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# PANACHE

**March 2023**

**Volume 2, Issue 3**

**Presented by:  
Aadhya  
Publishing  
House**

**Chief Editor :  
Akanksha Shrivastava  
+919424002558**

# Preface

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*"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**

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## **PANACHE** International Magazine

March 2023

**Publisher &  
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava  
9424002558

**Designed by:**

Lalit Kishore Gaur  
LKG Telefilms  
lkgaur76@gmail.com

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



**Akanksha Shrivastava**  
**Publisher & Chief Editor**

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# PANACHE

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## **GUEST OF THE MONTH**

### **PCOS (POLY CYSTIC OVARIAN SYNDROME)**



**DR AYUSHI**  
**SHRIVASTAVA**  
**BHMS,MD(MATERIA**  
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**TO CONSULT YOU CAN**  
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#### **WHAT IS POLYCYSTIC OVARIAN SYNDROME?**

**POLYCYSTIC OVARY SYNDROME (PCOS) IS A HORMONAL IMBALANCE THAT OCCURS WHEN YOUR OVARIES (THE ORGAN THAT PRODUCES AND RELEASES EGGS) CREATE EXCESS HORMONES**

#### **\* PCOS CAUSES:-**

**THERE ARE NUMEROUS FACTORS THAT CAN GIVE RISE TO POLYCYSTIC OVARY SYNDROME (PCOS) AND DISRUPT YOUR LIFE. ALTHOUGH THERE ARE VARIOUS TREATMENTS FOR THE CONDITION (INCLUDING HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINES FOR PCOS), IT IS VERY CHALLENGING TO LIVE WITH IT.**

#### **SOME OF THE MOST COMMON CAUSES ARE LISTED BELOW:**

##### **1. INCREASED INSULIN LEVELS**

**ONE OF THE BIGGEST REASONS FOR PCOS IS AN INCREASED LEVEL OF INSULIN. THE PANCREAS PRODUCES INSULIN, WHICH IS A HORMONE THAT ALLOWS THE CELLULAR UNITS OF THE BODY TO UTILIZE SUGAR AS THE PRIMARY ENERGY SOURCE OF THE HUMAN BODY. HOWEVER, IF THE CELLS BECOME RESISTANT TO ANY ACTIONS PERFORMED BY INSULIN, IT CAUSES THE BODY TO PRODUCE AN INCREASED VOLUME OF INSULIN, WHICH AUTOMATICALLY RESULTS IN HIGHER BLOOD SUGAR LEVELS, GIVING RISE TO A HORMONAL IMBALANCE. IT ALSO HAS THE PROBABILITY OF INCREASING THE PRODUCTION OF ANDROGEN, WHICH MIGHT MESS UP THE USUAL OVULATION CYCLE, CAUSING PCOS**

## **2. HEREDITARY AND GENETIC REASONS**

**PCOS CAN ALSO BE GENETIC. IF YOU HAVE FAMILY MEMBERS WITH PCOS, YOU ARE ALSO AT HIGH RISK OF HAVING IT SINCE HEREDITY AND GENETICS HAVE A HUGE ROLE TO PLAY HERE. YOU SHOULD SEEK IMMEDIATE TREATMENT IF THIS IS THE CASE, INCLUDING PCOS HOMEOPATHY TREATMENT.**

## **3. LOW-GRADE INFLAMMATION**

**ACCORDING TO RESEARCH, WOMEN WITH PCOS HAVE A LOW-GRADE INFLAMMATION (LESS PRODUCTION OF AN INFECTION-FIGHTING SUBSTANCE BY WHITE BLOOD CORPUSCLES), WHICH HELPS STIMULATE THE POLYCYSTIC OVARIES AND, THEREFORE, THE CREATION OF ANDROGENS. THIS CAN ALSO LEAD TO HEART AND BLOOD VESSEL-RELATED ISSUES.**

## **4. EXCESS ANDROGEN**

**IF THE OVARIES TEND TO PRODUCE EXCESS ANDROGEN, THE CHANCES OF POLYCYSTIC OVARIAN SYNDROME ARE INCREASED, CAUSING ACNE AND HIRSUTISM.**

**WHAT AGE DOES PCOS START?**

**MOST PEOPLE ARE DIAGNOSED IN THEIR 20S OR 30S WHEN THEY'RE TRYING TO GET PREGNANT. YOU MAY HAVE A HIGHER CHANCE OF GETTING PCOS IF YOU HAVE OBESITY OR IF OTHER PEOPLE IN YOUR BIOLOGICAL FAMILY HAVE PCOS.**

**PCOS SYMPTOMS.**

**THE SYMPTOMS OF PCOS MIGHT VARY A LOT FROM PERSON TO PERSON, AND TWO WOMEN WITH PCOS MAY HAVE DIFFERENT SYMPTOMS. YOU CAN BE DIAGNOSED WITH PCOS IF YOU HAVE AT LEAST TWO OF THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:**

**1. WHEN YOU EXPERIENCE IRREGULAR PERIODS**

**IF YOUR MENSTRUAL PERIODS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN, OR IF THEY'RE HUGELY IRREGULAR, YOU MIGHT HAVE PCOS. THIS IS ALSO EQUALLY TRUE IF YOU HAVE A PERIOD THAT LASTS FOR A LONGER TIME THAN A PERIOD IS SUPPOSED TO LAST. IF YOU HAVE LESS THAN NINE PERIODS A YEAR, YOU NEED TO TAKE THAT AS A BIG RED FLAG AND A WARNING. EVEN WHEN YOU'RE GETTING PERIODS, YOU MAY WANT TO BOOK A SESSION WITH YOUR OB/GYN WHEN YOUR PERIODS ARE 35 DAYS APART. YOU MAY ALSO FACE DIFFICULTIES CONCEIVING IF YOU ARE AFFLICTED WITH THIS CONDITION.**

**2. INCREASE IN FACIAL HAIR AND OTHER BODY HAIR**

**YOU CAN EXPERIENCE HIRSUTISM, WHICH IS AN INCREASE IN THE LEVELS OF BODY HAIR AND ESPECIALLY FACIAL HAIR. THIS IS BECAUSE OF THE HORMONAL IMBALANCES CAUSED BY PCOS, ESPECIALLY AN INCREASE IN TESTOSTERONE AND ANDROGEN.**

**3. POLYCYSTIC OVARIES**

**IN THIS CONDITION, YOUR OVARIES WILL GET BIGGER THAN THEIR USUAL SIZE AND NUMEROUS FOLLICLES CONTAINING IMMATURE EGGS WILL DEVELOP AROUND THE EDGE OF THE OVARY. AS A RESULT, THE OVARIES WILL NOT FUNCTION AS THEY SHOULD.**

## **HOW DO I KNOW I HAVE PCOS?**

**IF YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING ANY OF THE AFOREMENTIONED SYMPTOMS, IT'S TIME TO CONSULT A DOCTOR. HORMONAL CHANGES THAT OCCUR DURING PCOS CAN ALSO CAUSE YOU TO HAVE A SPURT IN THE GROWTH OF FACIAL HAIR, SO THAT SHOULD BE ANOTHER PRIMARY SYMPTOM OF THE CONDITION.**

**PARTICULARLY IF YOU FIND THAT YOUR PERIODS ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE IRREGULAR AND FEWER, IT'S UNWISE TO DELAY GETTING A CHECK-UP.**

## **CAN HOMEOPATHY CURE PCOS PERMANENTLY?**

**ALLOPATHIC MEDICATIONS ARE FOCUSED ON MANAGING THE SYMPTOMS OF PCOS AND NOT TREATING THE CONDITION ITSELF. HOWEVER, HOMEOPATHY FOR PCOS WORKS ON MANAGING THE OVERALL HEALTH OF A WOMAN. IT HELPS WOMEN IN MANAGING THE HEALTH OF THEIR UTERUS AND REGULARISES THEIR OVULATION CYCLE.**

**ACCORDING TO RESEARCH, HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES RESTORE HORMONAL IMBALANCE WITHOUT TIPPING THE SCALES TOO MUCH. THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF HOMEOPATHY IS TO TREAT THE ROOT CAUSE OF THE CONDITION ITSELF AND NOT JUST SUPPRESS THE SYMPTOMS. THAT IS WHY HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES FOR PCOD CAN WORK GREAT AS AN ADJUNCT TO TRADITIONAL MEDICATIONS. THEY ENSURE A SAFE AND HEALTHY TREATMENT OPTION THAT DOES NOT DRASTICALLY CHANGE YOUR BODY.**

## **HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE FOR PCOD**

### **1. PULSATILLA**

**YOU SHOULD TAKE PULSATILLA IF YOU HAVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:**

**MENSES ARE SUPPRESSED, SCANTY, SHORT, OR ARRIVE LATE  
DARK, BLACK, PALE, CLOTTED MENSTRUAL BLOOD  
A TENDENCY TO HAVE CRYING SPELLS AND TIMIDITY  
NOT FEELING THIRSTY AND LACKING THE NEED FOR OPEN AIR**

### **2. SEPIA**

**YOU SHOULD TAKE SEPIA IF YOU HAVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:**

**PRESENCE OF FACIAL HAIR, ESPECIALLY ON THE UPPER LIP AND CHIN AREA  
IRREGULAR, SCANTY PERIODS OR SUPPRESSED MENSES  
IRREGULARITY IN PERIODS COMES WITH INTENSE CRAMPS IN THE PELVIC REGION  
INDIFFERENCE TO SOCIAL CONNECTIONS AND THOSE AROUND GETTING IRRITATED, DEMOTIVATED, OR TENDENCY TO WEEP.**

### **3. THUJA**

**YOU SHOULD TAKE THUJA IF YOU:**

**HAVE HAIR GROWTH ON YOUR FACE AND BODY  
HAVE PERIODS ARE SCANTY IN NATURE  
HAVE CYSTS IN THE OVARY THAT BEGIN TO HURT DURING PERIODS**

### **OTHER HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES FOR PCOD INCLUDE:**

**LACHESIS, CALCAREA CARB, LYCOPodium, MEDORRHINUM, APIS, PHOSPHORUS, CALCAREA PHOS, AND KALI CARBONICUM.**

## **HOW EFFECTIVE ARE HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES AND TREATMENTS FOR POLYCYSTIC OVARY?**

HOMEOPATHY ADDRESSES THE ROOT CAUSE OF THE ISSUE BY CORRECTING ANY HORMONAL FLUCTUATIONS AND MAKING OVULATION AND PERIODS REGULAR. HOMEOPATHIC TREATMENT IS KNOWN TO BE VERY EFFECTIVE AS IT IS KNOWN TO ALLEVIATE THE SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF PCOS AND PCOD AND IS ALSO FREE OF ANY SIDE EFFECTS THAT ARE USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH ALLOPATHY AND OTHER TREATMENT METHODS.

## **HOW LONG DOES HOMEOPATHY TAKE TO CURE PCOS?**

HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE WORKS BY TREATING YOUR BODY AS A WHOLE AND REQUIRES PATIENCE. WITH THE REGULAR USAGE OF MEDICATION AS DIRECTED BY YOUR HEALTH SPECIALIST, THE NORMAL PCOS TREATMENT DURATION IN HOMEOPATHY LASTS AROUND THREE TO SIX MONTHS. THIS MAY VARY ACCORDING TO A WOMAN'S INDIVIDUAL SYMPTOMS AND THE SEVERITY OF THE CONDITION.

## **OTHER THINGS YOU CAN DO TO CURE PCOS**

WOMEN MIGHT OFTEN REQUIRE LIFESTYLE CHANGES, ALONG WITH HOMEOPATHY FOR PCOS. WE HAVE LISTED A FEW OTHER WAYS BY WHICH YOU CAN MANAGE PCOS:

### **WEIGHT LOSS**

A CRUCIAL PART OF CONTROLLING YOUR PCOS SYMPTOMS IS MAINTAINING A HEALTHY WEIGHT. STUDIES SUGGEST THAT LOSING 5% OF BODY WEIGHT CAN HELP YOU MANAGE YOUR PCOS-RELATED SYMPTOMS.

## **DIET MODIFICATIONS**

**EATING A HEALTHY AND BALANCED DIET IS A VITAL PART OF CONTROLLING PCOS. WOMEN WITH PCOS CAN HAVE HIGHER LEVELS OF INSULIN, WHICH PUTS THEM AT RISK OF DEVELOPING DIABETES. YOU CAN FOCUS ON MINIMISING INTAKE OF FOOD WITH CARBOHYDRATES AND SUGAR, WHICH WILL HELP YOU MAINTAIN A HEALTHY BLOOD SUGAR LEVEL.**

## **EXERCISE**

**REGULAR EXERCISE WILL HELP YOU PREVENT THE ADVERSE EFFECTS OF PCOS ON YOUR HEART AND BLOOD SUGAR LEVELS. IT ALSO HELPS IN IMPROVING MOOD AND REGULATING SLEEP CYCLES.**

## **SUPPLEMENTS**

**OMEGA-3 FISH OIL, VITAMIN D, AND VITAMIN B COMPLEX ARE SOME NUTRITIONAL SUPPLEMENTS THAT CAN EFFECTIVELY MANAGE PCOS ACCORDING TO RESEARCH.**

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

## 1. MISSION OF THE MAN



**Abdukakhor Kosim**  
**Tajikistan**

Man came into this world to fulfill his mission -  
Everyone has their own mission too  
This mission is the work of all people, construe.  
Our journey begins from the womb, our intentions are  
ahead.

Intentions to solve the problems of this world,  
Desires to solve issues of this boundless planet are  
made.

The intention of knowing the revolving universe,  
Do we have the will in this world of vexation, in this  
bloody world?

So what to do?

To go on a journey through life, you need to prepare  
As you are just a backpack of regret,  
So do not remain in annoyance, unknown in the  
nameless, be careful!

Study world science,  
Make the advice of the sages your armor!

Calm the stubborn passion!

Illuminate the ignorant heart!

These will all come in handy on the road.

A road that is equal to a long breath,  
Until the truth came to you, until you reached death.

Find yourself in yourself!

Find yourself in yourself!

After all, the road is long, and we are all on the way,  
It's like a mirage that we look at in vain,  
With surprise and annoyance.

Are we blind or sighted, dumb or deaf,  
Deceivers or honest, beggars or rich,  
Kings or slaves?

Whoever you are in the passing world,  
We are nothing more than puppets of fate,

And sooner or later we will leave this world.  
So why all this fuss and misunderstanding?  
All this deceit and bloodshed?  
All this enmity with oneself,  
As if everyone has gone crazy and we are threatening everyone with war.  
We are all children of Adam and Eve,  
It means we are all "brothers and sisters".  
For this reason, give up hypocrisy,  
Let's live happily as one family,  
Like parts of the same body!  
As life is just a handful of breath,  
Sunset is there for sure,  
So, let's try to meet the sunset with honor  
And remain human, we should assure.

Translated by poet Santosh Kumar Pokharel. Nepal Nov 01. 2022.

**By Abdukakor Kosim**

## 2. Winter



**Abu Al Farabi Al  
Farabi Provat  
Vet microbiologist  
Chittagong  
Bangladesh**

The path is surrounded by fog, and the rural river's water is dry. However, new grass has grown during it - soft, green, and magically young. The river's love seems to look at me and smile, saying,

"You people!

Can you pay the price of love? We are little grass, yet look at the river.

What amazing beauty is being created? Why can't you break the wall of division to build a green love?" I'm shocked among the green grass with such a deep sense of life!

I am a passenger on the silent road,  
wet with steam  
from a distant sea or river,  
running in hope to get a handful of love as a poor person.

The full moon in the sky is calling me,

"You are of the world, people.

Poem about me,

how much have you written?

Rhymes of romance,

everything is a lie, emotional fumes."

When there is lightning during a storm, and the friction of the clouds in monsoon,

I am the moon,

then what goes away from the chest of the sky.

But how about you? Bonding,

infested with the poison of self-interest,

why do you go out of your mind far away?"

I am shocked in the words of that moon,

and I admit defeat.

We are real people, very narrow,

forgetting the soil again and again.

Everything in the world is exhausted and will be.

The spiritual bond will remain, a memorable life.

### 3. A Maiden Talks of Beauty



**Ahsanullah Nasar**  
**Student, writer**  
**Loralai**  
**Pakistan**

Thou talketh in symmetry, like the day,  
The day that slowly and slowly astonishes my way.  
Thy cheeks dimple and pimple as thou talketh,  
The earth dances, the sky weeps as thou walketh.

I saw, yes, I saw, what I saw was scepticism that I saw.  
The smirk that kills, the tinge like a silky draw.  
Expo, my Phantom before stars, my Oomph before  
Thee.

I was I, yes, "Thee was Thee," both mingled with  
terrible beauty.

Thou and thy umbra were unknown to me,  
As a Juvenile, thou stole me from me.  
Cutting of trees is forbidden and is a flaw,  
While amalgamating Daphne and Apollo is a divine law.

Finally, Amorphous met Thee, who talks terribly.

## 4. Iran Speaking



**Ajit Kumar Singh**  
**Research Scholar**  
**Delhi**

Iran Speaking...  
I was inhabited in my history  
But, I'm crying today

Iran Speaking...  
Why am I speaking?  
Because, you all are silent  
I am fighting my own battle  
Because my soul is crying  
That was once free  
But, captive today

Iran speaking ...  
Happy girls and women are not liked by them  
Because they were never human

They made the history  
And proudly reading it again  
Maintaining that history is compulsion in the future  
So that the skin of being a man does not come off  
Because it's coming off will make them human  
But they never wanted it  
So, Iran is speaking today  
To forge the grammar of future and to be among  
And to win the battle of the future  
Iran is fighting today  
Iran is speaking today.

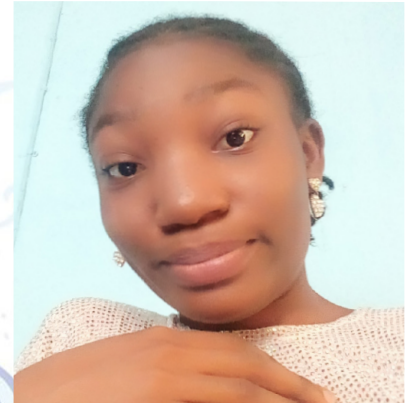
## 5. Nature's Outburst

Who can save us?  
Save us from the wrath that nature has brought  
To our doorstep through our own free will.

When I contemplate the reason  
For nature's unexpected visit,  
I realize that humans have been their own worst enemy  
By provoking nature's anger  
Through dumping waste on its path.  
In the heart of the city  
Resides an industry that releases its poison  
Through a narrow tunnel in its roof.  
This poison spreads far and wide into the sky  
Causing the heavens to weep  
And disasters on Earth's inhabitants.

A new era has arrived  
With the help of farmers to control the disaster.  
They protect the home  
That houses tall creatures with leaf counterparts.

A new era has arrived  
With a white-clad and powerful man  
To provide ongoing protection  
To the oceans.



**Akindipe  
Oluwafunmilola  
Writer, student  
Ibafo  
Nigeria**

## 6. Adventure



**Aladodo Yasir  
Abdulganiy  
Student, writer  
Ilorin  
Nigeria**

The sound was very heavy  
When I heard my name being called  
From the mouth of a heavy man  
As the echo fell in a descending tone.

I spoke with them  
To tell them about my story

I was flown out  
When my father and mother  
Passed away 17 years ago

I became an orphan  
There was a time when I used to play with the birds  
Touching their necks, enjoying their song  
The birds sang an epic song  
In a mournful tone

Can I have a melody of past heroes  
To tell me the story of our legendary past?  
Myths were told to me by my father  
Folklore is a story.

## 7. Ice Cream



People say follow your dreams,  
'cause life is like a melting ice cream. You only have  
one more cone,  
fill it up with opportunity before its gone.

If the ice cream melts with licks, You're lucky my dear,  
to have no risks!  
Of living a life full of hunger and desire,  
As you have done hard work with burning fire.

But if you are unable to eat,  
The ice cream before it leaks.  
Then then your life will be full of grief, so much that you won't be able to sleep.

**Arushi Mishra**  
**Student**  
**Bhopal**  
**Madhya Pradesh**

## 8. The Unknown Hero



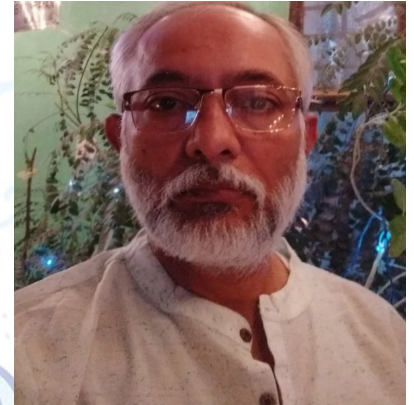
**Binod Dawadi**  
**Writer**  
**Nepal**

You thought I am zero,  
I am nothing,  
I can't become rich or  
look after my family,  
But I am a hidden hero.

I have my own talents,  
That are only known to me,  
I am not useless or absurd,  
As you are thinking,  
I am an enlightened man.

I know my duties as well as  
responsibilities, I will show my genius  
when the right time comes.  
I am the unknown hero,  
I know myself much more than you.

## 9. TWO BEGGARS



**Boby Narayan**  
**Ph. D Scholar**  
**Rajouri Garden**  
**Delhi**

Ramvilas was returning from Lucknow; it was going to be dusk and as he took turn towards his village, Ajmal stopped him by his collar and said:

- The Thakurs have slaughtered your family .  
- When?  
- Last night: they have burnt your house along with your parents. Two days ago, they raped your sister and killed her. Your father went to police station but the police burnt the body in the midnight without letting anyone to do the last rites. Now they are searching for you. It is better you escape, or you will be killed.

- Who wants to kill me? What wrong I have done? Have I inflicted any harm to them?

- I have informed you. Now it's choice. It's the land which comes in between.

- Why did they rape my sister and then kill her? Why did the police burn the body immediately? I will fight with them.

- They are many. You can't overpower them.

Before Ajmal could speak, Ramvilas saw goons approaching him with lathis. He ran leaving the roads, taking the agri-fields, ran to the top of his speed to evade the stones that were following him. However, few he couldn't escape, one of which hit his head and injured him resulting in bleeding, too profusely.

Ignoring the stone shower, he saw a train and competed with it but ultimately climbed upon it one-handedly. The train gained speed to beat the mob.

Ramvilas first sat near the narrow space between the toilets but couldn't stay conscious for long for he was bleeding, fell on the floor.

He recovered his senses at Agra station after sprinkling of water by a RPF jawan. After getting down, he washed himself at the platform. Though it was dawn, quarter past 3, he was hungry; so, was waiting near a tea stall in the platform with a hope that the train would leave soon. As soon as it took speed, he grabbed eatables, snatched few and entered the Nizam Humsafar Express. The shouting of the shopkeeper diffused with the whistle and also it was

difficult to find out the thief among the crowd.

At half past 6, his eyes opened when the train stopped at Nizamuddin Railway Station, Delhi. He came down but was unaware what to do, where to go. Just as a wanderer, he began to walk without a reason. Then stopped near Jama Masjid and sat in the queue with other beggars. The lunch was quiet enough.

He was unable to decide where to go; suddenly a bus gave a sharp horn.

He startled; back to his senses, he boarded the same bus. It was going to be dusk, but the cacophony of honking horns irritated him. Suddenly, the driver shouted, 'ticket checkers are arriving'. He got down from the bus before the bus-stop.

'Which place is it? RTO Raja Garden, DTC, Rein Basera...' he began to think, a thought which was creeping over since morning when he deboarded the train, where to go? The world is populated and yet everyone is unknown.

-2-

He crossed the road and sat under the flyover, a few meters away from the crud, and homeless peoples, all female, six or seven in number, who were watching him suspiciously. He then began to search his phone in his bag, pockets but in vain. 'Lost in the run?' he murmured.

Sitting on a stone, he began to think about the massacre, 'What may be the exact reasons? We don't have much land... How can I take revenge? The Police always sides with the powerful. Court also cannot grant immediate relief. I don't have money to fight the case. I am so helpless; couldn't save my family. In which country am I living? I should have fought back...but I am alone. We are minority, poor and bonded labour.'

The night was going darker, but traffic as usual. He then jumped into irrational thought, 'why don't these vehicles go to their homes? Moving all around, creating nuisance, noise beyond toleration'. Suddenly, he saw one fat old woman stood before him with a plate full of food. He hesitated but extended his hand. The woman sat opposite to him and asked, 'Have you left your home?'

- Yes, no...no ...

- From where you came? Where is your house?

- Hasrath.

- Okay, now take the food and sleep; you can sleep there on the mattress, but the blanket is with holes.

The food wasn't tasty. Amidst the noisy traffic, he caught narcolepsy even though the mattress having staunch smell of urine. 'Perhaps, it was used by the children, now discarded'. He thought, 'There is a family here also, nomadic life. Who will think about them?

In the morning, he was awakened by the old lady.

- Will you take tea?

He nodded. A small girl handed over the cup of tea, the cup with strain, strain of extreme poverty. Then suddenly, they rushed... one of them said, 'come with us.

He said, 'where?'

- Over there, the Bell of the mandir has rung.

He also ran but none were allowed to enter. All the females sat in a line on the footpath while the males controlled the traffic, some sold flowers, oil-bottles, garlands, thalis, cloths for god, small earthen lamps...

Ramvilas tried to enter with the VIPs but he was stopped. 'You can't come inside,' said the Priest. 'You haven't taken bath nor have worn the new clothes.' He came back and began to think, 'For clothes, I need money! How can I earn money?' he went to the old woman and said, 'I want to earn money; tell me how I can get some work?'

- Good one or the bad ?

- What is the bad one?

- Night job; stealing, snatching like ...

- No. no, I can't do that.

- For good one, you can drive rickshaw or wash cars or deliver newspaper.

- Last two are fine.

-3-

He got around sixteen cars to wash and an e-rickshaw on hire with 50-50 contract: enough for the first month. But keeping so much money was a difficult task as anyone can ensnare them out in the night while sleeping without boundaries.

Ramvilas thanked his luck to have survived which gave him a chance to start a new life. He couldn't count two months which have passed by. One day, while washing the car of one Mr. Sukhbir Singh, one person was trying to enter house of Mr. Singh which he resisted resulting in a quarrel. Mr. Singh who was returning from morning walk interfered, 'What is the matter?'

- Babuji, he was entering into your house. So, I stopped him.
- Oh! Just stop, let me call the police.

Sukhbir slapped the intruder and asked Ramvilas to come inside and offered him the duty of night-watchman after getting to know his ordeal.

Now he could buy new clothes, for these days he managed with second-hand clothes. Also, Holi was nearby. He purchased new clothes for all for an entry in the temple and pray, all those homeless people where he resided with them for few days earlier, who have helped him to survive.

The day before holi, he went to gift them. All the resident, under the fly-over, were so happy and the children began to jump and shout but the old lady refused and began to cry.

- I will not accept. You have left us.
- No, no. If I have left you, then how am I standing before you. If I have forgotten you, then I wouldn't have come. Tomorrow, we all will take bath with Ganga water and enter the temple to see the deity and pray to them for better future. Be ready. Tomorrow morning.

-4-

Next morning, all of them, with new clothes stood outside the temple.

Ramvilas was on the door of the temple, just few inches away waiting to open the door. The Priest came out and said:

- Why are you all here? Ok, sit outside as usual.
- No, today we want to pray before the deities and garland them.
- What? What is your name?
- What's there in a name?
- Tell me.
- Ramvilas
- Full name, Father's name?
- Dashrath Paswan.
- Get lost. The temple will be polluted. You beggars!
- Who is the beggar? We earn by labour whereas you depend on begging and donations. You are begging inside. They are outside...What you are doing is fooling people by magical tricks, scaring them. Wretched Mendicants! In the veil of religion.

The priest got angry and kicked him on his chest. Ramvilas flew meters away and began to vomit, blood sprouting from his mouth. All the visitors and

passer-by gathered and began to make noise, but nobody was helping him out. The old lady rushed in and lifted his head on her lap and began to cry and shouted to her top.

The priest called the police and lodged a complaint of theft from the donation box, and it was alleged that the crowd had beaten him up. The Police didn't take other evidence into consideration. Ramvilas was taken to Ram Nivas hospital.

-5-

Mr. Sukhbir Singh observed that Ramvilas was absent for few days. He began to search and when he reached near the temple, that intruder told him, 'Your man has been taught a lesson'. He couldn't guess and tried to ask him, 'what happened' but stopped. Soon, he was informed about the incident. He rushed to the hospital, there was too rush in the reception. When his turn came, he was asked to enquire at the Emergency. There he was asked to meet Dr. Asthana, Pulmunologist, but he was on leave. He rushed to Chest Ward but there was no trace. On the way to morgue, one ward boy said, 'Wait'. He came back with a newspaper. While showing the news published in the newspaper, he said 'Police took his body'.

Mr. Sukhbir Singh felt the absence of someone who was never closed to his heart. Just a labourer! But was very good at heart, honest. God-fearing person, but why God is silent. Justice is a flat tyre. He said to himself, 'I am also helpless; though I have everything, I can't do anything for people'.

He started his car and went to the Police Station and met Inspector Mahesh Sharma, who laughingly said, 'The body has been sold.'

**By Bobby Narayan**

## 10. Melodies of the Heart



**Caroline Cabral**  
**Lecturer**  
**Vizag**  
**Andhra Pradesh**

Listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat;  
It has a lot to say when you feel you're falling apart.

One forgets the melodies that are being composed within;  
Take some time and realize the intensity of the hidden words.

When life gives you trouble, take them not as obstacles but  
as challenges.  
Challenges you face help you overcome your fears and  
make you stronger.

Every melody you create teaches you to compose your  
dreams;  
It becomes a portal to your soul and recreates your thoughts.

There comes a time when you feel like giving up;  
The trials and obstacles keep you from reaching your destination.

It's never too late to realize your passion;  
The dedication that can lead you to the path of your dreams.

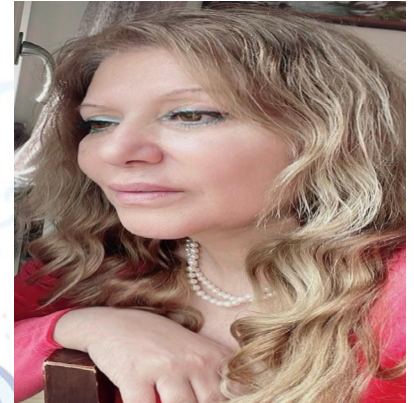
Melodies of your heart speak to you in different tones;  
It's up to you to listen to them whenever you're ready.

Sing like never before, the song that you have earnestly composed;  
Make the world know that hardships are never an obstacle.

Be courageous and face your trials like never before;  
With the melody of your heartbeat, you can overcome your fears.

Listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat;  
Feel the universe within you!

## 11. There is no time for sadness!



**Caroline Laurent**  
**Turunc**  
**Paris**  
**France**

The midnight wind surrenders to a black day.  
I miss the days when we were happy with our  
loneliness.

A few words that I don't use come out of my mouth.  
I look back and the pain of emptiness mixes with a dull  
ache.

"I wish I was a bridge," I say to myself,  
"Maybe I could collect all the rain that falls on me.  
I used to wet my hands, which were dry from the cold,  
every night,  
And my branches stand upright like a plain tree in the  
shadow of my trunk."

I cry when I think;  
My eyes burn when I cry.  
What a black day I am having!  
"Go a little further," I say to the cruel grief.

I go down to the gardens where the harvest has ended and let the rain fall on  
me.

It's getting harder and harder to beat the darkness every day.  
How many will suffer this pain?

Come, listen to me, sad friend of death, Snow.  
See how the birds fly inside my heart.  
Sadness is carried on my wings.  
I'm raining the longest sadness in the world.  
My branches are breaking from the inside out,  
And stones are falling from my smiles.  
I plant carnations in my heart.

## 12. Vedavetta Maharshi Kaushal



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

Maharshi Kaushal is known for his knowledge of four Vedas. Mohyals worship him as great gotra pravartak of Bhimwal Brahmanas. At present, Umeshwer Dayal Singh Kaushal urf Sanskritanad Hari s/o Shri Guru Dayal Singh Kaushal from Kurukshetra is known for his Ved path and Vedic Knowledge.

Moyal Mitter is one of India's oldest journals established in 1891. General Mohyal Sabha (Regd.) Delhi established Mohyal Ashram at Haridwar. One can see a statue of Maharshi Kaushal along with other statues.

Hiranyabh Kaushal has been the great exponent of Samaved from the very beginning. Agastya Mahendra Mayobhuva is the tripravar of Kaushal gotra. We studied Shakala Shakha of Rigveda from gurumukha. In the end of Mohyal prayer, we do Shanti Patha for peace of the whole world.

Om dyauh shantirantariksham shantih prithivi shantirapah shantiroshadhayah shantih.

Vanaspatayah shantirvishvedevah shantirbrahma shantih sarvam shantih shantireva shantih sama shantiredhi..

Om shantih shantih shantih Om.

Swami Virjanand ji was great scholar of Vedas. He had been the Guru of Swami Dayanand Saraswati. 'Back to Vedas' was his slogan during the time of freedom struggle. Undoubtedly, everyone must study Vedas. Maharshi Kaushal preached the path of spirituality to all in the light of Vedas.

Manurbhava means be a pious man.

Gayatri Mantra is considered the gist of Vedas. We pray for intellect and wisdom. We should not believe in dogmas and work hard honestly. Upanishad and Gita also teach us to work selflessly. Good result is bound to come out of

good karma. Never bother for the fruit or result. Never be so crazy. Do your duty with full zeal.

O Lord, the sustainer and creator, send far away all troubles and send us only what is virtue.

By the grace of God, I studied Sanskrit under the guidance of great Gurus Pt. Bal Krishna Bhardwaj, Principal Birla Sanskrit College, Kurukshetra. and Pt. Uttam Chand Shastri, Gita School, Kurukshetra. Pt. Sthanu Dutt Shastri performed our Yajnopavita Sanskar. I completed my Ph.D. under Professor Kapil Dev Shastri. I heartily feel that it is all the grace and divine inspiration of Maharshi Kaushal.

Vedas expound the one God as the highest goal.

May Almighty, provide us strength to overcome our weaknesses. The aim of life is to have happiness and peace. Instead of searching peace outside, we should enjoy eternal peace inside. Our true nature is Sat-Chit-Anand. We should realise this through Vedic Knowledge and Yoga's practices. Maharshi Kaushal practically preached and communicated to all without any discrimination. His followers and coming generations also practice and preach this knowledge for the benefit of mankind through out the world. Lord Shiva is the Ishta of all Indians. Every kankar is Shankar here. Trishul is like Onkar.

Om krato smara, klibe smara, kritam smara.

Eternal reality is present within each of us. For Infinite peace, we have to have balance in all sphere of life. The veil of ignorance makes us imbalanced and unaware of the divinity within us.

Karma, Bhakti and Jnana meaning there by service, love and studying scriptures will make you happy, healthy, wealthy and wise.

Every word of every mantra is full of energy and motivation. Many persons have been inspired by the eternal wisdom of Vedas. Veda and Vedanta can save the world. We have to follow the path of Maharshi Kaushal, a great propounder

of Veda and Vedanta.

This life is very short. Earn livelihood honestly and donate cheerfully. They live who live for others.

To conclude, we must follow the path of our Maharshis and Rishis for the welfare of humanity. To make our life meaningful, we must help others selflessly. Our Nation is the land of great Maharshis and Rishis. We are proud of it.

**By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal**

### 13. I am little lucky boy

I am a little lucky boy,  
My bag is full of toys.

Dad gave me a play-scooter,  
Mom made my cap and sweater.  
Sis gave me a music hooter,  
Once a year, in winter weather,  
My special day of joy.  
I am a little lucky boy,  
My bag is full of toys.

Rinky, Pinky, Mickey, and Vicki,  
Classmates and my friends,  
I welcome you with a shake of my hand,  
To my birthday party, don't pretend.  
Come on, don't be coy,  
I am a little lucky boy,  
My bag is full of toys.

My pets, Tommy, Puppy, and Cutie Cat,  
All my dear friends, and all my best,  
Are guests in my party, and none of them late.  
Let's dance, let's enjoy, forget the rest,  
I am a little lucky boy,  
My bag is full of toys.

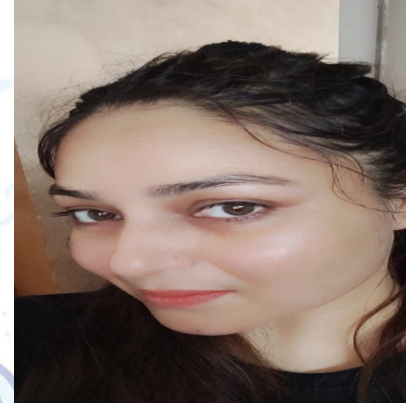
A colorful, three-layered cake with cream,  
Delicious and nice, a treat for all.  
Blueberries and cherries in the scheme,  
My mom made it, standing tall.  
Give her a big hand, guys.  
I am a little lucky boy.



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

I will distribute cake and toys,  
To pity boys who are rag-pickers,  
Far from birthday party joys,  
All day we'll play, make some  
noise,  
Together, preteen.  
I am a little lucky boy,  
My bag is full of toys.

## 14. Why you gone silently



**Donika sharma**  
**HR**  
**Noida**  
**Uttar Pradesh**

A trifling gust is wafting and stirring the dupatta of the most gorgeous lady in the cosmos who is sitting on the edge of the promenade. She is stunning and looks like a seductress in a plain cream-colored saree. Stupendous is trying to evoke her adored while playing with her entangled braid, and clenching a diary with a red Parker pen to write down the stunning and haunting moments of her love. She is manifesting the enthralling moments with her adored, as only the lovely moments are the only sensation left with her. Still, her adored is beating in her heart with no space left for others. She has no complaints, but just a little to say with her gleaming senses and non-conversational orifices, "Why have you gone silently?"

## 15. EDUCATION

You are systematic training and an institution.  
Knowledge and power are embedded in you.  
You develop character and mental power.  
Every country cries for you.  
No one can afford to neglect you  
because you change souls for the better.  
You restore the best in humans.  
You influence individuals and society.  
You renew things with time.  
The happiness I feel every time I think of you,  
The joy and pride I feel when I see you transform vices  
into virtues,  
Just make me believe that you are inevitable.  
Education is power, don't play with it.



**Elonu Annabel**  
**Student**  
**Ogun state**  
**Nigeria**

## 16. A woman who greets trains



**Emina Delilovic-  
Kevric**Italy  
**Sarajevo**  
**Bosnia and**  
**Herzegovina**

Some women are carefully watching  
The blades of grass rise from the land of hope.  
The earth must be full of secrets,  
But I don't want to talk about her future.

When the sun is finally in the middle of the sky,  
She will fall in love again with the train going to  
Ljubljana,  
Transporting the grain of unmasked lovers.

When the sun is finally in the middle of life,  
All the bras on her balcony will be dry,  
Cups for her breasts, yellow, white, gray, black,  
And with yellow fingers, she'll be ready to see off the  
train  
In which he will never sit.

I watch her from the balcony across the street,  
And I want to shout to her that the trains have long reeked of journeys to  
death,  
But just as I'm about to leave, I realize it's just  
Another stupid association with prematurely ruined lives, love, and war.

And then, when noon rolls around, she picks up her bras,  
And she rushes into the house as if an unexpected flood is about to hit.

Tomorrow morning, she starts all over again  
And waits for the train until the creeping grass turns into a dark obelisk,  
And I can't shout to her that the trains have long smelled like journeys to  
death.

## 17. LOVE IS A BEAUTIFUL THING



**Fareen Khabetsa**  
**Mboya**  
**Student**  
**Uasin Gishu**  
**Kenya**

I'm seated at the comfort of my room when these random question comes in my mind. Have I ever had a healthy relationship? What about a toxic one? Well let me narrow this down for you to understand. Hope you all love stories. One's perception of certain things is influenced by the surrounding circumstances. For example a child raised in a home where there's physical violence might grow up being violent or detesting marriage or even having kids. When growing up I used to think that my life would be perfect just like in movies. After my first heartbreak ( I even don't know why I call it my first yet I was barely fifteen) I was so heartbroken that I thought I'd die. I even remember writing in my diary how I hate men and how I'd never love again.

Life went by and I grew, understood why some things happened the way they did. I knew what I wanted and someone who gets me was definitely on the list. One day I come across this guy in company of his friend. I had this serious look as I passed them then the friend ( let's call him Justin) Honestly, everything about him turns me off. I could not wait for him to finish whatever he was saying. Few days later Andre (Justin's friend) starts talking to me .I feel the chemistry between us. I can't keep my mouth shut around him. ( This is a sign this guy got me hooked on him)

Andre is the male version of me. He's got the energy, this warm aura, he smells nice and funnier. I mean Andre is my guy. With each day I look forward to us hanging out. Before I even realize it I'm addicted to this guy. I begin writing unholy things about him in my diary. I pay attention to every little thing he does, how he hugs me, his random surprises of random chocolates and stuff. The bond between us grows and he becomes my safe space. My escape out of this brutal world. One thing I adore about him is that he's understanding.

When Andre became my man I had this feeling that ours would be a beautiful story. Indeed it was. He was everything I had hoped for. The way he handled things showed that he was a man with a vision. Who doesn't love a man with vision? He was sensitive to whatever I told him. Do you know the feeling of finding love and friendship in the same person? This was Andre, my Andre. Our lives were not

that perfect. There were days when we argued and it felt like we'd never make up. Countless times I felt like I'd be nothing without him. Even with the distance he still found a way to my fragile heart

No lie I loved Andre. All I wanted was for him to just stay in my life. I felt comfortable around him. He was my shoulder to cry on. Andre was this perfect guy from fantasy world. Despite of the different backgrounds not once had he disrespected me. He was an emblem of perfection. The more time I spent with him the more I loved him. I would even bend my own rules for him. This man brought out the very best in me. He told me to pursue my writing. Gave me tips on how to better myself.

It was not about pleasure, more of finding out who you really are. Figuring out the people who matter in your life. Fighting for them and living each day as your best day. It was about being treated right as a woman. Knowing your worth and not settling for less. Ours was more of let's reason together about this situation. I know I made a mistake, I'm sorry how can we fix it kind of relationship. There was more to it, there was life. Life full of contentment and dreams of a better tomorrow. What more could one wish for in a healthy relationship? What better man than a man who'd burn the whole world to be with the person they care about.

**By Fareen Khabetsa Mboya**

## 18. Regrets

Life is too short, to describe.  
Enjoy every, moment of life.

Don't regret, what happened in the past.  
Don't regret what didn't happen in the past.

If present is utilised, it makes the future bright.  
Don't put any pressure on life.  
Always think right.

Full satisfaction in life is an imagination.  
The unfulfilled desires, get converted in frustration.

Try to suppress the dominating desires.  
The expectations die only on the flame of pyre.

Don't underestimate the personal achievements.  
Life is the second name of adjustments.



**Girish Chandra  
Upadhyay  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar pradesh**

## 19. Love

Love has different eyes  
with which it watches  
from different angles  
the different qualities  
in the different organs  
of the body of its beloved—  
Her eyes are dark,  
his hair is curly,  
her smile is soft,  
his dance is frenetic,  
her stature slim,  
his muscles are strong.  
But the glasses used by Love  
are only one color,  
that can watch nothing  
but beauty, beauty, beauty.



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

## 20. Troubled Memories



**Husna Abbasi**  
**Writer/student**  
**Pakistan**

"What are you thinking, son?" Deda asked his father.

"Ah, nothing. Can I ask you something, Deda?"

"Of course, my son."

The son came near and put his hands on his father's hands and said, "I need my admission fee, Deda. You know, right? Mamma's dream was that her son would become a doctor."

"Hmmm, that's all, my son? I have money..."

"But you won't have that much money, Deda," a slight whisper was made.

Father had a smile full of life on his face. "You are already late for Uni. You must go now."

"Ok, Deda. Goodbye."

"Listen, son. If I am late this evening, do not wait for me. Do your studies and go to sleep after eating."

"Ummm, ok Deda. Can you please give me a strong hug?"

"Ahmmmmm. I love you, Deda. Goodbye!"

The next day...

"How can you do this, Deda? You sold this house? You know how many memories of Mama are associated with this house. I can't believe it. I hate you, Deda."

In a few days, he had to go away from his father to fulfill his dreams.

After four years...

When he returned as a successful doctor, he was standing by a grave of his Deda.

"You lied to me, Deda. You took your treatment money and spent it for my fee. And now you have left me alone. Why did you do this, Deda? You did not sell

the house, but that house was not as dear to me as your life. I'll never forgive you, Deda. I need a hug. Please give me a strong hug, Deda."

And at that moment, the leaves fell from the trees and landed on him. He closed his eyes and held a beautiful diary of his father close to his chest.

"Miss you."

**By Husna Abbasi**



## 21. As the page turns

As the page turns, so do leaves, and man dies.  
Ideas come and go,  
Laws change, nature is praised all day.  
So do men, born and die,  
So, life waters my soul,  
Where my ink turns the pages of life like ashes of the  
world fade away.  
I turn pages,  
Like when I'm lost in between love and lust,  
I don't know where to go.



**Ifeanyi faith Joseph**  
**Abia State**  
**Nigeria**

## 22. The Sound of Writing

The sound of writing is like  
the tapping of raindrops  
on window panes,  
the flapping of a calendar  
by the whirring of fans,  
the rustling of leaves  
caressed by a gentle breeze,  
regular breathing  
while doing Pranayama,  
silent sobbing while  
hugging Dad's portrait,  
humming of sonorous  
favourite songs in reminiscences,  
swish of a silk dress  
on a lass,  
the cascading of a fountain,  
the rumbling of clouds,  
the popping of a balloon,  
the ringing of temple bells  
from a distance.



**Jailaxmi R Vinayak**  
**Author, poet, Singer,**  
**Prof. research**  
**guide for Ph.D**  
**students**  
**Bhopal**  
**Madhya Pradesh**

## 23. The Spirit of Friendship



End to end, there is a connection  
Of thoughts and mindsets,  
Of lacks and needs.  
Either good or bad, there is a spirit  
Of knowns and unknowns,  
There is a reason for knowing and not knowing.

Out of human variation,  
Bound in spirits of natural selection,  
Termed as birds of the same feather,  
When the flock is divided up,  
This spirit calls them back.

Some believe in keeping their friends close and  
enemies closer,  
Others believe that false friends are worse than open  
enemies.

And I believe that effort is necessary in keeping friendship alive,  
But I ask the spirit to save me from my friends.  
Because I won't believe when I lose all my effort of grasping all.

**JW Jnr.**  
**Student**  
**Nairobi**  
**Kenya**

## 24. Death by Dust



**Kailash Rana**  
**PH.D Scholar**  
**Ramagarh**  
**Jahrkahnd**

Oh my God, where do you live?  
See the tree and its leaves,  
Not a single piece of it is green but black,  
Roofs, roads, clothes, and mood - all black,  
Future black with the dust upon the crust,  
Blackness upon the mind,  
As my land has no fresh hand and mind.

As the trees are shameful,  
They too think God made them for birth,  
Where they can't bear a birth  
As they too are afraid of dust,  
Trees do not want their future to die in dust,  
So they stopped their birth,  
Generation endangered?  
Trees are dying unborn,  
The future will feel it inborn.

Men are dying mysterious deaths  
As the dust is giving dangerous diseases,  
The beauty of the flora and fauna of the earth  
Going quite deep in a hearth,  
Where are the responsible ones, dying together?  
They too are inhaling a weight of its load,  
Heaving, coughing, aching chest,  
Many tried their best in a haste,  
All the haste went to rest.

A leaf with an excess load  
Falls upon the heap of dust and feels the shame,  
Oh, life with nothing but only dust,  
Oh my King, oh my Lord, oh my God,  
Don't go blind, please see, don't die with us,  
God gave you gallant, use it and let us make ourselves clean.

## 25. Woodcutter of water

I was drawing everyone's attention.  
Everyone liked me.  
My complexion is clear.  
When they saw me, they said, "Tasty."

But some thugs  
hurt me badly.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
They polluted me together.

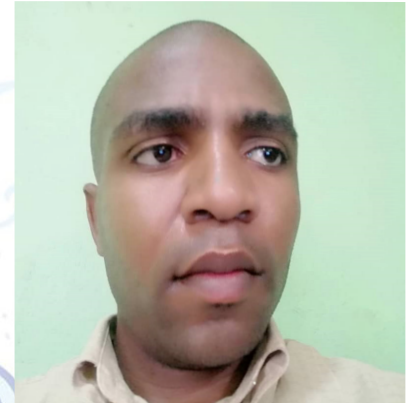
I can't run anymore.  
Peace be upon you, my child.  
Don't make my face dirty.  
Do not forget my words.

There is magic in every drop.  
There is love for nature.  
I am the source of life.  
I miss the world.



**Kazakhova Sarvinoz**  
**Teacher, writer**  
**Uzbekistan**

## 26. I WANTED THIS DAY



**Lawrence Develious  
Kaunda  
Writer  
Lilongwe  
Malawi**

Thousand miles measured in my mind,  
A blooming rose charming to the eyes.  
Adding more water for knowledge,  
My cup spills whilst standing still.  
My heart races with birds whistling,  
I stumble, scream, shout, and begin to pray.  
Within the flow, there was fear of heights,  
But I pushed myself from out of the sky,  
For I wanted this day.

I persisted through the dew of exams,  
That falls on my heart and penetrates my soul.  
Through HOSOM lectures, I was squeezed,  
Into the hands of the handsome man of all time.  
Not too tall and not too short,  
His blessed face glittered like a full moon.  
Pastor Philip Mpumulo, where are you?  
In his jokes, I got the message.

For every tear I cried,  
For every effort I made,  
Everyone will say that I tried,  
And these words will never fade.  
Even the white dove, Pastor Francis Jacob Gama,  
We were like an original leather jacket,  
Standing silently seeing salvation,  
In the power ministry and Holy Spirit,  
Where I found my sweetheart Jesus,  
As He lives in me like a bird lives in the nest,  
For I wanted the dream to come true.

If only I had a mouth,  
Maybe you would feel my pain,  
Because I could have told you,  
All which kept by my heart as grudges.  
But Mama Gama isolated me in this thought,

In this big cage and prison, I'm now out.  
For she said, "roses are red,  
Violets are blue, and love in a family is amazing."  
Now my life could be a living paradise.

I stand tall as the cold wind blows,  
In the perfection of giving to God's Kingdom.  
Though in the dry season, rain in my pocket falls.  
Mama Matewere in her tongue loud said,  
"A drop in the ocean, like the smallest star in the firmament,  
And nameless grace which waves in every tree,  
Softly lightens your face with tears of happiness,  
As sowing brings bountiful harvest,  
That all your mind smile at peace all days."

I admire you, Pastor Mumbo and Pastor Chinangwa,  
How you carry yourself wearing your smile,  
Like a fluorescent pearl necklace.  
The way your eyes reflect the light,  
The light that shines of your holiness,  
And even interrogation room mirror can justify,  
That your eyes reflect for church administration.

In the church growth,  
And mounting the church from scratch,  
I see a man of God standing,  
In his smile that touches the core of my heart.  
With him, I begin to dance at random,  
For Pastor Matewere catches bullets for peace.  
Pleasures run on like ink on pages,  
Teachings from Mega Men of God.  
It was reality that hits and sits, then fits in us.  
Please pastors, our lectures, our saints,  
Tell me you will eat the bread of joy,  
For this is the day I wanted.

**By Lawrence Develious Kaunda**

## 27. The Fire Within



**Leonard Maero W**  
**Writer, Poet, Author**  
**Kitale**  
**Kenya**

When I saw you, my eyes blinked.  
When I saluted you, my heart bounced.  
A look into your eyes triggered my mind.  
Your touch on my skin tingled my nerves.

Your sweet odor wafted into my nose.  
Your sweet voice rendered me speechless.  
The curls of your hair tempted my desires.  
The calmness of your walk stirred my soul.

Only your company makes me feel safe.  
Only your touch can soothe me.  
To always comfort you when you're lonely.  
To always support you when your strength is low.

I promise to pursue and protect you.  
I promise to pamper you and put a ring on your finger.  
Don't extinguish this fire within me.  
Don't destroy this passion inside of me.

## 28. Words of Peace

“I am awaiting  
perpetually and forever  
a renaissance of wonder.”  
Lawrence Ferlinghetti

The Words of Peace  
open  
like the petals of a flower,  
fragrant in the summer dawn,  
and spread gently  
with the waves  
of the shimmering sea in the morning breeze.

They erase the darkness of the night,  
illuminate the day  
with sparkling colors,  
and, at last, the wonderful rebirth of  
a new world makes its way.



**Lidia Chiarelli**  
**Artist and writer,**  
**co-founder, with**  
**Aeronwy Thomas,**  
**of the art-literary**  
**Movement**  
**Immagine & Poesia**  
**(2007)**  
**Torino**  
**Italy**

## 29. PAY IT FORWARD!



**Lucy Victoria David**  
**Writer**  
**Durban**  
**South Africa**

Have you ever heard people say, "You must pay it forward! "? What does this mean?

Paying it forward is also divine retribution or the law of karma. Simply put, "What you sow is what you reap."

The story is told of a young lad who sold fruit door-to-door after school. His mother was sick, and they were very poor. The money he made from selling the fruit helped to buy medicine for his mother.

One hot summer's day, on completion of selling all the fruit, he found himself thirsty. He knocked on many doors only to be turned away.

He said to himself, "I'll try one last door." He knocked, not knowing what to expect. The door opened, and a kind face appeared.

He greeted the kind lady and asked for a glass of water. She invited him in, seeing it was a bright, hot day!

She reappeared with a tall glass of cold milk. It wasn't what he was expecting. Before he took the glass, he said, "Ma'am, I don't have any money to pay you for this. What I've made today is for my sick mother's medicine."

"Don't worry about it, lad. Someday, you will have a chance to pay it forward. Would you like more?" He said, "Yes, please. Just a half glass will do." He downed the glass and a half of milk within a few seconds. He thanked her for her kindness and left.

The boy grew, worked hard, studied well, and found work at a reputed hospital. One day his assistant came to his office and showed him a bill which looked very high

The patient, he reported, was not able to pay such a high bill all at once. The doctor was curious to see the patient. He walked past her room and peeked in while the nurses were doing their ward rounds.

She looked familiar. It dawned on him that she was the same lady who helped him when he was young and thirsty. Only now she looked much older. After all these years, he still recognized her!

Taking the bill to his office, he wrote boldly on it at the bottom, with a red marker, "PAID IN FULL, WITH A GLASS AND A HALF OF MILK!"

She had taught him to PAY IT FORWARD!

Today, if you have an opportunity to do good, seize the opportunity and pay it forward. You may not know when you will need the favor returned!

**By Lucy Victoria David**

30.

**WAR WORRY POEM**

*Dangers of war  
War scenario  
Fighters hovering clouds  
Gun fires  
Rockets and bombings  
Disturbing people peace  
World people worried  
People became spectators and helpless  
Maintain peace and harmony  
Time to open dialogue*

**WAR WORRY Poem Content Gist:**

Making aggressive War on selfish ends.  
To become World No.1 Country is not correct.  
Discussion and dialogues for peace and harmony is invited.  
Possible through table discussions.  
People suffer and loose life due to War.  
Damages caused due to War cannot be recovered.  
Most people worried for war-like-scenario.  
People become helpless.  
Become simple spectators.  
It's Time to Open Dialogue  
No War – No War  
Discussion is best  
Peace is good

-----



**M Aniket**

**Class-III, Vikas School, Miyapur,  
Hyderabad (TS) – India  
Email: [vasavi.ramya@gmail.com](mailto:vasavi.ramya@gmail.com)  
+91-7702933395**

31.

**LIFE SPAN POEM**

*The Lord Is Great  
As Per Lord Directions  
Nothing Lasts Forever in This World.  
One Comes in To This World  
Vanish and Disappear into Natures Fold  
Thing Is Living Time Frame*

**LIFE SPAN Poem Content Gist:**

The birth of a human being is from the Natures fold and the death also is eminent to vanish and go back to Natures fold.

The Life Living Longevity is only a point of question, which has been written on the forehead of each and everybody by the Almighty, the God,

He is the Lord and we have to obey the Directions of Lord and the God

one lead the life on this Universe with dignity, decency and decorum



2019-3-29 17:40

**M Vinya**  
**Class-VI, Vikas School, Miyapur**  
**Hyderabad (TS) – India**  
**Email: vasavi.ramya@gmail.com**  
**+91-7702933395**

## 32. Unrequited Love



I lost you in the falling autumn,  
When leaves were going to turn pale.  
When separated ones were going to be together again,  
I lost you in the department gallery where parted  
people meet again.

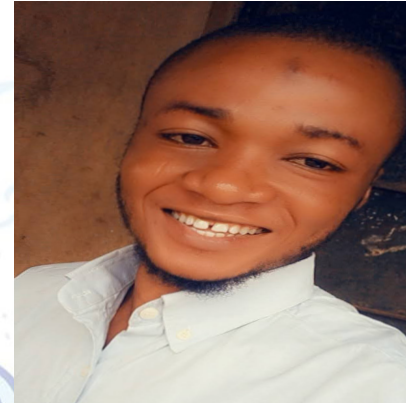
Now, I perceive only silent laughter, empty coffee cups,  
soundless gossip, and falling leaves on empty chairs,  
while nourishing an unrequited love in my heart.  
I drink the poison of silence amidst the loud crowd,  
Choosing to love you silently,  
Because I saw a gesture of rejection in your eyes.

I take sanctuary in quietude,  
Finding it a castle of deceptiveness because,  
In my quietness, I find the tranquility of your love,  
In this way, there is no fear of denial.

Open writes down the story of the obsession of a naive girl,  
Who could not give an account of her story but could write.

**Mahnoor Mukhtar**  
**Student**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

### 33. WHAT PROFITS LOVE?



**Major Sir Adesoga  
Jubril Asiwaju  
Artist and Prolific  
Writer  
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 frowns and insults.  
Let me remind you of that day,  
The day I fetched from her stream of love.

Today, if tears are not enough  
To glue her feet, my words may 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 a memory?  
If our togetherness chameleons to memory,  
"Goodbye" should not be too precious to exchange.

34.



**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 (Bir Tawil) Representative at Hyderabad-India (www.birlandgov.org)**
  - CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence
  - The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.
  - 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD, HISPAN WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru
  - Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor
  - Honored with "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 and 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 Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet
      - RKMPII Nobility Award 2021
    - RKMPII HEART OF GOLD NOBLES Honor Certificate 2021
    - ISFFDGUN Internationally Accredited Certificate 2021.
    - Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan Ratan Award 2021 - WHRC Honor
    - Mahatma Gandhi Humanity Award 2021 - WHRC Honor.  
Hyderabad - Telangana State (INDIA)  
Email: [mrkndyl@gmail.com](mailto:mrkndyl@gmail.com)

+91-9951038802

+91-8186945103

Twitter: @mrkndyl68

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100007871747492>

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/mantri-pragada-markandeyulu-litt-d-markandeyulu-7a462a125/>

Twitter: @mrkndyl68

Video of eBooks:

<https://youtu.be/sx0EA0ILqTI>

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(This is the special video from UHE Portugal on 16-12-2021)

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/620006038438396>

(Creator and Founder of POETIC CHARMINAR Group)

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**FUTURE DEPENDS ON WHAT ONE DOES NOW.**

Theme:

**SCENE 1:**

Decorated dais. Banner arranged on dais – College Annual Day Function

Big Garland to photo.

Dias - Chief Guests - Dignitaries present - Mike - Audience - School children present.

Press and Media personnel also present.

Nandagopal (14 years school boy) speech.

**Principal:**

Welcomes. Chief Guest and Dignitaries on to the dais.  
Anyone from the students' side to please speak?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes sir, I will speak. Can I?

**Principal:**

Why not? Welcome Nandagopal.

**Nandagopal:**

Good morning to all present here.  
I mention Two Quotes here

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

"Swim in the Life Sea to reach the Life Shore than to Swim in the Sea to reach the Sea Shore."

(Claps from all including Chief Guest and Principal)

Chief Guest and Principal watches this boy keenly and observes Nandagopal briskness).

**Nandagopal (student):**

(Looks at the Principal and Chief Guest - waves hand at Audience).

**Nandagopal:**

One example, I will give sir.

If Mahatma Gandhi was not insulted and not thrown out of the compartment of a just moving train with abuses by the Britishers/Soldiers, Mahatma Gandhi Ji would have not become a great leader.

We all see the life history of great people, all negative situations. Negative events made them strong.

Then why we can't.

We can also become and achieve greater things in our life.

Never give up hopes.

Thank you all.

**Chief Guest:**

Good. Well, spoke. Congratulate Nandagopal.

**Principal:**

Pat's Nandagopal.

**Chief Guest:**

Asks Nandagopal.

What you want to become in Life?

**Nandagopal:**

Big Business Magnet.

**Chief Guest:**

What is your ambition?

**Nandagopal:**

To become a multi-billionaire. Establish a good industry.

To provide employment to all the Indians.

**Chief Guest:**

Good.

All the Best.

Good Luck.

May God Bless you.

Function completes.

Everybody disperses.

## **Scene II**

After 10 years

(Nandagopal attains 24 years age)

Completed M. Tech (Computer Science Engineering)

Congregation

Receives Certificate

Happy Movements.

=====  
**Scene III**

Becomes Industry youngest Co at USA.  
Earns Billions of Dollars under  
Management-Partner Program.  
Meetings - Office - Discussions \_Diversification of business - Agreements -  
MoU's, - Tie - up.

=====  
**Scene IV**

Returns to India  
Scene From Flight arrival.  
All relatives welcome Nandagopal  
All friends and well-wishers' garlands Nandagopal.

=====  
Nandagopal established a big Software Industry.  
Business runs in billions of dollars.  
Good going.  
Business set-up in the Mother Land

=====  
**Scene - V**

**PRESS INTERVIEW:**  
(All Press Reporters, Cameras, Lights and Mikes)

**Press:**

Why have you settled here in your Mother Land, Sir?

**Nandagopal:**

My city  
My Country  
My Nation  
My People.

**Reporter 1:**

At foreign lands, you can earn more in business.

**Nandagopal:**

My service in India - My satisfaction.

**Reporter 2:**

What is your mind Wave-length?

**Nandagopal:**

The Future Depends on What One Does Now.

**Reporter 3:**

Are you encouraging youth to join your Industry under "Industry-Partner" program of employment?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. That's my intention.

**Reporter 4:**

Are you being encouraged by the Government in your endeavor?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Definitely  
Government is supporting my work.

**Reporter 5:**

What is your advice to all the youth?

**Nandagopal:**

Really, the people in this World are wise.  
People know what is correct.  
What is incorrect?  
What is important in their daily routines.  
Everybody has time sense, money sense  
People are quite capable of properly handling one's own routine work.  
Some-how normal people get on well in their life.  
But, what about disabled children?  
What about special children. What about the support and help to mentally retarded children? Sr. Citizens? Helpless Street Children? Widows and Widowers?  
I want to support them through an NGO.  
This is my ambition.  
This is my mind thought  
I am working on this too  
Any more questions please?

**PRESS:**

No Sir.

**Nandagopal:**

Thank you all

=====

**Scene VI:**

**Chief Guest:**

(Minister)  
Honors Nandagopal

**Nandagopal:**

Thank you, Sir,

**Chief Guest:**

You've fulfilled your ambition.

**Nandagopal:**

My aim is that.

**Chief Guest:**

Your impressions in business?

**Nandagopal:**

Corrupt - free business  
To help all sections of people.

**Chief Guest:**

Are you inviting me?  
Foreign Collaboration?

**Nandagopal:**

I don't like it.  
I want India to make products.

**Chief Guest:**

Good Thinking

**Nandagopal:**

Thank you, Sir,

**Chief Guest:**

Praises, Pats

If a few hundred people like you work in India, there will be no poverty seen in my Mother Land Country.

Moreover, there will not be any need to go in for any WORLD Bank loan by the Government.

All Disperse while Thanking and Wishing each other.  
Also, Thanks Press and Media

====

### **Scene VII**

Government of India Honors Nandagopal with National Award.  
Confers as " Business Magnet of 21<sup>st</sup> Century ' Award also

====

### **Scene VIII**

CMs meeting with Nandagopal.  
Courtesy call after receiving. Awards.  
Nandagopal Thanks CM

#### **Chief Minister:**

Good, Nandagopal.  
Your efforts are appreciated.  
What do you say?

#### **Nandagopal:**

It is good to be in the right time, in the right dress and in the right mode at the right place. But one is to be better late for any type of function/program/event/parties than never.

At any cost one is to be present, at any time on the day of the program than absent.

#### **Chief Minister:**

Wow. Then you.  
You're Genius.

#### **Nandagopal:**

Thank you, Sir.  
Snacks. Tea.  
Meeting Over  
Disperse.

====

### **Scene IX**

Nandagopal'a Press Conference.  
Place: PT (Press Trust)  
All Press Reporters with Cameras attend.  
It's in the Conference Hall.

#### **Nandagopal:**

Welcome Press.  
You can ask me One Question Each.

**PRESS Reporter 1:**

On the occasion of 150th Birth Anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi Ji, What do you expect from the Government?

**Nandagopal:**

Corrupt - Free Governance.

**Press Reporter 2**

How will you see Education system in your Country?

**Nandagopal:**

Government to provide Free Education to all children up to 10th Class.

**Press Reporter 3:**

Is there any Financial Contribution towards Education to the poor from your side?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Definitely.

I will contribute a sizable amount.

Please wait and see.

At the appropriate time, I will announce the Fund.

Let things shape I'm a way.

**Press Reporter 4:**

Are you satisfied with youth to become self-reliant?

**Nandagopal:**

No. Government to give financial support, subsidies and tax exemptions to young new entrepreneurs.

**Press Reporter 5:**

Did you accept that the Government gave Free Power supply to Farmers' and Industrial sector?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Free Power supply to Farmers 10 houses daily. For Industries, Power supply for Three Shifts. All Free Power supply.

**Press Reporter 6:**

Any free Ration Kit to Physically challenged people? Do you Agree?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Government to give this Free Ration Kit to all the Physically challenged people. This facility could be extended to Sr. Citizens, unaffordable people living below the poverty line.

**Press Reporter 7:**

Any "Cherish My Land" Program essential through young entrepreneurs?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Government to concentrate on CHERISH MY LAND Program.

**Press Reporter 8:**

Any Liquor Ban India possible?

**Nandagopal:**

I don't think so.

But the Government should regulate the Liquor Sales.

Purely to be under Government Liquor Depots.

**Press Reporter 9:**

What are your Life Principles of Law?

**Nandagopal:**

No Conflicts. No Confrontations. No War.

**Press Reporter 10:**

Did you follow our Father of Nation Principles?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Non-Violence.

War without Arms, Ammunition, and Armours.

**Press Reporter 11:**

What is your Primary Mission?

**Nandagopal:**

Global Peace Through Business Spread.

**Press Reporter 12:**

What is your Business Principle?

**Nandagopal:**

Global Reach.

**Press Reporter 13:**

What is your Advice to Youth?

**Nandagopal:**

To follow Gandhi principles.

Discard Terrorism

Work for Peace Process.

**Press Reporter 14:**

What is your Mind Set?

**Nandagopal:**

Youth to work for National Integrity.

Youth to utilize social media for their growth prospects.

The Future Depends on the work you do now.  
You work hard to keep the generations happy and lucky.

**Press Reporter 15:**

What is your Slogan?

**Nandagopal:**

I Work for My Country  
I Fight for My Country  
I Die for My Country

**Press Reporter 16**

We heard that you sing.  
Can you sing a song for Future of the World.?

**Nandagopal:**

Yes. Of course.  
I sing.  
Here is my Song.

**DREAMS OF HOPE**

Oh, My Space, Give Me Room //

Sky's the limit for Peace.  
Star is the limit for Thought  
The Moon is the limit for Wave-length.  
Sun is the limit for Hope //

Oh, My Space, Give Me Room //

Me try for Peace  
Me apply for Thought  
Me have a Hope  
Oh, My Sky  
Oh, My Star  
Oh, My Moon  
Oh, My Sun

Oh, My Space, Give Me Room //

Am on Earth to visit the Sky  
Like to meet the Star  
Want to live in the Moon  
Hope to visit my Sun

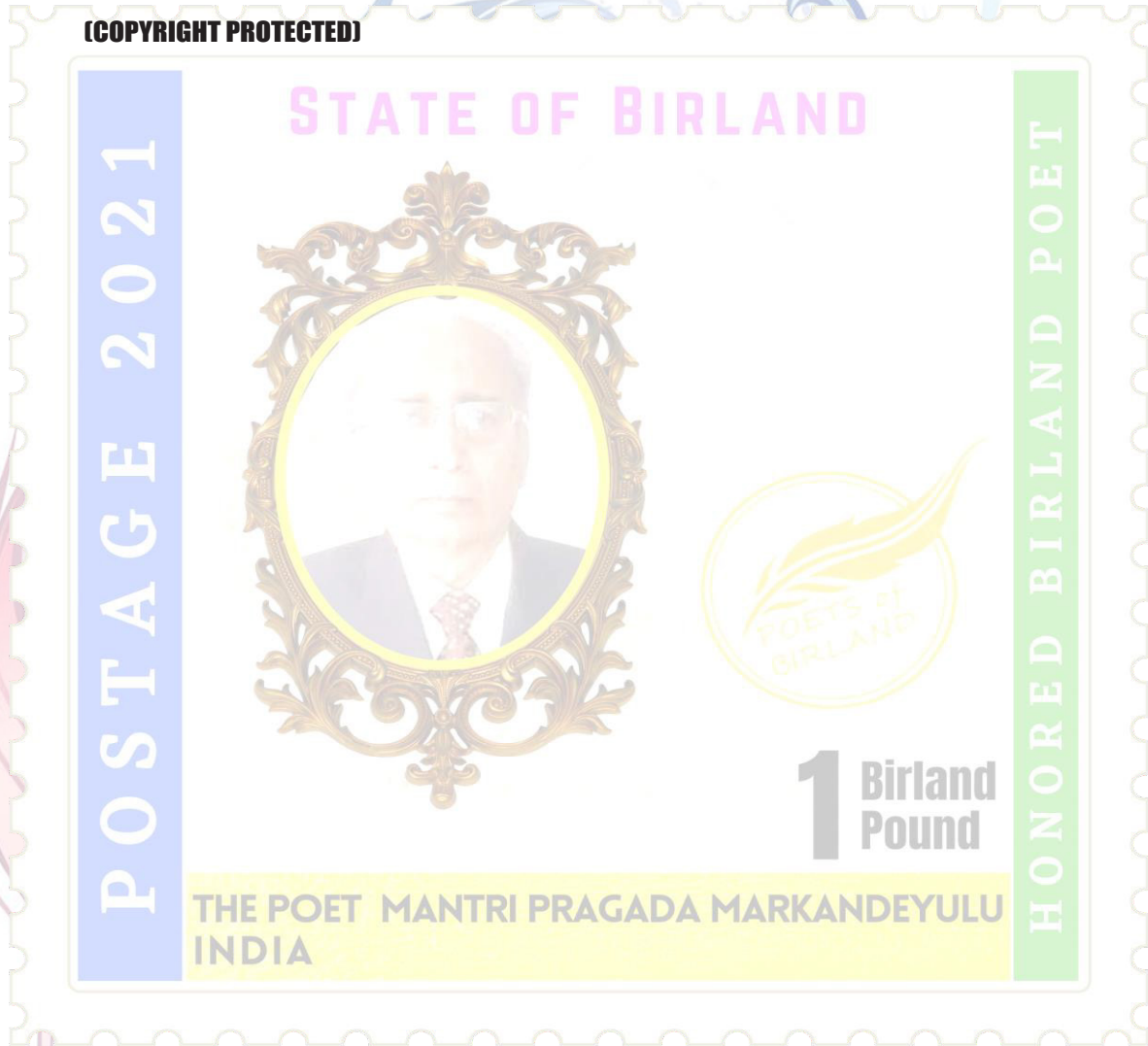
Oh, My Space, Give Me Room //

**MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt.D.,**

*Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer*  
*B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,*  
*(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)*  
**Hyderabad - Telangana State (INDIA)**  
**Email: [mrkndyl@gmail.com](mailto:mrkndyl@gmail.com)**

**+91-9951038802**  
**+91-8186945103**  
**Twitter: @mrkndyl68**

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## 35. The Fall of a Shadow



**Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

The happiest moment of your life is the shortest, Elvina thought as she stared at the screen of her phone. Messages poured in at close intervals, but she wondered what cloud was holding back the message that mattered most. Samson had walked out of her life as abruptly as he had walked in. She wondered what Delilah had snatched him from her.

Samson was not reachable at a time when only a word from his side of the line would put her back on the walk of life.

Samson's presence in her life was like the sudden fall of a shadow whose position could change with the position of the light. The light had finally revealed to Samson that Elvina was not the school girl she was pretending to be and he had decided to walk out of her life.

Masquerading as a school girl had seen her worth as a female person soaring. She would travel to and from work in school uniform, satchel slung on her shoulder, at least thrice a week, circumspect enough not to travel by public transport in order to attract the attention she thought was an overdue deserving.

But whenever she travelled by public transport, she would put on her ordinary clothes. Then, Samson Matusa walked into her orbit like a new star entering an astrologer's ken.

"I will have you arrested for proposing to a minor," Elvina threatened, despite her encouraging smile. Her trick had hit the right target, and whenever she walked to work, Samson pushed her half the way. Elvina would change into civilian clothes at her friend's place, half a kilometre away from her work place.

Only four weeks down the line, Elvina found herself ruining her borrowed identity. The excitement of someone having proposed love to her had died down like a veldt fire, chastened by an opposing wind. She had never considered what she would do with the love word after hearing it, what life would be like after hearing the love word.

Lying in bed in her rented room, she allowed the pending messages to Samson to

torment her, but they could not torment her to sleep. Even the memory of her tricks would not lull her to sleep. The walks from Nyausunzi Court in Sakubva to town had revitalised her youthful spirit, but nothing could hold back the hand of fate from delivering its blow. Why had she not thought of the possible ramifications of her seemingly innocuous ploys?

She was a graduate of the University College of Business Studies at the University of Zimbabwe and with her intimidating qualifications she had landed a good job and at work no male age mate had spoken a love word to her, even in a playful manner. Time was running out, even though her youthful looks seemed to endure the passage of time.

Now alone with her phone, she just wished she had the chance to tell Samson that she was living a lie. She desperately wanted to hear her tongue articulating her heartfelt apology. She did not want the whole thing to end with Samson having said “I love you” and she eventually saying “Me too”.

Elvina did not know how she fell into a deep dreamless sleep on the other side of midnight. She was awakened by the milkman’s bell after sunrise. In a panic mode she hurriedly prepared to go to work, starting with her routine bath. It was only after taking her bath that she realised that she was not even late for work because it was a Sunday. Come Monday no more masquerading as a school girl, she admonished herself.

Once she realised that it was Sunday, she became conscious of the torture of a grinding headache. She knew that the only healing would come with her coming to terms with her loss, which in the strictest sense was not a loss at all. After making up her mind she began to laugh loudly like a lunatic, then a knock at the door cut short her silly laughter. She opened the door and another roomer’s teenage daughter was standing in the passage. “Someone is waiting to see you downstairs,” the girl said.

“Tell her to come up.”

The young girl raced down the steps, as Elvina walked back into her bedroom.

Another knock, and Elvina opened the door again. It was not a she whose face met hers at very close range. It was Samson. Elvina retreated into her room and after a moment’s hesitation asked him in.

Samson sat on an inverted bucket in the corner, and looked innocently at his girlfriend. Elvina spoke first. "How did you know that I live here?"

"Story for another day," Samson said affectionately. "I wish you to know that network was down where I had been posted on duty, deep in the remote areas."

"I wish you to know that I am not a school girl, and ..."

"You thought I did not know,?" Samson said with all the ease of one who was not in a hurry to say what he knew.

"Stop teasing me Sam," Elvina said weakly.

"Do you have your graduation book here my Dear?"

"Yes," she said, extracting the book from a shelf next to her bed and handing it over to him.

Samson paged through the book and came to the page he wanted, and handed the open book back to Elvina, "Look at the picture on page 25."

Edina Matusa? So she graduated with his kinswoman? Edina's name had never rung back when Elvina had first heard Samson's name.

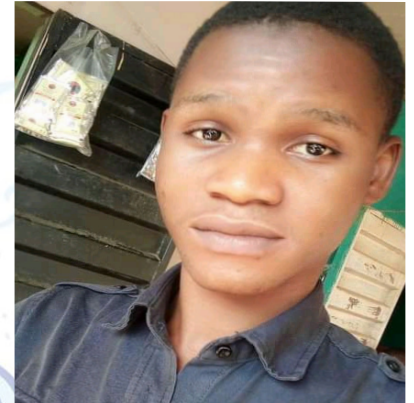
"The day we first met, and you told me your name, my mind raced back to my young sister's graduation and how she told me what an enigma you were. You might not have interacted with her, or even registered her name in your mind, but you were a distinction student, and so my sister knew you so well, even though you pursued separate programmes."

Elvina stood up and walked the two paces towards him. He rose to his feet and walked half a pace to meet her. They found each other's embrace.

"You are God sent," she said.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

### 36. Aiye ko ooto



**Ogunsola David**  
**Teacher**  
**Sango**  
**Nigeria**

Truth is bitter than kolanut.  
Chasing away integrity.  
Embracing the new norm,  
Full of hatred.  
For betrayal is the key code.  
Aiye koto

Lies!  
The new religion  
Practiced by multitude  
Ready to win souls  
Even though it kills their souls.  
Aiyekooto

Dig a hole and lay upon  
A majestic mat for King  
Offer a brave the Royal mat  
Along with this chorus  
A o merin joba...  
Aiye kooto

The new song In town  
It's lyric is full of mystery  
The wise unable to understand  
And the young lost in it's dance  
For destruction is the beat of it's drum  
Aiye kooto

Life is short for the righteous  
Life is long for the wicked  
You chose wish one to live for  
For atleast, you will tag be to be a liar

### 37. Simply Daisy



**Otieno Daniel Ouma**  
**Writer**  
**Nairobi**  
**Kenya**

Give me a minute of your time,  
I'll give you the time of your life and increase the value  
of your dime.

The chirping of birds, the smile of a tree  
Describes how the love between doves is so free.

Like chess, your actions portray your intention,  
Your impressive moves capture my attention.

Your caring nourishes my bone marrow;  
I believe we'll thrive through thorny narrows.

You and I create a supernatural invention  
That contains love beyond mention.

You're a sunflower that brightens my vase,  
A rib that has changed my singlehood case.

In my mind, I need not an escape zone  
During troubles that can crush a bone.

I took an oath to love, even if the task is sacrificial,  
Because you're more than beneficial.

You're the backbone of our throne  
Because you have fire in your leadership tone.

You're the emblem of our power  
Because you've put our flag beyond the tallest tower,  
In times they thought you were a mere wildflower.

If your stars dim or shine, I'll still persist

To adore you, even when they resist. I won't desist  
From loving you, because their evil plans we shall twist.

My soul was in the abyss of loneliness and rust.  
Despite the isolation, you still had trust  
That you'd erase my scars and clean my dust.  
You gave me satisfaction when I was suffering from lust.

You promised to be within my ring  
And you made it clear that I was the only king.

You're a bird with the greatest fruit, lovebird,  
You're a bird with the favorite talent, songbird.  
I can't manage to count all of them; I'm just a bard.

**By Otieno Daniel Ouma**

## 38. Moving from Darkness to Light



Images of terrible things appeared in my mind's eye,  
Not a dream, but a shadow of myself,  
Scary and large, black and dark,  
Not a dream, but a shadow of myself.

A cold breeze, a wolf's growl, an owl's hoot,  
Not a dream, but a shadow of myself.  
Rays of light from the far-off trees  
Shattered the dream,  
Joyful, melodic, illuminating my shadow,  
The sparkling light was not a dream,  
But rays of hope in a terrifying reality.

**Punam Bhu**  
**Writer**  
**Udaipur**  
**Rajasthan**

### 39. Spurious Love

Spurious love and disguised cuteness,  
Fake show-off and speaking muteness,  
Prevail all around in copious amounts,  
It's a reality, and examples uncounted.

Blind in modernity, insane in fashion,  
Materialistic use, now got a passion,  
The more boast of, the more get name,  
The more tell lies, the more get fame.

Around the world and round the clock,  
Getting sheer mean and humanity block,  
Such is sycophant and such impostor,  
Self-apotheosis and self-praising monster.

How mucky brain, how slovenly range!  
Where is man? Revulsion and change,  
Protect humanity and protect culture,  
Protect our spirit from modern vulture.

Empower humanity, enlarge attitude,  
Encourage civility, enhance fortitude,  
Don't let our value go on verge,  
Don't let our culture west to merge.

Stop double policies, be genuine in terms,  
Give up spurious love and oily derms,  
A glorified life is awaited to lead,  
Flourish life by sowing true love seed.

Gist: This present poetic piece reveals the prevalent fake show-off of spurious love among modern people. People are engrossed deeply in consuming materialistic luxuries regardless of true spirit, humility, and sacrament. It's a shameful description of what most of us behave nowadays.



**Pushendra Pratap  
Singh  
Teacher  
Shahjahanpur  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 40. LOVE YOU DAD



**S.Arunkumar**  
**Writer and poet**  
**Chennai**  
**Tamil Nadu**

Love you, Dad. Love you, Dad,  
Your very presence makes me glad.  
You are my hero, I adore.  
With closed eyes, I recognize your odor.  
Holding your finger taught me to walk.  
Little words taught me to talk.  
When I was one or two years older,  
I climbed and sat on your shoulder.  
You showed me the world so beautiful,  
Sea, sand, beach so wonderful.  
You work hard, your shirt is wet,  
Wet because of sweat.  
You are a laborer in the day, night security guard.  
In distress, you console me with sweet words.  
In your sweat, daily bread is hidden.  
I never felt I was a burden.  
You sacrificed your needs,  
Sweat on your forehead brittle as beads.  
You are my hero, magician, a rich man.  
I adore you, I am your fan.  
You get me whatever I demand smilingly,  
Never irritated, always willing.  
Nobody has your mannerism and look.  
Why is your name not there in my books?  
Mother is mother when you are there.  
I am here when we are together.  
I love you, Dad.  
You are my god.

## 41. Will you Forget your name?

To the sadness of my heart,  
Who will you name?  
Will you forget your name?

By coming into the words of others,  
Will you set my life on fire,  
Will you forget your name?

You took away all my hapiness,  
How much grief have you given?  
Will you put ointment on them?  
Will you forget your name?

Did you forget?  
all my loyalties,  
All broken pieces of my heart?  
Can you wrap up?  
And.....  
Can you write my love story again?  
And then.....  
Will you forget your name?



**Saira Mubeen**  
**Student, writer**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

## 42. You Dripped Me Deep Into the Grave



**Saleem Raza  
Jakahar (Amar  
Shaw)  
Teacher, Writer  
Khairpur Mirs'  
Pakistan**

You dragged me deep into the grave,  
Oh dear Breathe, you've sought revenge.  
The sweet pain of your wicked fate I can't bear  
To face; all your heckles, yet cognate.

All my life passed in your castigation,  
Caitiff callous before you,  
Of course, this is my great massacre,  
Bravo, bravo!! You exclaimed with clemency.

For a single moment, you had ever left me,  
Lithe to conjoin the fullest of mine,  
Little grudge without canon for serenity,  
Though I am miffed in morbidity.

Life is puzzled in the oblivion of squander,  
I want to negate, placid out of woe.  
It's little fun, wheedled by wag Bravo! Jeopardized  
Integrity, yet voluptuous to live this life, I go.

### 43. God-indeed the best planner



Let the end of the relationship not destroy your aplomb or smother you.

After all, what was not destined to be in your life cannot be given to you.

Collect the broken pieces of your heart that the tragedy bequeathed and build a new castle of hope with renewed rays,

even if it means holding tight to the rope of life and rising from the ashes like a Phoenix.

"Get over it" and soon you will realize that God is indeed the best planner for me and you.

**Shadabi Naz**  
**Writer**  
**Patna**  
**Bihar**

## 44. Wooden Heart



**Sheila Ann  
Packirnathan  
Writer  
Ipoh  
Malaysia**

You can learn a lot from people,  
A wooden heart that bleeds blood,  
Evoked by the nature of love,  
But what if the love is not what it seems?

Broken into pieces, screaming the worst,  
Alas, we learn, we vow to never love again,  
The adversaries were too much to handle.  
You learn how to safeguard yourself,  
How much you can protect yourself from love and  
desire,  
You are the vision of doom.

But then, there's always someone who might come along and whisk you apart  
piece by piece,  
So it's once again you've been in love,  
And once again you've been betrayed by love,  
By loneliness, by the wooden kisses and hugs,  
And you think it's going to end here.

You can learn a lot from people.

## 45. Man and money



**Shiv Prasad  
Jhabar  
Latehar  
Jharkhand**

In this world, man is a precious gift of nature. Every person wants to live life to the fullest. But, it is a pity that this does not always happen. In this death world, the journey of life from infancy, childhood, youth, and old age eventually ends.

Only happiness is needed in the journey of life. We forget that happiness and sorrow are two sides of life, and the cycle keeps turning. In the midst of joy, there are moments of sadness, and vice versa. The time for such happiness or joy and gaiety is short. If this were not the case, its importance would be reduced. The truth is that happiness becomes boring, and sadness is an integral part of life. We forget the joy of renunciation in the effort to remove it. Since the body is a spear, it can't recognize the happiness and smile inherent in it. Lives lose the happiness and smile of the present moment in the desire of the past and the desire for future happiness.

Money is an essential aspect of life, and its solution lies in the hard work and dedication of the present. It is a means of living, and storage is also necessary for security. Hardworking, talented, and smart workers are all important. But the conscience thinks whether this is the goal of life. Is this the only meaning of living? Is this the only value of life left? Chetan has curiosity from within that his knowledge cannot be given even a lot of money. After all, something inside the conscious wants to find its permanent destination, where the effort dies and we can live peacefully. The effort to find it must continue.

In this economic age, money has remained the goal of life, and materialism is the only aim of life. Money itself becomes the cause of suffering in old age, no matter how much money is there. Forgetting the speed of money, personal happiness has become heavy. After all, what is the secret of old age homes?

## 46. HEAVENLY CALL

We are all sinners.  
The world is becoming more restless every day.  
My heart is bleeding.  
What is our value?  
My heart freezes.  
Where is the purpose of our life?  
My heart is squeezing.  
I want to live.  
Yes, we want to live.  
However, it's getting darker every day.  
I feel empty nowadays.  
Evil still exists.  
Sins still prevail.  
People are still cruel.  
Still living in the bloodlands.  
Will God spare us?  
"We have all sinned."

A world full of endless battles and wars.  
A noble idea must be born.  
The time has come.  
Follow the right paths, not terrible ways.  
Why do we harm the harmless?  
It's time to avoid human cruelty.  
Dear Lord, show me the way.  
Dear God, show us the light.  
We must cross troubled paths.  
Anything is possible with you; we know.  
Your main service is needed.  
Like the biblical Noah, we obey the rules.  
Save us from the floods of life.  
And I will not ignore your heavenly call.  
Raise us to the level of spiritual allegory.



**Terrence Mwedzi**  
**Award winning**  
**Poet, Write,**  
**Columnist**  
**Zimbabwe**

## 47. Karma Calls



**Tha Ono  
Teacher  
Gasparillo  
Trinidad & Tobago**

Days turn to weeks,  
Weeks turn to months,  
Deals you say cannot be undone.  
Sell the nature of things,  
Like Japanese breakfast, karma serves may be a missed  
call.

You make a fool out of me,  
Importing lies, exporting shows, just a tool to deceive.  
Receipts you keep, no match for Karma's files,  
I'll sit back and just smile.

Your homeland marketed with iron and steel,  
False promises, short-changing your own deals,  
Contracts you've broken, words I've spoken,  
In this game of chess, I'll go for broke.

Karma calls,  
You think I'll fall,  
But I know I'm not wrong at all.  
I may lose in your eyes,  
Your face garners a wicked smile.  
Words you use to make a fool,  
Never touch a child of Karma - a golden rule

A wise woman said, "I keep my side of the street clean."  
You wouldn't know what I mean,  
But I know this is true.  
As time passes, you'll receive your dues.  
Patiently, I wait for what was promised and paid.  
Anger I spoke, and you continue to betray.  
I may have been born on a Tuesday, a child full of grace,  
But I seem to have days of a Wednesday child, full of woe.

I run, then fall for foolish words,  
Growing older, I never seem to learn.  
I may burn, but the flames are not hot.  
Karma calls, as Catch-22's ultimatum seems to be made.  
I should have gone or stayed.  
You may see my loss as your gain,  
But I know all too well, you'll never be first.  
A match you make shall be met or worse.

I bid you adieu for now,  
Your false gods and holy cows.  
I march into time to come,  
And you are the one who shall soon run.  
Just a verse as I wait for my friend Karma to work.  
Thank you, dear readers, for sharing my vibes with you.  
Remember your worth,  
Live your truth.  
For good seeds planted in Karma's name,  
Shall never grow in vain.  
My message has been sent,  
It's a reality and a vent.  
Karma calls, I hope you answer,  
She never calls twice, and left unanswered leads to disaster

**By Tha Ono**

## 48. Life

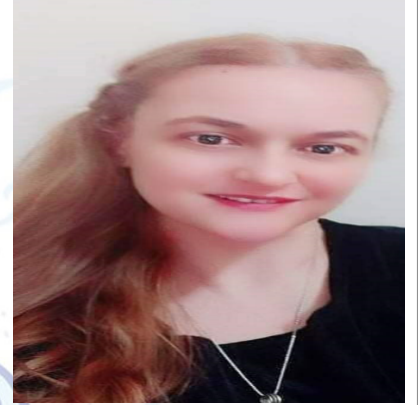
Life is full of feats and is fleeting.  
It's filled with a shot of morning espresso, battles and  
peace, broken dreams, bags packed but nowhere to go.  
Happiness is just an illusion, often filled with sadness  
and confusion. Life, in reality, is topsy-turvy, leading  
us through the curvy winds of twisting roads.



**Theodore Amahle  
Ndlovu  
Writer, Author,  
Model  
Johannesburg  
South Africa**

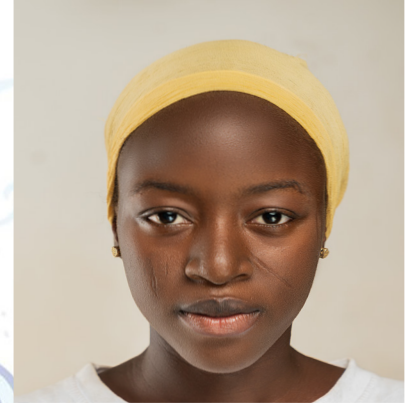
## 49. LESSON

Wherever I look,  
I take a lesson from.  
Even from the tree,  
Even from the bird.  
I hear a sound,  
First slow, then getting faster,  
Thundering.  
It's raining,  
People running away.  
Rain stopping,  
Rainbow coming out,  
And people being happy  
With this life.



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

## 50. Decision



**Umar Maryam  
Ayomide  
Student  
Malete  
Nigeria**

Thou art unavoidable,  
Bittersweet thou art,  
Thou art ineluctable,  
Torturous thou art,  
Thou can be favorable,  
A dice sometimes thou art.

Coming seldomly to me,  
Like a blue blaze,  
Appearing as a mere decision,  
Bringing forth excruciating pain,  
Hurting me like an incision,  
I can't withstand the strain,  
Diversing my vision,  
I realize I stand not on the chief lane.

## 51. A Life Which Is Magnificent



**Usha Krishnan**  
**Educationist, Life**  
**Coach & NLP Coach**  
**New Delhi**

A desire to be transient,  
A grit to be resilient,  
A trial to be emotionally quotient,  
A move lavishly munificent,  
Makes life magnificent.

A firm decision to be never termed as incompetent,  
A strong determination always to be conscient,  
A consistent diligence to be efficient,  
A mindful perseverance to be proficient  
Makes life magnificent.

A life which is thus made magnificent,  
Gives one, a smile so complacent.  
A smile like this, which is so complacent,  
Would make one to hum a tune so pleasant.  
A tune like this, which is hummed so pleasant,  
Would reflect on many more on this planet,  
A tune like this which is refreshingly pleasant,  
Would reverberate everywhere on this planet  
And thus the whole world would be magnificent.

## 52. The who struggles



**Vivek Sharma**  
**Kullu**  
**Himachal Pradesh**

The one who struggles  
never loses.

No matter how late you arrive at your destination,  
the destination is wonderful.

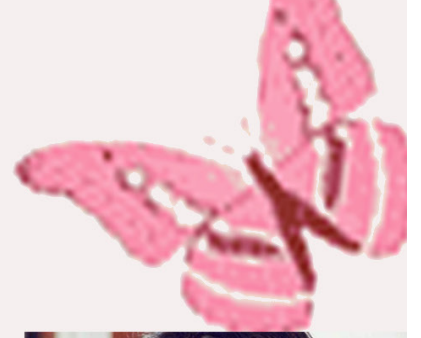
Where is gold made easily?  
You have to bear the heat of the fire.

Even if all doors are closed,  
the key to success is struggle.

The beautiful ornament of warriors  
is only the field of struggle.

Whoever has heard the stories of greatness  
knows that struggle was a part of each one.

**“Panache”  
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**PUBLISHER-CHIEF EDITOR**

**Name :** Akanksha Shrivastava

**Dob:** 29-August

**Place:** Bhopal

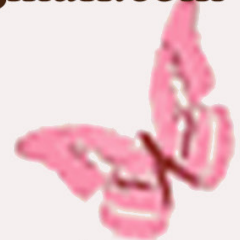
**Education:** B.E(computer science)  
M.A(English Literature)

**Achievements:** Director “De telephone”  
(Short Movie)

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

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

**Phone No.:** 9424002558



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House**



**Designer**

**Name :** **Lalit Kishore Gaur**

**Dob:** **21-July**

**Place:** **Bhopal**

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

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

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

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

**Phone No.:** **8109246305**



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**Aadhya Publishing House**

**Vardhman City**

**Raisen Road Bhopal**

**Mobile: 9424002558**

**[aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com](mailto:aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com)**

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