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PANACHE INK

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL1/ISSUE 2 - APRIL 2026

NATURE

Nature speaks in quiet rhythms, where every leaf and breeze carries a hidden story in its embrace, the soul finds a peace that words can never fully express.

Visit Us:



CHIEF EDITOR:

DR. AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
AADHYAPUBLISHING HOUSE



Preface

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE INK *International* Magazine

April 2026

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EDITORIAL



Nature & the Soul

This edition of **Panache Ink** emerges from the silence of the soul.

When we chose the theme “**Nature & the Soul**,” it was not merely a creative decision—it was a realization. In the rhythm of our fast-paced lives, somewhere between responsibilities and constant motion, we have drifted away from something essential—we have forgotten how to feel. And perhaps that is why, when we turn toward nature, something within us begins to soften again. As I moved through the writings of this edition, I found myself not just reading, but pausing—reflecting, feeling. In one piece, the Earth becomes a teacher, not through instruction but through experience. In another, the mountains speak through stillness, offering a silence that is not empty but complete. And then there is the rain—a simple presence that reveals a deeper longing, not just for water, but for stillness and depth in our lives.

What makes this edition special is its honesty. Each writer has not tried to impress, but to express—and that is where true writing begins. There is a quiet strength in words that come from within, shaped through patience, consistency, and belief. Because the truth is simple: growth is never loud, transformation is never instant, and the most meaningful journeys begin in silence. As I reflect on this edition, one thought returns again and again—nature is not outside us; it exists within us. The chaos we carry and the restlessness we feel are reflections of the imbalance we create around us. And just as nature waits patiently to restore itself, it waits for us too. But healing asks for something we often resist—to slow down, to listen, to feel.

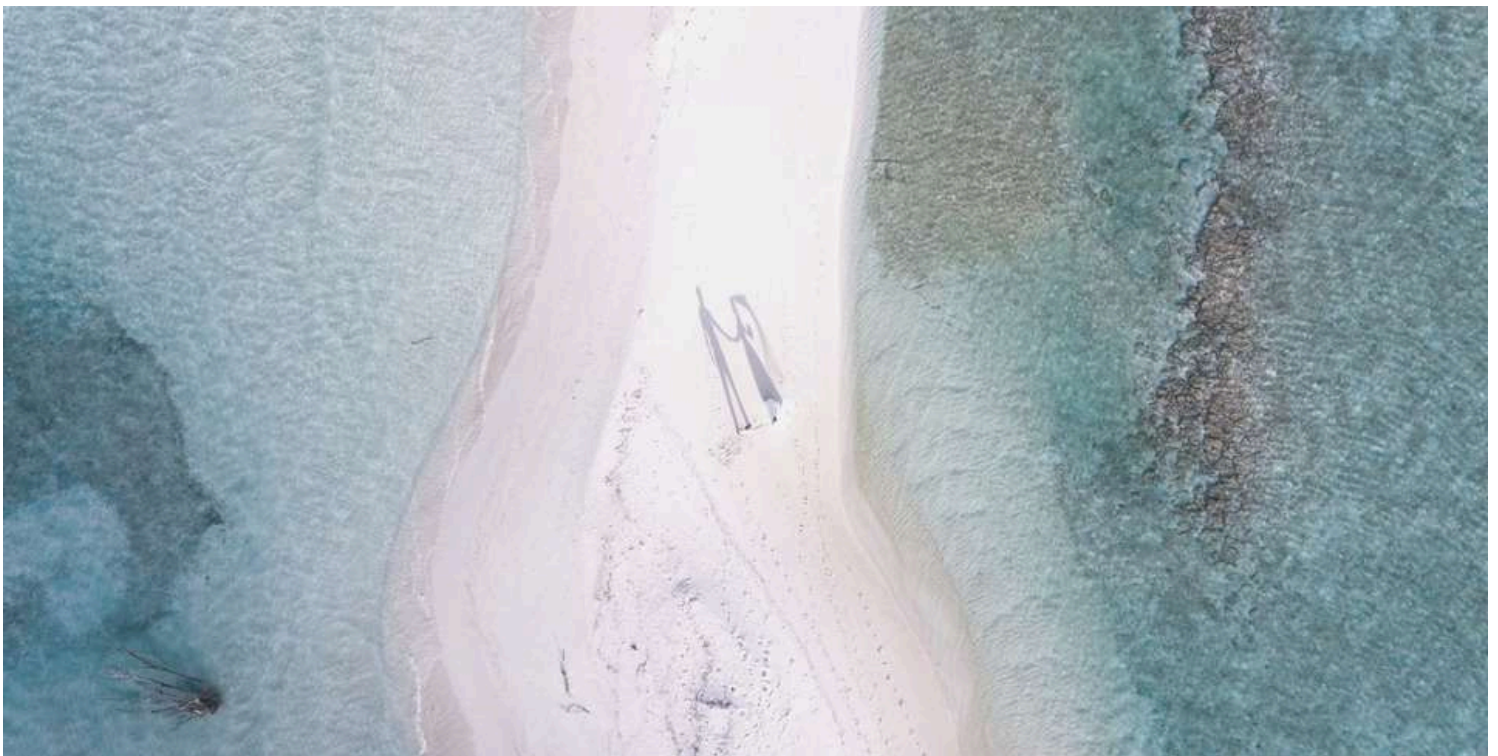
Panache Ink has never been just a magazine. It is a space where voices are understood, where journeys are respected, and where writing becomes a reflection of life itself. This edition carries that spirit forward—not loudly, but gently, like the whisper of wind through trees or the quiet strength of mountains.

As you turn these pages, I invite you not just to read, but to pause, to remember, and to reconnect. Because somewhere within these words, you may not just discover nature—you may rediscover yourself.

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava
Founder & Chief Editor
Panache Ink International Magazine

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Ms. Monika Rai



From the Desk of the Chief Editor...

On the Journey of Madam Monika Rai-

Some journeys do not begin with ambition... they begin with a wound.

Madam Monika Rai's story is one such journey—quietly born out of a moment of silence, where words existed around her, but not within her reach. A young girl standing amidst a crowd, feeling the weight of a language she did not yet own, and perhaps, for the first time, realizing how deeply language can shape one's sense of self.

But what moves me most about her story is not that moment of discomfort. It is what followed.

She did not allow that moment to define her limitations—she allowed it to awaken her strength. There is something profoundly beautiful in the way she chose her path. No shortcuts, no sudden transformations—only a steady, patient commitment to growth. Reading, writing, observing, learning... and most importantly, believing. Her journey reminds us that true learning is never loud; it happens quietly, in the discipline of everyday effort.

What makes her story even more inspiring is that she did not stop at transforming herself. She extended that transformation outward—becoming a guide, a mentor, and a voice for those who once stood where she stood. In her, we see not just a learner who succeeded, but a woman who chose to lift others along the way.

In a world where fluency is often mistaken for intelligence, and speed for confidence, her journey gently challenges these illusions. She reminds us that language is not merely a skill—it is a bridge. A bridge between silence and expression, between hesitation and confidence, between who we are and who we can become.

As the Chief Editor of Panache Ink, I feel a deep sense of pride in presenting her story—not just as an achievement, but as a reflection of countless untold journeys across our country. Journeys where individuals rise beyond circumstances, not with noise, but with quiet determination.

Her story is not just about learning English.

It is about reclaiming one's voice.

And perhaps, that is the most powerful language of all.

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava
Founder & Chief Editor
Panache Ink International Magazine

INTERVIEW

A Conversation Curated by Ms. Usha
Krishnan, Beta reader of Panache Ink

Section 1: The Silent Beginning

1. When you look back at your childhood in a Hindi-speaking environment, what emotions arise within you today?

When I look back, I feel a mix of emotions. I see it as the foundation of my resilience. I also feel a sense of achievement as I didn't grow up speaking English. Yet I carried a silent dream to master it and converted my weakness into strength.

2. That wedding incident became a defining moment in your life—what did you truly feel in that moment?

In that moment, I felt small and invisible. I realized that my education and grades held no weight unless I spoke in English. There was a lot of hesitation and self-doubt. That moment compelled me to think that without this language, I cannot survive in this world. But somewhere beneath that discomfort, a fire was lit. I did not just want to understand English; I wanted to own it. It was absolutely clear in my mind that I had to push my boundaries.



Ms. Monika Rai

3. Many people face such situations, but don't transform them into strength. What was the difference in your mindset?

I am a self-driven person, and I chose to think differently. I refused to stay comfortable in my discomfort. Instead of feeling ashamed of where I lacked, I shifted my focus to improving—every single day.

Most people wait to feel confident before they act. I chose to act despite the lack of confidence. I allowed myself to make mistakes, and more importantly, I learned from them.

I never blamed my background or my circumstances. I held on to one belief ...if others can learn English, so can I.

In the end, my mindset shifted from seeking comfort to seeking growth...

And that made all the difference.

SECTION 2 First Step of Change

4. Your parents played an important role in your journey. How did their guidance shape your path?

My parents bet on me before anyone else and supported me immensely and unconditionally. My mother, a graduate, and my father, a doctor, guided me in elevating my vocabulary and speaking. I started writing journals and reading books. I always emulated my father's writing style. I have always been a passionate reader. My father regularly read 'Reader's Digest' and India Today. So, I've been reading these books since I was a child.

My passion for reading helped me to enrich my English. I remember reading the book 'The Discovery of India' by Jawaharlal Nehru. I read the entire book but failed to grasp many of the events, as I was too young at the time. In this way, I cultivated my habit of reading very early on. Reading and writing helped me to look closely at words. I read the newspapers like "The Hindu and Times of India". Hindu is quite verbose. Whenever I encountered any new word that I was not familiar with, I immediately jotted it down. I always kept my notebook and dictionary handy. I kept my vocabulary active because knowing how to use a word is just as important as knowing its meaning.

My parents were my biggest cheerleaders.

5. In the beginning, what challenged you the most- Grammar, speaking or confidence?

Initially, it wasn't grammar or confidence; it was vocabulary and pronunciation that challenged me the most. I often knew the words, but I hesitated to speak. One word has many meanings. Many words are not pronounced in the way they are spelled.

There was a constant fear of making mistakes, of being judged, of not sounding "perfect". Pronunciation was also a challenging part of this journey. But gradually I realized that fluency is not about perfection, it's about expression. The moment I stopped waiting to be perfect and started allowing myself to speak, even with mistakes, everything began to change.

6. Was there ever a moment when you felt like giving up? What made you continue?

There were days when I felt stagnant, I felt my progress slow and self-doubt crept in. But what kept me going was my deep desire to master this language. I did not want my story to end in hesitation. I kept telling myself that every small effort was taking me closer to the person I wanted to become. So, when it felt difficult, I chose not to stop.

Because I knew that if I gave up, my life would be the same, would change... but if I continue, everything could.

SECTION 3 Falling in Love with the Language

7. Reading and writing become your companions – when did English stop being a subject and become a passion?

My father was a great reader. So, I grew up reading his books. He used to write journals daily, and I picked up this habit very early. I started writing everything that came to my mind. After marriage, I moved to Chennai. I read countless books there, which have really helped me to grow. Gradually, I started to fall in love with the language. Reading and writing didn't become my companions overnight. It was a gradual shift. I started enjoying writing and found solace in it. When I started expressing my thoughts and emotions through it, everything changed. When I realized that I could give words to my thoughts ... English stopped being a subject and became my passion.

It became my voice, my identity, and eventually, my purpose.

8. Do you believe language has the power to shape identity? How did it transform yours?

Yes, language is a powerful tool of communication that can transform a person's whole personality. It shapes how you think and how you express. It enhances your personality and presence and attracts many opportunities.

English not only changed me- it also revealed who I could become. It transformed me from someone who hesitated to speak into someone who now speaks, writes, teaches, and inspires. It gave me clarity in my thoughts, confidence in my voice, and a platform to reach others. It has definitely helped me to expand my identity.

9. How did your journey with Quora begin, and what kept you consistent on that platform?

I discovered Quora while googling and found the platform interesting. Initially, I was a reader, and later on, I started writing there. Gradually, my content got noticed, and many of my articles got viral there. On 24th March 2018, Quora selected me as the Top Writer in the English language. I never thought that I would get the top writer's quill and so much recognition on this platform. My consistency and hard work finally paid off. It was just the sheer passion that kept me going. It all depends on how determined you are. You need to have a burning desire to accomplish any goal.

10. The day you were recognized as a top writer – what did that moment mean to you personally?

It was a surreal moment indeed. I was quite emotional because getting the top writer's quill was not just an achievement... It was a validation of a journey that started with hesitation and self-doubt. I remember the girl who once struggled to express herself, who felt small because she could not speak confidently.

And in that moment, it felt like everything had come full circle. Now I feel a sense of responsibility to write with purpose and impact lives.

11. Today, as an English trainer and entrepreneur, how have you evolved from a learner to a mentor?

My journey from a learner to a mentor was not a sudden transformation. It was a gradual process. I struggled, learned from my mistakes, I practiced, and slowly I started to understand the processes deeply. It takes 3 to 4 years to gain full fluency. There is no shortcut in this journey. I did not just learn the language, I learned how people learn English.

That's when the shift happened. I realized that my journey just for me... it could become a path for others. So, I started sharing and teaching.

Today, I don't just teach English...I shape mindsets, I build confidence, and help my students find their voice.

12. When you see students struggling with English, what emotions or memories does it awaken in you?

When I see my students struggling with English, I see a reflection of my own journey, the fear and the silence despite having so much to say. I know exactly how it feels to be stuck between expressions. At the same time, I feel a sense of purpose and responsibility. Because I know this struggle is not permanent. So, I guide them and help them believe in their voice.

13. There are many myths around learning English- what is one myth you strongly wish to break?

One myth I strongly wish to break is that you need to be perfect to speak English.

This mindset stops learners before they even begin. They wait to have perfect grammar, vocabulary, and pronunciation... and in that waiting, they lose their interest and never start.

I always tell my students that you don't learn to speak by being perfect. You become better by speaking, by making mistakes, by improving every single day.

14. You often speak about the inner fire- what kept that fire throughout your journey?

Every small step I took, every new word, every attempt, every mistake- added fuel to that fire. There were challenges, there were doubts... but my purpose was always stronger. In my case, my “Why” was absolutely clear. Because when your “why” is clear, the fire doesn’t fade...
It only grows stronger.

Quick Answers :

Language is...

not just a way to communicate, it is a bridge between thoughts and expressions.

My biggest weakness taught me...

That weakness is not the end of your story. It can become the very reason for your transformation if you choose to work on it.

Success, to me, means...

not just achieving milestones, but evolving into a person who can inspire, uplift, and help others find their voice.



Monika Rai



MOTHER EARTH: A GUARDIAN OF INHERITANCE AND A GENTLE GUIDE

By : Shashidhar Kumar
Editor

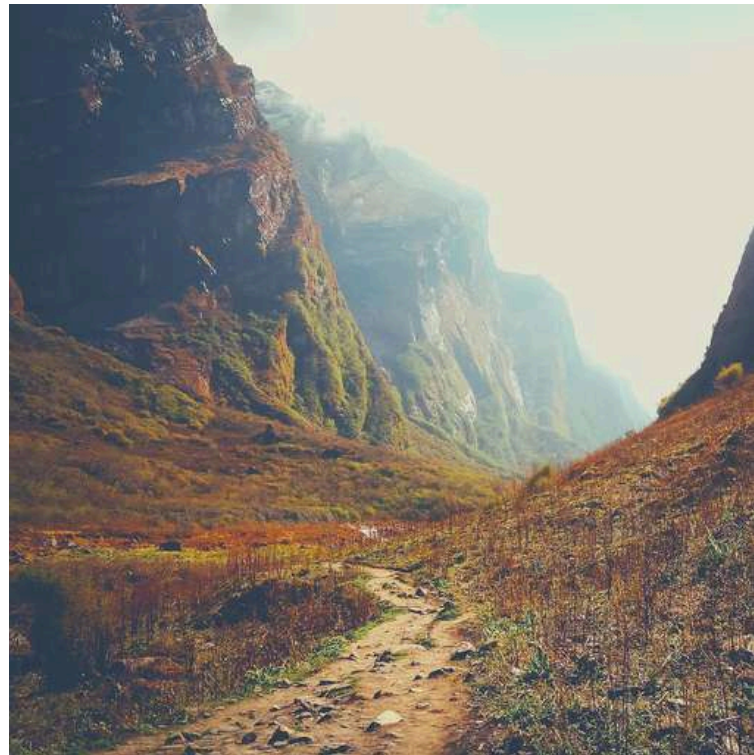
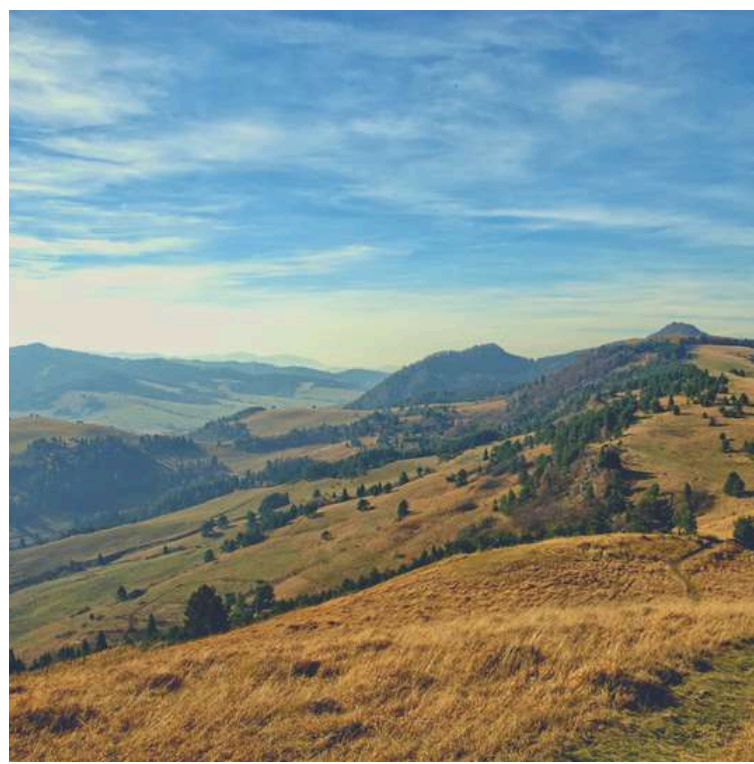
There are classrooms that have walls, and then there are classrooms that breathe. The first is built by human hands; the second, by time itself. When the Earth becomes a teacher, there are no blackboards, no bells, no examinations—yet the lessons are enduring, quietly inscribed in the rhythms of soil, wind, water, and seed.

In the villages where mornings rise not with alarms but with the lowing of cattle and the rustling of neem leaves, knowledge is rarely spoken of as “education.” It is lived. It is absorbed through the soles of bare feet walking on dew-laden grass, through the hands that sow seeds into patient soil, through the eyes that read the sky long before the first drop of rain falls.

This is not merely romantic nostalgia. Increasingly, scholars in environmental humanities, agroecology, and indigenous knowledge systems are beginning to recognize what rural life has always known—that the Earth is not a passive resource but an active educator. Its lessons are ecological, ethical, and deeply human.

The Curriculum of Soil

Take soil, for instance. To an urban observer, it may appear inert, even dirty. But to a farmer, soil is a living archive. It remembers seasons, responds to care, and punishes neglect. A field that has been overworked without rest grows silent—its fertility reduced, its texture hardened. Yet when treated with respect, when nourished with organic matter and allowed to breathe, it revives.



Panache Ink

Modern soil science confirms what generations of farmers have intuitively practiced. Soil is a complex ecosystem teeming with microorganisms—bacteria, fungi, nematodes—that sustain plant life. The concept of soil health now occupies a central place in sustainable agriculture discourse. But in villages, this “concept” has always been a relationship.

A farmer does not say, “I manage soil nutrients.” He says, “The land is tired this year.” There is empathy in that sentence, a recognition that the Earth is not an object but a partner. This linguistic shift reflects a deeper epistemology—one where knowledge is relational rather than extractive.

Seasons as Silent Lectures

The Earth also teaches through time, through the cyclical passage of seasons. In agrarian life, time is not linear but circular. Each season carries its own responsibilities, its own moods.

Summer arrives harsh and unforgiving, teaching endurance. The cracked earth, the shimmering heat, the long walks to distant wells—these are lessons in scarcity. But even in its severity, summer prepares the land for renewal. It burns away pests, dries out excess moisture, and creates the conditions necessary for the monsoon.

Then comes the monsoon, not merely as weather but as an event. The first rain is greeted like a long-lost relative. Children run barefoot, and elders look skyward in silent gratitude. The rain teaches abundance, but also unpredictability. Too little, and crops fail. Too much, and the fields flood. In this delicate balance, the Earth instructs humility—reminding us that control is an illusion.

Winter, with its quiet fog and gentle cold, brings reflection. Crops mature, fields rest, and people gather around fires. It is a season of patience, of waiting. The Earth, in its cyclical wisdom, teaches that growth is not constant; it requires pauses, intervals of stillness.

The Ethics of Interdependence

One of the most profound lessons the Earth offers is interdependence. In a village ecosystem, nothing exists in isolation. The cow feeds on crop residue, the dung fertilizes the field, the field produces grain, and the grain sustains human life. This closed-loop system, often described in academic literature as a “circular economy,” is not a modern innovation but an ancient practice.

Even trees are not merely resources; they are companions. A banyan tree becomes a meeting place, a mango tree a source of both fruit and memory. Cutting a tree is not just an economic decision; it carries emotional and ethical weight.

In contrast, industrial models of development often fragment these relationships. Forests become timber, rivers become water supply, and land becomes real estate. The Earth, in such frameworks, is reduced to a commodity. Yet, as climate crises intensify, there is a growing recognition that such fragmentation is unsustainable. Research in sustainability science now emphasizes systems thinking—an approach that mirrors the interconnected worldview of rural life. The Earth’s lesson is clear: survival depends not on domination but on coexistence.

Listening as a Form of Knowledge

Perhaps the most overlooked lesson the Earth teaches is the art of listening. In villages, people listen—to the chirping of birds that signal seasonal changes, to the direction of the wind, to the subtle shifts in soil texture. This listening is not passive; it is an active form of knowledge acquisition.

A seasoned farmer can predict rain not by satellite data but by observing ant behaviour or the formation of clouds. While such methods may not always align with scientific precision, they represent a localized intelligence shaped by long-term observation.

Contemporary research in indigenous knowledge systems validates this form of knowing. It acknowledges that empirical data and lived experience are not opposites but complements. The Earth communicates continuously, but only to those willing to listen.

Crisis and the Return to Earth

In recent years, global crises—climate change, soil degradation, water scarcity—have forced a re-evaluation of our relationship with the Earth. Urban populations, once disconnected from natural cycles, are beginning to seek reconnection through urban farming, sustainable living practices, and ecological education.

Yet, this return is often conceptual rather than experiential. Workshops and seminars attempt to teach what villages have always practiced. There is a risk here—that the Earth's lessons become commodified, packaged, and sold, losing their essence in the process.

The challenge, therefore, is not merely to “learn about” the Earth but to “learn from” it. This requires humility, patience, and a willingness to unlearn.

A Personal Reflection

I remember an old farmer in my village who never went to school. He could not read or write, yet he spoke of the land with a depth that no textbook could capture. One evening, as we sat by the edge of his field, he picked up a handful of soil, smelled it, and said, “It will rain in two days.”

I laughed then, dismissing it as guesswork. But it did rain—exactly as he had said. When I asked him how he knew, he simply smiled and replied, “The Earth tells you, if you listen.”

That sentence has stayed with me. It is both simple and profound. In a world increasingly driven by data and algorithms, we risk losing the ability to listen—to the Earth, to each other, to ourselves.

Reclaiming the Classroom of Earth

When the Earth becomes a teacher, education transcends institutions. It becomes a lived experience, grounded in observation, empathy, and interdependence. The lessons are not confined to rural life; they are universally relevant.

As we navigate the complexities of the modern world, perhaps the most urgent task is not to invent new knowledge but to rediscover ancient wisdom. The Earth, in its quiet patience, continues to teach. It does not demand attention, yet it offers understanding. It does not impose discipline, yet it cultivates responsibility.

The question is not whether the Earth is teaching. It always has been. The question is whether we are still capable of being students.

In the end, the most meaningful education may not come from what we build, but from what we are willing to observe, to feel, and to respect. And somewhere, in a small village, under the shade of a tree, the Earth continues its silent lecture—waiting for us to return.

COLUMN

“THE LETTER THAT REVEALED A RELATIONSHIP”

BY: MR. PIYUSH GOEL

In a small town lived a wealthy merchant who owned a modest grocery shop. He was around thirty-five years old—settled in life, yet unaware of how destiny was about to quietly reshape his world.

One scorching afternoon, a poor woman arrived at his shop, holding the hand of her ten-year-old son. Her voice carried both exhaustion and dignity as she said, “We have nothing to eat... please give us some money so we can fill our stomachs.”

The merchant looked at her thoughtfully and replied, “You can stay here if you wish. What is your son’s name?”

With a soft, almost apologetic tone, she said, “His name is Kaushal. Because of our poverty, he could study only till the fifth standard.”

After a pause, the merchant said gently, “Kaushal can help me in my work, and you can assist my wife at home—she stays alone most of the time. If this is acceptable to you...”

The woman didn’t hesitate. **“Yes, Seth ji... we only seek shelter.”**

And just like that, their lives intertwined.

The merchant took them to his grand home. The woman stood there in quiet astonishment, overwhelmed by the sheer contrast to her own life. He arranged a small corner for them to stay—a simple space, but one that carried the dignity of belonging.

Time began to move, not just forward—but upward.

The merchant’s business flourished. Being a grocer, he expanded into packaging spices, and prosperity followed him like a blessing. Soon, another joy entered his life—he was blessed with a son. Happiness knew no bounds. Life seemed to multiply its gifts—day by day, night by night.

As years passed, he named his son **Kushal**.

One day, he called Kaushal and handed him a letter, saying, “Open this only when I am no longer in this world.” Life, however, does not prepare us before it changes everything.

One day, Kaushal’s mother passed away.

The house grew quieter.

Now, only the merchant, Kaushal, and the merchant’s wife remained.

And then, one day, the inevitable happened—the merchant too left this world.

It felt as if time itself had paused... as if the walls had lost their voice.

But fate waits for no one.

With trembling hands and a heavy heart, Kaushal finally opened the letter.

The letter read:

“Dear Kaushal,

The day your mother brought you to my shop, I too was in need of a woman to help at home and a boy to assist me in my work. God answered my silent prayer when you both walked into my life.

I sheltered you, but truthfully... it is you and your mother who won our hearts.

I tested both of you many times—quietly, without your knowledge—and each time, you proved your sincerity.

***With your arrival, happiness entered our home. Soon after, my son Kushal was born. Your presence brought not just warmth to the house, but growth to my business as well.**

And now, I entrust something precious to you—take care of your younger brother, Kushal. You understand the business better than he does at this stage. Guide him, protect him...

***Because from the very beginning, you were never an outsider—you were always a part of this family.**

***—Yours,”**

As Kaushal read the letter, his eyes filled with tears.

Kushal noticed and asked softly, “Bhaiya... what happened?”

Without speaking, Kaushal handed him the letter.

The moment Kushal finished reading, he fell at Kaushal’s feet.

But Kaushal immediately lifted him and embraced him tightly.

In that silent hug, there was no difference between blood and bond—only love, responsibility, and belonging.

From that day on, both brothers stood together, fulfilling their duties—not as strangers tied by circumstance, but as family bound by the unseen grace of kindness.

Because in life... no act of help ever truly goes to waste.

Mr. Piyush Goel
Mirror Image Man Of India



Where the earth speaks softly, and the heart learns to listen.

**BY: SHASHI DHAR KUMAR
EDITOR**

There is a silence in the mountains that does not feel empty. It feels full—like a pause in a conversation where nothing needs to be said, yet everything is understood.

If you have ever stood on a narrow path between hills, with the wind brushing past your ears and the distant murmur of a stream reaching you slowly, you would know this feeling. At first, it seems quiet. But if you stay a little longer, you begin to realize—it is not quiet at all. It is a different kind of speaking.

This silence has a texture. It moves. It breathes.

Where Silence Begins

In the mountains, sound travels differently. The air is lighter, the spaces wider, and the human world much smaller. There are no constant horns, no restless engines, no crowded conversations pressing against your ears.

Instead, there are gentle sounds—the wind touching pine trees, the soft crunch of footsteps on dry soil, a bird calling out as if to remind the valley it is still awake.

But what makes the mountains truly silent is not just the absence of noise—it is the presence of balance. People here have learned, over generations, to live without disturbing too much. Life moves slowly, carefully, almost respectfully.

An old man once said while sitting outside his stone house, “Here, we don’t speak loudly. The mountains don’t like too much noise.” He smiled when he said it, but there was truth in his words.



A Silence That Is Learned Without Teaching

In the villages tucked into these hills, silence is not something people practice. It is something they grow into.

Children watch their elders sit quietly for long stretches, sometimes looking at the sky, sometimes just resting their hands on their knees. Conversations happen, but they are unhurried. Words come when needed, and when they are not, silence takes their place without discomfort.

Here, silence is not awkward.

A daughter understands her mother's worry without it being spoken. A farmer reads the sky without needing a forecast. A shepherd listens to the wind and knows when to return home.

Life teaches you to listen before you speak.

And slowly, you begin to understand things that cannot be explained in words.

Feelings That Do Not Need Sound

In the mountains, emotions do not always arrive with noise.

When someone is grieving, people gather—but they do not rush to fill the air with words. They sit together. Sometimes for hours. Sometimes in complete silence. And somehow, that silence carries more comfort than any sentence could.

Joy, too, is often quiet. A good harvest, a safe return from a long journey, the first snowfall—these moments are felt deeply, but not always loudly celebrated.

There is a kind of honesty in this.

It feels as if the mountains teach people that feelings do not need to prove themselves by being heard. They just need to be felt.

When Silence Changes Its Meaning

But today, this silence is slowly changing.

Many villages are becoming emptier. Young people leave for cities in search of work, education, and a different life. Houses are locked. Fields are left unattended. Paths that once carried daily footsteps now wait quietly.

From a distance, it may seem like the mountains have become even more silent.

But this is a different silence.

Earlier, the silence felt alive—filled with people, with routines, with invisible threads of connection. Now, in some places, it feels heavier. As if something is missing.

An elderly woman once said, while looking at a row of closed homes, "Before, the mountains were quiet because everyone was at peace. Now, they are quiet because everyone has gone."

Her words stayed, like an echo that does not fade.

The Noise That Comes in the Name of Peace

At the same time, the mountains are welcoming more visitors than ever before. People come searching for peace, for an escape from the loudness of cities. And yet, unknowingly, they sometimes bring that same noise with them—music playing loudly, constant talking, vehicles rushing through narrow roads.

The silence begins to crack, not suddenly, but slowly. For the people who live there, this brings both hope and worry. Tourism brings income, new opportunities, and connections. But it also disturbs the gentle rhythm they have always known. The mountains do not complain. They never do. But if you listen closely, you can feel the difference.

What Silence Teaches Us

There is something the mountains offer quietly, without asking for attention. They teach us how to listen. Not just to the world outside, but to ourselves.

When you sit in the mountains long enough, away from constant distractions, your thoughts begin to settle. At first, the silence may feel uncomfortable. Your mind searches for something to hold onto.

But slowly, you begin to notice small things—the way the light changes, the sound of your own breathing, the feeling of being present without needing to do anything. It is a rare kind of stillness. And in that stillness, you often find clarity.

For the New Generation: Learning to Feel the Silence

For today's generation, growing up in a world full of screens, notifications, and constant noise, this kind of silence may feel unfamiliar—even difficult.

But it is not lost. It only needs to be rediscovered. To feel the silence of the mountains, one must first slow down. Not as a trend, not for a photograph, but with sincerity. Sit without headphones. Walk without rushing. Allow moments to pass without filling them.

It may feel uncomfortable at first. That is natural. Silence often reveals what noise hides—our thoughts, our restlessness, even our loneliness. But if you stay with it, gently and without fear, it begins to transform. It becomes calm, grounding, almost like a quiet companionship.

Young people can begin with small steps:

Spend time in nature without devices, even if only for a short while.
Listen—to wind, to birds, to the absence of human sound.
Practice speaking less and observing more.
Respect pauses, both in conversation and in life.
Silence is not something to achieve. It is something to allow.

Responsibility: Walking Gently on Quiet Land

To feel the silence is one thing. To protect it is another—and perhaps more important.
The new generation carries a quiet responsibility.
When visiting mountains, it is easy to forget that these places are not just destinations—they are homes, ecosystems, and living cultures.

Being responsible does not require grand actions. It begins with awareness:

Keep noise low.
Let the mountains remain as they are.
Avoid littering and respect the natural surroundings.
Support local communities, their traditions, and their pace of life.
Choose experiences that are mindful, not disruptive.

Even small actions matter. Because silence, once broken repeatedly, is difficult to restore.

More than anything, it is about attitude.
If you arrive with respect, the mountains will share their silence with you. If you arrive with carelessness, they will remain silent—but you may not hear what they are trying to say.

In the End, It Is About Listening

The mountains do not ask us to be silent.
They simply remain as they are—calm, patient, and deeply present.
And when we stand among them, something within us begins to change.
We slow down. We soften. We listen.
The silence we find there is not separate from us.

It is something we had forgotten.
And perhaps, in learning to feel it again—and in choosing to protect it—we may find not just the mountains, but a quieter, truer way of being ourselves.



Walking with Wordsworth

**By -Kartik Srivastava
Editor**

Walking with William Wordsworth is like stepping into a world where nature is as alive as a human being, a world where nature freely thrives, speaks, roams, and above that, guides the human soul. Being born in Lake District of Cumbria County of the United Kingdom and being brought up in the natural settings of the district, Wordsworth puts nature and spirituality before logic and abstract thinking, which led him to emerge as a leading figure of the Romantic movement, a literary movement which emerged in the field of literature in Europe in the late 18th century and which puts emotions, imagination and nature above logics. Wordsworth redefined humanity's relationship with nature, making him one of the earliest voices of what we now call eco-literature.

One of the defining features of Wordsworth's eco-literary vision is his belief that nature is a teacher. In "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey", he describes how his relationship with nature evolved over time. He says how, as a child, he experienced nature through physical pleasure and excitement, but as he matured, he began to see it as a source of deeper wisdom and spiritual insight.

According to him, nature eventually becomes a guide that helps individuals develop compassion, patience, and morality. This idea aligns closely with modern eco-literature, which emphasizes learning from nature rather than dominating it.

Another important aspect that can be taken from Wordsworth's poetry is the idea of nature as a healer. In today's fast-paced, stressful world, this concept feels especially relevant. In his poem, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud", the poet describes his exploration and experiences of nature, how the memory of dancing daffodils brings him joy even in moments of solitude. This suggests that nature not only provides immediate pleasure but also leaves a lasting impression on the human mind, offering comfort and emotional stability long after the actual experience has passed. Such insights highlight the therapeutic value and healing potential of nature. This concept is increasingly recognized in contemporary environmental and psychological studies.

Wordsworth also raises an early warning against the dangers of industrialization and environmental degradation, which had already started during his time, and even these are central concerns in eco-literature today. In "The World Is Too Much with Us", he criticizes how humans have become overly concerned with material wealth and have lost their connection with nature. He laments that people have lost their touch with the natural world and have become unable to realise its beauty and significance. This critical remark by Wordsworth is especially relevant in the modern context, where environmental degradation, pollution, desertification, and climate change are direct adverse consequences of human greed and exploitation of natural resources.

Moreover, Wordsworth's eco-literary perspective includes a deep respect for all living beings. His poetry often reflects a deeper sense of harmony between humans and other forms of life, whether it is birds, flowers, animals, or rivers. His unique view of nature aligns with environmental principles that emphasize interconnectedness and balance within ecosystems. By portraying nature as dynamic, but at the same time, as a whole system too,

Wordsworth encourages readers to recognize their smaller but significant roles within a larger environmental system rather than trying to become its masters and establish control over it.

Another significant contribution of Wordsworth to eco-literature is his emphasis on childhood and innocence. In poems like “My Heart Leaps Up”, he expresses the idea that a child’s innate curiosity and the sense of wonder and appreciation for nature should be preserved throughout life. This perspective suggests that environmental awareness and sensitivity should begin early, as children are naturally more connected to the natural world. Losing this connection with nature, according to Wordsworth, leads to a much reduced sense of joy and meaninglessness in one's life.

Walking with Wordsworth also means embracing the idea of simplicity. He believed that a simple life close to nature is more fulfilling than a complex life driven only by never-satisfying ambitions and materialistic desires. This idea is strongly in line with modern sustainable living practices, which advocate for reduced consumption, environmental conservation, and mindful living. Wordsworth’s poetry subtly promotes these values by celebrating rural life and natural beauty over urban complexity and artificiality.

In addition, Wordsworth’s long autobiographical poem “The Prelude” provides a detailed account of how nature shaped his own personality and his intellectual development. Through vivid descriptions of his childhood experiences in nature, he describes how deeply the environment can influence human identity. This reinforces the eco-literary idea that protecting nature is not just about preserving landscapes but also about safeguarding human culture and consciousness.

In the present era of environmental crises, Wordsworth’s poetry serves as both a warning and a source of hope. On one hand, it reminds us of the devastating consequences of neglecting our relationship with nature; on the other hand, it offers a vision of harmony and balance that we should strive to achieve. His works encourage us to slow down and rather stop all the anthropogenic activities which degrade the environment and to observe our surroundings, and develop a sense of gratitude and responsibility towards the natural world.

In conclusion, walking with Wordsworth is a journey towards ecological awareness and inner transformation. His poetry goes beyond aesthetic appreciation and enters the realm of ethical and philosophical reflection. By presenting nature as a teacher, healer, and companion, Wordsworth not only lays the foundation for eco-literature but also inspires readers to rethink their relationship with the environment. In a time when the planet faces unprecedented challenges, his message is more important than ever: to live in harmony with nature is not just a poetic idea but a necessity for the survival and well-being of all life forms on this planet.

Walking with William Wordsworth teaches us an important moral: humans must live in harmony with nature rather than exploit it. His poetry reminds us that nature is not just a resource, but a source of peace, wisdom, and emotional healing. On the personal front, I feel that we often ignore the beauty and importance of nature in our busy lives, instead taking it for granted. Wordsworth's ideas inspire me to slow down in this race of crushing everything, including nature, to cherish and nurture simple, natural moments and develop a sense of responsibility towards the environment. It also makes me realize that true happiness does not come from material things but from a deeper connection with nature and inner peace.



O RAIN, WHERE ARE YOU?

BY: RAHUL CHAURASE
EDITOR

O rain, where are you?
I haven't seen you in years.
I have forgotten the scent of the soil after
your gentle touch.
That first touch of earth when you arrive,
The scent that rises like a memory from
the ground—Petrichor
I have forgotten it.

I haven't soaked in years.
I haven't stood still beneath the sky
And let you fall over me
As if the world had paused for a moment.

O rain, where are you?

I am lost in a world of chaos,
Running from one hour to another,
Chasing things that never seem enough.
I have no time to stay,
No time to stand still
And watch the drops of rain
Pouring quietly on my skin.

I have forgotten how it feels
To simply look up
And receive.

O rain, where are you?



I can't feel your drops
 Inside these concrete buildings.
 These walls have grown too tall,
 These windows too remain in their eerie
 silence.
 The sky feels distant here.

I want to hear you again—
 Banging against the roofs,
 Drumming against the windows,
 Whispering through the night.

I want to see you fall like a
 Waterfall,
 Rushing down from rooftops,
 Turning streets into rivers of
 Reflection,

I want to see you for seven days
 And seven nights,
 Without interruption,
 Without fear of schedules,
 Without the need to escape,
 Just rain,
 Endless,
 Pure,
 Alive.

O rain, where are you?

I haven't seen a rainbow in years.
 Not because it never appears,
 But because I stopped looking.

Somewhere along the way,
 I lost the vision
 For seeing beauty.

My eyes are open,
 But they do not see.
 My days are full,
 But they do not feel.

O rain, where are you?

The world is covered in dust—
 Not just the dust of roads
 And cities,
 But the dust of thoughts,
 Of intentions,
 Of hearts.

Everywhere—filthy, corrupt,
 Cunningness growing like weeds,
 Jealousy spreads silently,
 Competition turning
 In comparison,
 And comparison turning
 Into emptiness.

The world feels tired.
 Heavy.
 Unclean in ways that water
 Alone cannot touch—
 Yet I still call for you.

O rain, where are you?

Just come once,
 Come suddenly,
 Come fiercely.

Clean the world.
 Clean every street,
 Every corner,
 Every forgotten place.

Wash away every grain of dirt,
 Every stain we pretend not to see.

Let your drops fall
 Like forgiveness.

Wash everything.

O rain, where are you?

The rivers are parched.
 They flow, but without life.
 They move, but without joy.

They are waiting for you—
 Quietly, patiently, desperately.

They have drained,
 They have been tarnished by human
 hands,
 They have lost their voice.

They once reflected the sky,
 Clear and endless,
 But now they carry the weight
 Of everything we have thrown into them.

They want to be clean again.
 They want to breathe again.

They cry along their shores,
 Whispering your name,
 Waiting for you to return.

O rain, where are you?

The forests are waiting too.
 Once alive, once vibrant,
 Now standing still in silence.

They have lost their beauty,
 Not because they forgot how
 To grow,
 But because they forgot how to be
 nourished.

Every tree stands patient,
 Every leaf covered in dust,
 Holding on,
 Waiting for your touch.

They long for the moment
 When you fall
 And clean every fibre of their being
 Washing away the tiredness,
 Restoring their green,
 Bringing life back into their veins.

They are waiting for you
 To make them bloom again.

O rain, where are you?

Every animal waits for you.
 In quiet hunger,
 In silent thirst.

They look up at the sky
 With a hope that does
 Not complain,
 With the patience we have forgotten.

They wait for the water
 To drip from leaves,
 To gather in small pools,
 To flow through roots and soil
 That they may drink again.

They wait for you
 Like a promise
 That has not yet been broken.

O rain, where are you?

And somewhere in all of this,
 I realize—
 Maybe I am waiting too.

Not just for the rain outside,
 But for something within.



A cleansing.
A pause.
A return.

Maybe I have become like
Those rivers,
Filled with noise,
But empty of clarity.

Maybe I have become like
these forests,
Standing still,
Covered in the dust of my
Own thoughts.

Maybe I have forgotten
How to feel,
How to see,
How to simply be.

O rain, where are you?

Come not just to the sky,
But to the heart.

Fall not just on the earth,
But on the mind.

Let something wash away
Inside me—
Something I cannot name,
But deeply feel.

Let me stand once again,
Without rushing,
Without thinking,
Without becoming.

Just standing,
Just breathing,
Just receiving.

O rain, where are you?

I am still here.
Waiting.....





A Forest Inside Me

By: Rahul Chaurase
Editor

From the moment I wake up, there is something inside me that refuses to stay still. It does not wait for permission, and it does not follow logic. It rises before my thoughts can organize themselves, before the noise outside begins. It is raw, untamed, and deeply alive.

There is something inside me that roars like a lion.

It is not a constant roar. It does not echo endlessly across my being. In fact, it appears only for a moment—sharp, sudden, and powerful. A burst of courage. A flash of confidence. A reminder that somewhere within me lies strength I rarely access. I often wish that roar would last longer, that it would stay and guide me through the day with unwavering certainty. But it fades quickly, leaving behind only an echo, and a longing for its return.

Yet, even in its brief existence, it matters. Because it proves that the lion is there.

But the lion is not alone.

There is also a monkey inside me, restless, curious, and unpredictable. It jumps from one branch to another, aimlessly and without direction. One moment it is filled with excitement; the next, it is distracted by something entirely different. This monkey does not understand stillness. It does not care for discipline. It thrives on movement, chaos, and endless searching.

Sometimes I find myself trapped in its rhythm, unable to focus or complete what I begin. I move from one thought to another, one idea to the next, without truly arriving anywhere. It is exhausting—this constant motion without meaning.

And yet, I cannot hate the monkey.

Because within its chaos and randomness lies curiosity and the desire to explore. I only hope that one day, this monkey will find a reason to jump—not out of restlessness, but with purpose. I hope its leaps will begin to form a path, leading me somewhere real, somewhere meaningful.

Deep within me, beyond the lion and the monkey, there is a forest—dense, vast, and endlessly complex.

The trees are tall and thick, their roots intertwined in ways I cannot fully understand. They represent thoughts, memories, emotions—some clear, some hidden, some buried so deep that even I cannot reach them. These trees create a sense of fullness within me, a feeling that there is always more beneath the surface than what I can see.

Sometimes, this density comforts me. It makes me feel rich with inner life, as if I carry an entire world within myself. But at other times, it overwhelms me. The thickness becomes suffocating, the paths unclear, the direction lost. I wander through it, unsure of where I am going, unsure of what I am searching for.

And yet, I continue to walk.

Because somewhere within this forest, a river flows.

It moves quietly, steadily, without asking for attention. It does not rush, nor does it resist. It simply flows, nourishing everything around it. This river carries my emotions—the ones I understand and the ones I don't. It quenches the thirst of every creature within me, giving life to the chaos and balance.

When I listen closely, I can hear it. A gentle reminder that not everything inside me is wild or uncontrollable. There is something calm within me too—something patient, something enduring.

But alongside this calm, there is weight.

A heavy, silent presence that I carry every day.

It feels like an elephant living inside me—massive, unmoving, impossible to ignore. I do not know where it came from. I do not know why it exists. But I feel it constantly, pressing down on my shoulders, slowing my steps, grounding me in a way that is both painful and real.

This weight is not always negative. Sometimes, it feels like responsibility. Sometimes, it feels like memory. Sometimes, it feels like the accumulation of everything I have experienced but never fully processed.

Whatever it is, it is part of me.

And I have learned that I cannot simply wish it away.

Within this forest, there are also fruits—countless fruits growing in hidden corners and open spaces alike. Some are sweet, bringing joy, satisfaction, and comfort. Some are bitter, leaving behind a taste I would rather forget. And some are lethal, dangerous in ways I only realize after I have taken a bite.

These fruits are my choices, my experiences and my desires. Not everything inside me is meant to be consumed, yet everything exists for a reason. I am constantly learning which fruits to embrace and which to leave untouched. It is not an easy process. Sometimes I make mistakes. Sometimes I return to the same poisonous fruit, hoping it will taste different.

But this, too, is part of the forest.

Not far from these fruits, flowers bloom.

Delicate, vibrant, and quietly powerful, they fill the air with a fragrance that reaches every part of me. These flowers are moments of beauty—small, often unnoticed, yet deeply impactful. A kind word, a fleeting joy, a sense of peace that arrives without warning.

I can feel their presence in every cell of my body. They remind me that even within chaos, there is grace. Even within darkness, there is light.

And then there are the birds.

A chorus of voices that rise above everything else. They sing without hesitation, without fear, creating a melody that carries me away from my own thoughts. For a brief moment, I am no longer lost in the forest. I am above it, watching it from a distance, feeling lighter, freer.

These moments do not last long. But they do not need to.

Because they remind me that escape is possible—even if only for a while.

Still, the forest is not always kind.

There are times when I am completely lost within it. Times when the light disappears, when the paths vanish, when every direction feels the same. The darkness takes over, and I can see nothing—no trees, no river, no sky. Only emptiness. Only silence.

This darkness is not just the absence of light. It is confusing. There is doubt. It is the feeling of being disconnected from everything, including myself.

And yet... even in this darkness, there is something.

There is silence. A deep, unsettling silence that at first feels uncomfortable, even frightening. But if I stay with it long enough, it begins to change. It creates space—space to think, to feel, to exist without distraction. It forces me to face myself in ways I often avoid.

That silence, as heavy as it is, becomes a teacher. It shows me that I am more than my noise. More than my chaos. More than my fear.

I am the forest itself.

I carry its wilderness within me—the unpredictability, the beauty, the danger, the depth. I get lost in it often, but strangely, I have come to enjoy that feeling. Because every time I lose myself, I also discover something new. A hidden path. A quiet clearing. A truth I was not ready to see before.

This forest flows through my veins. It breathes within me. It shapes the way I think, the way I feel, the way I exist in the world.

Without it, I would be empty. Without it, I would not be myself. I am not separate from this forest. I cannot step outside it or leave it behind. It is not something I carry—it is something I am.

And sometimes, it overwhelms me. Sometimes, it consumes me completely.

But maybe that is not something to fear.

Maybe it is something to understand.

Because to be consumed by the forest inside me is not to be lost forever—it is to be fully alive within.

“The only journey is the one within,” — Rainer Maria Rilke

Eco- literature

-By: Kartik Srivastava
Editor

Eco-literature, also known as environmental literature, is a genre in literature that focuses on the relationship between humans and the natural environment. It reflects ecological concerns, environmental ethics, and the urgent need to preserve nature. In the modern times of climate change, biodiversity loss, and environmental degradation, eco literature has gained immense importance as a medium of awareness, reflection, and change.

Meaning and Scope of Eco-literature

Eco-literature encompasses literary works like poetry, prose, essays, novels etc , that highlight nature and ecological issues. It is not merely about describing landscapes or scenic beauty; rather, it explores the deep interconnection between humans and nature. It emphasizes how human actions impact ecosystems and urges readers to develop a sense of responsibility toward the environment.

This genre often overlaps with the field of ecocriticism, which studies the representation of nature in literature and examines how literary texts influence environmental awareness. Eco-literature thus serves both artistic and ethical purposes, blending creativity with environmental consciousness.



Historical Development

The roots of eco-literature can be traced back to ancient texts where nature was revered as sacred. In Indian literature, the Vedas and Upanishads emphasize harmony with nature, while in Western traditions, nature has always been a recurring theme.

However, eco-literature as a distinct movement gained prominence during the Romantic period in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Writers like William Wordsworth celebrated nature as a source of spiritual and emotional inspiration. Wordsworth's poetry, particularly works like "Tintern Abbey", portrays nature as a guiding force that shapes human morality and imagination.

In the 20th century, eco-literature evolved further with the rise of environmental movements. Writers began addressing environmental issues such as industrialization, pollution, and deforestation. Works like "Silent Spring" by Rachel Carson played a crucial role in raising awareness about environmental hazards and inspiring ecological activism.

Significant Themes in Eco-literature

Eco-literature addresses a wide range of themes that highlight the complex relationship between humans and the natural world, such as:

- Nature as a Living Entity

Many ecoliterary works present nature not as an object but as a living, dynamic force. This perspective encourages respect and empathy towards the environment.

- Human-Nature Relationship

Eco-literature often explores how humans depend on nature for survival and simultaneously exploit it. It criticises unsustainable practices and calls for a balanced co-existence.

- Environmental Degradation

Issues such as deforestation, pollution, climate change, and loss of biodiversity are central themes. These works expose the consequences of human negligence and industrial growth.

- Sustainability and Conservation

A major aim of eco-literature is to promote sustainable living. It advocates conservation of resources and highlights the importance of protecting ecosystems for future generations.

- Spiritual and Ethical Dimensions

Nature is often portrayed as a source of spiritual and moral guidance. Eco-literature encourages readers to develop an ethical relationship with the environment.

Prominent Writers and Works

Several writers across the world have contributed significantly to eco-literature, not only in the English language but also in the Hindi language:

- Henry David Thoreau - His work “Walden” reflects simple living in harmony with nature.
- Rabindranath Tagore - His poetry and essays often depict the beauty and spiritual essence of nature. Also, Rabindra was a proponent of the philosophy of Naturalism and believed that Nature is a guide and teacher to humans, and with that idea, he built the Shantiniketan school, taking forward the idea of Naturalism.
- Amitav Ghosh – His works, especially “The Great Derangement”, address climate change and its cultural implications.
- Sumitranandan Pant- Pant is one of the most prominent poets associated with nature in Hindi literature. His poetry vividly describes mountains, rivers, forests, and seasons. He believed that nature is a source of beauty, peace, and inspiration. His works reflect a deep emotional connection with the natural world and emphasize harmony between humans and nature.
- Mahadevi Verma- Mahadevi Verma’s writings often portray animals and nature with great sensitivity. In her prose works like “Mera Parivar”, she expresses compassion toward animals and highlights the importance of coexistence. Her work reflects ecological ethics and emotional bonding with non-human life.
- Phanishwar Nath Renu- Renu’s novels, especially “Maila Aanchal”, portray rural life and its close connection with nature. His writing reflects how environmental changes directly affect human life in villages, making it an important contribution to eco-literature.
- Nagarjun- An Indian poet, Nagarjun’s poetry often reflects environmental and social concerns. He wrote about rivers, land, and agricultural life, highlighting ecological issues and the struggles of common people.

These writers use literature as a powerful tool to convey ecological messages and inspire change.

Importance of Eco-literature in the Modern World

In today’s context, eco-literature is more relevant than ever. The world is facing severe environmental challenges such as global warming, water scarcity, and habitat destruction. Scientific data alone often fails to move people emotionally, but literature has the power to connect with human feelings and values.

Eco-literature raises awareness about environmental issues in a compelling and accessible manner. It helps readers understand the urgency of ecological problems and motivates them to opt for eco-friendly alternatives to different activities, which also reflects their responsibility towards Mother Nature. Moreover, it fosters a sense of empathy towards non-human life forms and promotes a holistic view of the planet.

In educational settings, eco-literature plays a vital role in shaping environmentally conscious individuals. By integrating such works into curricula, students can develop critical thinking skills and a deeper appreciation for nature.

Conclusion

Eco-literature serves as a bridge between science and human emotion, combining factual awareness with artistic expression. It not only brings out existing environmental problems but also helps in identifying environmentally friendly alternatives, strengthening a sense of care for nature. As the world continues to struggle with ecological crises, the role of eco-literature becomes increasingly significant.

By engaging with ecoliterary works, individuals can develop a deeper understanding of their relationship with the environment and contribute to a more sustainable future. Ultimately, eco-literature reminds us that protecting nature is not just a necessity but a moral obligation.



SEASONS AND THE HUMAN HEART

By Pragya Tripathi, Editor

“The human heart, like the natural world, exists not in permanence, but in patterns of becoming.”

A Rhythm Often Overlooked

The changing of seasons has long occupied a central place in literary imagination, from the Romantic reverence for nature to contemporary reflective writing serving as a profound metaphor for the shifting interiority of human experience. Poets such as William Wordsworth envisioned nature not merely as an external landscape, but as a living, breathing presence that both reflects and shapes the human mind. In his poetry, nature becomes a companion to thought, a silent participant in emotional life.

Yet, in the pace of modern existence, this connection often recedes into the background. We begin to expect emotional consistency from ourselves, an uninterrupted continuity of clarity, happiness, or productivity. Any deviation from this perceived norm is often regarded as a failure of control.

Nature, however, resists such expectations. It unfolds not in straight lines, but in cycles. Its changes are neither abrupt nor chaotic, but rhythmic and inevitable. When we observe this carefully, we begin to recognise a parallel within ourselves: the human heart, too, moves through phases subtle, shifting, and deeply interconnected. To understand our emotions through the lens of seasons is not merely poetic; it is profoundly clarifying. It allows us to see that what we often label as instability may, in fact, be a natural progression.

The Subtle Emergence of Renewal

Spring does not arrive with a dramatic declaration. It reveals itself slowly through soft light, hesitant blossoms, and the gradual return of colour. It is a season that does not rush, yet transforms everything. In human experience, there are moments that resemble this quiet reawakening. After periods of emotional stagnation or difficulty, something within us begins to shift. The heaviness that once felt permanent begins to lift, not all at once, but in fragments.

“Hope, much like spring, rarely announces itself—it reveals its presence through small, persistent changes.”

I have often felt this quiet return of hope after periods when everything seemed suspended in stillness, as though life had momentarily paused.

Such moments are deeply significant. They reflect what psychological discourse terms resilience, the capacity not merely to endure, but to recover. Yet, this recovery is rarely dramatic. It is patient, almost imperceptible, unfolding in ways that mirror the slow bloom of nature.

The Romantic imagination, particularly in Wordsworth’s work, repeatedly emphasises this restorative capacity of nature. It does not impose change; it facilitates it. Similarly, emotional renewal is not forced; it emerges.

The Fullness of Emotional Intensity

As spring deepens into summer, the world expands. Light lingers, colours intensify, and life seems to exist in abundance. Summer is a season of presence, of being fully within the moment.

Emotionally, this phase corresponds to intensity. It is during such periods that we experience life in its most vivid form. Joy feels expansive, connection deepens, and even sorrow acquires a certain sharpness.

“To feel deeply is not merely to experience life—it is to inhabit it fully.”

There have been moments when the intensity of feeling itself felt both exhilarating and overwhelming, as though one could not separate warmth from weight.

The sensuous richness often associated with John Keats's poetry reflects this very quality. His work captures the fleeting yet profound nature of intense experience, the awareness that beauty and transience coexist. This duality is central to emotional life as well.

However, intensity is not without consequence. Just as prolonged heat can exhaust the body, sustained emotional intensity can lead to fatigue. It is here that the need for balance becomes evident not as suppression of feeling, but as an awareness of its limits.

Keats's notion of "negative capability," the ability to remain within uncertainty and intensity without immediate resolution, offers an important insight. To feel deeply is valuable, but to remain grounded within that depth is equally essential.

The Elegance of Letting Go

Autumn arrives with a quieter, more contemplative beauty. The vibrant fullness of summer gives way to a gradual release. Leaves fall not in resistance, but in acceptance. In human life, there are phases that demand a similar gesture. We are often required to let go of relationships, expectations, ambitions, or identities that no longer align with our evolving selves.

"Letting go is not the absence of attachment, but the recognition of its temporality."

I have come to realise that some forms of growth require not acquisition, but the courage to loosen one's hold on what once felt essential. This process is rarely easy. It carries within it a sense of loss, even when it is necessary. Yet, it is precisely this act of release that creates space for transformation. Autumn, in this sense, becomes a metaphor not for ending, but for transition. It teaches that change does not always arrive as addition; sometimes, it manifests as subtraction.

The Necessary Silence of Stillness

Winter is often misunderstood as a season of absence. Yet beneath its stillness lies preparation. The apparent barrenness conceals processes of renewal that are not immediately visible. Similarly, there are moments in life characterised by withdrawal times when outward engagement diminishes, and introspection takes precedence.

"Stillness is not a void, but a space where unseen processes of renewal begin."

There are phases when solitude feels less like isolation and more like a necessary return to oneself, a quiet gathering of strength.

In contemporary discourse, such phrases are often misinterpreted as stagnation. However, from a psychological perspective, they are essential. They allow for reflection, processing, and recovery. Without winter, there can be no spring. Without stillness, there can be no renewal.

Living Within Cycles, Not Against Them

Modern life often privileges continuity, constant productivity, constant positivity, and constant motion. Within such a framework, cyclical experiences can feel inconvenient or even undesirable. Yet, nature offers a different model, one that values balance over permanence.

“Balance is not achieved by sustaining one state, but by allowing movement between many.”

To understand emotional life through this lens is to cultivate acceptance. It is to recognise that fluctuation is not failure, but function.

An Ongoing Return

Perhaps the most reassuring aspect of seasons is their recurrence. No winter is final; no spring is permanent. The same holds true for the human heart. To live meaningfully, then, is not to resist these transitions, but to engage with them to trust that each phase, however difficult or fleeting, is part of a larger rhythm. And in that rhythm, we find not certainty, but continuity a quiet assurance that we are always, in some way, becoming.



THE HEALING POWER OF NATURE

BY: PRAGYA TRIPATHI
EDITOR

**“NATURE HEALS NOT
THROUGH INTERVENTION,
BUT THROUGH PRESENCE—
QUIETLY RESTORING WHAT
MODERN LIFE UNSETTLES.”**

Reconsidering Healing in Contemporary Life

In an age increasingly defined by acceleration, digital immersion, and constant connectivity, the human experience has undergone a profound transformation. While technological advancement has enhanced efficiency and accessibility, it has also contributed to a subtle yet persistent form of exhaustion, one that is not always physical, but deeply cognitive and emotional. The mind, continually engaged with stimuli, seldom finds the opportunity to rest in stillness.

Within this context, the concept of healing often becomes complicated. It is associated with structured practices, deliberate interventions, or distant retreats. Yet, one of the most enduring and accessible sources of restoration remains largely understated: nature.



Writers such as Henry David Thoreau, particularly in his reflections on simple living, emphasised that immersion in nature is not an act of escape, but of return, a return to clarity, to simplicity, and to essential truths. This idea continues to resonate in contemporary discussions of well-being, suggesting that healing may not always require addition, but rather a quiet reconnection with what already exists.

The Mind in a State of Ease

One of the most immediate effects of engaging with natural environments is the shift it creates within the mind. Unlike urban or digital spaces that demand sustained and directed attention, nature allows the mind to move into a state of relaxed awareness.

“In nature, attention is not demanded—it is gently invited.”

I have often noticed how even brief encounters with natural surroundings, standing near trees or watching the movement of clouds, can soften the sharpness of thought and create an unexpected sense of calm. This experience aligns closely with what cognitive psychology describes as *effortless attention*. According to Attention Restoration Theory, natural settings engage the mind in a way that is neither forced nor fragmented, allowing cognitive resources to replenish. In contrast to the mental fatigue induced by constant task-switching and information processing, nature offers a form of engagement that is fluid and restorative. The implications of this are significant. Improved focus, reduced stress, and enhanced clarity are not merely incidental outcomes; they are integral to the way human cognition responds to natural stimuli.

Grounding and the Experience of Belonging

Beyond cognitive restoration, nature fosters a deeper, more existential sense of grounding. In natural environments, the distinction between the individual and the surroundings often begins to blur. The vastness of the sky, the continuity of landscapes, and the rhythmic movement of natural elements create a perspective that extends beyond the self.

“To stand within nature is to be reminded that one is not separate, but part of a larger continuity.”

There are moments when this awareness feels immediate when the self no longer feels isolated, but quietly integrated into the world around it. This sense of belonging holds particular relevance in contemporary life, where feelings of isolation and disconnection are increasingly prevalent. Nature, in its quiet expansiveness, offers reassurance not through language, but through presence. The Romantic poet William Wordsworth frequently articulated this connection, portraying nature as a source of emotional and spiritual grounding. His work suggests that the human mind does not merely observe nature; it participates in it.

A Space for Emotional Unfolding

Another profound dimension of nature's healing capacity lies in its ability to hold emotional experience without interruption. Unlike social or structured environments, which often impose expectations of composure or articulation, nature remains entirely non-judgmental.

“Nature does not interpret our emotions—it allows them to exist.”

I have often found that emotions that feel overwhelming in confined spaces become more manageable when allowed to unfold in open, natural surroundings. This quality creates a unique environment for introspection. Thoughts become less cluttered, emotions less constrained, and the process of understanding oneself becomes more intuitive.

In therapeutic contexts, this phenomenon is increasingly recognised through practices such as ecotherapy, which emphasise the role of natural environments in facilitating emotional well-being. However, even outside formal frameworks, the experience remains accessible, rooted in the simple act of being present within nature.

The Restoration of Wonder

In addition to its cognitive and emotional benefits, nature has the capacity to evoke a sense of wonder, an experience that is both immediate and transformative. Wonder, often associated with childhood curiosity, tends to diminish in the routine of adult life. Yet, it is precisely this quality that re-emerges in moments of deep engagement with nature.

“A moment of wonder has the capacity to reframe an entire state of mind.”

Even the simplest occurrences, such as a sudden breeze, the shifting colours of the sky, or the sound of rain, can momentarily suspend habitual patterns of thought. The significance of such moments extends beyond their fleeting nature. Psychological research suggests that experiences of awe can expand perception, reduce self-focused thinking, and enhance overall well-being. In literature, this sense of wonder is often central, particularly in the works of Romantic poets, where nature becomes a site of both beauty and revelation. The poetry of John Keats, with its emphasis on sensory richness and transient beauty, captures this experience vividly. His work reflects the idea that beauty, though fleeting, possesses a profound and lasting impact.

Nature as an Unspoken Teacher

Nature communicates its lessons not through direct instruction, but through pattern and process. The cycles of growth, decay, endurance, and renewal unfold continuously, offering a model of resilience that is both visible and instructive.

“Resilience lies not in resisting change, but in moving with it.”

Observing these patterns has often altered the way I understand difficulty not as an interruption, but as part of a larger rhythm. A tree, for instance, does not resist the shedding of its leaves, nor does it rush its renewal. It exists within the cycle, adapting as necessary. This quiet adaptability offers a powerful lesson for human experience.

In a world that often prioritises control and predictability, nature presents an alternative perspective one that values flexibility, patience, and acceptance.

The Accessibility of Healing

A common misconception surrounding nature’s healing power is that it requires immersion in vast, untouched landscapes. While such environments are undoubtedly powerful, they are not essential. Nature exists in smaller, more immediate forms: a plant by a window, a patch of sky visible between buildings, the presence of trees along a street.

“Healing through nature is not determined by scale, but by awareness.”

There are days when even a brief pause in a quiet, green space feels unexpectedly sufficient to restore a sense of balance. This accessibility makes nature an inclusive resource. It does not demand travel or transformation; it requires only attention.

Reintegrating Nature into Everyday Life

Recognising the value of nature is only the first step; the challenge lies in reintegrating it into daily life. This does not necessitate dramatic changes. Rather, it involves small, intentional shifts choosing to step outside, to pause, to observe. Such practices align with contemporary approaches to mindfulness, which emphasise presence and awareness. In this sense, engagement with nature becomes not merely an activity, but a way of being.

“To notice nature is, in many ways, to notice oneself.”

Returning to Balance

Nature's restorative power lies in its simplicity. It does not offer immediate solutions or impose structured outcomes. Instead, it creates conditions in which healing can occur organically.

“Healing begins not in seeking more, but in noticing what already surrounds us.”

This perspective challenges the tendency to externalise healing to seek it in complexity by redirecting attention to what is already present.

Closing Reflection

To reconnect with nature is, ultimately, to reconnect with the self not as something separate or isolated, but as part of a larger, interconnected whole.

I have often found that in moments spent in quiet natural surroundings, the need for answers diminishes, replaced instead by a sense of clarity that feels both subtle and sufficient.

And perhaps, in that quiet shift from seeking to simply being lies the essence of healing: not as a dramatic transformation, but as a gentle return to balance.

**“THE SAME STREAM
OF LIFE THAT RUNS
THROUGH MY VEINS
NIGHT AND DAY
RUNS THROUGH THE
WORLD AND
DANCES IN
RHYTHMIC
MEASURES.”**

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Write Ups

False Normal

They all think it's normal to fake a smile,
They all think it's normal to say you're alright.
They don't see your glossy eyes,
They don't see through your lies.
They think that you're all okay...
When you're not.

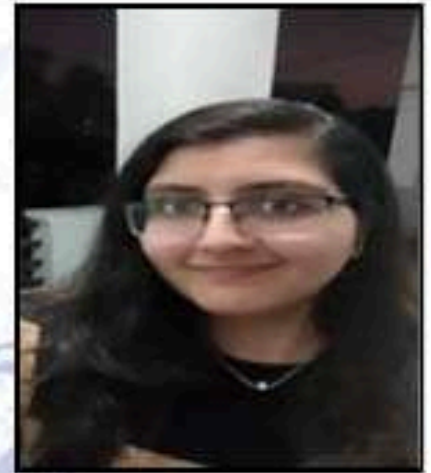
They don't see your tired sighs,
On the way you say goodbye,
like you're fighting for your life,
barely keeping it inside.

Oh, I used to think they would all know,
that it's all pretend, I just put on another show.

Even though it's all the mess and I'm breaking inside,
guess you will never know, cause I smile.
Through it all,
I tell perfect lies,
laugh it off.

Maybe they aren't the ones who would fight this alongside me?
Or maybe they all pretend not to see,
how I am breaking underneath, the calmness of my eyes.

I guess, I just have to be strong enough to fight all my battles alone.
For they all don't care if I die or put on another show.
Maybe it's normal, to hold it all in and never let it show



Ms. Arushi Mishra
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

AND I FLY...

And I fly,
all through it.
As we dance,
there is so much
to enhance.

And I fly by
without worrying,
without any stress.
I will only leave a mark
on the world's surface.

And I fly,
catching the light,
one more sight,
doing things right
by my side.

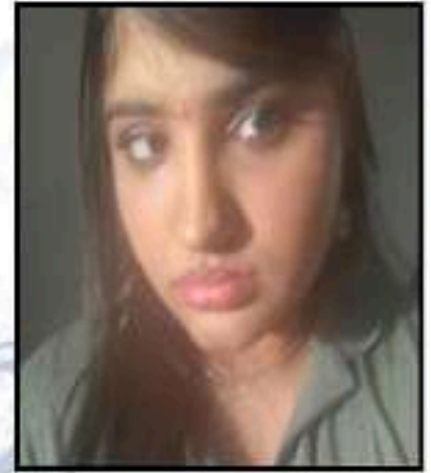
And I fly
relentlessly,
unshakably,
fearlessly—
and I just fly.



**Ms. Sakshi
Shrinivas
Jarandikar
Student
Sangli
Maharashtra**

Stars

Are they really just a mass of plasma
Or are they the crushed broken souls
Souls of those who aren't there anymore
Or of those who don't feel anymore
Are they really just a scientific discovery
Or are they constant reminders of our mistakes
Arte they what the heart feels
Or are they purely a quiet mockery
Are they the light wich is meant to brighten our lives
Or a light that is just bright,more then we ever can be
If we are in competition we can never win
The stars are too bright the stars are oh so pretty the
stars form illustrations better then we'll ever be
Oh please let me leave
I know I won't be
I won't be the brightest one
Not in this life I'll ever Be



Ms. Saanvi
Dublin
Ireland

Winding Road

Ups and downs in life represent winding roads.
Life's journey, with its turmoil and effects, is like a
winding road.

From childhood to youth,
from youth to middle age,
and until death,
the winding ways of worldly woods
always accompany us in their mysterious ways.

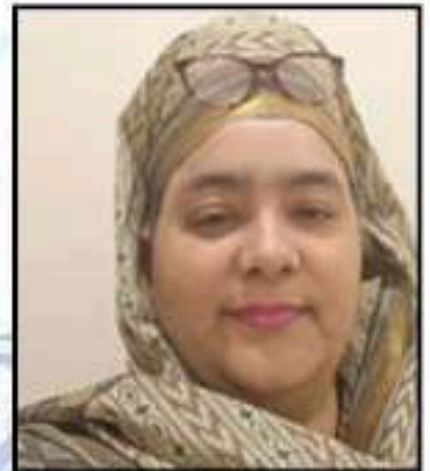
In the roller coaster of life, we grow up with our tiny
hearts
and large imaginations, which sometimes turn gloomy.

Life is like that.
Anything can happen.
You just have to drive safely.

People come and go.
Parents also pass away with age.
Children follow their own paths.

That's all just a winding road.

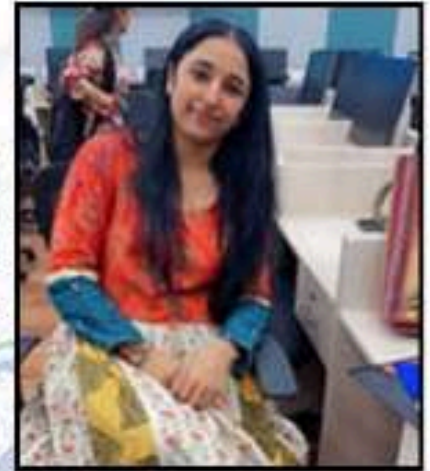
Duty with love is the only formula.
Leave the rest.
Accept the best.
Life's a test.
Live with zest.



Mrs. Rajinder Kaur
Rashu
Writer
Amritsar
Punjab

Changing Role of Teachers in 21st Century

Education in the 21st century has undergone a remarkable transformation due to rapid advancements in technology, globalization, and evolving societal needs. In this dynamic context, the role of teachers is no longer confined to traditional classroom instruction. Instead, teachers are expected to act as facilitators, mentors, innovators, and lifelong learners who guide students in navigating a complex and ever-changing world. Traditionally, teachers were seen as the primary source of knowledge, delivering information through lectures while students passively received it. Today's learner-centred education system, the focus has shifted towards active learning, critical thinking, and problem-solving. Teachers now encourage students to question, explore, and construct knowledge rather than simply memorizing facts. This shift requires teachers to design interactive and engaging learning experiences that cater to diverse learning styles.



**Ms. Harsha
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Teacher And M.ed
Scholar
Vadodara
Gujarat**

One of the most significant changes in the teacher's role is the integration of technology in education. Digital tools, online platforms, and multimedia resources have transformed teaching methods. Teachers are now required to be technologically competent, using tools such as smart boards, virtual classrooms, and educational apps to enhance learning. They also guide students in using technology responsibly and effectively, promoting digital literacy and ethical online behaviour. The modern teacher plays a crucial role in fostering inclusive education. Classrooms today are diverse, including students from different cultural, linguistic, and socio-economic backgrounds, as well as those with special needs. Teachers must adopt inclusive teaching strategies, provide equal opportunities, and create a supportive learning environment where every student feels valued and respected. This involves differentiated instruction, continuous assessment, and collaboration with parents and specialists.

Another important aspect of the changing role of teachers is their responsibility

in developing life skills among students. Beyond academic knowledge, teachers are expected to nurture communication skills, creativity, collaboration, and emotional intelligence. They act as mentors who guide students in personal growth, helping them build confidence, resilience, and a sense of responsibility towards society. Teachers are now lifelong learners themselves. With the constant evolution of knowledge and teaching practices, it is essential for teachers to update their skills through professional development programs, workshops, and research. Reflective practice has become an integral part of teaching, enabling educators to evaluate their methods and continuously improve their effectiveness.

The relationship between teachers and students has also evolved. Instead of being authoritative figures, teachers now build more democratic and empathetic relationships with students. They listen, understand, and support students' individual needs, creating a positive and motivating learning environment. These changing roles also bring challenges. Teachers face increased workload, pressure to adapt to new technologies, and the need to balance administrative responsibilities with teaching. Despite these challenges, teachers remain the backbone of the education system, playing a vital role in shaping the future of society.

In conclusion, the role of teachers in the 21st century has expanded far beyond traditional boundaries. They are facilitators of learning, promoters of inclusion, and agents of change. To meet the demands of modern education, teachers must be adaptable, innovative, and committed to continuous growth. As education continues to evolve, the teacher's role will remain central in preparing students to face the challenges of the future with confidence and competence.

By Harsha Mardiya

Today is Life

In today's fast-moving world, people are always busy planning for the future. Everyone wants success, comfort, and a better life. Planning is important, but many people forget to live in the present. Life does not happen in the future; it happens today. As Omar Khayyam beautifully said, "Be happy for this moment. This moment is your life." If we ignore today, we may miss the real meaning of life. Many people think happiness will come later, after achieving goals, but this idea makes them forget the value of the present moment.

Most of the time, people think about the past or worry about the future. The past is gone, and the future is uncertain. The only time we truly have is today. Gautama Buddha advised, "Do not dwell in the past, do not dream of the future, concentrate the mind on the present moment." When we focus too much on tomorrow, we forget to enjoy what we have now. Small moments like talking to family, sitting quietly, or enjoying nature are very valuable. These simple experiences bring real happiness and peace, but they are often ignored in daily life.

We all plan for a bright future and work hard for it, but we should not miss the little joys of life. Happiness is not only found in big achievements; it also exists in small daily moments. A smile, a kind word, or a peaceful moment can bring real happiness. Osho reminds us, "Now is the only reality. All else is either memory or imagination." These simple things make life meaningful. When we start noticing and appreciating them, life feels more complete and less stressful.

Aristotle said, "Happiness depends upon ourselves." This reminds us that happiness is not something we wait for in the future, but something we create today. In the same way, Socrates believed that a meaningful life comes from awareness and understanding of our actions. When we live with awareness and value each moment, we begin to understand the true purpose of life.



**Ms. Mruga
Girishkumar
Kavishwar
Student
Vadodara
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Many great thinkers have also given importance to living in the present. Swami Vivekananda encouraged people to act without fear and make the most of life. Rabindranath Tagore showed that true joy comes from simple living and deep thinking. J. Krishnamurti taught that real freedom comes when we are fully aware of the present moment. Their thoughts remind us to live fully in today.

At the same time, living in the present does not mean we stop planning for the future. It means we stay aware and enjoy each moment while moving forward. Confucius said, "Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated." This shows that when we worry too much about the future, we lose the beauty of today. A balanced life means working for tomorrow while living fully today.

Life is not in the past or in the future, it is in today. We should plan for tomorrow, but not at the cost of losing today. By valuing each moment and enjoying simple joys, we can live a happy and meaningful life. Every day gives us a new chance to live better, think better, and feel better. Therefore, we must always remember that today is not just a day, it is life itself.

By Mruga Girishkumar Kavishwar

Ripples of Serenity in Nature's Embrace

In dawn's gentle touch, the rivulet stirs,
A gentle ripple breaks the stillness,
Tiny circles of water mark the hush,
For yet a serene flow forward with new hopes.

Birds sing melodies in morning's light,
Their cheerful chirping as a pure delight,
Adds ripples of freshness for the trees in height,
With a treat of shades and a breeze so sweet.

Beneath the trees, where shadows sway,
Flowers bloom in bright array,
A ripple of cool breeze that gently play,
Fills the air with a joyful ray.

A Cool breeze whispers through the air,
Carrying scents of earth and flower,
Adds ripples of exuberance in stir,
A soothing touch in tranquil blur.

Leaves murmur secrets to the breeze,
While sunlight dances through the trees,
In this embrace, when my spirit finds solace,
Ripples of thoughts expand in gentle grace.

And as I sit in calm realm,
My thoughts' rhythm, softly gleam,
Dance like leaves upon the stream,
Fades into a peaceful dream.

A ripple of hope, a breath, and a prose,
A moment of peace, gentle and close.
In this stillness, I find my ease,
A calm that heals, without a pause.



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

April in Guwahati: A Bengali's Bihu Rhythm

There is a specific frequency that Guwahati vibrates on when April arrives. It starts with the distant, earthy thrum of a Dhol practiced in a neighbor's backyard and the sharp, haunting cry of the Pepa that seems to wake up the very trees. For those of us born here, Bihu isn't just a festival we observe; it is the soundtrack of our childhood. Being Bengali in Assam means your heart beats in two different rhythms during mid-April. One hand is preparing for Poila Baisakh—the Nabo Barsho rituals, the crisp new clothes, and the aroma of Cholar Dal and Luchi. But the other hand is reaching for a slice of Jolpan. You don't just "visit" Bihu; you live it.



Mrs. Priyanka
Author
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West Bengal

I remember the thrill of hearing the gate creak open and a Husori group entering the compound. As a child, watching the energetic dancers in their Mekhela Chadors and Dhotis was better than any televised show. Also, there's a distinct pride in receiving a Bihuwan. Even in a Bengali household, that red-and-white woven Gamosa held a place of honor, symbolizing a blessing from the land that birthed us. Our kitchen would be a fusion zone. My mother would be making Pulipitha, Patisapta but our neighbors would bring over plates of Til Pitha and Tekeli Pitha. To this day, the crunch of a perfectly made Gila Pitha feels more like "home" than almost anything else.

Guwahati totally transforms during Rongali Bihu. From the massive stages at Latasil and Chandmari to the small community celebrations in every gully, the city breathes joy. As a Bengali, I never felt like a spectator. Whether it was cheering for Bihu dance or enjoying the taste of Pithas every moment felt like mine.

Born in the lap of the Brahmaputra, my identity is blend. I am the Alpona on the floor for the Bengali New Year, but I am also the irrepressible urge to dance when the Gogona starts to play.

A Double Match

Uncle Zivo had told Farai not to let him pass without seeing his wife. "You have done everything good that I expected to see in you, and I have observed it with gratification," Uncle Zivo had said, "sometimes with pain because I often wish my younger sibling had lived to see the success story you have become."

"Uncle, I'm still searching," Farai would reply casually.

But now that Uncle Zivo was terminally ill, his last days alternating between home and hospital and between hospital and home, the urgency of Uncle Zivo's words echoed in Farai's mind. Uncle had long stopped repeating the words, maybe because he feared that repeating the words would be a way of giving finality to his situation. Considerate of him, but the words had taken root in Farai's mind and played like melancholic music in the heart of his thoughts.

Farai was chief account with a formidable indigenous company that specialised in electronic items, ranging from simple domestic appliances to industrial gadgets used by people in the manufacturing sector. His economic prospects soared with everyday that he reported for duty, but his social life remained stagnant like a shadow trapped in a vacuum. He had his uncle, aunt, and cousins and nobody outside the family circle, not even a girl pretending to be a promising wife.

Interaction with women was not excluded from his daily life. He had come into contact with many ladies as clients, but without ever meeting the temptation of trying to light a fire outside the transactional business issues that brought the ladies to his desk. Maybe there was a missing thread in his heart, maybe the one that would enable him to seek connection with a woman.

If there was anything that Farai disliked, it was a delay on his way back from work. Back home, the only company he had was the emptiness of his spacious house, thoughts about his ailing guardian and diminishing social expectations.



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

"A flower will not bloom forever," he would tell himself, "but it is the human flower whose glow comes to naught." He realised that in the botanical world flowers never made deliberate efforts to make their boom come to fruition.

The thoughts he carried on his mind clearly separated the splendour of youthful imagination from the stumble of single adult life. He was not too old to cheat the reality of coming of age; he was turning 30 in two years. As he rounded a bend on his way home, the weight of his thoughts making the muscles of his neck stand out, he found his left foot pushing hard on the brake paddle of his car. Another car of similar make had suddenly loomed ahead of him, blocking his way. The smell of heated rubber jetted into his nostrils as his car came to a halt beside the stationary car.

"We need to push your car out of the road without delay," Farai said urgently.

"Thanks for coming along," said the young woman who owned the car. "I couldn't do it on my own."

Within a moment or two the car was out of harm's way, and Farai was done fixing its rear tyre.

As the cloud of nervousness had cleared from her face, the owner of the car that had delayed Farai's journey back home looked extremely gorgeous, like a flower parading its petals on the lifeless landscape of his heart.

"Can I have your number so that I will call you, should I find it necessary?" Farai requested extending the hand that held his smart phone towards her.

She quickly punched her contact details on his dial pad and handed the gadget back to him, saying one word that ought to be her name. Samantha, quite a beautiful name for a beautiful woman, but back behind the wheel, Farai pushed Samantha to the fringes of his thoughtful activity.

In his bed that night, Farai sensed a wild vibration in his chest before his encounter with Samantha began to replay in his mind. He tried to push her out

of his thoughts in order to think of his work schedule for the following day, but she held on stubbornly until he considered giving her a call in order to close the episode of their encounter.

He tried her number without hesitation, but his call was not successful. He realised that the number was one digit too long. It didn't take Farai long to banish Samantha out of his mind. Why should an impromptu encounter hold his mind prisoner? He must invest his thoughts in his job and his uncle.

Finally, rest descended upon Uncle Zivo's world and an incredibly large crowd gathered at his rural homestead to pay their last respects to their hero, the philanthropist who had transformed the lives of many village youths. Among the mourners, Farai spotted Samantha and she was in the company of another beautiful girl. Was it a double match intended for his emotional consideration? He could not fathom Samantha's connection with the family until some of uncle's belongings were shared among his relatives, in anticipation to the reading of his will.

Samantha was introduced as Uncle's daughter with another woman. Farai felt his world collapsing around him. When he thought fate had brought the woman of his imagination back into his locus, he had found her to be of the same DNA as he!

Love was not part of his agenda, he told himself as he crept into his tent to rest his stressed mind. It didn't take him long to doze off, but he was awakened by a girl's voice hardly ten minutes after he had fallen asleep.

"I'm sorry, I'm Carol, Samantha's friend, can I borrow your power bank?" the girl requested.

"You can have it all night," Farai said.

"No, I need it for only ten minutes." Farai handed the girl what she had asked from him through the tiny window of his tent, the tip of his fingers brushing

against the open palm of her hand, conveying an itching sensation that crept up his arm.

The girl sat outside Farai's tent and they talked through the thin wall of the tent as her phone charged.

Farai dozed off again, this time in the middle of a phrase. In his dream he was with Uncle Zivo again. "Son, Uncle Zivo said to him, as they sat on a river bank, facing the setting sun, "I could not hold on forever, but I'm glad to have kept all my promises."

"I wish I could borrow some of your qualities, especially your patience," Farai said.

"You have patience already, but one more thing about promises, son," Uncle looked directly in Farai's eyes, "never make one in haste, never hesitate to break one made by mistake."

The old man vanished from his nephew's presence and Farai was suddenly awake. Carol was long gone. He wondered if she had even visited his tent at all. He checked his time and it was 5am. He lit his phone's flash light and saw his power bank lying next to his pillow. Carol had apparently pushed it through an opening under the wall of the tent. He tried not to think about her.

The lawyer who was going to read Uncle Zivo's will was going to arrive around 0800. The will was not a cause for anxiety for Farai because he had made his own breakthrough. There was one thing, however, he could not reverse, the twist in his relationship with Samantha. Then suddenly, he heard Samantha's voice outside his tent and he crawled out to meet her.

"I kindly request you to drive Carol into town because she has to report for duty at 0800," Samantha said.

"My pleasure," Farai did not say. Instead he said, "For only today, I'm your friend's keeper."

Sitting behind the windscreen of Farai's car, Farai and Carol eyed each other with eyes that seemed to say, "We have found each other."

They drove out of the homestead, a love word on the tip of Farai's tongue, which he finally let loose as they descended Christmas Pass, after driving ten kilometres. "I love you too, but I hardly know you," Carol responded, casually.

"Love will give us the opportunity to know each other, but guess what," Farai said playfully, "A lot of people who have been married for decades hardly know each other."

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

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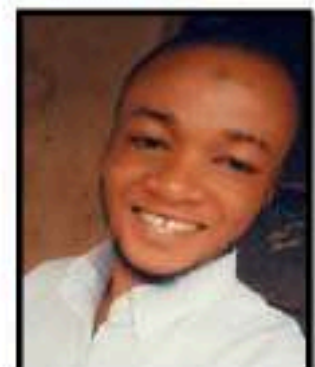
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**Monthly English Magazine
April 2026**

“Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,” wrote William Wordsworth, reminding us that in loving nature, we find a faithful companion. Ralph Waldo Emerson beautifully adds, “Adopt the pace of nature: her secret is patience,” teaching us that the rhythm of life is not meant to be rushed. Henry David Thoreau saw divinity in the simplest truths when he said, “Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads,” while Rabindranath Tagore felt nature’s poetry in every tree: “Trees are the earth’s endless effort to speak to the listening heaven.”

As Albert Einstein wisely observed, “Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better,” and John Muir echoed this truth through experience: “In every walk with nature, one receives far more than he seeks.”

Together, these voices remind us that nature is not just something we see—it is something we feel, learn from, and quietly become a part of.

