LIGHT IN HIS EYES

Prashant's Journey to Learning

QUALITY EDUCATION

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Prologue: A Ray of Hope in Chanderpur

In the quiet town of Chanderpur nestled amidst the sunbaked plains of Madhya Pradesh, a six-year-old boy named Prashant squinted hard to read the blackboard through dim, flickering light. His classroom, like many in rural India, suffered from chronic power cuts and poor lighting. But one summer morning, a sleek tube of unfamiliar design was installed on the ceiling—a silent revolution. The SDNA Sideglow Diffusor, powered by natural and artificial light, changed everything. As rays diffused gently into every corner, learning no longer felt like a burden. It was the first time Prashant felt he truly saw the world—bright, clear, and full of promise.

Chapter 1: The Boy Who Doodled in the Dark

In the small, dust-laden classroom of Chanderpur's government primary school, six-year-old Prashant sat on a cracked wooden bench, hunched over his notebook. While the teacher scribbled letters on the fading blackboard, Prashant's eyes squinted, then gave up. He couldn't see much beyond a blur. So, he did what he always did when the room got too dim to focus—he doodled. His page came alive with elephants in turbans, flying books, and stick-figure teachers with giant glasses.

The ceiling fan groaned overhead, more decorative than functional. A single tube light flickered uncertainly, fighting a losing battle against the encroaching shadows. Outside, the sun blazed, but inside the classroom, there was barely enough light to read a sentence. The windows, covered with metal grills and spider webs, blocked the best of what daylight could offer. Electricity came and went as unpredictably as the monsoon.

Prashant didn't know he was supposed to have a problem. No one had ever told him that a classroom should be bright or that learning shouldn't feel like decoding ancient riddles under candlelight. He only knew that his head hurt when he tried to read too long and that his drawings made the other kids laugh. So, he kept doodling—in the margins, on the

back of his math sheets, even on his palms when paper ran out.

At home, his mother often worried about his disinterest in school. “He’s smart,” she’d tell his father while rolling chapatis. “But he never says what he learned in class.” His father, returning tired from the fields, would nod silently. What could they do? The teacher was kind. The boy was healthy. Maybe he just needed time.

But time wasn’t the problem—light was.

Like millions of children across India, Prashant had fallen into the shadows of an invisible barrier. Poor classroom lighting wasn’t just a minor inconvenience; it was quietly stealing futures, dimming curiosity, and widening the education gap one unread sentence at a time.

And yet, in Prashant’s dark corner of the world, a silent revolution was about to begin—sparked not by textbooks or teachers, but by the arrival of a technology no one in Chanderpur had heard of before: SDNA Sideglow Diffusors.

Chapter 2: Amma’s Lament and Baba’s Hope

The morning sun crept into the mud-brick home of Prashant’s family, weaving golden threads across the worn floor. Amma stood at the doorway, watching her son struggle to button his faded school shirt. She sighed—not out of irritation, but out of the ache that only a mother’s helplessness can carry.

“He’s always drawing, never reading,” she murmured to herself, kneading atta on the wooden slab. “He says he can’t see the blackboard. Is it an excuse, or does he truly struggle?”

Baba, seated cross-legged near the clay stove, sipped his chai quietly. His eyes, sun-wrinkled and patient, fixed on the distant neem tree. “He’s not like other boys,” he said gently. “He’s quick with stories, sharper than a knife. Maybe the world hasn’t found the right way to teach him yet.”

Amma paused and looked at him. “You always defend him. But what if he falls behind? What if this darkness in school keeps him from becoming anything more than what we are?”

Baba smiled, a rare softness in his weathered face. “Then we must find the light, before the dark eats his dreams.”

It wasn’t just a figure of speech. Baba had noticed the flickering lights in Prashant’s school, the broken fan, and how children squinted to see during cloudy days. He remembered walking through the school corridor during a village meeting, seeing how some classrooms resembled dim caves rather than places of learning.

“I heard someone’s coming,” Baba said, sipping his last drop of chai. “From the city. An engineer—or maybe a scientist. Something about new technology that brings light into schools, even where there's no proper electricity.”
Amma raised an eyebrow. “And what magic is this?”

“They call it SDNA—some light that spreads from sunlight or even bulbs, but softly, evenly. No glare, no shadows. Just enough for the children to see, to read, to grow.”

Amma didn’t know what to believe. Her world was one of rotis and routines, not patents and technologies. But the way Baba spoke, with calm certainty, made her pause.

That night, as Prashant lay doodling under a dim kerosene lamp, Amma watched his eyes shimmer in the flicker of

firelight—and silently prayed that Baba's hope would become their reality.

Chapter 3: The School with Crumbling Walls

Chanderpur Primary School stood at the far end of the dusty village path, tucked between a barren playground and a patch of thorny bushes. Its brick walls, once painted cheerful blue, had long faded into patches of grey and brown. The roof leaked during monsoons, the fans barely worked in summer, and the windows—what remained of them—were held together by rusted hinges and hope.

Prashant walked to school with his slate tucked under one arm and a stick in the other, drawing shapes in the dirt as he went. He liked school, but not the way it looked. To him, the place felt tired, as if it had forgotten it was meant to be joyful.

As he stepped into Class I, the stale smell of dust and dampness greeted him. The classroom was dim, lit only by what sunlight could manage to slip through the cracked window. On rainy days, the light was so faint that children strained their eyes just to read the alphabet on the wall chart.

“Sit straight,” said Meena Madam, their teacher, as she entered the room with a roll of chalk and tired eyes. She was kind, but burdened. Teaching in a school like this meant balancing hope with heartbreak every day.

The children tried to listen. But when words on the blackboard blurred into shadows, attention drifted. Asha squinted. Ravi rubbed his eyes. And Prashant, well—he doodled. He drew suns and stars and tiny lamps in the margins of his notebook, wishing one of them could shine in this room.

During break, the children spilled out into the yard. Prashant sat under the neem tree with his lunch—dry roti and salt—and stared back at the school. The cracks in the wall reminded him of broken promises. And the peeling slogan painted near the door—"Shiksha ka Adhikaar, Har Bachche ka Haq" ("Education is every child's right")—seemed more like a forgotten decoration than a living truth.

But change, like light, sometimes arrives slowly. That afternoon, a vehicle rolled into the village with something strange and unfamiliar in the back—panels, tubes, wires, and a box with the letters SDNA printed on it.

Prashant didn't know what it was. But somehow, the broken walls of his school were about to meet something stronger than concrete: a reason to dream again.

Chapter 4: A Visit from the Light Engineer

The morning after the mysterious truck arrived, a murmur buzzed through Chanderpur like the excitement before a festival. Villagers gathered near the school, craning their necks and shielding their eyes against the sun to catch a glimpse of the newcomers. A man in a blue shirt, dusty trousers, and a satchel full of tools stepped out, followed by two younger assistants.

Prashant stood behind the school's compound wall, peeking through a gap. "Who is he?" he whispered to Asha, his classmate.

"They say he's from Bhopal. Some kind of light engineer," she replied, eyes wide.

The man introduced himself to Meena Madam as Arvind Sir, an engineer from the state development board working in partnership with a private foundation and a UN pilot program. His mission was to install a revolutionary new system—the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor—to bring natural and artificial lighting into classrooms that had little access to electricity.

"This device captures sunlight during the day, diffuses it gently, and supplements it with clean LED lighting after sunset or during cloudy weather," Arvind explained to the

crowd. “It needs no power grid, just a little sky and a lot of determination.”

The words went over most people’s heads, but the intent was clear: the school was getting light—not just a bulb or a wire, but something dependable, something permanent.

Prashant followed the work from a distance all day. He watched as the team climbed onto the roof, carefully fitting sleek tubes and glass-like panels. Inside the classroom, a dull hole in the ceiling was being transformed into a source of gentle, glowing light.

By afternoon, the first classroom was complete. Arvind asked the children to step inside. They hesitated—rooms never looked this bright without a bulb. But when they entered, they gasped.

Light filled every corner. No buzzing from a generator. No flickering tube light. Just a soft, steady glow like sunlight captured in a jar.

Meena Madam stood speechless, her voice catching as she said, “For the first time, I can see all your faces clearly.”

Prashant looked up, his eyes shining. For the first time, the classroom didn’t feel tired. It felt alive.

Chapter 5: What Is SDNA? The Magic Rod of Light

The next morning, curiosity filled the air in Prashant's school. Students arrived early, peering into the newly lit classroom with awe and wonder. The light was soft yet bright, casting no harsh shadows. It felt like sunshine had finally decided to stay.

Arvind Sir, seeing their amazement, smiled. "Do you want to know the secret?" he asked. The children nodded eagerly, forming a circle around him.

He pulled a slender tube from his satchel—long, transparent, and filled with tiny grooves and patterns. "This," he said, "is part of the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. You can call it the *magic rod of light*."

Prashant's eyes sparkled. "Does it trap the sun?" he asked.

"In a way, yes," Arvind replied. "SDNA stands for *Sideglow Diffusor of Natural and Artificial Radiation*. It uses special materials that collect sunlight through optical fibres or rooftop panels and distribute it evenly across the room. Even when there's no sun, it blends in energy-efficient artificial light—so you're learning never stops."

He held the rod against the sun, and instantly, it glowed faintly from the sides.

“It doesn’t need wires or diesel. It works without batteries most of the time and lasts many years. It’s low-cost, easy to install, and perfect for rural schools like yours,” he continued.

“But how does it know when to glow?” asked Asha.
“Smart question,” said Arvind, impressed. “The system has sensors. During the day, it uses sunlight. At dusk or on cloudy days, it switches to LEDs powered by small solar panels or rechargeable energy sources. It’s automatic.”

The students looked on in amazement. For them, technology had always felt like something far away—locked in the phones of city people or seen in textbooks. But now, it was here, glowing above their heads and illuminating their blackboards.

“This rod,” Arvind concluded, “is not just about light. It’s about *possibility*. It’s about making sure no child is left behind just because the sun sets or the power fails.”

That night, Prashant drew the SDNA rod in his notebook, with little sparkles around it. Beside it, he wrote in block letters:
"MAGIC THAT HELPS US LEARN."

Chapter 6: Prashant's First Bright Classroom

The next morning felt different—like the sky itself had decided to smile over Chanderpur. For the first time in weeks, Prashant didn't have to squint at the worn textbook pages or guess the words written faintly on the dusty blackboard. He stepped into his classroom and gasped.

The room glowed—not harshly, but softly, like dawn trapped inside glass. The once shadowy corners were now alive with light. The old cracks in the walls still remained, but the darkness that hid within them had disappeared.

Prashant turned to his best friend Aman and whispered, "It feels like we are inside the sun."

Their teacher, Meena Madam, smiled at the front. "Settle down, children. Today we begin something new—not just a new lesson, but a new way of learning."

The blackboard, which once looked like a relic from another time, now stood clearly illuminated. Charts pinned to the walls were finally visible. Even the alphabets, once faded by time and shadow, now stood boldly for all to see.

Meena Madam walked to Prashant's bench. "Can you read this sentence?" she asked, pointing to the board.

Prashant's heart beat fast. He took a deep breath and read out loud, "The sun brings light and light brings learning."

A wave of applause followed. It wasn't just that he read the sentence—but that he read it without hesitation, without fear of getting it wrong because he couldn't see clearly.

That morning, for the first time, the class completed three full activities. There was energy, attention, and fewer yawns. No child asked to go outside to escape the gloom. Even Chotu, who usually dozed off mid-lesson, stayed alert and curious.

During the break, students crowded around the ceiling diffuser and touched the walls near the glow tubes. "It doesn't even feel hot," said Asha. "It's just… there. Like magic."

Meena Madam looked out the window, eyes moist. "All these years, we thought we needed new buildings or expensive fans. But what we needed most… was light."

And for Prashant, the light wasn't just in the classroom. It was now in his mind. A place once filled with fog was slowly clearing. Ideas were forming. Curiosity was growing.

He could see the future—bright and beckoning.

Chapter 7: Teacher Meena’s Transformation

Teacher Meena sat at her desk after school, her fingers resting gently on the edge of a book she had just finished reading aloud to the class. The golden sideglow from the SDNA diffuser still lit up the corners of the room, even as the sun dipped low beyond the trees. Something inside her had shifted—quietly, profoundly.

Just a few months ago, Meena Madam often found herself frustrated. Teaching had become a chore more than a calling. She had battled poor infrastructure, outdated textbooks, and worst of all—indifference. When her students couldn't focus, she blamed herself. When they failed to grasp a concept, she wondered if she was losing her touch. The dim, stuffy classroom made even the most enthusiastic children lose interest. And slowly, so had she.

But now, things were different.

The SDNA Sideglow Diffusor had brought more than just illumination—it had rekindled her spirit. With the classroom no longer trapped in darkness, she could see the children’s faces—curious, alert, expressive. She noticed how Prashant raised his hand more often, how Asha had started reading aloud confidently, and how even Aman, the

shyest of the lot, was asking questions about the solar system.

Meena had begun reworking her lessons. Inspired by the change, she started arriving earlier to decorate the classroom walls with bright learning aids. She made flashcards, brought in a globe, and encouraged students to make posters. There was laughter, movement, and genuine engagement.

The once worn-out teacher was transforming—becoming the educator she had always dreamed of being. Her voice had regained its energy, her chalkboard her rhythm. Most importantly, her belief in the potential of rural education had been restored.

During a community teacher meet, Meena spoke for the first time about the SDNA technology and how it had helped her and her students reclaim the joy of learning.

“It’s not just about light,” she said, eyes shining. “It’s about giving children the dignity of learning in a space that respects them. It’s about giving teachers a chance to thrive, not just survive.”

For Teacher Meena, this wasn't just a transformation—it was a quiet revolution, born from a single beam of sideglow light.

Chapter 8: The Day the Library Stayed Open

Prashant stood outside the dusty school library, staring at the locked wooden doors. For as long as he could remember, the room had only opened during short hours in winter—when there was just enough daylight to read without straining one's eyes. Most days, it remained shut, a silent room filled with untouched books and cobwebbed shelves. For children like Prashant, the library had always been a dream half-fulfilled—a place they could glimpse but never truly explore.

But today was different.

The SDNA Sideglow Diffusor had recently been installed in the library too, following its success in the classrooms. The very next morning, the village buzzed with excitement. Word spread that the library would remain open all day, for the first time in years.

When Prashant and his friends arrived at lunch break, they found the doors wide open, sunlight streaming in through the windows, but more importantly, a soft, even glow coming from the SDNA tubes along the ceiling edges. The room was no longer gloomy. It felt inviting—warm, alive, and filled with possibilities.

Rows of books lay open like treasures. Picture books, old encyclopedias, maps, and story collections that had once been lost to shadow were now being touched, explored, and devoured by eager hands and hungry minds.

Meena Madam was there too, smiling as she helped Asha find a story about a princess who sailed across rivers, while Prashant clutched a science book filled with colourful diagrams of stars and planets. Even older students from higher classes came in quietly, finding corners to read in—a rare sight that delighted the teachers.

The SDNA Sideglow light, powered partly by solar energy, meant the library could stay open even on cloudy days, and long after the sun had set. For once, time was not the enemy of curiosity.

By late afternoon, a small group of students lingered on, heads buried in books. Prashant didn't want to leave. He had discovered a book on inventions and was already dreaming of building something of his own.

That evening, he told his parents, "I want to become an inventor. Like the one who brought light into our school."

And that night, under the quiet stars of Chanderpur, a little boy's dream began to glow—just like the library that now refused to stay shut.

Chapter 9: Dreams Under a Solar Sky

Chanderpur had never seen a night like this.

The village school, once a forgotten structure blending into the dusty landscape, now shimmered under the quiet brilliance of solar-powered lights—thanks to the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. It was the eve of "Future Makers Day," a new initiative introduced by the district education office to encourage rural children to share their dreams through stories, songs, and sketches. For the first time, the event was being held after sunset.

Prashant stood nervously behind the curtain of a makeshift stage built in the school courtyard. His fingers clutched a rolled-up chart showing his dream invention—a "book boat" that could float across rivers and bring books to children in remote villages. Earlier, this dream had only lived in his notebook, scribbled by the dim glow of a flickering oil lamp. But now, under the warm halo of the SDNA lights, it felt real. Possible.

Parents, elders, and children gathered in the courtyard. Some sat on mats, others stood in clusters. The school compound glowed gently—not blinding, but consistent, wrapping everyone in a blanket of soft, natural-feeling light. It was as if the stars had come closer to listen.

One by one, students took the stage. Asha spoke about becoming a pilot. Dinesh recited a poem about building better roads. Even shy little Rani sang a song about teachers with glowing hearts.

When Prashant's turn came, he walked up slowly. His voice trembled at first, but Meena Madam's reassuring smile steadied him.

"I want to build a boat," he began, "a boat filled with books, that can travel to villages with no schools. It will have lights powered by the sun, like our classroom. So, even if the sun sets, children can still read."

The crowd burst into applause.

That night, Prashant lay on his cot under a sky sprinkled with stars. The school's lights twinkled in the distance like a second constellation.

For the children of Chanderpur, the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor had done more than light up their classrooms—it had lit up their inner worlds. Under this solar sky, dreams no longer slept in darkness.

They blossomed—in full, fearless light.

Chapter 10: A Letter to the Minister

It was just after lunch on a sunlit Friday when Meena Madam gathered her students under the neem tree. Prashant and his classmates sat cross-legged, still buzzing with excitement from the Future Makers Day celebration.

“Children,” Meena began, holding up a piece of paper, “we’re going to write a very special letter today. A letter to the Education Minister of India.”

Gasps echoed around the circle.

“To the actual Minister?” Asha asked, eyes wide.

“Yes,” Meena smiled. “You’ve all experienced something wonderful—your classrooms lit up by the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. Not every village is this lucky. But maybe, if we tell our story, more children can learn in light too.”

One by one, the children shared what had changed in their lives. Rani said she no longer feared the dark corners of the library. Dinesh could finally do his maths homework after sundown. And Prashant… he now believed he could invent something the world needed.

With Meena's help, they wrote the letter in Hindi and English:

Dear Respected Minister,

We are students from Chanderpur Primary School in Madhya Pradesh. This year, something magical happened. Our classrooms now have a special light called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. It uses sunlight and artificial light to make our rooms bright and beautiful, even when there is no electricity.
Before, our school was dark. We couldn't study properly. But now, we enjoy learning, reading, and dreaming bigger. Please bring this light to more villages like ours. Every child deserves a bright classroom, even in the smallest corners of India.

With hope,
The Children of Chanderpur

Meena posted the letter with a photograph of the children holding handmade drawings of lit-up classrooms.

Weeks later, the school received an acknowledgment letter with a golden Ashoka emblem.

No one knew what would happen next, but something had begun. In the quiet corner of rural India, children had raised their voices—not with noise, but with light. A light that now reached New Delhi.

And in that moment, they felt heard.

Chapter 11: The Town That Learned to Shine

Chanderpur had never been on a map—at least not the kind people looked at. But ever since the SDNA Sideglow Diffusors lit up the school, the tiny town began to glow in ways no satellite could capture.

It started quietly. The school library extended its hours, and local children gathered there after chores to read under the warm, even light. Meena Madam initiated evening reading circles, where grandmothers told folktales and children shared their dreams. The old building that once echoed with silence was now alive with whispers of possibility.

But it wasn't just the school. Inspired by its success, villagers began to ask questions:
"If this light helps our children, can it help our clinic?"
"Can our temple be lit for evening prayers without diesel lamps?"
"Can we finally reopen the women's training centre?"

The SDNA engineers returned, this time not as guests but as collaborators. They trained local youth, including older students like Prashant's cousin Mohan, on how to maintain and even install the diffusors. For the first time, a job in "light technology" was born in Chanderpur.

Shops that once closed by sundown now stayed open later. Women felt safer walking in lit alleys. And young minds no longer stopped learning when the sun dipped behind the hills.

The Panchayat called a special Gram Sabha meeting. Meena was invited to speak, along with Prashant, who stood confidently beside her. “Light is not just for reading,” he said, his voice steady. “It is for dreaming.”

Chanderpur became a model village for sustainable rural education under SDG 4.1. News reports trickled in, and a small team from the Ministry of Education visited to study its transformation. But for the townspeople, the biggest reward was watching their children walk taller, speak clearer, and dream wider.

Once a forgotten dot on the map, Chanderpur had become a beacon—not just of light, but of learning, hope, and the courage to ask for more.

They hadn’t just learned to shine.
They had learned to lead.

Chapter 12: From Chanderpur to the Nation

The story of Chanderpur travelled far beyond its dusty lanes and mango groves. It reached district offices, state capitals, and eventually, the Parliament. What began with a single school and a handful of SDNA Sideglow Diffusors had turned into a national conversation on quality education.

Journalists featured Prashant's drawings lit under the gentle glow of SDNA light. Policymakers quoted Meena Madam's data showing improved attendance, learning levels, and community participation. The Ministry of Education launched the "Shiksha Deep" program, modeling it on Chanderpur's success, with the aim of bringing sustainable lighting and learning environments to 10,000 rural schools across India.

Prashant's letter to the Minister had not only been read—it had been answered with action.

Soon, shipments of SDNA technology made their way to the Himalayas, to the forests of Odisha, to the deserts of Rajasthan, and to the tea gardens of Assam. Teachers were trained. Classrooms revived. Dreams reignited.

Chanderpur wasn't just a village anymore. It had become a spark.

And as the nation began to glow—classroom by classroom, child by child—Prashant looked up at the sky, his sketchbook in hand, and smiled.

The light that once changed his life was now changing India.

Epilogue: What Prashant Saw at Age 16

At sixteen, Prashant stood before a crowd at the National Invention Fair in Delhi. The boy who once doodled in dim corners was now a confident teenager presenting his innovation—a low-cost learning lamp inspired by SDNA technology, made from recycled materials and powered by solar panels.

As he looked around, he saw more than booths and judges. He saw children from Ladakh to Lakshadweep, all showcasing ideas born from better education, cleaner light, and bolder dreams. Some built reading apps in regional languages, others crafted storytelling robots or smart blackboards that worked offline.

But what Prashant saw most clearly wasn't technology—it was transformation.

He saw rural India rising not through charity but through access and dignity. He saw the quiet glow of change that SDNA had started in Chanderpur now lighting up minds across the country.

When a journalist asked what inspired his journey, Prashant smiled and said, "It wasn't just the light. It was what the light allowed me to see—my future."

As applause thundered around him, Prashant realized something profound: the future of education wasn't just brighter—it was already here. And it began with a boy, a dream, and a ray of sideglow light.

Summary

"Light in His Eyes: Prashant's Journey to Learning" is a heartwarming fictional tale set in the rustic, sun-drenched village of Chanderpur, nestled in the heart of Madhya Pradesh. The story revolves around Prashant, a 6-year-old boy with a wild imagination, a stubborn cough, and a talent for drawing stories on the dusty floor of his one-room village school.

Life for Prashant, like many other children in rural India, is bound by invisible chains—lack of electricity, dim classrooms, and insufficient educational resources. His school has one broken fan, a chalkboard that's more white than black, and a ceiling that leaks both in monsoon and metaphor. His mother, a domestic worker, and his father, a daily-wage labourer, dream of something better—but don't know how to make it happen.

Everything begins to change when an engineer from a government-backed NGO arrives in Chanderpur with something new—a glowing stick called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. It doesn't look like much, but it captures sunlight during the day and powers artificial light at night—without using electricity. Suddenly, Prashant's class has light. Real, soft, even light. Students stop squinting.

Homework begins to happen after sunset. And reading becomes possible, even joyful.

As the light spreads, so does curiosity. SDG 4.1—Quality Education for All— is no longer just a policy paper in Delhi; it becomes a lived experience in Chanderpur. Teacher Meena finds new joy in teaching, aided by training sessions and better infrastructure. Girls who had dropped out return to school. Parents begin to attend community meetings. The library opens for evening study sessions.

We witness how one piece of appropriate technology, when implemented with empathy and intention, sparks a domino effect across education, health, and opportunity. Through Prashant's eyes, we see the emotional, psychological, and intellectual transformation not just of a child—but of an entire town. We also see how villagers, local bureaucrats, and NGOs work together to scale the change.

The story follows Prashant as he grows—over a decade—and ends with a 16-year-old boy preparing for his board exams under the same SDNA lights that changed his childhood. He writes a letter to the Education Minister of India, describing what "light" truly means—not just in lumens, but in lives touched, futures restored, and hopes rekindled.

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- **NFW** - Temporary right of pre-emption to outline the real actors, i.e. PR&Broker/Trader/Patron who dreams the best for that "Dream.ZONE"
- **NFT** - Right for real role of actor on the "Dream.ZONE", in the desired mode: L(License), S(Sale/Buy), II(IncomeInvestment), JV(JoinVenture)

Project Objectives

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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