-breaking pain we had to endure for climbing our way back up again.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

Some of the extra-eager fellers among us had the ingenious idea of wearing slippers along with their western attire to be able to easily drench their feet in the water and they were the ones running at top speed from the slope downwards with absolutely no fear of slipping and falling. Once below, we engaged in a photograph session while the adventurous ones hopped from boulder to boulder amidst the dragging currents of the river. The kleptomaniacs too, had their own share of fun picking out pebbles from the riverbed with utmost precision as if they found diamonds! On our way up, we were briefed about some geographical details about the river. Interestingly, some of us



discovered that turning around and walking backwards on the slope was actually easier than walking forward. However, due to social awkwardness, it did not last long. At the top, some of us bought some snacks and after a group photo over “I♥SAMSING”, we advanced further towards “Rocky Islands”. The clouds had now started devouring the hilltops and the horizon was blurry. Till the time we reached the place, occasional drizzles had already started. Rocky Islands were basically massive boulders that lay protruding out of the Murti riverbed, under one of the bridges on the road.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

We took a narrow, fragmented staircase beside the bridge to go down. Many of us took off our shoes and waddled on the sandy banks to climb over the huge rocks. As we were clicking pictures

and enjoying the view, the first tragedy struck. A leech had grabbed on to one of our friends' shoulder. Amidst the panicky situation, some brave-hearts came to the rescue and grabbed onto the leech and threw it away. Well unfortunately, this was just the beginning of leech encounter. After a few more minutes of listening to the roars of the water against the rocks, we bid the place goodbye, and moved on to our next destination, Suntaleykhola resort.

The entrance to the path towards the place was economized with small shops attached to the homes of their owners and there was a narrow mountain trail towards the left that led to abyss. A few of us decided to venture out a few steps towards the trail till the rest of the cars arrived. It was where mists of clouds could be seen reaching for the mountains in a slow, gentle embrace. Amidst the wild vegetation grew some bamboo plants. We broke some off and returned as everyone else arrived.

The path towards Suntaleykhola was sloping, winding and covered by forests on both sides, ever so darkened by the upcoming weather. We walked at our own paces – some of us admiring the silhouettes of the tall coniferous tress, others capturing water flowing out of the mossy crevices of the rocks or simply taking aesthetics pictures of ourselves. Our time and fortune couldn't have been any worse. We were not too far from the place, when it started raining cats and dogs. The ones left behind without umbrellas ran with their lives at stake or simply accepted their fate and let the rain consume their entire body while the rest of the group took shelter under two resting areas separated by a small, hanging bridge titled "WELCOME TO SUNTALEY KHOLA ECO TOURISM RESORT".



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

It was under the shade of these resting areas that shady leeches awaited their prey. Through the grass they latched onto the feet of students and soon it was a bloody mess as about five students were sucked upon. Even if it was difficult to walk in the rain, some three or four of us students took out our umbrellas, got our entire shoes and almost half of our pants wet to investigate the area. From the flimsy bridge one could feel a pale, yellowish-green luminosity gleaming through the ashen sky. The gust of wind accompanied by splashes of rain roared with the turbulence of the brook down below. It was a scene to remember. The rest of the road to the resort was filled with ankle-high water. The iron door to the place was locked securely and although we were eager, we did not trespass. While returning back to our professors to ask for their opinion of the

situation, we saw them sending the students back towards our vehicles in duos. The ones with their own umbrellas escorted the others back up. After our blood went cold, drenched in the rain, a handful of us sneaked into one of those shops near the entrance and ordered ourselves cups of tea and plates of momos to regain our strength back. Nothing could've compared to the taste of burning hot tea meeting the iciness of our cold lips. It was as if the food fired up our diminishing souls anew! The Professors' angry call made us hurry back to our cars as we were about to leave again. Rain was minimal by now. This time, our next destination was Sakam – another beautiful spot where the hills and the river blended into one another in a single frame, similar to Rocky Islands. This time however, we did not slide down the crevices anymore as we were enough wet already and the possibility of another downpour was looming around the corner.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*



From the rusty old iron bridge, we took photos of ourselves and the scenery around and returned to our cars. Traversing back the way we came, we had one last stop to conclude the day. Through the streets beaming with well-decorated houses and gardens on both sides, we arrived at Gorubathan, a hilltop park. The view from the hilltop laid the entire town, clad in foggy white mist, before our eyes. Tiny cars with their yellow fog lamps on made their way through the meandering roads, the houses were scattered and hidden in between the vast expanse of green and it all seemed to fade into the invisible horizon, as we stood awe-struck with our umbrellas covering our heads.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Rittu Mondal*

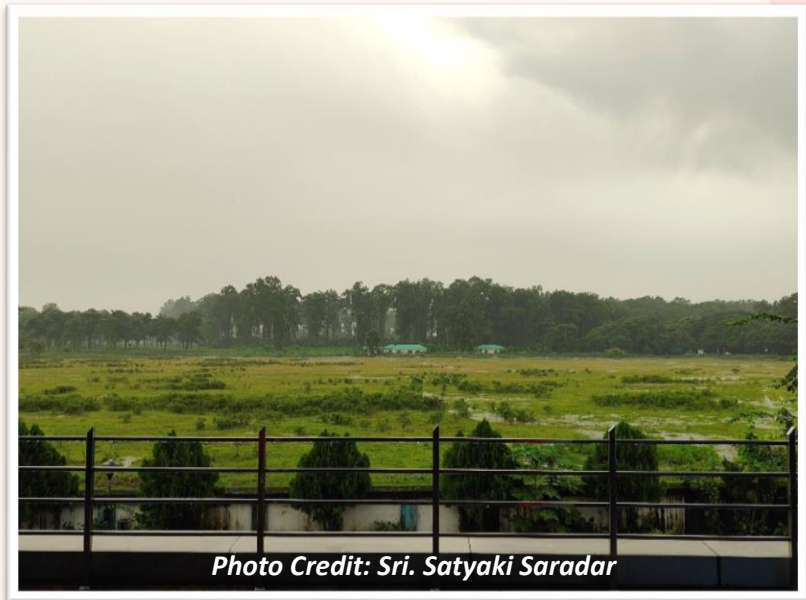


One of our professors discovered a hornbill on top of a giant tree in the area. After taking photos in front of “I♥GORUBATHAN” and officially becoming the “gorus” of the place, we set foot back towards our hostel. It was about a two-hour-journey during which we were hit with a similarly intense downpour as Suntaleykhola. We covered up the car windows with the soft-top fabric of the car and sat in the darkness, blasting off music to ease the cold that made us shiver. We finally returned early in the evening but even after such a long day’s journey, our misfortune was not over yet. One of our friends, while getting out of the car in the heavy rain accidentally stepped on her sharp earring, which fell from her ears. Although no blood was involved, it was still a serious incident requiring treatment. It was raining hard and venturing out immediately to a hospital was difficult. Hence, we first took her to the dining area and had some fresh pakodas and tea, and then informed the professors. After being informed the helpful professors of our department took necessary steps. We spent the evening hanging out in the balcony together, enjoying the cloudburst and the occasional flashes of thunder, waiting for an opportunity to take her to a clinic. Some of us video called our classmates who couldn’t join us, to narrate our experiences. Even the electricity went out from time to time, and we sat in nature’s lap completely devoid of any modernities of life. It was then time for dinner, and we indulged ourselves in delicacies of rice, lentils and chicken curry that the canteen staff cooked for us. After such a long journey, we filled ourselves to the brim. But the rain still showed no signs of stopping. In the end, our professors took the responsibility in their own hands and applied the necessary first aid to her. We

stayed up talking and playing and scaring each other out in the darkness as long as we could and then dozed off to sleep.

**Day 4: (28th Aug, 2023):**

The next day, we woke up to another hazy morning of glistening wet roads and waterlogged fields.



With our usual rounds of getting ready, we came downstairs to eat our breakfast, which was chowmein for that day. Many of us did not eat much for we expected to try some local food on that day. But things went quite differently. Our first destination for the day was the Gairibas View Point. The roads we took on this day were completely different from the last day. The tea gardens on

either side gradually gave way to fresh plainlands, and far into the distance, we could finally see the bluish silhouettes of the Bhutanese mountains.



Throughout our journey, we saw remnants of landslides and uprooted trees that exposed the red soil that constituted the area. After hours of journeying through the mountain passes, we finally reached Gairibas. Although the view was probably quite generic for a native of the area, us plainland residents found it extremely delightful, even though we saw similar sceneries the last day. From the top, we could see a civilization of houses down below, with a large power grid, supplying electricity to them, on the banks of the Jaldhaka river.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

The fresh sunny weather this time, added to the beauty of the scene. With our regular rounds of selfies, group pics and scenic photographs, we moved on to one of our most awaited destinations – The Bindu Bhutan Gate. With a significant improvement in the weather, the forests were finally lit by the warmth of the sunlight as we found our way deeper into the mountain passes. Surprisingly, even in such remote areas, the roads were extremely well-maintained, with minimum potholes and proper drainage systems. In some places among the cracks on the fortifications by the sidewalls of the road came out little springs of water, forming a little spectacle of waterfall.





*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*

The twisted roads followed the embrace of the mountains. Narrow gorges lay right by the roads, walled by steep mountains on the other side too. The sky cleared up completely and all that was left were massive, fluffy white clouds that floated in contrast to the blue expanse. Like caterpillars, creeping their way inside dense plants, our cars slowly but steadily conquered the altitudes to reach Bindu. The thin line of demarcation between the two countries was the large dam, that controlled the flow of the Jaldhaka waters. The place was magnificent with lovely pampas grass growing beside the growling river. The green trees and plants, massive boulders and moss-covered man-made structures gave an antique aspect to the aesthetics of the place.





*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*



*Photo Credit: Sri. Shaad Uzair Nadim*

At random places, there were small shrines for Deities of Lord Shiva or Lord Hanuman who blessed the area with their presence and souvenir and food shops lined the road. While our professors were away trying to arrange a permit for us to possibly step on the Bhutanese soil, we, otherwise misers, emptied our pockets

buying chocolates, confectionary items and gifts for our family and friends back home. A few of us also tried some local cuisines to get rid of our hunger for the time being. After a while, our professors returned with no hope of venturing into Bhutanese territory.

After everyone's shopping was over, we left the place by the same route and journeyed for hours. A few minutes after we started, rain started pouring again heavily and we had to close the windows again. The mini waterfalls now violently flooded the road. Our driver told us that the water from these springs is so clean that one could actually drink it and even the locals do that on a regular basis. Hesitant but curious, we got our bottles filled with it. Its taste differed little from the RO water we drink at home, and it did not affect our health in any way either.

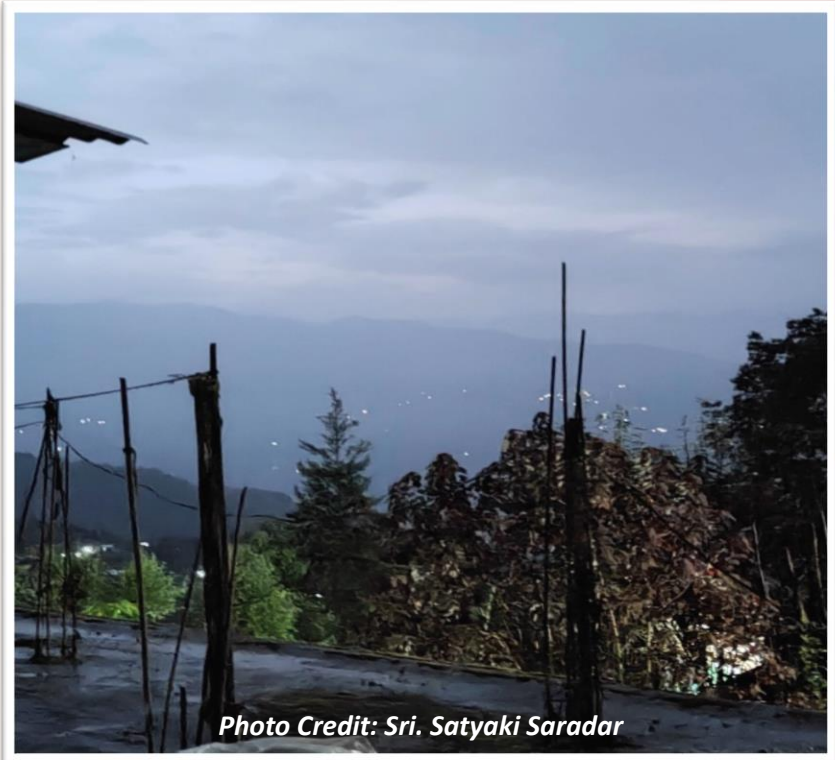
We listened to music and enjoyed the rainy atmosphere outside, till we reached Dalgaon. We were to visit the Dalgaon View Point which was a fair distance walk from the place where the cars left us. The gravelled path was muddy from the incessant rain. We took out our umbrellas and ignoring the dirt on our boots, we walked ahead. As we reached the location, rainfall had stopped. The View Point was a high altitude park from where we could see a beautiful landscape of a hill range whose breast had been cut through by the same river. The embarrassed sun peeking through the darkness of the clouds made it a perfect ambience for some aesthetic photos.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Trambak Bhattacharjee*

We had a great time admiring the beauty of nature. We had one more location left to visit – The Rangoon View Point which was quite far and through unfathomably bad terrain with gravelled roads and sharp turns. But it was quite late and our professors wondered if it was worth visiting the place. Yet because of a majority of opinion among the students, we indeed decided to undertake the journey. It had been a long day and many of us were tired and hungry from not eating anything more than breakfast. Moreover, the bumpy ride made it quite painful. Still, the natural beauty of the surroundings made it somewhat pleasurable. We reached the View Point after hours of sitting arduously, but there was not much to be seen. The cars took us to the top of the hill from where they could take a U-turn. We took a short break to stretch our bodies and it was then that one

of our friends noticed blood coming profusely out of his thigh area. It was definitely the case of a leech. However, we could not do much there to tend to him and tried to return back as soon as possible.



The sun was long set, on our way back. The city lights gleamed through the openings of the forest silhouette amidst the deep blue of the night, as we descended down the hill. We followed back the exact traces of the route of our departure and through half the way, it started raining again. To silence our growling stomachs, we turned the volume of the music even higher. On



the way we saw a beautiful green-coloured mountain snake crossing the road.



*Photo Credit: Sri. Satyaki Saradar*



As we descended from the hilltop towards the town, one of our professors spotted a medical store where our friend, who had been stung by her own earring, received a tetanus injection to prevent sepsis. The store, nestled among the trees, provided a much-needed relief. After almost an hour later, we finally returned to the youth hostel. The first thing we did was to freshen up but we also had to tend to our leech bitten friend whose bleeding didn't seem to stop. After our amateur attempt of trying to stop his bleeding with antiseptic, paper and bandages, we eagerly hurried to the dining hall to fill out stomachs to the brim. Never had we eaten with such enthusiasm before. With that taken care of, we took our friend to our professors who calmed him down and took utmost care bandaging his backside. After the entire ordeal, we spent the night just like the others, playing, singing and talking amongst each other, while watching the rain in the darkness, hoping his bleeding to stop by tomorrow morning. However, it didn't.

**Day 5: (29th Aug, 2023):**

The next day, we had just one particular destination in mind and we were not in much of a hurry. We packed our luggage for departing early in the morning. After getting prepared, many of us took a walk around the forest highway. After breakfast, the first thing we did was to take our bleeding friend to the Chalsa Government Hospital, where he spent almost an hour, having his own fun time with the nurses and the doctors. With two syringes of medicine up his veins and some tablets for later, he was all good. We then, made our way by car, to Laljhamela Basti. It was the same scene over again – A colony of houses, residing by the

riverside, seen from the top of a raised place. It was a pleasant view, nonetheless.



*Photo Credit: Ms. Titas Saha*

After the customary pictures were taken, we were taken to some local souvenir shops where we spent another hour or so. People bought tea packets, woodcrafts, chocolates and a variety of other items. Some of us, tired of the sun's heat, hid ourselves in an ATM to make good use of its ac. With all the purchases done, we returned to our hostel and had our lunch – rice, lentils and egg curry. We took some rest and had our final bit of fun amongst each other. Before departing, all the departments with their professors and non-teaching staff took a picture together to commemorate the wonderful time we spent together.



We set out from our hostel to Mal Bazar Railway Station where we awaited our train. Although the arrival was hassle-free, our departure took quite a bit of time. Our train which was supposed to arrive at 5:30 pm was delayed, for more than seven hours. We spent the time uselessly idling at the station, or eating out in the marketplace, a few metres away. We were served chilli chicken by the canteen staff on the station. After hours of secluding ourselves in our own zone, the train arrived, along with rainfall. We hurried inside to avoid getting wet but the train's floor was already flooded with dirt and water. Apparently one of our

professors bought a few tea saplings which were to be planted in the college garden and we had to set them aside in a safe place carefully. Then we sat back comfortably on our berths. After three whole day's tiredness, we could stay up no longer and went to sleep before 12:30 am.

**Day 6: (30th Aug, 2023):**

The next day, we woke up to a hot and humid morning. Many of us were extremely tired and fell sick. Some caught fever on the way while others were physically injured in some way or the other. In the sultry ambience of the train, we wearily listened to songs and talked to one another. To uplift that heavy air, a few of us indulged in a game of cards. After a prolonged wait, we arrived at Sealdah North almost four-hours late, with almost no food in our stomachs. Upon arrival, we said our final goodbyes to one another.

As the wheels of our journey turned homeward, we carried with us not just memories captured in photographs, but a profound appreciation for the boundless beauty and diversity of Dooars. And as we retraced our steps back to Kolkata, our hearts brimmed with gratitude for the friendships forged, the adventures shared, and the lessons learned along the way. For in the tapestry of travel, it is not merely the destinations that define the journey, but the moments of joy, discovery, and connection that enrich the soul and inspire us to seek new horizons with open hearts and curious minds.



Sl. No.	Name	Semester
1	Atia Shahjada	SEM4
2	Amrita Ray	SEM4
3	Rumi Bhunia	SEM4
4	Trideep Murmu	SEM4
5	Debojyoti Mondal	SEM4
6	Shaad Uzair Nadim	SEM4
7	Titas Saha	SEM4
8	Rittu Mondal	SEM4
9	Satyaki Saradar	SEM4
10	Trambak Bhattacharjee	SEM4
11	Anushka Saha	SEM4
12	Dibyendu Ghosh	SEM6
13	Prity Barua	SEM6
14	Shrayasree Mitra	SEM6
15	Nirmalya Maity	SEM6
16	Shreya Acharjee	SEM6
17	Laboni Das	SEM6
18	Santanu Roy	SEM6
19	Baishali Jagulia	SEM6
20	Asif Chowdhury	SEM6

**Excursion Team for the Session 2022-23**

**NB: This excursion was scheduled to be held in the month of June 2023 but due to University Examination it had been rescheduled in the month of August**

**\*Appreciation and Acknowledgement\***

We express our sincere appreciation and heartfelt acknowledgment for the diligent efforts of the students in crafting this comprehensive project report on the excursion that was planned and executed in the academic session 2022-23. Through meticulous detail capturing, dedication, and creativity, the students especially the project report leader, Sri. Satyaki Saradar and all other students involved in this project have exemplified exceptional commitment to their creative endeavours. Their thorough exploration of the excursion experience, coupled with attention to every minute detail, demonstrates a commendable depth of understanding of life in the lap of the naturally beautiful landscape in Dooars. We, the teachers commend the students for their exemplary teamwork, critical thinking, and communication skills which resulted this excellent project report. Your presence in our department is truly valued and appreciated. We are immensely grateful for students of your calibre.

---Teachers of the Department

<b>Sl. No.</b>	<b>Excursion guide teacher</b>
<b>1</b>	<b>Mr. Sumit Naskar</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>Dr. Ranjan Kumar Auddy</b>

**The Excursion Planned and Executed by**

**Mr. Sumit Naskar  
Dr. Ranjan Kumar Auddy  
Dr. Lily Law  
Ms. Sudeshna Basu  
Ms. Amrapali Bose**

**&  
Students of the Department**

**-----The End-----**