

Environmental Devastation and Degradation in Novel ‘Aranyak: of the Forest’

¹Ambuj Singh, ²Dr. Kanu Priya Verma

¹Research Scholar, School of Science and Humanities, Maharishi University of Information Technology, Lucknow

²Associate Professor, School of Science and Humanities, Maharishi University of Information Technology, Lucknow

Abstract

This paper discusses the novel Aranyak: of the forest that deals with the theme of deforestation. The research depicts the environmental devastation and degradation that causes the threat to the habitats of the forest. The novel The Upheaval illustrates environmental damage caused by the industrialization that ruins the beautiful and pristine nature as well as the innocent natives of the Goan Village. The paper opens with a lovely creative energy of thinking about our amazing space, which contains living beings other than humans. woods have been regulated by natural animals since time immemorial, and they have prospered; but, when man began to invade the woods, the ecological balance was disrupted. Bandyopadhyaya's Aranyak: of Forest is used for a thorough study. It tells the narrative of plants & trees, crops & jungle, birds & animals, creatures & peasants & tribals in all their forms: beautiful, angelic, warm, uncorrupted, and wicked, evil, uncomfortable, and corrupted. This paper provides point-by-point statistics about pixies in the backwoods. Everyone believes in the pixies and spirits that live in the forest, but only a few have had the opportunity to encounter them. The space found in the woods is mysterious to the point that, when away from human-occupied lands, everything is so vast, so profound, and thus intriguing to explore. Because these areas remain unspoiled and undeveloped, strong or demonic elements such as ghosts and pixies have made them their homes.

Keywords: Environmental devastation, degradation, industrialization, Aranyak: of the forest novel etc.

Introduction

Bandyopadhyaya's Aranyak: of the Forest is the story of plants & trees, crops and jungle, birds & animals, beasts and peasants & tribals in both forms: beauty, angelic, warmth, uncorrupted, and devilish, evil, uneasy and corrupted.

The story begins about fifteen or sixteen years ago when the narrator after being graduated with a B.A. degree was hunting for a job in Bengal. He meets his friend Abinash one day who offers him a job that is ready to join. It was in an estate of Abinash's in the district of Purena—that is about twenty or thirty thousand bighas of jungle land, as an administrator. In less than just two weeks of time, the narrator is made all set to travel for the new job. The wisps of mists gathered on the top of the trees and vegetation, and fields of ‘matar crop’ on either side of the railway truck somehow makes the narrator feel of the lonely life that is going to be led by him—as lonely as the winter evening (1).

After travelling for a day in the bullock cart, the narrator finds the entire terrain had changed; and nature too had taken on quite a different disguise. —No fields or cultivated land to be seen and very little evidence of human habitation—only forests, big and small, dense in some places & sparse in others (1).

Occasionally, there were stretches of open land, but it was all virgin land to be seen. On reaching, he finds his office in an area of about ten-fifteen bighas [1/3rd acre] of cleared jungle space where few huts made of wood, straw, and bamboo—all from the jungle of course—slim twigs, and dry grass stood. This official place is called the Katcheri and this stands nearby a spring that ensured sufficient water round the year.

The narrator is found in reminiscence of the Kolkatta life led and once, when the former Manager observes it, he tells him that very soon he would start to love the stillness and the silence of the Katcheri and the forest. He then adds, “the jungle will get inside of you” (2).

Probably, the narrator would not have thought what the former Manager briefed, or even have not felt the amount of intensity and the seriousness those words carried; but as his stay extends there, he is sure to realize the worth and the deep impact of jungle on lives of man. His guard, Muneshwar appears to lay a respect of owning an “iron kadha”, i.e., a pan (3).

He tells that it would cost six annas and he could never afford all through his life such a price to own it. But if he owns that, he could use it for all purposes like cook rice in it, eat rice from it, store things in it etc. as it would never break. After expressing his long-cherished desire, Muneshwar, the next day was given a size five kadha by the strength of Manager-babu’s signed chit. On looking at the smile on Muneshwar’s face, the Manager for the first time, felt that “They’re good fellows! What hard lives they lead!” (4).

However, the Manager was not able to cope with life here and finds himself estranged from the rest of the community in Katcheri “. . . loneliness of forestland sat upon my breast like a stone” he mumbled in silence (5).

On some days I would set off in the late afternoon and
Walk Far. I might still hear a few voices while in the
Neighbourhood of the Katcheri, but when I had walked
on a little further and the Katcher ihuts were hidden by
the wild jhau and the jungle of kash. I felt that I was all
alone in the world. As far as the eye could see there
were dense forests flanking the expansive fields
and it was all jungle and shrub—acacias, wild bamboo,
cane saplings and gajari trees. The setting sun splashed the
top of trees and bushes with a fiery orange and the
evening breeze carried the fragrance of wild flowers
and grass and creepers. Every bush was
alive with the cry of birds—among these were also
Himalayan parakeets. Before me lay vast open spaces half
hidden by grass and the dense splendor of green forestland. (5)

The narrator also gets some new experiences that he had never had in his city life. Once, almost two miles away from the Katcheri he saw a natural spring coming from the hills and trickling through the hollow ground. On either side of these spring were masses of wild lilies—something they used to call spider lilies in Calcutta. Making a pebbly bed on the mountain stream with their mild fragrance mingling with the wind, these lilies drew the Manager to an entire new land. Sometimes the Manager used to go riding on his horse under the silent skies.

All he could feel was the full glown Jupiter, fragrances of wild flowers giving an aromatic air, howling sounds of the foxes, and the crickets loudly singing in chorus. The work allotted to the Manager was not an easy one: he had to make out terms of conditions and agreements and have to get so many thousand bighas of land settled. He also realized that about thirty years ago, this land was swallowed into watery womb of river, surfing again as charland about twenty years later. But those who have gone to settle elsewhere when they found their ancestralland broken up by Ganga, were now no longer being allowed by the landlord to reclaim the newly risen lands. And also, it was with new ryots that the owner wanted to make terms, desiring a fat deposit and higher revenue.

At present, the original cultivators, homeless and shelter less, and desperately poor, had been deprived of their just claims and were not able to lease any of this land, however much they might plead or cry. Even few

approached the Manager and requested to get the land back—but the landlords had strictly told them in order that no old ryot would get any land.

Thus for these last twenty years, landless and homeless, the ryots had earned daily wages and worked as wage labourers in far-flung places. Some did a little bit of farming, many others had died and their children were minors or helpless creatures. People from Mungher, Purena, Bhagalpur, Chhapra, and other neighbouring districts backed out on hearing the tenancy rates. Yet, ten thousand bighas of jungle land were to be rented out and that would take at least a decade for the task to be completed.

There was also sub-katcheri, situated on a thickly forested land; some nineteen miles away from the place where the narrator lived. This sub-katcheri was called, Lobutalia—a place that is just wild. The sole purpose of this katcheri is to rent out the jungle every year to the cow herds for the season as grazing ground for their cattle. In addition to this, wild berries grew almost in the three hundred bighas of land. People leased even this land to raise silkworms. Between Katcheri and Lobutalia there was Phulkia-bhaihar where one could find a lay of red soil that is almost eight mile long. It was also thickly forested with a vast variety of trees and vegetation. The density of this place is well observed as the horse riders repeatedly struck against branches and twigs. Chanan, a mountain river flowed gently over the rocks and the pebbles of Phulkia-bhaihar. One can see swelling of water in the Chanan during the rains; and in winter it showed none.

Katcheri was not too far away from the Himalayas and there is absolutely no wonder as to why the place is ever cold. One evening, a fish had been sent to the manager as an offering from far; and that night a group of people had arrived there not just to meet the Manager, or to sit by the camp fire to beat the cold, but in hope of being given a piece of fish as food for the poverty-stricken stomach. In fact these people have been campaigning Katcheri ever since the Manager took charge so that they could feed their hungry stomach with the leftovers from the Manager.

These poor people never get anything to eat and specially take rice. Ground grass from Kalhai and maize were their daily fare—all through the twelve months of the year. Of the several that gathered, Ganauri Teowari strikes the Manager as he began to hear his story. Teowari led life all by himself moving from village to village, and sometimes by teaching in the village; and all he could get to eat is to subsist on ground kalhai and rotis made of cheena-grass, the locally grown coarse species of millets.

Ever since last year when a Rajput Singh had invited people for food that served rice, Teowari never had rice again. These people do not even have any warm clothes to protect them from the harsh cold weather. They barely hang around the fire in circles and keep them minimally warm. When the temperature plunges low in the last hours of the night, they cannot sleep any longer for the cold. Huddling together for warmth, they sit as close as they can to the fire until the day breaks. These are the kind of people who did not worry to walk nine miles—without any invitation—only for the pleasure of eating this little rice.

That night after dinner, everybody slept in the same simple but made of straw grasses. Suddenly from the surrounding jungle came the sound of many pounding feet, running breathlessly. Unable to make any senses of what was going so fast, the manager called out to his guard. He was then informed by them that they were just a herd of neelgai running in the jungle. Slowly, very slowly all the attraction of the forest started to get into the inside of the manager and he expresses that feeling as:

As the days went by, I became increasingly
ensnared by my fascination for the forest. I am unable to
speak of its particular isolation on describe the jungle
of wild jhau which the setting sun splashed with
vermilion. I began to feel that I would not be able to return
to the hurly burly of Calcutta forsaking the vast tracts of
forestland, the fresh fragrance of the sun-scorched
earth and the freedom and the liberation they represent,,

Nature in the wild appeared before my enraptured and
inexperience eye in my myriad forms; her beauty unveiled:
evenings came wearing a crown of bloody clouds; the
sering afternoon in the guise of a mad Bhairavi;
or, draped in moonlight and wearing the cool and pure
fragrance of wild flowers in the depths of night came
the beautiful muse of music wearing around her neck a
garland of stars; and, on moonless nights appeared the
immense form of kali, wielding the flaming blade that was
Orion, the radiance extending into space . . . (6-7).

The wild openness and the silence of the midnight forest slowly began to find a deep place in the Manager's life. He began to feel within—a sense of liberation, of being supremely detached, untrammelled (8). As he stood beneath moonlitskies on the silent, empty night, he felt that he had chanced upon as unknown fairy kingdom where no mortal would come to work.

Places such as these, bereft of human beings, became sporting ground for fairies—I had not done well to enter without permission. (8)

To the manager beauty of this sort comes alive only under wide-open skies, in silence & loneliness, with undulating forests stretching as far as horizon. Such a moonlit night has to be experienced at least once a lifetime; and he who has not seen it will never know one of the most exquisite wonders of our earth – the manager told to himself.

The author through the eyes of the narrator – Manager describes the wilderness of the jungle in words such as “wide-open skies”, “silence and loneliness”, “stretching as far as the horizon”, “wild flowers”, “beauty unveiled”, “crown of bloody crowns at ever”, “garland of stars”, “fragrance from flowers”, (rethink) “moonless night”, “white sand” etc. Everything seems to symbolize the creepiness of nature that slowly gets infused into its new visitor from the Calcutta city the narrator.

Many poets and writers have expressed their supports and love for the fairies. Idolizing the fairies in many ways, they have poured poetry. Shakespeare, the bard of all ages, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* sings, Hand in hand, with fairy grace, / Will we sing, & bless this place. Yeats sings—

Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.
Elizabeth T. Dillingham in “A Faery Song” sings a lullaby to the fairies as:
Soft moss a downy pillow makes, and green leaves
spread a tent, Where Faerie fold may rest and sleep until
their night is spent. The bluebird sings a lullaby, the
firefly gives a light, The twinkling stars are candles
bright, Sleep, Faeries all, Good Night. (9-10)

It is never just poets who fancy and fantasize about fairies in their poetry that knows no limits; but also philosophers and realists like Emerson who had ultimately fallen in love with them. In his “History” he speaks of a lady with whom he was riding; certainly a forest fairie—

A lady, with whom I was riding in the forest, said to
me, that the woods always seemed to her to wait, as if
the genii who inhabit them suspended their deeds until
the wayfarer has passed onward: a thought which
poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies,

which breaks off on the approach of human feet.

Spirits were supposed to be everywhere, from household spirits to land, woodland, and river spirits; they were an important part of our ancestors' everyday existence and continue to be so now. Until the development of science during the Age of Enlightenment, almost everyone in society believed in the existence of supernatural fairy-like entities. The woodland was home to a variety of forest spirits that roamed freely. From the start of the medieval period until the early twentieth century, many people living in Europe's rural countryside had yet to tame the wild side of nature.

Dangers lurked in woods and waters. It was believed that spirits' were possessive of their region and guarded their territory and might punish trespassers. When treated with respect, these forest fairies could be helpful: Humans may be blessed or rewarded for befriending certain spirits. Later, people's folk beliefs were impacted by their dread of the unknown, and spiritual responses were sometimes the best way to deal with confused events.

A malicious fairy, for example, may cause a traveler to become lost on a road that he or she has traveled many times and is well acquainted with. Foraging for food can sometimes lead to the consumption of hallucinogenic plants. Many natural plants have entheogenic characteristics that can change perception or even induce hallucinations. Even without this impact, a weary traveler may notice something weird in the mist and relate it to something otherworldly.

There is also a scene in *The Upheaval* which opens us to the spirit of the lake. Inmates of the Kombarulu village in the novel believed in the local water spirits and strongly trusted that they were guarding the public and one should not mess with her indulging in evil deeds. —The Spirit is benevolent to all. And spreads its grace to all alike says a character named Yeso to Pandhari, the protagonist.

Generally fairies are believed to be benevolent, and attractive and have always been a source of joy and happiness; especially, the kids. Children go to bed reading fairy tales and dreaming of them, talking to them, giving presents, and thus love being in the enchanted world every night. The magical wands of these fairies are believed to soothe and do wonders. Having heard of only good things of fairies, it is indeed very hard for us to think of it in deadly terms like taking lives as that has happened in *Aranyak: of the Forest*. These could also be countered as spirits or ghosts of the dead who torment living beings out of some excessive rage or grief. It is widely believed all over the world that people who face premature and early deaths, people who have ended their lives intentionally, and people who were enforced to death are the most grief-stricken and troubled souls. Soul is the only thing that could live even after death: sometimes travel places either to see its beloved ones or to betray its foes.

A typical instance we see of the spirits who betray their foes is seen in Jeyamohan's *The Forest*. There is a myth to the ancient Kanchiram tree, quite an important role player, which is considered to be a rare one that is usually located in the dense part of the forest. It was an amazing tree with a span of around twenty eight feet around its base.

This tree is hunt in the novel for its most valued timber. The Kanchiram tree had a strong, bitter smell that rose when the branches were cut; and the people who inhaled the air constantly felt a bitter sensation and fell sick. After thirteen long days of efforts to kill it, the tree fell. The workers who were indulged in the removal of the tree did not survive after the tree reached Tiruvananthapuram: where it was supposed to be made as a bed in the king's palace for him to lie on as he suffered from rheumatism.

Many bafflingly died of sores, breathing difficulties, and mysterious manners like eyes bulging out and so on. A bed from a single piece of wood of Kanchiram tree was made and soon after that strange things happened. The king's wife began to hear female voices mingled with that of her husband's inside the house. She peeped through the window and found a tall, green-eyed, long haired woman much bigger in size compared to her husband sitting on his lap in an intimate position. When consulted with a local priest, it was told that woman was a forest neeli—a spirit that usually lives in the trees.

And when the Kanchiram tree was cut down, the spirit in it came home along with the tree and began to live with the king making him sick and mad. If the tree was not cut, the neeli spirit would have lived in the forest space itself; and since disturbed, she has begun to torment humans in turn and seek revenge.

The neeli spirit might be compared to Huldra, a mystery entity, a feminine spirit who appears to inhabit the wildness of nature in order to lead mankind astray. While mermaids and sirens are commonly associated with wild ladies of the sea, the Huldra plays a similar role in Scandinavian woodland legend. The Huldra, like her aquatic sisters, is described as breathtakingly fascinating.

Although men warned of dangers she represents, they are still allured by her beauty. Similarly Leshy is a forest guardian spirits from the Russian & neighbouring Slavic regions with a pale greenish skin, green hair with a close resemblance to the neeli of The Forest. The Leshy likes to lead men deeper and deeper into the woods with her beauty only to abandon them and disappear laughing. Keats in his ‘La Belle Dame Sans Merci’ brings the same thing that narrator experiences throughout the novel:

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild...
I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery’s song...
She took me to her Elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four...
I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!’

After hearing this incident, the narrator of the novel, a young man, starts to develop a likeness towards the spirit and sets to find it and befriend it. Both terrified and excited do we see him in all his encounters with the neeli spirit.

Yet another noteworthy character in Aranyak: of the Forest is Raju Parey, a composed, humble old man who had come to the jungle to seek a livelihood. One day, the Manager himself took a liking on him and came forward to give him two bighas of land in the dense forest that lay north of Lobtulia-bai-har for almost nothing. He told the old man that he had to clear the jungle and start planting; and that he would not have to pay anything for the first two years, but would have to pay four annas per bigha as revenue from the fourth year onwards.

Days passed by. And it was only a year later did the Manager discover that Parey had been lazy and he has not cleared the entire land except for the small part where he grew cheena grass. He then came to know that Parey spent his time in prayers and reading manuscripts that he found little time to spend on the land. Parey was a man of truly pure disposition, and he wrote poetry too. The Manager was so fond of him that he stopped by Parey’s whenever he crossed his path. The Manager also insisted on cultivating more crops and to clear the jungle land fast. To this, Parey replied

Life is so short, Huzoor: as I begin to cut through the
jungle, there is so much that comes to my mind, so I sit
down and reflect on it. The forest you see here is very

beautiful. The flowers have been blooming since a long time and the birds sing, each with their own call; the gods themselves have merged with the wind and have left their mark on the earth. But wherever there is money or transaction of cash, loans and receipts, the air becomes polluted. Then the gods choose not to stay on any longer. So, whenever I pick up the cutter and the axe, the gods come and snatch away my tools. They whisper such thoughts in to my ears that all thoughts of land and property are driven away from my mind.' (11).

When there are characters like Chidambaram of The Defiant Jungle, who challenged nature and opposed it in showing his bravery by chopping down all the trees, clearing forests, setting fire to the hard tress and rough woods, killing animals and birds ruthlessly, Parey is certainly a complete contrast. In fact, he is the only character next to Jogi and Parey or more than Jogi and Parey of When the Kurinji Blooms who had shown some great concern and love to the plants and trees. His conscience that knew what is just, had helped him to walk in the path of morality.

Parey here, reflects Emerson's idea of Man, Nature, and God as one. In —The American Scholar, Emerson draws out several references and analogies to define how an ideal American Scholar ought to be; and one such turns to be his reference that unites Man, Nature, and God. To the author, a man could be labeled scholarly if he understands Nature and God—when one understands Nature, he naturally understands God; and thus they form a complete entity. To compliment and acknowledge Paru's good intention and thoughts, that which is found absent in plenty, the Manager gave him some more land where he could cultivate some maize so that his family comprising of three sons, two daughters, and a widowed sister would not put to starve to death.

What nature gives to her own devotees is invaluable.

However, it is a gift not to be received until one has served her for long. Besides, she is an exceedingly jealous mistress: if you want her, you will have to stay only with her; if perchance you glance elsewhere, like a hurt maiden she will not unveil herself again. But if you lie immersed in her, the greatest gifts of nature—beauty and exquisite peace—will be showered on you so abundantly that they will drive you to ecstasy? By day and night the thousand faces of alluring nature will enchant you, extending the furthest reaches of your mind, drawing you closer to immortality. (12).

Traditionally speaking, first of four seasons of year intemperate regions is spring. It is season in which plants spring from ground, & trees come into blossom following winter & preceding summer. All over fields and along the edges of the forest, the arrival of the spring was marked by the little flowers from the dudhli grass. These yellow, star-shaped flowers are such a delight to look at; And the grass tip extends like a delicate creeper clutching on to the soil letting the flowers appear whenever they touched the ground. The flowers illuminated the fields in the early morning and the adjoining paths shone with their golden-amber colour. The beauty of these flowers is that when the sun rose higher in the sky, they folded themselves up into bud-like shapes; and the next morning, the same buds would have opened up into flowers once again.

It took four hours of riding to reach Mohanpura Reserve Forest in the jungle outside the boarders of katcheri and along the foothills on the Mahalikharoop range. The path was filled with blood-red flowers and spring time buds of sal, filling the air with fragrance & reddening forest's horizon. None of the birds like the

cuckoo, the doel or the box-katha-kau ever sang there—perhaps, these birds did not care to sing in the forest that is so out of way and sowild in nature creating a frenzy and mystic air everywhere.

In this bewitching guise, nature makes men abandon
their homes, fills them with wanderlust as it did Harry
Johnston, Marco Polo, Hudson and Shackleton. He who
has heard the call of the wild and has once glimpsed the
unveiled face of nature will find it impossible to settle
down to playing the householder. (14).

Bandyopadhyaya, the creator of Aranyak: of the Forest, tries hard to delineate but have not been able to quite express, —is exceptional beauty that lies invast, fearful, mysterious, & endlessly stretching spaces. How am I to speak of it to one who has not seen it (13).

The strange, hot, wild, companionless, bewildered, mystic, eerie, and haunting experiences and feelings gifted by the jungle has gotten deep to the author's heart and soul, that his reference, interpretations and description of this forest air does not seem to find an end. On his horseback, the Manager thinks of tall jungle of wild-jhar & kash meaning in to the horizon.

A feeling of mystery, occasionally fear—a melancholy tone that made the narrator disconnected and distant; at other times, it was like a lovely dream or a type of song of love experienced by men and women all over the world. The strain of the cricket's call fell as an exquisite unvoiced symphony made on imaginary moonlit nights to the rhythm of weak light from the heavens. When at one point there is an admiration for this wild beauty, at the other times there is a painful description of the same. We always come to find a sense of doubleness given by the nature; probably it is whimsical, capricious like Hardy's women and there certainly lies no wonder as why there prevails a mystery air circulating this wild forest space.

Beauty that makes one mad—
I'm not exaggerating even one bit, such fierce beauty
is not for the faint-hearted.

The author tells that if the land is going to be filled with abundance of these wild beauties in the silence of the night and in the radiance of moonlight, the —...our land would be full of poets and mad men! (14).

The author, Bandyopadhyaya's constant reference to the moon has lot of relevance to the theme of the novel, Aranyak: of the Forest.

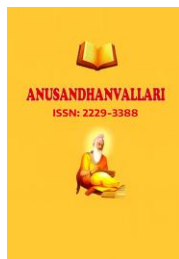
The moon grew even more radiant— Such marvellous light! Such a wondrous night! (15).

Moonlight is regarded as special to the solitary sandy banks by the deep forests. A ride beneath the open skies and moonlight night without shadows has no words to describe the entire feeling. —Marvellous moonlight—calm, restrained and mysteriously beautiful—choreographing an unknown dreamlike world! (16).

The narrator tells that in the midst of such an atmosphere, he began to fly like spirits after death on an unknown heavenly body, flying towards Buddha's nirvana where the moon does not rise, but where there is no darkness anywhere. To some, the moon might bring in a sense of chillness, a silent admiration, soothing to the soul; but to many others, it is lonely in the wild sky, making a direct, close connection with the person.

And in our analysis of Aranyak: of the Forest, the variety of references made to the moon cannot have anything else beyond but isolation and delineation being denoted: the isolation just does not take its place with just the Manager, though for the most part it does, but also other minor characters who have entrusted everything in the wild jungle and have come to make a living by renting a land space. And thus, reference to the moon is always hard just like the lives led in that jungle—after all; this is the first encounter for us to see people living in the jungle beside wild animals and fairies.

Three long years has passed by since the Manager took up the charge. He had to now hurry up with the leasing out of the land; but he was quite mean to settle people and destroy the peace of the forest. Those who would rent the land would certainly not be doing so to keep the forest pristine and untouched; but dig in for his



selfish needs. Once the sale was complete, lands would be cleared by prospective buyers, and prepare it for farming and plant crops; following which they would raise settlements to live permanently on the land.

The still, quiet forests, the kudi [stream], the range of hills and everything and anything in the forest would be fully transformed into human settlements. With the intervention of people, the forest fairies would be raged once again. Banalakshmi—the forest goddess, would be made to fly everywhere breathlessly with her place being disturbed with the penetration of mankind. —With the influx of people, the enchantment of the forest would disappear, all beauty lost to the claims of habitation’ (17).

The Manager began to have worries over the destruction of the forest land; and developed a strange visualization of thoughts. He began to imagine men, animals, and children occupying the space in the forest and spoiling its innate, gifted beauty.

Not only was the Manager worried of this human intervention and habitation in the jungle, but also a sense of frustration went up high in him. It was the feeling that in such vast forest land, uninterrupted and open, something so exquisitely was: it was indeed the rich natural resource! His rage mounted thinking that if it had been any other country other than India, it is pretty cocksure they would have made it a sort of national park and allowed visitors to come and rejoice in its beauty with proper ticket system. It would be a park wherein exhausted city dwellers would have come now & then to relax and refresh their weary minds and rejuvenate their souls in the beauty of the blissful, blessed nature.

Discussion

Researchers discovered that air pollution is associated with more than just lower IQ. Previous studies indicated that exposure to air pollution while pregnant was connected with genetic anomalies that may raise the risk of cancer, a smaller baby head size, and even a lower birth weight. The researchers also found a correlation between air pollution and delays in development at the age of three, as well as childhood asthma. Dr. Michael Msall, a pediatrician at the University of Chicago, emphasized the need of understanding low-dose exposure and the potential consequences of taking things for granted. Low-birth weight newborns are more likely to die as infants, as well as suffer major respiratory issues, cardiac troubles, and jaundice. Furthermore, they may experience hyperactivity problems and developmental challenges later in life.

A new study published in *Movement: Journal of the Indian Heart Association* found that tiny particles can impair the function of the heart in persons with severe coronary artery disease to send electrical signals. The study examined 48 coronary artery disease patients who resided in the Boston region and had previously had hospital operations to open or evaluate their coronary arteries. The group had been hospitalised due to worsening symptoms of established coronary artery disease, unstable chest pain, or a heart attack.

The median age was 57, and more than 80% were men. In addition, one out of every four people developed diabetes, and two out of every five had a heart attack. The study team following up with the patients two to four weeks after discharge, and then three more times at three-month intervals to check on the status of infection. The researchers also said that their results indicate that clinicians and heart patients take extra precautions in the weeks after hospital discharge.

It is hence very essential to prevent the spread of air pollution through conscious ways and step into healthy ways of living life in the arms of Mother Nature. Though there certainly would be many incidents and activities occurring; this involves various pollutants causing our living space a chaos and disturbance. Everything ultimately rests in human hands to decide how best he could support life on earth!

In earlier days, people were not aware of the harmful practices of mining; and how they lead to pollution. They were ignorant enough to be fooled by the wealthy, crooked minds who promised to bring them a change: both in wealth as well as status. These people did not realize that pollution was a serious one. Any kind of pollution be it be: water pollution, air pollution, & then solid hazardous waste pollution. Beyond these

common kinds of pollution, we also have other natural resources, especially mining resources, being consumed. All these lead to nowhere but only towards the destruction of our ecosystem.

According to Henry A. Wallace, contemporary science's businesses, methods, and innovations have the potential to dominate or free. The choice is up to us!! It is thus essential to note that our environment is prone to be suffering and will continue to deteriorate in the future too until pollution practices are abandoned. To quote Richard, — Reducing carbon emissions is crucial for preventing climate change in our communities. It is time to take action to reduce carbon pollution, which is the primary cause of climate change, exacerbating extreme weather events such as more catastrophic floods, extensive wildfires, and record drought. It is also connected to life-threatening air pollution, such as smog, which can cause asthma attacks.

We live in a world where, while carbon pollution endangers our health, economy, and children's future, we have no control or protection against it. The final dilemma is whether we should wait for a superpower to solve the problems of overcrowding, resource exhaustion, and environmental damage, or if we should take specific efforts to safeguard our future.

Conclusion

The paper opens with a lovely creative energy of thinking about our amazing space, which contains living beings other than humans. woods have been regulated by natural animals since time immemorial, and they have prospered; but, when man began to invade the woods, the ecological balance was disrupted. Bandyopadhyaya's Aranyak: of Forest is used for a thorough study. It tells the narrative of plants & trees, crops & jungle, birds & animals, creatures & peasants & tribals in all their forms: beautiful, angelic, warm, uncorrupted, and wicked, evil, uncomfortable, and corrupted. This paper provides point-by-point statistics about pixies in the backwoods. Everyone believes in the pixies and spirits that live in the forest, but only a few have had the opportunity to encounter them. The space found in the woods is mysterious to the point that, when away from human-occupied lands, everything is so vast, so profound, and thus intriguing to explore. Because these areas remain unspoiled and undeveloped, strong or demonic elements such as ghosts and pixies have made them their homes.

The novel Aranyak's central issue is deforestation, which manifests as vegetation ecocide in northern Bihar. How can a bird be expected to sing when axes are removed from the groves? Satyacharan uses Aranyak to carry out ecocide, as he was trained to do as part of his vocation. Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyay's Aranyak is a prime instance of ecocide since it displays massive deforestation in the vast Northern Bihar landscape, destroying the region's environment. The protagonist's perception of ecocide is the result of his discovery of the wild, his appreciation for nature, his gesture of deforesting a wide range of forests, his understanding of human nature & the relationship between nature and culture, his awareness of supernatural aspects of nature, his understanding of people's primitive way of life, his spiritual journey, and, most importantly, his twinge of conscience. Nature is shown in the color of wildness in Aranyak: the Forest. Etymologically, "Aranyak" refers to the forest.

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