

LITERATURE | INTERVIEW
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PANACHE

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JULY 2025

A PRODUCT OF
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

GUEST OF THE MONTH
MS. ESHA GULATI
NUMEROLOGIST AND TAROT CARD READER

A GIFTED VISIONARY WHO
MASTERFULLY ILLUMINATE LIFE'S HIDDEN
PATHS AND DIVINE DESTINY.

CHIEF EDITOR:
AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

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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

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**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
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Designed by:

Lalit Kishore Gaur
LKG Telefilms
lkgaur76@gmail.com

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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Interview

With the one and only Ms. Esha Gulati

How would you handle a client who asks you to predict their spouse's fidelity while maintaining ethical boundaries in your practice?

In this situation, I would gently acknowledge the sensitive nature of the question and remind the client that while tarot or numerology can provide insight into personal growth, emotions, and energies, it's not appropriate to use these tools to invade someone's privacy or predict something as specific as fidelity. I would steer the conversation toward areas the client can control—such as understanding their own emotions and how to navigate their relationship with clarity and trust. My goal is to empower the client to make informed decisions from a place of inner strength rather than relying on predictions about others' actions.

If a client dismisses your reading as 'generic,' how would you demonstrate the personal relevance of your insights to them?

I would take the time to engage the client in conversation about the specific details they felt were too general. Often, a "generic" response can stem from misalignment between the reading and the client's current state of mind or expectations. I would clarify the symbols and messages in the reading, and ask the client to reflect on what resonates or feels off. I would also invite them to explore the meanings together and show how the insights are applicable to their personal life, helping them connect the dots and see the deeper layers of the reading.

If a numerology report suggests stability but their tarot spread indicates upheaval, how would you reconcile these differences for the client?

In this case, I would explain that both numerology and tarot offer valuable perspectives, but they approach situations from different angles. Numerology often represents overarching themes or long-term patterns, while tarot captures current energies and specific situations in the moment. I would encourage the client to view the numerology reading as reflecting a foundation of stability, while the tarot may point to challenges or changes that are temporary but important for growth. I would emphasize that both insights are valid and complement each other, guiding them toward how they can handle both stability and upheaval with grace.



What steps would you take if a client becomes visibly distressed during a reading?

First and foremost, I would pause the reading and give the client space to express what they're feeling. I would approach the situation with calm and empathy, asking if they would like to take a break or if they'd prefer to continue. If they wish to proceed, I would offer grounding techniques, like deep breathing, and invite them to reconnect with their intention for the reading. It's important to be compassionate and patient, allowing the client to process their emotions. If necessary, I would suggest they seek additional support, like therapy or counseling, for deeper emotional concerns that may arise during the reading.



Interview

With the one and only Ms. Esha Gulati

How would you adapt a reading for a client whose cultural beliefs conflict with traditional tarot or numerology interpretations?

I would approach this with deep respect for their cultural beliefs. I would ask them to share any practices, symbols, or perspectives they would like to incorporate or avoid during the reading. I'd focus on universal themes of growth, self-awareness, and choice while being mindful of how specific terminology or imagery may conflict with their beliefs. If necessary, I could use more neutral language or suggest using a different system (such as astrology or oracle cards) that aligns more closely with their worldview. My goal is to create a comfortable space for exploration while respecting their values.

How would you proceed if a tarot spread repeatedly yields unclear cards during a session?

If a tarot spread yields unclear cards, I would first pause and take a moment to reconnect with my intuition. I might suggest to the client that the situation may still be in flux or that clarity will come later. I'd pull clarification cards for more insight or invite the client to explore different angles of the situation. Sometimes, unclear cards can signal that the energy is still shifting, and it's important to approach the reading with patience. If the uncertainty persists, I might suggest revisiting the reading at a later time when the energies are clearer.



How would you address a client who blames you for a negative outcome after following your guidance?

I would approach the situation with empathy and a willingness to listen. I would remind the client that readings are meant to offer guidance and insight, not to dictate outcomes. I would help them reflect on their personal responsibility and the choices they made after the reading. It's essential to clarify that the guidance provided is not about controlling their life but empowering them with options. I would gently reinforce that their free will plays a significant role in the outcomes, and encourage them to take proactive steps to address their concerns moving forward.

Interview

With the one and only Ms. Esha Gulati

How do you ensure your personal emotions or beliefs do not influence a client's reading?

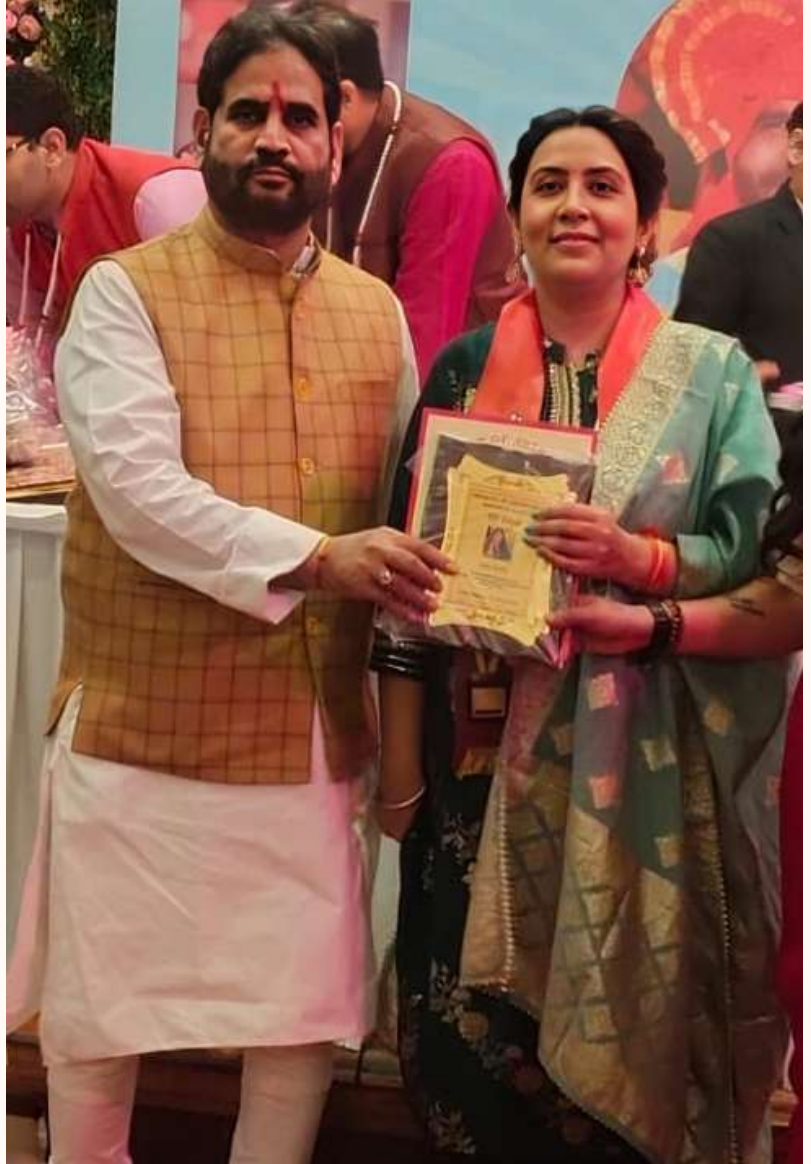
I make it a practice to set clear intentions before each reading, focusing solely on the client's needs and situation. I ground myself through meditation or breathwork to clear any personal emotions or biases that might arise. Additionally, I rely on the tools themselves—whether tarot, numerology, or another system—to guide the reading, staying focused on the symbols and meanings, rather than any personal interpretation. If I ever feel that my emotions might be influencing the reading, I would take a moment to recalibrate and ensure the insights provided are for the highest good of the client.

How would you respond to a client demanding a definitive 'yes/no' answer about a major life decision like quitting their job?

I would kindly explain that while I can offer guidance based on the current energies and insights, the decision ultimately rests with the client. I would emphasize that the purpose of a reading is to explore the factors influencing their situation and to provide them with clarity and options, rather than a simple “yes” or “no.” I would encourage the client to reflect on their deeper desires, values, and feelings about the decision, and explore what they might gain or lose from each possible outcome. This empowers them to make the decision that feels most aligned with their path.

What would you do if you felt uncertain about the accuracy of a reading mid-session?

If I felt uncertain about the accuracy of a reading, I would pause and acknowledge it openly with the client. I might say something like, “I’m sensing some unclear energy around this, and I’d like to take a moment to reset.” I would then either reshuffle the deck, pull clarification cards, or shift the focus to another question if needed. I believe it’s important to stay humble and open during a reading and to trust that clarity will emerge when needed. If I still feel uncertain, I might suggest revisiting the issue at another time or refer the client to other sources of support, like therapy or coaching, if it’s a particularly deep or complex matter.



Esha Gulati

Tears of the Fishes

Column



A fisherman used to support his family by selling fish every day. This happened a long time ago. One day, as he was placing his catch into his basket, one fish began to flop around wildly—it seemed extremely restless. The fisherman took it out and noticed tears in its eyes. Just then, the fish coughed up a pearl. On the pearl, something was inscribed:

“Brother, please let me go. Without me, my children will die.”

The fisherman’s heart melted. He released the fish back into the lake but kept the pearl safely with him.

Time passed, and the memory stayed with him.

Another day, the same thing happened. A fish was struggling intensely, its eyes filled with tears. When he picked it up, it too spat out a pearl. Inscribed on this one:

“Without me, my mother will die.”

The fisherman’s heart softened once again. He let the fish go and kept the pearl with him.

But now a thought began to worry him:

“If this keeps happening, how will I continue my work? My livelihood depends on this.”

Still, life went on.

One day again, the same scene unfolded.

This time, the message on the pearl read:

“Brother, without me, my wife won’t survive.”

The fisherman couldn’t take it anymore. That day, he released the entire basket full of fish back into the lake. He placed all three pearls in his pocket and returned home.

At home, he told everything to his wife and said:

“I can’t continue this work anymore. My heart won’t allow it. I’ve lost to my conscience—I just can’t catch fish now.”

Both husband and wife fell into deep thought.

How would they now support the family?

One day, feeling troubled and helpless, the fisherman sat by the lake and began to cry out in pain.

Suddenly, a fish emerged from the water and said:

“Brother, please don’t worry. You’ve done so much for us. Now it’s our turn to give back.”

One by one, many fish came out of the lake. Each fish spat out a pearl before diving back in.

They said:

“Please don’t worry at all. Come visit us whenever you wish.”

The fisherman gathered all the pearls and went home.

Seeing so many pearls, the whole family was overwhelmed with joy. The fisherman started a new business and began living a life full of happiness and contentment.

Now, whenever his heart desires, he goes to the lake and meets the fish.

Live with joy, and let others live joyfully too.



Mr. Piyush Goel

Columnist Aadhya Publishing House

About the Author:

Piyush Goel, famously known as The Mirror Image Man, is a passionate writer, mechanical engineer, and lover of literature. With over 2,500 books in his personal collection, he is known for his unique mirror-image script writing and contributions to creative thought and education.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

In moments of unexpected tragedy, like the heart-wrenching plane crash in Ahmedabad, we are reminded of life's fragile thread. Ms. Juhi Prakash's poignant poem reflects the deep truth that life is transient—unpredictable and fleeting. With gentle yet powerful words, she urges us to embrace the now, to hold close our gratitude, and to carry kindness in our every breath.

This piece is not just a tribute to the lives lost, but a solemn call to live more meaningfully, more mindfully. As you read, may you pause, reflect, and remember to be grateful—for this moment, and the gift of life it carries.

– Editor

Akanksha Shrivastava

NOBODY'S PROMISED TOMORROW

© JUHI PRAKASH SINGH

Image: The Hindu

Nobody's promised tomorrow — yes, it's true,
So cherish every moment of today in all that you do.

Love with a true heart, and speak from your soul;
Make every moment of today a complete whole.

The past is a memory, and the future is unknown —
What we really have is only now to own.

So smile just a bit, and let go of your sorrow,
As none can be sure of a brighter tomorrow.

Let today's sunrise shine on your face;
Live like the coming night may forever envelop you in
haste.

Live with kindness, forgive, and let it all go —
As life is much like a river, so just let it flow.

Lose no time in embracing life's every joy;
Find happiness in your journey, as does a little child, even in
a broken toy.

The clock is ticking, and none could time ever borrow —
So live like there's never an assurance of a tomorrow.

Ms.Juhi Prakash Singh is a writer and author with published books in Hindi & English. She writes poetry, short stories and articles in both languages. She is a ployglot and proficient in English, Hindi and Spanish, also reads and speaks basic Marathi.

Apart from this, she is a teacher, a mentor.

She is CEO and director of Anant Naad Foundation, New Delhi. The Foundation works with Government schools in Delhi to impart free Indian Classical Performing Arts training to deserving students of these schools

Facebook : <https://www.facebook.com/share/16krzTA7u8/>

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@ juhi.prakashsingh

www.anantnaad.com

Contents

1. The Talking Rain	1
2. Everything Crumbles	2
3. Mother	4
4. Of Truth	5
5. The Twilight	9
6. Enjoy!	10
7. Life Versus Death	11
8. Someone I Never Was	12
9. Dewdrops	14
10. The Single Self	15
11. Let Me Offer You A Leg	16
12. Marriage of Money	18
13. Value Education - need of the hour	20
14. The Path of Herakles	22
15. Law and Justice	25
16. Why and How?	30
17. The Pit	31

18. Mother	32
19. The Good Father	33
20. Mother	36
21. Sweet Blossom	37
22. Oh Time!	42
23. Marvellous Love	45
24. Fantasia Feelings	47
25. Father	48
26. What Are You Silent About, Poet Midnight...	49
27. One World	50
28. The Obscure or the Obvious?	51
29. Rise and Shine	53
30. The Song of Life	54

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. The Talking Rain



**Mr. Anmol
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**

In the sky, the clouds have emerged,
Looking so dark—
It's the nature of their brewing fight.
Between the groups of clouds,
The raindrops are talking.

In the sky, the clouds have formed,
And now the rain begins to fall.
The sound of rainfall
Feels like the drops are rushing,
Racing to reach the earth's surface,
Soaking the land.
The raindrops are talking.

In the sky, the clouds have gathered,
Sending down showers of rain.
It's a natural phenomenon,
Where the Earth itself starts singing.
The raindrops are talking.

With the gift of rain,
Water begins to flow on Earth.
Through rainwater's help,
The life cycle keeps moving.
The raindrops are talking.

Thank you, rain, for giving us
The water we need to live.
Rain holds great importance—
With its touch,
The surroundings begin to twinkle and sing.
The raindrops are talking

2. Everything Crumbles



**Ms. AnnaKeiko
China**

Night cannot grasp the soul—oppressed organs
Like roses pounding a vase: Let me out!
Screams shatter the quiet of midnight.
When will the churning clamor let daylight rest?

Escaping death's lanterns, we wait for night's
tenderness.

The room hugs its own shadow, lonely.
Love, stabbed, writhes on the floor—
Pain takes a group photo with hypocrisy.
You walk past, skirt the horizon, then turn—your gaze
terrifies me.

Crimson mountains loom like an endless ship,
Ferrying dead days.
Sweet white light records lovers lost to sleep.
Only she still weaves swan-song dreams.

Spring has no birds, no love,
No grass or green trees, no home where forest songs nest.
Everything perishes in every rushing moment—
Yet windows, and every wrinkle, bear rivers on their backs,
Dug by you. How cruel!
You steal my fair forehead and my hidden garden.

You fear sails descending from silver skies,
Feet you cannot catch or keep.
Yes, you are great—
Irreplicably great, stirring laughter and tears.

Sleepwalkers drive mankind forward. Onward!
After winter, no more death—no more.
Yet all is reborn on spring's wanton branches.

They manufacture sorrow. Streams murmur.
The river of life forces you to confess:

Nothing truly dies. It lives forever—
White funeral notes rising from the air.
Ah, wicked wind sweeps the hollow woods,
Forcing kisses on my dreaming self.
Those scarlet lips will tear through self-spun webs
To reclaim this ignoble past.

By AnnaKeiko

3. Mother



Mr. Ashok Manikoth
Dubai
UAE

When you left, my world became silent.
While you were alive, I was stingy with my words.
How I miss you today, when my world is
Full of sound — and not a strand of music.

Your fingers entangled in my hair —
I slept through the night: no dream, no nightmare,
Just plain, healthy slumber.
Today, I meditate, do deep breathing,
Just to get an hour or so of that same deep sleep.

You taught me what life was —
Without even a word of advice.
Just watching what you did was lesson enough.
For serving mankind and your family
Was the goal of your life.

Rest in peace,
In God's presence,
With no more lives to test the pureness of your soul.

4. Of Truth



**Dr. Bhavesh
Chandra Pandey**
Professor
Munger
Bihar

(1)

Truth is often ugly,
Naked, horrible, and bitter.
The truth about truth
Is that it is false,
Illusory,
Transient, and ever-changing.

(2)

Sometimes you feel
Homeless and disowned,
With no ground beneath your feet—
Lonely and helpless.
Then, you are very near the truth.

(3)

Truth is God—
Like Him, amorphous,
Omnipresent yet invisible,
Omnipotent yet neutral,
Omniscient yet tight-lipped.
Like God, it is of no use
When you most need help.

(4)

When you face truth,
You feel shattered,
Demystified,
Taken aback,
Dazzled—
As the dream world of falsehood
Burns before your eyes.

(5)

When you wake up,
You face truth
And become disillusioned.
To be disillusioned is to be dead.
You need illusions to keep living.
Don't wake up—
Go to sleep.
The world is sleeping.

(6)

If you know truths,
You will be sorrowful.
Ignorance is bliss.
Try to live blissfully
With your share of falsehood.

(7)

Love is false,
Relations false,
Friendship false, society false,
God false, religion false, philosophy false,
Name and fame false,
Power and prestige false,
Property and position false,
Pomp and show false,
Brotherhood false—
Everything false. False alone remains.
Life itself is a drama of falsehood.

(8)

What is truth, then?
Is it a small island
In the vast ocean of falsehood?
Or the tired, lonely moon in a starless sky?
Or like Abhimanyu,
Fighting alone

In the Chakravyuha of falsehood?

(9)

Death is inevitable—

It is true.

So is “might is right,”

And “the end justifies the means,”

And “survival of the fittest.”

Life is a passing journey of pain.

(10)

What is true?

“God is great”—is it true?

“Truth always wins”—is it true?

“Man is a social animal”—is it true?

“As you sow, so shall you reap”—is it true?

“Blood is thicker than water”—is it true?

“Labour never goes in vain”—is it true?

“Honesty is the best policy”—is it true?

(11)

Truth is either too big

Or too small—

Like the elephant

In the land of the blind.

Most accepted truths

Have a pinch of falsehood.

Most accepted truths are tentative,

Followed by ifs and buts.

Most truths are what we see,

Believe, and comprehend.

Most truths are mere perceptions.

Most truths are often falsehood

Disguised as truth.

Most truths are personal—

My truth is not your truth,

Your truth is not my truth.

Universal truth is a misnomer.

(12)

Life is free.
It is not a slave to truth.
Some truths are guided by nature;
Most others are produced by culture.
Life creates its own truth
As it moves forward.
It breaks all embankments—
Of ethics, law, and social codes.
A great truth of human life
Is to survive.
To survive is to be truthful.

(13)

Truth is often
Cruel and merciless,
Stubborn and indifferent,
Dictatorial and shocking—
And inescapable.

(14)

The power-wielders tell us
That truth serves them obediently.
They make it, mould it, hold it.
The weak have no right to be true.
Truth is a sidekick of the powerful.

(15)

Is truth a fiction?
A fake currency?
A worthless king?
A propagandist?
An expired medicine?
Or a megalomaniacal joker?

By Bhavesh Chandra Pandey

5. The Twilight

The sun waits gently in the west,
Longing to sink into the sea to rest.
Its light spreads in hues that gleam,
A red carpet glowing in the sky's dream.

The birds return to their cozy nest—
A sign that day is laid to rest.
Eager to meet their waiting kin,
Hungry for love and food within.

Slowly darkness begins to spread,
Nature quiets, the sun has fled.
The temperature softly drops its heat,
And earth finds peace in night's retreat.

The trees have stopped their daily cooking,
Humans to their shelters are now looking.
Lights glow warm in every home,
As prayers for a new dawn gently roam.

Melodic tunes bring peace of mind,
As thoughts of tomorrow start to unwind.
We do not know who waits ahead,
But hope is born as night is shed.

Hope begins with peace and grace,
And joy prepares to take its place.



Dr. Debabrata Maji
Engineer and poet
West Bengal

6. Enjoy!

As a child,
I discovered the city lights—
Buildings without trees,
Water without fish.
The magical city where I was born
Was a fake town.

No masters,
No angels.

As a child,
I sang a lullaby.
Every second,
My life became a miracle.

Hoping to find a rainbow,
Waiting to travel with a unicorn—
As Theseus shaped the world around
For love,
For a word that nobody understands:

Filotimo.



**Ms. Eva
PETROPOULOU
Lianou
Greece**

7. Life Versus Death



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

The scary death is inevitable.
Life is never, ever stable.

Death reaches its destination silently.
It snatches its prey mercilessly.

Life maintains strong bonding,
While death arrives without warning.

Life gives another opportunity,
But death offers no immunity.

Life sometimes also cheats,
While death stops our heartbeats.

Life gives annoying frustration,
Death brings its own dictation.

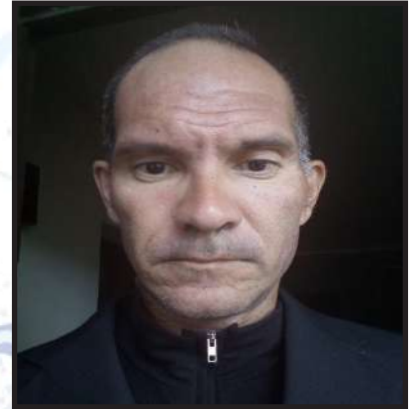
Life revolves with lies and truth,
But death itself is a universal truth.

Life remains in an active mode,
While death stays in a neutral code.

Life and death are parallel lines,
Death dims, but life shines.

When life ends, death begins.
As life departs, death softly sings.

8. Someone I Never Was



**Dr. HC Jose Luis
Lopez
Writer artist
Puerto Rico**

Last night, I found myself reflecting on what I am going to do with my life. In doing so, I had to revisit the moment I came into the world.

Was I someone at that moment? Honestly, no. From the beginning, I felt like a burden to my family—even at birth. I was the result of an affair and considered unwanted. I wasn't registered at birth, as I was seen as illegitimate—lacking legal identity and belonging.

As a consequence of adult mistakes, I paid a heavy price. I was denied baptism, something I had no say in, simply because I didn't come from what society considered a "functional" family. If I had ever felt undervalued before, I continued to feel that way even now—especially in a world where the next generation often struggles to understand with empathy.

I was raised by an older family because my mother, herself born out of wedlock, was never able to start a new life. She was humiliated and discarded by the person who made her a mother. I experienced this pain in much the same way she did.

I searched for the identity I never had. But it was clear—I wasn't seen as worthy. I became a target of family bullying because I didn't fit conventional expectations. I wasn't perceived as a "real boy," and truthfully, I didn't feel like one. I enjoyed what were considered "feminine" activities, and most of my friends were girls. The things I achieved as an individual felt insignificant.

Eventually, I came to believe I had no value. To be accepted, I created a mask—a kind of performance—to hide behind. I was drawn to female companionship and rejected by boys. The games I enjoyed were for girls, and I felt disconnected from what boys were supposed to like.

Yes, at one point, I even considered delinquency. I vandalized public property—payphones—and was expelled from school. My foster grandparents had to step in because my mother couldn't manage me. We were both struggling, behaviorally and emotionally.

Tragically, I became a victim of sexual harassment by an adult man. Confused by the experience, I internalized feelings that altered my understanding of myself. As a minor, I found myself grappling with an identity I was not ready to explore. Yes, the man was punished—my mother saw to it that he lost his job. But at home, I was blamed. I was made to feel responsible for something I never asked for.

Was therapy suggested? Perhaps. But I never accepted it. I didn't see the point in trying to "fix" an existence that felt damaged from the start. So I stayed silent and simply accepted what became my life.

I became someone I never was.

Everything in life is a process—one each person must undergo to gain the experience of becoming an authentic self. In my case, I was simply a thought—an unplanned reality born of adult missteps, carrying the weight of a life that felt unfinished and irreplaceable.

By HC Jose Luis Lopez

9. Dewdrops

Dewdrops glitter as frost
On variegated leaves
Like tears sparkle
On the winsome lashes of
A pretty woman.
If dewdrops make window panes foggy,
They also gracefully break to
Merge in earth's bosom.
Transient Dewdrop survives Till sun warms it in its
Amber light;
Enjoying courtship
With varied flowers,
Becoming casanova to vanish in oblivion and twilight.



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

10. The Single Self



Dr. Jernail S. Anand

I am too full of
myself.
I have no room for you.
I don't see Him anywhere.

I have proof of only myself
being in existence.
Where are you?
And He? He is a fiction.

To prove to the world
that you matter to me,
I made a hundred
efforts.

And to prove Him,
I visited
a hundred locations
on the earth.

Finally, I venerate
only I, my, and mine.
You and He
are fiction to me.

11. Let Me Offer You A Leg

How I wish I could offer you a leg.
I'm not crippled—poverty seduced me to beg.

The world labels me an “Ambassador”—
Ambassador of the streets, always out the door.

The world calls me “Honourable” too—
Honourable for poverty, though I beg, not due to what
I can't do.

The world names me “President” one day,
Yet I can't afford a place to stay.

My face is wrinkled like I'm fifty,
With grey hairs forming in my twenties swiftly.

My hands stretch out earnestly,
With a bowl that pleads honestly.

I've got no place to call home,
Yet I don't want to leave this world alone.

I'm the ambassador of the streets unseen,
With no house, no family scene.

I walk through different surroundings,
At dawn, I count every vehicle passing.

I'm a street statue, silently crying,
Here, there, and everywhere, still trying.

No one dares to show they care,
Instead, they rob the coins I spare.



Mr. Jubril Adesoga
Writer and
Educator
Ogun
Nigeria

Then you came with an auxiliary leg, smiling,
In your hand, something you were holding.

And to me, you were kindly giving
The little amount you should've been keeping.

Oh! What a beautiful heart you bear—
A reward of kindness I shall declare.

Let me offer you a leg and be the beggar instead,
So you can hurry to help the ones who beg for bread.

By Jubril Adesoga

12. Marriage of Money



Mr. Kailash Rana
PH.D Scholar
Hazaribag
Jharkhand

(Nowadays, at the time of marriage especially, people give priority to the economic level of the family. We hardly see anyone crossing this boundary, and most bachelors try their best to show off their highest status—not only at that time, but for their whole lives. But in doing so, the main purpose of life sometimes remains unfulfilled.

I would like to know your level of agreement with this. Please leave a message—I would be most thankful to you.)

Hey! Man,
Men are meant
To make money.

May men make a mountain of money!
But my dear men,
May you all please make up your minds—
To mean something deeper, a mystery.

See the history:
Men have always minded
More and more money
To make their minds seem modest.

The mystery is that men are hardly matched;
It is money that's being matched—
Millionaire with millionaire,
Middle with middle,
Mean with mean.

Men have become mean to make money,
As they are being mastered by money—

Money is no longer being mastered by them.

A millionaire would hardly match a man of means.
I mean—**money is being matched**, not **marriage**.

Know your level and understand the world.
But please, do not let money master us.
Try always to master money instead.

Else we shall be devoid of mystery—
Of the mall, and of the world.

By Kailash Rana

13. Value Education - need of the hour

-Kartik Srivastava
M.Ed. student,

The Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda,
Vadodara, Gujarat



**Mr. Kartik
Srivastava
M.Ed. student
Vadodara
Gujarat**

In today's fast-moving world, we often call us as someone living in a civilized society where now almost every other person is a graduate or post-graduate, but how many of us stop when we come across a road accident to help the people? how many of us support a helpless person fighting for the treatment of their near ones at a government hospital where there is no bed available, a common scenario in India? how many of us help an injured animal on roads? How many of us close a running municipal corporation tap wasting gallons of water? How many of us intervene to save a person being beaten up by goons despite having power, authority and group-strength? If not , then are we really good enough to be called civilized.

With the society becoming more aware towards education, our values are actually diminishing. That's why now a days you will find your parents or elderly society members commonly saying when they come across some incident, that, in their times it wasn't used to be like that. So, has education become the real problem? The answer is clearly no . Education can never become a problem but yes of course , either the values it gave has lessened or our own way of interpreting those has changed which has made us like what we are today. We have to understand that there is a thin line difference between being ignorant or rather, self-centered and being reserved.

Education of course imparts in you humane qualities, makes you polite and certainly makes you a reserved kind of person keeping things to own terms but interacting harmoniously with others at the same time , unlike the case of being self-centered. This means there is a problem in our mindset or the way we have interpreted education. And this could only be resolved effectively with value-

education.

Value education is not something new but an approach of education to impart values in a human being . The values could be social values like harmony and fraternity; core values like nationalism and patriotism; constitutional values like democracy and sovereignty; cultural values like cultural relativism and respect etc. Most importantly , it should be kept in mind that Values could not be taught but caught. Meaning that values could not come from merely listening to your teacher talking about values and rote memorize it but values could be inculcated and they should reflect in your ideology and your actions.

But how values could be inculcated through value education? The answer is as above mentioned, the values could be inculcated in a being and not taught. So, firstly the teacher should be a role model to students exhibiting a high moral character and should reflect values . Also, merely talking about values in the class would not work and will bring boredom to students but yes, if stories and excerpts from our own scriptures or stories of thinkers from across the world are being described by the teacher with expressions and connect, this will bring interest , motivation and a feeling to be like that among students.

Some years back , there used to be school subjects like moral science, value education and even certain scriptures or epics within the language subjects but now a days such things hardly exist or are limited to a certain extent. That's why it is evident that today's generation lacks a lot of basic moral values and it's certainly not their fault but the fault of teachers, parents and education system who failed to impart it.

Now, clearly it's the need of the hour to have a subject of value education in Indian classrooms be it school education or be it higher education. Also, our new educational policy NEP-2020 and the National curriculum framework of 2023 talk about value education as a subject. Also, parents must understand their responsibilities and should impart in them sanskaras through their own actions and deeds.

So, it's high time to realise the need of value education and act promptly in order to save the current generation which is the future of India.

By Kartik Srivastava

14. The Path of Herakles



**Mr. Konstantinos
FaHs
Greece**

From Achilles' Heel to the Path of Herakles: Greece Then, Now, and the Living Myth

Greece was not born merely from marble stones and temple ruins. It grew from the verses sung by rhapsodes, from the rage of Achilles, and from the heavy footsteps of Herakles—conquering both myth and history. If Homer once portrayed humankind as the shadows of gods, modern Greece now walks as the living shadow of its past. The journey from myth to present is a long process of preservation and reinvention of identity.

Achilles: The Body, the Rage, and Modernity

Achilles in the Iliad is not merely a character; he is a metaphor—a flawless body with a hidden vulnerability, a blazing fury that shapes history. In modern art—such as Ernst Gustav Herter's statue now standing proudly in Corfu—Achilles is portrayed as a symbol of athletic beauty and tragic downfall. His naked body is not just aesthetic; it is a cultural legacy of humanity pushing its own limits.

Modern Greece is no stranger to this inheritance. Amid economic crises, mass migration, and complex EU politics, the nation reveals that the “heel of Achilles” is not always a weakness, but a compass of history that demands recognition. Greeks understand that beauty is never sterile and that anger, as in the Iliad, can be a source of strength. In contemporary politics and culture, the traces of Achilles remain: fragile, yet ablaze.

Herakles: Mythic Road and a New Nationalism

Herakles—the hero who conquered Troy before Troy became legend—is a symbol of perseverance, intellectual might, and divine will grounded in humanity. In myth, he is the mortal son of Zeus; in modern Greek history, Herakles becomes a symbol of national revival—one that looks forward while bearing the weight of the past.

Today, the “Path of Herakles” represents Greece’s road to European modernity without abandoning its roots. When Greece installs solar panels in former olive groves, when Athens builds ultra-modern museums beneath the shadow of the Acropolis, when the Greek diaspora in Australia and Canada stages Homeric plays with postmodern flair—then Herakles walks again. Not to slay monsters, but to defeat the amnesia of history.

Aspect	Ancient Myth	Modern Greece
Central Figures	Achilles & Herakles	The People and the State
Challenges	War, gods, monsters	Economic crises, migration, and identity
Symbolic Body	Athletic ideal & tragic ruin	Nationalism and defiance of EU stereotypes
Core Discourse	The will of the gods	The will of the people; modern democracy
Struggle	Against fate (<i>moira</i>)	Against rootless globalization

Architecture, Identity, and Memory

Just as the statue of Achilles sheds its heavy Mycenaean armor for a more expressive form, Greece today sheds the burden of a glorified past to become a center for cultural dialogue. It does not dwell in the past—it wields it as a tool: diplomatic, economic, and artistic.

As Pliny the Elder once praised the beauty of the nude in Greek art, so too does modern Greece expose itself—vulnerable in debt, crisis, and public scrutiny. Yet from this vulnerability arises European solidarity, a reimagining of democracy, and a renewed Mediterranean identity. Modern Greece is no stranger to this inheritance. Amid economic crises, mass migration, and complex EU politics, the nation reveals that the “heel of Achilles” is not always a weakness, but a compass of history that demands recognition. Greeks understand that beauty is never sterile and that anger, as in the *Iliad*, can be a source of strength. In contemporary politics and culture, the traces of Achilles remain: fragile, yet ablaze.

The Path of Herakles Is Not Yet Finished

Myths never die. They merely transform.

Achilles today is the youth protesting in the streets of Athens. Herakles is the cultural architect rebuilding a nation through knowledge and innovation.

From gods to parliamentary democracy, one truth endures:

Greece continues to rewrite itself—with pen, with sculpture, and with the courage to defy fate.

In the land of the gods—now ruled by bureaucracy—the Path of Herakles marches ever onward.

By Konstantinos FaHs

15. Law and Justice

Law is that which balances rights and duties.
Justice is that makes 'Doodh Ka Doodh Aur Paani Ka Paani'
Viz. separates water from milk i.e. truth is separated from lies.



**Er. Krishna Mohan
Agrawal (Yaksha)
Engineer and Writer
Gautam Budh Nagar
Uttar Pradesh**

Law or Vidhi is called code, which is absolutely necessary to determine human conduct and to run the society properly.

We often hear, "Yahi to vidhi ka vidhan hai" viz. Rules and Law framed by God. Spiritually, Law is related to God. Hindu law originates from God. Lord Shri Krishna has said in Srimad Bhagavad Gita,

Karmanyevadhikaraste ma phaleshukadachan

That is, your right lies only in performing your duty and work, but results are not in your control. The meaning is that the result is obtained only as per the Rules and Law framed by God.

Constitution – Every country has constitution which aims to clarify and explain the rights & responsibilities of citizens and to make provisions for punishment to run the society in an organized manner. The Constituent Assembly completed the Constitution of India in 2 years, 11 months and 18 days and dedicated it to the nation on 26th November 1949. The same was implemented w.e.f. 26th January 1950 and we celebrate this day as Republic Day

Law - According to the Oxford Dictionary is, 'rules of conduct imposed by authority'. According to Green, 'The system of rights and duties which the government enforces can be called law.'

Laws are influenced by customs, traditions, religion, social environment and hence law varies from country to country, time and place and it is necessary to amend them from time to time.

Law Classification – International Law, Constitutional Law, Ordinances, Administrative Law, Public Law, Customary Law, Ordinary Law and Personal Law etc. Apart from this, there are Acts, Bylaws and Rules for proper management of the society. Logic has a special place in the judicial system.

Justice is a concept and process of propounding truth which is beyond human conscience. Discretion and ethical decision of right and wrong is called justice. The knowledge, experience, ability, ideology, state of mind and social environment of the judge influence the decision and ultimately the quality of justice, which is clearly visible in most of the decisions.

Nyaya (Justice) - is one of the six Indian Vedic philosophies (Samkhya, Yoga, Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Mimamsa and Vedanta). Maharishi Akshapada Gautam is considered to be the originator of Nyaya (Justice).

Niyate vivakshitartha anen iti nyayah

That is, the means by which we reach our knowable principle is justice.

According to Vatsayana,

Pramanairthaparikshatam Nyayah

Viz. Testing of evidence is justice.

According to Robert Tucker, "Justice means that when there is a conflict between two parties or principles, it should be resolved in such a way that the fair rights of any party are not violated."

According to RC Tucker, "The essence of justice is to strike a just balance between two conflicting parties or principles."

Justice has a rich past in Indian culture. Parampita parmashwar ka nyaay adwitiya

hai i.e. the justice of God is considered supreme and unique. A person dissatisfied with justice ultimately looks towards God and says helplessly/in distress, "God is watching everything, now only the Supreme One will do justice." The importance of justice has been explained in Manu Smriti as

Yadi na PranyedrajaDandamDandyeshvatandritah.
Shule Matsyanivapaksyandurbalanabalvattara.

Viz. If the king does not punish the punishable wicked people, then the strong people will cook the weak people just like a fish is cooked with the help of peg. Meaning by, the morale of the evil people increases and they commit more atrocities on the good people. Therefore, the king should neither delay nor be lenient in giving punishment.

Sarvo dandjito loko durlabho hi shuchirarah.
Dandasya hi bhayatsarvam jagadbhogaya kalpate.

Viz. This world can be kept under control only through punishment. Such a person is rare who has good character by nature and not because of fear of punishment. It is only through the fear of punishment that a system is created in which people are able to enjoy their wealth, that is, if there is no fear of being punished in the society, then chaos will spread all around. The importance of justice has been explained in the Mahabharata in this way.

Dandah Shasti Prajaah Sarva Dand Eavabhirakshati.
Danda Supteshu Jagarti Danda Dharma Vidurbudha .

Dandaschennabhavellokevinashyeyurimahprajah.
Jalematsyanivabhakshandurbalanbalavattarah.

Viz. Effective punishment system is an essential part of an effective and successful government system to keep criminals under control. It is only through the penal law that the people remain disciplined and it is this penal law that protects them.

If there is no effective system of punishment, these people will perish in this world. Just as a big fish eats a small fish, the stronger ones will 'devour' the weaker

ones.

Lack of effective punishment leads to anarchy, it is needless to say, a wrong decision can lead to many injustices and anarchy prevails. Justice can be expected only by raising voice against injustice. If you are indifferent and neutral, justice can never be achieved and the propagation of injustice is strengthened. The one who tolerates injustice is guiltier than the one who commits it.

Justice without power is powerless, unjust domination is tyrannical. Absolute freedom makes a mockery of justice, justice rejects freedom.

Traditionally, two concepts of justice have been prevalent: moral and legal. Nowadays the concept of social and economic justice has also become important.

Neeti (Policy) – Religious (propounded by sages) or man-made, is a system of principles thoughtfully designed for taking appropriate decisions and giving appropriate results.

Naitik (Ethical) – The decorous conduct and behavior as per the policy are moral and this decorous conduct and behavior is called ethics.

There are two types of ethics, social and business. Sometimes there is a conflict or contradiction between social ethics and business ethics. Some actions are ethical from business point of view but unethical from social point of view. Social ethics are based on religion and beliefs while business ethics are based on business responsibility.

Anaitik (unethical) – Actions which are not ethical come under the category of unethical actions. The term unethical is commonly used to describe the actions of individuals and groups.

Which is more important, ethics (morality) or law? Are unethical acts acceptable if not against the law? Whether every immoral act is against the law?

While discussing law and justice, it is inevitable to discuss duty and rights. It is often said that every person is always conscious of his rights but remains

indifferent towards his duties. Therefore, it is necessary to understand what are duties and rights?

Every moral action done judiciously according to rules, laws, religion and beliefs is a duty and only the action done in accordance with duty is a right. Whenever these boundaries are violated, dispute arises.

In any dispute, the moral action done judiciously by the judge according to rules, laws, religion and beliefs is his duty, and the decision taken by the judge in accordance with this duty is justice.

A dutiful judge inspires many citizens in the society to do their duty and protects their rights, whereas a right-oriented judge violates the rights of many citizens of the society and gives them the message of deviating from duty.

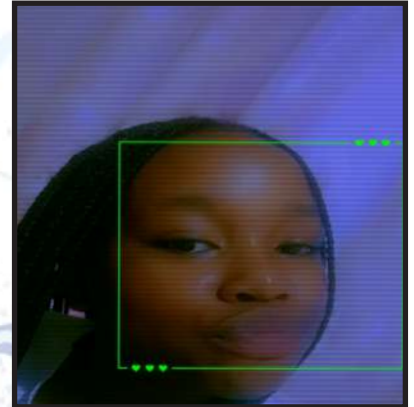
Intellectuals/philosophers have been pondering over the question of difference between law and morality for many years, but there is no rational, universally accepted answer to it.

There is a deep connection between law and justice. But due to weak, vague laws, provision of giving benefit of doubt to the accused, complex judicial system and irresponsible judges/lawyers, our justice system has become a joke.

Yaksha Question: When will our judges be duty-bound and not authority-bound?

By Krishna Mohan Agrawal

16. Why and How?



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

Why do people feed on rice?
Why do drunkards gamble with dice?
Why do cats eat mice?
Why does water turn into ice?
Is this all done as a device,
Or just a sacrifice
Just to gain fame?

Is truth or dare supposed to be a game,
Or just a nightmare
Meant to cause a scare?
Is praying now so rare,
Or do people treat it like a fair?

Why do shoes have matching pairs?
How did children start going for fours?
Who told them that all first sons should become heirs?

Why is the sun so bright?
How does the moon produce light?
Is talking really a right?
Why do some people lack sight?
Are humans supposed to fight?

Well, I may just board a flight
And get all my questions answered—
Why and how did, or does, this happen
Under the sun?

17. The Pit

The footpath lay idly beneath the canopies.
In silence, it bore the villagers' cargo.
In its smallness, it cared for them at the camp,
Its symphony carried them away from crushing.

Then he came and convinced them
That he would curve the footpath to fit them.
They considered without care
Then he commanded the crawler to come.

Before the big path was presented,
The great machine crawled away, leaving a pit.
The pit morphed into a trench—
It took a flood of water to quench.

The pit swallowed many villagers.
He was told to seal the pit with valor.
He toured the valley with his Beetle,
And as he turned it, its nose sank into the pit.



**Mr. Leonard Maero
W
Author, poet,
editor, teacher
Kitale
Kenya**

18. Mother



Ms. Ljubica Katic
Split
Croatia

One word,
A whole fortune,
Fits in five letters.
All my joys,
All my sufferings—
With that one word,
Follow me.

Mother, you were my rock
On which
I leaned firmly.
Now you are, for me,
A sorrowful memory,
Since you forever
Fell asleep.

I minded neither
Rain nor winter;
Your warmth
Always comforted me.
Now, even when the sun shines,
My heart feels cold.

I didn't always
Understand you well.
I thought, for you,
Everything was easy.
You never complained—
Now I know
It wasn't like that.

Many kind words,
I owe you—

Hugs, kisses,
And stories untold.
For that, I grieve today.

Mother, I hope that one day,
I'll tell you everything
In your embrace,
Once again.
Rest in peace, Mother,
My darling.

19. The Good Father



**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Motivational
speaker, writer
and international
influencer
Durban
South Africa**

Fathers are the head of our homes—our providers, our protectors, and our fountains of wisdom. They play a significant and pivotal role in shaping lives and leaving a legacy of faith and love for generations to come.

Many people have their fathers with them today, while some of us have our fathers in heaven. We miss them, but we know they are in a better place. The question I want to ask is: How many of the fathers among us are truly good people? How many lead by example?

Some fathers abandon their families. Others are lost in a world of their own selfishness—seeking riches, fame, and popularity to appease their egos. Some even project a condescending attitude, which creates fear and builds barriers in family relationships.

On the flip side, there are fathers who are wholly responsible for their households. Their eyes light up with joy when they are together with their families. Their warm smiles are like vast oceans, overflowing with love that stretches from one shore to the other.

These are the fathers the world looks up to—examples of integrity, love, and strength. Their personalities are prominent. They stand out as role models in our society and are admired by many.

I once read a story about a father who had an only son. Jake was almost 10 years old. He had a friend named Adam who had recently moved to a place called Felix Valley. Jake missed his friend very much, so when Adam invited him over to spend the day, Jake was thrilled.

To reach Felix Valley, Jake needed to travel by train. His father, a good man, offered to accompany him. But Jake firmly refused, insisting he could handle the trip on his own. Like many kids his age, he believed he was old enough and capable.

When the day arrived and the train pulled into the station, Jake said goodbye to his parents with excitement. Just before he boarded the train, his father quickly slipped a piece of paper into Jake's coat pocket. Jake thought nothing of it—he was too busy feeling grown-up and proud.

As time passed and the clock ticked—tick-tock, tick-tock—the train grew quieter. People began getting off at their stops. Jake looked around and suddenly realized the train felt almost empty. A wave of anxiety and fear swept over him. He was all alone.

Then he remembered the piece of paper his father had placed in his pocket. He carefully pulled it out and read:

“My dear son, I knew that at some point on your journey, you might feel anxious or afraid. But don't worry—walk to the 5th coach. I'm waiting for you!”

What joy filled his little heart! Relief washed over him. With tears in his eyes, Jake ran through the train cars until he reached the 5th coach. There, standing at the door with his arms open wide and eyes filled with love, was his father.

They shared the biggest, tightest hug ever—so tight it nearly knocked the air out of his dad! Jake was finally in his safe place. His fears disappeared. His anxiety melted away. His heartbeat returned to normal.

Our earthly fathers are a reflection of our heavenly Father—who watches over us, surrounds us with His presence, and ensures our safety. He loves us deeply and His arms are always open, ready to welcome us home whenever we return to Him.

Honor your fathers.

Show them love, appreciation, admiration, and the highest respect. They do so much for you, and often it is taken for granted.

Fathers, you are wonderful, special, thoughtful, unique, and kind. There's only one like you in the world. You are a good father.

The Bible reminds us in Ephesians 6:2–3, this timeless commandment: “Honor your father and mother—which is the first commandment with a promise—so that it may go well with you and that you may enjoy long life on the earth.”

Let's do this—and make the world a better place.

(I dedicate this narration to all fathers.)

By Lucy Victoria David

20. Mother



**Mr. Manik
Chakraborty**

Mother, who puts me to sleep—
Like moonlight,
The darkness disappears
With the caress of her hand.

I listen to the story on her face,
In the land of the princess,
I get lost in a dream,
In that unknown place.

Mother, the smile on my face,
The happiness that makes my heart forget—
When she is near,
There is no sorrow.

Mother, who is filled with my love—
The bright green sheet,
I was born in her lap,
Along with all my love.

Mother is the language of my mouth.
Mother is my land.
Holding her gentle hand,
I walk, heart full of joy.

21. Sweet Blossom



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Chirichoga had served six months behind steel bars and concrete walls. The reassurance with which he had walked out of confinement, that he had only an experience to regret, not a whole life to lament, seemed to ebb away with the rest of his self esteem once he rejoined his family. Yes, he was free, and had a whole life at his disposal, being only 22, but felt that his freedom was only physical. Mentally he was still in fetters, emotionally deprived and socially isolated.

Navigating his way around the village, every object; rock, bush or tree stump, seemed alive, regarding him with the contempt a young man who had been convicted of aggravated indecent assault deserved. No, he needed to relocate, go and stay where nobody knew about his conviction and prison record. But where could he go? His elder brother had a job in the city. He could take refuge with him as he sought formal employment, but the latter was married to a young beautiful woman of Chirichoga's age. Definitely he would not go to work leaving her at the mercy of a brother who had served jail time for an aggravating sexual offence. He also had uncles working in the city but they had teenage daughters "who would never be safe with him".

Having had some training in carpentry, he was sometimes hired at the boarding school, a kilometre away from his home, to repair broken chairs and desks. He had nearly got a full-time contract at the boarding school, had he not earned himself jail time, just a month away from the retirement of the school carpenter.

His reengagement with the school authorities had not taken place without embarrassing, even demeaning moments.

"We have girl children in this school, we do not know how safe they would be should they come into contact with you," the school head had said.

Chiri would not answer.

The SDC Chairperson came to his rescue. “We would rather not trust any man on that issue. Even those whose files are clean are potential girl child abusers,” the Chairperson had said.

Pride is only worth holding on to if it pays dividends. Chiri needed to earn a living and so he had to work in such an environment where girl children were probably warned of the danger he posed to the fairer sex. He was grateful that at least nobody knew about an experience he had had with a prison officer’s wife a month before the day of the expiry of his jail term.

He, however, wished people really knew how he had earned a conviction in the first place. It was not exactly the experience of the biblical Joseph, but it was something close. A local businessman had invited him to do some built in wardrobes in his house, and Chiri was glad with the financial reward offered. As he laboured on he found motivation in the compliments of the businessman’s wife.

“I will definitely propose that my husband pays you more for the sterling work of your hand,” she would say.

“That will be very kind of you ma’am,” he would respond.

Then came the day when Chiri was working in her bedroom, and she emerged from the bathroom, whose door communicated directly and only with the bedroom. Chocolate brown skin from the face down to the extreme bottom of her abdomen, interrupted by only a scanty pink under garment that concealed the hottest section of her body. The colour of her thighs was chocolate still, but a little lighter than her face.

The tiles under his safety shoes trembled, but he did not fall. He wanted to bolt from the room, but a numbness in his knees made movement impossible. “I’m sorry, I did not know you would be working from here,” the woman said without showing the slightest embarrassment that she was still standing nude in front of a man who was not her husband.

“I’m sorry, Mr Bonde had directed me to work in this room before he left. I did not even think you were in the house,” Chiri explained trying to suppress the signals in his body as a result of an accelerated blood flow.

“Not your fault young man, but it’s taboo to see my nudity and do nothing,” Mrs Bonde said, “you can go ahead and do something. I assure you, I won’t ask for it again.”

“Not with me,” Chiri had said and left the room.

For two days he did not go to work until Bonde drove to his family homestead to bring him back to work. He was stunned by the progress he made after such a disturbing encounter. Next time if invited to work in a private residence, he would bring someone to work with him, even though such a move would compromise his take home.

On the fifth day, he was working in another room when a youthful Miss Bonde visited him in one of the many bedrooms of the house. He was uncomfortable with her presence, but he thought her harmless until he had heard the footfalls of an adult person in the passage. She let out a scream that made Chiri to collapse onto the floor, and the door swung open.

“He attempted to rape me,” she shouted pointing at the man on the floor. “Such a filthy man. I overcame him and pushed him, then he fell.”

As the girl was ranting, Chiri heard the sound of a camera click. The girl had been at her mother’s service. Chiri could have suspected it, but he had not even touched her.

A torn dress was produced in court as evidence of the attempted rape. Chiri was convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment with labour. Who could believe his story, no matter how he wanted his side of the story to be known?

If you do something extremely bad, people will believe you did it. If you are accused of something extremely bad, people will say you did it. But if you do something extraordinary, very few people will believe it's you, Chiri thought, as he tried to digest the hard lessons life had taught him.

Chiri had not left prison to be confined to the fringes of society. He finally found a carpentry contract in the city with a comfortable take home. The city was where the prison walls had played guard against his freedom, but the wider society knew nothing about his jail time experience. The fear of women had waned from his conscience and he found himself in a relationship with a young, beautiful, shy lady who was the daughter of one of the factory's major customers. To Chiri it was like coming back to life. Her resemblance to someone he had met before but could not remember when and where even made his heart beat faster for her.

The time came for the formalisation of their relationship. That is when Chiri met the person who looked like Shyleen. She was the prison officer's wife and Shyleen's paternal aunt.

While in prison, the prison officer had singled out Chiri to go and assist his wife with domestic chores on account of good behaviour. Everyday he would enjoy a good hour's bed rest before rejoining his inmates. One day the officer's wife asked him for bedroom favours while he was relaxing in the officer's house. Said Chiri to himself, "I refused one woman such favours and ended up here. I will deny this one such favours and stay here for ever." So he did what she had asked him to do and he felt redeemed.

Chiri did not remind himself that his release was still a month away and/or ask himself if Miss Sweet Blossom, as he had called her after the act would not solicit for more, and when that happened, they were caught in the act by the senior prison officer who told him not to say anything about it, but go peacefully. He knew the officer was not going to strangle his wife, but he was certain the marriage was on the dunghill.

After paying what had been asked for bride price, and as the groom's party was walking towards the gate, Chiri sensed a light pat on his shoulder, and as he turned

to look, the prison officer's wife held him by the wrist of his right hand and led him towards her car. Such a gesture was not out of order as in our culture, your wife's paternal aunt is a sister in-law. She opened the driver's door and climbed into the car. Then she sat in the driver's seat and addressed Chiri in low tones.

"I'm still with him, but the guilt feeling is still with me, but I'm sure you will get over everything and be a good husband to my only brother's daughter."
Chiri sensed a momentary constriction in his lungs as he left the car heading towards the gate. But he soon recovered from the seizure and looked at the positive side of his experience with Shyleen's aunt. He was going to love Shyleen more for that.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

22. Oh Time!



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

Oh Time!
Ye heard—
Adieu, Wisdom,
Interred adroitly,
Yet no sympathy,
Nor condolences in view,
As the days roll by
Of the year 2025.

Nevertheless,
Still ticked away frolics,
Yoked minutes and seconds,
Not to wait in hibernation,
We splurge beneath the heathen tree,
Cartwheeling life's motif—
Day by day... the timeless race.

Men, when
Underneath the tree leaves,
Loops of humanity
Beseech your new behold.
Brimming every January 1st fresh,
We rinse the water pots,
Expectant of new dews,
New clouds of opium snuff,
Snowfalls in deep cesspools.
Travails catch the kilted race of folks
We just bespoke—last year, 2024.

Oh!
Time... how ye heard
To know our heart's desires,
To knot the nerves' routes,

Towing the herculean tasks
Of our daily bread,
Wherein lies no fluffy, heavenly manna.
Oh, butterfly Time!
Pass, and see the bloodmarks,
Witness ambition's shrouds—
Like biblical robes, Christ's shreds—
Persecution... at the cross of crucifixion.

Ye!
Heard of Jungle Quarters,
Beseeching Papyrus scribes
Of the Do's and Don't Deeds.
Alas...
Not to smoke?
Oh, hold just one wrap now,
For my poetic thoughts flow.
See my Nebo—what we spit out
Spills us nervy again into the rat race.
January... February... March—
A crossroad of travesty.
2025... see how far, how farther—
Neither flourished nor famished.

Oh,
Ye Time!

*Wouldn't pestilence
Call us again naysayers?
For we are planters,
Time is the plank—
The gusto of foibles,
Repeated setbacks
Just for the poor,
Jolly for the rich—

In the sullen sanctity
Of all animals' equality.

Oh,
Ye Time!

Oh,
Ye Time frame—
World or wall-stuck—
You chime endlessly.
When do we wake up?
When dost thou work?
Speed the seconds widely,
Sprint the hours daily.
Oh Time... frame,
Round like a circle,
Rusted by our consumerism—
Of thy tides' snooze.

By Phillips Tayo Damilola

23. Marvellous Love



**Mrs. Promila Punnu
Bhardwaj
Retd. General
Manager,
Industries
Department,
Himachal Pradesh**

O' Marvellous Love! Entirely sublime,
You roam freely on wings of fleeting time,
Invisibly you dwell in each and every particle—
No article is devoid of your warm miracle.
Not even the cruelest heart can escape
From being swayed by your tender shape.

Your gait resembles the carefree wind;
By ties of affection, all things you bind.
O' Marvellous Love! Entirely sublime!
Words fail to praise your acts so divine.
A bit nobly modest, a bit gently naughty—
Even the Almighty is your admirer and devotee.

Silently you enter the orchard to beautify,
Blushing buds and shy flowers you dignify.
You immortalize all beings with quiet grace,
In lovers' and devotees' hearts, you take place.
You haunt me still, O love so sublime,
Even as my worldly thoughts float in their prime.

O' Marvellous Love! You bring me memory
Of one whose worth lies in silent glory.
Oh! How can I—this humble soul—forgo
Your kindness? Love is life, this I know.
Gently you lure me to dream's valley bright,
Drenching my soul in love's golden light.

O' Marvellous Love! Entirely sublime!
Let others ignore you—my humble rhyme
Will honor your virtues through all unseen years.
Come, rest here in peace; it is crystal clear—
Soon all will sing your praises in tune,

Realizing you are a divine boon.

Trust me, O' Marvellous Love—spice of my life,
This shall happen, for false is not my belief.
Will honor your virtues through all unseen years.
Come, rest here in peace; it is crystal clear—
Soon all will sing your praises in tune,
Realizing you are a divine boon.

Trust me, O' Marvellous Love—spice of my life,
This shall happen, for false is not my belief.

By Promila Punnu Bhardwaj

24. Fantasia Feelings



**Mrs. Rajinder Kaur
(rashu)
Writer, artist
Amritsar
Punjab**

Life is full of patience,
Things come and go with difference.
Holding on is needed for the heart's dignity,
Letting go brings the soul immunity—
Flying emotions balance life's essence.

Live a life with grace,
Hold your loved ones with an embrace.
Tiny angels will help with elegance,
This beautiful world is full of innocence—
Things will happen at their own pace.

Life is filled with many moments,
Years of experience become life's ornaments.
Nature is the truest observer,
Balance is needed in every fervour—
For every soul, there is a settlement.

25. Father

He wears no crown, he claims no throne,
Yet in his steps, the seeds are sown.
Not just a guide or sheltering tree,
But a student of life—humble and free.

With wrinkled maps upon his face,
He walks with time, yet sets the pace.
Each fall he treats as a lesson learned,
Each bruise a badge, each tear well-earned.

He listens more than he commands,
Builds dreams with tired, calloused hands.
Not always right, but never still,
He molds his flaws with quiet will.

Books may rest upon the shelves,
But he reads truths within ourselves.
From a child's cry to teenage rage,
He learns with love at every stage.

Mistakes don't make him weak or less;
He wears them like a second dress.
And every failure—raw and real—
He meets with grace and zeal to heal.

The world may praise the wise and grand,
But fathers learn where few dare stand—
In silence deep, in the daily grind,
They craft a wisdom rare to find.

So when I look into his eyes,
I see not just strength, but skies—
Of questions asked and answers sought,
A man still learning what life has taught.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar
Kumar
IT Consultant &
Author
Katihar
Bihar**

26. What Are You Silent About, Poet Midnight...



**Mr. Sheudzhen
Inver
Russia**

Author – Inver Sheudjen, Russia
English Translation – Santosh Pokharel, Nepal

What are you silent about, Poet Midnight,
When the silent city sleeps?
About whom, at this dark hour,
Does your tired soul still weep?

While leaning over your lines, exhausted,
What thoughts come drifting through?
Does a memory strike a tender sting,
Or does anguish quietly subdue?

Perhaps you're torn apart by sorrow,
Remembering her in still reflection—
The one you once called Assolya,
The fire of your youth's affection.

The one who gifted you happiness,
Whose touch was mad with tenderness.
Even God, in all His power,
Could not return such love's caress.

Is it this that haunts you now,
At a lonely, fragile hour,
While the city dreams in silence
And your soul hides in midnight's power?

27. One World



Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Cradle of dawn, whispers weave,
Through valleys of time, dreams conceive.
Nations awoken from slumber's embrace,
Histories etched in every face.

Woven tapestry, threads of gold,
Stories of elders, legends told.
Different tongues become rivers that flow,
Converging in the ocean's gentle aquamarine glow.

Cultures dance upon the same stage,
Strings of identity gently change.
Symphonies born from diverse tunes,
Under the sun and the silvery moon.

Mountains and seas, borders dissolve,
Hearts quiet, mysteries resolve.
Beneath our skin, beneath our sky,
We are the same—just you and I.

Each scar a story, each smile a bridge,
Bringing us closer, inch by inch.
A single heartbeat in the vast expanse,
Rhythmic nations in a sacred dance.

One world, spun from many threads,
Hope and love widely spread.
Unity born from touched souls' grace—
The human race, one in vast infinite space.

May we stand, hand in hand,
A living mosaic, a single band.
When cultures meet and hearts align,
We find our true, eternal shine.

28. The Obscure or the Obvious?



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

The obscure or the obvious—
Which of these expressions in a person
Should be counted more
For nurturing a close-knit relationship?

This question reverberated within me one day
As I sat immersed in solitude, reflecting inwardly.

Is it not often the case that, in moments of
Tête-à-tête with our near and dear ones,
The completely obvious lies hidden before us—
Either because we fail to see it,
Or it takes us a long time to realize?

Captivated by our urge to delve into the obscure,
Do we tend to overlook
The simple truths right before our eyes?

In our mad pursuit of the mysterious,
Do we set aside what is plainly visible?

Isn't it true that in our busy lives,
We fail to read the signals of varied emotions
Clearly written on our loved ones' faces—
Becoming oblivious to what they truly wish to express?

Pondering over this again and again, I whispered to myself:
Let this question—"The Obscure or the Obvious?"—
Be an eye-opener.

Let us see that
The obvious is not the only one deserving the limelight,
Nor should the obscure be left in the lurch.

For in our conversations and heartfelt expressions,
Both hidden truths and visible signs
Must find their place—
A balanced view, clear through the fog.

By Usha Krishnan



29. Rise and Shine

When shadows fall and doubt is near,
Hold fast to strength; don't give in to fear.
Each step you take, though hard and slow,
Builds paths unseen that help you grow.

The road is long, the climb is steep,
But dreams are born where courage leaps.
In storms that rage or skies that clear,
Remember this—you're stronger here.

With grit and grace, press on, ignite
The spark within; let it burn bright.
For every dawn, a new chance lies,
To spread your wings and boldly rise.

When doubts may cloud and strength feels thin,
Remember why you chose to begin.
The journey's yours—both wild and true.
With each new day, let light renew.



**Ms. Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**

30. The Song of Life

If we knew spring would never return
To strum its notes along our wandering path,
If we knew the journey would drift afar,
If eternity called with a sudden breath—

If we knew beauty could never be touched,
Nor seen through deep brown eyes,
If we knew those blue clouds in the heights
Were but rain falling down with passion—

If we knew life would bring grace and blessing,
Or a simple lesson in a night of getting lost,
If we knew our hearts could be fragile,
If we knew sorrow could sing a tender lullaby—

If we knew foamy waves carried silent love,
If we knew sunlight shone on brief blooms,
If we knew presence is just a passing moment—
The moment a rosebud rests upon our lips—

If we knew the song of life itself
Could be a pain that healing never finds,
If we knew joy in every word we write,
An afternoon translates a lifetime into poetry.



Ms. Vo Thi Nhu Mai
Western Australia

**“Panache”
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House**



PUBLISHER-CHIEF EDITOR

Name : Akanksha Shrivastava

Dob: 29-August

Place: Bhopal

Education: B.E(computer science)
M.A(English Literature)

Achievements: Director “De telephone”
(Short Movie)

**Editor (Premakriti, Vihangam,
Sunhari yaadein, Akshraang, Viraaj,
Navoday ki yaadein, Bits Of My Heart
Kalam ka rahi, corona kaal ka
sangharsh, Safar Farsh se Arsh tak,
Yaad-E-Maazi, The Journey to Success)**

Email.id: aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com

Phone No.: 9424002558



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House**



Designer



Name : **Lalit Kishore Gaur**

Dob: **21-July**

Place: **Bhopal**

Education: **LLB(Bachelor of Law)
MCA(Master of Computer
Applications)**

Achievements: **Producer “De telephone”
(Short Movie) <http://surl.li/bwosk>**

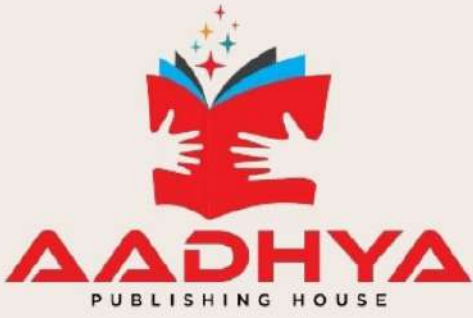
**Educationist, Photographer,
Founder of LKg Telefilms,
Film Maker, Writer, Poet,
Social Worker, Environmentalist**

Email.id: **lkgaur76@gmail.com**

Phone No.: **9893087519**

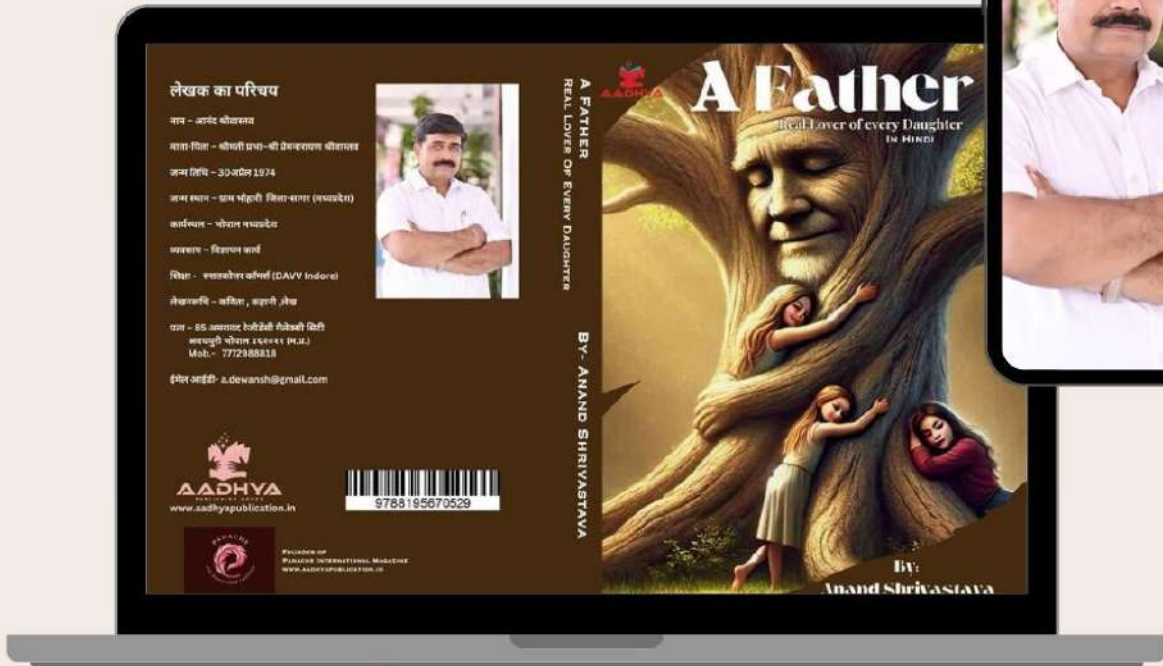


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