

Clue 1

Culture is the Institute's specific field of study. I'm a haven for art, history, and more. Visitors explore, learn, and adore. Exhibits and treasures, stories unfold, In my walls, memories centuries old. Rabindra Sarobar lies beside me. The sound of trains passing by, in grand halls I stand, a keeper of the past, Whispers of ancient tales, my walls steadfast. Brush strokes and artifacts, secrets I hold, seek me out, in my galleries, stories unfold.

Clue 2

Limitless possibilities, where the extraordinary is ordinary, and every individual, with their distinct background and experience, adds a vital stroke to the canvas of progress. Presenting, several unique stories with one shared goal. I am located near an East Kolkata Stadium which was established in 2012. My gates are guarded by lines of code. Few steps will lead to a mall. Within my walls, electrons dance in synchronized harmony, orchestrating the symphony of the technological age. My archives are vast, storing the blueprints of revolutions past.

Clue 3

Where science and joy coincide. I'm a park of wonder, where science draws you in. Roller coasters of physics, a thrill of gravity, Hear the bubbling potions, see the sparks fly, A playground for intellect, where the curious comply. A small City in Kolkata where Experiments are rides, where knowledge takes the lead, where science and amusement collide. I'm not a carnival, nor just a school, A fusion of discovery, where every mind can rule. I'm not a jungle, nor a typical play space, a haven of innovation, where concepts embrace.

Clue 4

I resemble Lingaraj Temple of Bhubaneswar. I am a marvelous creation of marble. Majestic mandir of Kolkata. Standing at an astonishing height of 160 feet. Near a museum, which holds my identical name. A place of worship, a visual treat, With intricate carvings and spiritual zeal. Illuminated by day, aglow at night.

Clue 5

I stand tall, a sacred abode, where devotees in reverence strode. With spires high, my beauty gleams, within my walls, divinity teems. Most beautiful Radha Krishna temple. Nearby me is a Girls school which was established in 1940. A temple where the peacock feather gleams, Echoing chants like sweet, flowing streams. With devotion's flame, the altar is lit, in a place where Hare Krishnas sing, Devotion and joy, their offerings bring. Chanting mantras in a rhythmic spin.

Clue 6

Drama and melody expertly rolled. Actors sing and dance with grace, Costumes shimmer, emotions run high, Songs and dialogues reach the sky. Not just a play, but a musical delight, featuring tunes that take flight. I am a mandir but not a temple. A stage alive with rhythm and rhyme, Dancing, singing, it's a vibrant climb. Not just a play, but a musical spree.

THE END