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Guest Of
the Month

MS.
ANAMIKA
JAISWAL

[A FAMOUS
VISAGISTE
OF BHOPAL]

Panache

International Magazine

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CHIEF EDITOR:

AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

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

September 2025

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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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The Garland of Eleven Pearls



In a forest, there lived a sage who had attained great spiritual powers. People from nearby villages often visited him. Near the sage's hut, there was a well with a strange peculiarity—whenever someone drew water from it, along with the bucket, a pearl would also come up. Naturally, this wonder attracted many visitors to the sage.

In a nearby town lived a learned man. When he heard about the sage, the miraculous well, and the pearls that came up with words inscribed on them, his curiosity grew. Without telling anyone at home, he set out to meet the sage. On reaching, he bowed to the saint, touched his feet, and engaged in deep conversation. Impressed by the saint's words, he sought permission to drink water from the well.

As he drew the bucket, along with the water, a pearl appeared. His curiosity was satisfied—what people said was indeed true. But when he picked up the pearl, he was startled. On it was written: "Arrogance."

The learned man thought to himself, How could this well know about me? Somewhat disturbed, yet thoughtful, he returned home, vowing silently, I must rid myself of arrogance before I visit again.

Time passed, and one day he returned to the saint. Again, he drew water, and again a pearl came with it. This time the word inscribed was: "Anger." He was shaken. How does it know I struggle with anger?

Each visit revealed another flaw: "Pride," "Greed," "Laziness," "Deceit," "Stubbornness," "Envy"... One by one, he carried these pearls home, each a mirror to his inner weaknesses. The learned man grew deeply restless. Am I truly carrying so many vices within me? No... I must rid myself of them.

He began to work on himself diligently. Nearly a year later, transformed in heart, he once again went to the sage. He bowed, sat humbly at his feet, and conversed with him for a long time. Then the saint said gently, "Go, drink from the well." But the man replied, "No, revered one. I need nothing from the well anymore."

The saint, knowing his journey, smiled. He went inside his hut and returned with a garland. Placing it around the man's neck, he said, "This is for you."

It was a garland of eleven pearls. On each pearl was inscribed the same line: "I have gained wisdom—now I need nothing more."

The man realized the truth. At first, I had gone to the well hoping for pearls of gold, and to test whether such a miracle truly existed. But I did not know that along with the pearls, my virtues and vices would also be revealed. My curiosity led me not only to the pearls but also to self-discovery. Through practice and effort, I cleansed myself of my flaws.

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On Teachers' Day, With Gratitude

Editorial

Some bonds in life can never be measured in words—one such bond is that of a teacher and a student. Every one of us carries a part of our teacher within us, like an unseen guiding light that keeps shaping our journey long after the classroom has ended.

Teachers' Day, to me, is not just about paying tribute; it is about pausing and remembering those voices that taught us how to walk through life. The ones who not only explained lessons on the blackboard but also whispered courage when we were trembling, who reminded us of our worth when we doubted ourselves, and who believed in us long before we learned to believe in ourselves.

I often think: what would the world look like without teachers? Perhaps like a garden without a gardener—wild, chaotic, and incomplete. Teachers are the gardeners of society. They plant seeds of curiosity, water them with patience, and wait quietly for us to bloom in our own time. They ask for nothing in return, except maybe the joy of seeing us grow.

Today, in an age where knowledge is available at a click, the role of a teacher is even more precious. Because what they give us is not just information—

but values, perspective, and the ability to see beyond ourselves. They teach us not just what to think, but how to think.





On this day, I bow with folded hands to every teacher—my own, yours, and the countless nameless mentors life sends our way. Sometimes a teacher is a professor in a classroom, sometimes it is a parent, a friend, or even a stranger who changes our direction with a single word of wisdom.

From the heart of Panache International, I dedicate this issue to those silent heroes whose stories are woven into our lives. May we not just celebrate them once a year, but carry their lessons as living tributes every single day.


Akanksha Shrivastava

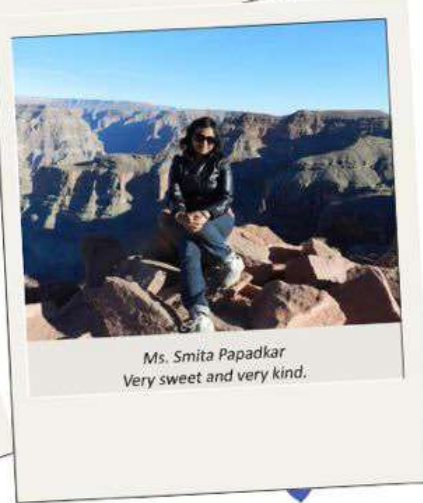
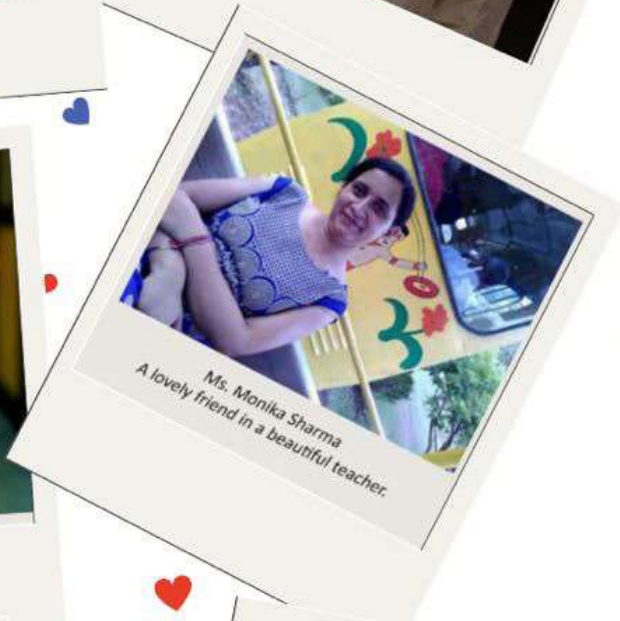
With love, respect, and gratitude,

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava

Chief Editor, Panache International Magazine







Teachers' Day

Panache
September 2025

The Life of a Teacher

Portal opens, as marker ink writes upon quiet orbit:
chalk dust becomes stardust...
Makers of time, futures stands at the edge of dawn's glory...
Cupping gently the sun's first spark weathered in eternal's palm...
Naming with patient syllables our world forgets to hear...
Their classroom a harbor of small tremors...
Harboring tidal learning allowing it trust its own edges...
Every word becoming seeds hurled into forever winter soil...
Imploring the hush of spring to coax a green rumor of transformation ...
They walk the labyrinth of questions, in the soul of a midnight librarian...
Pulling lanterns from uncertainty shelves...
Fact become the fiber,
threaded in doubt's loom, weaving a coat of many colours...
To place on the shoulders of the shy, those who doubt their own glow...
In their hands, a line becomes a river...
Routes carved through mountains of miscomprehension...
The eraser, an important tool, that memory learns to forgive mistakes...
Soft as rain, stubborn as granite, persistent as the dusk...
Their voice be cometh evermore a harbor bell calling to the ships of thought...
Docking in sheltered coves of understanding...
Especially when storms of stubborn habit lash at the hulls..
Compass of certainty spins with wild ink and lead...
Speaking not to fill the air, but to awaken it...
Teaching the air to remember the physics of possibility, chemistry of life's art...
Every learner hears the words, creating the map of their own future...
Singing from the page as the tide returning home...
The clock on the wall ticks down, not minutes but awakenings...
Each one a pebble dropped into the well of someone's courage...
Each tock ripples, travelling beyond the classroom door...
Journeying onto sidewalks, kitchens, playgrounds, and into late-night rooms in
the Tortured Poet's Department...
Tending life's garden, attention a delicate seedling...
Kindness compost that feeds resilience...
Mistakes lie, fallen fruit not as verdicts but soil...
Quiet laboratory where intellect learns to ferment into wisdom...
The Life of a Teacher, bonfire made of ordinary sticks...
Small sounds of notebooks and copybooks opening,
the soft syllables of "why" and "why not"...
Turning into weather that educates our planet...
Maps traced in ash that still points toward a new dawn...
When the last bell chimes its fervent glitter into the air...
Not vanishing into legend, the teacher's essence dissolves into presence...
A lived reminder that every mind is a lantern waiting to be lit...
Lit by another's patient flame, and that light, shared..
Becoming the constellation that guides the way home...
We all will make it home...



By Student

Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago



The Teacher

On a dusty earthen path,
A little boy came barefoot,
A torn book hung from his shoulder,
But his eyes carried a sky full of
dreams.

In the thatched-roof village school,
Where even the blackboard was cracked in half,
The teacher's heart was so complete,
That every child felt
like his own.

The teacher said –
"Son, these letters are tiny,
But they are lamps of light.
They will take you from fields to
cities.
Poverty may stand like a wall,
But education is the window
Through which sunlight will enter your home?"

The boy replied –
"Teacher, at home the hearth is often cold,
Father says farming is our fate.
But in your eyes I see a faith,
As if knowledge is the strongest path."

The teacher smiled, placed his
hand on the boy's head –
"Son, even on the ridges of the fields,
Dreams can sprout.
And when watered with learning,
They touch the sky.
I am with you always,
Never give up."

Years passed,
That same boy grew,
From Patna to Delhi and far beyond.
When he stood on stage delivering a speech,
He remembered –
"The scent of my first torn book,
And my teacher's assurance,
That gave me wings to fly."

The teacher remains in that village school,
But he lives forever in his students' hearts.
For teachers, do not just teach—
They fill the soul with light.



By Student

Shashi Dhar Kumar
Author & IT Consultant
Katihar
Bihar



Teachers' Day

Panache
September 2025

Teachers (An English Poem)



By Student

Girish Chandra Upadhyay
(Prayag Raj)
Uttar Pradesh India.

Teachers symbolise "Saraswati."
Teachers perform, special duty.
Teachers enhance our knowledge.
It may be a school or a college.
Teachers are placed, above God.
Teachers are the replicas of God.

Teachers owe, a duty to society.
Teachers impart, a good quality.
Teachers provide, roots to stand.
Teachers give us, stronger hand.

We are indebted, to our teachers.
Teachers guide to make careers.
Let us give them true honours.





Random Thoughts on Teachers' Day



By Student

Everyone who has moved one step further can be a teacher for him, who is behind him one step.

To be a teacher is difficult. A teacher has to collect knowledge, assimilate it and deliver and disseminate it in a way so that it becomes palatable. If one is intelligent but not intelligible or comprehensible then he cannot be a successful teacher.

A teacher today faces a hostile society; an authoritarian and sadistic administration and an indifferent set of students. In most cases the state shows a callous attitude towards teachers. A teacher is most easy to misuse and very readily available to harass and humiliate in our society. The teacher today needs to be on his toes as he faces challenges of technology and market. He has to equip himself with the latest technology and be ready to administer employability to the students. Most teachers also face empty classrooms and bored students.

In the times to come every teacher will need to be accountable. He has to shoulder the responsibility of enabling and ennobling. A teacher has with him the responsibility to shape human mind and behaviour, besides sharing knowledge and information. He needs to know the three aspects of knowledge: *shiksha*, *vidya* and *pragya*.

A teacher is mostly known not because of what or how he teaches but how he thinks and lives and how he connects with the students and changes their life. Among all other tasks of a teacher one important task is to make his student noble. He needs to teach his students not only to become a successful man but also a good man.

This society will bully a teacher, harass him, and demoralise him; but he has to keep on doing his duties, because whenever a society falls teachers come forward to lift it.

Sometimes the society is not ready to accept innovation and new knowledge; it does not want to change at times. It kills such persons who want to change their knowledge and belief system. The society killed Jesus, Socrates, and even Gandhi because the society could not understand them.

Most intelligent, morally fortified, and noble people need to become teachers. We need good teachers for making a good world. We need teachers who can teach us how to control our lust, greed, anger, envy and ego. The task of a teacher is to teach us how to know, how to do, how to live together and how to be. A real teacher is one who can not only transmit but also transform.

A teacher besides teaching his course work in a pleasant, easy and comprehensible manner and preparing the students for the exam, equally needs to teach how to pass the exam of life. A good teacher is not one who produces bookworms with high percentile but a noble man with worldly wisdom.

Dr. Bhavesh Chandra Pandey
Teacher
Munger, Bihar





It is said that true knowledge is impossible without a good teacher. In spiritualism God realization is not possible without a guru. For happiness peace and understanding the blessings of a teacher is essential. This world is a dark forest filled with ignorance, that is the mother of all evils. We cannot walk through this dark forest without a torch of light. A good teacher presses the torch for us to walk through the Dark World.

Teaching is a glorious job but conditions apply. Teaching unpleasant truth can often be dangerous. Many teachers who took the courage to teach unpleasant truths were eliminated. Besides, if teachers don't live up to the expectation of our students and our society, teaching can't be a matter of glory.

If we don't practice what we preach, such teaching becomes ineffective. Teaching should not become merely an information transfer, it should be an act of cultivation of mind and careful shaping of personality. It is believed that what a teacher is, is more important than what he teaches.

Every teacher has to earn a living also but teaching cannot be merely a job of earning livelihood. If teaching is commerce we can breed shopkeepers only. We need sculptors rather than shopkeepers. Good teachers will earn respect in every society. But it is very challenging to be a good teacher.

Teaching needs to be learner oriented, updated and based on utility. A teacher needs to be innovative and friendly to students, otherwise he will become irrelevant. The best earning for a teacher is the success of his students and their appreciation. For a student, the blessing of a teacher is the most precious thing.

Good students make good teachers. So, in order to make the teaching learning process fruitful we need to have good students and good teachers. A teacher will have to realise that education is not the filling of a pail but lighting of a fire as suggested by Yeats. Teaching is all about making an impact. Great teachers have changed lives; they have ignited a revolution in the psyche of the students. They have moulded the personalities of their students. Great teachers don't spoon feed knowledge; they make their students seekers of knowledge. Such teachers become unforgettable. Such teachers teach through actions. Their life itself is a textbook to be read. Sri Rama, for example, did not preach formally, but his life itself is like a book of morals.

A good teacher is not one who teaches but who like a sculptor shapes the personality of his student. He is like God who gives birth to a new man. He has a strong connect with his disciple. He not only informs but also educates by moulding his mode of thinking and his behaviour. He empowers and enables.

Learning begins at home. Home is the *alma mater* of every man. Parents are our first teachers. They teach through their love, sacrifice and caring. Besides ethical guidance they offer practical wisdom and codes of conduct. At home one can understand the meaning of homely learning. Parents punish with care in order to correct.

Life itself is a great teacher, it teaches through experience. It teaches every moment. Its syllabus is always new and ever unfinished. Nature is equally a wonderful teacher. The poet Shakespeare finds books in brooks and sermons in stone. William Wordsworth in his poem Tables Turned writes:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.





Society is a very strict teacher. It gives lived-in learning. Institutional learning often fails in a society. It requires practical knowledge. Here vicarious learning or bookish learning is of little help. Here you need first hand raw knowledge. Failures, cheating, deceit, ingratitude, apathy of the near ones, adversity, calamity and poverty are great teachers. Time and human circumstances are great teachers. History is also a great teacher and we need to learn from it. If we fail to learn from history we suffer.

All great people have been teachers in some way or the other. All sages, saints, prophets, poets, philosophers, industrialists, writers, scientists and leaders have been teachers. All great teachers inspire and guide the course of a society. All great teachers are like Lord Shiva- they take poison and leave the nectar for others.

A teacher will have to practice what he preaches in order to be effective. So long as there is a mismatch between what he practices and what he preaches a teacher will not enjoy due respect of the students. The fall of an ordinary man is pathetic but the fall of a teacher is disgusting. A teacher today needs to be utility conscious also; he needs to feel the nerve of the market and the aspirations of the society. He needs to contemplate ways through which students can be made not only wise and noble but also skillful and employable. He equally faces the challenge to cope up with the onslaught of information outburst and artificial intelligence technology. He has to keep constantly updating self and walk side by side the development in the field of knowledge and technology.

Shri Krishna, Gautam Buddha, Mahavira, Jesus, Prophet Muhammad, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Chanakya, Confucius, Nanak, Govind Singh, Kabir, Ramdas, Ramkrishna Paramhansa etc. were great teachers. They had the power to ignite the mind and revolutionise the spirit they were persons who held the finger of civilization and taught it how to walk. Kabir calls a teacher greater than God because it is the teacher that leads us to god realization.

The world will always need good teachers. Without the help of teachers the world cannot progress in the right direction. A Japanese proverb says that better than thousand days of diligent study is one day with a great teacher. According to Henry Adams a great teacher affects infinity. A good teacher is a true conscience keeper of a society.



Teachers' Day

TEACHERS

Panache
September 2025



By Student

Pushpendra Pratap Singh
Eng. Teacher (Shahjahanpur)
Kannauj, Uttar Pradesh (India)

First of all, I greet a number of auspicious wishes to the worldwide teachers on the golden occasion of Indian National teachers' day that is organised on every 5th of September on the sweet memory of revered philosopher, prominent educationist, renowned ideal teacher, eloquent orator, proficient political leader and most of all, the first vice-President of India and the second president of India, Dr. Sarve Palli Radhakrishnan, who was honoured with Bharat Ratna, the highest Indian civilian award in 1954 for his elevated and sublime accomplishments as well as contribution in the field of education.

However, international teachers' day is celebrated on 5th of Oct every year starting from 1994 as the UNESCO proclaimed.

Now, when writing about teachers, I always firmly put my own point of view that "An ideal Teacher is always a consistent learner." In modern world of rapid changes, teachers' role and responsibilities also got modified and re-organized. He is to be more updated, ultra-modernised, true motivator, constant innovator, creator of genuine teaching-learning environment for students.

An original teacher is never fed up with learning and creativity. He, in fact, remains a student throughout his life because learning is a life-long process. Modern teacher is required to be more professional as well. He must have skill incorporating new technologies to enhance learning, empowering students in every field, creating supporting and inclusive learning environment, identifying and nurturing individual talents, adapting latest teaching techniques and balancing social and emotional growth. Having skilled and qualitative teachers is the largest and most important resource for any nation.

Undoubtedly, it is none else but teacher who prepares the foundation of a strong nation, creates social and emotional growth in the youngsters, instilling the sense of patriotism and humanity in students, nurtures the strong and pious character of citizens who get well-known to their constitutional and moral rights and duties. Finally, the all round development of the students' personality is dependent on the teachers.

Our World class philosophers have also been teachers first who even assumed the whole world as a home i.e. they were true cosmopolitans. Teachers are invaluable assets of every nation. No nation can be developed without uplifting, promoting and conserving resourceful, skilled and experienced teachers. They are indispensable resources as well. They can never be replaced. They are real guide mentoring to the large number of students, motivating them, inspiring them by their own inspirational activities and abstemious conduct. They ought to be paid adequate regards and love for which they deserve. Even, government must take care of them as sometimes it is seen that the teachers are being exploited, ignored and even struggle for their basic demands. This plight in regard of teachers is highly deplorable.

Teachers always wish well-being of the students assuming them their own children, navigate them to face the academic challenges, develop their inter-personal skill, guide and motivate even in the most crucial hours of life. Their advices, teachings and lessons prove useful in life ahead.

Ultimately, We appeal to the nation or world wide people to pay proper and true regard to the teachers around you. Like other social beings, they have too their needs and works. The dignity of a teacher has always been adorable in our country India since time immemorial.

Apart from it, I wish again umpteen sweet greetings to the teachers worldwide on the loving occasion of Indian National teachers' day and I strongly anticipate an exemplary and idealistic image of the true teachers around us.



Teachers' Day

Panache
September 2025

TEACHERS

It is the teacher who came first in this world.
That is why he has earned the status of a Guru in this world.

It is the teacher who is the real creator of every disciple's fate.

It is because of the teacher that the disciple receives all the fourteen subjects.

If there was no teacher, then how would there be knowledge in the world.

How would every teacher get respect in this world.

It is because of the teacher that there is the sun, the moon and the stars in the sky.

All the great giants have lost in front of the teacher.

Even all the Vedas have sung the glory of a teacher.
This is the only capital of a teacher and not any other earning.

It is because of the teacher that a disciple gets the position in the world.

By paying obeisance to the Guru, the disciple crosses the ocean of life.

By getting a position greater than the Guru, the disciple makes his name immortal.



By Student

KULDEEPSINGH SISODIYA
Rajasthan



Teachers' Day

TEACHERS

Every one of us, are where we are, because of teachers in our lives.

Our first teachers were our parents. They taught us to walk and talk. We learned everything from them in our early formative years.

Mannerisms and good conduct were instilled by them, which made for a happy co-existence with our fellow humans.

As we grew, and attended school, we had other teachers, who taught us on many other subject matters. The world became more colorful, as we began to explore and discover new things which fascinated us. The portals of knowledge were open, we entered joyfully, and we discovered new worlds, and new dimensions.

Success, wisdom and confidence are windows, which we lean into, downloaded to us by our teachers.

We learn something new everyday, from our elders, our friends, and our family members.

Being teachable brings more happiness, more excitement into our lives.

If we look around us with the curiosity of a child, we will be ushered into worlds of wonder!

Therefore, we should be plyable and open minded, to the sights, smells and sounds all around us.

We are learning, we are growing everyday, because of our teachers.

They are are heroes,

for they dare to help us enter and discover fruitful fields, amazing new worlds and unknown territories!



By Student

Lucy Victoria David
Durban, South Africa



INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL

FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

You come from a business-class family where entrepreneurship is in the blood. How did this upbringing shape your mindset in your formative years?

Growing up in a business-class family, I was surrounded by conversations about risks, strategies, and growth. That environment taught me very early that success doesn't come from playing safe — it comes from following your vision fearlessly. It made me comfortable with the idea of carving my own path instead of relying on conventional definitions of success.



Despite studying Biotechnology and then completing an MBA in International Business, you chose a completely different field. How did you reconcile this inner conflict between your academic choices and personal passion?

Honestly, it was not an easy decision. Education gave me discipline, structure, and knowledge, but my heart longed for creativity. For a while, I felt guilty for not aligning my career with my academic background. But eventually, I realized that education is never wasted — my MBA gave me entrepreneurial skills, and makeup artistry gave me my soul's purpose. Together, they shaped who I am today.



INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL



FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

Was there a moment in your student life when you realized that the conventional 9-to-5 path wasn't for you?

Yes. During my MBA, I often imagined myself in corporate meetings or office roles, and I just couldn't see joy in that picture. I realized I didn't want to be bound by a desk or a routine — I wanted to create, to transform, and to make people feel beautiful. That was when I knew I was destined for something different.

TURNING POINT & CAREER SHIFT

The self-grooming makeup workshop proved to be a turning point in your life. Could you share the emotions you experienced during that discovery?

That workshop felt like magic. For the first time, I felt a deep connection with something creative that was also empowering. As I held the brushes and saw the transformation unfold, I felt goosebumps. It wasn't just makeup — it was a realization that I had found my passion

How did you handle the initial resistance from your family when you decided to pursue makeup artistry at a time when it wasn't considered a dignified profession?

It was tough. Many questioned my decision, and at times I doubted myself too. But my parents stood by me, even though convincing them wasn't easy. I kept reminding myself that society's opinions don't define my future — my dedication does. That belief helped me push through the resistance.



INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL



FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

What personal qualities do you think gave you the strength to stand firm on your decision?

Persistence, self-belief, and resilience. I don't give up easily. Even when the odds are against me, I remind myself why I started. That determination, combined with my willingness to learn and grow, gave me the strength to stand firm

WORK & ACHIEVEMENTS

You have worked with brides, photographers, and even celebrities. Which experience has been the most memorable for you and why?

Every bride is special, but one of my most memorable experiences was working on a celebrity shoot abroad. It was high-pressure, fast-paced, and challenging, yet thrilling. It taught me that my skills can shine in any environment — whether it's a bride's big day or a global photoshoot.

Having done makeup for more than 1000 brides, what does this milestone mean to you personally?

It's deeply fulfilling. Every bride who trusted me became part of my journey. Each one carried a piece of my work into the most important day of her life. For me, it's not just a number — it's a collection of stories, emotions, and memories that keep me motivated.



INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL



FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

What was your reaction when you were honored by Rubaroo Zindagi as one of the “Most Inspiring Women”?

I felt humbled and grateful. It wasn't just recognition of my work, but of my journey — the struggles, sacrifices, and resilience. It gave me confidence that my story could inspire other women to follow their passion fearlessly.

How important was your husband's and family's support in helping you stay grounded during the challenging early stages of your career?

Their support was everything. After marriage and kids, juggling work and family wasn't easy. But my husband and in-laws encouraged me to continue, and my parents always reminded me of my worth. Without them, I couldn't have balanced it all. They are my backbone.

INDUSTRY & VISION

Makeup artistry is often seen as both an art and a business. How do you balance creativity with the demands of entrepreneurship?

I treat my work like an art form but run my business with strategy. Creativity keeps me authentic, while entrepreneurship ensures sustainability. My MBA background helps me with business planning, while my artistic side ensures I stay innovative.

In your view, what changes have you observed in the acceptance and recognition of makeup artistry in India over the past decade?

A lot has changed. Earlier, makeup artistry wasn't considered a dignified career. Today, it's celebrated, respected, and in high demand. Social media has played a huge role in shifting perceptions and opening opportunities. It's heartening to see more acceptance for creative careers.

INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL



FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

How do you keep yourself updated with global trends in the beauty and glam industry?

I constantly upgrade myself with international courses, online learning, and by following global artists. I believe learning never stops. The beauty industry evolves every day, and staying updated is the only way to stay relevant.

What advice would you give to aspiring makeup artists who may feel hesitant due to societal judgments?

Follow your passion unapologetically. Society will always have something to say, but at the end of the day, it's your life. Invest in learning, work hard, and stay consistent — results will silence the judgments.

FUTURE EXPECTATIONS & LEGACY

You have mentioned your dream of launching an academy or product line. Could you share more about this vision?

Yes, I dream of building an academy where aspiring artists can receive not just technical training, but also mentorship to grow as professionals. Alongside, I envision a product line that reflects quality, inclusivity, and artistry — something every woman can trust.



INTERVIEW WITH MS. ANAMIKA JAISWAL



FAMOUS VISAGISTE →

Mentorship seems to be close to your heart. What values would you want to instill in the next generation of makeup artists?

Discipline, integrity, and self-confidence. I want them to understand that makeup is not just about outer beauty, but also about empowering others. Hard work, consistency, and originality should always be their guiding principles.

How do you define success for yourself — is it recognition, financial stability, creative satisfaction, or something else?

For me, success is a balance of all — recognition for my craft, financial independence, and the creative satisfaction of making someone feel beautiful. But above all, success is when I inspire others to chase their dreams.

If you could go back and talk to your younger self, just before you enrolled in that makeup workshop, what would you say to her?

I would say, "Trust yourself, Anamika. This decision will change your life. Don't be afraid of judgment — the world will soon celebrate you."

What legacy would you like to leave behind in the beauty industry?

I want to be remembered as someone who redefined bridal beauty in India, who uplifted others through artistry, and who opened doors for many aspiring artists. A legacy of empowerment, creativity, and transformation.

Finally, what is one life lesson that your journey has taught you, which you believe every woman should embrace?

Never underestimate your strength. Life will test you, society will question you, but your passion and persistence can rewrite your destiny. Every woman should believe in her power to rise, shine, and inspire.

On
Teachers'
Day

Testimonies

For An Amazing Teacher

" She is not just a friend but a true blessing in my life. With her kindness and wisdom, she taught me the art of makeup—not just to enhance beauty, but to build my confidence and embrace myself fully. Her strength, compassion, and constant support reflect the true spirit of women empowerment. She uplifts everyone around her, showing that real beauty lies in inspiring others. I'm forever grateful for her presence in my journey." - Divya Sharma, Bhopal



" Her makeup artistry goes beyond colors and brushes, it is a true celebration of individuality, where every look she creates tells a story of elegance, confidence, and timeless beauty. [Learning from her was a wonderful experience , I discovered that makeup is not just technique, but an art of enhancing beauty with creativity and confidence". - Kalpoana Verma, Bhopal



"I finally attended a makeup workshop where I learned various techniques to enhance my natural features. The hands-on training and expert guidance helped me master new skills. I gained confidence in applying makeup for everyday looks and special occasions. The workshop was informative, interactive, and fun! I highly recommend it to anyone looking to improve their makeup skills." - Reena Chouksey, Bhopal



1. Your Grace, Autumn



Dr. Ahmad Al-Qaysi

When autumn knocks on nature's doors, colors shift, and trees whisper their secrets...
Leaves fall like old love letters, telling stories of time and expressing the earth's longing for rest.
The sky wears gentle clouds, and the air carries a cool breeze that refreshes the soul and awakens memories.

It is a season where the magnificence of the Creator is revealed in the renewal of life.

Autumn is a transitional gap between the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

It grants us, as humans, a chance to reflect and prepare for what lies ahead.

It is a season of harvest, where the fruits of effort and toil are gathered, and seeds of hope are sown for new seasons.

Autumn is not merely one of the four seasons.

Oh autumn, you are a symbol of change and renewal in our lives.

You are the hope of a new soul, teaching us how to bid farewell to the past gently and welcome the future with hope.

We are all autumn.

We are all autumn leaves.

Our leaves begin to fall the moment

Summer departs—

A summer that burned all our pages with its poison—

Then autumn comes to complete the job.

What are we, then?

A cup of coffee...

And a roll of paper filled with tobacco made from our fallen, copper-colored leaves...

Burning quickly, leaving only ash behind.

That's who we are—

Seasons come and go...

A short spring...

A blazing summer that scorches all within us,
Then departs only to deliver us to autumn.

Such is life—

A brief spring,

And a cold winter that restrains our movement,
Forces us to stay home... in our beds.

Have the springs of our years rescued us?

Saved us from the autumn of our lives?

A day will come, and so will its autumn...

For we are all autumn...

We are all leaves that fall the moment

Autumn breathes upon us...

Stripping us bare.

We are all autumn leaves...

We are all autumn leaves.

This breathtaking autumn scene pulses with quiet longing,

As if nature itself whispers secrets into the arms of the evening.

The fallen leaves are like old love letters cast by trees into the path of
passersby,

With their warm copper tones that embrace the heart.

The damp path tells tales of a recent rain,

While a yellow umbrella flutters in the distance,

A small hope that lights the darkness of memory.

In this scene, autumn appears to be the season of nostalgia—

Teaching us how to part with things gently, without losing their beauty.

The lone person beneath the yellow umbrella is each of us,

Walking silently beneath the shadows of the trees,

Carrying within them entire seasons of memory.

By Ahmad Al-Qaysi

2. Me as a Passerby



Ms. Ahmed Bagidi
Latifah
Writer
Kaiama
Nigeria

Being born into an extended family might be the hardest experience I have ever had. Don't get me wrong—a home with more than one mother can be beautiful, but perhaps mine was a bit toxic.

My life, as a passerby, has been filled with shadows. My mother and I live together as a family, sharing the same cup of grief. I used to hear my classmates speak joyfully about the happiness of seeing their fathers come home, but my story was different. We often wept whenever my father stepped into our compound. I asked myself countless times, why is my story so different? Is he really my father? My mother would always sigh and say, “Yes, he is your father, and he will always be.”

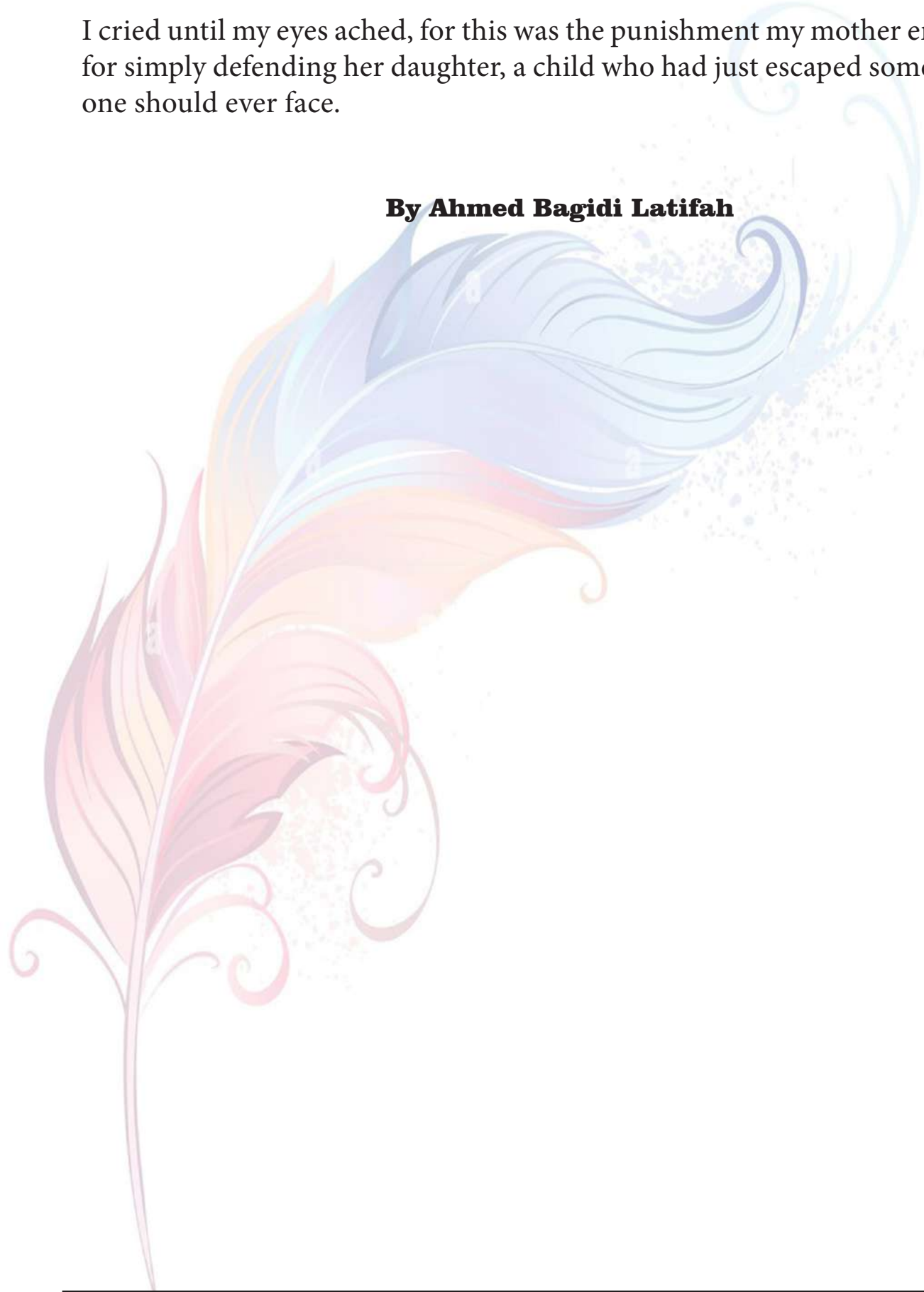
They say time heals wounds, but perhaps not when the wound is so deeply cut. Even time needs time to heal. Memories remain fresh, returning again and again, just like the rising sun.

One Eid morning, I woke up to see my mother in tears instead of joy. She was a woman I knew to always smile broadly and wish her children well every Eid morning. But on this day, her smile was replaced with sorrow. Just as I was about to speak, my father's harsh voice pierced the air like a sharp blade: “Who do you think you are? You have no right to take any action in this house.” In that moment, I realized—the devil disguised as an angel had entered our home.

A few days before that Eid, I had narrowly escaped an assault from a cousin who lived with us. My mother's only “mistake” was trying to discipline him. But my father dismissed it as unnecessary, saying that all of my mother's children were useless. Watching him defend the very person who tried to harm me was heartbreaking. Yet my mother, strong and unyielding, refused to accept disrespect from us, her children.

I cried until my eyes ached, for this was the punishment my mother endured—for simply defending her daughter, a child who had just escaped something no one should ever face.

By Ahmed Bagidi Latifah



3. Rhythm

The sand that glistened on the shore
The hues of gold and brown
The waves that danced with elegance
Glittered like the silvery crown.
The gray, the blue, the green and frothy white
Ocean bore them all at once;
Depth and tranquility, stillness and calm
Giggly, bubbly, vivacious brilliance.
The vermilion in the center glowed
Taking a cue from the rising sun;
Nature had painted a beautiful canvas
Swirling trees with gay abandon.
The mirthful winds that come-by dancing
Wishing waves and trees alike,
Sprinkling fragrance of joyful beads
With their own gentle strike.

She stood there at the golden beach
Her skin that matched the brown,
The silver in her eyes that shone
Her pate her glorious crown.
Her floral gown with blues and greens
Twirled as she moved
Vermilion frills sprang up and down
As she playfully grooved.
In a moment calm, in another flippant
Her persona gray and white;
O Lass, O Eternal Beauty
Compassionate, artistic, melodious, erudite.
You blend with Nature in perfection
Layer by layer, gross and cosmic,
Divinity wrapped in earthly cloak
Unmoved, detached, composed and stoic.



Dr. Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

4. Flood washed cry for redemption



Mr. Ashok Manikoth
A budding poet
Dubai
UAE

There was a time,
the sky rained a million drops -
each a whispered promise,
quenching parched earths thirst.

The happy satiated earth,
helped by the life giving drops,
allowed the seeds deep in its womb,
to spurt to life above the ground,
flurry of green a sight for sore eyes.

The breath of rain pulsing through the -
veins of soil making leaves unfold,
and rivers sing the song of life.

Then came the dinosaur of progress: Climate Change.
Born in the smoke and fog created by
mankind.

The creature taking massive steps,
shaking the fragile balance.
Tearing at tender roots turning lush green -
to brown.

The Rain God lost his sieve -
no longer sifting kindness into measured
Jewels.

Now rain fell as waterfalls unbridled,
wild and cruel;
Flooding fury not gifts on all below.
Trees drowned under the unnatural deluge,
homes swept away by relentless flow,
life's cradle broken by man-made excess.

Mankind's ears once blocked by ego and arrogance,
Nature's fury washed them away, once again he could hear wisdom's soft call.

Hand raised above the floods reaching out,
ready to change,
undo what was done out of greed and selective ignorance.
To save himself and all species from annihilation.
Deep inside the ancient rhythm pulses on:
waiting for the skies to calm,
and drop those million tender blessings once again.

By Ashok Manikoth

5. I painted

I painted the clouds in shades of blue,
With imagination, I shaped a few.
I painted mountains with contrasting hues,
Their layered peaks, like melting dews.

I painted some trees, a dreamy green,
Pointed firs, in surroundings serene.
I painted a river winding through the plain,
Reflecting images like a mirrored frame.

They say I painted on paper with color—
A childhood view, sketched with valor.
But I painted instead the wall of my dreams,
A pathway back to my forgotten themes.

A way to make my childhood view come true,
With strokes of emotion in the purest hue.
Shades of memory on life's vast stage,
Canvases of people, and success I engage.



**Ms. Ayushi
Khawade
Student
Bhopal**

6. My Satisfaction



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

Characters:

Dona: A well-meaning but slightly naive person.

Joseph: A cunning and opportunistic person.

Scene 1: The Bus Stand

(A sunny day at a quiet bus stop. Dona, looking exhausted and slightly panicked, struggles to balance two enormous, overstuffed bags. Joseph stands nearby, leaning casually against a lamppost, scrolling on his phone.)

Dona: (Straining, wiping sweat from her brow, she asked Joseph) Please... Can you help me with one of these? They're so heavy.

(Joseph looks up from his phone, a polite but slightly bored expression on his face. He glances at the bags.)

Joseph: Oh, sure. What's in them?

Dona: (Points to one of the bags) Just some papers, books, and some birthday gifts. You know, from friends.

(Joseph bends down and tries to lift the bag. He grunts and strains, his face turning red. The bag doesn't move. He looks at Dona with wide, incredulous eyes.)

Joseph: But it's too heavy to lift! What are you putting in beg? Bricks?

Scene 2: The "Generous" Offer

(Dona looks thoughtful for a moment. She snaps her fingers, a great idea

dawning on her.)

Dona: Okay! I know what to do. I'll distribute all my birthday gifts to the poor!

(Joseph's eyes light up. A sly grin spreads across his face, but he quickly hides it with a look of concern.)

Joseph: (With feigned sincerity) Really? You're going to give away all your gifts? Aren't they valuable?

Dona: (Laughs heartily, patting him on the shoulder) Oh, you're silly. These are just things. My papers and files are what's truly valuable. They're my life's work!

Scene 3: The Successful Scheme

(Joseph's sly grin returns, bigger than before.)

Joseph: Right. Well, I'm an honest man, but I'm also very poor. I could really use a hand.

(Dona, beaming with pride at her generosity, happily unzips her bag and begins to fill Joseph's backpack with gifts. The gifts quickly overflow, but he shoves them in triumphantly, a look of pure victory on his face.)

(Joseph, now carrying his bulging backpack, walks away whistling a happy tune. Dona waves goodbye, blissfully unaware of the trick, and continues to struggle with the now slightly lighter, but still heavy, bag of papers and files.)

Dona: (To herself, with a weary but satisfied smile) My problems are my own. I'll manage. But at least Joseph is happy.

By Dhan Singh 'Dhanendra

7. Inspirational Quotes

Self-admiration
always brings only
artificial recognition.

Negativity destroys
the positivity
already present in life.

Strive to remove
all the barriers
that life places before you.

Daydreaming may, at times,
even reflect glimpses
of our future.

Give a powerful farewell
to all the pessimistic
thoughts around you.



**Mr. Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Advocate Allahabad
High Court,
Allahabad
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

8. Our Progress Is Progressing

Only in shabby shanties
you may find a few faces—
flawless, full of form.

They half-fill
their hungry bellies
and still serve, in silence,
their old and young ones.

But along the dry streets
of prosperity
walk mostly the dead shadows
And dwell the last relics
of humanity.

Asylums are crowded,
crèches are full.
Old age is moaning,
infancy is sobbing.

The young lasses
are being profaned,
their souls defiled.

Some caretaker couples
go on pilgrimages,
and some to their honeymoons.

Some are lost
in social media screens,
and some in their endless moneymoons.

Anyway, let's say—
our progress
is progressing.



**Mr. Harvendra
Singh
Lecturer
Lakhimpur Kheri
Uttar Pradesh**

9. Beyond There!

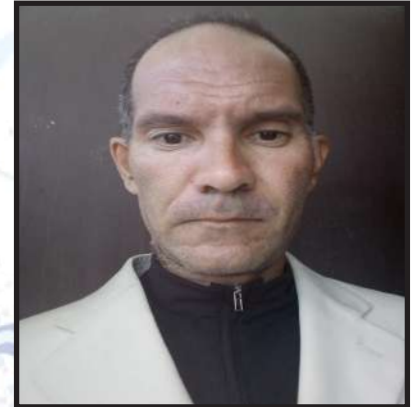


**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak**
Poet, author, singer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

We are like stars
Dazzling and glittering in life's firmament afar.
Paling into insignificance
In adversity
When misfortune befalls,
Shining in luminosity when at the helm
When fortune enthralls,
Motivating and guiding others with perennial lustre,
Huddling up together when joyous,
Enjoying bonhomie.
When standing alone, revelling in the glory of
powerful detachment
Even though
Clouded by weather inclement.
Therefore formidable has to be each step whether it be personal, for society,
for nation.
Unity is the the target to be focused upon
Forging ahead to create vasudhaiva Kutumbakam!
To reform society
To rejuvenate humanity.
After 10 years
India has to be Abundant in cornucopia,
Learning lessons, from nature and from past
To sacrifice life for others, showering and nurturing them with love and care.
Amalgamation of love, brotherhood, unselfishness may thrive,
Each one is not to himself but to others. Not bounded by petty thoughts.
No boundaries,
No demarcation of land
No borders and no mind zone.
To make it an utopia!

10. Ageless Planet

Last night I was invited by the cosmos to explore that marvelous place that only the mind and dreams can accomplish. It was stupendous, such a majestic civilization, the people brilliantly intelligent, there was no pollution, no spiteful actions, just so much peace and happiness radiating.



**Mr. Jose Luis
Lopez
Writer
San Juan
Puerto Rico**

You could breathe in the extraordinary and absolutely clean air, which in my human essence I didn't think I could clean without anti-pollution filtration. Their food was so stupendous, every crop was extracted from the ground there, and you could feel its freshness in your hands.

I wanted to ask how that planet works, and I was told: they live in all of us, because there is no dissension, no tolerance of evildoers, and those who invade them disintegrate them with moans. The environment has a warning alert that repels any invading individual who doesn't filter their same genealogy.

They are all friends because they live in humanity when they embrace, when they love one another, and there is no discord or indiscipline. All abound in love and loyalty for their civilization. I also asked: Why was I chosen to come to this new world? And I was told: I was invited because they understand human consciousness, and they possess an extraordinary coherence that no one could have imagined.

Yes, I was astonished by their response, and I felt gratified for having been selected as a new guest for their civilization.

11. Loss of lives



दिशोम गुरु शिबू सोरेन जी के श्राद्ध में 16 तारीख को भोज का आयोजन किया गया है। खबर है कि भोज के लिए 5000 बकरे...



Mr. Kailash Rana
Ph.D Scholar
Hazaribag
Jharkhand

शिबू सोरेन के श्राद्ध कर्म की तैयारी पूरी , 5 लाख लोग,

5000 बकरा, 101 पकवान - गुरुजी का ऐतिहासिक श्राद्ध भोज!



CM हेमंत सोरेन खुद टोटो चलाकर ले रहे हैं जायज़ा

(Dear friends, Hi! , hope you all would be so fine and sound, wish you all for your betterment. What brings me here among you all today is that after thinking a lot I could not suppress myself telling this fact .)

Actually recently in my native state Jharkhand we lost a gem of our land. Honorable Dishom Guru Shibu Soren left us on Monday 4th of August 2025. We all were In mourning but you know what a curious episode occurred in my mind is that being a teacher I have taught a famous story written by Kalki, an Indian writer 'The Tiger King' where he has seriously Satirized the ruling

king, killing a numbers of tigers for want of his life. He was named ‘Tiger King’ for act of killing the tigers. Innocent animal are killed for the cruel human purposes usually by the great powers . History has been witness of it. If you don’t mind, see animals have played an important role for the development of human civilization. In fact we can hardly lead our life without them ,we may have better happy life without committing these all. They are not only meant to be killed and eaten.

Five thousand goats, apart from some numbers of chickens were offered and served in the Shradh Banquet. Wow! Our rulers are offering us chickens and thousands of goats, a large numbers of lives of the earth got killed. At many occasions we expect it by them, we have become fond of it, I don’t think any culture allows this, and if it is , it must be eliminated, see dears I am here to aware you all, we are hitting the spade on our leg, already we are in a dangerous situation, please.....

Oh! They all goats would be standing in queue to bleating a lot seeing their turn. We don’t know what they would be longing for at the last moment of their life, they kept on bleating, calling their will at last moment but got ignored no one cared. Throats got torn and echoed the last into the air.

Sorry! Please I never intend to hurt the heart but please, be loyal to the humanity, don’t destroy, don’t be factor of destruction. Let the world family leave each other, in spite of many drawbacks we are fond of destruction. Be sympathetic.....

By Kailash Rana

12. The Pain of a Soldier...

Time kept making us weep with every passing
moment,
Our home kept calling us again and again.

Memories kept returning, bringing tears,
Memories of our loved ones never left us.

We endured the cold winds at the borders,
We stood strong, protecting our country from enemies.

We sacrificed our lives with a smile,
Never letting our nation's head bow down.



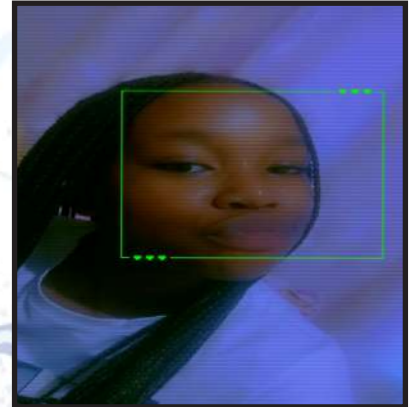
**Ms. Kanchan
Mishra
Shajahanpur
Uttar Pradesh**

13. Planet earth

Welcome to a world
Where every spoken word
Can be wielded like a sword—
To cause deep pain
Or leave a lasting stain
Upon a person's name,
Dragging them into a phase of shame.

Come and witness a place
Where one who stands for truth
May be mocked as a snitch or a fool.
Where sinful plans are carried out
In the quiet hours of the morning,
Without the slightest thought
For the watching eyes of the young.

Here lies the abduction and downfall
Of once-prestigious authorities.
Welcome to planet Earth—
A world once believed
To be soaring toward excellence.



**Ms. Kudzaishe Zoe
Berejena
Student
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

14. Carpe Momentum!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Writer, poet
Durban
South Africa**

Carpe momentum are latin words, meaning "seize the moment".

Every day you confront moments of joy, happiness, sadness, fear, anxiousness and even shock. Some of these emotions, are like a labyrinth, which compels you to find a way out, as soon as possible.

When you find yourself "in the moment", you are present, you are part of whatever emotional phase this may be.

If you embrace moments of joy and happiness, you will enjoy authentic moments, which will never be repeated, as past moments cannot be retrieved.

If you are present in moments of sadness, or any other "dull grey", moments in your life, these feelings too, must be embraced.

In your experience of happy moments, your soul soars, and takes to flight to heights, never before experienced.

Only you will understand this feeling of euphoria, which no other can understand or match! In this moment, your laughter and happiness radiates, like the warmth of the sun in all its powerful strength and splendor!

Even in sadness, where there is devastation or loss, be wary, be present.

When you fall deep into darkness, the voice of hope can be heard above the silence, muffling all negativity.

For the "greys and dulls" of life, are much needed, to complete a beautiful, colorful, masterful, work of art!

Carpet momentum, seize the moment, it is vital for your journey. For when it's passed, you will never again have "these moments", which make you so unique, so extraordinary!

By Lucy Victoria David

15. Jochna Came Down to the House



**Mr. Manik
Chakraborty.**

It's pouring down rain,
My weary eyes grow bored.
I miss you so much—
I open the window wide,
Gazing toward the sky,
While tears flow like rain from my eyes.

I see a shadow in the distance;
Love can be so deceptive.
It's like a river swelling with pride,
Its waves wrapped in the hem of a saree,
While pollen-stained black hair
Sways gently like a braid.

The evening stars in the sky
Have touched my heart.

The stars seem to descend upon my home—
The long wait has ended,
A new life has awakened.
Stay with me forever,
Holding my hand.

16. Dr. Minakshi Koch



Dr. Minakshi Koch
Writer
England

Dr. Minakshi Koch is a mother who refused to sit and watch. She decided to fight every single day and do whatever it takes to get her child the services he deserves. Yes, today she is running an awareness campaign and celebrating neurodiversity. But what got her here?

When she was told her child was difficult to handle and excluded from a specialist school, she thought of all the possibilities and tried to troubleshoot. It was crucial to keep him in school because he is autistic and it is a neurological disorder that affects one's social and communication skills.

To exclude an autistic child reduces their only chances of improving and adds to their diagnosis. She refused to accept that he could be excluded for a disability. Instead of providing him with the right support, the school found it easier to exclude him. As an autism parent and advocate, she could see all the reasons for his behaviour and opted to quit her job and work with him as a Support worker.

When her child was excluded from a specialist setting, she struggled to make each one understand how difficult his life is and how exclusion would only push him into a darker future. But it did not matter. All her reasoning and solutions were put aside and she was handed a book of excuses. She could have fought only her battle, but she wanted to fight for every child and bring a change. She wanted to bring an invaluable change to the life of other mothers and their children.

She is now trying to help mums learn basic strategies and laws that can help safeguard their child's rights. When one loses time in finding solutions, it is only delaying justice. There are so many children waiting for therapies and school placements. Is that fair?

She wrote a book on early intervention called "Star Autism Mums- Teach themselves" which is a tool for exceptional mothers, just like her, who were raising an extraordinary child. She was completely unaware of the resilience,

love and determination that was required to fight the odds. But she kept fighting her own silent battle. She also raised funds to hold sessions and workshops to help mothers engage their kids. In this short span of time, she met the most wonderful families who would go to any length for their kids' wellbeing. She is the Founder and lead of an Autism project in Ipswich, United Kingdom.

Starting the project or writing the book was not easy because it required a lot of time and planning. Just compiling information for the book took her a year. She did it because she was convinced that having all the information in one place would save time which is the greatest need of the hour.

Her unwavering commitment to making a difference in the lives of those with autism has made her the recipient of The Extraordinary Achievers Outstanding Awards, UK and Spirited fighter by IIW She Inspires, UK. One of the most profound challenges faced by mothers of neurodiverse children is ensuring their child's social inclusion and acceptance. She is working to educate others about a neurodiverse child's unique needs and strengths, fostering a sense of understanding and empathy within the community.

She has received an Honorary Doctorate in Education and International Diplomacy for raising awareness and educating people on Autism and Children Rights. In addition, Dr. Ambassador Minakshi Koch, was conferred with the African Integrity Ambassador, Hall of Fame.

She also received the Inspirational Leadership Award from All INDIA COUNCIL OF HUMAN RIGHTS, LIBERTIES & SOCIAL JUSTICE.

She thinks it's important for parents to actively engage in understanding and advocating for their child's needs because parents are the only voice they have. Autistic children struggle to get through every day and all they know is they need to fit in and learn to survive even when it is like learning a completely different language in a foreign land, almost alien. Parents are not just their advocates but their only hope of survival.

She will continue providing her services to autistic kids and their parents in every way possible. She will continue to advocate for their rights and urging the

system for “on time” services.

She is also the Founder of Sibsagar Autism Friendly Emphasis (SAFE) Project in Assam.

This project aims at bringing together the families of ASD children so that they can learn from each other’s experiences. Most autism families are afraid of being around other families for the fear of being judged. For children who have problems with communication and socializing, it is no good for them to get excluded. How can they contribute towards the society or become able citizens when they are not helped. It is much needed that we hold sessions and activities for ASD children giving them a better chance at socialising and becoming active members. SAFE is currently struggling for funds to continue their work.

Anyone who wishes to contribute can get in touch with the President of SAFE, Padmini Koch. Contact-+91 91271 50251
Email- padmini.koch@gmail.com

By Minakshi Koch

17. The Sacred Territory (End of Series)



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Mrs Bonde had come to the conclusion that she needed spiritual help. The things she had done with delight had begun to take their toll on her conscience and it was a problem she could not handle alone. Her husband had expressed severe displeasure at her latest act of infamy, yet had woken up the following morning in his usual spirits, with hopes to revive his ailing business empire.

She needed her husband's support, but his discomposure at her latest act of debauchery had lasted only half an hour's altercation. Telling him that she needed some kind of exorcism would be like poking a scar that he was allowing to heal without having to put his wife to task.

"I have to stand up for my own spiritual welfare, or else, I will be the source of pleasure to any boy who senses even the slightest looseness in his pants," Mrs Bonde told herself.

She had just succumbed to the desires of her flesh when she sensed a weakness in her daughter's suitor. She had allowed him into her bedroom and enjoyed his naked company betwixt her bed sheets. He had come to check on her daughter who was not responding to his calls, only to find his prospective mother-in-law alone at home. In her haste not to let the opportunity slip, just in case conscience might soon prevail on the young man, she had forgotten to switch off electricity supply and allowed her act with the boy to be caught on camera.

Now she thought how silly she had appeared before her husband and how the memory of her latest bedroom act would be a piece of embarrassing thought forever. No, she needed spiritual deliverance. She knew she would entice another boy into bed once again as long as the passions of her flesh prevailed over reason. Mr Bonde always hired boys in their twenties to work around his house when he so desired, cutting the lawn, pruning or propping the branches of fruit trees or removing other grass species from the lawn, that were considered as weeds.

"I know, next time I may act more cautiously, but I feel whenever I do it, it is not out of my free will. My soul is not in it," she told herself.

She had not been able to seduce every hapless young man who fell into her trap. She had once paraded her nudity to a young carpenter who had been hired by her husband to install built in wardrobes in her house. Truly, that boy was the reincarnation of the biblical ph. But out of the pride of her anger she had sought to destroy him, set her beautiful daughter on him and had him jailed for attempted rape. She was beginning to realise that she had not been gratified by the punishment he had suffered. Maybe that was the reason she wanted to bed every boy who fell into her locus.

She had finally paid the price of being discovered and would face the consequences of living with a husband who did not trust her. His gentle demeanor the morning after he had played her the footage of her sordid pleasure in their matrimonial bed was no consolation at all. She slowly began to feel her world crumbling around her.

Mr and Mrs Bonde's mansion was a sprawling oblong of brick, steel and tile. People who believed in the superiority of the urban setup often wondered why the family had built such an impressive structure on rural soil, yet most of their business units were in the city about 30 kilometres away. However, some people felt they had acted wisely to build their home away from the claustrophobic environment of the urban area. Yet, within its spacious avenues, Mrs Bonde felt stifled and choked.

After watching the footage of her bedroom match with Hilton, Mrs Bonde thought that the embarrassment she had been made to suffer was enough for her to remember the forbidden game with not the slightest fondness, but when she lay in bed, next to her seemingly exhausted husband, her pulse rate increased, not because the presence of her husband by her side had aroused her feelings, but because the video footage was playing in her mind. The things she had done with the boy that she could not notice in the live act paraded themselves in her mind's eye to the smallest detail, she had instigated his hand to touch her most sensitive spots, how her hand had caressed his body with reciprocal fervour, and

how like a pair of savages in a ridiculous wrestling match they had rocked the bed until each of them had uttered an involuntary sigh.

Her mind filled with contrition, but her body wanted him again. No, she needed the help of a spiritual healer before her desires became worse. But was there anything worse than what she felt now?

She drove to the spiritual healer three days after her amoral pleasures with her daughter's suitor. Her husband was away in Chipinge on business. The healer's shrine was at the foot of Nyaronga Mountain in Penhalonga. She hoped that all the bad things she had heard about spiritual healers were only lies to tarnish their reputation.

At the spiritual healer's shrine Mrs Bonde did not have to wait in the long queue with others. The healer sensed the urgency of her issue immediately as she set her foot at the fringes of his sanctuary. "I sense the presence of someone whose condition is so bad that I can't make her wait. Give her way, let her come in," his voice boomed from behind the white drappings that shielded the holiest spot of his spiritual territory from the eyes of those waiting to be served. A young woman immediately emerged from within the shelter of the curtains to give way for Mrs Bonde.

Mrs Bonde entered the sanctuary, sat on a reed mat, her whole body quaking as if the ground under her weight had turned into a mass of swirling liquid.

"Be calm humble lady and meet your moment of deliverance," the spiritual healer said reassuringly.

"May it be done man of GOD," Mrs Bonde responded, her heart, mind and soul being transported beyond the clouds with anticipation.

The Man of GOD poured some water into an empty drinking bottle, uttering words of prayer, exalting GOD and imploring the Almighty to deliver his maid servant.

"Here, receive this water, my daughter, add it to your bath water tonight and you will come back here telling me of your dreams tomorrow," said the seer extending the hand holding the bottle towards the woman.

Mrs Bonde drove back home with a beleaguered spirit. She fought the urge to throw the bottle through the window three times before she arrived home. She left the bottle in her car and entered the house, heading straight to her bedroom for much needed bed rest.

She was musing how she had wasted her time going to a bogus healer. Sleep slowly caught up with her and once in her dreams, Hilton was in bed with her, repeating with savage fury what he had done with her under the glare of surveillance cameras. For ten or so minutes the bedroom walls panted in unison with the libidinous lovers' act.

She woke up to the loud scream of her own voice. The dreamful act had been so real, until her loins could no longer contain the excitement forcing her to release a breath she had held back for a minute before the climax of her erotic experience with just a dream visitor. The warmth between her thighs told her that she had been ravished to the very orgasm of the act by someone who was maybe 50 kilometres away.

It was about an hour before sunset. She went back to her car and collected the bottle of sacred water, got back into her bedroom and proceeded to her bathroom. She said her prayers as she took her holy bath. She felt like she was cleansing her soul of all the dirty acts she had performed in self possession and in dreams. She skipped her supper and went to bed. She did not wake up, even when her daughter returned from the poly and started to play music.

There was no Hilton in her dream. She saw her husband in a grass tent, talking to a man with a masked face, who wore nothing above the waist, but below the waist he wore a piece of black cloth that dropped down to his ankles.

"To make money without shedding blood, you have to make your woman the sacrificial item," the man said to Bonde.

"How is that possible?"

"Just dip her small garments into a bowl of water spiced with these charms," the ritualist handed Bonde a bundle of tiny twigs, the size of a man's thumb. "Then put them back on the hanger to dry, and you have nailed it."

"Only that? Bonde asked, incredulously.

"Then create an opportunity between her and a young man, preferably one who has not yet known a woman, but mature enough to take a wife," the sorcerer explained.

Mrs Bonde woke up with a jolt. Bonde had pledged his conjugal rights for material aggrandisement! He had pledged the most sacred territory of his marital life to the mercy of lascivious young men for the bling of perishable wealth. So the lust she had entertained was indeed a result of money rituals? So it had not even been her fault that she had attempted to seduce the young carpenter she later on framed for attempted rape on her daughter? It had been because of a demon cast on her by her husband that she had bedded a young man whom he had hired to do menial jobs within the perimeter of her yard. The same demon had impelled her to usurp her daughter's prospective duties with Hilton.

As the dawn ushered in the new day, she prepared to make another visit to the spiritual father, to hold prayers of exorcism with him so that the demon that had troubled her loins would be banished into dry, waterless, even airless space. Even if her husband's business empire collapse, she had no reason to worry. She was going to submit her CV to the Ministry of Health as she was a trained nurse. Her husband had persuaded her to resign from formal employment when his business fortunes began to blossom. Health personnel was on demand, even after the Covid-19 pandemic.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

18. Anya's Guiding Light

Finding Hope in a Fractured World



Mrs. Priyanka
Author
Kolkata
West Bengal

Deep in a quiet, secluded village, a young girl named Anya had a heart full of dreams, but her life was a testament to a harsh reality. Her home, a modest hut, stood as a stark reminder of her family's poverty. The nearest school was a distant dream, a place her parents couldn't afford to send her to. Anya, with her thirst for knowledge, devoured every story and book she could get her hands on, her mind a vibrant tapestry of unfulfilled potential.

Her days were spent in a monotonous routine of household chores and helping her mother with the farm. Yet, her nights were a different story. Under the blanket of a star-studded sky, she would imagine herself in a bustling classroom, a pen in hand, a world of books at her fingertips. The dream of a college education, a gateway to a better life, felt like an unreachable star.

Anya's parents, though loving, were bound by their circumstances. The thought of sending their daughter to a far-off city for college was a luxury they couldn't even contemplate. The money they earned was barely enough to put food on the table. Anya, understanding their plight, never voiced her dreams, choosing to bury them deep within her heart.

One day, an old, wise woman from a neighboring village visited Anya's home. She noticed the girl's quiet demeanor and the longing in her eyes. The old woman, a retired teacher, saw a flicker of her own past in Anya's eyes. She offered to teach Anya, free of cost, a few hours every day. Anya's eyes lit up with a newfound hope. She began her lessons with the old woman, her mind a sponge, soaking up every bit of knowledge she could. Her dream of a better future, once a distant star, now felt like a bright, guiding light.

Anya's life transformed. Her days were no longer just about chores; they were a blend of work and learning. The old woman, her new mentor, not only taught her to read and write but also introduced her to the wonders of science and history. Anya, with her unyielding dedication, absorbed it all, her mind blossoming like a desert flower after a long-awaited rain.

One evening, as they sat under the starlit sky, the old woman shared her own story. She had been a teacher in a big city school, but had to retire early due to her failing health. She had found solace in the quiet village life but missed the joy of teaching. In Anya, she had found a new purpose.

Anya's parents, seeing their daughter's newfound happiness and knowledge, were filled with pride. They may not have had the means to send her to a school, but they had given her something more valuable: the opportunity to learn. They realized that education wasn't just about a degree; it was about the light of knowledge that had started to shine in their daughter's eyes.

As Anya grew older, she became a teacher herself, not in a grand city school, but in her own village. She started a small school under a big Banyan tree, teaching the village children everything she had learned. The children, just like her, were thirsty for knowledge, and Anya was more than happy to quench their thirst. She may not have gone to a city college, but she had found her purpose, her calling, right where she was. She had turned her unfulfilled dream into a reality for others, her life a testament to the power of knowledge and the human spirit.

By Priyanka

19. Supporting ageing seniors: A collective responsibility



**Mr. Pushendra
Pratap Singh
English Teacher
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh**

My today's topic is based on the elderly population of our country India and the world alike where seniors are getting abused, harassed and even abandoned. However, there may be a number of reasons to analyze our ageing people's plight like increasing materialism, hectic life schedule, tough competition, limited resources and over ambitions etc.

If we talk about Indian reference, in joint families older people have been revered by touching of their feet by the younger generations but de facto now joint families are dissolving and disorganising rapidly in which strong and mutual bonds used to flourish with healthy relations under one roof but the modern scene is turning on widespread level because most of the youngsters are migrating to urban areas or even foreign countries leaving their paternal homes behind either to set up their new ones or for higher studies, more advanced and ultra modernised life style or adopting nuclear families etc .

Resultantly, older people are directly or indirectly getting neglected, unnoticed and even unwanted. This situation is worth pondering over . No one actually cares for them.

Apart from it, their care is not cognized even by our government as well . Already our pension system is like a torn umbrella. It is unable to secure people when they are in hard days .Most of the jobs are pension less and others have very low pension schemes which are not adequate for their survival. Some times, family members take advantage of confused elderly people whose memory and brain power turns slow and dim. They are easy victims for financial frauds even by their own people.

Moreover, most of the people like farmers, shopkeepers and daily wages workers have no pensions and all .

There may be some steps for them like Geriatric care centres in which specialised treatment facilities equipped to deal old age related health issues etc must be established on wide scale .

Old age related toll free helplines will be a boon to protect their rights . Emotional wellness programs focussed on physical activities, music therapy, art , chair yoga will definitely work to reduce their sense of loneliness and depression.

NGO's should come forward to provide them age-friendly infrastructure (hospitals or entertainment points) in which ramps and easy layouts should be available.

Universal and Influential legal system must be enacted for their safety and security .

Ultimately, it can be understood and concluded simply," One who is younger today , obviously will be older tomorrow." So our way of treating older people ought to be such as we expect for ourselves in coming time .

It is our pious and collective responsibility to care each of the seniors, elders/olders around us . Their situation is now a days really destituted and helpless. We should leave an example for our upcoming generation by serving, loving, caring, aiding and respecting to ageing older and seniors in our families and proximity. It will create a sense of high moral values, gratefulness in our hearts for their sacrifices and struggles they did for us . By conversing olders , getting advices , insights and experiences , we can enrich our personality. Such bonds will force them to think accurately,"Do not regret growing older , it is a privilege denied to many."

By Pushpendra Pratap Singh

20. The Dog Ate the Bread

Naina belonged to an aristocratic family, and naturally, the airs of wealth ran through her veins. Her lifestyle, food habits, and way of speaking carried a tinge of arrogance. Her features were ordinary, her fair skin the only highlight, like an itch on a sore. Wealth and social status had made her nature rough, domineering, and proud.



**Mr. Ramesh
Rajurkar
Multai
Madhya Pradesh**

When one limb of the body is weak, its growth halts—something similar had happened with Naina’s intellect. Luckily, God had placed wisdom inside the skull, hidden away. Had it been visible outside, people’s first comment would have been—“How strange, why is your wisdom so little? Why don’t you borrow some?” She would have been forced to admit—“This is how much I had from the beginning, my friend.”

Jayant, on the other hand, was a simple, dusky-skinned man with sharp features, emotional, warm, and intellectual. He never boasted of his intelligence but treated it as God’s gift. His aim was to use it for the welfare of humanity. He was engaged in creating a machine with minimum cost and maximum production. Day and night he toiled over it.

From old newspapers, he learned that in Dhaka, Bangladesh, a renowned man named Ramnath Tank had invented a wheel that rotated day and night solely on the basis of Earth’s gravitational pull, without external power. Such an invention could have revolutionized electricity production, but due to inferiority complexes, it was destroyed. Still, Jayant continued working to rediscover this crucial technique. He firmly believed that one day, he would succeed.

Jayant’s fame eventually reached the ears of landlord Kedar Patel, who wished to marry off his daughter Naina to him, hoping for her comfort. After a thorough inquiry, he found Jayant spotless—perhaps the moon might have blemishes, but not Jayant. Having risen from poverty, surviving struggles, and now

holding a distinguished position as a scientist, Jayant was indeed exceptional. With all his influence, Patel fixed the marriage. As Jayant wished, the ceremony was simple, without pomp. The money saved from wedding expenses was placed into Naina's account. Still, in the name of position and prestige, Patel gave considerable dowry. Jayant, a staunch opponent of dowry, accepted it only out of respect for Patel's fatherly plea for his daughter's comfort.

After marriage, Naina arrived in the village with Jayant, bringing the dowry along. The villagers felt proud of Jayant's fortune, showering them with blessings. They thought—after enduring so much hardship, now Komala (Jayant's mother) would finally find peace. Everyone loved Komala for her selfless, simple nature and her willingness to help. Many women wished for a mother-in-law like her.

But Naina, swollen with pride, began flying high. She stopped talking politely, carried herself with arrogance, and treated rudeness as the hallmark of aristocracy. For Komala, who had sacrificed her entire life selling land and working as a laborer to educate her only son, this daughter-in-law was nothing less than unbearable sorrow.

Jayant took Naina to the city, reassuring his mother that he would soon return to take her along and serve her for life. For Jayant, if God existed anywhere, His form could be none other than his mother's. This deep affection for his mother was intolerable for Naina, who saw it as neglect and insult to herself. To her, sharing Jayant's love with his mother was unthinkable.

When Naina became pregnant, she grudgingly accepted Komala's presence, treating her like a maid. After nine months, she gave birth to a son, a boy as beautiful as the moon. Komala's joy knew no bounds. She named him Kanhaiya, seeing him as her own little Krishna, a divine blessing in her home. She served him day and night, finding in it a spiritual joy beyond words. To her, serving Kanhaiya was worship itself.

But Naina grew increasingly bitter. She believed her mother-in-law had cast spells, enslaving both her husband and her child. She began taunting, insulting, and snapping at Komala at every chance, hoping to drive her away. One day, Kanhaiya was unwell, teething and feverish, and cried endlessly. Naina

was cooking, but the smell of gas gave her a headache. Leaving the bread half-made, she went to lie down. Komala, carrying Kanhaiya, went out for some fresh air, wandering far. The house was left open, the bread uncovered.

Seeing the open door, a stray dog entered, scattered the bread on the floor, and ran off with some in its mouth. Hearing a sound, Naina woke up and, on seeing the mess, her anger flared uncontrollably. “The dog ate the bread!” She screamed, her blood boiling. She blamed it all on her mother-in-law’s negligence.

Just then, Komala returned. Like fate striking twice, the sight of her ignited Naina’s fury to the limit. She hurled abuses, lost all restraint, and in blind rage, raised her hand against Komala.

Komala stood stunned. The blow felt like thunder—unimaginable, unbearable. She thought—better if the earth split open and swallowed me, better if death had come. A sacred bond was shattered forever in a single moment.

Komala placed Kanhaiya on the bed and sat by his feet, weeping bitterly. She cursed herself for leaving the village. “If sorrow was all my destiny held, why did I come searching for happiness here? Had I died in my village, at least people would have given me dignity in death. Now, even after such insult, I live shamelessly.”

Naina too was shaken, as if a wounded bird had fallen from the sky. She realized the enormity of her deed—an irreparable sin. “I am a disgrace to womanhood, a burden to the earth. This scar will haunt me forever.” But what use is regret after the act is done?

By Ramesh Rajurkar

21. An English Poem



**Ms. Snigdha
Mishra
Houston
Texas
United States of
America**

I don't know how to say this,
So I will write it instead.
I don't know how to begin,
So let us skip ahead.

Thank you for everything,
Thank you for it all—
Thank you for lifting me up,
Even when I fall.

Thank you for our conversations,
But if I'm being real,
I haven't quite reached the point yet...
I haven't told you how I feel.

I feel so deeply grateful,
Though it's hard for me to show—
Which is why I'm writing this poem,
Just so you will know.

If life were a lottery,
Then I've surely hit the jackpot.
For I am lucky to have you,
Whether I say it often or not.

I am lucky, I am happy, I am loved—
And all of that is because of you.
I am grateful, so very much,
So please know, I love you too.

22. Myth, Symbolism, and Patriotism: An Exploration of Turkia Loucif's *The Legend of a Squirrel*



Ms. Tourkia Loucif
Novel writer

The novel "The Legend of a Squirrel" by Turkia Loucif is a captivating literary work that draws inspiration from mythological and symbolic heritage to present a national vision. The story revolves around a conflict between good and evil, with the squirrel representing friendly peoples who helped Algeria in its revolution against French occupation. The castle symbolizes the homeland, while the faeries represent evil forces seeking to take control.

The novel explores themes of patriotism, sacrifice, and the struggle for power, with a unique blend of fantasy and reality. The author's use of symbolism and mythological elements adds depth and complexity to the narrative, making it accessible to a wide range of readers.

The translation of the novel into English by Ahmed Farouk Beydoun and the Albanian proofreader Kujtim Hajdari has made it possible for a global audience to experience the story. The novel's success is evident in its bestseller status at exhibitions held in Algeria, and its translation marks an important step in the author's literary career.

Dr. Mohamed Bashir Bouijra's critical review highlights the novel's artistic and literary merits, noting its unique blend of fantasy and social commentary. The review also praises the author's use of language, which is both accessible and engaging.

As the linguistic reviewer of this novel, Kujtim Hajdari notes that Turkia Loucif's writing style is characterized by its clarity, precision, and mastery of the Arabic language. Her use of vocabulary is rich and nuanced, and her sentences are structured in a way that is both logical and aesthetically pleasing. The novel's themes of social justice, power, and the human condition are

timely and thought-provoking, and Loucif's exploration of these themes is both nuanced and insightful.

I made some minor changes to improve the flow and clarity of the text, including removing repetitive sentences and phrases. Let me know if you have any further requests!

By Tourkia Loucif



23. Elegy for a Company of Green Parrots



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

On a thunderous night, silent whispers tell of loss,
Of vibrant wings silenced beneath a deadly boss,
A tragic symphony of life losing its throbs
Resonating in the shadows where hope once cracks.
Rhythmic beats,
Echoing in their subtle tones,
Saturated darkness
In its inexplicable Eloquence.
Creeping Apprehensions
Entwined with an immeasurable chillness,
Extreme palpitations in a sudden eeriness,
Grabbing the trembling nests,
Invalid efforts for a grip for existence
Among the coziness of the dripping tree tops.
An ultimate truth gazing for its acceptance
An unwilling embrace of the verdict of non-existence
In the silence that follows, a muffled shout persists,
A reminder of fragility amidst the storm's dismiss,
I wish I could spark them a timely awareness
To act before the eternal darkness shrouds

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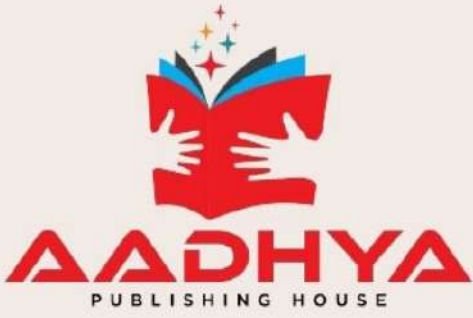
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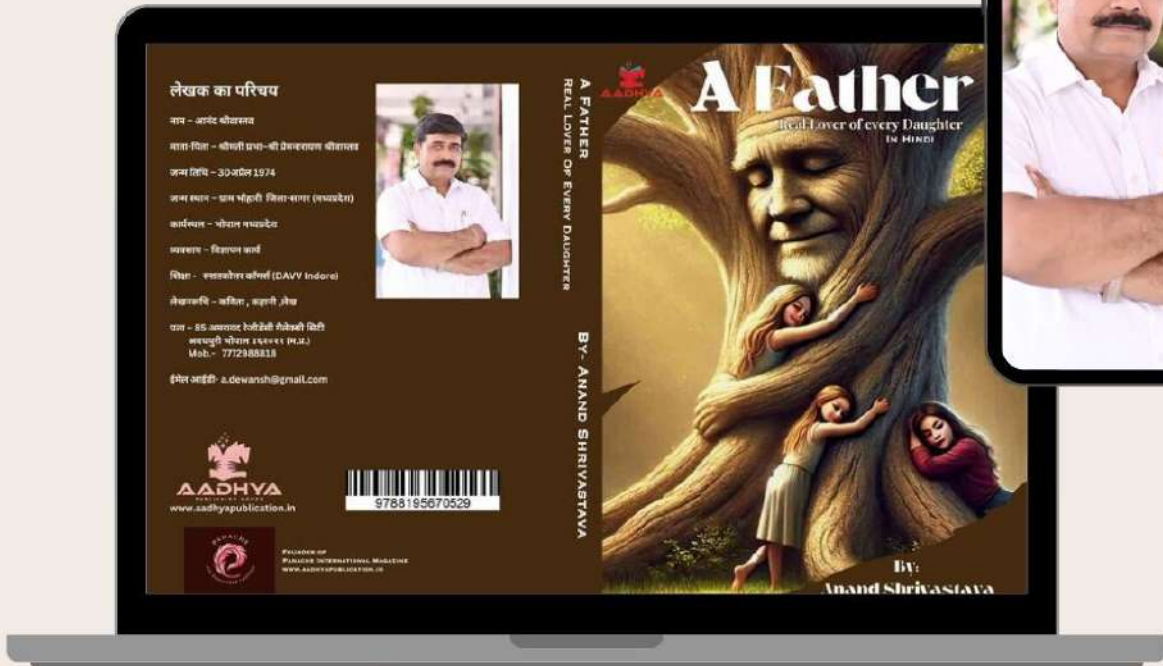


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