CHARU'S LIGHT

A Tale of Innovation, Hope and the Power of One Beam

UNIVERSAL ACCESS
TO MODERN ENERGY

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Chapter 1: The Village That Slept at Sunset

In the quiet plains of Bihar, nestled among mustard fields and mango trees, lies the small village of Jaitapur, a place where the day begins early and ends too soon. Here, the sun is more than a source of warmth; it is a clock, one that signals when life must pause. Because once the light fades, Jaitapur disappears into darkness.

By dusk, children rush home, their laughter replaced by anxiety. No streetlights. No glowing windows. Just kerosene lamps flickering weakly in corners. These small flames hiss and cough, much like the children who breathe their fumes. Charu, ten years old, often sits near the kitchen trying to read her schoolbook by the smoky light. Her mother warns her not to strain her eyes, but Charu persists until the lamp gives out.

Every evening, the same pattern unfolds. Families eat quickly. Women hesitate to step outside. Roads become dangerous. Darkness does not just bring fear it brings limits. No homework, no stitching, no safety. Dreams sleep early here too.

Charu dreams of becoming a teacher. Her best friend, Rekha, wants to be a nurse. Munna, her younger brother, dreams of trucks and roads. But dreams need more than

daylight hours. They need light at night, a chance to continue imagining, learning, and building.

The village's only electric pole stands useless, wires dangling like forgotten promises. Every election brings hope. Every year brings disappointment. Teachers urge children to study more, but how can they, when the sun is their only bulb?

Still, Jaitapur has not given up. There is something fierce in its children; a hunger to see more, learn more, become more. But hope alone cannot fight darkness.

One evening, as Charu lay on her rice husk pillow, listening to the night swallow the world, she heard a whisper of change. Earlier that day, a van with unfamiliar tools had driven past the school. People said engineers were coming. Some said they carried lights unlike anything the village had seen, a new kind of invention.

Charu did not know what a *Sideglow Diffusor* was. She did not even know what "sustainable energy" meant. But as the moon rose and the kerosene lamp hissed its last breath, she hoped.
Because somewhere inside her, a small voice said: *Maybe this time, the night won't win.*

Chapter 2: A Girl Called Charu

Charu was ten, but in her mind, she often felt older like someone who had lived many stories without ever stepping outside her village. She lived in a small mud brick house at the edge of Jaitapur, shaded by a neem tree that whispered secrets when the wind passed through. Her big brown eyes often wandered beyond the fields, beyond the trees, beyond the limits of what anyone in her village dared to imagine.

Charu loved drawing sunrises. With a stub of charcoal on scrap paper, she would trace the orange orb rising behind her school's rusted tin roof, always adding birds flying toward it. Her teacher had once asked, "Why always sunrises, Charu?" She had replied shyly, "Because mornings are full of hope, right, sir?"

She was always curious. Curious about stars, ants, people. Why the moon changed shape. Why her mother's hands were always rough. Why the fan at school turned, but the one at home never did. She asked questions not to challenge, but because she believed answers could open new doors.

Charu's world was split between school, chores, and dreams. Mornings began with sweeping the courtyard and heating water for her grandmother (Dadi), who was now too

weak to walk to the temple. Then came school; three rooms, one cracked blackboard, and a teacher who never gave up, even when chalk ran out.

She sat in the front row, always ready with her slate and stories. At lunch, she did run home, bring Dadi rice with salt and mustard oil, and run back. Evenings were her favourite; until they were not. Because as soon as the sun dipped, so did her freedom.

When she returned home after school, she did open her books, ready to study or draw. But as darkness crept in, her mother would light the kerosene lamp, placing it in the corner like a tired guardian. Its dull orange glow gave just enough light to eat, not enough to learn. The smoke made her cough, but she never complained. She simply closed her book, folded the page where her dreams paused, and helped her mother prepare dinner.

She once asked her teacher what electricity felt like. He smiled and said, “Like turning on the sun, whenever you want.” Charu giggled at the thought. What would that even look like? A sun inside her home?

She imagined her little room lit up brightly, walls glowing, books open late into the night, and her drawing of a sunrise hung proudly above her pillow.

But for now, she waited. For the next day's light. For answers to her questions. For someone, somewhere, to notice a girl with charcoal-stained fingers, who believed in sunrises, and hoped for a switch that turned her future on.

Charu did not want the moon. She did not even want the stars. She just wanted a light she could call her own.

Chapter 3: The Arrival of the Engineers

It was a Wednesday when the white van appeared on the dirt road leading into Jaitapur kicking up dust and curiosity in equal measure.

Charu spotted it first, squinting from the school window while pretending to copy a math problem. It was not like the delivery vans that came for weddings or the government jeeps that never stopped. This one was different. It was clean, had shiny mirrors, and on the side were strange English letters no one could read. But what caught Charu's eye most was what the van carried tubes, wires, solar panels and boxes that blinked with red lights.

By lunchtime, the news had spread like summer wildfire. "Engineers have come", someone whispered. "From Patna", said another. "No, from Delhi. They are here to fix the electricity". The grown-ups gathered near the banyan tree, peering cautiously at the newcomers, while the children hovered behind, wide eyed and hopeful.

There were three engineers two men and one young woman in a kurta and dusty sneakers. She smiled easily, spoke in Hindi, and asked to meet the headmaster. Within hours, they were walking through the village, stopping at homes, asking questions, taking notes, pointing at rooftops and walls.

Charu followed them quietly, her schoolbag still slung over one shoulder. She listened closely. They talked about something called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor; a new way to bring light into homes, not through wires and bulbs, but through fibre tubes that could carry sunlight during the day and LED light at night.

"No current needed?" Charu's mother asked skeptically.

"Only a small solar panel", replied the young engineer. "No batteries. No fire. No smoke."

For a moment, everyone stood in silence, unsure whether to believe. They had heard too many promises, seen too many broken poles.

But the engineers did not wait for applause. That evening, they began setting up a pilot installation, a test. They chose the primary school, then Charu's house, since it had an east facing wall and a curious girl who asked a lot of questions.

When the first SDNA tube was mounted; long, milky white, and oddly beautiful Charu touched it gently, as if it were a magic wand. The engineers smiled and explained, "During the day, this will catch sunlight and send it inside. At night, it connects to a solar powered LED. You will have light even after sunset".

Charu did not fully understand the science. But that night, when the sun disappeared and her mother reached for the

kerosene lamp, a soft white glow filled their small room; steady, silent, and smoke-free.

She gasped. Her brother clapped. Her mother covered her mouth in awe.
For the first time in her life, darkness did not win.

And as Charu opened her notebook and began to write long past sunset, she knew something had changed. Not just in her home, but in the very rhythm of her village.

The engineers had not just brought light. They had brought possibility.

Chapter 4: The Magic Tube: SDNA Explained Simply

Charu could not stop staring at the white tube fixed to the corner of her wall. It was unlike anything she had ever seen; not a bulb, not a lantern and definitely not like the kerosene lamp that made her eyes sting. It was long and smooth, almost like a piece of a rainbow frozen in time. At night, it gave off a soft, white glow not too bright, but clear enough to read, cook and feel safe.

Everyone in the village had questions. “What is this pipe”, “How does it glow”, “Is it magic” Charu had the same questions too. But unlike the others, she was determined to understand it not just enjoy it.

The young woman engineer, whose name was Roshni, noticed Charu’s curiosity and invited her to sit beside her under the banyan tree. She carried a notebook full of diagrams and smiled, “Want to know how the magic works?”

Charu nodded eagerly.

“It’s not magic” Roshni said. “It is science. This tube is part of a new system called the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor. That is a big name, so let’s break it down.”

She drew a sun on the page. “Every day, the sun gives us a lot of light. But we do not use most of it. So, what if we

could capture that light, guide it through special pipes and release it slowly inside homes”

Charu’s eyes widened. “Like sunlight traveling through a straw?”
“Exactly” Roshni laughed. “But instead of a straw, we use a special fibre optic tube. It catches the light and spreads it gently through the walls. And at night, it switches to a tiny solar powered LED inside the tube, giving you light without wires, smoke and pollution”.

Charu imagined the sunlight squeezing itself into a long tube, waiting patiently until night to come out again. “But what if it rains” she asked.

“Good question. That is why we also use small solar panels to store backup energy for the night. Even if it is cloudy, you will still get a few hours of light”.

Roshni showed her a small square panel installed on the roof. “This is like a battery that gets charged by the sun. It is simple, safe, and clean”.

Charu looked at the sketch, then at the tube glowing inside her house. Suddenly, it did not feel like magic anymore. It felt like a clever idea brought to life.

That evening, Charu explained everything to her Dadi in her own words, “It is a pipe that eats the sun and spits out light whenever we need it. No kerosene, no fire, no smell. Just sunshine inside our house”.

Her Dadi chuckled, “Then may the sun always bless our roof”.

Soon, other children gathered around Charu, asking her to explain again. She did patiently and proudly, like a little teacher in training.

For Charu, the SDNA tube was more than just a light. It was knowledge. It was empowerment. It was her first real step toward the future she had always dreamed of, a future where understanding replaced fear and light replaced silence.

Chapter 5: When Light Meets Life: First Nights of Illumination

That evening, as dusk folded its quiet arms around Jaitapur, something unusual stirred in the village; not fear, not silence, but curiosity. For the first time in memory, Charu's house did not go dark when the sun dipped behind the trees. The SDNA tube, nestled in the corner above the doorway, came alive with a soft white glow. It was not harsh like city bulbs and dangerous like kerosene. It was calm. Steady. A light that belonged, as if it had always been there just waiting to be invited.

Charu's brother Munna gasped when he entered the room. "It is like morning in here" he said, laughing, his hands reaching toward the ceiling. Charu twirled around, arms outstretched, as if she could scoop the light and hold it close. Her mother just stood there, speechless, a hand over her mouth.

That night, for the first time, the family sat together under clean, reliable light. No coughing. No smoky smell. Just stories, food, and peace.

In the house next door, the scene was the same. Rekha finished her sewing without squinting. Her father cleaned his tools and sharpened his sickle. In the third house, an old

man read the Bhagavad Gita (mythological book) aloud something he had not done in years.

Word spread like wildfire. Children walked through the lanes, pointing and whispering. “Look, that house has light” “How” “Will we get it too”.

Charu, still glowing herself, proudly explained everything she had learned from Roshni. “The tube catches the sunlight in the day, and then gives it back at night. No smoke. No noise. No burning eyes”.

That night, the village felt alive in a way it had not before. Lanes once feared after sunset became paths of wonder. Elderly neighbours stepped outside for a chat. Women laughed under soft lit verandas. A few boys played catch beneath the community installation, throwing a rubber ball in the new pool of white light.

For the school teacher, it meant he could stay an extra hour to prepare lesson plans. For the midwife, it meant no more panicked deliveries in the dark. For the little ones, it meant storybooks didn’t have to wait for sunrise.

And for Charu it meant possibility had arrived.

She finished her homework after dinner, without rubbing her eyes and holding the notebook inches from the lamp. She even helped Munna (her brother) with his alphabet. Then, before bed, she drew a picture; a row of homes glowing in the night, with tiny stars above and soft beams of light below. She titled it *"When Night Forgot to Be Dark"*.

The SDNA lights had not just changed homes. They had changed habits, emotions, even the heartbeat of Jaitapur. In one evening, darkness had lost its grip and the village had taken its first collective breath of freedom.

And as the lights softly hummed into the night, Charu whispered to herself, "If this is just the beginning, what else could be possible".

Chapter 6: Small Lights, Big Changes

The days after the SDNA lights arrived felt like a season of celebration in Jaitapur, though no drums were beaten and no garlands hung. The transformation was quieter but far deeper. It was in the way the village moved after dark; slowly, confidently, almost as if learning to walk again.

More SDNA tubes were installed, one house at a time. Each time a new home lit up, a cheer would rise; sometimes claps, sometimes laughter, always a sense of arrival. Families that once disappeared into their homes by sunset now stayed out on verandas, sipping tea, sharing stories, mending clothes and simply enjoying the new rhythm of an extended day.

At the school, the change was remarkable. With light in the classroom, evening classes began, something unthinkable just a week before. Charu and her classmates stayed late, solving sums, reading stories and practicing their handwriting. The headmaster, who had taught for thirty years, said quietly, “For the first time, we are not racing against the sun”.

In the small courtyard beside the temple, a local tailor set up a sewing machine under the new SDNA lit canopy. “Now I can finish orders even after dinner”, she smiled. Her

income increased and so did her confidence. Her daughters began stitching beside her, learning skills by light they had never known.

The village anganwadi (daycare centre) extended its hours too, allowing working mothers a little more flexibility. The midwife, Lakshmi didi (elder sister), started holding evening health awareness meetings for girls and mothers under the soft white glow near the banyan tree.

Charu watched all this with growing wonder. The change was not just in what people were doing but in how they carried themselves. There was less urgency. Less fear. Children played longer. Elders shared wisdom under open skies. Women, who once rushed chores before dark, now lingered a little, humming songs as they cooked.

And still, the lights remained steady never flickering, never fading.

Even the mood of the village shifted. Fewer arguments, fewer accidents. The hush of darkness had always brought tension now replaced by a calm, soft lit atmosphere. Jaitapur had not become a city. But it had stopped being forgotten.

What struck Charu most was how small the lights were; just a tube, a panel, a wire. No fanfare. No giant towers and electric meters. Yet, in those small beams, huge changes were unfolding.

She began to journal her thoughts, recording every difference she noticed. “Amma (mother) smiles more now”, she wrote one night. “Munna can write his name without me holding the lamp”. Another entry read, “The light outside the temple looks like moonlight, but warmer”.

Charu realized that the SDNA was not just a tube. It was a doorway. A quiet invitation for the village to stretch itself beyond limitations.

And each time another home lit up, she whispered the same thing to herself, *it’s working.*

Because sometimes, big changes do not start with noise; they start with a single, steady light.

Chapter 7: Mothers, Markets and Midnight Weaving

In the gentle light of her newly lit home, Charu's mother, Meena Devi, found something she had not held in years; Time.

Before the SDNA lights arrived, her day was a blur of cooking, fetching water, washing clothes, tending to animals and looking after the children. The sun marked the beginning and end of her working hours. After sunset, she barely had enough light to cook, let alone pursue anything for herself. But now, with the soft glow of the SDNA diffuser in their kitchen and courtyard, her evenings belonged to her again.

Meena had once been a skilled basket weaver. Her fingers, though weathered, still remembered the craft. With steady evening light, she pulled out her old palm leaf bundle from the loft and began weaving again. At first, just one basket, thin, delicate, a little uneven. But soon, she fell back into rhythm.

Charu would sit beside her, watching her mother's hands dance. "It is like drawing with leaves", she said once, mesmerized.

Other women in the village noticed. Rekha's mother, who used to embroider blouses for weddings, brought out her threads. Bina didi, the widow who lived alone, began making papads (pappadam) and drying them under the sun to sell. The SDNA lights had done more than just chase away the darkness, they had opened a window for women to reclaim their skills and their identity.

Soon, Meena and a few other women decided to walk to the early morning haat bazaar (wholesale market) together. Carrying baskets, embroidered handkerchiefs and jars of homemade pickles, they found a small corner near the bus stand and set up shop.

Sales were slow at first. But curious buyers stopped. "Made in Jaitapur" they asked, surprised. "You made these at night" The women nodded, proud and smiling.

The money they earned was not much, maybe enough for extra vegetables, a new dupatta, or Charu's school notebook. But it was earned and that made all the difference.

What followed was unexpected; Confidence. The women began meeting after dinner under the banyan tree, where a public SDNA light had been installed. They exchanged weaving tips, stitching patterns, business ideas. For the first

time, they were not just wives and mothers they were creators.

Charu watched it all unfold, a notebook in her lap. She started documenting what she called the “Night Market Stories”. She wrote about how light had reignited her mother’s spirit, brought neighbours closer and created possibilities where none had existed.

Meena Devi, once soft spoken and weary, now smiled more often. She braided Charu’s hair tighter, walked a little taller and even spoke during village meetings.

One night, as Charu helped arrange baskets for the next market day, she asked, “Amma, are you happy”.

Her mother looked at her, her eyes glowing in the white light. “Yes, bitiya (my daughter). I feel like I have woken up after many years”.

And just like that, in the heart of a village that once slept early, mothers were rising again under the stars, with their hands full of hope and craft.

Chapter 8: Safer Roads and Brighter Classrooms

The SDNA lights had started as a quiet miracle in homes, but within weeks, they began shaping Jaitapur's shared spaces too.

The first public installation was a modest tube near the village well. Before that, women hesitated to fetch water after dusk. The path was narrow, with uneven stones and buzzing insects. But now, under the gentle, steady glow of the Sideglow Diffusor, the once feared route became a meeting place. Laughter, stories and hushed gossip filled the air. Small steps but for many, these lights meant safety and dignity.

The next big change came on the road near the primary school. For years, it was a danger zone after dark. Teachers had slipped. Children had fallen. Rickshaw wheels jammed in muddy potholes. But once a row of SDNA lights mounted on bamboo poles began to illuminate the stretch, the road felt different. Safer. Walkable. Alive.

Charu's school itself underwent a quiet transformation. Before, classes ended by early afternoon because no one wanted to walk home in the dark and classrooms were too dim for reading after 3 PM. But now, with SDNA lights in

each room, the school stayed open longer. Evening literacy sessions for adults began and children who had fallen behind got a second chance to catch up.

Charu beamed with joy when she could attend extra reading practice at 6 PM. Her teacher, Mr. Sahu, said something she did never forget, “Earlier, the darkness would close your books. Now, you get to choose when to stop”.

Even the blackboard looked clearer under the new light. Girls and boys raised their hands more confidently. And children who once skipped school during harvest season began returning, eager to make up for lost time. It was not just the light it was the message it sent; *You matter enough for the village to shine brighter.*

One afternoon, a group of older girls approached the headmaster. “Can we start a night library” they asked. With help from the engineers, they turned a storeroom into a tiny learning corner, lit by a single SDNA diffuser. Old books were dusted off, shelves built from scrap wood, and students brought in comics, magazines, even English dictionaries.

By week’s end, the library was bustling with readers. Some sat cross legged, some leaned against the wall, but all were there by choice; choosing knowledge over sleep.

Outside, the village roads no longer emptied at dusk. Small vegetable stalls stayed open longer. Bicycles and carts moved freely. The shadows still came but they were outnumbered by light.

For Charu, it was more than infrastructure. It was imagination, coming alive in the spaces where she walked, learned, and played. One evening, while walking home from the library under the safe white glow, she whispered, “Even the stars feel closer now”.

Because when roads become safe and classrooms stay open, a village does not just light up.

It moves forward one beam, one book, one brave girl at a time.

Chapter 9: SDG 7.1 and the Promise of Modern Energy for All

One crisp morning, the schoolteacher arrived early, holding a printed poster with bright blue letters and the United Nations logo. At the top it read: **"Sustainable Development Goal 7.1: Ensure access to affordable, reliable, and modern energy for all by 2030".**

Charu, curious as ever, tugged at his sleeve, "What does it mean, Sir"
Mr. Sahu knelt beside her. "It means the world has made a promise. That no child should have to close her book because the sun has set. That every village like ours should have light that is clean, safe and always there."

He pointed to the SDNA tube glowing above the blackboard. "This, Charu, is that promise in action".

SDG 7.1 is not just about electricity it is about opportunity. For girls who want to study. For mothers who want to work. For farmers who need light to irrigate at night. It is about freedom from energy poverty, which holds back dreams in silence and shadow.

As word of Jaitapur's transformation spread, nearby villages came to see. Engineers and NGOs visited. They

took notes and clicked photos. Even a small camera crew came one day to make a video. They interviewed Charu and asked, “How has light changed your life”.

Charu answered honestly, “Before, night was scary. Now it is full of things to do. I can study. My Amma can weave. My brother does not cry from smoke anymore. We feel…… seen”.

What was once a sleepy village now buzzed with new hope. The SDNA lights were not just lights they were evidence. Evidence that frugal innovation and a global promise like SDG 7.1 could walk hand in hand, all the way to the last mile.

In community meetings, the term “SDG” became familiar. “SDG is why we have this light”, someone would say. The engineer Roshni explained it best, “We cannot wait for cities to trickle down solutions. We must build them, village by village”.

And so, in the little homes of Jaitapur, a global goal had found its glow not just in policy, but in practice. And it shone in Charu’s eyes every night she turned a page past sunset.

Chapter 10: Charu's Dream: Becoming an Engineer of Light

The SDNA lights had changed many things in Jaitapur; roads, schools, homes and habits but perhaps the biggest change of all was something invisible; **Ambition**.

Charu's once simple dream of becoming a teacher had begun to stretch. She still loved books and lessons, but now, she found herself drawn to the tools and tubes, the wires and sketches that the engineers had used to bring light into her world. More than once, she had watched Roshni Didi connect the panels, check the diffuser angles and explain solar energy in ways that made magic sound like mathematics.

One evening, Charu sat beside her mother under the soft glow of the SDNA lamp, sketching yet another drawing this time of a village lit up entirely with solar panels, windmills and glowing tubes, "What are you drawing, bitiya" Meena asked.

"My future", Charu said with a grin, "I want to become an engineer like Roshni Didi. I want to take light to every village like ours".

Her mother paused, taken aback, "Engineer? But that's…… big."

Charu nodded, “Yes. And I am not afraid”.

Over the next few months, she began asking more questions more than ever before. How does sunlight get converted into electricity? What is a photovoltaic cell? Why do some lights glow brighter than others? The village school did not have all the answers, but her teacher helped her write a letter to a nearby district library. Soon, a bundle of science books arrived, each one more exciting than the last.

She started a Science Wall at school, posting new facts each week. She saved her pocket money to buy batteries and wires from the local market, building small circuits with help from Roshni. Her favourite experiment was using a mirror to redirect sunlight through a water bottle to create a homemade light beam, her very own “Jugaad (hack) Jaitapur Invention,” she called it.

The villagers watched in awe as Charu’s curiosity bloomed into skill. Girls who once thought engineering was for city children began staying after class. Even Munna followed her around with wide eyes, calling her “Light Didi”.

One afternoon, as a government officer visited the school to inspect the SDNA installations, Charu asked if she could present a short talk. She stood up in her bright yellow kurta and explained confidently, and passionately how energy

poverty affected children, how SDNA worked, and how she wanted to be part of the solution.

The officer clapped, “With girls like you, India’s future is already shining”, he said.
Charu smiled. But in her heart, she did not just want praise she wanted progress.

She wanted more girls with dreams like hers. More villages that did not go dark at sunset. More mothers who could weave, more children who could read, more elders who could walk safely at night.

And so, her dream was not just hers anymore. It was Jaitapur’s dream. It was India’s dream.
To be an engineer of light, Charu knew, was not only about building things. It was about illuminating lives.

And one day, she promised herself, she would return to Jaitapur not just as a girl who once needed light, but as a woman who knew how to carry it wherever it was missing.

Summary

In the dusty heartland of Bihar, in a village that vanishes from maps after dusk, lives a curious and determined 10-year-old girl named Charu. Her world, like many others across rural India, is shaped by rhythms of daylight, the hiss of kerosene lamps, and the silence of dreams deferred after sunset.

But everything changes when a team of engineers arrives, introducing a humble yet powerful invention; the SDNA Sideglow Diffusor, a technology that channels both natural and artificial light through side-emitting fibre optics. With the backing of Sustainable Development Goal 7.1, the village gets a taste of clean, affordable, and modern energy for the first time.

Through Charu's eyes, we witness how light, something many take for granted, can transform an entire community. Her school can now hold classes in the evening. Her mother starts a small weaving business under reliable lighting. Girls in her village feel safer after dark. Her friend Munna, who once dropped out of school to help at home, starts studying again.

This tale blends fact with storytelling, using Charu's journey to explore the emotional and socioeconomic impact

of lighting access. It draws from real data, inventions, and SDG frameworks, bringing policy to life through narrative. A story of empowerment, “Charu’s Light” is a tribute to the millions of children in India whose futures remain dim not because of a lack of talent, but a lack of light.

Final Page Content for SetBook

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NFT/NFW Framework

NFT/NFW - Similar themes allow us to support the Ecological TRANSITION, on every "Territory of the Planet (Dream.ZONE)", with your contribution (if you wish to get involved). Consider De.Fi. and our Industrial Properties as a development engine, on energy and water, soliciting synergies locally (in a distributed & pervasive perspective), made evident by means of their "uniqueness" NF (NotFungible) with T (Token/RIGHTS) or W (Temporary WARRANT).

- **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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