Vikram and the Light of Hope

A Village Story of Innovation and Resilience

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Chapter 1: The Hungry Season

In the village of Jhargram, tucked between whispering sal forests and the rust-coloured soil of West Bengal, twelve-year-old Vikram awoke each morning to the growl of an empty stomach. The monsoon had come and gone, but the fields remained mostly bare—cracked patches of land where rice once grew now stood defeated under the sun.

It was what the villagers called the “hungry season”—a time between harvests when food was scarce, work was uncertain, and most children, including Vikram, survived on watered-down rice and the hope of better days. His father’s fields hadn’t yielded well, and there were whispers of him leaving for Kolkata to find daily-wage labour. Vikram’s mother sold hand-woven mats, but earnings barely covered salt and oil.

At school, Vikram wrote essays about food and light. He dreamed of becoming a scientist who could make food grow anywhere, even without rain. But his teacher chuckled, "Grow crops in the dark, eh? That’s a clever fantasy." The laughter stung, but Vikram held on to his curiosity like a flame in a storm.

One evening, as dusk turned the sky the colour of tamarind pulp, a solar-powered van rumbled into the village square.

Out stepped a woman in a khadi kurta and dusty sandals. She introduced herself softly: “I’m Dr. Meera Sen. I bring light. Not for lamps—for crops.”

The villagers muttered in disbelief. But Vikram’s eyes lit up—not because he understood what she meant, but because for the first time in weeks, someone spoke about light as a way out of hunger.

Unbeknownst to him, that day marked the beginning of a journey that would transform not just his family’s fortunes, but the food story of an entire village.

Chapter 2: The Arrival of the Stranger

The next morning, as gossip buzzed through the tea stalls and under the banyan tree near the village pond, all conversations led to one question—who was this woman with the light-van? Some said she was from the government. Others guessed she was a social worker or a "NGO didi" who'd leave in a week. No one really believed she had anything to do with farming.

Vikram watched from behind the school wall as Dr. Meera Sen unpacked strange coils of glowing cable, tiny solar panels, and a notebook filled with diagrams. Her van had a sticker that read: "SDNA – Light for Life."

She introduced herself at the Panchayat Bhavan: "I'm here to pilot a system that can help you grow crops in any weather—using a fibre-optic-based technology called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. It captures sunlight, stores it, and redistributes it—even at night."

The Sarpanch raised an eyebrow. "We need water, not wires," he scoffed. Laughter followed. The women sitting in the back, carrying dried vegetables in their baskets, murmured, "Magic wires won't fill our bellies."

But Vikram leaned in closer. *Light that feeds plants? How?*

Later that afternoon, Meera set up a small demo unit in the unused patch behind the school—a simple container with tomato seedlings, wrapped with glowing strands. She called it **"**The Light Farm."

The kids laughed and teased. "Aliens sent her," one said. But Vikram stood mesmerized. He had seen plenty of wires, even helped his uncle fix bulbs. But this—this was light used like water.

As night fell, the tomato seedlings shimmered under the soft glow of the side-emitting cables.

And Vikram knew—this wasn't just a stranger. This was someone who saw what others ignored.

Chapter 3: A Light in the Field

The days that followed were a blur of cautious curiosity and whispered skepticism. Most villagers still believed Dr. Meera's contraption was a novelty, a passing stunt like those solar cookers that never worked past winter. But Vikram kept returning to the patch behind the school, where the tomato seedlings now stood upright, basking in the strange glow from the SDNA cables.

Meera noticed him lingering. "Do you want to know how it works?" she asked one afternoon.

Vikram nodded, wide-eyed.

She explained in simple words: "These cables catch sunlight during the day, and at night, they release the light sideways—just enough to keep plants warm and growing. That's why it's called *Sideglow Diffusor*. It doesn't waste energy, and it doesn't get hot like bulbs."

Vikram listened carefully. "So..... even when the sky is cloudy, or there's no electricity—plants can still grow?"

"Exactly," she smiled. "It's especially helpful in places like this—where power comes and goes, but people still need food every day."

Inspired, Vikram took her leftover scraps—wires, mini solar panels, seed packets—and transformed an old chicken coop in his backyard into his own tiny farm. With the help of his younger sister Tara and his best friend Raju, he planted spinach and coriander. They strung the sideglow cables along the bamboo mesh, like fairy lights meant not to decorate, but to nourish.

A week passed. Then two.

And one early morning, Vikram spotted the first green shoots breaking through the soil. His plants were growing. In off-season. In a dark shed.
He ran to tell Meera, who simply said, “Now imagine if every family in the village had one.”

That night, for the first time in weeks, Vikram’s family ate a meal seasoned with their own homegrown coriander.

Chapter 4: Vikram's First Crop

The sun had barely risen, yet Vikram was already out, crouching in front of the old chicken coop-turned-light farm. His breath fogged in the cool morning air as he gently brushed the dew off a tender coriander leaf. The smell was unmistakable—fresh, green, and real. His heart thudded with joy.

"It's ready," he whispered.

Tara peeked from behind him. "Didi will be so happy!" She dashed off to tell their mother, while Vikram carefully snipped a few sprigs and placed them in a tin plate. It was not a full harvest, but it was the first time their family had grown anything successfully in months.

At breakfast, their mother added the coriander to the dal. The aroma filled the small hut. "This smells like puja," she said with a tearful smile. Even Baba, usually quiet and burdened with worry, cracked a rare grin. "You've done well, beta."

Word spread quickly. Neighbours dropped by, peeking through the mesh of the coop to see the glowing wires and healthy plants. Some were impressed. Others still scoffed,

saying it was a fluke. But Vikram didn't care—he had seen it work.

Back at school, his science teacher was stunned. "You grew coriander? In the dark? Without a bulb?" Vikram nodded proudly and offered to explain. With Meera's help, he prepared a simple model and was selected to present it at the upcoming district science fair.

Meanwhile, Dr. Meera helped him refine his system—adding a reflective layer to enhance light spread and tweaking the water drip mechanism. She brought in more seeds: tomato, mustard greens, even basil.

With Raju's help, they expanded the setup into a second coop. Tara drew little nameplates for each section—"Vikram's Light Farm."

What had started as an experiment had become a revolution in miniature.
Vikram began to dream bigger—not just of crops and contests, but of a future where no child in his village would go to bed hungry. If light could grow food in darkness, what else was possible?

For the first time, his ideas weren't laughed at. They were growing—just like his plants.

Chapter 5: The Village Council's Doubt

The buzz around Vikram's tiny farm had grown louder. More than coriander now bloomed in the repurposed coop—spinach, amaranth, mustard leaves, and even small tomatoes, all thriving under the gentle glow of the SDNA side-emitting cables. Children peered in through the gaps, mothers whispered curious questions, and even the village shopkeeper offered to buy a few bundles.

Encouraged by Vikram's success, Dr. Meera proposed a bold idea at the monthly Panchayat meeting: expand the SDNA model into a community farming initiative, one that could feed every household, especially during the lean season.

The council hall was packed—elders with walking sticks, farmers with sunburned skin, and the Sarpanch seated with his arms crossed. Meera presented her case calmly, displaying yield charts, energy savings, and photos of Vikram's glowing garden. Vikram stood beside her, holding a tray of fresh leaves from his light farm.

When the presentation ended, the room fell into silence. Then, the Sarpanch scoffed, "We've farmed here for generations. Now you're telling me some plastic wires will outdo the sun?"

A few elders nodded in agreement. “This is science fiction,” someone muttered. “We don’t grow food with fairy lights.”

Another voice, sharper, added, “Are we to forget the seasons? Forget tradition?”

Vikram clenched his fists. He stepped forward and said, “It’s not about forgetting—it’s about surviving. My family didn’t have enough to eat two months ago. Now we do. Isn’t that worth something?”

The crowd murmured.

After a long pause, an old woman stood up—Amma Gauri, known for her honesty. “I tasted that coriander. It reminded me of better years. If the boy can grow that in a chicken shed, imagine what we could grow together.”
Reluctantly, the Sarpanch gave his verdict. “One season. Prove it. If your light can feed this village, we will listen.”
Vikram smiled. Challenge accepted.

Chapter 6: Storms and Sunshine

The monsoon arrived with a roar, weeks earlier than expected. Torrential rains lashed Jhargram, turning fields into muddy ponds and washing away fragile seedlings. Farmers watched helplessly as their seasonal hopes dissolved into brown water. Farming had always been a gamble—but this year, nature had dealt a cruel hand.

But inside a small backyard in the corner of the village, things looked different. Vikram's SDNA-powered coop stood dry and warm, the waterproof solar panels still collecting energy between bursts of rain. Inside, the plants glowed under the side-emitted light, gently swaying as if unaware of the storm outside.

"Your plants... they're still alive?" Tara whispered in amazement.

"Yes," Vikram grinned, wiping condensation off a panel. "This is their sunshine."

Dr. Meera had helped him waterproof the structure and anchor the solar units more securely. Her foresight—and Vikram's dedication—meant the light farm survived where open fields had failed. As word spread, villagers began trickling in to see the miracle crop that didn't drown or rot.

Even the Sarpanch arrived, umbrella in hand, his kurta soaked. He stood silently, watching the green canopy inside the coop. Then he spoke, his voice softer than usual. “Not bad... for plastic wires.”

Encouraged by the results, Dr. Meera and Vikram invited three families to set up trial SDNA plots. With her guidance, they repurposed broken carts, cow sheds, and storage bins into mini greenhouses, each glowing at night like lanterns of resilience.

Meanwhile, Vikram prepared his science fair project. His model was no longer just theory—it had become proof. “This isn’t about growing plants,” he wrote in his notes. “It’s about growing power in people who were told they had none.”

The storm outside raged for days, but inside the village, something new was growing—a belief that even in the darkest times, light could be harnessed, and hunger could be challenged.

As skies cleared and puddles dried, what remained wasn’t just mud and damage. It was hope, rooted deeply in glowing soil.

Chapter 7: The Night Farm

After the monsoon rains had subsided and the village fields lay in ruins, something unexpected began to bloom—trust. Trust in a strange technology that had survived the storm. Trust in a twelve-year-old boy whose tiny light-powered garden had outlasted the rains. And trust in the possibility that hunger wasn't inevitable.

The schoolmaster, impressed by Vikram's science project and persistence, offered up the old anganwadi building—abandoned and crumbling—as a space to experiment further. Dr. Meera saw the opportunity immediately. "Let's build something together," she said, smiling at Vikram. "A shared space. A community farm."

With a hammer, some bamboo, discarded plastic sheets, and lots of enthusiasm, Vikram, Tara, Raju, and a few schoolmates began transforming the building into what they called "The Night Farm." At its heart was a scaled-up SDNA Sideglow system—solar panels on the roof, fibre cables strung like glowing vines along makeshift planting beds, and water collected in repurposed clay pots dripping gently into the soil.

By day, the space buzzed with energy—children painting walls with bright murals of crops and sunlight, mothers

bringing in seeds, elders watching curiously from a distance. By night, it came alive in a different way. The interior glowed with a soft, blue-white light, illuminating rows of leafy greens, herbs, and tiny budding vegetables. Crops growing in darkness—it felt like magic.

"It's like stars are helping us grow food," Tara whispered one evening.

The SDNA system didn't just light up plants. It lit up people. Shila Aunty, a widow who once relied on ration rice, now harvested spinach for her own meals. Ramesh, a teenager often in trouble, took charge of maintaining the water flow and became proud of "his section." Local women formed a group to sell produce in the haat (weekly market), dividing the earnings equally.

Vikram documented it all in a worn-out notebook—design sketches, harvest dates, testimonials. He called it: "Farming with Light: Notes from Jhargram." His dream of becoming a scientist was no longer a faraway idea—it was already unfolding, one plant at a time.

Soon, news spread. A reporter from a Kolkata paper visited. She wrote a story titled, *"The Boy Who Grew Crops in the Dark."* Photos of the glowing farm went viral. District officials made an unannounced visit. They were astonished

to find a rural school project feeding families, powered not by diesel or electricity, but by clean, efficient light.

At a village meeting, the Sarpanch finally stood up and said, “Maybe this boy and this light are what our village needed. Let’s make this permanent.”

Meera, beaming, turned to Vikram. “Do you know what you’ve done?” she asked.

He looked around at the glowing plants, the laughing children, the smiling elders.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “We’ve made a farm that never sleeps.”

The Night Farm was no longer just an experiment—it was a movement, powered by hope, fibre optics, and a boy’s refusal to accept hunger as his future.

Chapter 8: When the Lights Came On

The transformation of the anganwadi into The Night Farm had triggered something far greater than Vikram or Dr. Meera had imagined. The once-forgotten building had become a glowing centrepiece of hope. And as more families joined the effort, Jhargram began to change—not through speeches or policies, but through shared purpose, knowledge, and the soft pulse of sustainable light.

It started with a single mother, Kalpana di, who asked if she could try growing mushrooms inside an old wooden box using the SDNA cables. Meera nodded. “Let’s test it.” Within three weeks, the mushrooms sprouted beautifully in the low-light setup, and Kalpana began selling them in nearby markets. She earned more in a week than she had in a month of odd jobs.

Next came the rooftop revolution. Inspired by Vikram, families began converting the flat clay rooftops of their homes into micro-farms. Fiber-optic lines from the Night Farm were extended to nearby homes using a shared solar grid and low-cost extensions. Where once rooftops lay unused and dusty, now grew mint, tulsi, brinjal, and chillies—glowing at night like stars closer to earth.
The children began calling it *“the village that eats from the sky.”*

Even the local school got involved. The headmaster agreed to turn one corner of the playground into a SDNA-powered nutrition garden. Students took turns watering plants, monitoring light flow, and measuring growth rates. They started a "Science and Soil" club, and Vikram—shy Vikram—was appointed the first student lead.

Soon, the benefits reached beyond nutrition. Families saved money otherwise spent on food and kerosene. Women, once dependent on irregular incomes or seasonal labour, now became producers. Some started selling herb packets. Others traded saplings. The postmaster even joked, "Who knew light had an economy of its own?"

One evening, the village held a community dinner. Every dish on the banana leaf plates had come from the Night Farm or one of the rooftop plots—coriander chutney, spinach pakoras, tomato curry, and rice pudding infused with homegrown cardamom. As they ate, the soft glow of the SDNA lights surrounded them like blessings.

After dinner, the Sarpanch stood up, cleared his throat, and made an announcement. "From this day, Jhargram will adopt the Light Farm model. We will support families in setting up SDNA units. This is not charity—it is resilience."

The villagers applauded, and Meera wiped away a quiet tear.

That night, the village didn't just have light—it had vision. The once-silent rooftops buzzed with conversation, laughter, and the sounds of watering cans. Children studied under the same lights that fed their vegetables. Jhargram was awake—literally and metaphorically.

As he lay in bed, Vikram whispered to Tara, "Remember when our plants grew in secret?"

She giggled. "Now the whole village is glowing."

Yes, thought Vikram. The lights had come on. Not just in homes or greenhouses—but in minds, in futures, and in hearts that once believed hunger was normal.

And in that light, something far more powerful was taking root—self-reliance.

Chapter 9: Feeding the Future

It was early winter in Jhargram, and the morning fog lingered like a soft veil over the fields. But unlike previous winters filled with empty stomachs and anxious glances at the sky, this season was different. Hope had taken root—not just in soil, but in mindset.

Every morning now, rooftops shimmered under the early sun, not just with light, but with green life—leafy spinach, fresh mint, marigolds, mustard greens—thriving under the guidance of the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor system. In the once-neglected lanes of the village, the aroma of herbs and vegetables cooking in homes had become the new normal.

Vikram had become something of a local celebrity—not by choice, but by consequence. His name was now mentioned not just in the school, but in community meetings and even in a few government offices. His notebook, *"Farming with Light: Notes from Jhargram,"* had reached the desk of the Block Development Officer, who paid an unannounced visit one morning to see The Night Farm for himself.

"Is this your invention?" he asked Vikram.

"No, sir," Vikram replied politely. "It's Dr. Meera's. I just made it... part of us."

That humility, so rare and so real, left an impression.

9.1 Education Rooted in Soil

What had started as an experiment was now influencing school curriculum. The headmaster began integrating SDNA farming into science and environmental studies. Students learned about renewable energy, food cycles, light diffusion, and climate adaptation—all from real-world observation, not just textbooks.

A student-led initiative called “Grow and Glow” was launched, where students set up SDNA micro-farms at home and tracked their progress weekly. Younger students, once uninterested in studies, now competed to see whose coriander sprouted first. Learning had become hands-on, joyful, and purposeful.

Vikram, despite his rising popularity, remained grounded. He still fetched water, adjusted light panels, and made notes about moisture levels. But something inside him had shifted—he no longer felt powerless. He had become a bridge between tradition and innovation, guiding his peers into a new way of thinking about hunger and sustainability.

9.2 Empowered Women, Nourished Communities

Women in Jhargram, who had long worked in silence behind kitchen doors or in seasonal farm labour, now took charge of nutrition, production, and economic planning. A group of them, led by Kalpana di, formed a cooperative called “Roshni Mahila Sangh.” They packaged and sold SDNA-grown vegetables and herbs in nearby towns, even branding their products with labels like *“Light-Fed, Soil-Grown.”*

What surprised everyone was not just the demand—but the pride. “For the first time, we are not just feeding our families,” Kalpana said in one meeting, “we are feeding others—and feeding them well.”

Local ASHA workers noticed a change too—malnutrition cases among children dropped, especially among those in households using SDNA systems. Green leafy vegetables were no longer luxuries—they were staples.

9.3 Spreading Seeds Beyond Borders

News of Jhargram’s transformation travelled fast. A short video clip of The Night Farm, recorded by Raju on an old phone, went viral on social media. Within weeks,

researchers from Kolkata, sustainability bloggers, and even a district agriculture officer had visited the village.

Inspired by their success, two neighbouring villages—Gopiballavpur and Lodhashuli—sent volunteers to train under Dr. Meera and Vikram's team. A traveling "Light Farming Kit" was developed: a small box containing fibre cables, solar panels, a guidebook in Bengali, and a few starter seeds.

A "Train the Trainer" model emerged organically. Vikram's group mentored new villages, who in turn trained others. The model was simple, scalable, and shockingly affordable.

"Food security," Meera told a district official, "is not about handouts. It's about handovers—giving communities the tools to grow their own resilience."

9.4 Local Governance Embraces the Light

The Sarpanch, once skeptical, now led the effort to install SDNA lighting in public areas—community toilets, health centres, and even the local temple gardens. He convinced the block office to allocate part of the MNREGA fund toward "greenhouse employment," where villagers could earn wages maintaining community light farms.

District authorities recognized Jhargram as a "Model Village for SDG 2.1 implementation". And for once, an international goal didn't feel foreign—it felt personal.

Hunger had not vanished, but it had been confronted and cornered.

9.5 The Spirit of Innovation Grows

By this time, Vikram had drawn the attention of an organization called "Young Scientists of India", which invited him to a regional science camp. It would be his first trip outside the district.

The night before leaving, he sat under the stars with Tara and Raju.

"Will you go away and forget the village?" Tara asked.

Vikram laughed. "I'm going so more villages can be like us."

He paused, looking at The Night Farm glowing in the distance. "We didn't just grow food, did we?"

Raju shook his head. "We grew a way of life."

9.6 Conclusion

The chapter closes with a quiet, powerful scene. Vikram walks into the school the next morning to say goodbye before his trip. A new batch of Class 4 students sit cross-legged around a diagram labelled *"Photosynthesis in the Dark."* One of them looks up at Vikram and asks, "Can I be like you someday?"

Vikram smiles. "No. You'll be better."
And with that, he walks out—not as a boy from a poor village—but as a pioneer of a revolution where light, once just a utility, had become nourishment.

Because the future doesn't only belong to those who build satellites and robots.

Sometimes, the future is born in a dusty village, with one boy, one cable, and a refusal to believe that hunger is destiny.

Chapter 10: The World Comes to Jhargram

By the time spring rolled around in Jhargram, the mango trees were just beginning to bloom, and so was the village's new identity. What was once a quiet tribal hamlet tucked deep in West Bengal's red soil zone had now become a living example of grassroots innovation—a community where *light grew food*, *children led change*, and *hunger bowed before hope*.

What started with one boy's experiment in a chicken coop had turned into a model for climate-resilient food security. And soon, the world came knocking.

It began with a feature in a national Sunday magazine titled: *"The Boy Who Beat Hunger with Light."* Photos of Vikram standing beside The Night Farm, surrounded by leafy greens glowing under fibre-optic cables, captured the imagination of many. His story was reposted on environmental blogs, academic platforms, and even picked up by an international development organization working on the UN's Sustainable Development Goals.

Within weeks, journalists from Kolkata, Delhi, and even Singapore trickled in, not just to write, but to learn. They stayed in humble guest houses, ate from leaf plates at community dinners, and took long notes on how a low-cost,

solar-powered, SDNA-based farming system had outperformed high-budget schemes.

The villagers, once skeptical of outsiders, now hosted them proudly.

"This is our boy," Kalpana di would say, serving puffed rice and roasted pumpkin. "He showed us how light can grow more than plants—it can grow pride."

The Sarpanch, now a firm believer, helped arrange guided visits of the Light Farms. Children became tour guides, explaining how sunlight is captured, converted, and diffused to help plants grow even in shade or storms. The village adopted "The SDNA Way" as its new farming identity.

10.1 International Eyes and Global Lessons

Soon, delegates from the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) arrived. A special envoy representing the SDG 2.1 mission—Zero Hunger—stepped off a dusty jeep wearing polished shoes and a puzzled expression. But the moment he entered The Night Farm, everything changed.

"This... is what SDG 2.1 looks like on the ground," he whispered. "Not numbers. Not graphs. But coriander and conviction."

They took samples of the crops, measured nutrient density, evaluated water efficiency, and reviewed Vikram's meticulous handwritten logs. The results stunned them—yields were consistent, energy usage was minimal, and community participation was high.

Later, during a press conference in Kolkata, the envoy said, "What we see in Jhargram isn't just innovation—it's adaptation with dignity."

10.2 Recognition, Requests, and Realizations

Offers started pouring in. An NGO from Kenya wanted to replicate the SDNA model in Nairobi's urban slums. A researcher from the Netherlands requested access to Vikram's notes for a thesis on low-energy agriculture. A minister proposed funding the expansion of SDNA Light Farms across the region.

But with attention came choices—and pressure.

At just 13, Vikram was faced with decisions people three times his age struggled with. He was offered scholarships,

media contracts, even the chance to move to Kolkata or Delhi to "develop his potential."

But Vikram paused. “I’m still learning,” he said during one interview. “If I go away now, who will teach the kids in the next village?”

Dr. Meera, always the gentle guide, reminded him: “Change isn’t always about leaving—it’s about staying and helping others rise.”

With her support, Vikram helped design a mobile training unit—a refurbished van equipped with SDNA kits, visual demos, and student volunteers. They called it "Project Lightroot." It travelled to schools, panchayats, and farming collectives, turning small villages into sites of light-powered agriculture.

10.3 Cultural Revival Alongside Innovation

Interestingly, as the village grew more modern in its approach to food security, it also grew closer to its roots. Elders started organizing seasonal food festivals showcasing SDNA-grown ingredients in traditional recipes. Songs were written—folk tunes with verses like:

"Aalo diye chash kori, bhuker shathe juddho jori..."
(We farm with light, in hunger's war we stand and fight.)

A small library was opened inside the old school store room. It housed not just books on farming and energy, but also stories collected from the elders—tales of droughts, lost seeds, and resilience.

Vikram began contributing stories of his own—essays, reflections, and eventually, a booklet for children titled "How I Made My Farm Glow." It was distributed in Bengali, Hindi, and later, English.

10.4 A Beacon for the Nation

In March, the village received a letter bearing the national emblem. Vikram had been selected to receive the President's Award for Rural Innovation. The ceremony would take place in Delhi, and the entire village gathered around the school radio when the announcement was broadcast.

Tears streamed down many faces. Not because Vikram had "made it," but because his journey had made them believe in themselves.

On the day of departure, villagers lined the dusty road, clapping and waving. Kalpana di handed Vikram a packet of coriander seeds. “In case the capital needs some green,” she said with a wink.

Vikram boarded the bus with a heart full of questions and dreams—but no fear.

10.5 A Light That Travels

The final scene of the chapter unfolds at dawn.

As the sun rises over Jhargram, it doesn’t feel like just another day. Women tend rooftop plots. Children check their light systems. The Night Farm glows gently, even in early morning, as if it now shines from within the people, not just the cables.

Dr. Meera stands beside the Sarpanch, watching the village come alive.
“We didn’t just feed them,” she says softly.

The Sarpanch nods. “No. We showed them how to feed the world.”

Summary

Set in the sun-drenched, monsoon-swept village of Jhargram in rural West Bengal, *"Vikram and the Light of Hope"* follows the journey of 12-year-old Vikram, whose family struggles to grow enough food on their tiny farm. His dreams of becoming a scientist are buried under the daily pressures of hunger, failing crops, and seasonal migration.

Everything begins to change with the arrival of Dr. Meera Sen, a quiet scientist and sustainability expert who introduces the village to a futuristic, low-energy, fibre-optic-based technology called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. Initially met with skepticism, the innovation soon transforms the way Vikram and his family grow food—lighting up makeshift greenhouses at night and enabling crops to flourish year-round without depending on erratic monsoons or expensive electricity.

As Vikram experiments with the technology, he begins growing food in unused corners of their home—rooftops, alleyways, even a community shed. Along the way, he rallies a group of children, persuades stubborn village elders, and eventually helps lead Jhargram toward self-sufficiency in food. Through Vikram's eyes, we see how SDNA supports SDG 2.1 (Zero Hunger)—not just as a

policy goal, but as a lived experience of empowerment, dignity, and hope.

From food shortages to food festivals, from despair to innovation, this is a story of transformation, showing how one boy's curiosity and courage helped light up an entire community.

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Objectives pursued are Local development with substantial recourse to local workers and labor, with great fervor and passion towards the necessary and urgent Ecological TRANSITION of the "Dream.ZONE", in which we commit to pouring the greatest effects of the activated capital; with sober recourse to resilience and endogenous capacity of the territory.

Key Features:

- **Dream.ZONE** (>1 Million People) of the desired shape and capacity, while always remaining within the limits of the Sovereign State from which it is pivot/center (State that is always hoped to be sober and constructive, as usually already sanctioned and recognized by our major communities such as WIPO/UN and SDGs/UN)
- Through **JWTeam** and its projects/patents, open to anyone who wants to work for that "Dream.ZONE", through significant and/or representative operators (with NFW), as well as operational ones (with NFT, in the 4 different declinations: L, S, II, JV)

Project Categories:

3 BIG Transversal Projects:

- **GUPC-RE/Lab** (Sustainable real estate redevelopment)
- **GUPC-HousingCare** (Social and welfare redevelopment)
- **MasterPlan** (group of Industrial Plans)

All interventions with a distributed&pervasive perspective that makes massive use of local work and endogenous resilience of the territory.

8 MINOR Vertical Projects:

- Efficient pumps/generators
- Urban MiniBiogas
- Microalgae cultivation
- Urban desalination
- Agro&Sport
- Separation and massive capture of pollutants
- Effective dissemination and communications
- Selective EMG diagnostics and capture of micro pollutants

Patent Information - SDNA Technology

Patent WO2016092576, SDNA Patent: [SDNA], [https://patentscope.wipo.int/search/en/detail.jsf?docId=WO2016092576] (lights diffusor homogenous by side emission fiber); Italy: GRANT, meaning "INDUSTRY (useful), NEW (no make before), INVENTIVE (teach some things)"

Method for Distributing a Uniform Radiative Spectrum: This invention relates to a method and device for spreading homogeneously a radiative spectrum in substrates (solid, liquid and gaseous), saturating volumes in a pervasive and distributed way, with one or two inlet points, fitted to ensure constancy of diffusion. The method uses one or more side emitting optical fibers submerged in

said solids, liquids, vapours or gaseous mediums, arranged so that a signal constituted by said radiative spectrum is distributed in a substantially uniform manner.

Available Resources

Subject to the NDA, consultancy and appropriate industrial property rights are available:

- **[NFT/NFW (De.Fi.)]** - [http://www.expotv1.com/JWT_NFW-BB.htm]
- **[Full Intellectual Property]** - [http://www.expotv1.com/ESCP_Patent.htm]
- **[JWTeam]** - [http://www.expotv1.com/ESCP_NUT_Team.pdf]
- **[Full JWTeam Service]** - [http://www.expotv1.com/PUB/JWT_Service_EN.pd]
- **[INNOVATION]** - [http://www.expotv1.com/LIC/BUNIT/LISTV.ASP]

For any other SDGs/UN point you wish and not yet addressed from JWTeam, please write to us: [info@expotv1.eu]

Patents & Goals from GostGreen

- **[UIBM/IT]** - JWTeam set Industrial Property Roma UIBM/IT
- **[EPO/EU]** - JWTeam set Industrial Property: Munich EPO/EU

- **[WIPO/UN]** - JWTeam set Industrial Property: Geneva WIPO/UN
- **[SDGs/UN]** - [https://sdgs.un.org/]

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