

A background image of several pink tulips with green leaves, slightly out of focus, creating a soft, romantic atmosphere.

FRAGRANCE

MARCH EDITION

Dear Friends,

Writeradda.com sponsored and arranged a creative writing contest for cadets of merchant navy at Training Ship Chanakya (T.S.. Chanakya). T.S. Chanakya was conducting Xpressions 2k10- turning tide at Mumbai on 2nd and 03rd april,2010. This was the 2nd year. This event was supported by Dufferin, Rajendra And Chanakya Ex cadets Association (DRACEA).

Theme for creative writing was sea or ocean or waves. Title was to be chosen by the contestant for poem or essay. Poem required minimum 3 stanzas & essay required minimum 300 words to qualify. There were about 18 contestants & 26 entries from 4 premier maritime institutes i.e. T.S. Chankya, T.S. Rahman, Naval Maritime Academy, Samudra Institute Maritime Studies (Sims). Cadet Lokesh Shukla of T.S. Rahman stood first in creative writing contest for his very imaginative story "The Triangle" and cadet Durgesh Upadhyaya from T.S. Chanakya stood 2nd for his thought provoking essay "Attitude" .

Writeradda.com is very happy to be associated with Xpressions 2k10 where the budding talent who showed their intelligence by getting selected in T.S. Chanakya and other premium institutes proved that they are nothing less than anybody in literary world too. We wish the cadets best of luck in their future endeavor at sea. We have included the winning entries in this edition of "Fragrance". To read the other entries and to see the photos , Keep visiting this space called www.writersadda.com.

The triangle

by

Lokesh Shukle (Winner)

T. S. Rahman

I am Lokesh Shukle, just a useful guy with usual, hobbies, passions, and fantasies do not expel much from my future but yes, once I had a dream too, a dream that had the power to change everything going around me. I had dreamed to be a part of the sea. Yes, that is what I always wanted to be.

It's been ten years since my dream has turned to fantasy. I've been living as a part of that sea for more than ten years now. We don't have much of technology in our hands (AD1725) but we wish to color every part of the horizon on our maps.

I will share a story that happened to me in early 17th century. It was the time when we were passing through an area known as "The triangle of Pandemonium."

It is believed that not one has ever been able to cross it or pass through it neither did I want to. It was past midnight. I hadn't slept for three nights and was keeping myself conscious with Runs & smokes the proximity between Diavolo(my ship) & the triangle of Pandemonium was reducing gradually & I realized it when I was able to see the snares of smoke rising from the sea in front of me. I had to time to turn my ship & go back but I couldn't it felt like it was plugging us inside it, & we didn't have the audacity to deny.

It was around four nautical miles away from us. & we were running straight into it.

The fear inside of me, I couldn't feel was growling & forging to pull me back to hypnotism had taken over me though I would still feel my sanity in me.

Those thirty minutes were the hardest moment on me even harder than the time when a band of Viking had attacked us because then I could fight back

to save us. But this time I couldn't gather enough guts to fight my fear back all I could do was see my end coming closed to me.

We finally entered the lethal zone and we were now in a state of trans, Which was even stronger than a full bottle of triple X rum.

The sea was roaring like a tiger which has not hunted even a rat for a whole week. Our engines went dead and so were our winds.

But as we moved past it the fear gradually disappeared a feeling of satisfaction took over me. The gusts of wind were not wet; they were dry as if I were in a continental bed taking sun bath. & when I finally was able to open my eyes the scene was what I had not seen even in wildest of my dreams.

It was the island of Tsukasa. Believed to be the true heaven on earth created by the god himself for those who are pristine at heart a place for salvation protected by the spirits and this is the place where I've spend my life till now and if an end comes for me I can go satisfied.

ATTITUDE

by

Durgesh upadhyaya (Runners Up)

T.S. CHANAKYA

"life is a strange humdrum affair where few moments of peace snatched should be gratefully acknowledged." Anonymous.

What is the thing that lies between birth and death of a person. It's his life, just like a vast expanse of waves, sailing slowly and slowly towards its end but cannot visualize the depth and its width. The only thing visible is the bright horizon with the sun shining to its glory. It engulfs us with the

feeling of optimism, continuous struggle with the waves. Waves came and go, hit the sands of the beaches, struggling hard every bit to conquer wave and more land. They seem to depict every aspect that should be present in a human's character.

"Life is a battle field,
Don't be dumb driven cattle in it,
Be a martyr and fight bravely;

Remembers the ocean and its expanse
Still its effort to conquer more land;
Take your self to your maximum,
So that same forlorn ship wrecked sailor,
Might see your footprints on sand;
Be a guiding light to others.
To guide the world with your light and colours;

If still you are in hibernation, then arise, awake and stop not till you have achieved. Waves came and go; we humans also have this short life period to act. Sailing in the ocean, fighting the waves, making way through the storm; that is the attitude one should carry with himself. Remember the vast expanse of ocean trying to engulf every possible thing on its way. Its spirits so high, marching forward head held high. A diver has to struggle hard to beat its waves. It's the attitude, it's the spirit. Don't get down by mere criticism of some fanatics as the waves too are being stopped by building walls. But don't forget the great tsunami that came, and shattered every single boundary that came to stop its way. For when it comes to an extent when the water is above one's head, one has the same amount of power as that of the cyclone. But we collapse at such please, not being mentally strong. "Watch the waves, watch the ocean. Learn from them because they are the perfect example."

For someone has lightly remarked:-

"Personality opens doors of life; attitude makes sure that they remain open for the rest of the life."

Dairy of Narcicuss

By
Niranjan Nayak

Day One

This forest is my home. I know it from the day I became aware of my own existence. I know every inch of it during all these years. Its bare mountains have always inspired me to keep my head high. Its river while singing its melodious lullaby has whispered in my dormant ears to hate any form of stasis and be as spontaneous and agile as she is. Its thick canopy of leaves, while protecting me from the wrath of the sun god has made me feel how precious I am to this forest. I love this forest as passionately as a child loves his mother.

I wake up every morning as the sun jumps to the horizon. The hours to follow become a never ending affair of too many adventures and unlimited fun. Exploring this vast stretch of wilderness and experiencing the quaint pleasure of the formidable solitude all around me is something I relish most in this desolate forest. I have forgotten all these days that I that I am an orphan and do not have anybody's protective hand on my head, because this forest has been more protective than a father and more possessive than a mother. I do not have regrets in my life. I run from one place to another place with passion, intoxication and with sheer triumph of life over every thing. My quiver is a miniature store house of my courage and my arrogant arrows, a manifestation of my supremacy over my neighbours here. The natives here are cannibals. But they worship me as son of god. The tribal girls swoon with excitement whenever they see me. They all think that I'm handsome like a Greek God and they are not wrong either because I'm one. But I never feel happy to receive all these attentions. I love this forest and I love everything about me.

Day two

Something very strange happened to me today. I was sitting on the bank of my dear river, throwing stones to create ripples. I love those crystalline droplets when they fall on my skin. I heard a peal of laughter from behind. It was as sweet as tingling of bells coming from a Hindu temple. It was as

soothing to the ear as the murmuring of my dear river. When I looked back, I saw a girl standing and laughing. All of a sudden a silver trout raised its head from water. I forgot the girl and kept looking at it. Once again the same peal of laughter distracted my concentration. I looked back in anger and saw the girl standing there. She was not a vivacious beauty, but pretty and innocent. There was something fascinating about those two large eyes with two deep dark pools within. She was standing there transfixed with her eyes fixed on me once again. Oops! the silver trout gave me a slip. I cursed my fate.

"Who is she? Why is she here? What does she want from me", A flurry of questions winked in my mind. I never like some one who intrudes upon my privacy in this fashion. I looked back once again and saw her standing there, her feet rooted to the ground and her large fascinating eyes fixed on me. I'm neither a flirt nor a typical Looney lover. Women always stand outside my thoughts. She broke the silence, "Dear me, I'm Echo, the naughty elf. That's what they call me. I am naughty but I'm not ashamed of it. I love people as much as I love this forest. I love talking to people, listening to their tales and relaying them to others. When someone calls me loudly I call back. But now a days, people do not love me. They avoid me. I feel so lonely here in this vast forest without any friend. I may be a bit boring but not so bad. Will you be my friend? Together we will have a great time." I listened to her in abrupt silence and then I looked at her. I discovered a glint of happiness in her large liquid eyes and felt very bad when I thought how transitory they could be. Then I snarled at her waving my bow and arrows. I asked her to leave me as soon as possible. For a moment, I became a savage. Her innocence had no effect on me. She stood there for while. A drop of tear rolled from her eyes. Then she spun back and disappeared in to the deep forest, leaving me there with all my pride and prejudice and my arrogant quiver

Day Three

I couldn't sleep yester day. Those two large innocent eyes kept hunting me throughout the night. I tried again and again to recall every word she spoke to me. There was something amazing about her voice. It was clear and resonant, a voice one would like to remember. Her giggle was so

extraordinary, so uninhibited and spontaneous, like the celestial symphony we hear in heaven. How could I ignore her so effortlessly? Her invitation was so honest and so candid. It could have created a tumult even inside a very strong heart." Do I have one beating inside my breasts?" I placed my palm on my chest to feel my heart beat. It was beating inside at a pace not faster or slower than that of a mechanical time keeper. "I'm fine, there is no gross abnormality within", I consoled myself.

I tried to search her out to day. I wanted to say sorry to her. I knew I behaved like a filthy brute with her yester day. I still do not have any soft corner for her. Its neither love nor infatuation, just a good human gesture. I searched for her everywhere, explored every bit of this forest, called her by her name in a voice at its loudest best. But it was a hopeless search. When the sun was at its brightest, I came back, exhausted and disappointed.

THE DIARY ENDS HERE. What happened after that is more poignant than the sad tale of Echo. In his attempts to discover Echo, Narcissus explored every inch of the vast forest. But while coming back to his home, he went near a pool to drink water. As he bent down, he saw a charming face, much more charming than Echo, looking at him from under the water. He forgot his thirst and kept looking at the face. It was what we call love at first sight. He forgot Echo, his forest, the river and his cozy little home. He sat there hungry and thirsty for days together. Nobody knows what happened to him after that. But Echo is still there, wandering around. If you want to hear her story, then call her loudly in deep shiny solitude. She will call back, I SWEAR.....

Castle

By
Swayamprava

The sea shore was full of tourists. The lined road side stalls were busy in selling fast foods. Tandoori chicken, chicken rolls, jhal mudhi, Gupchup stalls were spreading continuous aromas that was good enough to tickle the olfactory nerves of that of the passerby which was making them to flock around the stalls just like honey bees stay cling to their hives. The dressed horses and camels were busy in commuting tourists from one end of the beach to the other. The conch, kauriwalla selling the local handicrafts in a throw away price

Hey ! What are you thinking? Asked Rahul

Nothing dear! Just watching the hustle bustle of this ever busy seashore!
Sarita said, with a smile.

"Do you really enjoying this place?"

"Ya ! Very much!"

" Then let's buy a place somewhere close to the seashore."

"Hmm.. not a bad idea."

"Then tell me in which place you would like to stay? Goa, Puri, Gopalpur, Cochin, Chennai or Mumbai."

"I think Chennai will be a better place."

"Why ?"

"Oh ! tell me why Vivekananda jump into the water and swam to that small isle which is now called Vivekanda Rock !"

"Why?"

"Cause that place was so breath taking that he couldn't resist himself !"

"Ok...Ok...Now got it...You want to make home from where there will be nothing but mile and miles long sea !"

"Exactly !"

Ok ...Done. We will buy a place just next to Rameshwaram and will build a Victorian model castle over there"

"You are such a sweet person! But you shouldn't make it that ancient looking from inside!"

"Aha ! Not at all. There will an Italian kitchen, a Hollywood film style bed room and a huge garden around the castle. There will be soft green lawn and a huge swimming pool with the ocean in its back drop. In the ground floor,

there will be a huge hall with Victorian style get up. There will be Rajastani style swing in between the shade between hall and the garden."

"What about the idea of keeping a boxer or Doberman dog in this house!"

"Ya ...not a bad idea ! After all what will all the fleet of servants will do though out the day ! When you live in a castle you can't cook everyday."

"Hmmm...I always love this caring attitude in you... Ya ... you are right...If I cook when we will get time to make love...! We will keep a chef and two assistant chefs to serve us..."

"Ya... After all it is matter of heart and prestige girl...You are my sweet heart. What do you think I will never left any stone unturned in keeping you as a queen in my palace...I mean castle...!"

"So sweet...!"

"But one thing is you can't keep on making love or get served by chefs only...make a Yoga room in the roof top and a gym in the garden area, So that I can keep myself healthy and charming forever."

"Of course darling! I am thinking to make a big library just in the side of our bedroom. So that I can read romantic stories and tell you it in my own romantic way."

The sun started sinking in the west, leaving the graffiti of colours in the west sky. The pinkish tinge reflected on her cheeks. He moved bit closer and placed kiss on her left cheek. She looked romantically towards him. He reciprocated with an equal gesture of love. Slowly the pink tinged twilight turned to dark night. The crowd started receding. He came closer to her and placed his hand on her shoulder. She stayed and enjoyed the warmth for few minutes

"I think we should move now."

"Ya... we are getting late. The road was too bad. You can't rely on an Auto rickshaw driver."

"And water will come only till 8 o'clock."

"I made a mistake by running away with you." Said Rahul.

"I made a mistake by believing in imaginative stories." Sarita said with an irritating voice.

"You had made my life miserable."

"You only insisted to run away."

"I would have tried for a better job and wealthy in-laws."

"With my beauty I could have married to a really wealthy businessman!"
The debate started taking a fierce fight.
Both of them took the seat in the auto with a great rush.
"Dreams are always sweeter than reality...because we are the creators of it."
"
"Oh! Please I am not in mood to listen to your Dreams...I will have to prepare the dinner and for morning's breakfast and it is too late to dream."

Rahul kept quite...

My Spiritual Sojourn- Trimbakeshwar

By
Swayamprava

It is quite natural when a death takes away somebody near to you, a sort of emotional rollercoaster you generally go through. For a while you see the whole world in confusion and disbelief...You feel that emotional pang that nothing will last forever. It gives you the reality bite, about the harsh reality of this highly volatile, mortal world. My spiritual sojourn continued even after I left Orissa this summer, after attending my father-in-law's funeral.

While we came back, my parents came with us to Mumbai. I had been to several places, set up my household several times. It was like a life of a nomad I was leading till we bought this apartment in Mumbai. We never stayed here regularly till my son started going to school. All these years I had invited my parents several times, to my ever changing houses and places. Every time they would give me some reasons to not come and bend me down to obey them. Might be they thought to give us that privacy, which we were badly missing in our several tours and responsibilities. But this time they agreed to come. Parents are like that, they know exactly when their kid wants them the most. Their visit really relaxed me a lot emotionally. Or else the gruesome thoughts would have accompanied me and even today I would

have acted like an emotional wreck, jeopardizing the happiness of my ever happy household.

After reaching Mumbai, I wanted them to live the life, I usually prefer; a weekend movie, lots of junk food, a new novel, and a trip to a mall. That is the most convenient and relaxing way to pass your weekends in a place like Mumbai. In Puri there are several places to visit ; if you are feeling low then go to Jagannath temple, If you are happy go to sea shore, If you want adventure then visit the hundreds of temples, nature's beauty in the marine drive, go to Konark or Chilika...all are just around you in a stones throw away distance and are there to enchant you...But here ,all your emotions gets pack up in a small chamber in your heart and like an addict you search for a good mall or a multiplex to relax...I tried the same on my parents too, but alas! I was wrong. Papa was too reluctant to go to a mall. He believes, the malls are the money sucking enterprises, lure its clients with new new techniques to drain his money. Very thought provoking, but what to see in this ever busy Cosmopolitan in just a few hours, I wonder. Mom has got the way to pacify all with her hush hush way of telling things taking every body into confidence. She started the debate of visiting few spiritual places in and around Mumbai. Thus started our second phase of Spiritual journey, in this ever busy city!

But we couldn't decide where to go first as Mom was interested to visit Siridi and Papa was to Trimbakeshwar We three had no choice but to wait for their decision, where to go first.

Initially we thought of going by our own car. But on our way, Papa got a strong bout of gastric attack, and we had to return back form halfway. I thought, they will never make it. For a while I even regretted for bringing them so far breaking their usual lifestyle. For next one week, they just stayed at home, exploring my household in its tit and bits They too get themselves adjusted with the surroundings and the weather. I gave him many print outs of Trimbakeshwar, Siridi, and Asthavinayak temples, downloaded from several sites with picture. He studied it keenly and made up his mind to visit these places. After exactly two weeks Papa was almost ready to visit Thrimbakeshwar. The initial charging up ceremony was over, I felt. So we all were ready for the adventure cum spiritual journey to explore the state of Maharashtra...

From Panvel we booked one Innova. The driver was a regular in that route .He only suggested us the route planed the visit in such a way that we can visit maximum places in a in a minimum time. So the route plan was like this, from Panvel we went to Nashik via Igatpuri ghats. From Nashik we went another 28 km to reach the Brahmagiri Mountains. Trimbakeshwar was situated in the valley of this Brahmagiri , which was also a part of the sayadri hill.

We packed our bags and early in the morning, after having a very light breakfast and tea, around 5-30 - 6 o'clock we left for Trimbakeshwar temple.

It took about 4-5 hours to reach Trimbakesar. By 10 o'clock we reached there. Trimbakeswer is a beautiful place surrounded by huge bulbous, Igneous Mountains. The road was naturally consists of several ghats and quite curly. An expert driver is needed to drive on those tough roads. For the first time I saw the villages of Maharastra and its life style. It was quite different from our villages in Orissa. The entire village was so barren that except the thatched houses you will long to see green vegetation through out your journey. Few villages probably have got irrigation facilities which look green and will give a smooth feeling to your eyes.

As we reached Trimbakeshwar , straight way we headed for the temple. It is situated in a valley with huge mountains all around. In few mountains we saw huge statue of Shiv linga , Duttatraya's temple and few caves. But The Trimbakeswer temple was in a plain and visible only from a km distance. I couldn't find a proper guide who can explain us about that place. So I bought a few books to know about it. Actually the surrounding mountains were called Bramhagiri Mountains. The first peak of Sahyadri is called Brahmadri. The story associated with this is that Shankar was pleased with Brahmadev and said " I shall be known by your name". Hence it is called as Brahmagiri. The mountain is 1800 feet high . Its height from sea level is 4248 feet. Five peaks of this mountain are called Sadyo-Jata, Vamdev, Aghora, Ishana and Tat-Purusha and are considered as five mouths of the Lord Shiva and they

are worshipped. As Brahmagiri is considered as a huge form of Lord Shiva, hence the mountain climbing was considered as a sin. However in 1908 Seth Lalchand Jashodanand Bhambhani of Karachi and Seth Ganeshdas built 500 steps of stone at a cost of Rs. 40,000 then. This has facilitated easy access to Brahmagiri. Godavari is flowing in three directions from this mountain. The one flowing towards east is called Godavari, one flowing towards the south is called Vaitarna and the one flowing towards the west is called the west-flowing Ganga and meets Godavari near Chakra Tirth. River Ahilya meets Godavari in front of the Trimbakeshwar temple. Childless families worship at the Ahilya sangam and it is believed that they do get a child.

As we approached towards the temple, I took a glimpse of those huge mountains. It is said that, "massiveness attracts". These massive mountains were quite beautiful and quite mysterious at the same time. I felt as if there were a lot of story associated with these mountains. Its hugeness that attracts. I took a few photos, but couldn't capture what I felt that day....

From the taxi stand to the temple, the entire road was full of shops selling, souvenirs, vermilion, vastu dolls, Siva lingas and the copper plates with three faced Siva engraved on it. People were selling flowers and various offering for Siva like coconut, packet milk, Dhatura flower, hibiscus and belpatta. One interesting thing I noticed that before entering to the temple people were buying a wild glass like herb with violet flowers on it and feeding aplenty to the bulls and cows present there. Mom too bought a few bundles a feed a bull. I was too irked and scared by the cattle and begger population and forget to feed them. But mom said, she had fed them on my behalf too.... I mean two bundles one for her and one for me. I relived.

From a distance I saw the black temple of Trimbakesar. The structure of the temple was quite different from that of Orissa. Trimbakeshwar Temple is an ancient shrine; however the current structure is a result of the reconstruction efforts undertaken by the Peshwa Balaji Bajirao in mid 18th century. The temple is built of black stone in the Nagara style of architecture and is enclosed in a spacious courtyard. The sanctum internally a square and externally a stellar structure houses a small Shivalingam - Tryambaka. This temple is of five domes, with symmetrical and smooth design. There were five golden pots on the peak of the temple. The sanctum is crowned with a graceful tower, embellished with a giant Amalaka and a golden kalasha. In front of the garbagriha and the antarala is a mandap with doors on all four sides. Three of these doorways are covered with porches

and the openings of these porches are ornamented with pillars and arches. Curvilinear slabs rising in steps form roof of the mandapam. The entire structure is ornamented with sculptural work featuring running scrolls, floral designs, and figures of gods, yakshas, humans and animals.

I took a few more photos. As we entered the temple we found a huge line waiting outside the door of the main temple. For a while we felt frustrated as looking at the giant line anybody could feel how many hours it will take to see the god. But from nowhere a young priest came and asked us to pay him some money so that he can take us to the temple straightway. As usual we paid him and he took us from the back door. As we reached there we found that that door was for the residents of that place and they were free to take that route. I happened to see Anil Batsha ji (of Astha channel, who predicts and a expert in astrology) in the crowd.

The Shivalingam is seen in a depression on the floor of the sanctum. Water constantly oozes out from the top of the Shivalingam. But all these things were not visible. The only visible thing was a three faced silver mask with crowns was covering the Shivalingam. Usually, the Shivalingam is covered with a silver mask but on festive occasions a golden mask with five faces, each with a golden crown covers it. And the worst part is you have no option to reach near or touch the Lingam. From a distance we gave the offering to the Brahmin and he showed it to the Lord and returned it back to us. In Orissa, we were free to touch and go near the shivalingam and can offer our offering in front of us by a Brahmin. We sit there inside the shrine for a while chanting Siva Panchakya. The feeling was awesome. I didn't feel like coming there for the first time. It felt quite familiar to me.

As we came out of the temple, we found about a number of small shivalingas (about 24 or more) in small small temples fixed on the boundary wall. On the otherside there was a huge pond which was connected to Godavari . From the Brahmagiri Mountain the river passes through this pond inside the boundary of this big temple. We found a big Shivalinga inside the boundary itself. Near that Shivalinga there was small hole where you can touch the replica of the Shivalinga, exactly what it is supposed to be inside the temple. It was three headed thumb like stone that you can feel dipping your hand in side that pool of water. It is believed that Trimbakesar represents the three gods Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva in his three heads.

Trimbakeshwar Temple is revered as one of the 12 Jyotirlinga shrines of Shiva and as the source of the river Godavari. Just as Ganga is known as Bhagirathi and is one of the most important river in North India, in the same way, Godavari is also known as Gautami Ganga and is the most sacred river in South India.

According to Shiv Purana, it is because of the earnest request of Godavari, Gautam Rishi and other gods that Lord Shiva agreed to reside here and assumed the famous name Trimbakeshwar. Interestingly, locals refer to the river here as Ganga and not as Godavari. All the heavenly Gods promised to come down to Nasik, once in twelve years, when Jupiter resides in the zodiac sign of Leo. On this a grand fair is organized at this place. Devotees take a holy bath in the Gautami Ganga and then seek the blessings of Trimbakeshwar.

Legend goes that a sage name Gautam Muni resided on the Brahmagiri hill with his wife Ahilya. By virtue of his devotion, the sage received from Varuna, a bottomless pit from which he received an inexhaustible supply of grains and food. The other rishis, jealous of his fortune, arranged for a cow to enter his granary and caused it to die as Gowtam Rishi attempted to ward it off with a bunch of Darbha grass.

Gautam Rishi, therefore, worshipped Lord Shiva to bring the Ganga down to his hermitage to purify the premises. Pleased with devotion, Shiva requested Ganga to flow down and make Sage Gautam pure. After that Ganga flowed down. Lord Shiva told Ganga to stay there eternally for the good of everyone. All the Gods started singing the praises of Gautam Rishi, Ganga and Lord Shiva. On the request of all the Gods, Lord Shiva resided by the river Gautami by the name Trimbakeshwar (one of the Jyotirlingas). Hindus believe that Trimbak Jyotirlinga is one, which fulfills everyone's desires. It emancipates all from their sins and miseries.

Another popular legend behind Trimbakeshwar Temple is the legend of Lingodbhava manifestation of Shiva. It says once Brahma and Vishnu searched in vain to discover the origin of Shiva who manifested himself as a

cosmic column of fire. Brahma lied that he had seen the top of the column of fire and was hence cursed that he would not be worshipped on earth. In turn Brahma cursed Shiva that he would be pushed underground. Accordingly, Shiva came down under the Brahmagiri hill in the form of Tryambakeshwar. Trimbakeshwar Temple is the only place where Shivlinga is not out but it's inside the floor.

Some scholars say that Goddess Parvati also came down along Lord Shiva and Ganga. The place is therefore called Tryambakeshwa (three lords). Others believe that the place is so called because of the presence of three Shivlinga of Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. The Shivlinga of Lord Mahesh has always-flowing water among the three Shivlingas.

After this enchanting trip of Traimbakeshaer we went to a road side Dhabba to have breakfast. After that we left for Godavari Snan.

P.S :- Story behind Traimbakeswar

Courtesy:- <http://www.mahashivratri.org/trimbakeshwar-temple-nasik.html>

Shipping Section

STS (Ship To Ship) Plan

ANNEX

(Addition of a new chapter 8 to MARPOL and Annex I and consequential amendments to the Supplement to the IOPP Certificate, Form B)

A new chapter 8 is added to MARPOL 73/78 **Annex I - Oil :**

"CHAPTER 8 - PREVENTION OF POLLUTION DURING TRANSFER OF OIL CARGO BETWEEN OIL TANKERS AT SEA

Regulation 40

Scope of application

1. The regulations contained in this chapter apply to oil tankers of 150 gross tonnage and above engaged in the transfer of oil cargo between oil tankers at sea (STS operations) and their STS operations conducted on or after 1 April 2012. However, STS operations conducted before that date but after the approval of the Administration of STS operations Plan required under regulation 41.1 shall be in accordance with the STS operations Plan as far as possible.

2. The regulations contained in this chapter shall not apply to oil transfer operations associated with fixed or floating platforms including drilling rigs; floating production, storage and offloading facilities (FPSOs) used for the offshore production and storage of oil; and floating storage units (FSUs) used for the offshore storage of produced oil.

3. The regulations contained in this chapter shall not apply to bunkering operations.

4. The regulations contained in this chapter shall not apply to STS operations necessary for the purpose of securing the safety of a ship or saving life at sea, or for combating specific pollution incidents in order to minimize the damage from pollution.

5. The regulations contained in this chapter shall not apply to STS operations where either of the ships involved is a warship, naval auxiliary or other ship owned or operated by a State and used, for the time being, only on government non-commercial service. However, each State shall ensure, by the adoption of appropriate measures not impairing operations or operational capabilities of such ships that the STS operations are conducted in a manner consistent, so far as is reasonable and practicable, with this chapter.

¹ Revised Annex I of MARPOL, chapter 7 (resolution MEPC. 117(52)) and UNCLOS article 56 are applicable and address these operations.

Regulation 41

General Rules on safety and environmental protection

1. Any oil tanker involved in STS operations shall carry on board a Plan prescribing how to conduct STS operations (STS operations Plan) not later than the date of the first annual, intermediate or renewal survey of the ship to be carried out on or after 1st January 2011. Each oil tanker's STS operations Plan shall be approved by the Administration. The STS operations Plan shall be written in the working language of the ship.

2. The STS operations Plan shall be developed taking into account the information contained in the **best practice guidelines for STS operations** identified by the Organization². The STS operations Plan may be incorporated into an existing Safety Management System required by chapter IX of the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea, 1974, as amended, if that requirement is applicable to the oil tanker in question.

3. Any oil tanker subject to this chapter and engaged in STS operations shall comply with its STS operations Plan.

4. The person in overall advisory control of STS operations shall be qualified to perform all relevant duties, taking into account the qualifications contained in the best practice guidelines for STS operations identified by the Organization³.

5. Records⁴ of STS operations shall be retained on board for three years and be readily available for inspection by a Party to the present Convention.

Regulation 42

Notification

1. Each oil tanker subject to this chapter that plans STS operations within the territorial sea, or the exclusive economic zone of a Party to the present Convention shall notify that Party not less than 48 hours in advance of the scheduled STS operations. Where, in an exceptional case, all of the information specified in paragraph 2 is not available not less than 48 hours in advance, the oil tanker discharging the oil cargo shall notify the Party to the present Convention, not less than 48 hours in advance that an STS operation will occur and the information specified in paragraph 2 shall be provided to the Party at the earliest opportunity.

² IMO's "Manual on Oil Pollution, Section I, Prevention" as amended, and the ICS and OCIMF "Ship-to-ship Transfer Guide, Petroleum", fourth edition, 2005.

³ IMO's "Manual on Oil Pollution, Section I, Prevention" as amended, and the ICS and OCIMF "Ship-to-ship Transfer Guide, Petroleum", fourth edition, 2005.

⁴ Revised Annex I of MARPOL chapters 3 and 4 (resolution MEPC.117(52)); requirements for recording bunkering and oil cargo transfer operations in the Oil Record Book, and any records required by the STS operations Plan.

2. The notification specified in paragraph 1 of this regulation⁵ shall include at least the following:

.1 Name, flag, call sign, IMO Number and estimated time of arrival of the oil tankers involved in the STS operations;

- .2 Date, time and geographical location at the commencement of the planned STS operations;
- .3 whether STS operations are to be conducted at anchor or underway;
- .4 oil type and quantity;
- .5 planned duration of the STS operations;
- .6 identification of STS operations service provider or person in overall advisory control and contact information; and
- .7 confirmation that the oil tanker has on board an STS operations Plan meeting the requirements of regulation 41.

3. If the estimated time of arrival of an oil tanker at the location or area for the STS operations changes by more than six hours, the master, owner or agent of that oil tanker shall provide a revised estimated time of arrival to the Party to the present Convention specified in paragraph 1 of this regulation."

2. In the Record of Construction and Equipment for Oil Tankers, Form B, new section 8A is added as follows:

"8A Ship-to-ship oil transfer operations at sea
(Regulation 41)

8A.1 The oil tanker is provided with an STS operations Plan in compliance with regulation 41."

5 The national operational contact point as listed in document **MSC-MEPC.6/Circ.4 of 31** December 2007 or its subsequent amendments.

To remind the readers (sea farers at sea & ashore)

1. ISM code amendments will come into force from 1st July, 2010 especially to carry out Risk assessments while carrying out operations.
2. Marpol Annex- VI Reg 15.6 requires all crude oil tankers to have a VOC Management Plan which gives written procedures ship specific to control emission of VOCs while loading, during sea passage & during cargo discharging. These plans are required to be approved by the Administration as well and requires to come into force from 1st July, 2010. Persons involved in these operations are required to be trained.

SWAYAM MARITIME ACADEMY is instrumental in starting up a 1 day training programme for officers for **VOC Management** on board crude oil tankers and a Risk Assessment course of 2 days to ensure Risk assessment is understood and carried out properly before carrying out any operations

identifying hazards, risks, consequence, likelihood, control measures (existing, additional control measures) & (administrative, physical control measures) etc. Identification of hazards, assessments of risks and minimizing risks are very important concepts to carry out risk assessments on board.

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