

LITERATURE | INTERVIEW

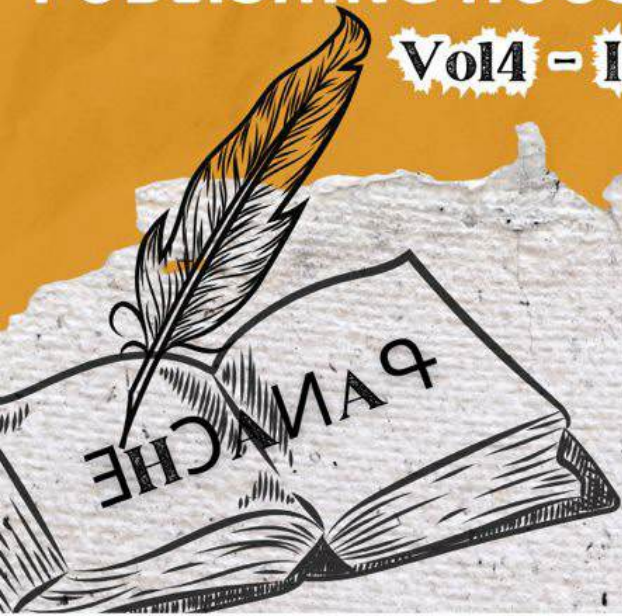


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A Product Of

**AADHYA
PUBLISHING HOUSE**

Vol4 - Issue2



PANACHE

February

INTRODUCING OUR COLUMNIST
THE VERY FAMOUS

MR. PIYUSH GOEL

MIRROR MAN OF INDIA
WHO WRITES IN MIRROR IMAGE

Chief Editor

Ms Akanksha Shrivastava
Aadhy Publishing House



www.aadhyapublication.in

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

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February 2025

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

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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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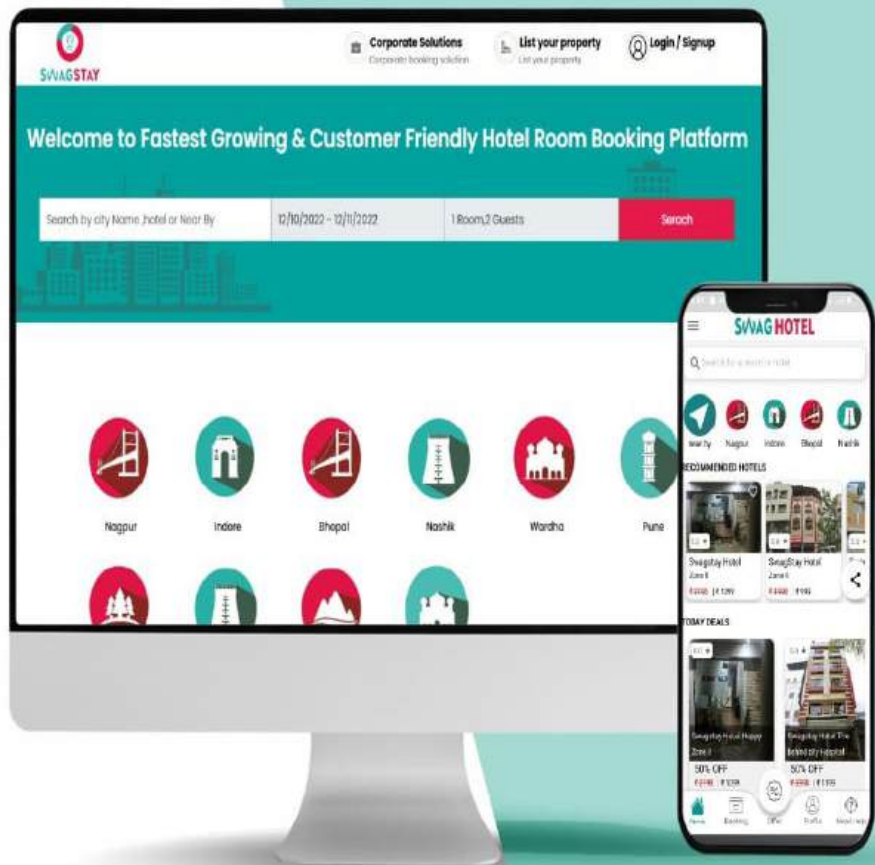
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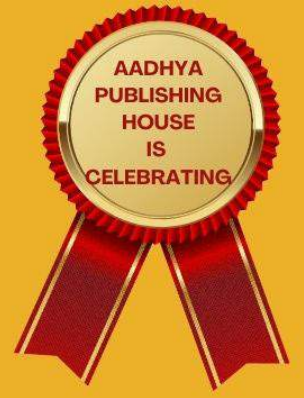
Starting with 999aed





National Youth Icon

CELEBRATING MASTER BAIBHAV DATTA



NOMINEE OF YOUTH ICON IN THE FIELD OF PAINTING



Baibhav Datta, a class 11 student of Hindi Higher Secondary School, Agartala, Tripura has been nominated as Youth Icon in the field of Painting by the Directorate of Youth Affairs and Sports, Government of Tripura to take part in the National Youth Festival 2025 to be held at Bharat Mandapam Delhi from 11th to 12th January, 2025 under the patronage of Hon'ble Prime Minister of India. The selection for such is the ultimate achievement of Baibhav in the field of Painting was both National and International level having owning more than 700 awards.

Baibhav's Achievements

Baibhav has demonstrated his practical achievements in the social field viz., Stop child marriage, say no to drugs, stop mobile festival addiction etc. through his painting which have earned much reputation at social corner.

This year's National Youth Festival Aims to inspire the Nation's Youth in alignment with Hon'ble Prime Minister Narendra Modi ji vision of a Vikashit Bharat by 2047.

This segment of the Festival includes interaction with Prime Minister, Union Ministers and other Dignatories.

Acknowledgement and Blessings

The announcement of Baibhav's selection Conveyed in an official letter by S.B Nath , Director of Tripura Youth , Affairs and Sports to the Union Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports.

ABOUT BAIBHAV

Baibhav started painting when he was 3 years old. He achieved several State level, District level, National and International level award in the field of painting. Till date he achieved more than 680 National, International, State And District level awards in the field of painting. He got On spot national award from NEPCO and Hon'ble President of India awarded him the award at Vigyan Bhavan, New Delhi in the year 2017. He again achieved on spot National award in the field of painting under the Ministry of Power organised by PCRA at New Delhi in the year 2018. Baibhav bagged National Scholarship from CCRT IN THE YEAR 2019.he achieved National scholarship from CCRT, New Delhi in the field of painting

Baibhav is a

- i) Record holder of Asia book of record.
- ii) Record holder of India Book of record.
- iii) Record holder of India's World record.
- iv) Record holder of National Book of Record
- iv) Record holder of high range Book of Record
- v) Record holder of Kalam's Book of Record
- Vi) Record holder of forever Book of Record
- Vii) Record holder of Champion book of World record
- Viii) Record holder of world Genius book of record , Nigeria
- ix) Record holder of Magic book of Record
- X) Extraordinary kids world record
- Xi) Record holder of State book of Approval record
- Xii) Record holder of World book of record (London)
- Xiii)Pratibha Sanman awards)golden peacock award. From Manushyabal Vikas Lokseva Academy
- Xiv)Achieved All India Child Prodigy Award .
- Xv) Achieved Picasso International art contest award for outstanding performance in the year2018and 2020.

BIG APPLAUDS

**AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE
IS WISHING YOU LUCK**

- Xvi) Participated on line International Art exhibition organized by Daksita Art, Delhi.
 - Xvii) Achieved 1st position in the National Painting Competition under the Department of Water Conservation.
 - xviii) Got on spot National level award from NEPCO and Hon'ble President of India, Sri Ramnath kovind Ji awarded me at Vigyan Bhawan, New Delhi, in the year 2017
 - Xix) Achieved on spot National award in the field of painting Ministry of Power Power organized by Petroleum Conservation and Research Association at New Delhi in the year 2018.
 - Xx) Bagged National Scholarship in the field of painting from CCRT, Delhi in the year 2019 under the Department of Human Resources, Government of India.
 - Xxi) Achieved 27 International awards and 204 National level awards in the online painting competition during pandemic period, March 2020 to April 2021.
 - Xxii) Winner of all india colouring Art competition.
 - Xxiii) Achieved excellency award in English examination in the year 2020-2021 in National level competitive examination.
 - xxiv) Achieved excellency award in mathematics examination in the year 2021 in National level competitive examination.
 - xxv) He achieved Kalam excellence award.
 - Xxvi) Achieved Exectic award.
 - xxvii) Achieved Child Prodigy
 - xxviii) Achieved India Star Icon achievers award
- His interviews and success stories got telecasted in many National level Media's.
- xxix) Influencer Book of World Record as Youngest Influencer of India
 - Xxx) Iconic book of International World Record

Looking forward

Baibhav commence on this journey to represent Tripura at the National Youth Festival , 2025, stand as a symbol of potential and promise of India's Youth. His dedication in every aspect works tirelessly for the Nation's progress.

Contents

- 
- 1. Broken Relations! 1**
 - 2. Memory of Past days 2**
 - 3. The Birds in the Sky 3**
 - 4. Broken Edges 4**
 - 5. Sometimes 5**
 - 6. The Book - A Love Story 6**
 - 7. Three Goddesses 14**
 - 8. Lullaby 20**
 - 9. Maestro Nino Camardo 22**
 - 10. I Am a Woman 24**
 - 11. Washing Machine 25**
 - 12. Silence too, has its noise 26**
 - 13. Comparative Analysis of Maggie Tulliver and
Tess Durbeyfield 27**
 - 14. Legacy 32**
 - 15. Call me by your name 34**
 - 16. A New Year's Promise 37**

17. Secret of Lake Como	38
18. In Search of Jonnyboo	39
19. I Came From An Era	41
20. I Wonder	43
21. Welcome to 2025	44
22. Just Try	45
23. Termite of Bribery	46
24. Inscrutable	47
25. I Miss You	48
26. The Odyssey of My Mind	49
27. Memories of New Year	51
28. Purnea: A Tapestry of Time	52
29. Like straw we are....	53
30. Who Do You?	54
31. The Sky is the Limit	56
32. Student's Life	57
33. Law and Justice	58

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. Broken Relations!



Mr. Aftab Tariq
Kupwara
Kashmir

In empty halls, a family resides,
Connected yet isolated, side by side.
Their eyes cast down, in screens they sway,
Lost in virtual worlds, night and day.

The children's laughter echoes, a distant past,
As tablets and phones forever last.
Their parents' faces, bathed in glowing light,
Reflect the emptiness of endless night.

Marriages crumble, love turns to dust,
As dreams and desires forever rust.
The family bond, once strong and true,
Now frayed and broken, in all we do.

In this sea of solitude, we drift apart,
Each soul a solitary, wandering heart.
No gentle touch, no loving gaze,
Only the hum of machines, in endless daze.

We were not made for this, this hollow life,
This existence devoid of love and strife.
We yearn for connection, for hearts that beat,
For love that's real, and relationships that meet.

2. Memory of Past days



**Mr. Amit Kumar
Sharma
Trained Graduate
Teacher
New Delhi**

It often happens
That while flowing
In the river of time,
Some old days
Get hidden,
Out of sight,
In the shells of moments,
In the conches...

Or get stuck
In the bushes of memories.
Becoming some
Sand, they start
Accumulating
On the banks.

And then one day,
When you go out
For a walk
On this sand,
You suddenly find
Treasures
Of conches,
Of shells...

As soon as you take them
In your hands, the old days,
Hiding in them,
Come out or fall
From the bushes...

Becoming flowers.
And you live
A very old life...
A few days past...

3. The Birds in the Sky



**Mr. Anmol
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**

The birds in the sky,
Fly high and high.
With lots of joy,
They soar through the sky.

The birds in the sky,
Don't feel the need to cry.
Because they are in the open sky,
They fly high and high,
The birds in the sky.

The birds in the sky,
Enjoy their freedom,
Without any stress or shyness.
The birds in the sky,
Fly high and high.

The birds in the sky,
Fly very high,
In the clean and beautiful,
Clear blue sky.
The birds in the sky,
Fly high and high.

The birds in the sky,
Are creatures made by God,
To live in nature.
Don't take their freedom
For a fleeting joy,
Because they look more beautiful
When they fly in the sky.
The birds in the sky,
Fly high and high.

4. Broken Edges



Ms. Asma Sial
Student
Sargodha
Pakistan

In the tapestry of our love, a thread is torn,
A fragile seam, where hearts are born.
The edges, once smooth, now frayed and worn,
A testament to love's enduring form.

Your touch ignites a flame that flickers bright,
Melting the shards of my shattered light.
In your eyes, a haven, where I find my peace,
A love so pure, it heals my soul's release.

Like shattered glass, our love's been broken too,
But in the fragments, our hearts still shine through.
We've gathered the pieces and carefully made them whole,
A mosaic of love, with edges that still unfold.

With every kiss, a fragment of my heart revives,
In your love, I find solace, where our hearts survive.
Through life's turbulent storms, our love's been refined,
A flame that burns brighter, with edges that entwine.

In this dance of love, we've swayed to the rhythm of pain,
But with each step forward, our love's sweet refrain.
For in the broken edges, our love's true beauty shines,
A masterpiece of devotion, where hearts and souls entwine.

5. Sometimes



Sometimes,
It's fine when people hate you,
and call you selfish and mean.
It's not that they care about you,
It's because you have to take care of yourself.

Sometimes,
It's good not to be present in a place
and observe their reactions deeply.
It's not because you want attention,
It's because you can filter your priorities.

Sometimes,
It's better to be misunderstood,
than to explain in detail.
It's not that they won't get it,
It's because you need your mental peace.

Sometimes,
It's best not to bother people,
rather than being a burden.
It's not like you have a right over them,
It's because you should be aware of your limits.

And sometimes,
It's okay to tell a lie,
only to avoid speaking the truth.
It's not that you don't want to let them know,
It's because the truth is worth understanding.

**Ms. Ayushi
Khawade
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh**

6. The Book - A Love Story



**Mrs. Bindu
Unnikrishnan
Teacher
Pune
Maharashtra**

He let the book go, because he felt it was more important to her. Viren was a bookworm, just like Tia. Giving the book away was a significant gesture, especially since it was the only copy in the bookstore. But Viren's gesture was much more than just giving away a Booker Prize-winning first edition to Tia.

Their eyes first met on the orientation day of their first year of college. Enrolling in the same course at the same college meant they would spend the next four years in the same classroom, on the same campus. They looked at each other and felt an instant connection. The gaze lasted for more than five seconds. In that brief moment, their eyes explored each other's features. The rush of blood, the explosion of hormones, flushed their cheeks, turning them slightly red. Their dilated pupils, racing heartbeats, and shy smiles confirmed the love at first sight.

The orientation was a formal introduction to the college, followed by high tea—a chance for students from the same batch to get acquainted. Viren hurried over to Tia and said, “Hi! I’m Viren.” Tia extended her hand for a handshake. The handshake lingered for more than a minute. During that minute, it felt as if they exchanged an immense amount of unspoken information. It was as if, without saying a word, they had known each other for a lifetime. Their gaze held, and they got lost in each other's eyes until they were interrupted by Ria, Tia's high school classmate.

Ria, Tia's best friend, insisted they head to the hostel in time for room allotment. Tia turned to Viren, gesturing that she had to leave. Just as she was about to go, Viren asked, “What's your name, by the way?” But before she could answer, Ria pulled her away.

The next day, both Tia and Ria went to the bookstore to buy their college books. The large store had academic texts as well as fiction. While browsing the

fiction section, Tia spotted the year's new release, 'The God of Small Things' by Arundhati Roy. The book had made headlines not only for winning the Booker Prize but also for the controversy it had sparked, with demands for it to be banned by communists. Despite the controversy, Tia wanted to own it. It was the first edition, signed by Arundhati Roy herself. She took the book to the counter, only to be informed that the sole copy had already been purchased by Viren just five minutes earlier. The bookstore hadn't removed it from the shelf yet due to a mix-up. However, since it was already bought by Viren, they couldn't sell it to her.

The store manager assured Tia that the next shipment would arrive in a month, and she could get a copy then. Tia gently touched the outer cover of the book, opened it to see the author's autograph, and then returned it to the shelf, admiring the back cover before walking away.

It was the third day of college, and the second-year students had organized a fresher's party. Tia noticed that Viren wasn't dressed in formal attire but instead carried a book in his hand—the same book she had wanted from the bookstore. He walked toward her and said, "I want you to have this. It's yours to keep. Don't forget to read it, especially the last page—I've written something for you."

Before Viren could finish, Ria dragged Tia onto the dance floor. As she was pulled away, Tia kept her eyes on Viren. His expression was sad, as if he was on the verge of tears. The loud music soon drowned everything out as a crowd of seniors flooded the dance floor, and in the chaos, Tia lost sight of Viren.

The next day, Tia found out that Viren had left college. He had been accepted into the National Defence Academy and had to report the very next day, having received the letter late from the hostel warden. Tia's heart felt heavy. She hadn't had the chance to properly say goodbye. She was confused as to why he hadn't told her earlier. Tears streamed down her face.

Suddenly, she remembered the book Viren had given her and the note he mentioned on the last page. She frantically tried to remember where she had left it before being pulled onto the dance floor but couldn't recall. Desperate, she ran to the auditorium to search for the book, but it was nowhere to be found.

Many years later, Tia saw on the news that Viren had been martyred in the Kargil War. He was posthumously awarded the Param Vir Chakra. She watched as his parents accepted the medal on Republic Day. From the announcement, she learned that Viren had remained single until his death.

After Viren left college, Tia scoured every thrift store, second-hand bookshop, and flea market, hoping to stumble upon the copy of 'The God of Small Things', he had once given her—a book that might still carry the note written by Viren for her.

Now, with a heart weighed by years of longing, she stood before her crowded bookshelf. Seven copies of the same novel stared back at her, each one meticulously hunted down from dusty shelves and forgotten corners, all in a hopeless attempt to reclaim that final, elusive message written on its last page.

Tia's heart sank every time her eyes met those seven copies of 'The God of Small Things' on her shelf. None of them held the message she sought—the one from Viren, her first love. Every time she leafed through the final pages, hope dissolved into disappointment. She had given up long ago, accepting that the book was lost forever.

Years passed. Life moves on, as it does. Tia became a writer, ironically penning love stories, all woven with traces of her own grief and longing. She traveled the world, signed books for fans, and smiled for the cameras, but there was always a shadow in her heart that she couldn't shake.

One day, as Tia sat in a quiet cafe flipping through a magazine, she received a message from Ria. They had remained close friends over the years, but life had pulled them in different directions. Ria had moved to the U.S. for work and was visiting after several years.

The message read: "You won't believe what I found in mom's old bookshelf. Call me!"

Tia's heart leapt. She hurriedly called Ria, a wave of anticipation making her pulse race.

"Hey, Tia!" Ria answered, excitement lacing her voice. "I was browsing through

my mom's old bookshelf, to find my old books from college when I stumbled upon an old copy of *The God of Small Things*. The odd thing is, when I opened it, I found something... something familiar."

Tia's breath caught in her throat. Could it be?

Ria continued, "There's a note in the back. It's from Viren."

Tia felt the world tilt. She couldn't speak. Ria went on, "It's the book, Tia. The one he gave you at the fresher's party. The one you lost. I'll send it to you."

When the package arrived a few days later, Tia's hands trembled as she held the worn-out copy of the book. Her fingers grazed the familiar cover. She opened it slowly, the pages yellowed with time, and finally, she reached the last page.

There, in Viren's handwriting, was the note she had waited years to read.

"Tia,

If you're reading this, it means I couldn't say goodbye. I'm leaving for the National Defence Academy tomorrow, but I couldn't go without letting you know that I love you. I have from the moment we met. I hope one day, fate will bring us back together. But if it doesn't, I want you to know that this love will always stay with me, wherever I go.

Yours,

Viren."

Tears spilled down Tia's cheeks. Her mind reeled. She had spent so many years searching for this, thinking it was lost forever, only for it to return through the hands of her best friend, half a world away.

The twist of fate was more poetic than anything she could have written.

As Tia's teardrops softly touched the fragile pages, she noticed something she hadn't before. Right beneath Viren's signature, there was more.

A phone number.

Her breath hitched. It was faint, almost as if Viren had written it hastily. Scribbled beneath his final words were the digits, along with a simple line:

"Call me if you feel the same."

Tia's fingers traced over the numbers, her heart twisting at the thought of how close they had been to reconnecting all those years ago. The number was a relic of the past, from a time when he had still hoped—when they had still had a chance.

She stared at it, imagining the missed moments, the conversations they might

have had if only she'd found the book sooner. How many nights had Viren waited for her call, hoping to hear her voice? How many times had he glanced at his phone, wondering if fate would let her find those last, desperate digits?

Tia knew it was too late now. That number, once a bridge between them, was just an echo of what could have been. But somehow, holding that book, seeing his words, his number, made him feel closer than ever.

With trembling hands, Tia stared at the number. She knew it was futile—years had passed, and the number was likely long disconnected. But something inside her, an urge she couldn't ignore, pushed her to dial it anyway. As she held her breath and listened to the steady ring, she braced herself for silence or a robotic voice telling her the line was no longer in service.

But then, someone answered.

"Hello?" The voice was soft and aged, filled with a gentle warmth.

Tia's heart raced. "I—I'm sorry, but is this Viren's number?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper, unsure of what she was expecting.

There was a pause, followed by

a slow intake of breath. "Yes, this was my son's number," the woman responded, her voice trembling ever so slightly. "Who is this?"

Tia's throat tightened. She struggled to find her voice, her heart pounding as she clutched the phone. "My name is Tia," she whispered. "I... I went to college with Viren. He gave me a book a long time ago, and I just found it. I never knew he left his number inside."

The silence that followed seemed to stretch endlessly, and Tia feared she had made a terrible mistake by calling. But then, the woman—Viren's mother—spoke again, her voice thick with emotion. "Tia... He used to talk about you."

There was a pause, Tia's breath caught in her throat. "He did?"

"Yes," the woman continued softly. "When he first came home from college, he told me about a girl he had met. You. He said you were special. He spoke of you often, wondering if you would ever call. He waited... every time he came back from the academy, he would ask if there had been any messages. But the call never came."

Tia felt tears welling in her eyes, her heart aching. "I didn't know. I lost the book the night he gave it to me, and I've been looking for it ever since. I only just found it. I'm so sorry... I never got the chance."

Viren's mother let out a soft sigh, one filled with years of grief and longing. "He loved you, Tia. Even when he went off to serve, he kept you in his heart. He said if you ever called, I should let you know that his love never wavered. It was always you."

Tia could no longer hold back her tears. "I wish I had known," she whispered. "I wish I could have told him..."

"He knew," Viren's mother said gently. "He understood. But there's something else I need to tell you."

Tia held her breath, waiting.

"Before he went to the front lines during the Kargil War, Viren called me. It was the last time I ever spoke to him. He said, 'If anything happens to me, tell Tia I loved her with all my heart. Tell her I was always waiting.'"

Tia's body shook with sobs, the weight of those words crashing into her. She could barely breathe as the full extent of what she had lost, and what he had carried with him, overwhelmed her. He had gone to war with her name in his heart, never knowing if she had ever received his final message of love.

"He died a hero," his mother continued, her voice breaking. "But to me, he was always just my son. A boy in love, waiting for a phone call that never came."

Tia felt as though her soul was shattering. She whispered, "I'm so sorry... I didn't know."

There was a long pause on the other end before Viren's mother replied softly, "It wasn't your fault, Tia. Life... life has a way of keeping us apart sometimes. But I believe he's at peace now, knowing that you finally found his message."

Tia sat there, clutching the phone to her ear, wishing she could turn back time, but also realizing that Viren had always loved her, even in his final moments. Somehow, that brought a bittersweet comfort to her aching heart.

Before they ended the call, Viren's mother said, "Thank you for calling. It means so much to know that you still cared."

"I always cared," Tia whispered. "I always will."

Tia sat in silence after the call ended, the weight of Viren's love and sacrifice pressing down on her. The revelation from his mother left her heart in turmoil—a love that had waited, that had endured, and a final message that reached her only after it was too late. She held the book tighter, as if somehow it could pull Viren back from the past, back to the moment when he had handed it to her at the fresher's party, when everything was still full of possibility.

But that wasn't reality. Reality was the echo of Viren's mother's words, replaying in her mind: "He waited for a call that never came." The thought stabbed at her, gnawing at her conscience. She had spent so long searching for the book, never realizing that she had also been searching for him, for the closure she never had. She had written love stories, but none came close to the one she had lived and lost.

Her mind spun, flashes of her past with Viren flooding her. The handshake that lingered too long, the shared gazes, the rush of young love. And now, the knowledge that even as Viren faced the horrors of war, he had carried her in his heart, holding onto a hope she hadn't known existed.

Grief and regret tore through her. She thought of how Viren must have felt—writing those words in the book, waiting for a response that never came. She thought of his lonely nights in the barracks, wondering if she had found the message. The heartbreak of knowing she never would, until now.

Suddenly, a deep resolve settled over Tia. She couldn't change the past, but she could honor Viren's memory, his love. His last words to his mother rang in her ears—"My love was always hers." She knew then what she had to do.

That night, Tia stayed awake, writing furiously, pouring every drop of her pain, her love, and her regret onto the page. The story of her and Viren, the love that had bloomed and withered in silence, and the message that had come too late. It wasn't just a story; it was their story, the one she had kept locked away for so long.

As dawn broke, Tia finished the last sentence. She titled the manuscript 'The Book of Unspoken Love'. It was her tribute to Viren—the boy who had loved her across years and miles, who had waited for a call she never made. It was a love letter to the one person she had never been able to truly say goodbye to.

Months passed. The manuscript was picked up by her publisher, and soon, it became a bestseller. Readers everywhere were captivated by the heart-wrenching love story—one that mirrored the real pain and longing so many had felt in their own lives. The book spoke of the fragility of time, of moments missed, and of love that transcends even death.

On the day of the book launch, Tia stood before a crowd of eager readers, journalists, and friends. But she wasn't nervous. She felt a calmness within her, as though Viren was there, watching from somewhere far beyond the physical world. As she spoke about the book, she didn't hide the truth. She told the

audience about the boy who had given her a book all those years ago, and how it had come back to her, carrying with it the message of a love that had endured even in silence.

When she finished, the audience sat in stunned silence. Tia could see tears in their eyes, and in that moment, she knew that Viren's story—their story—had touched something deep in them. It wasn't just a story of love lost; it was a reminder to hold onto the ones you love, to speak the words that are too often left unsaid.

After the event, as the crowd dispersed and the room emptied, Tia sat alone for a moment, the book still in her hands. She closed her eyes and whispered into the quiet, "Viren, I'm sorry it took so long. But I heard you. I hear you now."

And in the stillness of that moment, she felt a presence—warm, comforting, as if Viren's spirit was with her. The air seemed to hum with the weight of all the words they had never exchanged. For the first time in years, Tia felt at peace.

As she stood up to leave, she looked at the book one last time. The title felt fitting, almost poetic. It was not just the story of their unspoken love—it was the testament to the love that, despite everything, had found its way back to her.

By Bindu Unnikrishnan

7. Three Goddesses



Dr. Bobby Narayan
Writer
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It was 4:00 PM, and the office pantry buzzed with its usual energy. The aroma of chai mingled with faint traces of samosas as Naveen joined his colleagues for the daily ritual. The conversations started with light-hearted chatter about weekend plans, but as always, they spiralled into a heated discussion.

Naveen, still reeling from the announcement of impending layoffs, brought up the issues of unemployment and inflation.

“Do you realize how bad it’s gotten? A job loss in this economy is like a death sentence! And look at inflation—it’s not just pinching our savings; it’s tearing them apart.”

His voice carried a mix of frustration and worry, but instead of support, he was met with smirks.

Prakash, his colleagues, leaned back in his chair with a mischievous grin.

“Arrey, Naveen, since when did you become an economist? Planning to take Raghuram Rajan’s place, or what?”

The group burst out laughing. Even Kavya, who had always been serious during such debates, couldn’t resist a chuckle. She stirred her tea and said with mock solemnity,

“All the economists have taken the country to hell. They sit in their air-conditioned offices, spewing big words, while the common man suffers.”

Her comment drew more laughter, and someone added,

“Exactly! All we need is some jugaad economics, not these PhDs ruining everything.”

Naveen sighed, feeling the familiar sting of mockery.

“It’s easy to joke, but the reality is grim. People are losing jobs. Youngsters are stuck doing internships for peanuts. And look at the cost of weddings! Even finding a life partner has turned into a financial decision. It’s all connected, you know.”

But before he could finish, Prakash interrupted, “Bas karo, Naveen! First, find a girl. Then we’ll discuss inflation during your sangeet!”

Another round of laughter erupted, leaving Naveen red-faced. Even Kavya, his secret muse, shook her head with an amused smile. She looked at him and said, "Maybe you should stop overthinking everything. Inflation or no inflation, you'll figure it out. You always do, don't you?"

Her words, though meant to console, felt more like a brush-off. Naveen gulped down his tea and decided to change the subject. Inside, though, he felt a mix of anger and helplessness.

In real life, the closest contender to this dream figure was his office colleague, Kavya. Smart, confident, and always ready to help, she had become his anchor at work. Her smile carried warmth, and her laughter echoed in his thoughts long after the day ended. Naveen found himself lingering near her desk and cracking jokes just to see her grin.

But there was a problem. Kavya was already engaged in a live-in-relationship, that had caused whispers around the office. Naveen couldn't ignore the complications this brought, even though his heart tugged at him to pursue her.

-2-

He returned home. But there formed layers to Naveen's character: his frustration with the country's economic situation, his colleagues' lighthearted dismissal of his concerns, and his complex feelings for Kavya, who remains both a source of comfort and confusion. Of course, there the broader societal tendency to make light of serious issues, reflecting Naveen's struggles in a land full of contradictions eclipsed him.

Naveen had always imagined his life as a perfect script, but at 29, his journey to find a life partner felt like a poorly written soap opera. A software engineer living in Bengaluru, Naveen was at a crossroads, torn between dreams, responsibilities, and societal pressures.

His age will complete three decades next month but he has never tasted sex in his life.

For weeks, a recurring dream haunted him: a radiant beauty, her face half-veiled, standing under a tree that shimmered like gold.

Naveen's 30th birthday loomed like a dark cloud, a relentless reminder of unfulfilled milestones. In a world obsessed with youth and achievement, turning thirty without a stable career, a partner, or even a fleeting taste of intimacy felt like a personal failure.

For years, he had been haunted by a recurring dream. Each night, the same vision played out: a radiant beauty stood under a golden tree, her face half-veiled, her silhouette bathed in an ethereal glow. She beckoned him, her delicate hand reaching out as though she held the answers to his life's turmoil. Yet, every time he moved closer, the vision dissolved into the shadows, leaving him grasping at emptiness.

It wasn't just a dream; it was a reflection of his deep-seated longing. Naveen had never tasted the intimacy that his peers casually discussed over drinks. For him, sex was not just a physical act but an elusive symbol of love, connection, and validation—things that always seemed just out of reach.

Despite his modern lifestyle, Naveen lived under the watchful gaze of traditional expectations. In his conservative family, relationships were rarely discussed openly, let alone the idea of premarital intimacy. His friends teased him mercilessly, calling him “the last virgin in Bengaluru,” a title that stung more than he cared to admit.

The nights club him with nocturnal emission. The mornings, sitting on the commode, he opines: The golden tree in his dream was a metaphor; a dream, illusion. It symbolized everything he yearned for: beauty, love, stability, and escape from the suffocating reality of his existence. But as his birthday crept closer, he wondered if he'd ever find the courage to reach for it.

-3-

In the evening, while walking home from work, his phone buzzed with a message from his mother:

“Talks are going well with Shalini's family. We'll finalize everything after your birthday. Get ready!”

Meanwhile, his parents had found a prospective bride for him. Shalini, the daughter of a respected family in their hometown, Bhagalpur, was everything his parents adored: cultured, well-educated, and eager to settle down. Talks had already begun between the families. Naveen had only seen her picture—a studio-shot image of a woman draped in a maroon saree. She looked lovely, but Naveen couldn't shake the feeling that this decision was being made for him but due to huge dowry, not by him.

He stared at the message, a mix of dread and resignation washing over him. Shalini, the arranged bride, represented safety and tradition, but she was as far from the radiant beauty in his dreams as he was from the man he aspired to be.

As he walked, he passed a park where couples sat on benches, holding hands, whispering secrets, and laughing softly under the moonlight. He paused for a moment, feeling the ache of loneliness more deeply than ever.

The golden tree shimmered in his mind once again. But this time, the veiled woman didn't beckon him. She stood still, her face hidden, as if waiting for Naveen to make a choice.

-4-

Naveen's insecurities, his unfulfilled desires, and the weight of societal and personal expectations. It also adds a touch of introspection and metaphor, linking his dreams to his struggles with reality.

The Third Goddess whispered in the Elusive Dream something inaudible before disappearing. Naveen woke up each morning, unsure if she was a fragment of his imagination or a prophecy.

And then there was the goddess of his dreams, the mystery woman who invaded his sleep every night. Naveen tried to give her a name, a face, but she remained a blur. Was she a symbol of his desire for freedom? Or was she a reminder of the life he wished for but couldn't afford in the face of rising inflation and unemployment?

In the Tangled Realities, Naveen's professional life was crumbling. His company had hinted at layoffs, and his savings were dwindling. Adding to his stress, the ever-increasing cost of living made the idea of funding a grand wedding seem impossible. He would wake up in cold sweats, wondering how he could support a wife when he was barely surviving himself.

Outside his personal struggles, Naveen found himself drawn into endless political debates with his friends. Every chai break became a battlefield of opinions: debates over corruption, inflation, and policies that never seemed to benefit the common man. Naveen often joked that it was easier to find a bride than to find a politician who actually cared about the people.

-5-

Next week, after a heated argument with his friends, Naveen sat alone on his balcony, staring at the chaotic city below. He realized that his life mirrored the contradictions of the nation he lived in. India is a land of beauty, culture, and infinite possibilities, but it is also a place where dreams were stifled by inflation, unemployment, and societal pressures.

"I'm chasing goddesses in a land of idiots," he muttered to himself, half-

laughing, half-crying. The goddesses weren't just the women in his life—they were the ideals he had been taught to pursue: beauty, stability, and perfection. And yet, the chaos around him made those ideals feel like illusions. As he looked at the night sky, Naveen made peace with the fact that his journey wouldn't have clear answers. Perhaps the key wasn't choosing one goddess but learning to live amidst the contradictions they represented.

-6-

Late one night, Naveen sat on the edge of his bed, staring blankly at the city lights blinking through his window. The world outside seemed alive and vibrant, but within him, a storm raged. His dreams, his struggles, and his reality felt like puzzle pieces that refused to fit together.

He leaned back, exhaling deeply, his head pounding with thoughts that refused to settle.

“Where am I?” he muttered to himself. Then, louder, with an edge of despair, he cried,

“Where am I? In a land of contradictions!”

He paced the room, his hands running through his unkempt hair. On one side stood the three goddesses who had taken over his thoughts:

The First Goddess: The Office Muse, Kavya, confident and radiant, was the closest thing to companionship he'd ever felt. But her complicated personal life—live-in-relationship—kept her out of reach. She was a beacon of warmth and understanding, yet a reminder of everything that remained unattainable.

The Second Goddess: The Arranged Bride, Shalini, the woman chosen by his parents, represented tradition and stability. Their families' talks had progressed smoothly, but she was no more than a name and a face in a photograph. She felt like an obligation rather than a choice, a decision made to keep others happy while leaving him empty inside.

The Third Goddess: The Elusive Dream, the woman who haunted his sleep, veiled and golden, was a symbol of all that he yearned for: freedom, love, and fulfillment. She didn't exist in reality, and yet, she held more power over his heart than anyone else.

But these goddesses, enchanting as they were, didn't live in the same world as his harsh realities. On the other side loomed the twin demons of his life: Unemployment and Inflation.

His job was on shaky ground, layoffs imminent. His savings were slipping away faster than he could replenish them, eaten by the rising cost of living. The thought of marriage—any marriage—felt like a financial mountain he couldn't climb.

He stopped pacing and sank into his chair, burying his face in his hands. His colleagues had laughed at his concern over economics, but they weren't the ones staring down the barrel of an uncertain future.

"Three goddesses on one side," he murmured bitterly, "and the weight of the world on the other. What do I choose? Who do I choose?"

The city buzzed outside, oblivious to his turmoil. He raised his head and looked out at the blinking lights. For a moment, they seemed to mock him, their bright glow a sharp contrast to the darkness within him.

"Maybe it doesn't matter," he whispered to himself. "Maybe this is just who we are—a land of contradictions. Dreaming of goddesses while battling demons. Building castles in the sky while our feet are stuck in the mud."

As the clock struck midnight, Naveen made no decisions, found no clarity. But perhaps clarity wasn't the point. Perhaps living in the contradictions was all anyone could do.

And with that thought, he let himself drift into another restless sleep, where the golden tree and the veiled woman awaited him.

By Bobby Narayan

8. Lullaby



Bird... sweet...
From the essence of dreams,
From brine,
From the meltemi,
In your eyes, the flame of Kanaris
Burns.

Which land of the Phaeacians
Bewitches you?
And which siren is calling you?
Which wide sea
Sails you away?

Bird... sweet...
From the clay of the stars,
From brine,
From the meltemi,
In the sands of your eyes,
Ionia signals with fire.
In the world's neighborhoods,
The maiden will think:
An identical Christ from our place too...

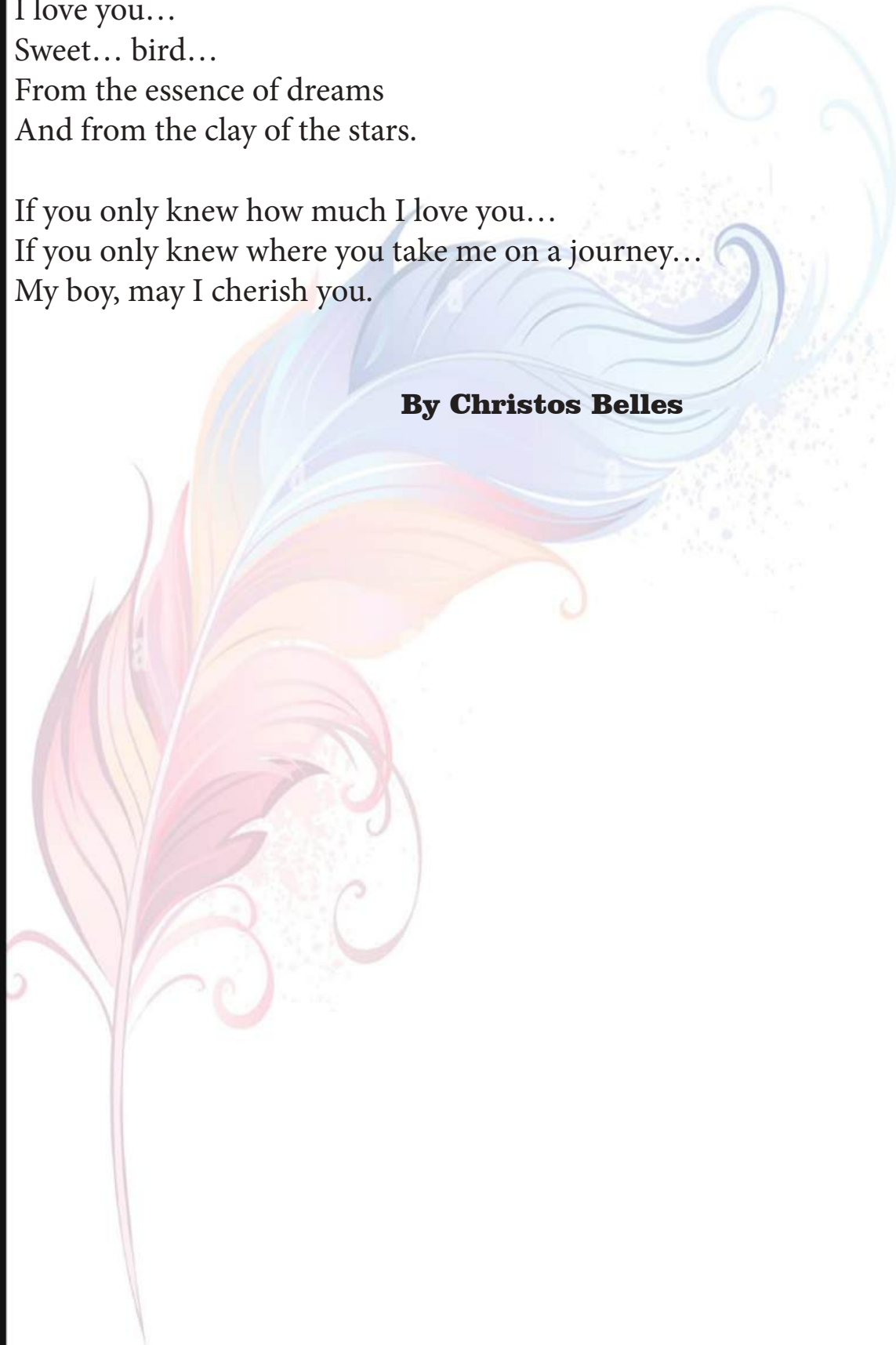
Sweet... bird...
From the essence of dreams,
From brine,
From the meltemi,
From the clay of the stars...
In your clear gaze,
May and September
Perform a divine dance.

Mr. Christos Belles
University
Professor
and Historian
specializing in
Byzantium and the
Frankish period.
Chairman of the
Administrative
Committee of the
“International
Center of Education
and Culture
‘IONIA’” as well as
the Free University
“Ionia.”

If you only knew how much
I love you...
Sweet... bird...
From the essence of dreams
And from the clay of the stars.

If you only knew how much I love you...
If you only knew where you take me on a journey...
My boy, may I cherish you.

By Christos Belles



9. Maestro Nino Camardo



**Ms. EVA
Petropoulou Lianou
Official candidate
for Nobel Peace
prize 2024**

**Official Ambassador
for Nino Camardo
painter art
Global Ambassador**

**Italian Ambassador
Alessio Camardo
Nino Camardo
painter art**

An Extract from the CV of Maestro Nino Camardo

Nino Camardo emigrated at a very young age, just 13 years old, crossing skies and seas in search of a life different from the one that lay before him. With hope in his heart, he sought to realize his dreams—his wonderful world, his essence, pride, humanity, and dignity.

In the 1970s, still young compared to other painters, Nino Camardo participated in major events in naïve painting. He achieved great success through personal exhibitions and became a significant figure in the artistic movements of naïve painting, both in Italy and abroad. Renowned writers have described him as the first Italian naïve artist known worldwide, a distinction that few painters could claim.

During the 1960s, he received numerous national and international awards, including recognition from the Centro di Studio di Roma, awards for art studies and his contributions to art globally, and a silver medal from Italian President Giovanni Leone. He was also honored as an Honorary Academician of the Vatican State, an Ambassador of Art in the World, and a Knight of the Cross of Malta, among other accolades. Over the years, he received countless first prizes, medals, trophies, diplomas, certificates—and even a horse.

His work has been included in prestigious institutions such as the Getty Museum and is documented on Wikipedia in several



languages. He held numerous personal exhibitions, becoming one of the first Italian artists to export his art globally to cities such as New York, Miami, San Francisco, Mexico City, Toronto, and Los Angeles. In Italy, he was among the first to hold a personal exhibition at the Palazzo delle Esposizioni in Rome, under the Department of Antiquities, Fine Arts, and Cultural Problems of the Municipality of Rome. His works have been sold worldwide.

Nino Camardo was deeply embedded in the art world, forming connections with legends such as Picasso, Giorgio de Chirico, Salvador Dalí, Giò Pomodoro, Guttuso, Giovanni March, and others. As the youngest among them, he described these great artists as "fathers" in interviews conducted by national broadcasters such as Vatican Radio, with some interviews broadcast in multiple languages.

He was also friends with iconic figures from other fields, including television personalities Mike Bongiorno, the comedy duo Sandra and Raimondo Vianello, and Franco and Ciccio Ingrassia. He was acquainted with renowned singers such as Mina, Riccardo Cocciante, Renato Zero, and many others.

By EVA Petropoulou Lianou

10. I Am a Woman



Mr. Eze Chijioke
Student
Aba
Nigeria

I know Daddy wanted a "he" but got a "she."
So he made me too rough,
Forgetting that the "S" in she stands for soft,
Not showing much care or love.
So I grew up too tough,
Hard to love.

I am a woman!
If I am exploited or abused,
My family chooses to remain quiet,
Because society will pour its guilt on me.
So justice is forfeited
To "preserve my dignity," they say,
Letting the monster roam free—free to prey.

I am a woman!
I am not perfect!
I am human!
I am bound to err.
So if I do, correct me with love.

11. Washing Machine

The clothes are churning in the machine,
Round and round they go.
With water and soap, they rinse—
Infinitesimal, gargantuan, dirty, clean—all together.
They chant the same swishing song,
As if they are in a chorus,
Together submerged in a pool of pandemonium.

All gone to wash their soil,
Round and round they turn,
To emerge snow white.
Rinse—Spin—Stop—
No differentiation remains;
All are alike,
Sailing in the same boat,
To witness a new horizon soon.



Mrs. Gargi Saha
Teacher
Varanasi
Uttar Pradesh

12. Silence too, has its noise

Silence, too, has its noise.
Silence, too, has its voice.

Sorrow leaves its lasting marks,
While happiness spreads its noise.

Time, once gone, never returns.
No one gets another choice.

Let us converse with the brain;
The heart has lost its voice.

Life is never a bed of roses,
And death offers no choice.

Death never gives a notice;
Death never makes a noise.



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

13. Comparative Analysis of Maggie Tulliver and Tess Durbeyfield



Like Maggie Tulliver, Tess could make true use of her passage through ‘fire and water’ but she never does – Let’s discuss whether she made true use of her passage or not.

Ans:

I neither support nor reject the statement because Thomas Hardy has portrayed Tess’s character in the light of his naturalistic point of view as well as existential ideas. But we can say that Maggie Tulliver makes true use of her path through trials and difficulties and shows her rebellious side against society, but eventually becomes a passive victim of her fate. On the other hand, Tess Durbeyfield, in many situations let herself become an active victim of her fate and gives up her struggles due to her inner guilt.

Maggie and Tess, both face trials and tribulations that test their characters. Both have family pressure, societal norms and personal desires but their responses and their ultimate outcomes differ significantly. Maggie Tulliver’s journey in “The Mill on the Floss” showcases her struggles against societal constraints and personal desires. Her pursuit of intellectual and emotional fulfillment often clashes with the constraints imposed by her family and society on her, leading to moments of both rebellion and conformity.

Virginia Woolf wrote about Maggie:

“The burden and the complexity of womanhood were not enough; she must reach beyond the sanctuary and pluck for herself the strange bright fruits of art and knowledge. Clasp them as few women have ever clasped them, she would not renounce her own inheritance—the difference of view, the difference of standard.”

Here, Woolf implies an important aspect of feminism, especially women’s access to the knowledge of their society and culture. Their access to knowledge has never been so easy in a society where women’s voice was suppressed, as a feminist critic Mary Jacobus says “a silencing of feminine”.

But throughout the novel, we see that Maggie struggles and makes true use

Ms. Iqra Batool
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of her passage through fire and water. For example, when aunt Glegg criticizes Maggie for her hair not done like her cousin Lucy. She becomes impulsive and shows her rebellious nature against the society by cutting her hair and when she pushes her cousin Lucy Deane into a mud. These are the clear examples of her resistance against traditions and set patterns of society.

In contrast, Tess Durbeyfield's tragedy in "Tess of the D'Urberville" is marked by a series of external violations, circumstances, chances and internal guilt. Being a naturalist, Thomas Hardy shapes the life of Tess by chances and destiny, Irving Howe justifies it in her words as;

"Tess's tragedy lies not in her guilt, but in the destruction of her aspirations by forces beyond her control."

But he also shows her struggles against societal constraints and fate expressing his belief in existentialistic ideas, for instance, when her baby "Sorrow" dies, she baptizes him by herself, which shows her strength. Then we see that she moves to Talbothays and works as a dairymaid to survive and support herself. It is clear from these examples that she doesn't give up completely. Irving Howe, says Hardy's characters; "Suffer but do not submit completely"

It is also clearly seen in his novels and poem that Hardy's Tragedy has a tinge of Greek Tragedy. As Greek tragedies contain hamartia or tragic flaw in the character of protagonist which leads him to ultimate downfall, Tess also has a tragic flaw in her character that is her innocence and naiveness. For example when she goes to Trantridge, she faces assaultation by Alec D'Urberville, she wants to resist his advances but she couldn't because she was totally unaware of such situations, even her mother does not tell her how to face such circumstances. Like we see when she returns after her rape, she gets angry on her mother and asks her crying ;

"Why you sent me there knowing what might happen"

She is not as much intelligent as Maggie is. As a great critic Angela Carter mentions;

"Tess is less the victim of male cruelty than of her own innate passivity, her saintliness, and her inarticulate sense of worthlessness."

Maggie and Tess hardships due to their ancestry and heredity. Being a Dodson, Maggie couldn't fulfill the requirements of her family codes, like having hair done always, following eating manners and attending guests. Maggie's familial status becomes a hurdle for Philip Waken to marry her. When he asks his father

Mr. Wakem to marry Maggie, he doesn't care about her not interrupting in family's matters of Tulliver's or Dodsons and not behaving and treating like them, he just sees her belonging to Tulliver family as he hates her father Mr. Tulliver.

"We don't ask what a woman does, we ask whom she belongs to."

This line resonates with that of Angel Clare's mother, she asks him "Is she [Tess] if a family of such you would care to marry into _ a lady in short". We know she has been declared a D'Urberville, which has proved a curse for her, e.g, when John Durbeyfield discovers their noble lineage, Tess's tragic story comes in motion and her ancestral revelation leads her to a tragic end. "Angel, I think I would rather not take the name! It is unlucky perhaps". Maggie, because of her rebellious nature survived and resisted against her familial status, e.g, when she doesn't follow the rules of family. But Tess couldn't make her passage like Maggie does, she becomes an easy victim of fate even though she attempts a little. As Irving Howe says Hardy's works are;

"poised between despair and defiance."

Hardy portrays the life of Tess as full of ancestral influence, harsh views of society and uncontrollable forces but he also shows characters who resist or challenge these norms and external forces. So we can say that Tess tries to make her life better.

It is clear from Tess's character that she finds herself guilty in every situation and blames herself but in the case of Maggie is, vice versa. Maggie does not bow down before happenings in her life. Maggie sacrifices her personal desires and love for her family. She falls in love with Stephen Guest who is engaged to Lucy Deane, her cousin, she resists her feelings despite her love for him and throw away the temptation to elope with him. Maggie says;

"I will not bring disgrace on those who belong to me. I will not run away and break my mother's heart."

But Tess contrasts in such situation. Like when Alec reappears in her life, even experiencing problems because of him, she can't refuse his financial advances and becomes his and fate's victim once again.

"What am I to do? I must go on"

The most notable common thing in both Maggie and Tess is, they want to love and to be loved. Maggie doesn't get any love from her brother Tom and her mother, she only gets some affection by her father. Even she has to leave Stephen Guest whom she loves. After elopement with Stephen, she returns and wants to

clarify things to Tom , whom she loves the most.He rejects her by saying;
“You will find no home with me...You don't belong to me”

Same in the case of Tess ,she love Angel and wants to be loved by him, but after her honest confession of her past relationship to Angel , her rejects her, even though she begs forgiveness.Angel strangely replies her;

“The woman I loved is not the woman I see now”

Angel was the one who used to say her “You are pure and beautiful” , which shows the hypocritical nature of man of that age.Maggie and Tess both are deprived of love and loyalty. A feminist critic Mary Jacobus , describes the curse of patriarchal system in the life of Tess.

“Tess embodied the silenced feminine, a woman whose voice and agency are suppressed by a patriarchal society”

They are the product of patriarchal system of their age , but Maggie's rebellious nature infuses her to struggle for herself but she is a passive victim of her circumstances. However, Tess always remains an active victim of her fate and chances.

Maggie made choices at every step of her life like when she cuts her hair , runs to Gypsies , rejects the proposal of Stephen Guest and prioritizes her familial responsibilities,and risks her life to save her brother Tom.But meets her tragic ending.

George Levine comments;

“Maggie's refusal to conform is both her strength and her tragedy, as it sets her apart in world that punished female independence”

Maggie's death was her ultimate victory over her struggles.

Although, Tess Struggles but her inner power fails before her problems ,e.g, she finds herself guilty of the sufferings of her family and death of their family horse “Prince” , can't resist the advances of Alec D'Urberville , and when meets Alec again , she gets financially dependant on him after the death of her father,John Durbeyfield, even having a chance to survive alone. But she also struggles , e.g baptizing her baby “Sorrow” , moving to “Talbothays” to renew her life after facing so much constraints and criticism by society.In the end of the novel, it was Tess's on decision to kill Alec and she was satisfied with it.Tess says to Angel before her arrest.

“I did what I could find peace.”

Both Maggie and Tess go through hardship and humiliation due to their sense

of responsibility and commitment to their families. Looking at these two characters, I argue that Maggie's and Tess's social locations, imposed gender roles and familial expectations are among the primary causes of their tragedy. Both faced stigma of moral codes imposed on women. Tess, like Maggie, also makes her efforts but is haunted by her predefined destiny.

"Tess's tragedy lies, not in her guilt but in the destruction of her aspirations by forces beyond her control."

I conclude my discussion by saying that Tess, like Maggie tries a lot to change her circumstances but her life is shaped by accidents of her ancestry, family's poverty and events like meeting Alec D'Urberville, which she can't prevent.

Resources:

Literature, Linguistics & Criticism| Research Article, Tess's Freedom in Tess of the D'Urberville, Ying Peng.

Tess of the D'Urberville by Thomas Hardy (Text)

Irving Howe, "Thomas Hardy", [A strongly compassionate and knowledgeable book of Hardy].

Psychological Determinism in Tess of the D'Urberville, Leon Waldoff.

By Iqra Batool

14. Legacy



**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak**
**Writer, singer,
poet and an orator**
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

Years had elapsed, yet she was unable to forget the clomp of heavy work boots. They remained in her subconscious, stubbornly fresh. After a grueling day, as she lay her head on the pillow, the sound would knock at the gates of her mind, no matter how resiliently she tried to resist. Life moved forward, but the echo of those footsteps clung to her, tenacious and unyielding. She dared not share this gnawing burden with her husband or family, fearing they would scoff at her.

Meera had lived a life like any other girl. School, college, and marriage followed in due course. The only thing not normal was her mother's abandonment. Meera had lost her father long ago to encephalitis. After his death, her mother, brother, and she became dependent on her uncle and aunt. Their lives were filled with petty squabbles, and her mother endured constant humiliation. Meera was only three years old when her father passed away. The traumatic events of that time left a lasting impression on her young mind. She could never forget her father's funeral—the haunting memory of his body being taken away. The splinters of that memory embedded themselves deeply, scarring her heart.

The following years were far from kind. Her mother, forced into menial labour, suffered the brunt of oppression. Their grandparents were too old to intervene. Only the dark, mysterious nights offered her mother solace. Meera often clung to her mother, sharing her restlessness. She vividly remembered the heavy stomping of footsteps outside the window and the low murmurs that accompanied them every night. But one day, the murmurs stopped, and her mother was gone.

That morning was the worst of her life. The sun did not shine in its usual ochre glory. The trees did not sway, the birds did not chirp, and the flowers refused to bloom. There was only an ominous silence—the silence of solemn death. Her mother's departure wasn't openly discussed, but Meera knew the truth that no one else did: her mother had fled with someone. The neighbors

speculated that relentless oppression had driven her to leave the house. The police failed to trace her whereabouts. Rumors swirled that she might have drowned herself in the nearby river. With no evidence, the case was closed.

But what happens to a little girl with a tender mind and heart, so fragile like a budding flower or a delicate sapling? A child who guards her secrets, who cannot voice her pain? She becomes submerged in stony silences. Her mind becomes exiled, her heart scarred, and her soul deadened. All because her mother had committed an act deemed shameful and unconventional.

Secrets, when buried, grow heavier and more magnified, taking a toll on one's mental state if left unshared. Meera remained a bottled personality, burdened by her mother's guilt—a legacy she had no choice but to inherit. Her mother's actions left her with a bleeding, scarred heart, forever waiting for an absolution that perhaps only death could bring.

By Jailaxmi R Vinayak



15. Call me by your name

Thy name!

As sensuous as Keats' odes,
As sonorous as a canary's chant,
As grand as Milton's epic,
As mellifluous as a Shakespearean sonnet.

Thy name is imbued with serenity,
That, if absorbed, beguiles my being.
So, I have asked people to call me by your name!



Ms. Javeria Amjad
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

"THE TRUE VALUE OF TEN RUPEES"



In a quaint town shortly after India's independence, there lived two inseparable friends. One was affluent, while the other struggled to make ends meet, earning daily to sustain his family. Despite their economic disparity, their friendship was admired by all and often cited as an example of true camaraderie. Both were the sole children of their respective parents.

One evening, as they walked home together, the less fortunate friend asked his wealthy companion for a loan of ten rupees. Without hesitation, the wealthy friend handed him the money, adding, "If you need more, don't hesitate to ask." The poor friend humbly replied, "No, ten rupees will suffice."

The following day, the wealthy friend waited for his companion as usual. Morning turned into afternoon, but his friend never arrived. Concerned, he decided to visit his friend's home, only to find the house locked. When he inquired with neighbors, they claimed ignorance, though some mentioned hearing activity early that morning around 4 a.m.

Worried and confused, the wealthy friend began searching for his friend among relatives but found no trace. Days turned into weeks, and while the void left by his friend lingered, life gradually moved on. He married, started a family, and became engrossed in his growing business. Yet, he never stopped thinking about his friend, and whenever possible, he made inquiries, though the efforts remained futile.



"THE TRUE VALUE OF TEN RUPEES"

Nearly 25 years later, business took the wealthy man to Lucknow, where he had to stay for a week. During his stay, he decided to explore the city in his leisure time. One afternoon, he stopped for lunch at a modest hotel. Unbeknownst to him, this establishment was owned by his long-lost friend.

As the wealthy man approached the counter to pay, the hotel owner instantly recognized him. Overcome with emotion, the friend refused to accept payment. Falling at his feet, he began to sob, exclaiming, "I will not return those ten rupees!"

Startled, the wealthy man quickly embraced him, his own emotions surfacing. "You fool," he said, "I'm not here for the ten rupees. I'm upset that you left without saying a word." The two friends wept together, their decades-long separation melting away in an instant.

As they talked, the wealthy man insisted his friend accompany him home to meet his family. He introduced him to his children, saying, "This is your uncle. Go to his hotel and bring back his belongings." That evening, after dinner, they reminisced, and the hotel owner shared his story.

"After borrowing those ten rupees, I left with my parents and came to Lucknow. With that money, I started a small street food cart. Over the years, through hard work and perseverance, I managed to establish this hotel and build a house. I owe my success to those ten rupees. They taught me the value of money, but I can never return them."

The reunion rekindled their bond, and their families grew close. Eventually, the wealthy friend said, "I'll transfer our ancestral home to your name. One day, I'll visit again to hand over the papers in person."

Thus, a friendship lost to time was restored, a testament to resilience, gratitude, and the enduring power of true companionship.

Piyush Goel

16. A New Year's Promise

A new year dawns; light breaks free,
With a promise to keep for you and me.

The Earth breathes a hopeful sigh,
Beneath the calm of a New Year's morning sky.

May peace take root, its branches spread,
Where once the seeds of fear brought dread.

May kindness bloom with petals shining bright,
Chasing away all hatred, as it does the darkest night.

Across all lands, may hearts unite,
Turning shadows into radiant light.

With open hands and spirits true,
Let's build a world that feels fresh and new.

No more chains of want or strife;
Instead, may boundless hope fill each life.

And as the New Year unfolds at a renewed pace,
May love and kindness embrace all the human race.



**Ms. Juhi Prakash
Singh
CEO- Anant Naad
Foundation
New Delhi**

17. Secret of Lake Como



**Ms. Kieu Bich Hau
a celebrated
Vietnamese writer
and cultural
ambassador, and
a member of the
Vietnam Writers'
Association.
Vietnam**

Fall in the heart of Lake Como,
A beautiful girl descends to heaven.
A witch from the highest mountain follows her,
Steals her breath,
Steals her long hair,
Steals her blue eyes.

She is naked
Because her long scream
Transforms into short verses,
Into waves on the Lake.
I step onto a ferry,
Chase after her,
Catch all the waves – blue verses –
And see her naked soul.
Her tears, falling from the hollows of her eyes,
Fill the Lake until it overflows.
She can't hide now,
And I want to die now.

Every morning, I wake, sitting by the lakeside window.
I meditate on the blue verses of Lake Como,
Preparing for my long journey to find you –
The secret of Lake Como,
The beauty at the bottom of heaven.
I long to make love to the witch
At 425 meters deep,
Where the ice melts.

18. In Search of Jonnyboo



Mr. Lan Qyqalla
Writer and Teacher
Prishtina
Kosovo

The story is based on true events

First day of the month of 2023. The clouds had gripped the whole of Kosovo. Snow still hasn't fallen this year.

On New Year's Eve, seven hours ago, he took the courage and got in with the cold, with a light wind, with fog and thick clouds high above us. I leave alone, heading towards the mountain over the village. I climb up the mountain face. The river cheered with its gas that it had caught in the spring of water and emitted the sound of Schumann's symphony.

Jannyboo, 31 years old, is the girl from California who has become part of my conversation daily. Long and sincere conversations, without any interest on her part, today led me to this one sold. The cold was pinching my fingers. I entered the dark forest from the dense pines and from the fog that was almost completely released to the ground. I was going over last night's conversation in my mind.

-Lani, what have you done to me? Why do you steal my heart and mind like this? Why do I think all day for you, here in the Mission that I am? This has never happened to me before - wrote to me Jannyboo.

-Perhaps, the warm and sincere words about you, which I wove in my poems or stories, have captured your feelings? - I translate with an English from Google.

- I have no interest in you, apart from the pure feelings I'm showing you - she replies sincerely. - I want you not to betray me and not to think anything bad about me. Promise me!

- Your sincerity and your true words Jennyboo, make me happy in this happy night.

- As soon as I finish my Mission, I will come to you. Will you wait for me at the airport?

The barking of some dogs in the distance distracted me for the moment from last night's conversation. The screeching of a squirrel looking for food woke me up from my imagination. I take out my phone to film the squirrel.

Facing the silence. One cannot distinguish whether it is night or morning. I

recoil the view. In this mirage, a wolf with long fur and hungry eyes appears in front of me. He stops in front of me. We are very close. I had my phone on, just like I had Jennyboo on my mind. The squirrel is a little further. Trembling, I say to myself: "The wolf loves fog". But what about me, what did I want in this morning and in this foggy weather?

He looks at me. There is no fear at all. He shakes his head and perks up his ears. I don't know that I should be afraid. I was guessing, maybe he was quiet, what if it is just a dog that went out in search of prey. I film with my phone. Jennyboo texts me on the phone. I took the courage and invited the wolf; I was confused whether I was inviting a dog or a wolf. A fear gripped me. What if it's really a wolf? My Jennyboo, if the wolf attacks me, she won't ever get to meet me. Oh, how I wanted to call my children there in the village. Seconds became hours. I took the strength and called him: '- Let's drink coffee! Accompany me, you'll see that I'm alone, like you.'

The wolf takes big steps and starts walking towards me. In my eyes, his body kept growing bigger and bigger!

- Where are you Jennyboo, why aren't you with me now? - I say to myself.

The mist becomes even more dense. It was getting colder. I could barely hold the phone in my hand, because of the cold and fear. The wolf gets closer. I speak to him again and again in a pleading and caressing voice:

-Come, come wolf....

The squirrel climbed up the pine tree. The wolf wags its tail in rejection of my invitation. I take a deep breath. I was afraid. The wolf passes by me and stops once more and looks straight into my eyes, as if he wants to say: "Do you see that I also went out hunting for the New Year?"....

Now I didn't feel the cold anymore. I also looked with compassion at the wolf who walked proudly, shaking his head from left to right. I stopped the recording. I wrote to Jennyboo:

"Your love protected me today."

The fog engulfed the mountain even more and I missed Jennyboo...

January 1, 2023, 7:10 am

Translated: Prof. Teuta Qyqalla

19. I Came From An Era



I came from an era where respect was non-negotiable,
Where I was taught to live a simple life and to be kind
to my fellow humans and animals.

I came from an era rich in culture,
Where elders were revered, and their guidance was
pivotal to life,
As they possessed the wisdom of the ages.

I came from an era filled with smiles, laughter, and
happiness,
Which, when it arrived, filled every corner of the mind
and heart without inhibitions.

I came from an era of gratitude for the smallest things.
It didn't have to come with a price tag or a brand name.
It was accepted joyfully and delivered with heaps of love,
Wrapped in the brightest of bows!

I came from an era where meals were simple but prepared with so much love.
They were thoroughly enjoyed amidst the banter,
Around the table with family, friends, and neighbors.

I came from an era that showcased decency in its highest form,
Where people wore clothes that were age-appropriate and modest.

I came from an era where innocence thrived until one reached the age of
understanding,
Discovering a bigger world that opened sluice gates of wonder,
Captivating the untainted mind.

I am grateful for the lessons I learned,
For the mistakes I made,

**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Writer, Motivational
Speaker
Durban
South Africa**

For every wrong decision I took,
As these experiences made me stronger,
Preparing me to face the battles of a world that challenges us to fight.

Yes, we live in a completely different era now,
Where almost everyone feels entitled to everything.
This fills me with sadness,
Especially knowing that our predecessors worked hard for what is now handed
down to the less thankful.

It is my prayer that, as wisdom grows across our planet,
Mankind will take a step back to acknowledge
And enjoy life's simple pleasures in it's purest form.

Let us hold fast to the dignified ways of life,
Where every person was acknowledged
And treated with the greatest respect.

By Lucy Victoria David

20. I Wonder



**Mr. Own Abbsa
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan**

If there were no Namaz,
I wonder where these sinners would go.
How would they find peace?
How would their hearts heal after committing so many
sins?

Namaz is not just an activity; it's a lifeline for broken
souls.
It is the place where guilt turns into tears,
And tears wash away the burdens of the heart.
It's where shame bows down, and forgiveness rises.

Without Namaz, how would the restless find rest?
How would the lost find their way?
It's in prayer that the heaviest hearts are lightened,
And the most wounded souls are embraced by mercy.

Even after a thousand mistakes, prayer whispers,
"Come back. It's never too late."
It's a door that never closes,
A hope that never dies.

In a world filled with sin,
Prayer remains the one safe haven,
The one place where we can be seen,
Heard, and redeemed.

—Psychown

21. Welcome to 2025

It is that time of the year when you feel all excited,
To see what is going to come through.
So keep your mood happy, my friend,
As it's the start of something new.

A new way to see things ahead,
A new way to smile and go through.
It's the start of a new year, so here's wishing you
A very Happy New Year to you!
It will surely bring a smile.

The New Year will surely bring many surprises for you.
You will get what you wish for.
Just smile and embrace the coming year,
Smile and feel the vibe and cheer.

You will feel good to start afresh,
You will feel good to address.
The things of the past are already gone,
So make the most of your New Year plan.

Wishing you a very Happy New Year!
Have lots and lots of cheer!

From Princess Annabel
Welcome to your year



Princess Annabel
Enugu state
Nigeria

22. Just Try



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

Don't weep, don't cry,
Just smile, just laugh,
At least you can try.
Try to smile, try...
Try to laugh, try...
Lost in this pursuit,
You will find, soon,
No more you weep,
No more you cry.

Don't drown in a sea of sorrow,
Most of which is our creation—
The outcome of some frustration,
Coated with unfulfilled ambition,
Plus an attitude of non-acceptance,
Minus the desire to compromise,
Added to brooding and breeding malice,
Divided by endless joy of others,
Resulting in tremendous misery.

Just divide it by others' misery,
Due to hunger and poverty.
Consider yourself lucky,
Evaporating the sea of sorrow.
You'll smile, you'll laugh,
But only if you try—
To stop weeping,
And try never to cry.

Just smile, just laugh,
At least, just try.
Try to smile, try to laugh,
Lost in this pleasant pursuit,

You'll soon find yourself
No more weeping or crying.
Simply because you tried—
To smile and to laugh,
Pledging never to cry.

23. Termite of Bribery



**Mr. Pushpendra
Pratap Singh
Eng. Teacher/Poet
Kannauj
Uttar Pradesh**

Thinking enough as a scribe,
Today, I write about the bribe.
Officials quote numerous sites,
Justifying bribery as their birthright.

From high officials to the smallest driver,
None feels shame in being a briber.
Bribery is ingrained, both moral and crude,
It's not written but taken in a silent mood.

The termite of bribery hollows the nation,
Under-the-table exchanges have become a fashion.
Those in power are often crooked and sly,
Waiting for bribes with a deceptive eye.

Corruption runs deep; morality is deprived,
Will the country develop under such a drive?
Hell exists here; paradise is rare,
Justice demands penalties fair.

Awaken your conscience, enliven your soul,
God's justice is patient, yet whole.
Rectify your actions, cleanse your heart,
This universal truth is where to start.

The black money you've amassed,
In truth, will never last.
Punishment for wrongs will follow you,
Justice divine will always remain due.

Intensify your human sentiment,
Live a life for which it is meant.
God's rod is stable, firm, and true,
It will shake your table and come for you.

24. Inscrutable

One who resides in the heart,
Where is the question of losing Him?
Where should I find the way to reach Him?

Should I seek help from chanting?
Should I perform penance or rituals?
Should I search in temples, sing hymns, or meditate?

He lives in every word, in every breath,
In all forms and in all appearances.
Yet, He remains formless.

With eyes closed, He is seen.
With eyes open, He is seen.
On the chariot, in the darkness, in the light,
In dreams, in attainment, in deprivation, and in remorse.

He exists in the beginning and in the end,
In affection, in experience, in existence,
In liberation, in peril, and in love.

Where should I search for Him,
Whose vastness stretches from earth to infinity?
Within this vastness, my own state remains unknown to me.

I need not search for my place;
When He arrives, He will lead me to the gates of heaven.



**Mr. Ramakanta
Rautray
Ex Government
Employee
Bhubaneswar
Odisha**

25. I Miss You

To the moon and back,
From the sun to earth,
For their distance, my watch counts its seconds.
Like Atiku wishing for the presidency,
Beyond it, I long for your company.

In thought of it, I fell asleep,
And happily, we met in a dream.
But the moment wasn't enough,
For, at the speed of light, reality returned,
And once again, I was left in your absence.



**Mr. Saalim Abdul
rasaq Aremoh
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria**

26. The Odyssey of My Mind



**Mr. Saleem Raza
Jakhar (Amar
Shaw)**
**Teacher, Writer
Khairpur Mir's
Sindh, Pakistan**

Oh, the tumultuous tides of my mind!
How they have ravaged my soul, like a shipwreck on
the rocky shores of time!
Yet, from the depths of that wreckage, a garden of
thoughts has bloomed—
A verdant oasis, where emotions sway like palm trees
in the breeze.

At first, my heart was a desert—arid and vast,
A desolate landscape, devoid of life's refreshing rain.
But then, the rains of experience came, bringing a
flood of feelings,
Nourishing the soil of my soul, making my emotions
unfurl like a lotus flower.

The petals of my mind, once closed and tight,
Now unfold like a rose in bloom, revealing the beauty within.
The thorns of sorrow that once pierced my heart
Have transformed into the wisdom of a soul that's been set apart.

The waves of joy that once crashed on the shores of my mind
Have become a gentle brook, flowing with soothing peace.
The winds of doubt that once howled like a storm
Have dwindled to a whisper, echoing the truths I've learned.

Oh, the journey of my mind and emotions!
An odyssey of growth that has led me to the shores of self-discovery,
Where the ocean of my soul meets the horizon of my dreams,
And the sun of my heart shines brightly with the radiance of my highest
aspirations.

The lighthouse of my intuition now stands tall and proud,
Guiding me through the darkness with a beacon of inner wisdom.

The anchors of my fears that once held me back
Have been lifted, and now I sail forward on life's vast seas.

The compass of my heart now points toward true north,
Leading me to the treasures of a life that's authentic and worthy.
The sails of my dreams now billow with hope and desire,
Carrying me toward the horizons of a future set afire.

The sea of my emotions, once turbulent and wild,
Now calms and soothes like a gentle tide that ebbs and flows with a peaceful
child.

The ships of my thoughts now sail in harmony,
Carried by the winds of imagination to distant lands of possibility.

The ports of my mind, once closed and tight,
Now open wide to receive the riches of a life full and bright.
The cargo of my experiences, now unloaded and free,
Has become the treasure of a soul grown wise and full of glee.

Saleem Raza Jakhar

27. Memories of New Year



Mr. Shakil Ahmed
Assistant Professor
Department
of English
A.L.C.College
Hailakandi Assam
Badarpur
Assam
Designation:

With the advent of the New Year, my soul leaps in ecstatic glee.

Like fallen leaves of a luscious and virgin autumn,
Whispers of joy float in the transparent air of the evening sky.

Candles of light dazzle the darkened night with their blessed beams.

The earth is adorned with colors and lights that blink like distant stars.

The earth looks like a decorated bride on a winter night.

Nostalgic memories peek into the minds of absent lovers.

They hear the melodies of the sweetest songs that were once lost,

Deep in the blue waves of a fathomless ocean.

Nostalgic love appears again and again in scraps of a titillating mind,

Transforming a sordid soul into a coherence of vivacious fondness and charm.

A miasma of ominous days silhouettes the darkened sky with its foul shade.

Yet life finds a way amid the mire of illusion and forgotten love.

We cheer the New Year with countless hopes and dreams,

To adorn our lives with myriad refulgent colors, like the rainbow of the western sky,

Leaving behind the remnants of stinking memories and intrigues of bygone days.

28. Purnea: A Tapestry of Time

By the banks of Koshi's restless tide,
Purnea breathes where dreams abide.
Her fields of maize and sugarcane,
Whisper tales through golden grain.

A land cradled by Saura's might,
Bathing her soul in sacred light.
For centuries more than two and a half,
She's stood as a district, carved a path.

Where jute sways green in the morning breeze,
And mango orchards hum with bees.
Sugarcane fields, so tall, so sweet,
Hold the pulse of this land's heartbeat.

Once a hub for Kalapani's quest,
Freedom fighters gave their best.
Anup Lal Mandal, the voice of reform,
Led battles fierce, through the storm.

And Renu, the bard of rural life,
Wove tales of joy, struggle, and strife.
From Maila Anchal to hearts worldwide,
Purnea's spirit rides far and wide.

"Mini Darjeeling," she's fondly named,
Where winds are cool, her beauty famed.
Her mornings misty, her sunsets aglow,
A haven where hearts and minds can grow.

Modern winds now sweep its face,
Yet roots remain, they hold their place.
A timeless canvas, old yet new,
A story eternal, proud and true.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar
Kumar
IT Consultant &
Author
Gautam Buddha
Nagar
Uttar Pradesh**

29. Like straw we are....

Like the straw we're
moving along the flow of time
unaware of where to stop ;
However we do momentarily
and get dipped in tinge
of the surrounding we find;
The hues we get
sometimes enralls
but immediately later
it appears to be a bar ;
Again we flee away
fling ourselves in to the flow
to float along the time.



**Mr. Shraddhanand
Srivastava
Lecturer
Jaunpur
Uttar Pradesh**

30. Who Do You?



Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Echoes scream of a world unseen...
Who do you?
Who do you live for?
What is my dream?
Every breath, every whispered sigh...
You carve your path beneath the bluest blue, the
greyest grey sky.

What footsteps are you leaving behind?
In the sands of time, where lost souls bind...
Each print a story, a moment, a fight,
Shimmering with truth—or is it fading into midnight?

The almighty dollar isn't everything, they say, but what does it mean?
In the dance of materialistic love, where values convene—
Do values truly convene?
Riches are fleeting, whispers in the breeze,
While the heart seeks treasures that bring it to its knees.

Your name, known by few, yet echoes so loud,
In the silence of the masses, you stand unbowed.
Even when stones of hate are thrown by those who despise,
The masses remain silent, watching, ever more wise.

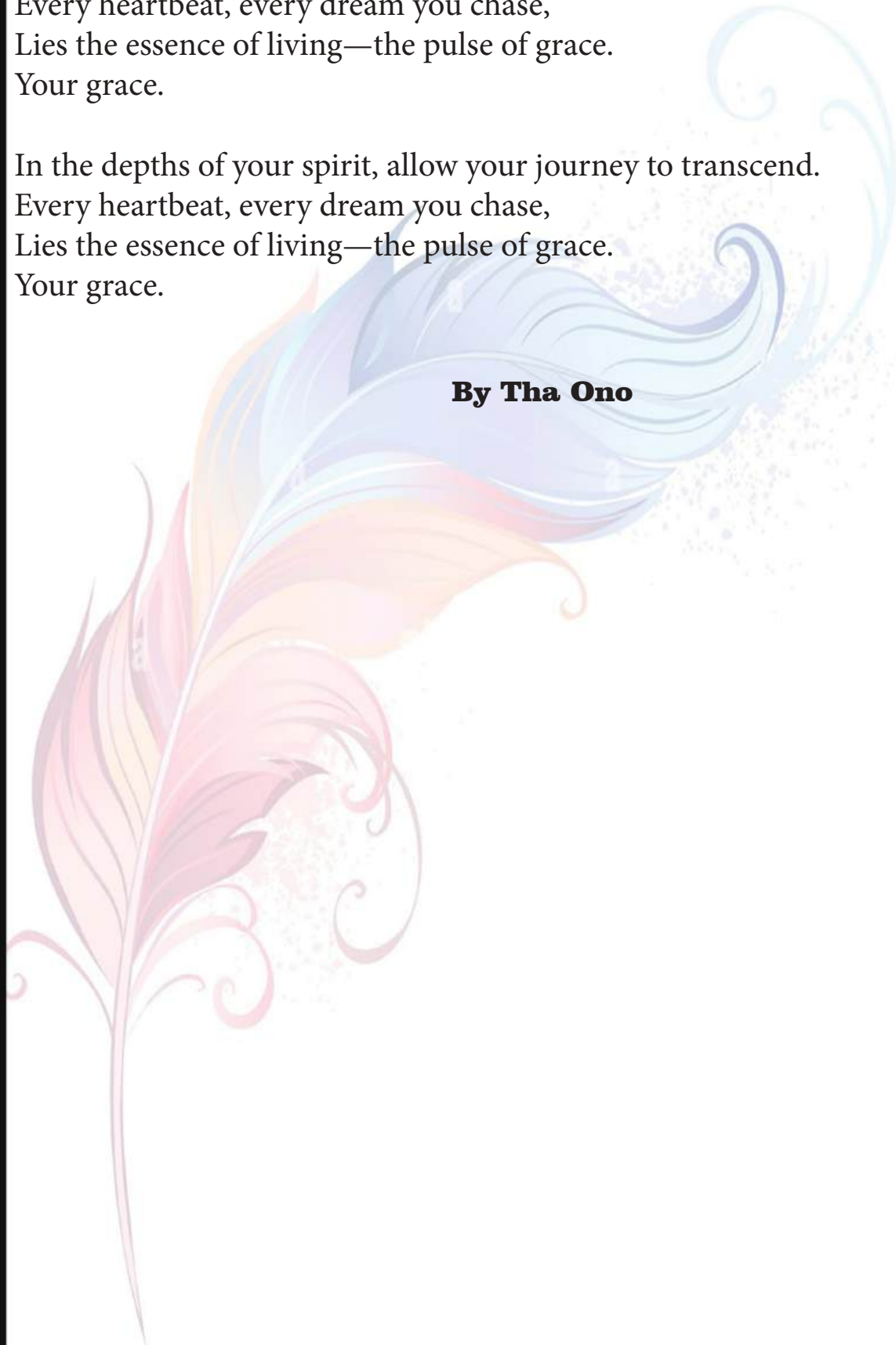
Your legacy is forged in the fires of your will,
An open testament, a symphony, a voice that won't be still.
Do what you do—just do you, be free.
Paint the canvas of life with your unique decree.
Your tapestry may be woven with threads of sorrow entwined by cheer,
A masterpiece of life, reflecting all you hold dear.

Dear reader, who do you?
Who do you live for, my friend?

In the depths of your spirit, allow your journey to transcend.
Every heartbeat, every dream you chase,
Lies the essence of living—the pulse of grace.
Your grace.

In the depths of your spirit, allow your journey to transcend.
Every heartbeat, every dream you chase,
Lies the essence of living—the pulse of grace.
Your grace.

By Tha Ono



31. The Sky is the Limit



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

In the realm of dreams, the sky is the limit.
Infinite are the possibilities when our dreams take flight.

In the land of love, the sky is the limit.
Boundless are the blessings when our love knows no height.

In the wonderland of imagination, the sky is the limit.
Uncharted are the visions when we saunter through our creative perceptions.

In the kingdom of hope, the sky is the limit.
Countless are the feathers of possibility when the bird of hope glints.

In the empire of exploration, the sky is the limit.
Immeasurable is the joy found when the flame of quest triggers.
In the lap of nature, the sky is the limit.
Immeasurable are the treasures we acquire when we find solace in it.

In the province of unity, the sky is the limit.
Fathomless are the connections when we build bridges without barriers.
The sky is the limit for a life woven with all virtues.
Limitless is the ecstasy we experience when good values are its warp and weft.

32. Student's Life

The life of a student is very good;
They should not be rude.
Many people have misunderstood—
They should eat light food.

Students should have high thinking;
They can achieve anything.
Students should avoid overconfidence—
Every task needs confidence.

A student's life is simple and pure,
So their future may be secure.
Students should be kind and helpful;
They should be blessed by all people.

Students should respect time,
Then they will be fine.
Students should be honest—
In all policies, it is the best.



**Ms. Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**

33. 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.

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 Yaksha Krishna Mohan Agrawal

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