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PANACHE

February 2023

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**Presented by:
Aadhya
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house**

**Chief Editor :
Akanksha Shrivastava
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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

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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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GUEST OF THE MONTH

ORAL HYGIENE

ORAL HYGIENE

*** ORAL HYGIENE IS THE PRACTICE OF KEEPING YOUR MOUTH CLEAN AND DISEASE FREE.**

*** WHAT IS ORAL HYGIENE IMPORTANT**

*** ORAL HYGIENE IS PREVENTIVE CARE THIS MEANS YOU CAN STOP ORAL HEALTH PROBLEMS - SUCH AS**

- * CAVITIES**
- * GUM DISEASE**
- * BAD BREATH (HALITOSIS)**

OTHER ISSUE BEFORE THEY START BY TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOUR TEETH AND GUMS

*** ORAL HEALTH IS ALSO LINKED TO WHOLE BODY HEALTH FOR EXAMPLE - IF AN INFECTION IS PRESENT IN YOUR MOUTH YOUR BLOOD STREAM CAN CARRY THE BACTERIA TO OTHER AREAS FOR YOUR BODY , LEADING TO OTHER HEALTH CONCERNS LIKE HEART DISEASE AND STROKE .**

*** KEEPING YOUR TEETH AND GUMS HEALTHY IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF LONG LASTING OVERALL HEALTH.**



**DR AYUSHI
SHRIVASTAVA
BHMS,MD(MATERIA
MEDICA) GHMC
TO CONSULT YOU CAN
CALL ON
7987426347**

**** WHAT CONDITIONS ARE LINKED To ORAL HEALTH.**

GINGIVITIS AND PERIODONTITIS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO CERTAIN HEALTH CONDITION INCLUDING

- * CARDIOVASCULAR DISEASE**
- * STROKE**
- * ENDOCARDITIS (INFECTION OF HEART LINING)**
- * PNEUMONIA**
- * PREGNANCY COMPLICATIONS SUCH AS - PREMATURE BIRTH AND LOW BIRTH WEIGHT**

*** CONVERSELY, THERE R CERTAIN HEALTH CONDITIONS THAT CAN HAVE A NEGATIVE IMPACT ON YOUR TEETH AND GUMS**

- * DIABETES**
- * OSTEOPOROSIS**
- * HIV / AIDS**
- * ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE**

*** OTHER COMMON DENTAL PROBLEM**

- * SENSITIVE TEETH**
- * CRACKED OR BROKEN TEETH**
- * RECEDING GUMS**
- * ROOT INFECTION**
- * ENAMEL EROSION**

**** WHAT ARE THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD ORAL HYGIENE**

WHILE YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO REPAIR TEETH DAMAGE BY DECAY OR GUM DISEASE

IT'S ALWAYS PREFERABLE TO STOP PROBLEMS BEFORE THEY START. THIS IS WHERE GOOD ORAL HYGIENE COMES IN PRACTICING GOOD ORAL HYGIENE OFFERS A WIDE RANGE OF BENEFIT INCLUDING.

*** HEALTHIER TEETH AND GUMS.**

*** A BEAUTIFUL SMILE**

*** FRESHER BREATH**

*** A REDUCED NEED FOR DENTAL WORK SUCH AS -**

1 FILLING

2. CROWNS BRIDGES

3 . IMPLANTS OR DENTURE

*** A REDUCED RISK OF ORAL CANCER**

*** A LOWERD RISK OF HEART DISEASE STROKE , DIABETES OTHER HEALTH CONCERNS.**

**** STEPS FOR GOOD ORAL HYGIENE**

*** BRUSH YOUR TEETH AT LEAST TWICE A DAY - USE FLUORIDE TOOTH PASTE AND SOFT BRISTLED TOOTH BRUSH (MEDIUM OR HARD BRISTLES CAN DAMAGE YOUR GUMS AND TOOTH ENAMEL)**

*** WHEN YOU BRUSH PLACE YOUR TOOTHBRUSH AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE TOWARD YOUR GUMS. THIS HELP SWEEP AWAY PLAQUE AND BACTERIA AT THE GUM LINE . BE SURE TO BRUSH ALL THE TEETH SURFACE INCLUDING THE BACKS AND SIDES.**

*** FLOSS ONCE DAILY - YOU CAN'T REACH THE SPACES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH WITH BRUSHING ALONE. TO CLEAN THESE AREAS YOU NEED DENTAL FLOSS.**

*** SCRAPE (CLEAN) YOUR TONGUE-YOUR TONGUE HOLDS BACTERIA LIKE A SPONGE , WHENEVER YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH DON'T FORGET TO SCRAPE YOUR TONGUE.**

*** USE AN ANTIBACTERIAL MOUTHWASH EVERY-DAY-**

ANTIBACTERIAL MOUTHWASH HELPS KEEP HARMFUL ORAL BACTERIA AT BAY . IN ADDITION TO WASHING AWAY FOOD AND DEBRIS . IT ALSO REDUCE PLAQUE BUILDUP .

BE SURE TO CHOOSE AN ALCOHOL FREE FORMULA TO PREVENT DRY MOUTH.

***VISIT YOUR DENTIST EVERY 6 MONTH - ROUTINE DENTAL EXAM AND CLEANINGS ARE ESSENTIAL FOR GOOD ORAL HEALTH.**

HOW TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH



USE A SMALL AMOUNT OF TOOTHPASTE



BRUSH THE OUTSIDE SURFACE OF ALL TEETH USING CIRCULAR MOTION



BRUSH THE OUTER SURFACE OF ALL TEETH USING UP AND DOWN MOTION



REPEAT FOR INNER SURFACE OF ALL TEETH



BRUSH THE CHEWING SURFACE OF ALL TEETH



BRUSH THE TONGUE



RINSE OUT YOUR MOUTH USING WATER



CONGRATULATIONS!



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1. Hope, Faith & Pixie Dust

We all are afraid of something; a day to come, an event to occur, a face to show up, or you know, a lot of stuff. But what binds us together into a passion of never losing the grip is hope. Hoping for a miracle to happen, a surprise to catch us off-guard, a feeling to shake our ground when we ain't prepared. What's better than encountering something we never imagined before? What's better than uncovering reasons to see something that made Keats an escapist? What's better than actually loving something or someone and wanting to stay?

We all are frail and emotional. And all hell to the logic if it makes you let go of every hope and beauty. We are humans, and let us be hoping and praying. Cheers to never giving up and making it so far!

But you know what, hope never means that you stay at your place and let things come to you. You need to move; you do not need to find anything but you do need to keep walking. If you are sitting or stuck in a shade, how's the world ever gonna see you? How are the blessings ever gonna find you? You gotta wander, doesn't matter even if it is aimless. You got to move and trust the universe. It will show you something and your whole world will change in nano seconds. That's how the cosmos works. That's what Tinker Bell always kept saying to you all; Hope, Faith, and pixie dust. Muster hope, trust the heavens, and then boom, you will see the magic!



Aaliya Batool
Writer, Teacher
Jauharabad
Pakistan

2. Monsoon is coming

A kiss of hot coffee
I was standing in the balcony.
I was looking at the sky
In the black magic of the clouds
Where is the enlightened Sun?
Running away mischievously.
A sudden downpour
Soaked the chest of hot earth.
In the tree
New birds build nests.
The male bird
covered his female companion bird with wings.
What a surprise!!
I remembered Cool air.
Affectionate rhythm.
This is the day.
I am alone in the rain
You screamed a little.
"Tamal tamal comes quickly."
A small umbrella
Beneath the loving canopy
Like being close to two birds,
for a while
I wanted to be impressed,
in your water
Infatuation with the rain wet holy form.
Monsoon is coming, friend.
Will you get wet with me again???
At the pull of life
In the intense passion of love.



Abu Al Farabi
Veterinarian,
Microbiologist
Chittagong
Bangladesh

3. New year

In the new year, your eyes will have new tears.
It will put hard, kills, suicides, those you have so near,
so dear.

Pandemic, inflation, floods and starvation for wheat.
I saw them killing, knuckling under craving feet.

The King preens, Priest scares us, comparatively the
beggar tears.

Divinity, opportunity, exclusivism, and inclusivism we
all carry the bags of fear.

We hide our tears behind our smiles, teeth beyond the wrath,
But think, water and slates revenge in the realm of death.

Trancing and getting we forfeit the time of power,
Swarming like a drowsy flower, though we well know nothing is ours!

If my pen could jot down my words.

If the rain could fall along with divine swords.

If they could slant, I could cleave the black fishes.

If the tip of my pen, wings, and fingers remain elongate with my wishes.

Yes, I would hang the Proteus's replacing with peace and harmony.

I would call the Triton from the red sea.

Happy new year with storms and sorrow.

May you succeed in what you have not, may you not borrow.

I know you are alive but I want to see you living.

Beneath this poison tree and state of askewing.67



Ahsanullah Nasar
Student and Writer
Lorlai
Pakistan

4. THE TREE AND THE BIRD

In the morning
I sit under the tree
searching for beautiful flower
looking through the new seed of the tree

The weather was so cool,
and under the beautiful umbrella
the tree was without stain
no mark or stain in the pitch of her body

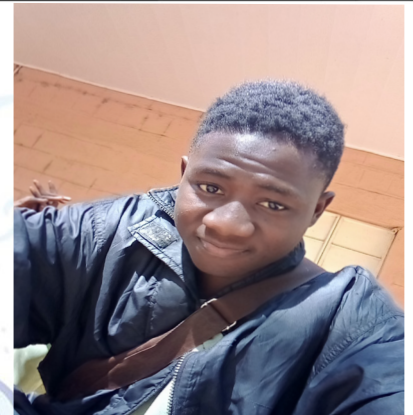
Many bird wish to fly
and live on the tree
those birds refuse to leave there

The bird wish to sit on the tree
covered with leaves.
The bird request the tree's heart, saying,
"if it is only your tree I can sit on, i am comfortable."

The tree holds its hand
with its blessed right hand
speaks with him with her beautiful tone
with her gifted voice

As the tree's voice echoes out,
it makes him happy
because of her melody

The bird later speaks up,
lifting its lip from the north
and catching its lips because of me
flashing its eyes because of me...



**Aladodo Yasir
Abdulganiy
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria**

I draw her love on water,
but the water passes by her side without taking it along
Her love can not expiry

I give the Water
when I hear the voice of the tree
singing a sound from her palm to the leaf,
the skin and the shell of tree where eyes glow

Where is my refuge?
My place of rest, not to restless.
Days and time are forevermore

I listen to the tree's voice
telling me about her leaves
and the birds who try to catch a seed in her

But her voice attracted me,
not to listen to her,
but focus mind on her tone.

She sings a song to the sun
and the sun sings a song to her new catcher.

Seed is a metaphor for the root,
but root is metonymy to the seed.
Love is crazy Pen.

By Aladodo Yasir Abdulganiy

5. PARADISE IN HELL

In Lilongwe, the capital city of Malawi, there lived a generous family that was well known and loved by the entire community. Hope and his wife Esther together with their two children Jonathan and Chrissie would make a lot of donations to hospitals, prisons and orphanages. Besides the gifts and monetary donations that they would give out, they also preached the gospel to everybody they came across.

Chrissie was very close to Samantha, the daughter of a rich merchant. They had so much in common and enjoyed each other's company; it didn't take long for them to be best friends.

One day, Chrissie, Samantha and Jonathan went for shopping. As they were enjoying their adventures, Chrissie started to feel sick and she asked Jonathan to drive her home. Together with Samantha, Jonathan escorted Chrissie to the hospital first then left her home. And Jonathan decided to be a gentleman by dropping Samantha home as well. When they arrived at her place, Samantha gave Jonathan two black bags but told him not to open them yet.

When he arrived home, Jonathan was more concerned with Chrissie's health, so he didn't open the bags but rushed to check up on his sister. While at Samantha's place, there was chaos. Millions of kwacha's were missing, and the parents were insisting that Samantha had something to do with it. Instead of saying the truth, she pointed the fingers on Jonathan. It didn't take long for the police to invade Jonathan's place and search around the house. Unfortunately, they found the two bags which had contained the alleged stolen money. He was immediately arrested and thrown into prison.

For the first few weeks, Jonathan was finding it difficult to adjust to the new environment but with prayer and his family generosity, he was treated very well with the inmates. He hosted prayer sessions in the prison hence he had a great friendship with the inmates and the guards.

Soon, it was revealed that it was Samantha who had stolen the money in the first place. A CCTV camera that was attached to her house had recorded exactly what had happened when Jonathan went to drop her home, Samantha was exposed and Jonathan was released and compensated.



**Alexious J.P.
Kachepe Jnr
Writer
Lilongwe
Malawi**

6. Sympathy

I don't want sympathy,
It ties you up in a chain.
Cause it feels like venom in your veins,
It's like crying in the rain.
Even when you are strong enough to handle the pain.

They treat you like soft dandelion flying under the
moon,
What they don't know is this seed can bloom.
It'll be your hope on a chilly night full of gloom.



Arushi Mishra
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

7. THREE CHAIRS



Bobby Narayan
Ph.D Scholar
New Delhi

On last day of 2022, I was having drinks on the roof; alone, hiding away from my wife and children. Sitting in the chair, I felt my head wandering the globe. Soon, I found myself in a building named National Tribunal and gauged the address, it was the country of Indi Polynesia, I have never heard about it. Strange enough! There was no one. Maybe it was holiday. I took a round of Building from inside. The nameplates read as: Justice Ashwalinga Divakar-President; Nirupam Lahiri-Secretary; Subhash Chander Sabarwal-Sr. Accounts

Officer; Ompal Chauhan- Head Peon & Caretaker; Sumit Sarman-Accountant; Akashdeep-Joint Secretary; T. Thormin- Officer on Special Duty (Finance).

There was a canteen at the eighth floor close to the chamber of Akashdeep and so I was secured. I decided to stay in the building as there might be danger outside as I didn't have passport. But strange! I looked like them. I stole one black coat, few papers, and some law books to look like a lawyer.

I felt asleep. Next evening, I saw Akashdeep was reading 'The Kite Runner' and it was going to be dusk which he didn't notice. Suddenly one peon entered his room. He asked: 'Who are you? What is the matter?'

- Sir, I am Rajesh. I am here to search chairs.
- Chairs? Which chairs?
- Sir, three green chairs. The carpenter said that he has prepared 120 chairs, but I found 117 only. Therefore, I am searching for them, or I will be fired.
- What's special about them? Someone might have taken home.
- Sir, it is not possible; security is very tight.
- Do you know who prepares gate-passes?

Rajesh, the peon, blinked his eyes and went away. It got to be 5.30 PM and Akashdeep shutting down his PC left for home.

Next day on 2nd January, Justice Divakar called on all, and thrashed them.

Two other judges, Justice Srivastava and Justice Gupta, advised him to refer the matter to the Police. The police came at National Tribunal and lodged an FIR upon the instruction of the President, and Shri Bairwa, IO was given the charge of investigation.

‘Strange, who could have taken away these chairs amidst high security?’ Akashdeep thought, ‘I have nothing to do with these chairs; Let them go to hell.’

-2-

Bairwa went to Chauhan’s house at MotiBaghand found one chair. His wife told, ‘At first there were three chairs, one big and two small chairs; very costly, made of Mahogany wood. One has been sent to Sabarwal’s residence at PrabhatVihar Hostel and the other, the big one, has been sent to Kolkata.’ Bairwa was unable to make up his mind as he was alone and was unable take the possession of the chair and returned to the chamber of the President, Justice Divakar; thereafter narrated the matter to which he became more furious than before. Chauhan was asked to come and explain the theft, but he didn’t turn up.

Outside the chamber, Sabarwal was hearing the matter; rushed inside to pacify the President and said: ‘My Lord, I beg your pardon, I will manage the things and bring back the chairs.’ When he came back and told Lahiri, the later exclaimed, ‘How will you do so? Think other way.’

Chauhan who was also present there, got frightened and hurriedly ran towards home but soon forgot after drinking and few moments later began to celebrate Makar Sankranti.

Next day, Sabarwal arranged six ACs for the President and flight tickets for London and Bairwa was asked to file a Closure Report.

-3-

After three days, the request was submitted before the Metropolitan Magistrate, Chandramohan but he directed IO to produce the chairs before the court and sent a notice to the Secretary of the Tribunal to file an affidavit regarding the closure of the case. The IO got scared and went to Chauhan’s house but found the unburnt pieces. He collected them and came back.

In the afternoon, he went to PrabhatVihar Hostel and learnt that Sabarwal got heart attack and on further investigation, he learnt that the chair had already been sent to Jalandhar. At night, he boarded GaribRath Express and reached Sabarwal’s home at about 9 AM and there he found one beautiful lady. After brief introduction, he narrated the matter to her.

Bairwa was very tired but pretended to be in a hurry. Rimpysabarwal asked him to stay. He took three hours sleep at her bed. He asked about the chair but

pointing towards the stool, she said, 'I didn't receive any chair, but one square stool has arrived from Delhi'. He was about to leave but she stopped him and requested to stay for the night.

In the evening, they went for local tour and went for dinner at a restaurant. At night, he asked: Don't you have any children?

- One step-daughter, studying in Canada.
- Doesn't Mr. Sabarwal come in the weekends?
- He comes but during his hearing at CBI Court, Mohali?
- CBI Court? Why?
- He had embezzled 2.33 crore from Government Fund and is out on bail. Still, he misappropriates funds.

- Doesn't he get caught?
- Such a cunning person he is! you cannot imagine. Wherever he goes, he fills all the seniors in his pocket, and they become his slave.

- How? What type of tactics he employs?
- By providing freebies. You know, here in Indi Polynesia, Judges are greedier, they want everything free of cost. They don't want to spend their salary. Whenever they get gift, or even treat, they become happy and allow him to carry out his misdeed. And Lahiri! he doesn't have the knowledge of accounts, so Lahiri is his slave and very often he also satisfies Sabita Lahiri. Bairwa found the beauty approaching him in transparent night gown and he couldn't resist. For the first time, he had one-night stand. After taking morning tea, he picked up the tool, which already had taken a new design, proceeded to Delhi.

-4-

keeping the tool in his house, Bairwa left for Kolkata. Lahiri's mother said, 'My son rang me two days ago and asked me to sell it out immediately.'

- Whom did you sell it?
- Maulana Badaruddin of Imambara.
- Oh! No!

He went there but Maulana Saheb said, 'How can I refuse Maharaj Nityananda? So, I donated the chair to the temple.'

Bairwa was almost suffocated, but duty bound. He went there and told the head priest the incident and about court's order. But Maharaj said, 'How can you say that this is that chair which the court has ordered to bring before it? It

was donated by MaulanaBadaruddin of Imambara, then how come it came to Kolkata?’

Thereafter, strong argument followed, and the devotees present turned like mob. Bairwa, who didn't take the collaboration of local police, fled the spot to protect himself.

-5-

Sabarwal requested Justice Divakar to transfer Chandramohan through his connections as he was creating problems. In the court, the theft couldn't be proved. The case was dismissed but the internal enquiry remained open. The budget and the purchase need to be properly maintained and streamlined to avoid audit objections. There were missing chairs in the file and the stomach of the file should be fed with reasonable conclusion.

Sabarwal called an emergency meeting at his chamber. Before, Lahiri could speak, he said: 'There is a need to slander someone.'

- What do you mean?
- The blame needs to be put on someone's head.

Chauhan cried, 'Akashdeep!'

Lahiri exclaimed, 'How?'

Sarman said, 'we can implicate him in financial irregularities.'

After hearing others, Sarbarwal facing Lahiri, said:

- You can issue a back-dated Order regarding monitoring of the work.
- Then
- We can hold him responsible.
- But Akashdeep will tell that he didn't receive any communication in this regard.
- Don't worry, Sarman will receive it.
- I am unable to understand.
- Oh! Sarman can copy anybody's signature.

The file showed that the Order was received by Akashdeep and everybody laughed. Thereafter, one 'Memo' was issued to Akashdeep seeking explanation as to why didn't he carry out the duty diligently otherwise proceedings will be initiated.

After receiving the Memo, Akashdeep was astonished. Immediately, he questioned the happenings. He was ordered to submit his explanation the same day before the President. After hearing, Akashdeep was found guilty of

negligence and was dismissed from service.

Akashdeep proceeded to court. His friend, S. Telem, Advocate, came for his help to defend his friend against the evil forces. It was pleaded that even if the order was issued, the authorities didn't take NOC from him for payment to the contractor. Further, he questioned the signature was not his. He requested the Court to send the original receipt to forensic lab and handwriting expert to verify and submit the report. The court granted his plea.

Outside the court, Mr. TshingThormin informed Akashdeep that he was on leave on the day of the receipt of Order. Thereafter, the Magistrate Ordered an enquiry for forgery and CCTV footage of that day when chairs were taken away. Bairwa came to be on the side of Akashdeep and narrated the ordeal. Sarman broke down before the court and turned approver. Sarman and Ompal were found guilty and asked to surrender by next week.

-6-

As Akashdeep, along with the Order, was about to enter he was greeted by all with flowers. For a moment, he thought, 'with whom I was fighting, they are all my own people'. A committee was formed again for purchase of another three chairs.

Akashdeep came to his chamber and there was no work. He began to feel like an outsider.

Sabarwal called a meeting and said, 'we can't accept defeat. We need to kick him out this way or that way. He must be implicated in another case.'

Sarman said, 'Sir, Sexual Harassment Case'

Chauhan said, 'Neha is there or we can force Payal to file a complaint against him'

Lahiri said, 'if they deny, then?'

Sabarwal asked others to leave and then said to Lahiri: Why don't you ask your daughter, Trina to come here for internship and then she will file the complaint.'

Lahiri cried, 'No, I don't want her to engage in any ugliness...vicious circle'

Sabarwal: You will have to do so. Your video with Payal is with me

-7-

By next flight Trina arrived and was welcomed by Sabarwal. Five-star arrangement was provided to her at office expense.

On the second day, Sabarwal narrated the plan to her. She did not hesitate.

Next to the chamber of Akashdeep, she was asked to wait. Sabarwal came with coffee. Soon she began to feel dizzy. Sabarwal removed her top and panty; thereafter open the zip of his pant and forced her for blowjob. She was protesting violently but failed, he successfully penetrated for intercourse. Out of anger, she gathered one cutter from the nearby round-table and bobbitised him.

With a sharp cry, as Sabarwal ran away. Hurriedly, Akashdeep came out of his chamber and entered the next chamber but Trina began to shout.

All the officials on the floor came out and found the naked girl while Akashdeep was watching all to prove his innocence. Lahiri too arrived but as he saw his naked daughter, he jumped from the window.

Akashdeep couldnot decide what to do; soon police came and took him away.

-8-

After arriving from Chennai, Justice Divakar went to hospital to meet Sabarwal and asked the doctor, 'What happened?' and doctor out rightly said, 'Absentia Genitalia!'

Justice Divakar did not understand and with the expression of bitter taste, said, 'What?'. Another doctor said, 'Cock chopped meaning Lingam Chedam!'. Justice Divakar did not reply but Sabita Lahiri exclaimed, 'Oh! No. How did it happen?'

In the meantime, one policeman arrived and handed over the cut-piece of Phallus to the doctor and said, 'it was recovered from Ms. Trina Lahiri, that means she was raped by Sabarwal'.

The court released Akashdeep and asked to file FIR against Sabarwal for rape. The next morning, Akashdeep came to office and there he found Rajesh, the peon and the latter asked, 'Sir, all the three chairs are empty. Where would you like to sit?'

By Bobby Narayan

8. FIVE WAYS TO BOOST SELF-CONFIDENCE



Caroline Cabral
Lecturer
Vizag
Andhra Pradesh

Self-confidence is a feeling of trust in your abilities and qualities. It means you accept and trust in yourself. How often do you doubt your capabilities? What would you be capable of if you had the confidence you desired. You may find confidence in your ability to learn something from positive and negative experiences. Here are FIVE ways to boost your self-confidence:

1. **PRIORITIZE SELF CARE:** Getting enough sleep, maintaining a balanced diet, and remembering to drink enough water, taking breaks from the computer, phone or social media are some of the ways that can prioritize self-care. Boosting your self-confidence starts with you, you need to help your mind repair and unwind.
2. **AVOID COMPARISON:** Research suggests that when people compare themselves to others they experience envy. The more envy they had the worse they felt about themselves. The only person you should compare yourself to is you. Compare yourself to who you were yesterday, have you moved forward, have you done something today that makes you better than you were yesterday.
3. **BELIEVE IN YOURSELF:** There are good days, bad days and experiences. If you want to succeed you must believe in yourself, you can improve your confidence by writing down your goals and aspirations, this will help you visualize those goals and achieve them.
4. **STEP OUT OF THE COMFORT ZONE:** We love our comfort zone, there are safe places we go to recharge ourselves, and we need challenges to test us so we can prove to ourselves where we stand. Getting outside the comfort zone may be tough at first but facing unfamiliar challenges can make one happier and more fulfilled in the long run.
5. **ACCEPT YOURSELF FOR WHO YOU ARE:** We need to accept ourselves for who we are. Self-acceptance is the act of accepting yourself and all your personality traits. You accept them no matter whether they are positive or negative. Instead of trying to be perfect we need to accept our true self."

9. Happy New Year to Maiden Expressions

May this New Year bring you happiness and health. When we cherish our heartfelt feelings with friends and family, we feel positive energy. Love for all is the key to unlocking your cheerfulness. I personally feel very enthusiastic at this moment of Happy New Year. We should work for our motherland and spread the feeling of humanity through art, music, and literature. The world is moving at a fast pace due to rapid technological development. One must excel to find a suitable place in society. Communication and expression build confidence. Make it a habit to read good books. Poetry enhances the power of expression and grooms your personality.



**Chitranjan Dayal
Singh Kaushal
Retired Associate
Professor, IHS,
KUK
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

"Maiden Expressions by Mehak Talwar" is a collection of poems. I feel delighted reading this poetry book. I received this opportunity on the first day of the new year while setting up my bookshelf. As a lover of books, I often purchase poetry books of my choice. I remember this book was given to me by my student who got a job in Punjab. "Maiden Expressions" covers different themes such as childhood, adolescence, dreams, fantasies, nature, life, death, and human experiences, etc. If you love poetry, you will enjoy these poems both emotionally and intellectually. You can flow with the feelings and themes gently. Poetry reflects the poet's image and the contemporary era. The poems of Mehak Talwar inspire us to do good, be happy and healthy. Every poem is inspiring. I must quote some lines:

"Good things take time,
but why did you turn to grime?"

We should enjoy the beauty of nature and break away from the rat race.

"This world will engulf us all one day
and leave us drained,
no matter what we say."
This rat race we all run directs us away from Mother Nature.

"You Are the Star," "Finish Line," "Where Do Dreams Go" - these poems touched my heart.

You reach for opportunities, but they fall through. When life presents something new, delve into your spirit. When uncertain about life, take control and exhale sadness.

"The Tears in Existence" inspires us to follow our passions.

Experience the tears in existence,
jump in rain puddles.

Do what makes you happy,
regardless of others' opinions.

I salute the young poetess for clearly and effectively showing the path to success and happiness.

"A Year Has Gone By" is another memorable poem, along with the others mentioned.

The world is bound by bars,
but the soul takes flight.

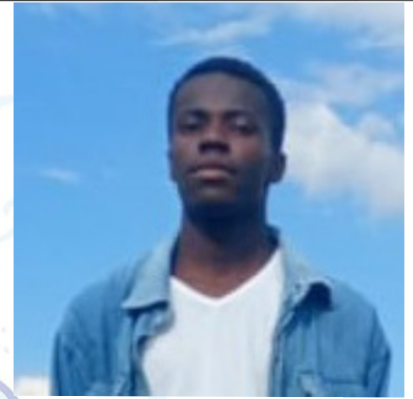
From earth to sky echoes the song of freedom.

Freedom is supreme, and truth can set us free from all bonds. Poetry expresses inner truth and reflects the power of truth, making us feel relaxed and balanced. Happy New Year to "Maiden Expressions." To conclude, this collection "Maiden Expressions" by Mehak Talwar (SLM Publishers, Patiala) is a blissful read for poetry lovers. Congratulations to the brilliant poetess.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

10. Love philosophy

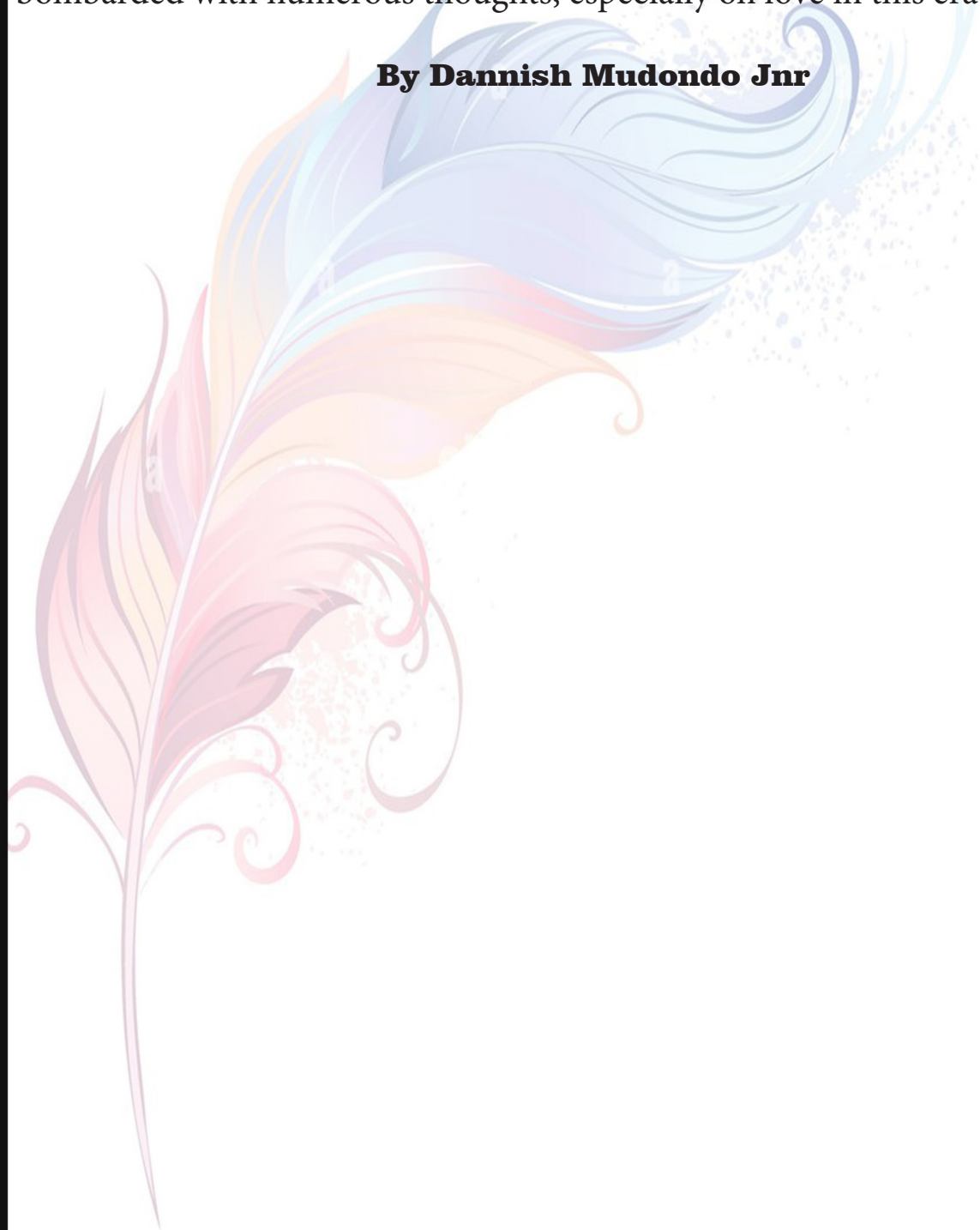
I love apples and sometimes fall in love with mangos, but these are not the fruits I talk about much. Every time I speak, I will gossip about the fruit of love. My conversations are always pregnant with this pure love fruitage. Has love lost its glory? This question makes my heart heavy and my brain even heavier because it visits me with thoughts on the expression of love in relation to sexual diversity. Because of sexual diversity, it is difficult to understand the significance of an eye blink on cheating. I don't know to what extent polyandry would be a massacre. These foldings may have diluted the meaning of love. If archaeologists studied this generation's bones, it would be realized that cholesterol has superseded hormones in their functionalities. This evokes the notion of saturated civilization, which might have been wrongly perceived as true civilization despite the immorality propagated by the educated demons. In this information era, it requires everyone to be a researcher, not just a consumer. If I argue that love, in its technical manifestations, has taken on the nature of politics, particularly in seduction or courtship, I won't be far from the truth. Therefore, allow me to shout for love. Love is a subject of documentation, well recorded in the units of stereotypes and propaganda. The twist of reality is that truth is only for the naive, love is a boat that capsizes but still it finds its destination. The sweeter the melody the bigger the confusion. It's no longer about expression but interest. It's the battle between the greedy and the needy, if you don't have required qualifications you don't receive love. The truth is that everyone needs love. Love is never permanent because it's driven by trust as well as loyalty, which if not fulfilled, turns out to be the greatest pain of disappointment. This generation is suffering from saturated civilization, which is defined by the pivot of rights under the fulcrum of unlimited freedom that has led to the bondage of limitless pleasure, in the loudest shout of immorality, termed as the darkness of exposure. The easier it has become, the more hazy the future in the claws of ephemeral gratification vultures. Over the mountains and valleys, even in the jaws of vipers, we should respect the value of our grounded conscience cannot be denied. Sweetness isn't based on virgin attraction or impression; it's there



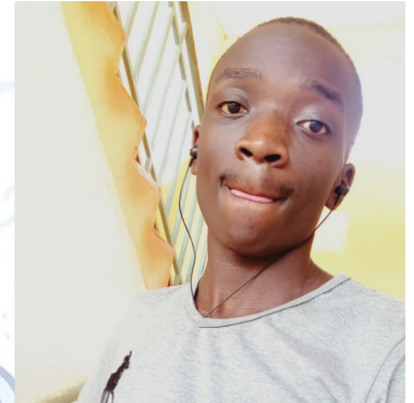
**Dannish Mudondo
Jnr
Poet, Writer
Nairobi
Kenya**

throughout the taste of reality. Whether rich or poor, the illusion of fake love still stays in our fantasies, leading to eroded reasoning. Our beliefs are at stake. In which cave does righteousness live? In a different way! This generation is full of vipers, suckers, and predators with decimal distinctions - no race, just acts of animals. I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist. I'm just an ethical pragmatist under the umbrella of flexible reasoning. I'm sorry, I have no flow because I'm bombarded with numerous thoughts, especially on love in this era.

By Dannish Mudondo Jnr



11. "PAIN"



Denis Ogola
Student
Kenya

You will get pained once, but the pain is not going to last forever.

You'll have to permit me hurt you once, coz I'll help you narture the pain. I'll be like your umbrella when pain starts to rain.

I'll ensure that the scar heals appropriately as long as it's in my power as I pray.

As definite as it is, I'm here to ensure that I don't hurt you again in future.

I won't like to send you back to neither excruciating pain nor in a non-exuberant mood for you've been a great puritan.

I want to allow you use the pain to blackmail me in whatever reason you like, as long as it it's vital.

The pain is going to be the reason for my attention and responsibility even in trial.

I want you to surrender and give me ease while I cause you the PAIN.

Allow your muscles loosen the poon, And let in a metaphorical spoon,
Before the onset of sky's bright moon.

Don't be restless and angry, don't be hard for I need your coperation to administer the pain in you.

The pain that will drive away my mysogyny towards your gender, for I need philogyny.

Forgive me for adorning myself in a borrowed plumes just to cause you pain.

Forgive me for inviting you the pain through a manipulative language full of alleged intentions.

Forgive! for I need peace for the success of this pain.

Entrust me, I will keep my above promises even after causing you the PAIN. I'll be there to help you nurture the scoreline of pain. Don't See me as an imposter just to cause the pain.

Let's create a memory out of SENSESUAL PAIN.

If possible let's, let the pain be administered before morn.

For I believe it will be less painful and mellifluous

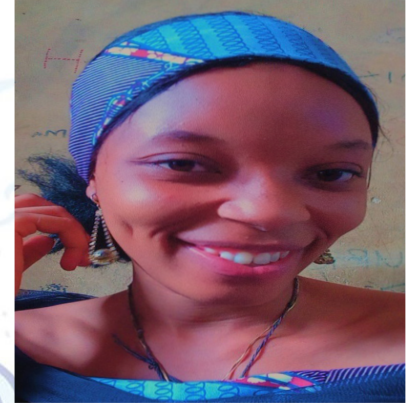
12. I Ponder

I ponder that there is some unwitting supremacy that is spinning around the ether and communicating with the entire management of the ecosystem. I request that power to come and hold my hand and please shed me with your untainted soul, so that I can come out with all my singularities and can embellish myself to foster the society. Hey celestial supremacy, lead me into your arms, so that I can feel benign and bouncing for my next passage towards life. Hey supremacy, illustrate me the trail which I can elect and can move on it until the termination of my life, deprived of any moans from the flora. Hey Supremacy, instill your sense into me to surge my vigor near my life. Hey Supremacy, clutch me before I perish into hysterical cessation, as I have no one to ardour my being in the penultimate jaunt of my entity.



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

13. WHAT A WORLD WE LIVE IN



**Elonu Annabel
Ebere
Writer
Ogun state
Nigeria**

A beautiful palace surrounded with flowers
A forest with numerous flourishing trees
Revolving round the universe with spectacular
creatures
What a world!

So full of outrageous experiences
Oh! What a pity felt for those who do not find it a
perfect dwelling
In it we live, in it we survive
Yet! So cruel for most creatures

The world made so colourful for all has become a palace for sadness
People wailing and gnashing their teeth
Some crush their faces to the ground
Just to find peace and harmony
What a world we live in!

It will be a beautiful palace to dwell
If we choose to admire ourselves as being priceless and precious
The world will forever be ours
With trumpet of joyful sounds
Together we can change our world!

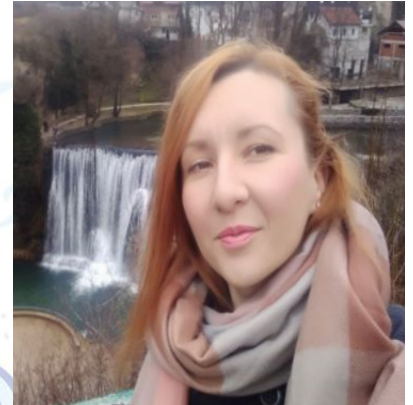
14. ONE OF MANY SELVES

If I were Proust,
I would live a life of refinement.
Every day, I would lounge
in a woven chair in the garden,
drinking lemonade or port,
depending on the time of day.

If I were Proust
I would gaze upon the surrounding forest,
half covered by the rays of sun
and a dark shadow all around.

If I were Proust
I would stare at the sky all day,
as it becomes
not dreary and gloomy,
but a foreboding sky,
like before some heavy
and bloody crime
that I will only read about in the news.

If I were Proust
I would listen to the dogs barking in the distance,
the screeching of magpies
and I would never wonder:
Am I free?
Tired or
unhappy?



Emina Selimovic
Herzegovina
Bosnia

15. HIM



**Fareen Mboya
Khabetsa
Student
Eldoret Coach
Kenya**

I thought someone had killed my heart
Simply because I couldn't get hurt
With each word I say I knew I was making a way
Though it all seemed impossible
To make everything possible
One taught me how to love,
Then I met the one who showed me love Amid the
stormy seas that was preventing my eyes to see
I thought he was just ordinary
But he brought something extraordinary
I've been experiencing something out of the natural
He has made me believe in the supernatural
though I may fail to understand his misgivings.
All I know is he's full of givings
His world outwits my own imagination
One could think it is full of magnification

16. Noice versus Silence

Did you ever hear, the voice of silence?

Silence also speaks.

Silence also shrieks.

Noice creates negativity.

Silence creates positivity.

Noice always harms.

Silence always calms.

Noice paves way to noise pollution.

Silence paves way to amicable solution.

Noice suffocates the silence
while the silence negates the noise.

The noice keeps a disturbing voice .
while the silence has a soothing voice.

Noice and silence have always a disagreement with each other



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

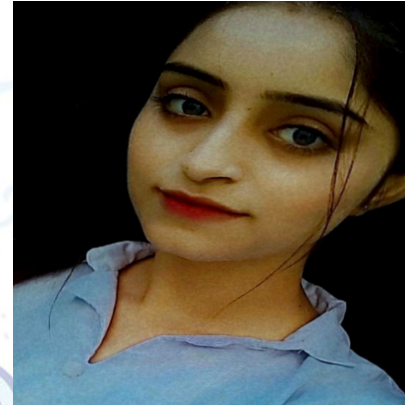
17. A Shaft of Light: A Dream

Towards the north-east, in the dark of night,
With a sudden flash, came a shaft of light.
From the eastern corner up to the southern side,
Into a shape of screen, some rays scattered wide.
Later, the screen, over the chest of space,
Began to form a big square interface.
Kilometers of length and miles of height,
Over it, some news headlines caught my sight.
The headlines were from different nations,
With different themes and different animations.
Later, the screen went to the western side,
Then to the south and to the northern wide.
And finally, to broadcast its latest news,
The interface flashed with multiple views.
I was amazed and overjoyed to watch
Our scientific progress and the mode of its dispatch.
But the last news that was played over the screen
Alarmed and aroused me from my dreamy scene.
-"We are going to have a nuclear war.
No broadcasting will remain viable after this jar."
Thus, science was going to destroy science
And the world was going to sleep in ignorance.
Would that we had never any science at all
Or; my dream should neither be true nor befall!"



Harvendra Singh
Lecturer
Lakhimpur Kheri
Uttar Pradesh

18. Appreciate the people who consider you important Before it's too late....



Husna Abbasi
Student, writer
Pakistan

I will come to complete the unfinished story I will look
for her from autumn too"

She stood waiting for him with all her tears like every
day

Mahi please

Come on out of here

Ella (her friend) shouted.

No Ella,

Look naa, today the winds signal his coming. He
promised me

Look, sitting on the same bench, he had promised that
he will come.

No Mahi, He will not come even today

You have been waiting here for 3 years

Let's go

These winds are very cruel

let's go,

It will take everything from us

It's going to rain.....

It's enough Ella,

I will go to Roma,

I will bring him myself

How can he leave me like this?

Having said that, she stepped forward

Stop it Mahi , He is No More,

You will not find him anywhere

He left on the same day you asked him to leave

He will Never come Back, He is dead

Have u heard (Ella shouted)

Her Words Silenced Mahi

(Have you ever heard the sound of soul pulling ?)

A lot of time passed like this

There was a whisper that she heard
Come on Mahi, why did you stop?
This world lies, No one can separate me from you
Feel me, i was always with you
Don't stop Mahi, come to me
The rain was pouring now
The merciless winds had certainly taken away much (she gave a death hiccup)
So what happened that you could not fulfill your promise?
I'll come Mr.Ramzal
Somewhere in the distance, a bench could be felt moving.
He was still there today, The whispers stopped
two people had quietly left the world for their love

" I have seen the custom of love in this world
Where the ordinary becomes special
& then the special turns into someone nonexistent "

By Husna Abbasi

19. The Morning Hours

At the break of dawn
While leaving the bed,
The discordant
cacophony
of Songs of different genre,
The innumerable words of
dictionary drumming in my mind fertile with grey
matter
Of yonder years
How is that?
Is my youthful veracity
Of burning midnight oil
To be a top notcher
In various gruelling exams revived?
Or have I become crazy
Seeing the horizonous
blackboard of mind
With the names of the
luminous
Rockstar Elvis Presley
Maestro Parveen Sultana
Matchless in three octaves,
Imploring me to sing
at a stretch
To reach the third octave
With such alacrity and grace that
God is stupified in sheer pleasure.



Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Prof. Research guide
for Ph.D students
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

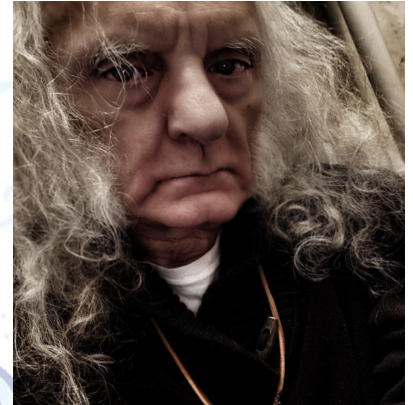
20. Back To The Throne

What key sets free,
that which denounces the vision of freedom
what grande illusion, what ideal begets,
the power of the law, the chain, the outer limit.

Here it is, as it tips the scale
tumbling mountains, cracked and quaking.
here we stand upon our toes
pirouetting before the king.
a laughing mass of glut and glue
no ruling class, no future offers
no jumping rabbit across a meadow
safe aside, regardless of numbers
no splashing liquid upon a wall
could express the dormant power within us.

We shall not be held captive,
by a demon's lure
within a universe blackened and burned,
we shall not give birth
to any wretched outcome
that would hold us in its clenching fist.
those days are over,
that have bound us with desire
or a promise of redemption
in a cloudy sky.

"It's alive," we cry
without fear, without shame
we are the living proof.
the wind, the rock, the running water
the children of a loving mother and father.



Joe Kidd
State of Michigan
Beat Poet Laureate
2022/2024
Official Poet Govt of
Birland
Honorary Doctorate

21. It is 'So'

It is really quite so,
How you do go, because
Nothing is good and bad,
But our thinking makes it so.
If you go hour by hour
You may go so far,
When you go year by year
You will always remain rear.
The sea is a number of drops,
Don't loss you will get your hopes.
Drop by drop makes an ocean,
Don't stop make a perpetual run.
Slow and steady wins the race,
Don't forget you have to face.
O' so, go day by day,
Who knows where the diamond lay.



Kailash Rana
PH.D Rsearch
Scholar
Ramgarh
Jharkhand

22. DO NOT COMMIT SUICIDE

When things go wrong and upset down the mind
When the road you are trudging seems all uphill
When your finances are low and the credits are high
You want to laugh and smile but stroke comes
Life is both head and tail like a coin
Life is a queue of twists, turns off left and right
Think ahead you may succeed with another blow
But dont think of a thread tight
Do not commit suicide.

You may think your victory cup
Is not even near your chest
But your near to your golden crown
When problems are giving you tough time
When your life is full of clouds of the sky
and strong winds blow in the air
Just know that rains for survive is coming
When things seem to be worst ever
You will still find a peak side to rest
Not to commit suicide

Through endurance and perseverance
Through hardworkings and openness
Gentle heat and soft repeated rains comes
To make the land dance in its veins
And from breathing souls feel the sweets
Joy spreads the heart with a gentle song
Ladies and gentlemen all around
On the uphill you still find the steeper way
Out of the mountains there are valleys
That can whistle your life with water
And rise from slumberous masses



**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda
Dedza
Malawi**

You may weep in the night
But happiness comes in the morning
When hens cocks for the great rise of a sun
On the hungry craving winds
Though nails of fear and poverty tempers you
And your nights be like of tears
But dont think of a tomb where ancestors are laid
With cold and shuddering fears dont think of a strope
Have hope that out of problems in life
There comes your story of success

Death is a silent kiss always
But shouldn't be planned out of ignorance
May your heart travel with your succesful dreams
Know that from the sand of war
To the seas of poverty still more people fish
Like Chameleon don't change subjects
At least study every move of life
But don't leave the world on a cold cement level
At all times we are all refugees
And this city is crowded with the living
Where others lives in homes and others not
But we are all still alive
Review your map success is there
And your own beautiful home is there
Full of sweetness that explains better of your hustles
So do not commit suicide.

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda

23. FRIENDS

They're always there like the seasons
Strong, undaunted, determined to stay the course with
me
Their closeness a comfort indescribable

On good and bad days, on happy and sad days
I look up and see the warmth of familiar faces
greeting me, cheering me on, like the first rays of the
golden sun

Like the soft white sands on the oceans blue
Of green palm trees and coconuts sweet
Like peaceful ships upon the sea constantly moving towards their destinations

They make life's journey an exciting adventure, full of possibilities as hands
held tightly, they walk with me to places which curious minds have never seen
before, unknown, undiscovered

Taking each brave step as though they've been there before
Hugging, screaming, laughing, ranting, sometimes even crying, and that's okay

Together discovering the beauty of a world unknown, as we peel open the
layers one by one
A treasure chest of hidden gems waiting to be stumbled upon
A new world with friends!



Lucy Victoria David
Durban
South Africa

24. WHAT PROFITS LOVE?



**Major Sir Adesoga
Jubril Asiwaju
Writer and Artist
Ijebu-ode
Nigeria**

My heart is immortal, reincarnating
Upon the concurrent poisonous love.
As I carry the pregnancy of Love.
Yet, I lament the broken pot.

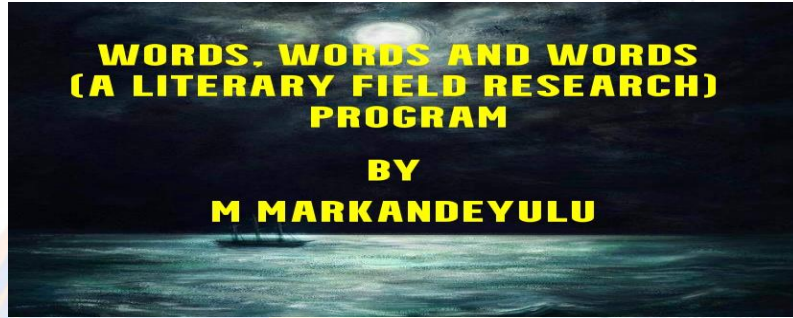
Once upon a time love led me to her.
I encountered unlimited frown and insult.
Let me remind memories of that.
The day I fetched from her stream of Love.

Today, if tears are not enough
To glue her feet, my words to extinguish.
If I can't catch her promises again.
She is neither the first nor the last.

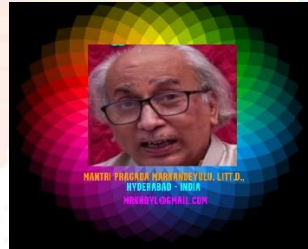
The certainty, can never be healed.
What profits love that becomes memory?
If our togetherness chameleon to memory.
"Goodbye" should not be precious to exchange.

25. **Literary Field Research**
on
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

Words meaning never be the same
The usage of words meaning will be different.



 **Mantri
Marku**



MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt·D·,

Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer
B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,

(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)

- **The State of Birland (Birland Government–Bir Tawil)**
Representative at Hyderabad-India
 - **The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru**
- **2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, HISPAN WORLD WRITERS' UNION (UHE), Peru**
 - **Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor on the occasion of 75th India's Independence Day**
 - *Honored with "A Royal Commemorative Peace and Humanity Award" by the "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
- **Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-India**
- **Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)**
- **Gujarat Sahitya Academy & Motivational Strips 2020 Honor, Gujarat-India**
 - **Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)**
 - **Literary Brigadier Honor (2018) from Story Mirror, Mumbai, India**
 - **Spotlight Superstar Honor (2018) from Story Mirror, Mumbai, India**
 - **Golden Ambassador General for Development and Peace at World Peoples Forum @ TWPF/BTYA, Bangladesh**

- *State of Birlant at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet*
 - *RKMPII Nobility Award 2021*
- *RKMPII HEART OF GOLD NOBLES Honour Certificate 2021*
 - *ISFFDGUN Internationally Accredited Certificate 2021.*
- *Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan Ratan Award 2021 – WHRC Honor*
 - *Mahatma Gandhi Humanity Award 2021 – WHRC Honor.*
 - *30+ Global Poetic Certificates (2018, 2019, 2020)*

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Twitter: @mrkndyl68

I want to spell-out few words on this occasion.

I, as an Author, Poet, give much value to the Literature and Literary work.

I am constantly working on the Literary works and posting my literary item posts in the social media.

I love reading and writing.

Each day I spend some time towards Literary works.

This keeps my mind in ship-shape condition.

I like to encourage all the young writers and Authors, Poets and Poetesses who are interested in Literary works in their future literary endeavours.

Today's young and up-coming authors and poets, or say poetesses may become Legendary Authors Tomorrow.

Who knows?

But, one thing is sure.

One has to contribute some-time towards studying, writing something or the other.

This practice keeps Authors and Writers mind in good working shape.

I knew well, Today's participant Authors have geared up with their Literary words and are ready to contribute, speak and say something on their Literary contribution for the improvement and development of Global Literary Works.

On this auspicious occasion, I would like to take liberty to tell something extra on Literature.
Just please listen to this.

Literary Field Research
on
WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

Words meaning never be the same
The usage of words meaning will be different.

NON-LINGUISTIC LANGUAGE is generally mingled and used in other languages by many people, when they are at other languages spoken places.

Even the foreigner's languages are quite often mingled with other languages due to expression of words and speaking problem People who live in State/Country borders, the impact of mingled or clubbed languages used will be high and is very often observed.

European languages like Italian, Russian, Spanish, Greek, Latin, are sometimes inter and intra-mingled and like that in Indian Languages, Sanskrit, Pali, Devangari, Dravida, Arabic, Parsi words are mostly mingled and inter & intra-connected while speaking and writing.

In the present globalization scenario, many words of different country's languages are used very often so that people are able to understand what the other person is saying.

People like motherland and mother tongue language, respect their language and shower affection on their local language and would like to express their feeling while speaking/writing.

This is called Sahityam, which speaks of literary expertise in respective living literary areas.

The language spoken/written indicates people's culture and national integration.

The word makes magic in our lives.

The love, passion fashion, mission, relation etc will be in order, when we use words properly, sensibly and tactfully.

Languages are made to use accordingly to the situation using proper proverbs, quotations, phrases, short stories, examples, experiences to give effective suggestions when people in problems will definitely give solace when you work with proper modulation.

It gives more impact and importance to the situation.

When you want to give the information, you should use words properly and with firm voice.

Use minimum words and try to convey the message.

Lengthy and deviated conversation weakens the purpose.

They may lose the interest to get information or suggestions.

All the time we can not practice the type of procedure.

By seeing the situation, we can change phrases, quotations, proverbs make the conversation very interesting and effective.

A balanced positive talk with durable pleasant positive vibration makes the other person feel like spending more time in your company.

A kind of bond will be created.

We should use the language with proper pitch and it should depict your feelings, emotions, reactions and your moods.

Accordingly, the other person should understand and react into the situation.

The language or the words should convey the message correctly without confusion.

Practicing this usage of words is very easy.

Keep the mind cool and clear in your thoughts.

Be firm when you want to convey the message.

Do not get confused when others disturb you.

While you talk with others, words usage should be limited.

When you put it on the paper it can convey the message properly and completely with balanced good expression.

Indian languages have so many appropriate, expressive words.

We can play with the words to convey any impression, expression, emotion, reaction or feeling and so on.

But think with the mind, heart and soul.

Think in a positive way and deliver with proper words.

People should remember and think of you like a human being.

Another important aspect which could change and transform your life in a better way by increasing your influence and improving your relationship and lead to the road of success depends on using the words carefully while speaking to others.

The words are very important and powerful tools and it all depends on how you use these words.

As explained in earlier lectures, these words carry tremendous energy of your strong intent or will.

The energy of confidence, the energy of your assertiveness and these words which are nothing but sounds carry a very powerful magnetic field which is very intelligent.

When these words are spoken with 100 percent pure intent, honesty, conviction etc of the positive energies, it will affect the magnetic field of listener or listeners.

Every human being, being a magnetic will have his own magnetic field which is invisible and forms a circle around the body.

When we give speech in the form of words of magnetic sounds, it touches the magnetic field of listeners and in physics one reaction takes place which is called as inductance.

Here, when they are meeting at one point, there will be an exchange of energies and these energies carry your thoughts, your suggestions, your ideas your concepts.

If your thoughts are full of inner conviction, honesty, pure in nature, will definitely influence the magnetic fields of listener in a very positive way and all will be attracted towards you and will be more receptive.

While addressing, you should also follow certain tactical steps which we have already described in various prerequisites like change your voice i.e., modulating your voice ups & downs will also have a very good positive impact on others.

This was proved by the scientists working at NASA.

Vedas are recited with a very specific and particular modulation of voice.

When you speak this way, sending the messages in the form of mantras create a very magnetic field which will influence the magnetic fields offers and brings about a positive reaction and response.

Hence, try to culture your voice and you can practice at home, learn how to modulate the voice, when to take the voice up, when to take the voice down.

But one thing, use words in a very proper way.

They should be very polite and very appealing.

I also give lot of importance to the usage of words and nothing but words, because the words are the only powerful tools of the communication.

If the words are not there, there is no communication and when there is no communication there is evolution.

Hence, try to use words very sparingly and talk only when you required.

Thus, you can conserve lot of inner energy.

One small wrongly used word will spoil the entire interview or inter-personal relationship.

Hence, always practice and practice your presentation at home.

One very well-known marketing or a director of a very big pharmaceutical company who had graduated from the Business School of Harvard University had the habit of always doing the presentation all alone much before the actual meeting begins.

I had seen lot of seniors and highly successful people plan much before and list out things on a piece of paper, make rehearsals, before the actual presentation and achieved tremendous success.

Only one word about which most of the people, mostly the 'teenagers do not understand, but use very frequently the word as "individuality".

Without knowing the deeper meaning of this word, it is misused, misunderstood and misinterpreted by most of the people.

A teenage boy or a girl when the elders comment about their dressing code, they react that they had their own individuality, they had their own freedom to wear what they would like to wear.

This they call as individuality.

According to them individuality means to have their own freedom starting from the dressing code, their physical appearance, their conscious, their ideas, they germ all these in one single capsule called individuality.

But, one thing they forget is all these impressions, ideas; concepts are formed by watching around their environments.

The type of movies now-a-days they see, the type of magazines, the type of advertisements, the type of concepts they are highly influenced by the surrounding environment.

Even the greatest scientists they confirm those factors with more than genetic effect, the environmental effect works on the personality of the human beings.

Unfortunately, the reading hobby has come down and the type of books available in the market they will never help in the self-development of the individual persons.

The idea, the concept or the personality trades of the writers are imposed on the young readers who could not differentiate between what was required for their personality development, but on the contrary their emotions are easily influenced.

As discussed in earlier lectures, the human beings could be stimulated or through their emotions rather than their intellect or the rational thinking.

The same thing here, it is applied by the producers, directors, actresses and the politicians, the entire environment does not give practical meaning for life.

They always take you in higher up in the fantasies in the dream world.

They always take you away from the reality.

That is the reason most of the teenagers are frustrated and before they realize their potentials, most of them are becoming addicted to alcohol.

Most of celebrities are having depression, frustration, anxiety, and neurosis and are terminating their lives.

The reason is very simple. It is nothing but the influence of the external factor is influencing your inner personality.

Right from the child-hood, your college atmosphere, the school atmosphere, the ragging by the senior students, in the most uncivilized ways and then the pictures you see, the books reading, the magazines you are reading and the

type of friends and the type of movies, all these are making the artificial personality.

Earlier, the scientists used to believe with the genetic influence would be more on the personality trade, but the recent studies have proved that the environment influence is greater than the genetic influence.

Now-a-days, the entire generation is under the influence of the surrounding environment.

Thus, the real potentials are masked by the artificial real personality trades.

There is always a conflict between the natural personality trades and the acquired personality trades from the surrounding environments and the social conditions.

That is the reason the teenagers are unable to resolve the inner conflicts, one is natural and the other one is unnatural.

This is the reason most of the youngsters are terminating their lives before realizing the potentials.

The influencing personalities like the cinema stars both actresses and actors are super imposing on the natural personality trades of the youngsters mostly the teenagers.

That is how they lost their own hidden potentials and talents.

Mostly, they have become imitators than originators.

They are capable of producing and contributing so many useful things to the entire world, but unfortunately as informed earlier, that their own personality is being suppressed as they imitate the personality trades of the actors and actresses.

The quality of the movies, of late, has come down with lower and lower moralities.

Actually, there are no moralities at all in the movies.

The visual impact is always more influencing and that is what happening at this time and even the advertisements are misleading.

The celebrities do not care for the welfare of the society and for the sake of money, even promote the cheapest products.

The common people will imitate the same thing like smoking cigarettes or using sub-standard products since their beloved heroes advertise.

Thus, unfortunately, the present youth is embracing the un-useful personality trades of the people whose contribution to the society is less than zero.

At least, time has come for the present youth.

This is a wake-up call. Don't be an imitator. You have tremendous potential.

Try to imitate patriots, the greatest people who have contributed to the society and to the common people of this world.

Also, try to logically analyse what is the meaning of individuality.

You cannot have your own freedom when you are living in a society.

For example, you are studying in a particular school and the school decides the uniform which could be standard for all the students and if you rebel and refuse to wear because there your individuality was hurt, then you will be losing the opportunity of studying in the school along with other students.

Similarly, if you refuse to follow the dress code in an organization, then you will not get a job.

The present youth of India have got great potentials to develop their own personality instead of being an imposter.

Spend time qualitatively.

The life is a gift from the God and use the life for the betterment of the society.

Expand your consciousness and live life independently with your own inborn personality trades.

Now, we are dealing with some of the negative energies.

These two are negative energies, but, in my view and frustration are very common.

There is nothing negativity in these energies.

I don't wish to call them as prerequisites.

Now-a-days, the entire world is suffering from one disorder or disease called depression or frustration, or may be hampering everybody's work and health due to pandemic Corona Covid-19, 1st wave, 2nd wave, and now the 3rd wave of OMICRON VARIANT, DELTA VARIANT.

You know, all the people in various countries are suffering due to this 3rd Wave Omicron Variant.

People are suffering, losing health, those who cannot afford to get good medical treatment are dying.

There is no balance of mind.

There is no concentration to work towards their career opportunities.

People are unable to spend their mind towards Literary works, or say professional works.

Everything is stand still.

Everybody is suffering.

So, now-a-days, or say for the last almost two-years everything is online work or virtual meetings either through google meet or through zoom meet or through some other online meet.

Due to this many authors/writers/poets/poetesses are unable to concentrate, and unable to publish their books.

Every book is turning in to eBooks, or Print-on-Demand or Paperback books. Like earlier-wise, Book Distributors are not keeping stock of any novels, or for that matter any books.

Book Sales from Book Distributors have slashed-down.

If the readers and buyers are interested to buy or purchase any Novel or Educational Books, they have to order in advance by paying the amount as like Amazon purchases.

Everything is through Online.

Even the most successful people when they were interviewed confessed that they have also passed different phases in life, the negative energies like depression, anxiety, and frustration.

Most of them could come out from these energies within short span of time.

When a human being is sick immediately the doctor will advise some pathological test.

The patient will be weak, he will have high temperature, he will not have appetite and the blood report reveals there was a presence of bacteria and increased number of WB cells which forms the defensive mechanism of the human body.

Similarly, depression is also a mental action to an inflection.

This is very common and natural.

Every human being, at one stage or the other will have to pass through these depressions, frustrations, anxiety and lot of other negative energies.

But only thing is that this depression we should not analyse it to survive for a long time.

So, what is the best way to combat this depression or anxiety?

Even in my case, I had depressions and frustrations on many occasions.

But I allow it to exist for not more than 15 minutes.

What I do is that, I immediately change my clothing, I take fresh bath, sing a song and whistle the song, and I think all positive achievements in the life and I just go out for a walk, maybe I go to restaurant, have snacks, tea and relax myself.

The depression has gone within 15 minutes.

Whenever you undergo depression or a frustration, just think of the best moment you had in your life and think all your best achievements in your life.

Every human being is born with tremendous potential and is capable of doing many greater things.

Unfortunately, because of environmental influence one gets depression.

But he starts remembering his positive achievements and how he had achieved set goals in his life and how he was successful in different fields, he goes to the past and thinks about the happiest moments, the energy of depression will be dissolved and disintegrated immediately.

When you start thinking off your own achievements slowly you gain confidence and when you gain confidence the depression cannot survive in the company of confidence.

I am once again repeatedly assuring and emphasizing that every human being including the most successful people in the world have passed this depression, anxiety, frustration and disappointments and negative energies.

But the great quality they had is all are optimistic and hopeful for their future and constantly put forth their efforts.

Similarly, even a common man can become a celebrity or could become potential contributor for the good cause of the society.

For God's sake, do not to be worried or scared about depression, frustration and they are the part of the life.

Sometimes, the depression will stimulate self confidence in most of the people who have positive thinking.

This is also a feedback mechanism.

If Mahatma Gandhi was not insulted and not thrown out of the compartment and abused, he would have not become a great leader.

Similarly, you can see the life history of great people, all negative situations, and negative events made them very strong.

Then why you can't? You can also become and achieve greater things in your life. Never give up hopes always live with hopes.

After the storm, there is always calm. After the sunshine there are showers of rain.

I once again appeal to all the youngsters, kindly think that you are also made by the God, and the God's creation there are no clause.

Similarly, in you there is no clause, you are born to do greater things.

You are born to achieve so many things.

You are born to contribute to the society many good things.

Do not give up.

Wait and Wait, try and try, you will definitely achieve your respective goals.

There are so many books which are written on Human Management.

But these books are not necessary to be appropriate in all the situations.

The human beings are different throughout the world because of their cultures, their habits, and their customs.

What is applicable in India may not be applicable in other foreign countries like African continent or in European countries.

These books will only help to a certain extent.

What you need is your own analysis, or own logical deductions.

Whenever there are failures take some time, analyse and immediately take remedial measures.

Constantly you have to do self-analysis that is the best way managing the human beings rather than reading the books and applying the same.

The only exceptions in some of the books, which discuss the basic psychological trades, are very useful.

The Upanishads are the best human management books because they have discussed the human personality trades in depth.

I read only few books on human management and was not convinced except some books which deal with the human psychology.

I have given lot of examples from my own experience under this title The Game of Life.

Basically, if you want to be successful you have to take lot of interest in other human beings.

By reading books, you are not able to achieve anything.

By reading the human beings in your own practical way, you would understand them and then when you apply the set principles definitely you will be more successful.

The same law is not applicable to every case of human beings.

You need to change your strategies in the same interview many times.

When the customer is closing the door your approach, you need to open another door. When closes that door, try to open another door.

In between these spaces, you should be able to assess the personality of the other human being and then open the door very wide.

I have tested all these in my personal life..
Hence my humble request that you read more and more about human beings' personality and have your own experience.

Your own experience is the best teacher and the best guide to you.

It does not mean that you should not read other books, but you can read other books.

I try my best to list out all the important prerequisites, but there are many more that you need to find out for yourself.

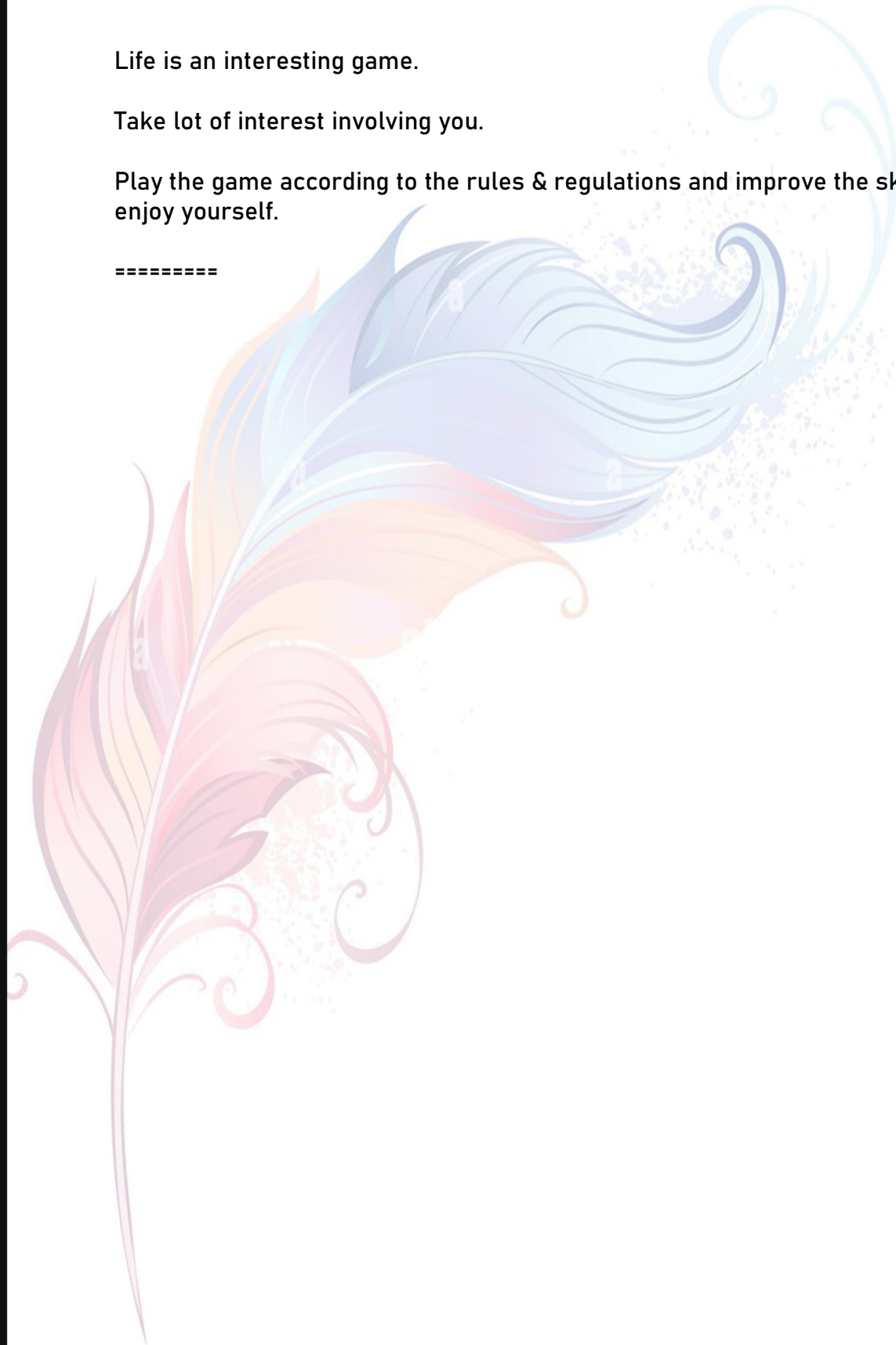
However, those who are interested they can contact me on my email or contact phone.

Life is an interesting game.

Take lot of interest involving you.

Play the game according to the rules & regulations and improve the skills and enjoy yourself.

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26. Midnight Call

Faded away, in the mist of pain;
Olden peace, has lost its reign!
Bursting out, into tears,
She then, questioned her fears...

With a desolate heart, yearning for creed,
And a soul, starving for heed,
She summoned herself, to the Court of Lord;
Yet begged, for a veracious chord!

Despair prevailed, so hard to get hold of;
Made her spirit, bleakly empty...
Losing away, the hope of,
Reaching virtue aplenty!

In the lonely hour of dejection;
Clock struck, twelve at night!
Lips whispered, for a luminous connection;
With eyes closed, pleaded for a glare aright,

At a mile a minute, dawn cracked by five;
While she slept, wholly naive...
A Voice, intended to be heard;
Shook her up, like an unrest bird!

Drowsy eyes, became dazzled;
With a Flash, that turned them hazel,
The Message, was rightly conveyed,
Her Prayer, got truly weighed.



**Maria Hussain
Dhillon
Writer
Lahore
Pakistan**

27. THE LYRICS OF MY POEMS

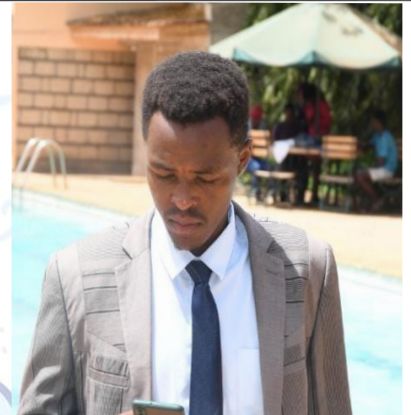
Surfing through the philosophy of love...
There I found you
Hovering over the dark space of affection...

The sweet lyrics of my love songs
The melodious lines in my love poems.
Your heart...
So pure like the naked sun.
Your eyes...
Brings cure to my wounded soul.

Reminiscing over the first time I saw your face makes
me grin for
No reason...
Steering into your lovely eyes makes me feel wanted...
Clearing those burdens in my heart.

Walk into my sad soul...
Lets get entangled.
Come into my dark life...
Let's create a blazing fire.

Come in and become...
The lyrics of my poem



Marine Mordecai
Student, spoken
word artist,writer
Nakuru
Kenya

28. History and Future of Humanity



**Med Kerkoub
Constantine
ALGERIA**

An excellent journey through time is the various thoughts of the philosophers, writers, and leaders of the past, with their worries and successes, which are a true example of a civilization and lifestyle that has existed alongside other civilizations in neighboring continents and left their mark well inscribed in the world's memory. So that we, in our turn and in our own way, of course, can extract all the positivity while knowing the negativities that already exist from all these times or centuries lived. We can go from where we are with this historical experience, which I call the rare treasure. We have all the privileges and even the experience of all things or tangible facts and actions because we are indeed adults capable of making the right decision through synthesis. It is to say, in a positive sense, and of course within the limits of local and international law, our fate in the near future will be determined. All that is beneficial for us and others, both locally within our political borders and globally, should be considered. Let us be mature adults, with a sense of wisdom and intellect, making decisions based on reasonable and fair positive thoughts that are profitable and beneficial for all in a world of healthy living, honorable pride, harmonious stability, and world peace.

Inspired by the Lord's gift, we should use our utilitarian skills for self and humanity. Let us be brave and free, creating a new and real world with these positive attributes for our own good and that of our humanity. Remember that nothing is hidden, and nothing is lost, and everything is recorded in the memory of civilizations. Most importantly, our two angels write down our words and actions, and on the last judgment, everything becomes reality. The Almighty says, "He only utters a word if he has an observer ready." This means that angels are always observing and writing down everything. Everything we do, good or bad, will be punished or rewarded, and everything else will be left behind.

29. RE-CREATION

Illuminate the fossils, love.
Heavenly attack. Melancholy is unearthly.
Destruction weighs on the incomparable convulsions.
In every spark of gushing time.

I'm just ashes now. Stranger alien.
A flash in the irreconcilable anatomy .
I'm drawn to the abyss, beyond research
in the hostile incomparable universe.

I entered it into the myth. Above authority.
And over a state.
Untouchable. Imperishable. Unchanged.
The inspired pen non-stop recreates
the great adventure of a lifetime.



Minko Tanev
Philologist -
Bulgarian language.
Author
Bulgaria

30. AS IF THEY CARE

They appear like morning sun as it glows in the sky.
They appear like the brightness that took over the
darkness of night.
The darkness I am seem disappear,
My boring night became cheerful,
That mute mouth of mine became noisy,
That pale skin of mine started to glow,
How I wish it to continue,
How I wish that darkness will not never appear again,
How I wish my lonines has has passed away,
But everything became how it was.
The morning sun that I used to see brightening the sky became hot sun.
That brightness that seems to take over the night darkness became deciet.
I thought it was love not knowing that it was lost.
Now I am lonely again,
There present is a pretend.
There present is a lost.
There present seems as if they care,
But they don't really care,
Because they are not real but imagination.
How I wished they don't show up.
How I wish I didn't notice there present.
How I wish I can love again.



Mudashir Busari
Writer
Ilorin
Nigeria

31. Call of The Night



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

The horrendous image of Mr. Sagura's body lying on the riverbank remained foregrounded on Sally's mind. He had been missing for two days and when his body was found naked on the riverbank, the mystery of what had happened to him was nearly a closed chapter to the police, yet only beginning for Sally.

He had left his side of the reed mat that fateful night, never again to be seen alive in his compound. Since Sally had been spending her night with him when the call of the night, and that of the darker world beyond man's imagination snatched him from her arms, she was chief witness in the case of the disappearance of the polygamist and father of twenty.

The trauma of the whole thing was unbearable for Sally, who apportioned blame on Tsengwa, her original husband, who had introduced her to that man whose contact with the underworld gave him the power to make things work in his favour even outside the bounds of societal expectations.

An eddy had tossed his remains from the main current of the mighty sheet of coloured liquid and deposited him on the riverbank, and as the water level subsided his corpse was exposed.

Then followed the endless interrogation at Bhidhiri Police Post, the staring officers whose eyes dug into hers as if they had seen her carrying the faith healer on her shoulder, taking the ponderous human load to the great river with the sole purpose to drown him.

"But how madam? How could you not sense that your man had left your side? Why not rouse his other wives when you realised that he had been gone too long?" asked one officer staring at her across the desk.

Sally did not allow the lump on her throat to impede her answer. "MrSagura was

a faith healer and at times left home without telling anybody, and I thought it was the same story that night."

"So you allowed him to go out and meet his death?" asked another officer, exposing his fang like teeth in a grin that seemed to suggest that all that Sally was saying was insane.

"He was not a baby," Sally ejaculated.

The interrogations would not last forever. The police soon ruled out foul play and Sagura was laid to eternal rest. Sally had no reason to stay. With her bundle of her belongings wrapped in a bedsheet, she left Sagura's compound and headed for the great river. A boat ferried her across the river, but once across, she wondered if she should return to Mr. Tsengwa or go back to her widowed grandmother, the only parent figure she was left with after the death of her parents.

Would Mr. Tsengwa understand her when she told him that Sagura had literally ravished her with magic charms? Would he take her back as the baby angel he had once called her? Most probably he would accept her, but his senior wife would say a loud no to that nonsense. No, returning to Tsengwa was not an option, but if he asked her back, she would not decline.

Back in her grandmother's homestead, she recalled with excruciating pain how on the first cleansing ritual performed on her, she found herself in Sagura's arms in a covert at the back of his compound, her body entwined with his at the end of a lovemaking act with him. How they had left the hut in which the rituals were being held she could not tell. She remembered running back to the hut, only to find the rest of the witnesses, including Tsengwa and his senior wife deep in a trance. She remembered how Sagura had rejoined her and then resuscitated the rest of the witnesses. The whole thing was going to be Sagura and Sally's secret.

Sally remembered with more pain, how she did not protest when Tsengwa agreed with Sagura that she had to remain behind for more deliverance rituals. An emotional bond with Sagura had started developing in her. In fact, she no

longer needed his charms to play the depraved game with him. She only needed his time.

In an unexpected twist, upon the return of Tsengwa and his family to collect Sally, another ritual, that included the lighting of a bonfire and the burning of a fresh leafy branch, Tsengwa and all who were there to witness the spiritual performance could only be blinded by the smoke, but did not drift into a trance. That was when she was discovered in Sagura's arms behind the cattle pen, just an hour before sunrise, getting ready for the amoral pleasure.

Then came Tsengwa's vicious assault on Sagura and his hurried departure. What choice had she, but to remain behind as Sagura's junior wife? But as the level of the mighty Save began to subside, Sagura met his death in the river's phenomenal wetness.

Why would life be so complicated for one young woman? The young man who had proposed to marry Sally resurfaced. It had been rumoured in the previous year that he had died in xenophobic attacks in South Africa. But it emerged upon his return that he had only narrowly escaped death and had got a new job using a new name, but that was the beginning of a communication breakdown with Sally.

"I have to tell him to move on," Sally thought after her first meeting with him. But it soon turned out that he was scared to start all over again. He had lost touch with the present state of affairs in the village, and would be comfortable enough to start from a point he had cherished so much in the past, when everything was leading towards his marriage to Sally. He was going to start his new job in Mutare, and only a full reunion with Sally would afford him a comfortable start.

The love bed was not a new thing to Sally and so without hesitation she found herself immortalising her reunion with her young lover in bed, but this time there was no fertility question, that had once made her Sagura's patient, as she soon realised that the periodic flow of her bowels had come to a halt. No, she had made herself a sex toy for quite sometime. Now it was time to quit. Kelvin

was in Mutare when very early in the morning one day she walked out of her grandmother's homestead and started the walk towards Save River. The death Sagura had died awaited her. She had made up her mind. But when she came to the river, she sat by the water edge and began to weep. The sun rose and another day was spread out against the land but she did not rise from where she sat.

She finally dived into the water, and swallowed mouthfuls of it as her body sank down to the river bed. The current was not strong enough to wash her downstream. Within a moment her body had hit the floor of the river. She lay there sensing the cold wetness that surrounded her, but her body strangely held on to the life that had kept it going for twenty-two years. As she lay deep under water, she saw a hand brush erasing the inscription on her grave written thus, "Sarah Chingwaru, 1959 to 1981". She struggled to figure out what this meant.

A tap on her shoulder made her start. She turned to look at the intruder; it was none other than Kelvin Tasekwa. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

She turned to look at him and the dry salty lines on her face told Kelvin of the untold agony within her chest.

"Nothing, and you? What are you doing here?"

"A faith healer told me to throw this little bundle of sticks into the river," he said, extracting the bundle from his trouser pocket, and throwing it into the water, "or else, something I value most will be swept away by water."

Sally rose from where she sat and her embrace met his. Her heart had finally found its home.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

32. Old Habit

One of the worst habit is that one of having the need to safe keep every soul that you see in distress, not because you are accessible to them, it's because it has become a need to sympathies with them

You end up prioritizing them, somehow it feel like you are saving your purpose, when in reality you are jeopardizing your own happiness at the cost of them not feeling pain, without realizing you have no business trying to fix them

You can never carry all the burden for anyone, you can't let someone else's pain matter to you than your own pain. It feels easier loving and caring for them than it is for you to unpack your own pain because you have buried it. It becomes easier to love the broken ones because you have been there it's your Reflection and you are just afraid to admit that you are broken to....



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
Kempton park
South Africa

33. 13 Dec, 2022 Central Hospital

Dedicated to FAIZA
White Coats, People Crying, Medicine's Smell,
And She Is Fighting With Her Life On The Bed Of
Hospital.
He Is Trying His Best Not To Cry,
And She Is Trying To Fix Her Eyes at Him,
Watching His Every Movement That,
How He Is Running From One Place to Another,
Without Thinking What Is Going On Around Him
And Who Is Looking At Him.
He Felt Devastated but the Only Thing He Knows That,
He Can't See Her In This Condition.
While, She Is On The Bed But He Was In Pain.
And Then....
Faiza Hold His Hand and Whispered In His Ear,
'I Am Sorry Aon"
Her Friend Saying, Trust Me You Have To Go
You Have To Go Before Coming Her Family.
And She (Faiza), Who Gathered All Her
Remaining Strength
And Whispered. "Just Stay Here"
Sigh.....
There Is A Fight Between Both Of Them.
For Him, She Is Trying To Opening Her Eyes.
And He, Who Is Closing His Eyes To Prayer.
She Is Trying To Smile.
And He Is Stopping His Tears, For A While.
Both of Them Were So Close, As So Far Away
From Each Other.
She Is On the Bed of Hospital & He Is Holding
Her Hands,
Holding Hands Like: Whatever Effort He Is
Doing, Going In vain.



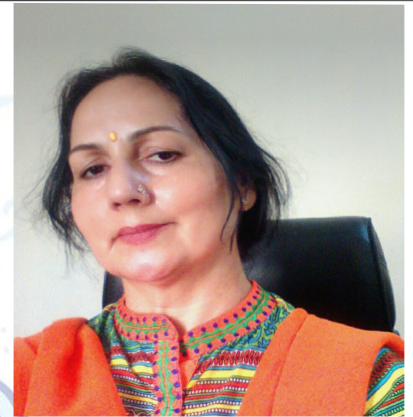
Own Abbas
PsychoWriter
Jhang
Pakistan



Dedicated to my beloved

34. Forgiveness

Seeking forgiveness is far easier than forgiving, Forgiving is actually far tougher than doing this noble and easy seeming act of forgiveness, As it is far harder to forget deceitfulness. Lots of genuine grudges often keep cropping up in the domain of broken hearts and continue stop the brain from ever forgiving, every misdeed that caused so much painful distress indeed. Forgetting is the first and only step obviously For forgiving and also most difficult in reality, As the wrong already done, can't be undone By any means, so why to expect that then. Still is it not far better to always forgive, so that you can live peacefully and happily without wasting precious time and energy by grieving over how, when and why. Your friends, near and dear ones cheated, Instead of bearing malice and being disheartened. It is far wiser to thank God humbly for saving you committing similar harmful or heinous sins as well. And utilize your potential to follow your passions Contributing in self-improvement beyond expectations, by exploring far better avenues for progress, Which is possible only after giving forgiveness.



Promila Bhardwaj
Retd. General
Manager HP
Shimla
Himachal Pradesh

35. HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Let this day come on and on.
The day on which you have born.
Let your life be like bright moon.
Like the sun rising, darkness has gone.
Oh! God to my prayer you hear.
Bestow upon her hundreds and hundreds a years.
Keep her in your care forever.
Give her prosperity and joy as you are the only giver.
May god shower many blessings?
With joy on this day my heart will sing.
Every year this day, happiness it brings.
On this earth you are the only prettiest of all the things.
Today I know it is your date of birth.
Accept this presentation, giving with so mirth.
Always I feel that to me you are so near.
You are the only one, seems me most dear.
As sweet as honey are the words.
Will shower upon you peace and joy, the lord.
Day and night at all time he will guard.
This is my selfless prayer he has heard.
Let the smiling flowers be spread on your way.
The charm and smile on your face let it stay.
With joy again and again I will say.
Wish you a "Happiest Birthday".



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

36. I have seen

I have seen a beautiful girl in love losing her beauty disgusted with colorful colors and wearing a black shawl laughing with a shriveled face _!!!



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

I have seen a handsome young man in love in the corner of a terrace smoking love with a cigarette with a big shave and handing over the fumes of his feelings helplessly crushed by his feet and his numb existence to the smoke. !

I have seen my mother in love who weeps in front of Allah when I laugh for no reason and prays that today I have cried for her part so that her eyes will not cry tomorrow because she is used to laughing. !!

I have seen a father in love who sells toys all day in the sun so that when he goes home in the evening, he does not go empty-handed, otherwise the children open their hands to see what the father has hidden in his hand.

I have seen brothers and sisters in love fighting profusely, pulling hair, fussing about adding more chillies in the living room, but when it is time to leave, they cry profusely as if today their world will be destroyed!!!

I have seen a soldier in love falling apart while making love and assuring someone of immense love that I gave all my passionate feelings to you and you say love and love are nothing, losing to no one. Losing in love!!

37. HAPPY NEW YEAR

The new year shines brightly like a star in the sky. It is a year filled with aspirations and dreams. For those who aspire to acquire the desire that they admire, when you fired in 2022 but it backfires do not retire but refire in 2023 to acquire the desire you admire.

The old year may have been a rough year or a good year for you depending on how you experienced or used it. The onus lies on you this year to make plans on how to acquire that dream of yours.

It is important to note that if you have beautiful plans this year, in the process of working towards them, you may experience some challenges. When you encounter these challenges, do not be discouraged but be encouraged and motivate yourself to keep moving for success is not achieved in a day.

Great men in the world do not achieve success on a single trial, it takes a lot of work and struggles. The law of accumulation says it by telling us that "The success one acquires is as a result of other failed action towards that particular goal" Do not relent.

At the same time, you have to bear in mind that as you struggle toward achieving your dreams, you may be laughed at by families and friends but see that as a stepping stone to success and keep moving without looking back.

If you have a goal you intend to achieve this year, try your best to draw your plans and create a pathway toward that which you intend to achieve. Do away with the unnecessary things that can hinder your progress, then define your goal.

Happy New Year.



Salako Matthew
Student
Festac
Nigeria

38. Oceans of Your Love

Oceans of Your Love
Who beset in thy eyes
That trimmers you into pieces
Pain of your silence
Afraid like a lion's roar

Who there be living
In thine heart....
Who's talk you curiously hearing
Oh! the solely talk

Oceans of your eyes so deep
O' deeper than thy tender age
And this exotic decamp
Acceding regress of life's foliage

You're looking like virulent...
As some one rout your genial heart
To let you go into some obstinate
And alter you back to genuine prohibit.



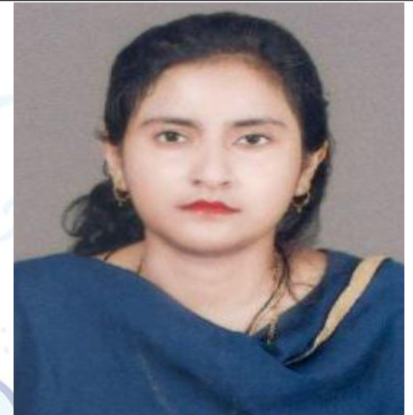
**Saleem Raza
Jakhar
(Amar Shaw)
Teacher, Writer,
Poet and Seer
Khairpur Mir's
Pakistan**

39. A HUSBAND WOES

Her enigmatic personality keeps me rocking to and fro. Undeterred like waves, I keep struggling to reach the shore.

My several attempts to fathom and listen to her inner voice and explore have left me baffled and covered me with suspense all the more.

Oh my dear, please let me know how I should oar the boat to reach your heart and leave no space apart, so that our married life glows.



Shadabi Naz
Writer
Patna
Bihar

40. New Beginning



Inside a stone, a soul reside within it
The one then the other will temper
Tumult tresses thumped
Into a perilous journey

Inside a stone, a heart reside within it
Plethora of wounds beleaguer
Contrition of hearts
Truculent of ones whimpering

Inside a stone, a mind reside in it
With ease, remorseful and penitent
Beyond time, change expedient

Inside a stone, a green bud reside within it
Hold them brown to brown
And you can watch them grow, side by side

Inside a stone, a new beginning reside within it
A beautiful flower born from autumn leaves
Eminent is divine
Gives me a pot of never ending love.

**Sheila Ann
Packirnathan
Writer
Ipoh, Perak
Malaysia**

41. Corruption target disorientation



**Shiv Prasad
Latehar
Jharkhand**

There is also an eternal soul in this human body. It has two aspects, the mortal body of material life and the eternal soul within it.

Academic knowledge and science of physics is needed for living. This is the goal of living. Second, the goal of life is the knowledge and science of eternal truth. Whenever the science of true consciousness disappears, its knot of knowledge gets entangled. After this, directly or indirectly by the inexperienced person, his plight becomes aimless due to unrestrained comment and remains just a ritualistic act. Then the shops of darshan in the country of Kabir Saheb face further plight. The sect starts flourishing. Class conflict begins. They become helpers and nurturers of power. This is greatly facilitated by movement.

The conscious power which has to be cultivated, without knowledge and science, we start swimming in darkness i.e. the darkness of materialism. Only the peak of materialism is visible. The conscience seems to be empty and we see only meaning. Seeing its respect and influence in the society, we also follow it. more than necessary Then we choose the path, whatever it may be. The common people go on snatching, considering it as the fate given by God, the bestower of fortune. All the power is slowly becoming dull again. And the path of corruption of the special becomes easier.

And most of all, on the contrary, we keep on praising the style behind them by tying hands behind them. Gautam of DIG rightly says that if we stop standing behind them, they themselves will come in line. The scale of corruption can also decrease by this.

42. All Alone !

Enmeshed in a cobweb of
his own
today each person stands alone !

Admist the arid landscape,
a strong wind ruffles,
the wind chime moans,
the floating clouds
whisper of perils, abysses,
aches and muffled sobs.

The cool rain sprinkles acid !

Across the carpet of
the star-studded sky
the gentle, elegant moon
glides all alone.

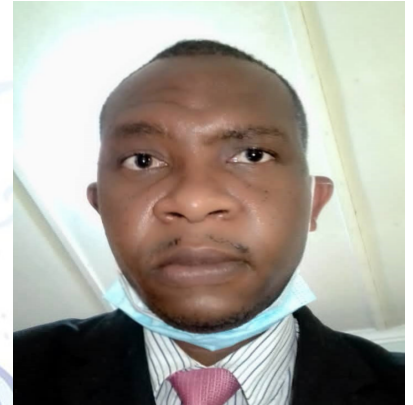
The umbilical chord between
the inside and the outside
stands broken,
I stand all alone...
In an altogether
different Time Zone !!



Sindhu Rana
Poet, writer, anchor,
script writer and
voice-over artist
for documentaries
Jalandhar
Punjab

43. PULPIT BANDIT

City pastor Man Kush
Had a devilish crush
On a married woman
She approached the clergyman
After a church service
Seeking some heavenly advice
For her marriage was going through a rough patch
But the sex - starved beast masquerading as a man of
God only saw a beautiful catch
Though doubling as a comedian his proposal to her
was no joke
He removed with ease the Christian yoke
Fed her sweet lies by the spades
Enticing her to meet regularly for some sex escapades
Till the day she fell pregnant
And his affections for her became stagnant
He sent his forbidden honey
A bundle of money
To terminate the pregnancy
In order to conceal the indecency
Much to her amazement
This incident led to her abandonment
Mobile phone blockage
And worst of all the collapse of her marriage.



Stephen Linjesa
Writer, Poet,
Author
Harare
Zimbabwe

44. IN THE RAIN

The blue carafe of the sky broke -
from there flowed cheerful rainwater.
It was dripping evenly
through the divine sieve
on houses, trees and flowers.

The water ran out.
The golden head of the sun
peered out of the opening.
You hugged me and we both continued
under the seven-colored rainbow.



Stoianka Boianva
Physicist. Author
Bulgaria

45. INJUSTICE

Crumbling paradise
Of great possibilities and fading hope;
Like smiling hungry owls
In the woods of injustice.
In a world
Of half-baked harmful truths
Everything will sink.

It is revealed;
Justice will suffer
For sad decades
If not solid ages.
We celebrate
The crying presence.
The young,
The old,
Will feel the untold pain.

Even In the trenches
Of terrible setbacks,
The hard truth
Will be difficult to trace,when the dust settles:
Acts of voodooism
Will govern
But the faded paradise,
The blind truth will survive,but in some circles.



Terrence Mwedzi
Award winning
Poet, Write,
Columnist
Zimbabwe

46. I Know Why the Caged Birds Sings...

Wired fences and polls,
Gates with locks all closed.
Freedom, a vision of the past.
Flying with a flock above the clouds,
vision beyond the horizon of a future bound.

Knowing that together, you will always be homeward
bound.

A school of salmon always finding their place,
beyond the seas and skies,
hope and faith shall rise.
Aviary divided by a cage,
flock separated by a vision so uneducated.
I know why the cage bird sings,
it is in hopes freedom once again rings.

Escape seems so foregone,
a pain of the heart that mourns.
Eyes well with tears of a path now torn,
synthetic the view that looks like a dream.
Voices silenced but forever they scream.
Family forever, even though branched in time.
Singing songs of freedom to each other from the other side.

How disoriented they have become,
wings may be cut but the feet can still run.
Sweet the liberty that soon shall come,
back to the place of happiness which cannot be destroyed or undone.

Fires of passion burn from within,
bent knees and heads bowed.
Upon every countenance a smirk and grin,
a wise head prevails as the birds rise."



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

Every moment, the voices share their nature and pride.
Messages of hope continue to be shared,
knowing the birds one day will be together again.

No cage will keep them captive in enduring times.
More and more may be caught,
but soon nets will not work. For flocks shall become wiser,
hunters become the hunted, bringing a peace most warranted.

Songs become louder and even sweeter,
as freedom looms near.
Wings no longer beat in fear,
but beat a rhythm of joy,
knowing once again together they shall fly.
They shall carry those who lost their wings,
a silver lining tomorrow brings.

I know why caged birds sing.
I am the bird waiting for freedom's sweet ring.
Torn in Midnight's time, I refuse to sing in fear.
I shall sing, for the light is near.
Flying into the darken skies,
together we rise.
Together we rise.

By Tha Ono

47. WASTED EFFORTS

Human sometimes
Wasted efforts
Wants
Endless desires
Loves
Jealousies
Even bird sometimes
Wasted flat its wings
While flies in the sky
Wasted efforts
Everything as it should be
Wherever self has to go
Wheresoever it has to end
Whatever it has to be
Everything as it is
The rest wasted efforts.



Turkan Ergor
Sociologist,
Philosopher, Writer,
Poet, Columnist,
Art Photography
Model, Ambassador
for Peace
Izmir
Turkey

48. Those sad moments

Those sad moments
When all hope was gone
Those sad moments
When tears well up the eyes
Those sad moments
When you commiserated yourself
Those sad moments
When the savior became the chaser
Those sad moments
When the crony became the antagonist
Those sad moments
When what I nestled against became the lion den
Those sad moments
When liberty turned to servitude



**Umar Maryam
Ayomide
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria**

49. An Eve on a River Bank

Is it their effervescence?

Is it their transparent appearance?

Is it their radiant presence?

What makes these ripples so dear to me even if they seem to be transient?

Dear River let me ask you so, on this eve As you are my only companion here in these golden hours.

Is it so, that they are adorning you at this evening? Is

it so, that they are breaking your long silence in this twilight?

Is it so, that they are transferring their vibrancy to both of us?

What makes these ripples so dear to me Even if they are with us here just for a while?

Dear River, only you can enlighten me on this

As you are my only acquaintance now in these golden hours.

Is it that naughty boy who throws a stone at you while rushing back home,

Is it that tiny bird who presents its feathers to you on the way back to its nest,

Is it that old banyan tree who sends it's another new leaf to you, or

Is it this cool breeze loitering around us now humming a joyous a tune,

Who among them have created these ripples on you just now,

Even if they know that these tiny whirlpools on your surface are just momentary?

Dear River, only you can reveal that secret to me

As you are my only confident here in these golden hours.

Yes, I got the answer from the benign smile of yours my dear River,

That no matter, from which source such ripples of changes come to us,

No matter if they disturb our serenity of the moment,

And no matter how much ever transient they would be

Let us try to embrace them and find a celestial joy in their company.

Just be mindful and learn to live in the moment.



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & N.L.P
Coach
New Delhi

50. Season of spring

Season of spring came to start,
there is wave of happiness in the heart.

Listen to the sweet and peaceful voice of birds,
the one who makes the poet write beautiful word's.

New leaves come to the tree,
Disappointment makes the mind free.

Land looks like a new bride,
As Season of autumn has died.

the weather becomes pleasant,
Living Atmosphere becomes decent.

the cuckoo's cuckoo sounds sweet,
Lover and beloved together meet.

Beautiful Flowers bloom in the spring,
Dreams starts wearing new wings.

the beauty of mustard looks unique,
the greenery of spring removes the pique.

Scene the nature at its best,
the peacock is dancing in the forest.

Spring season is called the king,
Cold breeze causes happiness in the mind wring.



Vivek Sharma
Kullu
Himachal Pradesh

51. Shall I make a wish?

As the new year begins with a bang,
A flood of messages of best wishes pour in;
Some from the heart but most without a soul,
Just a formality that makes one feel like a dustbin.

So, when I sat down to write
What I wished for the people I know,
All that prosperity, health, joy and success messages I
got Buried my brain deep in the snow.

After a jolt from my conscience and a nudge from queen empathy,
I jumped out from the cold land of pretention;
I realized that most people fall in the acquaintance category,
Though, for them, my mind has every good thought and intention.

Shall I make a wish for the people I care about
And for those who are distant but matter to me
How about a common wish for all that is more like a true prayer,
Pure with positive energy and nothing plucked from the show-off tree?

Shall I make a wish that God or the Cosmic energy
Keeps them warm with the love of their family every night?
Shall I pray that they have the strength to fight every battle
To achieve their goals and be guided towards the light?

Shall I pray that may we all learn to forgive each others' mistakes
Which will give us all good health and mental peace?
Shall I ask for them to be grateful to others,
Just like I have learnt to do every day with ease?

Shall I make a wish for our planet and mother nature
To not be tortured anymore?
Shall I make a wish that all of us forgive ourselves daily



Vizzmaya Jalal
Student
Mumbai

And do good deeds without keeping a score?

What would be a better way to wish anyone, a happy new year
Than to add them and their loved ones to your daily prayer list;
But never letting them know because love is to spread,
Not to take credit as life is to live, not just to exist.

Happy New Year
To you, a Precious Soul.

By Vizzmaya Jalal

52. Going Together

When I go to the park and look at flowers,
You sit on the flowers like a butterfly
Smiling brightly.

When I plead for new strength to the sea
Walking along the beach with a tired body,
You are drawing a heart shape with both hands
Walking on the waves.

When I am looking out the window on the plane,
You are praying for me
Standing on a white cloud.

When I walk alone on a dark night road,
You become a round moon
And follow me shining on my path.

You, the one who shines the eyes of love
Following me anytime anywhere
Are a noble stalker that no one can stop.



Wansoo Kim
Poet and Writer
South Korea

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