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PANACHE

February 2024

Volume 3, Issue 2

Chief Editor:
Akanksha Shrivastava

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Preface

"Panache" is not just a name. It is a basic value of our "Aadhya Publishing House" as we believe talent should never die. Rather it should always stand out like the feathered plume on a helmet to attract the world and that is what Panache means. We, as the Publisher, believe in encouraging new talent in the field of literature. We want each and every poet to get the opportunity to express themselves and get the proper acknowledge that they deserve. They should be known by the world for their views and we hope very soon we shall be able to achieve this.

Panache is a monthly international magazine in the English Language, that is released on digital platforms for literature lovers.

However, our work does not end here. I, Akanksha Shrivastava, Publisher and Chief Editor of Aadhya Publishing house, am trying to put a smile on the faces of poor children by providing them with food on behalf of our publishing house. By taking this small initiative, it is our wish to fulfill this basic need of food so that we help the children to survive in a better way.



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

February 2024

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558

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Panache is a monthly magazine which is published by **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**. In this magazine we encourage new poets and writers by publishing their writings. Every month we offer a competition in which poets and writers can take part by registering themselves. The registered participants send their writings along with their name , photograph and phone number. The magazine will be launched on our facebook page on 1st day of every month. After the launch of magazine every registered writer will get the pdf of the magazine. Out of all the registered participants we ask every writer for their top 5 choices. And then we promote our writers on our social media platforms like Facebook, Instagram, Youtube, Twitter . This “**Panache**” will definitely be the attraction of literature and also the rise of every poet...



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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Titles

1.	Aftab Tariq	India	1
2.	Ahsanullah Nasar	Pakistan	2
3.	Akanksha Datta	India	6
4.	Aladodo Yasir	Nigeria	8
5.	Amna Ameer Gondal	Pakistan	9
6.	Behruz Saifulloev	Tajikistan	10
7.	Bholanath Samanta	India	11
8.	Boto Ahmad	Nigeria	12
9.	Caroline Cabral	England	13
10.	Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal	India	14
11.	Dhan Singh 'Dhanendra'	India	17
12.	Donika Sharma	India	18
13.	Esha Fatima	Pakistan	19
14.	Fida Salazar	Philippines	20
15.	Girish Chandra Upadhyay	India	22
16.	Husna Abbasi	Pakistan	23
17.	Jailaxmi R Vinayak	India	24
18.	Jose Luis Lopez	Puerto Rico	26
19.	Kailash Rana	India	27
20.	Kanchan Mishra	India	30
21.	Leonten Tendai Chakombera	Zimbabwe	31
22.	Lucy Victoria David	South Africa	32
23.	Major Sir Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju	Nigeria	33
24.	Med Kerkoub	Algeria	34
25.	Nhamo Muchagumisa	Zimbabwe	36
26.	Obale Aishat Adenike	Nigeria	41
27.	Oladipupo, Olayemi Anuoluwapo.	Nigeria.	42
28.	Own Abbas	Pakistan	43
29.	Pavni Sharma	India	44
30.	Phillips Tayo Damilola	Nigeria	45

31. Princess Annabel	Nigeria	47
32. Promila Bhardwaj	India	48
33. S.Arunkumar	India	49
34. Sabir Khan Nasar	Pakistan	50
35. Shanzay Nawaz	Pakistan	51
36. Sheudzhen Inver	Russia	54
37. Shoaib Mehmood	Pakistan	55
38. Tanzeela Rehman (Malickzadi)	Pakistan	56
39. Tha Ono	Trinidad & Tobago	57
40. Usha Krishnan	India	59
41. Vinod Kumar Jha	India	60

Note :- We always demand the original write-ups from our writers. If any article, short story or poem is found to be a copy of any other article, short story or poem respectively, then the writer would only be responsible for it.

1. ON THE DEATH OF THE Cuckoo:

How shall I forget your black veil,
That hid the scarlet white face,
That smile healing a thousand wounds,
Those beautiful steps still tread through my heart.

That innocent gait and that blushful face,
Like the first rose born on the hedge.
That shrill voice still echoes in my ears,
Like the cuckoo's first spring song.

It feels like you are everywhere around,
In the kitchen, on stairs, in the backyard, everywhere,
But, oh! you don't reply to my call anymore.

I smell your lively scent in the clothes,
On the broom, on the pillow in the rooms,
I still feel you descending from the stairs,
Going to summon me for dinner to have...

Ah! That white rabbit is aghast at its owner,
Who couldn't feed it the next morning.
And left the home and didn't come back.
It might have sensed her death before,
And have dug a burrow in the paradise.

Fie! The demon-infested room where you
Breathed last in silence and seclusion,
And none heard your last words and sighs.

Oh! You might have desired to live again,
Oh! You might have desired to live again.



**Mr. Aftab Tariq
Poet And Teacher
Lalpora Kupwara
Kashmir**

This poem is dedicated to one of my relative who passed away a few weeks before

2. The Rain OF Blood At Quetta Road:

On July 7, 2023, I rose later than usual, sensing an unusual unease in the air. As I adorned myself in black attire, a disconcerting feeling lingered. Stepping outside, the weather presented a contradiction—clear blue skies clashed with ominous, dark clouds hovering mysteriously. My destination was the bustling heart of Loralai, specifically the Jamal Nasir stationary on Tehsil Road, where I intended to print my research on Mohsin Hameed's novel, "The Last White Man," a pivotal work for my graduation degree.

The tranquility shattered as the once-distant dark clouds amassed. My gaze fixed on the heavens, I discerned an unsettling symphony of police sirens piercing through the air. Three police vans hurtled towards the Government Hospital in Loralai, each packed with people from my hometown, the urgency of the situation etched in their expressions. Feeling really worried, I quickly opened my social app, but I ran out of data. In the busy bazaar, people in fancy turbans and traditional clothes were rushing everywhere, looking super urgent. Everyone was talking about something mysterious.

I went up to a guy in the chaos and found out there was a big fight between two groups of one major caste. I got anxious, and my first thought was to call my dad, who thankfully was safe and clueless. Worries about my relatives, last seen in police vans, made me head to Loralai City's GHQ hospital.

After a 20-minute walk, I found a crazy scene at the Emergency center. It was like a huge crowd, everyone looking for their family, but the doctors were missing as once the district minister had claimed it "The number (1) hospital.

Twenty minutes later, five ambulances came, and it was a really sad sight. The injured people, covered in red, looked like they had been in a scary sea of blood. The leaders of Nasar and Kakar tribes, in charge of the "Jirga" tried to send elders to stop the fighting between the two groups. With more injured people arriving, the emergency center became full, and some were moved to the General ward. The injured Khan Group, considered the chief of the major caste was sent to the general ward, while Asghar group remained in the Emergency center. With



**Mr. Ahsanullah
Nasar**
**Writer, poet, and
teacher**
**Loralai
Pakistan**

in number (1) hospital lacked light, fans, and was filled with thousands of mosquitoes, I noticed a young guy covered in blood desperately asking about Haleem suspecting his brother might be dead. Some ignored him, others said Haleem was fine, but he insisted they were lying, recounting the brutal attack on his brother. A compassionate man, possibly from the Kakar tribe, brought a small solar fan with a 100-empire battery from his mother to comfort the suffering guy. Despite his severe pain, it seemed he was more concerned about his brother, Haleem. A nurse prescribed an injection to control his pain, and I rushed to a private medical store. The storekeeper gave me a diclofenac injection and refused payment, mentioning that the District minister had advised providing all medicines for free. This humanitarian act left me feeling grateful but confuse.

Returning to the ward, a man about six feet tall, with a white face, scary eyes, pudgy nose, and a turban over his long hair, wearing "Shalwar Kamez," explained why these two groups were fighting. He was telling that In the backdrop of the Afghan-Pakistan border in Baadini, a tragic narrative unfolds concerning the major Tribe and the hundreds of acres they called it as "Darwazagaye". This land, situated at the Pakistan border area, became a bone of contention as Afghan residents, specifically the Shamulzai, forcibly seized it. The struggle for this territory became a protracted battle between the Pakistani Nasar tribe and the Afghan Shamulzai, claiming the lives of many "zwanan" or youngsters from the Khan group.

Amidst this turmoil, Khan Ahmad Khan, the chief of the Nasar tribe, met his demise at the hands of the Afghan Shamulzai. Complicating matters further, the Asghar group, backed by a newly emerged Nasar sardar with intentions to weaken the Khan groups, sought to wrest control of the contested land. This internal strife fanned the flames of conflict within the major Nasar tribe.

The Asghar group, fully prepared for a confrontation, descended upon the Quetta Road near Kattvi Morh early in the morning, armed with various knives and woody sticks. Unaware of the impending danger, the Khan group was ambushed, resulting in a brutal confrontation that painted the road red, resembling a horrifying scene. Surrounded by this turmoil, my attention was drawn to a familiar face from my hometown—Zwaan Mohammad Sha Gull. Brimming with energy and compassion, he tirelessly attended to the wounded, running between the ward and the medical store under the scorching sun. His dedication

was evident as he served for four consecutive hours, his initially energetic pace gradually giving way to fatigue. I tried to call my friend Muzaffar kakar to assist the injured with his nursing skills on humanitarian basis but unfortunately he was far cry at the moment.

As I was in the middle of tension, someone special kept calling me over and over, telling me to be careful. They said that in these fights, the ones who try to stop the trouble usually end up getting hurt or even killed. Life's like that sometimes, you know? We want to help, but there are risks, and it's like walking on a tightrope between making a difference and staying safe. It's a reminder that our good intentions might come with a price, and we need to tread wisely in the complexities of life's conflicts.

But later, on social media, I came across a young man adorned in white attire, featuring a black "Sadrii" (Cultural jacket) and Peshawari Safflye instead of "Choonch wala shoes." This individual courageously stood amidst a chaotic scene where both groups were violently clashing, throwing stones like rain, they were carrying woody sticks and beating each other like my "Anna" (Grandma) use to hit the wool with a stick for some domestic purposes. Some even resorted to using knives on a man named Haleem Khan, reminiscent like slaughtering animals and cutting their skins. In this chaotic scenario, the selfless individual, like a lone sentinel and steel guardian, stood tall, protecting human lives. This unsung hero was none other than Malak Akhtar Gull Hamzazai. The juxtaposition of his noble act against the brutality of the conflict serves as a poignant reminder of the risks inherent in choosing to make a difference in the complex tapestry of life's conflicts.

Suddenly, the urgency for A+ blood echoed through the air, prompting a swift response from those willing to contribute. However, my attempt to offer my blood was thwarted by a towering Christian man who reached the laboratory first. Such scenes unfolded in the hospital compound, revealing the complexities of human nature even in the face of tragedy.

In the hospital corridors, I encountered a friend, a police inspector, engrossed in collecting data. His question, laced with ego, inquired about my presence with a satirical smile, I responded that I was there merely to lend a helping hand.

Near the operation theatre, an ambulance stood, conveying Haleem of khan group to Quetta. Peering inside, a somber realization set in – he was not just injured but had succumbed to the brutality of the conflict. Yet, the elders orchestrating

the Jirga chose not to declare him dead immediately, strategically managing information to contain the escalating tensions and maintain control over the volatile situation. The Jirga elders and the District Minister moved Haleem's body from DHQ hospital to town named as "Zorh Bawar" in Loralai claiming he was alive and transferred to Quetta for advanced surgical treatment to prevent further issues. After a tiring and emotionally challenging day, people from the hospital dispersed, and I also headed home.

The Jirga elders imposed a cultural rule for Five days called "Mandarh," which meant both groups couldn't fight for the next five days.

In the evening at 6:22 PM, while teaching my students, I learned from one student's brother that Haleem had passed away, then I heard a call of his death from near by mosque in loud speaker It hit me hard, but it didn't feel entirely real.

Haleem funeral took place near his home, drawing thousands of attendees. The customary "fatiha," where relatives gather to pray for the deceased, usually lasts three days. However, Haleem's fatiha continued for nearly a month or more.

In the same night, I heard that the district minister had transferred all members of the Asghar group to an unknown location. This action was rooted in a cultural belief in Pashtun culture, where if one group kills a member of another group, they are not allowed to stay in the same province. They can't conduct businesses or maintain relationships, and darkness persists until the suffering group pardons them.

People in our village often gathered in front of the mosque after "Mazigar" and "Mashaam" prayers to discuss daily life problems. One day, after "Mazigar" prayer, I overheard hearsays that a man from the Asghar group had opened a jewelry shop. Members of the Khan group reportedly went to the shop, threatened, and beat him, forcing the closure of the shop.

The same night In a dream I dreamed the "Marakkaa" was going to held to solve the conflict but In that dream I dreamed a "stunn" (Needle) was slaughtering beyond my dream.

Anything is expected, anywhere is expected_
whether it's a bloody rain,
a slaughtering maiden, or
the game of money.

By Ahsanullah Nasar

3. Unconventional Career Choices that can take you places

Gone are the days when students focused on careers that assured a 9-to-5 job with perks and stability. Traditional career options took a back seat when jobs related to hobbies and passion came into the limelight, offering a promising and bright future. Youngsters these days prefer a road less traveled to explore better and unique options related to jobs and income.

With ever-changing trends, people these days are opting for careers that are flexible, stress-free, creative, and enjoyable. In recent times, skill development is trending for choosing a desired career path. Unconventional career choices might be a difficult decision to take, but chosen wisely, these out-of-the-box opportunities can take you places. Even schools, colleges, and government programs encourage kids to become entrepreneurs and develop new ideas and interests to go that extra mile to accomplish something discrete and exceptional.

Offbeat careers trending over recent years:

Illustration artists: Highly in demand among publishing houses and authors for picture/illustrated storybooks.

Wine taster: An experienced wine taster earns a fortune and can work with hotels, restaurants, liquor companies, wine exporters, cruise liners, etc.

Tattoo artist: With the growing interest of people in tattoo art, a good tattoo artist has tremendous potential to earn and grow in this field.

Dog breeders: The pet industry is an ever-flourishing industry where dog breeders play a major role in providing healthy purebred puppies to dog lovers.



**Ms. Akanksha
Datta
Professional
Storyteller, Book
Blogger, Content
Writer, Freelance
Columnist
Gurgaon
Haryana**

Stand-up comedian: How about being funny and getting paid for it. Corporate parties, family functions, promotional events; comedians are in demand. They also earn through content creation on social media platforms.

Wedding planners: It's all about customized themes, fairytale setups, destination weddings. Wedding planners earn money for end-to-end planning to make the D-day memorable and unique.

Voice-over artist: People record voices for advertisements on TV/radio, cartoons/animated characters, dub for regional and foreign movies with expressions and impact. Good voice-over artists are in immense demand.

Pet groomers: Pet parents opt for the best pet groomers to keep their pet baby groomed and hygienic. They can work independently or with a veterinary hospital, pet salon, mobile vans, and boarding facilities.

Professional photographer: From capturing precious moments of newborn babies to pre-wedding shoots, food photography, pet photography, wildlife photography, fashion photography, architectural photography, the scope in this field is immense.

Makeup artist: With a wide array of possibilities, makeup artists earn pretty well if they are skilled and talented. There is a phenomenal growth opportunity in this sector.

Disc Jockey/DJing: Want to work for radio stations/pubs/clubs? Wish to go on-air? Choose this career option. It includes playing music, reading commercials, interviewing guests, and conducting self-written scripted programs.

Akanksha Datta

Gurgaon

Professional Storyteller, Book Blogger, Content Writer, Freelance Columnist for Times Group, Dainik Bhaskar, and other leading newspapers of India, working with several NGOs since teenage.

4. I sing in parables

I sing in parables.
I speak in idioms.
I tell in proverbs.
I write in imagery.
I sight in quotations.

Life flies with the air.
When the storm stands,
I run after the storm
To stop the knife from coming to the earth.

Coming down with the storm,
I heard the storm singing in Africa.
Its tone grabbed my heart with its hand,
Telling me, 'Did you know?'
I said, 'No.'
It repeated, 'Did you know life is a drama?'
While paradise is the result.

Let me tell a story of life
On a closing evening,
When 'Azan' is calling for prayer.



Mr. Aladodo Yasir
Journalist
Ilorin
Nigeria

5. "YOUR TRANQUILITY"

I Want to be Your Tranquility,
Where Resides Your Serenity.

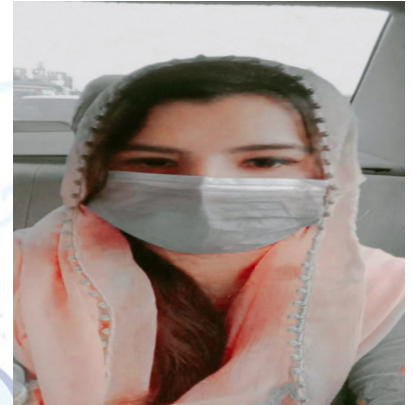
When your Heart' filled with fear,
And these Eyes flooded with tears.

Immoderate thoughts, surrounds you exhaustively,
Occupies your Gallantry exclusively.

Terminate' those dreadful Obsession,
Commence' to challenge the Trepidation.

I covet to sow Love seeds of Proclivity,
In your Heart to embrace Love Eternity.

I wish to be infatuated with your "Delight",
Where relays my Love's ultimate height.



**Ms. Amna Ameer
Gondal
Clinical
Psychologist
Islamabad
Pakistan**

6. Thoughts from life observations

We cannot live without remembering the past.
When we are engaged in work, time passes quickly in our eyes.

An event can change our life that we did not even expect.

You will appreciate everything in the end and in their absence.

In life, you should constantly develop yourself.

Appreciate the beauties because they are unrepeatable.

A person should learn to control himself in any situation.

The best days of life are youth.

Nothing is hidden from view.

You can overcome all the heights with your own strength.

They smile at you with money.

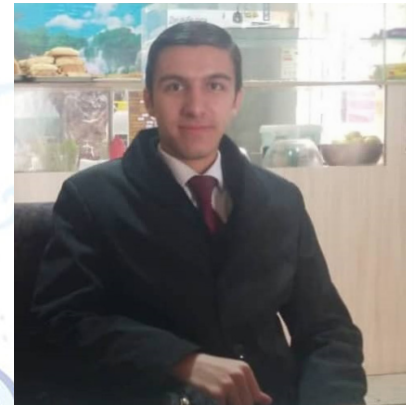
Joys often come one after the other.

You have to work with your mind, don't be proud and famous!

Do not be afraid of anything if it is for our benefit!

Always smile. Sadness never solves a problem.

You are your own cure in this world.



**Mr. Behruz
Saifulloev
Journalist
Tajikistan**

7. RELATIONSHIP

Relationships today are questionable,
Relationship means the bonding of two emotional attachments

Where it's found in father-mother, brother-sister, husband-wife, and so on.

Faith, belief, cooperation, and understanding are found in relationships.

Whispering among villagers about the breakup of a husband-wife relationship,

Is too long and hard; can a relationship end?

Instead of having their sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and so on...

See, see, the Sahajan-Momtaj relationship, how they were made for each other and so sweet.

Tell me, tell me, how will society tolerate it?

Some villagers insult and pinch them

When the bonding is not strong enough to last forever.

Nobody can say each relationship is forever.

Yes, some relationships might be forever if we wish to carry on.

Relationships can go ahead and never end until death,

Alternatively, they might close before the end of life.

Breaking relationships of persons found with a trace full mind,

Such persons in society you may find.

Sweet relationships lead to a strong family and a better society as well.



**Mr. Bhola Nath
Samanta
Teacher
West Bengal**

8. LOVE IS LIKE A SOUL IN OUR HEART

When I look into her eyes, I fall in love with her.
When I meet her in personality,

she shows me her wedding ring.
I said, "That doesn't matter nowadays; ladies are wearing
this
because they don't want someone to

approach them with the word 'LOVE'.
I told her this ring is not for a wedding.
She laughed at me and said,
"You are a very funny and talented guy."

I asked her for her contact,
she gave it, and then asked me for mine.
I gave her mine.
By midnight, I called her.

I said hi, and she replied hello.
I started mentioning the romantic expressions.
"You are my home.
Your eyes are my foundation.

Your lips, my walls.
Your hands, my rooftop.
I haven't been home in so very long,
and I miss my home."

She got excited and said, "Thank you so much, my darling."
Because of my expression, she called me "my darling."
I named her my honey.

At the end of our call, I said, "I will love you forever,
and forever you will be in my golden heart.



Mr. Boto Ahmad
Student
Mubi
Nigeria

9. WHAT IF

What if it's just a dream waiting for you to open your eyes and realize that it could possibly be true if you merely believe you could?

What if it's not love, but just an illusion that drives you into a world of exhilaration, only to realize that it could be a bittersweet reality?

What if you think it's not the right path you've been walking on, and the road leads to something unexpected, just to realize that the road less taken has always been worth it?

What if it's not a sacrifice but a sign of connection, of an inseparable bond, just to realize that though miles apart, it's the soul that binds them all?

What if it's the end of the road, but there is always another hidden, just to realize that it takes the right time and perseverance to truly find your treasure?

What if it's not meant to be, but it's only a matter of fact to realize that there is a purpose for everything that happens in life, and if it's meant to be, it will be.



Ms. Caroline Cabral
Healthcare
professional
London
England

10. Understanding True History and Science of Bharat

History and science both are very important for the development of a nation. Guru Gobind Singh ji, Veer Shiva ji and Maharana Pratap created a new chapter of our history to be remembered for years to come.

Howard Zinn once said, "History is important. If you don't know history it is as if you were born yesterday. And if you were born yesterday, anybody up there in a position of power can tell you anything and you have no way of checking up on it."

Vedas and Sanskrit literature have been the primary source of knowing our Bharatiya history. The rishis who composed the hymns described themselves as Arya. Arya is a Sanskrit word. A person with noble qualities is called Arya.

According to Yogi Aravind Ghosh, "The word Arya expressed a particular ethical and social ideal, an ideal of well-governed life."

Bharat is a land of Aryans. It was called Aryavart. Aryans are the original inhabitants of Bharat. The different traditions have survived here with full harmony. Our history and culture has been a matter of pride and attraction for all. With the conscious effort, we achieved the best standard of living a happy and peaceful life. Spiritual solace is the ultimate goal of life. Through service and openness of thoughts, we performed the best in every sphere of life. Invaders tried to conquer but failed. We should be very vigilant to justify our true point of view on all the issues. Our younger generations must know the truth.

A balanced study of the past is the need of the hour. Any mischievous and distorted interpretation in history books cannot be accepted silently. Here, I would like to suggest for study one book named "Brainwashed Republic" written by Neeraj Atri and Munieshwer Sagar, published by Abhishek Publications,



**Dr. Chitranjan
Dayal Singh
Kaushal**
**Director of Sanskrit
cell, Haryana
Sahitya Evam
Sanskriti Akademi,
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

Chandigarh.

Undoubtedly, the younger generation should be inspired by our historical sacrifices done by our ancestors. Now, Bharat is emerging as a powerful nation in economical and political fields. True history will destroy all distorted narratives. Hindu race has been fighting for survival for a long time. Our historical scriptures the Ramayan and the Mahabharat must be read and interpreted according to our ethos and spirit of unity.

Our past is full of scientific research and original achievements. The formula of battery construction is depicted in _Agastya Samhita._

Sansthapyamrinmaye patre tamrapatram susamskritam.
Chhadayet shikhigrivena chadrabhikashthapansubhih.

Dastaloshto nidhatavyah paradat chhaditastatah.
Samyogat jayate tejo mitravaruna-sanjitam.

Take an earthen pot and put the copper sheet and copper sulphate in it, then put wet saw dust in between and put zinc and Mercury above it. The reaction of all these will lead to the emergence of electricity from it.

The definition of machine in ancient Indian text is mentioned in _Yantrarnava_. Generation of motion through the continuous movement of the lever, pulley, toothed wheel, inclined plane and screw is called machine.

The Indian ships were ten times larger than the European ships. India was a navigational giant. Navigation was verily ingrained in the cultural fabric of the country.

Raja Bhoj said that no iron should be used in joining the planks in the bottom of the ship. This exposes the ship to the influence of magnetic rocks in the sea, bringing it within the magnetic field leading to its sinking.

The Sun centric solar system is well written in the Vedas.

The Sun guides us all, Knowing everything. He supports the earth and the sky. He watches all creation unwinkingly. To Him we offer hymns endowed with clarity for attaining eternal fruits.

Osmosis related knowledge in ancient Bharat is depicted in the Shantiparv of the Mahabharata (chapter 184, verse 16). Accordingly, as one draws water up by a Lotus stalk with the mouth, the plant endowed with air takes water by its feet(roots).

Arya Bhatt mentioned the value of Pi in his book. Add four to hundred, multiply by eight and then add 62,000. This gives the circumference of a circle with a diameter of 20,000. This is a Pi approximation i.s.3.1416.

Bodhayan sutra is basically Pythagoras theorem explained in ancient Indian text. The diagonal of a rectangle produces by itself both the areas produced separately by its two sides.

Maharshi Kanaada invented atomic theory and law of motion as depicted in _Vaisheshika Darshana_.

The Bhagvad Gita elaborated the principle of eternity of soul and knowledge of Brahman.

The immortal, imperishable and always brilliant supreme reality from which everything arises and within which it exists is called Brahman.

To conclude, we should study primary sources to understand the true history and science of Bharat. The translation of Sanskrit words should be done very carefully. The moment a Sanskrit term is translated, the term loses its literal meaning. Many references of science in our scriptures show that rishies were scientists. The time has come to understand this all with full enthusiasm and pride for the welfare of Bharat and the whole world.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

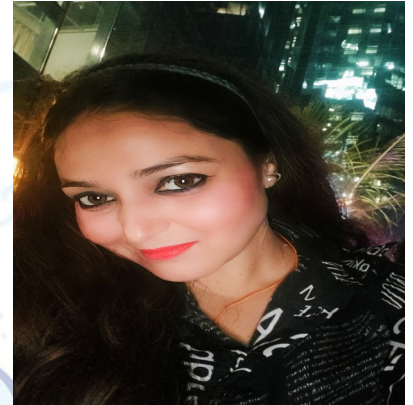
11. Holiday

Best and lovely morning today,
I am celebrating my beautiful Sunday.
Rhythmic humming of the flying fleet,
The birds are singing so sweet.
Listen to the natural songs of the day,
From the top of the hill,
Water is falling milky and chill.
Let me bathe and play,
It's an attractive holiday.
Feeling fresh in cool air,
Hygienic, fine, and fair.
Breathing fresh aroma today,
It's my amazing Sunday.
Morning is the boon of nature,
Always gives me joy and pleasure.
What a beautiful, crazy day,
I welcome my holiday.
Youngsters are jogging, jumping,
Seniors are laughing, clapping.
Children shout and say,
Let us enjoy the whole day.
What a wonderful holiday!



**Mr. Dhan Singh
'Dhanendra'
Moradabad
Uttar Pradesh**

12. My Prized Mate



Ms. Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

The minute you came into my life, I perceived a change on the side of me. It's there to brandish the pennon of mine, with a ravishing and well-built support for living. As you are not there in my kernel, I kept you in my warmth as it's deathless. I might depart this life one day but will keep you breathing there with my vitality. I stand the route you are, never wanting to cash you. I love the way you love me, adjuring you to bend me with your grace. Questioning you to yell at me, to halt me if you sense an error somehow, nag me, disallow me. As I love this sensation, it drives me more and more into you. I never want to miffed you; rather, I make mistakes vigorously to pursue your devotion. I do not want to be a faultless mate. I want to breathe like a toddler and want you to be there with me as my shield director.

Still, I reminisce the day you asked me a question, that who is my foremost honey. I did not state this to you as I wanted this to be sensed by you only. As you are the catalyst behind me. You are the consort of my life with high regard in my core. As you are a last resort for me, you are the man with your locution. I see my ensemble sphere into you and you only. I do not adore you; I discern you there in my epitome. I perceive moored when I am there in your notion. I would love to animate escorted by you till perpetuity, if I am chanced to. You crowned me with your escort. I am charmed to have you in my life. I cherish you. You won me with your fondness and wariness.

13. Sacred Scars: Nurturing The Heartache

In my heart, I wonder why I'm always there for people who never really care about me. They use me for what they need, and then they leave me like I don't matter. I love them even though they don't love me back. I silently watch everyone, enduring the pain of their harsh words, their ignorance, and when they go away.

It's like I'm a garden, and they're storms that come and go, leaving me with their marks. Why do I keep going? It's a question I ask quietly when I'm alone, but the answer seems to get carried away by the wind.

I watch in silence as connections come and go in my life. Why do I put up with hurtful words, their not caring, and the pain of them leaving? It's like I'm a protector of broken bridges, standing alone where connections could have been.

In response to my own question, I find comfort in the beat of my own heart. Love, my quiet friend, doesn't follow logic or rules. It's a gift I give, even if it's not returned. I endure the pain because, in the mix of feelings, love is the tune I've chosen.

I'm not standing for their thanks or love in return. I stand because caring is a beautiful thing. My heart, like a strong poet, keeps writing verses of kindness, creating a picture of understanding even when love isn't returned. In life's picture, my role isn't about their appreciation but about being true to my own kindness.



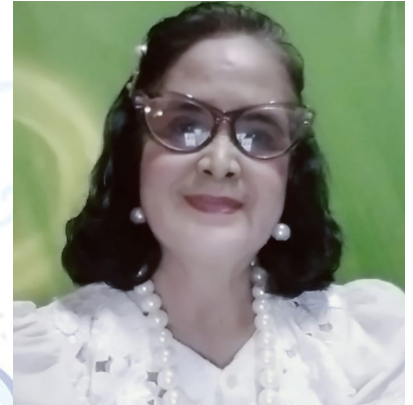
Ms. Esha Fatima
Student, Teacher,
Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

14. A Symphony For Humanity

If I could find a symphony
For humanity,
I would rather compose a melody
That blends with all things that
Surround me.
Such as the songs of the birds
And the bees,
The fragrance of wonderful flowers
And lovely trees,
The gentle touch of the breeze
On autumn leaves,
The whispering waves of water
In the deep blue sea that
Mesmerize my heart and soul.

When moments of sadness overshadow my whole being,
The breathtaking views on the top
Of the mountains,
The mystic clouds,
The colorful rainbow up above,
The skies, the sun, the moon,
The stars,
And all heavenly bodies seen by my
Naked eyes, and most especially,
The thing called "Love."

Yes, love is the key for my
Symphony to humanity,
For the people to see how
Great God's creations are,
How wonderful, how fantastic,
How amazing
The universe in which we live.



Ms. Fida Salazar
**Religious leader/
writer**
Philippines

Each and every one of us
Will love each other,
Know their feelings,
Know their needs,
Feel their hearts longing for
Someone's love, someone's care,
Someone's touch, someone's hug,
Someone's caress, and
Warm embrace.

I wish to console them with
My lovely music,
With my sweet melody,
With love and care for everybody,
By the grace and glory of Father Almighty.

May Divine Providence
Bless me for my Symphony
To Humanity.

By Fida Salazar

This poem is dedicated to International Humanity Day, 30th June 2020.
Let's celebrate INTERNATIONAL
HUMANITY DAY, 30TH JUNE 2020.
Hail to Humanity. Hail to the World!

15. Wisdom

Life is a stage.

A stage is beautified by the actors.

Actors have different roles to play.

A play contains dialogues.

Dialogues have special impacts on the audience.

Audience is the best judge.

A judge is expected to do justice.

Justice delayed is justice denied.

Denial paves the way to frustration.

Frustration is the byproduct of disappointment.

Disappointment creates negativity.

Negativity spoils the mind.

The mind issues commands.

Commands can't be ignored.

When ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise.

A wise man keeps a healthy wisdom.



**Mr. Girish Chandra
Upadhyay**
Legal profession
**(Advocate High
Court)**
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh

16. Dedicated To Girl Of Meh Soul Maha



Ms. Husna Abbasi
Student, Writer
Pakistan

The girl who knows how to mend broken hearts,
A girl who has the talent to make every sad heart smile,
A playful girl :)

Whose song makes the air dance...

If she is there, there is light everywhere...

This light,

It's not about stars, but your presence.

These dancing atmospheres,

It's not about the weather, but talking between us.

She says a little of the heart and holds more in the heart.

She is the color of the Night Sky.

She is the shade of summer,

She is the winter sun.

She has the talent to play the strings of hearts.

This is a girl who I can proudly say that if I have any trouble, she would rather sit with me; she will teach me to stand up again and will teach me to solve this problem.

She faces every challenge for me. She protects me everywhere.

We've been stupid together, weird together, crazy together. We make some great unforgettable memories that I'll always cherish.

Thank you for being my unpaid therapist

"May Allah protect your smile & Your Heart, for I love to see you always well."

Aameenn.

MahnoorQureshi

17. The sun

Mornings are a poem,
When smoky fog descends,
On dreamy houses,
Dense with foliage green,
Nestled in deep arbours.
Lie the fledglings of
Blue-beaked bubbly bird,
Peeping curiously through
Screened drapery of leaves,
Pondering to chirp
Once the sun strikes its wand.

When the sun peeps from behind the undulating hills,
Far above the lush green meadows,
Shielded by the slender trees,
Which invade to cast their
Shadows despite
Fog, indistinct sun rays, and shivering winter;
Happiness permeates my persona.
A little sunshine
Brings rays of
Abundance and
A miraculous bloom.

The sun touches the earth with its
Amber light wand to paint the newly blossomed flowers
In its own sheen.
The window is swung open;
The sun is on the threshold,
Releasing all that is
Fake and phony,
Like cheap trinkets
I relinquish



**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak**
**Poet, writer, singer
and research guide
for Ph.D students
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh**

To march triumphantly hand in hand with the sun,
Enjoying its vibrancy, warmth, and divine light.
One has to sacrifice a lot to
Become an aficionado.

By Jailaxmi R Vinayak



18. Echoes of the uncertainty



Dr. Jose Luis Lopez
Puerto Rico

Some nights ago, I fell asleep, very profound,
I was wondering, what would I have been?
Unexpectedly, I heard a very far away weak voice...
it was saying: "YOU WOULD HAVE DECIDED TO
HAVE WHATEVER YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE!"
Surely, chills came over my body.
I asked myself: is this really true? Am I losing my
reality and hearing about the future inconceivable?

I wasn't surprised at all, but doubts spread around
my entity. How could I ever know what I haven't received anything from the
outside?

Again, in the silence I was submerged into, came the response to my doubts:
"YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE, WHATEVER YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE
DECIDED!"

From that moment, I understood what I didn't recognize instantly and acted
up to ignite what I have to do from now on.

ECHOES OF UNCERTAINTY.

That internal thing, invisible substance you might ever know of what you
haven't done yet.

19. LEARNING LETTERS

Dear readers once again I am in front of you all with an idea specially for the learners of the world, though this learning is a lifetime process we keep on learning till our last breath whether we feel it at the period or not, the function of learning keep on going always and it is not only for the human civilization but for all the species who live in this mundane world.



Mr. Kailash Rana
Ph. D Scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand

If we recall the days of our learning, many of us would perhaps not be able to tell about the certain moment or the instance when the feeling was there and cognition came about the certain topic or the subject to our mind, actually we hardly keep in our mind the classes or the time at which the particular knowledge or the experience was gained and a knowledge was formed. We forget about the process or the way we gain the facts, we only stick to the knowledge we accumulate. Hence an idea crept into my mind and same is to be shared here, I think, if this idea is followed a better result or the accurate knowledge can be gained.

MATHAMATICS-

From the basic ground let the students travel to the markets make them involved in the purchasing or selling make them fall in calculations, we generally do it by ourselves though we should only be helping them if required. While parenting or sometime teaching we do not relate the children to the calculations of domestic transactions. If we make our each and every moment innovative for teaching them by making live examples of their surroundings they would infer better or perhaps best so. In case of Geometry and Mensuration domestic items can successfully be used to make them understand the thing. In fact all kind of mathematics can be taught in a clear way if the presenter makes it so. And in the higher level of the calculations a regular practice is required it will make concept clear about the way it is done, but maximum do the same as theory first and the practical secondary what I impose is that from the basic one a practical method must be given a priority in all the levels.

SCIENCE

Although in science maximum knowledge can be gained by practical and I think most of us do follow the same but one thing we lack in my opinion and I think that may really be most helpful for us is that, while teaching in the class or in home we simply keep on telling them theoretically about elements and related function of physics, somehow each and every moment science is working upon us, we need only to show this in such a way to the children that they see and take it in that way actually if we see the things around us, we would feel that it always offers us a kind of learning and a single object can teach us more than subject we need only to see that in that way and the teachers or facilitators may make this process so. Again let's recall the day of learning, what we felt is that the same object gave us a different feeling with respect of the time and it could be so just because we ourselves or by any teacher we have been made to realized about the facts and we learn, hence only teaching methods can make the science as well as other subjects so easy . There is no any certain and limited way to make it interested but with respect of the time if we keep ourselves active and creative we would be able to do it. As far as it is the matter of the biology a wonderful body and its live function are sufficient to be discussed sometime while teaching we go only with the theories in spite of we have the samples to us. Let's have maximum practical to obtain the science in our cognition.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

We have rocks, different shapes of land, samples of soil, different culture on divergent plateau, colour and tradition, these issues or the objects must be carried to the class in order to show them the bookish facts; thus they would grab the knowledge shortly. Maximum visit should be made, areas must be explored, they ought to be told to go and ponder upon them. Reason for the vegetation should be taught showing them difference in the climate and temperture they would understand it better. What has commonly been observed that generally even a globe is not used by the facilitators, Different land and cultured should be explored by making there a physical presence. And to teach civics, administration system we must make an assembly among the domestic members and let it run formally, this will let them know about the process or the steps about the running offices, posts, industries and community. They will gain a commanding or leading power so. Apart from the annual excursion, for

better understanding of the students dam, river projects should be shown, it will fill them with some commercial and disaster management skill. We should always make them fall in such an environment that they should feel compelled to go with the experience lest a monotonous method has bored the teachers and learners hectic. Sometimes the ideas are so lengthy time taking and purposeless. We must try ourselves avoiding with some this kind of useless activity.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Language follows the sound pattern and it is the product of the vocal organs, we get it by aping our elders and community members, the efforts of making sound and meaning is adopted by the generations, and in this process we become able to imitate the sound and we interpret our thoughts. Learning the language is just like inputs and outputs as much as we learn and see the words, we get an idea to frame the sentences and the thoughts. Many of us keep on reminiscing that they would speak or use if they knew the language but the facts tell, we know when we speak. In order to teach the desired language to the students we should carry them to the environment where the same language is widely used. Primary steps should be designed to understand the way of language later on philosophies should be encouraged and implemented. As far as it is considered, a human learn how to speak in short time but it takes a long perhaps lifetime to know what to speak and with an art. Among the four ways of learning any language – Reading, Writing, listening and speaking most of the expert suggest to make listening and speaking practice more and more. Listening and speaking practice has proved to be more and more fruitful.

Hence to make learning fruitful we must use more and more practical way, it will give a better result in short span of time.

By Kailash Rana

20. Humanity....

There is only one true person on earth,
One who follows the religion of humanity.

The best religion among all religions,
Eliminates everyone's suffering every day.

Love all living beings,
Teach kindness.

Let greed not enter your mind even for a moment.
Work together with sincerity.

High and low should not come to mind,
Support the weak.

Don't let darkness come,
Light the supernatural lamp.

No one should be your enemy,
Hug lovingly.

Let us remove hatred,
Let the flow of compassion flow.
Hindu, Muslim, Sikh, Christian,
Fulfill the duty of humanity.

Let us become true Indians,
Show the way to live.



**Ms. Kanchan
Mishra
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh**

21. LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

Focus enough on EVERY ELEMENT of Just Life.
What is there?
Just a spiral of confusion.

I stand beyond elders,
Judges, priests, and all well-regarded people,
But none till now has given me a tangible answer.
Maybe I should re-ask.

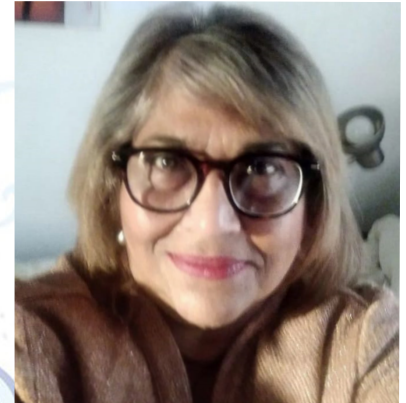
What is there
In the ABYSS of Just Life?...
Little knowledge is killing me.
I wonder how I shall live free.

I'm in my own Hell,
With none to come to rescue me from burning.
Assist me, lest I sink with my little knowledge:
Religion, love, respect, care,
And EVERY aspect of Just Life.



**Mr. Leonten Tendai
Chakombera
Author, boiler
Maker , Artisan,
Auto-Mechanic,
Evangelist
Mutoko
Zimbabwe**

22. THE MAGIC OF NEW BEGINNINGS!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Writer/ motivational
speaker
Durban
South Africa**

The beginning or start of something new is always so exciting.

It is like a star in the universe that has yet to be discovered.

Something new is always surprisingly refreshing.

The birth of a new baby, the marriage of two souls, the opening of a new business, the delicious taste of new foods on the palate, and the stumbling upon of knowledge just uncovered—all of these things lend themselves to a feeling of euphoria.

The beginning of anything is like finding a good new book to read. Sometimes the pages propel you to explore places, peoples, and spaces—the doors of which unlock the mind for an experience of untapped emotions.

As the beginning of this new journey continues, an insatiable desire to discover more is reached. The creation of new thoughts, ideas, and habits are revealed, embraced, and applied.

New relationships will open paths of learning and growing. It is a discovery of communities, cultures, and traditions. Something desirable and powerful is unraveled. The mind transitions itself to dimensions of enlightenment.

As you open the pages of your new book, may all you write in it create a worthy read, not just for you, but for all who catch a glimpse into your pages.

Let's discover the magic of new beginnings together!
Happy "New Year 2024," everyone!!!

23. For morning that sounds like mourning

For morning that sounds like mourning,
Lateness, driving the jalopy of lateness.
Let me hold the tears in my mouth.
My face is full of phlegm before humans.

Do not make my heart a shrine,
Which sadness can drink from.
If I could wear the garment of happiness,
I would look like a million dollars.



**Mr. Major Sir
Adesoga Jubril
Asiwaju
Teacher, Writer and
Artist
Ijebu-ode
Nigeria**

24. PEACE

True peace is better now,
No slander and a lot of talk,
And work with what He did not bring.
Creator of human beings and the universe always.
Peace is not achieved,
Except for people of goodwill,
And workers for the sake of God's commitment,
And even in harmony,
Friendliness, love, and permanence of charity.
No enmity and hatred,
And hatred for creation,
Because time will come,
If we continue like this, disobedience,
Mass destruction will come,
It is not impossible.
To the anger of the owner, the judge,
When we did it,
Of corrupt business, O so-and-so,
And not pessimism, but optimism.
And take care to apply,
What the Most Merciful brought in the Qur'an, the Torah, and the Gospel.
To save creation rights to the earth,
And all homelands with unity.
Harmony, yes, by alliance,
Do not work against what the Lord has brought.
Because I know more secrets from you,
And He is the creator of everything with a scale,
Except for the corruption of the earth and the universe.
And it is welcomed and shocks you in flames.
As well as settling the dispute between the opponents,
And even compromise and cooperation,
In the confines of peaceful coexistence,
Among neighbors who are jealous of the other,



Mr. Med Kerkoub
Algeria

And pride in the ingredients,
And national principles,
And universal self-suggestion.
The wisdom of the wise,
And prediction of matters and secrets,
Or the delicate crypts,
At every time and place,
Thanks to these brave knights,
In the Arab countries of Persia and Rome.
A tribute to people who know their destiny,
And the meaning of harmony.
So they abided by the command of the Judge,
To build the human self and all nations.
For people to live in peace,
And lasting safety,
In a land of our creation,
And our dear, forgiving death,
Which has the best decision.
The mind relaxes and the heart relaxes,
And the mind is free to think for creativity,
And refinement, O man.
May good prevail and stability prevail,
And peace and peace,
And even security and safety,
In all parts of the world as a whole,
With all interaction and harmony,
And oh, peace.
Because imitation wisdom,
And stick to,
With divine teachings,
What the Most Merciful brought.

By Med Kerkoub

25. Multiple Surges



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Monica did not know how to react to the news of Mrs Zihomwe's death. A drop of water from her eye would express two different feelings at once, grief over the irreversible loss of a friend turned betrayer, or simply rejuvenated pain for how the deceased had corrupted her conjugal space. Not a single teardrop escaped her eye despite multiple surges of nameless feelings. She imagined how her husband should have reacted to the news of his momentary joy's passing on and a wave of jealous coursed through her body, from the toes up to the temples. She even dreaded the moment when she would look into his eye upon his return from work. Were they even going to talk about the death of the woman who had become Monica's friend when she thought that she was slowly losing her husband to the pleasures of the world.

Mrs Zihomwe had been Mr Chinanga's workmate for about six years, teaching at an international private school near Mutare. One could describe her features as exquisitely composed from toe to temple. She had a cheerful face, that would make one feel that every moment of her life brought in some good news about how life was meant for the joy of heart, mind and soul. At the age of thirty-six, she still possessed the youthful beauty that made every woman's experience with the mirror delightful. Naturally, Monica found herself a good friend in Mrs Zihomwe when she decided to spend her vacation leave at her husband's workplace.

She was able to glean from her some information about her husband's social life away from his family and Mrs Zihomwe had generously furnished her with what she thought were Chinanga's romantic escapades. Inebriated with jealousy Monica became abusive to her husband, to the extent of monitoring his interaction with every female workmate.

“How can you suspect everyone and still enjoy life in this world full of people?”

Chinanga had asked her after she had made a big issue out of a greeting a female teacher had shouted at him within her earshot.

“I know what I’m doing. The fool you had found in me is dead and the remains of that idiot cannot be recovered,” she had retorted.

“Love is not about being clever, it leans more on mutuality and reciprocal affinity.”

“Reciprocal affinity!” she mimicked. “Do I get that from you, when your heart dances to anything in skirt that crosses your eye?”

These quarrels continued, yet Monica did not notice how sad Chinanga was becoming, how his life had become a walk through a moonless, starless night with no prospect of dawn at the edge of the horizon.

Then came the day when Chinanga confronted Monica about her WhatsApp chat with Mrs Zihomwe. “Where does she get all that misinformation from? How can she say I’m having a relationship with a woman who sells second hand clothes when I do not even buy second hand clothes? At age 32, my darling, I think you ought to be able to tell when another woman just wants to mess up your marriage, just because you can’t do it yourself.”

“Buying second hand clothes is one thing, a love relationship is another. Do you not claim to have studied logic during your teacher training?” Monica fumed.

“So how possibly do you think we made the connection?” Chinanga asked innocently.

“I have to ask you that, and do you ask me?” Mrs Chinanga asked.

“Beware of people whose specialty is to destroy relationships,” Chinanga said, allowing the reality of Mrs Zihomwe’s influence on his wife to convey a sense of impotence in him.

“I need to keep my guard against women who violate my space like the filthy and

odious second hand clothes vendor...and next time I will sue you for violating telecommunication laws... Don't touch my phone again," Monica threatened her husband.

Then came census week and Mrs Chinanga was excited that her husband had been recruited as an enrollment officer, but a bit anxious that he would have time for the depraved second hand clothes dealer. That type of woman would not let an opportunity like that slip through her loins. When he texted back to her that he had been paired with Mrs Zihomwe, Monica felt relieved.

She enjoyed a quiet week with her two children and housemaid in her rural home, waiting for her man to bring home the fruits of his contact with the rural folks of Chiroverove Ward. She chatted more with Mrs Zihomwe than her husband, and the reply was always as balmy as the friendship Monica had started with her. "Don't worry sweet heart; he is safe, though not so happy because his foul flesh peddler has found no space in his orbit, not this time."

"Thanks Dear, whoever paired you with him ought to have received a message from my guardian angel!" Monica responded.

Waking from a dreamless slumber the day following this conversation, Monica felt like she was emerging from the bed of the Pacific Ocean. There was hardly any space in her lungs for a breath longer than a gasp. Or was it the air in her bedroom that had lost its freshness.

Despite the lifelessness in her muscles, she was able to reach for her phone. Life's freshness rushed back into her body when she checked her message notifications. Mrs Zihomwe had hit her inbox with a voice note and network was running fast enough. Within a moment she was playing the voice note.

A conversation...?

"What did you expect of me, hear your wife telling stories of your cheating and not imagine anything?" Mrs Zihomwe said.

“So you imagined this?” asked Chinanga with a note of annoyance.

“Don’t pretend that it was not good for you,” Mrs Zihomwe said.

“Shut up!”

“It is the guilt feeling that is nagging you, we have to do it again to remove the feeling of denial that creates the guilt that is troubling you,” said Mrs Zihomwe before letting off a little laugh.

“You are evil!” Chinanga shouted. “I am going to strangle you!”

“You are not going to do that. Come let’s do it once more. It’s just an hour before dawn. I’m now sure of one thing. Your reaction to this proves that you never had a relationship with that vendor of dead people’s clothes,” Mrs Zihomwe said...
End of audio.

Monica had hastily found transport to travel to the youth training centre where the enumeration officers rested for the night. She learnt that the government had hired only a single roomed hall for the comfort of the officers who could not pay for private accommodation and that Chinanga was paying for a private room. Mrs Zihomwe was nowhere to be found. In her anger Mrs Chinanga played her husband the accidental recording.

After a few quarrelsome moments, that had drawn so much attention, Chinanga and wife found a private place. The open palm of Monica’s hand landed heavily on Chinanga’s cheek. “How dare you seduce my friend!” the impassioned Monica shouted.

“You can do it again and again my dear wife. I don’t know how I can pay you back for throwing caution to the wind.”

Monica could not do it again. Chinanga sat on a bench and leaned against the wall behind him. Tears brimmed his eyes, but no sob accompanied the wetness in his eyes. His eyes could not hold back the water anymore and he allowed it to

scour down his cheeks. She had never seen his tears before.

“Tell me what happened. You cannot be silent forever,” Mrs Chinanga said trying to figure out what thoughts were playing behind the tears.

“She brought me food to my room, and after I had eaten the food, she could not go away. I thought there was no harm in accepting her food since she was your friend, but the food should have done something to me.”

He was probably telling the truth. She had heard so many such stories over the news and only laughed about them. The audio recording suggested that he had not been intimate with her by his free will. Only that she had been angered by the fact that they had shared a room. He was also probably telling the truth when he had denied having a relationship with the second hand clothes vendor who brought her wares to Mrs Zihomwe’s campus residence for resale. There should have been another reason for the rag dealer’s fallout with Mrs Zihomwe.

Two days after Mrs Zihomwe’s death , the story of a suicide note came to Monica’s attention. She had locked herself up in her bedroom and ingested several grams of rat poison after a pregnancy test result had confirmed that she was pregnant. In the suicide note she confessed that her husband had not been intimate with her for a year as a result of his failing male potency.

That is the friend Monica had lost.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

26. No father

Father!

I wish I could hate you,
For all you have done,
To my energetic soul.

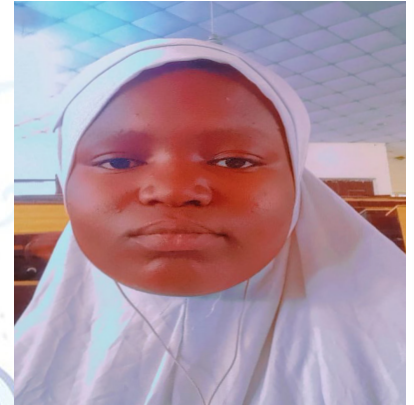
You left me alone,
And wandered off to nowhere,
Telling me you wanted a new life.
A new life without a burden.

Don't you feel sad or shaken?
Don't you miss me?
Didn't your heart yearn for a family?
A family that can never be replaced.

After everything,
I wish I could forget you,
And live like I never had a father,
But it is impossible.

I could still remember the memories,
Happy memories filled with love.
Your absence and memories,
Have made me face a lot.

It has made me stronger,
Bolder,
Because I am ready to conquer,
All that will obstruct me from succeeding.



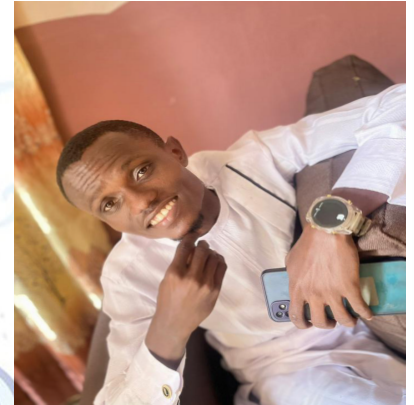
**Ms. Obale Aishat
Adenike
Student
Lagos State
Nigeria**

27. Last fortnight

Last fortnight, I bloomed like a plant,
Because I was in love,
It makes me feel
Like a new baby.

Today, I sound like a groaning warrior,
Who lost a battle,
Searching for love.

Today, I live like an AROMATIC,
Someone whose heart has been detached,
Because love is 'bitter-love'.



**Mr. Oladipupo,
Olayemi
Anuoluwapo
Artist
Lagos
Nigeria**

28. A Formal Proposal



Mr. Own Abbas
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

A Formal Proposal, Once She Asked For.

Once, she looked into my eyes and requested a formal proposal, a gesture that carried the weight of our shared dreams. Eager to give her the commitment she sought, I poured my feelings into words, crafting a proposal that mirrored the depth of my emotions. However, the days that followed were a tumultuous journey. A mere heartbeat after accepting my proposal, she confided in me about her affection for someone else. The world around me seemed to shatter, and the promises we had woven together began to unravel.

In the subsequent days, she chose a different path, one that led her away from the promises we had made to each other. The echoes of her departure lingered, casting shadows on the future we had envisioned together. Time, as it often does, played its part. Unexpectedly, she reappeared in my life, "A ghost from the past seeking solace in the present." She explained how the allure of a different love had led her astray, leaving her yearning for the connection we once shared. Conflicted yet understanding, I listened to her story. She had tasted the bitterness of choices and longed for the sweetness of what was left behind.

Despite the scars left by her departure, a flicker of the past sparked in my heart, and against my better judgment, I welcomed her back. As she stood before me, I realized that love, at its core, is a tapestry woven with threads of forgiveness and understanding. I chose to grant her the freedom to chase her happiness with someone she loves, even if it meant stepping away from the dreams we once shared. The pain was undeniable, but so was the recognition that love, in its purest form, allows for the liberation of those we hold dear.

In the end, I gave her my blessing to pursue the happiness she sought elsewhere. The chapters of my story unfolded in unexpected ways, leaving me with the bittersweet taste of choices I made. And what I learned the lesson is, 'Nobody stays forever, Nobody stays.'

Dedicated to Faiza Gull.

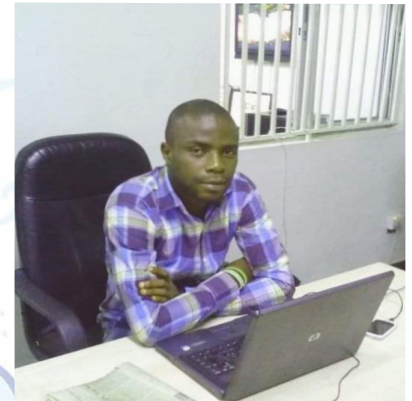
29. NO ONE

What to do when no one understands you?
No one can feel what you feel.
No one can understand what you are going through.
The emotions you have deep down in your heart can't be shared.
When you try to be open and tell them your secrets.
What do they do?
They use them; they make fun.
What to do when the respect you had for someone is long gone, that too in a second when you get to know their actual colors?
What to do when you are scared of opening up?
When you always have to live in fear.
When you are excluded and they gossip about you.
When you confess and the person doesn't even reciprocate.
What to do when you feel numb?
You thought they are there for you, but they aren't.
Because of them, you are not able to give anyone a second chance.
And even when you do, you get the same.
What to do when you are alone?
When no one understands you?



Ms. Pavni Sharma
Student
Bareilly
Uttar Pradesh

30. Adesewa



**Mr. Phillips Tayo
Damilola
Writer/Content
Enthusiast
Lagos
Nigeria**

If I am...Writer To Scribble,
Nay Not Lustful Vanities,
Ye the afterworld damn,
Ye the awestruck beauty,
That Christ Judge Insanely,
scrolled as you stride pass,
All Eyes Went Blank sight,
Adesewa!

If I am...Minstrel singing,
Juggling For Next Val's Day,
Beckon Of The city's orgies,
Shared flowers bounties,
Night Dates Behind Doors,
Golden Glass Cups Click,
Some Drunks...Few decor
My Remix Melodious,
For Countryside's vibes,
Akin Bride price funfair,
As Soon As Possible,
Adesewa!

If I am ...Artist Drawing,
The Walls groan not,
The surface not coarse,
For the Paints mulatto
The scalpel edges faint
Shadows blur murky minds,
For Ye Elegance Gallant,
Your Garland Greenwich,
As A Best Beast priding,
Adesewa!

If I am...Warrior Fighting,
Will lead Odious Warfare,
Spare No Rout Nor Rust,
Of Any frenemies' blabber,
Of Any frenemies' cudgel
Forward we eloped hastily,
Backward...guard angrily
Make my Hibiscus Flower,
Make my Rose Scent,
Diffused...Brittle,
Aghast Tongues' Mill,
Halt your likened hailing,
Heavens Bear Skies' Clout,
Me Against Worldly World.
Adesewa!

When I was A Watcher!
Reality Reeking More Blunt,
Behind patterned Trees,
Flushing green scrubs lanes
You in the sparking Rivers,
Burrowing Under Sun gulp,
Of the bridal ensemble,
Now...yell off cotton garb,
Blessed Is Your Moments,
Of your births...growing legs
Nay ye now a posh woman,
Adesewa!

Now as...as man indeed,
I bide My farewell away,
Heading Back To City,
Of Caustic fair beings,
Ahead Valentine's 2024,
Wishing I kneel heartily,
No box of cringed ring,
Rather Bonds Of Words,
Sharing My Humble love,
Ditto Valentine's Myths
Of Two birds' Clips,
Ancient...Recently.
Adesewa!

By Phillips Tayo Damilola

31. The Journey Ahead

It started with just a stone throw to build up mountains,
To cast the nets into the river of bounty,
To take a step and cover a thousand miles.
The journey has to be accomplished.

Pains and anguish lie in there,
The glitters of stars and gold are visible,
Beings endowed in rot and expensive robes,
Tough! It would be,
But beaming smiles end the surgeon of tears.

The tournaments of agony will be conquered by the success therein,
The journey seems tough and a million miles away.
But determination breaks the key to strive harder,
Headed to the poll station where the coats of tears will be torn apart.
The time seems longer,
But the journey ahead remains beautiful and evergreen.



**Ms. Princess
Annabel
Student
Enugu state
Nigeria**

32. Captivating Meadows

Marvellous meadows mystically mesmerize me,
When walking amid them, awesome wildflowers I see,
As if heavens have descended decently on earth,
Enwrapping me from all around, filling with mirth,
Every pore of my inner self, merging me in their beauty,
Capture my soul in a captivating beauteous net magically,



**Ms. Promila
Bhardwaj
Shimla
Himachal Pradesh**

As much as inviting mountains or hills attract,
Quietly calling me to go nearer like a magnet,
Pulling me with full force unconsciously,
Enslaving gradually my mind mysteriously,
Leaving me wonderstruck with serenity,
Overpowering my body and mind entirely,
Dipping my soul in the ocean of soothing serenity.

Waving trees seem to adore me like my parents,
Dance of branches, like my siblings, enchants.
Adjoining trees and their branches no less than
Relatives and family friends in whose company I can
Feel at ease as much as in the lap of nature.
Ever-flowing rivers inspire to move on like a teacher,
Softly blowing breezes produce melodious music naturally,
While chirping birds and Cuckoo sing songs cheerfully.

33. THE TRAIN

Life is a journey; passengers, we are.
Don't know where we will go, how far.
There is an announcement:
The train is ready to depart with many compartments.
The train, how great it is.
Blame it not or tease.
It takes you from here to there with so much ease,
Making your journey safe.
The sound of the train's whistle,
Calling and inviting you all, its aim to gain.
Its life is day and night to run,
Whether it is the cold moon or hot sun.
In front, there is a dreadful storm,
To none does the train cause harm.
Look behind, there is the rain,
To take you safe, it's the aim of the train.
There is lightning among thunder's clouds.
In the heart of the train, can't see the pride.
See how great the train is.
With fire in its chest, still, it bears the pain.
Makes no difference between good and bad.
To see all as equal, it feels glad.
All are friends, even the foes.
See it is coming, and it will go.
Passengers are coming, and they are going,
Like water that is flowing.
On the journey, there are ups and downs, bends, turns, and curves.
Young and old, rich and poor,
Life is a journey, and the final destination,
God decides; we are His creation.
There is an announcement:
Ready to depart, a train with many compartments.



Mr. S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

34. Dr. Mahrang Baloch's Resonance: Pashtoon Valor Awakens.



**Mr. Sabir Khan
Nasar
Police Officer
Loralai
Pakistan**

In duty's call, educate your kin,
A crucial act; let humanity begin.
Revolution whispers in the Pashtun air,
Young men rebel; a girl takes the dare.

Pashtun history, a tale untold,
Brave Malalai, warriors bold.
From Attock to Mirwais's fame,
Pashtuns ruled, carved a mighty name.

Asleep we seem, unaware we stay,
Gaze upon the past, where warriors lay.
Bacha Khan, a hero so grand,
Freed Delhi and Kabul, saved our land.

Pashtun, awaken from your slumber,
History's lessons, a beacon to remember.
Crimes and tyranny, a lethal brew,
Let education guide, a path anew.

Manzoor battled, now Mahrang stands,
Against the enemy, in far-off lands.
Father, brother, let them be,
Educate, resist, set them free.

35. Generations Unveiled: The Timeless Influence of Grandparents



**Mr. Shanzay Nawaz
Sargodha
Pakistan**

Grandparents play a crucial role in the fabric of family life, offering a wealth of wisdom, love, and experience. As the pillars of generational continuity, grandparents hold a unique position in the family structure, contributing to the well-being and development of their grandchildren in various ways.

Grandmothers, whether maternal or paternal, are the female grandparents. Often associated with warmth and nurturing, grandmothers are known for their unconditional love and the comfort they provide. Whether it's sharing stories from their own past, preparing delicious meals, or offering a listening ear, grandmothers contribute to the family's emotional well-being.

On the other hand, grandfathers, whether paternal or maternal, bring their own distinctive qualities to the family dynamic. Grandfathers are often seen as pillars of strength and sources of guidance. They might share practical skills, such as woodworking or gardening, passing down knowledge accumulated over a lifetime.

Together, grandparents create a tapestry of memories and traditions that enrich the lives of their grandchildren. Their influence extends beyond the immediate family, shaping values and perspectives that resonate through generations. Grandparents become living repositories of family history, connecting the past to the present and fostering a sense of continuity.

As family structures evolve, the role of grandparents adapts as well. In contemporary society, where many families are geographically dispersed, grandparents may play an essential role in maintaining familial bonds. With advances in technology, grandparents can stay connected with their grandchildren through video calls, sharing experiences and creating lasting memories despite physical distances.

Grandparents often find joy in spoiling their grandchildren, showering them with affection and attention. This grandparent-grandchild relationship is a unique and cherished bond, fostering a sense of security and belonging for the younger generation.

The wisdom and perspective that grandparents bring to the family are invaluable. Their life experiences offer a broader context for understanding challenges and successes. Grandparents, with the benefit of hindsight, can offer guidance and support, helping their grandchildren navigate the complexities of life.

One of the most significant aspects of a grandparent's influence is the wisdom they bring to the family. Through a lifetime of experiences, they accumulate a treasure trove of knowledge that spans decades. Whether it's sharing stories from their own youth, providing insights into historical events, or passing down cultural traditions, grandparents serve as living repositories of history and heritage.

Beyond their role as custodians of family history, grandparents often serve as emotional anchors for their grandchildren. Their unconditional love and acceptance create a sense of security and stability in the family dynamic. Grandparents, with their seasoned perspective, offer a calming presence during challenging times, providing comfort and reassurance to younger family members.

Moreover, the intergenerational bond between grandparents and grandchildren fosters a unique form of companionship. Grandparents, free from the daily responsibilities of parenthood, can engage in leisurely activities and spend quality time with their grandchildren. This shared time helps create lasting memories and strengthens the familial bonds that extend across generations.

Grandparents also play a pivotal role in the upbringing of their grandchildren, contributing to their overall development. Their guidance often complements the parenting style of the immediate parents, providing a diverse range of influences that contribute to a well-rounded upbringing. Grandparents may serve as mentors, offering advice on various aspects of life, from education and

career choices to relationships and personal values.

In addition to their nurturing role, grandparents contribute to the household in practical ways. Their experience in homemaking and resourcefulness can be invaluable, bringing a sense of order and efficiency to family life. Grandparents may actively participate in childcare, offering a helping hand to parents and fostering a collaborative approach to family responsibilities.

As society evolves, the role of grandparents adapts to changing circumstances. In contemporary families, where dual-income households and diverse family structures are increasingly common, grandparents may take on new roles, such as providing essential childcare support or acting as surrogate parents when needed. This flexibility showcases the resilience and adaptability of the grandparent-grandchild relationship.

In conclusion, grandparents hold a cherished place in the family unit, embodying a blend of tradition and contemporary influence. Their wealth of experiences, emotional support, and practical contributions enrich the lives of their grandchildren and contribute to the cohesive fabric of family life. The intergenerational bond between grandparents and grandchildren is a testament to the enduring strength of familial connections, transcending time and leaving an indelible mark on the generations to come.

By Shanzay Nawaz

36. I SPEAK IN POEMS TO THE WORLD



Mr. Sheudzhen Inver
Russia

I speak with the world in poems,
Ornate lines of string,
Laid down in torn rows,
Pain and joy, won't bring...

I open my soul wide,
Your starting dialogue as fable,
I laugh, I feel sad, and I ask,
For polished rhyming syllable.

Insomnia, separation, happiness,
Spring, confessions, swifts,
Beloved thin wrist,
And passion revived in silence.

I throw images like paints,
On a white sheet, the soul aflame,
Tearing off half-truths of the mask.
In semitones, not sinning, not blaming...

And this burden is not easy,
My cross is the gifted lyre,
So that the born line is fine,
I'll throw it at my feet and aspire.

I met the dawn, my reader,
You, a friend and a critic, at the same time,
Here the creator suggested,
I speak in poems in rhyme.

I speak with the world in poems,
What I could not be silent about.
Without covering the pain with my hands,
Grinding every syllable with my heart.

37. Sworn Affection



**Mr. Shoaib
Mehmood
Lecturer English
Sargodha
Pakistan**

By the nails of her feet, I swear,
A testament to love beyond compare.
In these little things, I find delight,
Her presence, a beacon, forever shining bright.

I swear by the way she brushes her hair,
Each stroke, a gentle touch, love in the air.
By the way she giggles, a melody so sweet,
Her laughter, a symphony, my heart's complete.

I swear by the twinkle in her eyes,
Reflecting a universe where love never dies.
By the way she holds my hand so tight,
In her grasp, I find solace; everything feels right.

I swear by the scent that lingers on her skin,
An intoxicating perfume, a love I'm drowning in.
By the warmth of her touch, a gentle caress,
I'm lost in her embrace, a moment of pure bliss.

I swear by her odd little quirks,
The way she dances, and how her smile smirks.
By her little imperfections, flaws (for the world) so endearing,
They make her unique, a love worth revering.

For in these little and seemingly trivial things,
I find a love that soars on ethereal wings.
So, I swear by her, my beloved, forevermore,
In every little thing she does, my heart will adore.

38. A Caring SOUL

Today, she took off from her workplace because she got tired of everything and wanted to take some rest. She was in her room arranging her things. She opened her wardrobe and put some clothes there. Suddenly, a box fell from the cabinet. She closed the wardrobe and picked up the box from the floor. She took a deep glance at it. It was not just a box; it was full of memories, queries, happiness, and sadness. It was a treasure box and at the same time, a Pandora box too.

She remembered the day when he gave it to her, saying, "My caring soul, I know you are too much caring. I know you will take care of it. Am I right?" She laughed and replied, "Oh, really, you careless person." He laughed and replied, "Yes, I am. That's why Allah created you for me, my love. And you know I don't care for anything except you. You mean the whole universe to me." She smiled and replied to him, "Stop buttering. I will be there for you always and will always take care of you." They both laughed.

But today, she is sitting alone with tears in her eyes and having that box in her hands, looking around for him, but he wasn't there. At that moment, she just wants to scream and wants to call him to come and see that she is still caring for him and his things. She's still keeping all her promises and standing at the point where he left her. But he didn't care even for a single thing.

She stands up, puts the box in the cabinet again, and lays on the bed with a lot of pain, reminding herself that no one cares, even for her tears.



**Ms. Tanzeela
Rehman
(Malickzadi)
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan**

39. Born to Die...



**Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

Born to die, my soul in pain...
My mind at war with love's disdain...
Valentine's becomes just another day...
Jealousy reigns in every way...

Witnessing others accomplish and grow, in times I
cannot...
Aching inside, a heavy knot...
Dying to feel what they all know...
My heart grows cold, my spirit wanes low...

A shimmer shines through the dark...
Blinding me, leaving its mark...
I carry on, from midnight to dawn...
Hoping to find a place where I belong...

Depression's darkening grip tight in my mind...
Love lost, a bitter kin...
My soul at war with what should be...
Struggling to feel and truly see...

Born to die in the depths of despair...
Burdens to bear, it's so hard to bear...
Still, I fight against the tide...
Hoping one day, I'll feel alive...
As smoke, I rise...

Trudging on through the pain...
Finding solace in my skin as it's kissed by the rain...
Even in the darkest of midnight...
Hope looms, shining a guiding light...

Born to die, but I won't give in...

I'll keep fighting until I win...
Love may be lost, but hope remains...
I'll keep searching despite the strains...
Forever and always, I am clean in midnight rain...

By Tha Ono



40. Life's Exquisite Tapestry

Ebbs and flows, waxes and wanes,
Highs and lows, wins and losses,
Thus go life's many phases,
In its whims and fancies,
And at its own pace.
Escapes from these seem like wild cries,
As being embedded in our daily routines,
And getting woven like warps and woofs,
We can see these transitions in our life's tapestry.
Circles and squares, curves and zigzags,
Flowers and thorns, sunny sides and shady groves,
Life's tapestry is knitted with all these.
Black and white in its appearance at times,
And rainbow-tinted at some other times,
Life's tapestry is visible to us in any one of these.
Silky smooth on one day and rough-edged on another,
Ruffled and tousled at times,
And the next moment with extreme neatness,
Life's tapestry is enigmatic in these ways.
Accepting this reality, we go miles and miles,
By aiming to harvest the pearls of fortune,
And by acquainting ourselves to paddle towards
The shores of good hopes and promises.
Because life is beautiful in all its means.
A desire to be transient,
A grit to be resilient,
A trial to be emotionally quotient,
A move thus to be munificent,
A conscientious effort to be expedient,
All these would make life magnificent.
And life's tapestry would thus be exquisite.



Mrs. Usha Krishnan
Life Coach,
Educationist, NLP
Coach
New Delhi

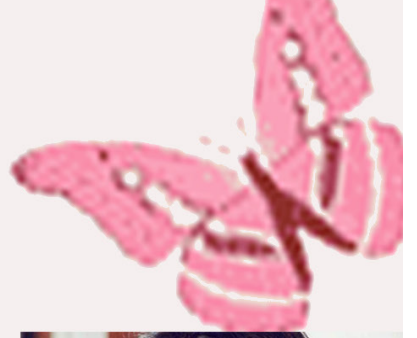
41. Set Foundation Of Your Life

Set the Foundation of Your Life,
Take in the value of my Wife,
Imagine Your Future Very Well,
Create it beautifully like a Fairy Tale,
Live in it happily and let others live in,
Teach this useful lesson daily to your kin,
Blinds can see indirectly but not with their eyes,
Do you always speak openly, or tell these useless lies?
Deafs can hear clearly with only their minds,
Not with their ears; who can those find?
Love the Nature, Kiss the World,
Sing the Lyric like a Bird,
Make your life simple, bright, and Comfort,
I'll always love you, Dearest Son, with my wholehearted support.



**Mr. Vinod Kumar
Jha
Poet
Darbhanga
Bihar**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
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Yaad-E-Maazi, The Journey to Success)**

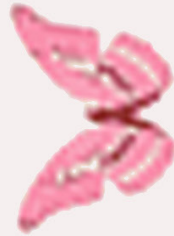
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