

*Aadhya Publishing House
Presents*

MSME

MICRO, SMALL & MEDIUM ENTERPRISES
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OUR STRENGTH • हमारी शक्ति
Government Of India

PANACHE

July 2023

Volume 2, Issue 7

Chief Editor:

*Akanksha Shrivastava
+919424002558*

Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

July 2023

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558

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



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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PANACHE

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To register for Panache please WhatsApp on +919424002558

Sydney's Winterfest

Community events bring great, positive change in a community. Such a community event was conducted in Sydney, on the 25th of June, 2023. It provided a business platform for many small businesses. It was also a constructive way to encourage adults and children, to showcase their talents. This event was conducted by Vinitra Jayaraman and her benevolent team. It saw more than 1200 guests. Such events are essential to connect different communities and to experience diversity.

Vinitra is a philanthropist and feminist. She and her women team work around the clock, to support developing businesses. These supertalented volunteers play a crucial role in such events. They take out time from their busy work-life schedule, to put up such amazing talent contests. They take major responsibility for tasks such as managing the stalls and assisting the attendees.

Volunteers

- 1. Priya Aakash**
- 2. Seema Balasubramanian**
- 3. Amala Ram**
- 4. Padmavathy Ganesh**
- 5. Viju Ba**
- 6. Sangeetha Gokul**
- 7. Kala Krishnakumar**
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- 9. Nithya Sundaram**
- 10. Uma Shane**
- 11. Prathima Lingamallu**
- 12. Narmada**
- 13. Lakshmi**
- 14. Vinithra Suresh**
- 15. Jayanthi**
- 16. Manimegalai Sankar**
- 17. Vaish Srinivasan**

Sydney's Winterfest

Let us embrace their counts of goodwill, and appreciate their efforts to create positive impacts on the society. Such women are a boon to our country because they preserve the rich heritage of our land



Best Reveiwer of Month of June

Regan Mireri
Best Reviewer

My identity has been a result of fits and misfits built obviously over time, a process that could be unnecessary for introduction. Anyway, Regan Mireri is an absurdly interesting "man in process" who has explored numerous records on philosophy, psychology, and experience; records that have resulted in complex understanding and presentation of interesting art, that's poetry included. He however still believes there is a lot to be known, so ceases not to explore. Over time he has shown beyond reason that one can be multit talented. He has written books yet to be produced (Poetry Bough, & Speak Vol 1), scripted films, acted, directed and produced a few (Dr. O, Seat of Madness & Crap), painted pictures and taken part in mentoring programs. He studied communication and journalism and expressed most interests in filming. His hobbies include socializing, watching films and documentaries, studying scientific research, playing computer games, practicing graphic design, writing and engaging in field adventures. Suppose opportunity comes forth, he would produce more films, explore the universe and seek to give back to the society.

His social media handles are as follows:

Tiktok @prof.rego

Instagram @mireriregan



Winner of June Month who got maximum appreciation on their write up

VAISHNAVI SHRIVASTAVA
Secured 1st Position

Vaishnavi Shrivastava born on 01.03.2012 in reputed Kyasth family of Dr. Santosh Kumar and Priti as first child who lives in Gazadhar Chakk, Golaroad, Danapur Cantt, district Patna of Bihar.



Her mother Priti is working as high school science teacher in Bihar government and father Dr. Santosh Kumar is working as senior Post Graduate Teacher in JAWAHAR NAVODAYA VAISHALI, BIHAR.

She is lovely daughter of her parents and also has one brother Anmol Shrivastava.

Vaishnavi Shrivastava has a lot of interest towards study and achieved national level achievement as Child scientist in 23rd NATIONAL CHILDREN SCIENCE CONGRESS 2022.

She became topper of three states (Bihar, Jharkhand and West Bengal) in Jawahar Navodaya vidyalaya entrance exam 2021 for class 6th .

She has deep interest in literature too and young writers of Nav Uday Patrika and Benam Chithiyan in Hindi besides of English literature in which she writes poems for The Panche an international English monthly magazine.

She has written many logistics and nature loving poems in English like: Father you never gave up on me, Happy birthday Jesus, Friendship and so on through international English Monthly Magazine The Panche.

In Hindi , she has written many poems like मेरे पापा, माँ को बेटी की पुकार, गांधी जी के बलदान को e.t.c through the Hindi monthly magazine Nav Uday Patrika and Benam Chithiyan.

She is studying in standard VIII in JAWAHAR NAVODAYA VIDY-ALAYA WAFAPUR SHARMA VAISHALI, BIHAR.

She has also got many national level certificates on the occasion of Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav in 2022.

She set a milestones in her carrier of education too.

Lorem Ipsum

Winner of June Month who got maximum appreciation on their write up

ANMOL SHRIVASTAVA
Secured 1st Position

Anmol Shrivastava born on 15.03.2013 in reputed Kyasth family of Dr. Santosh Kumar and Priti as second child who lived in Gazadhar Chakk, Golaroad, Danapur Cantt, district Patna of Bihar. His mother Priti is working as high school science teacher in Bihar government and father



Dr. Santosh Kumar is working as senior Post Graduate Teacher in JAWAHAR NAVODAYA VAISHALI, BIHAR.

He is lovely son of his parents and has also one sister Vaishnavi Shrivastava.

Anmol Shrivastava has a lot of interest towards socio - cultural aspects and achieved national level certificates on the occasion of AZADI KA AMRIT MAHOTSAV 2022.

He has deep interest in literature too and young writers of Nav Uday Patrika and Benam Chithiyan in Hindi besides of English literature in which he writes poems for The Panche an international English monthly magazine.

He writes many logistics and nature loving poems in English like: I had a dream, Oh My Children Oh My Dear, Happy New Year Everything is Lie in The world and On the shore of a River and so on through international English Monthly Magazine The Panche.

In Hindi, he has written many poems like माखन चुराते बाज न आते कृष्ण, जय जय श्री गणेश भगवान, वज्र समान डटना सीखो, हन्दि वही कहलाती है, मैं हन्दि देश का संवधान हूँ, इस तरह हम होली मनाएंगे e.t.c.through the Hindi monthly magazine Nav Uday Patrika and Benam Chithiyan.

He is studying in standard VI in JAWAHAR NAVODAYA VIDYALAYA WAFAPUR SHARMA VAISHALI, BIHAR. He has set a milestones in his carrier of education too.

Winner of June Month who got maximum appreciation on their write up

AHMED BAGIDI LATIFAH
Secured 2nd Position

She is a budding poet, literary and arts enthusiast from Kwara state, Nigeria. She studies literature at Usmanu Danfodiyo University, Sokoto. She is obsessed with books and those who write them, If she is not found reading, she is definitely practicing journalism because, she believes in journalism as an arrow to stop all disasters, She is a member of PCU club Udu, She is one of the winners of poetry contest udu 2023, She is the former assistant secretary General of Naks udu chapter and presently the voice president of the Association.



Titles

1.	Abu Al Farabi	Bangladesh	1
2.	Aftab Tariq	India	2
3.	Ahmed Bagidi Latifah	Nigeria	3
4.	Akindipe Oluwafunmilola	Nigeria	5
5.	Alka Kumar	India	6
6.	Amna Ameer Gondal	Pakistan	7
7.	Anmol Shrivastava	India	8
8.	Ashok Manikoth	UAE	9
9.	Boby Narayan	India	10
10.	Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal	India	15
11.	Denis Ogola	Kenya	17
12.	Dhan Singh 'Dhanendra'	India	18
13.	Donika Sharma	India	19
14.	Elonu Annabel	Nigeria	20
15.	Farah Aslam	Pakistan	21
16.	Fareen Khabetsa Mboya	Kenya	22
17.	Fernando Matos	Brazil	24
18.	Girish Chandra Upadhyay	India	25
19.	Husna Abbasi	Pakistan	26
20.	Jacinta Museo Mwendwa	Kenya	27
21.	Jailaxmi R Vinayak	India	30
22.	Juhi Prakash Singh	India	31
23.	Kailash Rana	India	38
24.	Lawrence Develious Kaunda	Malawi	39
25.	Lucy Victoria David	South Africa	41
26.	M Aniket	India	44
27.	M Vinya	India	47
28.	Major Sir Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju	Nigeria	49
29.	Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu	India	50
30.	Mohamed Kerkoub	Algeria	55

31. Mudashir Busari	Nigeria	56
32. Nhamo Muchagumisa	Zimbabwe	57
33. Own Abbas	Pakistan	61
34. Promila Bhardwaj	India	62
35. Regan Mireri	Kenya	63
36. S.Arunkumar	India	64
37. Sabyasachi Nazrul	Bangladesh	66
38. Sadiqa Batool Naqvi	Pakistan	67
39. Saira Mubeen	Pakistan	68
40. Saleem Raza Jakhar Amar Shah	Pakistan	70
41. Sheila Ann Packirnathan	Malaysia	72
42. Shiv Prasad Jhabar	India	73
43. Shiv Raj Pradhan	India	74
44. Shoaib Mehmood	Pakistan	75
45. Stephen Linjesa	Zimbabwe	77
46. Terrence Mwedzi	Zimbabwe	79
47. Tha Ono	Trinidad and Tobago	80
48. Usha Krishnan	India	82
49. Utshaw Kumar	India	83
50. Vaishnavi Shrivastava	India	84

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

1. Illusion

A lost illusion is floating in the realm of clouds
In the light of that star.
I am an unblossomed Gandraj,
I think in the green circle,
From hiding.
Akash's chest is torn,
When will the moon rise?
A bit of rain,
Runujhunu Nikvane.

O dear of your heart,
Which cell is playing today,
Nice tune?
Tell me its notation.
I will write, my friend,
A new song
To the tune of your soul.
I will play as Seoul
In the full summer night.

A glimpse of the morning light,
Whisper,
Will come to the rhythm of the wind.
The blue sky will say,
"Shiuli, now it's your turn to go,
Amid time."

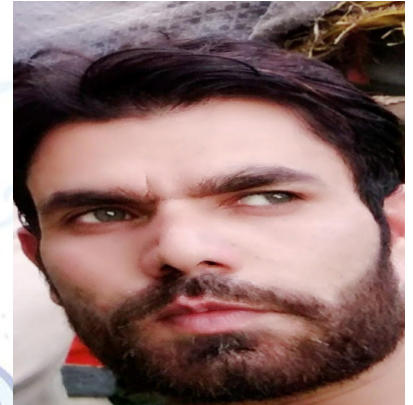
I'm going to drop, my friend.
Jhara Shiuli became,
The dew of living grass touches the chest.
I will be exhausted,
But that song,
The sound of your soul,
It will never end,
Never.



Abu Al Farabi
Artist
Chittagong
Bangladesh

2. OH! DEAR MOTHER

My mother, when the world is busy,
When no one listens and comforts my soul,
I am lost in your beautiful, faint memories.
The satchel you used to tie around my back
Felt very light on my weak shoulders.
As your gaze used to follow me to school,
In the stillness of the night, I feel your
Warm, gentle hands rubbing my back.
I smell the scent of your cooking,
The serene sound of your singing,
The swishing of the broom echoing,
In my ears, just like the SHAHNAI and SITAR,
Resonating through melancholic hearts.
It purifies and reignites the flame of love.
I see you coming from the lush green fields,
During midsummer in Kashmiri folk dress,
I feel you during winters making bread,
In front of the oven, thus beautifying the kitchen.
I feel you everywhere, on every occasion.
Now, you are gone, and I am left here,
With just beautiful memories to hold,
They tug at my heartstrings severely,
And never seem to grow old, though.



Aftab Tariq
Poet and teacher
Lalpora Kupwara
Kashmir

3. Unity In Diversity

Being here in my hemisphere,
Just like the hibiscus,
The lily rose,
The sweet petals within your reach.

Varying different colors,
The indigos in the rainbows,
The whites, the blacks,
The reds, the blues,
Of the human race.

Sending scented perfumes,
Of the diverse race,
That seep through your souls,
And bind us as one.

Let me introduce to you...
A woman called Unity,
Who bears tranquility,
In a town called Solidarity,
In a home called University,
Who is married to Diversity.

Whose breast is not only a milk,
But a salt, a stream, a snow, a smoke, and a swam,
That connect love with peace,
That connect humanity with sense.
Her eyes are like two moons,
In a starry night.

The mother,
Breeding 250 ethnic groups,
And wife to 400 dialects.



**Ahmed Bagidi
Latifah
Student, writer
Kaiama
Nigeria**

With her warmth, we tell stories,
With her smiles, we live as one.

For she rises in a place of her grace,
To give a cool embrace,
And to repair the air of discord,
That kills trillions of children.

let there be plead,
For you to heed,
To bury the sorrows beneath our graves,
And dance a tune,
Of spoken dialogue.

For the tender sun rallies,
The east, the west, the north,
And the south,
All for you and me.

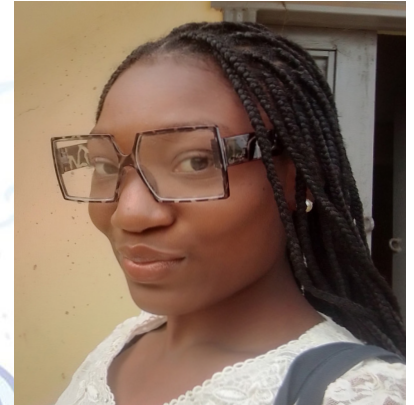
By Ahmed Bagidi Latifah

4. IRREPLACEABLE LOVE

This special feeling for you
Makes me sing for you
So the world can know you,
My jewel, and adorn you.

You've been a friend, full of wonder,
And as I always ponder
On your lovely and good works,
I can never put you asunder.

For this great feeling can never fade,
For it is what the Lord has made.
It will live forever in our hearts
Throughout our life on this earth.



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student and writer
Ibafo
Nigeria**

5. NATURE'S BOUNTIES

Whistling on the trees that soothes the ears
Drumming in the woods, allays all fears;
Rustling of the dry leaves when the wind blows
Whispering of the waters as the river flows.
Glistening of the moon as the night falls,
Glittering of the stars with rectitude calls;
Swarming butterflies in myriad colours bright,
Morning birds pecking, a delightful sight
With unparalleled smoothness, the sand dunes shine
Camels leaving imprint in abstract design;
Featherlight snow-flakes falling from the sky
Rain drops come kissing to the earth, so shy.
Orchids endear with vibrant hues
Fragrance do Night Lilies, graciously effuse.
Numerous blessings ordained upon us
By the Creator, the Divine in great abundance!



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

6. Poetry is not just Words

"Poetry" is not just words,
Feel the emotions behind it.
It uplifts you in sadness,
Glorifies in happiness.

When time passes late,
In moments of wait,
It takes you into imagination,
With fine threads of sophistication.
Brings hope in despair,
Expresses love so fair.

When someone feels bored,
It becomes a silver sword.
Kills all leisure hours,
Gives so much fun, scars.
Can heal you in pain,
And soothes you in rain.

Poetry is a love sign
That makes things fine.



Amna Ameer Gondal
Clinical
Psychologist
Gujranwala
Pakistan

7. Everything is lie in the world

One day, a farmer sat on the side of a river,
He was thinking about the world,
Who is green forever,
On the side of the river?

He thought,
What's the world's wonder?
The world is full of creatures,
That's called nature.
He asked the river,
What's your favor,
On the side of the river?

The river said,
The world's wonder is me also, but
Humans are blind to nature,
They are cunning and clever,
On the side of the river.

The farmer understood the river's pain,
Asked, "What can I do for you and your
friends?
You are being polluted,
How can a single farmer keep you clean
forever,
On the side of the river?"

The river explained to the farmer,
What he can do for nature.
"You can grow more and more trees for
nature,
You should minimize the use of
vehicles,



Anmol Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar

And increase the use of bicycles.
You shouldn't waste a single piece of
grain.
It's nature's main thing,
Grown by the land's labor
On the side of the river.

You should use sand wisely,
It purifies the river water,
It maintains the underground water
table.
So, join your hands,
And avoid the misuse of sand,
To save the weather
On the side of the river."

8. Nature sync

Once you step onto the land so grand,
And sow what Mother Earth wants to grow,
Nature will strengthen your hand,
And your joy will overflow.

The seeds you plant will take root,
And with care and nurturing, they will sprout,
Blossoming into bountiful fruit,
And you will have no doubt.

Mother Nature will provide,
With sunshine, rain, and fertile soil,
And you will feel alive,
As you witness your garden's toil.

So step onto the land with glee,
And let your hands work their magic,
With nature's help, you will see,
A truly fantastic world.
A world so grand that Gods would love to reside.



Ashok Manikoth
Writer
Dubai
UAE

9. COMEUPPANCE



Bobby Narayan
Ph. D Scholar
New Delhi
Delhi

Sunetra as usual stepped out of her hostel along with other girls and joined the training session in the park where their instructor, Adil, who used to train them in the tricks of marketing. Among all others, Sunetra always exceeded her monthly target. After adieu, she along with Gauri took a bus and stepped down at Aradhana Enclave. For they avoided others coming along with them due to the division of profits.

Among other challenges, her target needed to be fulfilled every day. That day Gauri fixed the location at Sunrise Apartment. Both entered the gate; the guard who was supposed to stop them allowed them to enter.

Gauri didn't have good marketing skills and was unable to impress the customers while Sunetra was beautiful, and her eyes were more like a princess which deceived the customers within seconds.

The trees and flowering plants surrounded the Apartment, and the flats were divided into two parts by stairs. The odd ones were just the opposite of the other. Gauri wanted to go for joint operation, but Sunetra hesitated as her credit would be divided, she didn't want her performance and gain to be shared with the incompetent people. With smiling face Gauri said:

- You go to that side and wait at the gate after this.

Gauri knocked Flat No. 304 while Sunetra 303. The old woman at 304 opened the door and asked Gauri to come inside. Before entering looking at Sunetra, Gauri smiled, perhaps her luck clicked whereas Sunetra was not getting any response. After a few minutes of lost hope, the door opened. One ugly man came out and asked:

- What do you want?

- Sir, I am from Supreme White Detergent Company. Is madam at home? I would like to show her demo... thereafter, you decide to buy. Please call madam.

- Sit here, I am calling her. She is in the kitchen.

Saying so, the ugly man moved inside; Sunetra closed the door and sat on a chair. After sitting for about 10 minutes, finding no signs of human presence, she got up and politely shouted:

– Madam, are you there?

-2-

There was no response, and before she could think otherwise, the ugly man pounced on her from behind and after a battle of few minutes, Sunetra lost what she had preserved for her future husband. She somehow fought back, and, in the process, her clothes got torn and with a bruised face, without her lower she ran out of the door; holding her breath, she reached the main gate and sat down leaning against the wall and began to cry, no one was there to share the tears.

Gauri came out and found her in an unconscious state. After her efforts, Sunetra woke up. Gauri learned about the incident and took her to the police station. Initially, she insisted on approaching the police but later on submitted herself to punish the culprit.

The sleeping SHO after learning the incident ordered to lodge an FIR. After writing the report, the case was handed over to Inspector Dharamvir Singh and Constable Umashankar and a lady constable Neelam. Sunetra was sent to Hospital for medical check-up while Gauri accompanied the cops to the Sunrise Apartment.

After almost four hours, all of them proceeded towards Flat No. 303 with utter silence. When they came back, they found the door was locked. The khakis stared at Gauri. She could not connect the incident. They were about to return but suddenly observed a thin flow of blood coming out below the door. The door was broken. The ugly man lying in the pool of blood! At the first look, Anurag was murdered with a sharp object, throat slit.

‘He has died’ cried Umashankar after checking his pulses.

Dharamvir stared at Gauri who was in a state of shock, cried:

- Sir, believe me. I don’t know anything about the murder.

It was afternoon and there were not many residents to make a gathering. The few who came rather thought not to be involved. The three khaki-clads began to search the premise. The driving license revealed the identity: Anurag Pandey. One lady’s purse and pajamas were lying on the floor. Inspector Dharamvir dialed the ambulance and the photographer. The body was sent for post-mortem and Gauri was detained for questioning. Room sealed! ...Investigation started...

-3 -

After medical examination, Sunetra, who could not come out of shock, was sent to the nearby Rehabilitation centre.

ASI Jagannath Rao was asked to collect the medical report who moved on his cycle and returned with the report.

- What is written there? asked Dharamvir.

Instead of answering, Jagannath handed over the report. Rape confirmed. Jagannath checked the time of rape and time of murder; there was a difference of 30 minutes and suddenly cried aloud:

- CCTV, Sir, camera don't lie.

Both Umashankar and Jagannath had been given the task of gathering evidence from the Apartment. They arrived and asked the gateman: Who is the guard?

The gateman pointed finger towards the guardroom. Both questioned the guard and checked the CCTVs. What they find was that one girl was entering one flat and another was entering the opposite one but after few minutes, the first one got out while the second one was still there and after half an hour the victim was seen running out of the flats with bruised face, torn clothes and without any lower: profusely bleeding. Thereafter, there was no recording. The two captured the hard disk. CCTV checked again and again... lights out... no clue... police returned.

- Who's the owner of this flat, Umashankar? Find out.

- Sir, the flat owner is Usha Mittal. She is an NRI.

- Get details tomorrow.

The next day, Umashankar came up with details: NRI, passport, resident of Canada. The most amazing information from Embassy was that she had already died last year. The suspense grew darker.

Checking the medical report Dharam Singh found that the rape was confirmed and kept the report in his pocket. His next move was Simanchal Hostel where Sunetra lived. He checked the Visitors Register. He noticed that Hariya used to come frequently and tried to meet her on Saturdays, on query he could know that she would refuse to meet him. Last time, Hariya met Gauri instead of his daughter.

Dharam Singh murmured 'Hariya is also the guard of the Sunrise Apartment. Isn't it?' Hariya was questioned but there was no sign of remorse on his face. His cooperation in the case outlived the doubt towards him.'

-4-

Dharam Singh suddenly noticed the name of her father in the medical report and cried out : Hariya! And asked Uma Shankar to drive the jeep to hunt for him,

the most probable chance at the railway station as his mobile location hinted so. But his phone was switched off.

Hariya had already left for Bihar. But while on the train, he switched on his phone and at that very moment his phone rang. It was a call from his daughter. 'Papa, the police have booked me for murder'. He came back and was caught at the railway station and arrested.

Hariya broke down.

He narrated: Anurag is our near relative from our village. For job he came here but was unable to find a premises to live. So, I arranged this flat for him on rent without the knowledge of the owner at a reduced rate to derive extra income.

However, when I saw my daughter entering flat no. 303 and coming out in torn dress and bruised, I got furious. I took the lift and found Anurag in naked condition and his appearance confirmed that he raped Sunetra...so I killed him.

- Why is your daughter living separately from you?

- Because she is having an affair with Adil which is not acceptable to me. For this reason, she left me.

- Did you know that the flat owner had already died?

- No, but I was having doubt that she has died. She was very old and had not rung for nearly one year. So, I rented the flat. For the first two months he paid, thereafter, Anurag didn't pay any rent and I was helpless to take the rent. Even I couldn't evict him. He told me that he will be leaving shortly. I was trying to take adverse possession. Firstly, I wanted that Anurag would marry my daughter and live happily in the flat. But he was asking for dowry which I was unable to afford. Anurag told me that he would talk to her about the marriage but instead he raped her. This made me furious. Thereafter, he mocked me and said, 'I have taught her a lesson and the revenge for not talking to you. She would never think of marrying the Muslim guy. I have made her pious.

-5-

Dharam Singh went to the Rehabilitation Centre and questioned Sunetra, but she was not willing to answer. So, he said, 'Your father will be hanged. And only you can save your father.'

-How?

- If you compromise.

- No, I can't.

- Think again. You have already lost virginity. Now nothing goes wrong if it's

Adil or me.

Sunetra had no choice but to save her father. She accompanied him.

Next day, Dharamvir Singh came back to thana, and went to Gauri who in custody was crying. She then with folded hands requested to leave her.

- I can leave you if you... are you getting my hint.

- Sir, whatever you ask for, I will offer.

After finishing the task, Dharamvir Singh asked Constable Umashanka to question Gauri to which she narrated:

- Sir, Sunetra is not on talking terms with her father. So, her father requested me to arrange the program at Sunrise Apartment and push her to Flat No. 303.

- She is your friend. Why did you do so? Was she your competitor? Any jealousy? Or do you love Adil too?

Gauri kept mum. Dharamvir was unable to make up his mind. He asked Umashankar to bring Hariya before him.

- Where is your original residence? Father's name?

- Bihar-UP Border. Hujur, Dayashankar Tiwari.

- Then why are you doing such a low-class job.

- Hujur, you know there's meagre income in rituals. So, I had to migrate.

- I can save you from this crime.

- Hujur, what can I do for that?

- Hand over the keys of the flat and leave this city forever.

Hariya handed over the keys. Constable Umashankar was in a state of shock.

-Janab. Why have you let off the criminal?

- How can I punish panditji?

- Sir, then who killed Anurag?

- Start the jeep. Now we will have to search for Adil.

- But sir, he is innocent.

- that is for the Court to decide. The decision of the court will come after decades.

By then I will be retired.

Next day, Dharamvir Singh asked Constable Umashankar to drop the father-daughter duo at the railway station and book tickets.

By Bobby Narayan

10. The Gita and The Ramayana : Source of Inspiration



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

The Gita and the Ramayana, both are considered religious books of the Hindus, but both the books are a great source of inspiration to all, irrespective of any religion, cast or creed. Even the word 'Hindu' is not mentioned in any one of these books. The Gita is a part of the Bishma Parva of the Mahabharata. It consists of 700 verses in shape of conversation between Lord Krishna and Arjuna.

In his famous book entitled 'What India can Teach Us', Professor Friedrich Max Muller writes, "If I were asked under what sky human mind has fully developed some of its choicest gift and has deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life and has found solutions of some of those which will deserve the attention of even of those who have studied Plato and Kant, I shall Point out to India."

The Gita and the Ramayana are spiritual books. The Hindus respect and follow the doctrines of these books wholeheartedly. Arjun was confused and Lord Krishna provides solutions to all his problems. Every individual is to be motivated to do their duty with full enthusiasm and responsibility. Without inspiring an individual, we cannot reform the whole nation. We study and learn many verses in the Gita and the Ramayana regarding faith in one supreme power and the eternity of soul. No one should disrespect their Dharma or duty at any cost. It is the sterling character which makes you follow your duty. Commitment makes a point of difference and provides us strength to sacrifice everything for the sake of duty. Lord Krishna and Lord Rama never shirked their duties even in the oddest situation. They never lose their heart and performed very well unto the last for the sake of truth and justice. The ultimate aim of both the avatars was to establish the rule of law and justice.

"Yada yada hi dharmasya glanir bhavati bharata. Abhyutthanamadharmasya tadatmanam srijamyaham."

_"Jab-jab hoi dharm ki hani .Baadahi adham maha abhimani. Tab-tab dhari prabhu manuj sharira.Harahi sakal sajjan bhav pira." _

Anybody confused or demoralised can get all time inspiration from the Gita and the Ramayan. Every line of these divine books is full of motivation and inspiration. Any individual and nation can get the strength and knowledge by just reciting the shlokas. The building of a nation means the building of strong character of an individual and society as well. Spiritually inspired citizens can change the present situation of the nation. The Gita and the Ramayana greatly influenced the cultural tradition of our motherland Bharat. The teachings of both the great books became embedded in our heritage and hearts. We are trained to appreciate the differences for protecting each other. To enjoy inner happiness and potential, spiritual and social awareness is deeply required. One should be ready to help others and serve the needy. We should learn to be patient and disciplined. Selfless work for the nation will make you and your nation very strong. Good values as depicted in these sacred books always inspire us to work selflessly. Yajna, daana and tapa i.e. helping others, giving charity and sacrifice for truth will make you pure and successful in life. Balance in all sphere of life is required at every stage. Being a yogi means be balanced in all situations and actions. Balanced diet for physical and mental wellbeing is the need of the hour. Make it a routine to study Gita and the Ramayana daily. The Ramcharitamanasa of Sant Tulsidas which I would like to call the simple version of the Sanskrit Ramayana composed by Maharshi Valmiki, if studied seriously can change your life manifold.

To conclude, I would say that we Bhartiyas are lucky enough that we got birth in this holy land of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. We should feel proud to be Bharatiyas. We must study and analyze the Gita and the Ramayana daily for inspiration before we become helpless and confused.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

11. JEOPARDY



Denis Ogola
Student
Nairobi
Kenya

If we agree that:

In me, there is originality, and...

That in everyone, there is inborn dignity - dignity
acquired from school and nature,

Nature, which is known for making each life spiral.

If only we could agree

That the spiral of life is defined by its vulnerabilities,
Its weakness lying in its saddest revolution - a revolution
that is taken only once.

And with two rotations, one being life and the other
equally the end.

What if we agree

That sometimes saying it all in words is uncalled-for?

Those with knowledge in symbols will read at their own pace.

That in my recent book, I've flipped some pages,

In disbelief and relief,

I've seen some 'agitating' images.

I don't know if we will agree.

That the images I saw gave a different story - both fair and unfair challenges.

In a story of one selling a smile for a favor in different zones - also disguised as
politeness.

That meeting hurdles on bridges

Is thought to be delusional.

Acting like knowing all

Is a motivation in despair.

12. Tip-Tip-Tip



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

Tip-tip-tip. Tip-tip-tip.
From the sky to the ground,
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

Dry earth kills all sprouts.
Dark clouds bring hope in drought.
Flying clouds come down,
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

Look at those falling dazzling drops.
Silver pearls spilled on crops.
Season's rain in my bowl,
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

Dogs are hidden in the streets.
Birds under the leaves of trees.
Listening to the amazing sound of rain,
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

The love season is so romantic.
The rainy season is fantastic.
Peacocks are dancing on the ground.
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

The earth is spruced with greenery.
The rainbow creates a beautiful scenery.
Let me enjoy spellbound.

It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

Let me sing the tip-tip-tip.
Coffee mug in my hand, I'll take
a few sips.

My dear mom, do not shout.
It is raining all around.
Tip tip tip, Tip-tip-tip.

13. Garden Rose

Oh, what a seductive day. The ecosystem is dazzling with the pre-lunch birth of me. What a prodigy that is, I experience birth every day and I perish every day. I have the ability to adorn the creation with scent and to bring allure and beauty to enhance it.

I never confine my brilliance even after fading or being tugged at. I have a powerful presence with the ability to animate and perish. I go along with the waves of the magnificent stars. I rest on the branches to allow the dew of the rain to make my beauty shine and enchanting. I sing like a groove and lie down like snow. I dance like a peacock. I love the creation as I love my beloved. I wait for humanity to appreciate and embrace me, so that I can make them feel delightful.



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

14. Procrastination

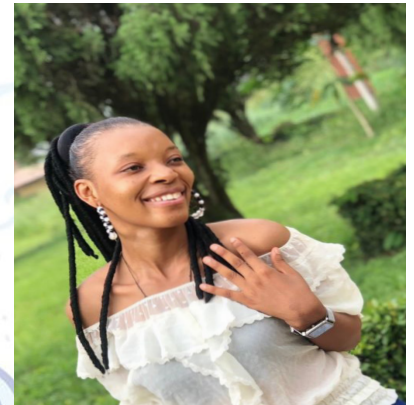
What will become of us when we procrastinate?
We need to ponder and wonder why
We choose not to make hay while the sun shines bright
What exactly do we stand for?

Our future will never be bright,
Our dreams will never be achieved,
Our purpose will not be discovered,
If we continue in this lackadaisical way.

A stitch in time saves nine,
Is what we should continue to teach the little kids
Who are the leaders of tomorrow.
It is not too late for the youth to brace up,
Procrastination will always be a theft of time.

It doesn't matter how far you have come,
It is about how well you are able to achieve your goals in no time.
Time waits for no one,
The time is now!

A time to make peace,
A time to change our ways,
A time to change our country.
Don't wait until it gets tough and rough.
The time is now!
Until you change, procrastination will continue to be a theft of time!



Elonu Annabel
Ogun State
Nigeria

15. O'Modern Man

O modern man!
Just look around!
Have you ever seen
The beauty of nature?

Except for you,
O modern man!
Every creature is happy.

Have you not seen
The flowers blooming in a queue,
Beautifully falling drops of dew,
Trees while dancing and swaying,
Like a servant of God busy in obeying.

O modern man!
You just run after wealth,
You don't even care for your health,
You don't think before speaking,
Your heart keeps on bleeding,
Weird is your sense of decision making,
Keeping, staying, leaving, waiting, weeping,
No peace, no dreams,
Just empty is your sleeping.

You decorate gossips on the dining table,
You use the word 'human' just as a label,
Looking at worldly beauty,
Your heartbeat becomes unstable,
All you seek is good name and great fame,
All your attempts to live happily
Have become a puzzling game,
O dear modern man!



Farah Aslam
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

Have you become insane?

O modern man!
Come on!
Look around!
See the world!
Look at the beauty of nature!
O modern man!
Why are you still staying?
Understand my words,
What are they saying...

16. A WOMAN

I want to write a new story, a story of a woman. Most people may keep wondering, why women? We've had enough about them. We all know every story has a woman in it. They might not be key characters, but without them, the story can't flow. They are the very spring of life.



Fareen Khabetsa
Mboya
Writer
Eldoret
Kenya

When we talk about a woman, it's like a rich tapestry of stories, filled with tragedy, resilience, unspoken battles, violence—you can name it all. A colleague once said that if you ask a girl how they view their father, the answer they'll give is a version created by their mother, and vice versa. I beg to differ because there are some things you'll see about your father as a kid and know what kind of person he is. You don't need your mother to tell you how violent he is when there's proof of bruises caused by his blows. You don't need someone to tell you he is strict because you've seen the way he raises his voice when he should be chill.

I want to write a new story of a woman, so soft-spoken, unremarkable, but with a dignity of strength I haven't often seen. This is a story of a mother, a wife, a sister, a daughter, or a girlfriend. This woman is the one who has been knocked over and over but finds the strength to get back up. A woman who has been defiled by numerous men but found a reason to go on. A mother who has undergone domestic violence but, for the sake of her children, chose to stay. I am talking about a daughter who had an abortion and is silently nursing the wounds. This is a sister who had to take responsibilities and cater to her young siblings because her mum died at birth and the dad is a drunkard. This is a story of a wife who has to bear with an ill-mannered husband because divorce is not an option. This is a story of a friend who has battled depression and is on a new path.

I write about these women not because I'm seeking attention, but all these stories ought to be heard. I've interacted with all these tales. Maybe this is my mother's, sister's, friend's, or my own story. These women have seen the worst heartbreaks

but have resolved to live. They live with the best of hearts and make the right decisions. They are selfless in their sacrifices, the greater good, I would say. Even when the world around them is in chaos, their limits and principles are tested, and their back is against the wall, they fight their way through.

So believe me when I say, before you get to a woman's success story, there is much to unravel. No wonder someday, before I get to my success story, I'll start with my mother's...

By Fareen Khabetsa Mboya

17. Every day, enjoy a new opportunity

Every day, enjoy a new opportunity.
The trials never come back.
We are the tools of divine light in society.
I lift my poem to heaven for a peaceful world.
Read messages from great ambassadors.
Relieving people's pain.
Signs of light at each birth and also at each departure.
Poets and writers with power in literature.

Life is difficult and full of surprises.
The important thing is to keep moving forward.
Trust in the One and Almighty God.
Sometimes tribulations cause sadness.
However, it is human nature to fight and survive.
We poets must promote harmony.
With joy, I lift my poem to heaven for a world of peace.



Fernando Matos
Pernambuco poet.
Dr h.c in Art and
Poetry
Dr h.c in Social

18. The Willpower

Willpower paves the way to success.
Willpower guides us to progress.

Willpower increases the existing stamina.
Willpower removes the developing dilemma.

Willpower always leads to positivity.
Willpower eradicates negativity.

Willpower helps us achieve the goal.
Willpower reminds us of the assigned role.

Willpower also rules the mind.
Willpower never looks behind.

Willpower always thinks very fast.
Willpower controls the present and past.

Willpower eclipses the prevailing frustration.
Willpower helps us target the destination.



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Writer
Prayag Raj
Uttar pradesh**

19. Disobey him as much as you want

Disobey him as much as you want, stay away from him as much as you want, but once you go to him sincerely, He will not be angry with you. He will cover; he will not say, "Why have you come now, huh?" Trust me, he will not be mocked, He will not ask you for cleanliness, and he will not take your testimony. He would just say, "Have you come? Are you tired of the world? Are you mine now? Oh, come, I'm still yours. I still love you."

Make as many friends as you want, but your true friend is Allah. He is a friend who listens to you at 3 o'clock in the night, Who listens to you even in the hot afternoon. He never laughs at your foolishness; he never reveals your secrets. He does not discuss you in front of people; he saves you from coal and puts gold in your hands. In short, he is not judgmental, He is your best secret keeper, And he is with you in every sorrow and happiness.

So, who is the most deserving of your love?



Husna Abbasi
Student
Pakistan

20. Depression, A real illness

People always told me that the four campus years would be the best years of my life, which is why I think depression in campus hurts much more, for real it hits differently.

I came in campus expecting all-day-long happiness, partying and laughter all through like a scene out of some college movie, only to find that life here is full of sleepless nights.

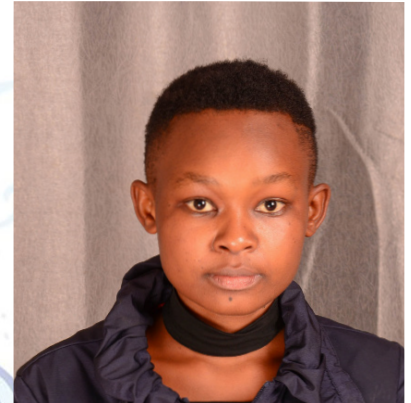
I once felt worthless and unqualified for life in general, tuition fee increased which even made me doubt my future, failing assignments which I spend weeks perfecting, homework from stubborn professors, some of the worst people I've ever met.

Sometimes I kept wondering if this is the life I was cheering for, I think I went to campus expecting so much. But even if I was not depressed, nothing could live up to my expectations.

I'm naturally an introvert and so I had a hard time meeting new people and making friendships. Having no friends and completely no one to share my stories to, made my life sad each and every day.

I remember there is a time I decided not to care anymore (during my second semester in campus) This never resulted to anything good apart from low grades and failing completely in some units, all this made me sink further into the depression.

Imagine struggling with assignments, the upkeep money I'm receiving ain't sustaining me and I'm not even closer to my family. Campus life wasn't easy to me, trying to balance studies, poverty and at the same time trying to give my long-distance boyfriend attention who was not even treating me well, was such a hectic thing.



**Jacinta Museo
Mwendwa
Student
Nairobi
Kenya**

After a while I made a circle of friends whom I used to hang around with and in a few weeks they gained trust on me. So I decided to tell them all about me; my boyfriend, poverty and how I was feeling inside. Nobody cared, all they could offer was "wueh, na Sasa utado Nini Jacinta?" I decided to cut them off since they were making me get more depressed.

I've never known what was wrong with me, I just knew that I felt tired always, cold and extremely unhappy.

Life as never been fair, I'm that kind of girl who listens to her iPod everywhere in campus because till now I can't even stand my own thoughts.

I've never given it a thought of sharing any of my problems to my parents, since they may fail to understand what being depressed really feels. Another thing is that in Christianity mostly depression is viewed as a sin, and that has also made me to be afraid of sharing my problems to my peers who are spiritual leaders as they may judge me as a sinner.

I study in my own room because I don't wanna sit alone in the so called library. I prefer watching Netflix overnight because I can't even afford sleep for an hour. I've not been able to overcome my depression yet, but I'm still fighting it. I do attend mental health talks regularly and I'm still taking some prescribed antidepressants..... I'm not okay, but I think I will be.

To some extent, parents should be ever curious to know about their children's mental well-being, We are a depressed generation hiding behind memes, jokes and weeds but deep down, pain might be becoming unbearable. That's why we have cases almost every day of youths and campus students committing suicide for a reason that no one will ever know.

Depression may look different on youths. They are more likely to be irritable, have negative outlook on life and also suffer from hypersomnia and mental health issues. Once you see your son or daughter having such symptoms, consider questioning them about how they are feeling before things get worse.

Those who are freshly joining campus may also find themselves having such feelings of depression. With the immense pressure to balance academics, social

life, extracurriculars and also mental well-being can become too much for them to handle. It might also be the first time they are living away from home and the support system they were used to. Parents should provide a regular checkup on them so that they may have a feeling that atleast someone loves and takes care of them.

There is no true cure for depression, but once you find yourself depressed, there are plenty of options for it's treatment. You can attend talking therapies for depression including Cognitive Behavioural Therapy (CBT) and Counselling and these may improve your symptoms and minimize the impact of depression on your daily life.

Also mental health teams can really help, they provide intensive specialist talking treatments as well as prescribed medicine. If you're depressed, look for a solution. Your mental health matters alot, suicide is not the only solution to end depression.

By Jacinta Museo Mwendwa

21. Relationships

Relationships with mortals are
As flimsy and evanescent
As the bubbles of water.
Build an invigoratingly strengthening
Relation with the Almighty,
He shall never fail you.

Relationships are tough to maintain
Like water, they slip and flow
They are inconstant but essential;
One must strive hard to balance them
One has to give more, expect less,
Reach out, and work at them
Crossing the hurdles of
Jealousy, distrust, and insincerity.

Connections should not be like raindrops
Evanescent, a momentary delight
They should be nourished, maintained, and sustained
In accordance with the soul's approval
They are beatific bonds
Nurturing and sublimating each other.



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

22. Tailor Made



Juhi Prakash Singh
Teacher- ICT
Soami Nagar &
CEO- Anant Naad
Foundation
Delhi

It was a bright early morning that day in Banera, a sleepy little hamlet overhanging a cliff somewhere in the hills near Mussoorie, and little Reena was still in her makeshift bed, blissfully fast asleep.

Neela, her mother had already shut the alarm clock after it had kept ringing in its shrill tone in a futile bid to wake up Reena. A loving mother, she thought that probably her daughter would be up on her own in a short while but seeing that Neela showed no such signs of waking up, she started jolting up Reena and Reena shot up with eyes wide open, her dream having been cruelly interrupted.

"Get up and freshen up dear, said her mother", "else you will be in for another showdown with Ms.Pant". Ms.Pant was the headmistress of the local primary school and had already reprimanded Reena for her tardiness just last week

After a quick bath and hurriedly gulping down a glass of milk, Reena rushed to school. The school bell started to ring just as Reena set foot into the school grounds.

Reena just could not put her mind to the teacher's words. Her thoughts rapidly wandering to the much awaited arrival of her father Ramesh. Ramesh worked as a peon in a cloth mill in Meerut and was coming back home on his annual summer break. Reena just couldn't wait to be back home, she had so many questions to ask and so many things to say to her father.

Atlast, the school midbreak bell was rung and all the students rushed to the dining hall for their mid day meals. Reena and her friend Mauli ran to their favourite corner of the hall and sat down, eagerly awaiting to be served.

Just then, Ms.Pant entered the hall and going up to the matron started to speak in hushed tones and the matron's eyes started to search for someone in the crowd

of girls busy chattering and having their meals at the same time. When her eyes fell on Reena, she started toward her with sorrow writ large on her face.

She pulled Reena aside and told her that she must pick up her bag and rush home as her mother had sent someone after her. It was as if a wish had come true for Reena, she had so wanted to be back home to be with father and in no time Reena had packed up her bags and was at the school gate where she was met by Uma chachi, her next door neighbour who hugged her tight and taking Reena's school bag started down toward the village downhill. Reena was a bit perplexed as to the sudden hug and affection that she had got from Uma Chachi today as Uma Chachi was otherwise a reserved person.

Another bend round the corner and Reena could see the village at a distance. She was surprised to see a crowd and a hurried activity near her own house. Had her father arrived already and was there a party at home in his honor ?, wondered Reena and her footsteps grew faster.

Nearing her house she could hear people talking in hushed voices and also the sound of muffled sobs coming from inside the house..

Going in she saw a sight she'd never seen before, Neela was lying half sprawled on the bed, her forehead devoid of her trademark large red bindi & her arms completely bare without her red bangles, her face devoid of all expression as if in a spell . Reena hurled herself on her mother and Neela broke out out of her still and expressionless reverie and let out a long heart rending wail and then passed out in Reena's arms, motionless.

Someone splashed water on Neela's face and Neela regaining consciousness started to wail again. Uma chachi came and pulled away Reena and in a calm voice told her that her father was no more...

"Her father was no more, the bus he was travelling in had fallen into the valley below, none of the passengers survived", it was as if these words from Uma chachi were coming from some faraway place. Reena stood transfixed and emotionless. Uma chachi got worried and shook her hard and Reena came out of her reverie

into the present.

In a few days after her father's passing, most visitors had left and only an old aunt, her mother and Reena remained in the small house. These days Reena's mother hardly said much, the only thing she talked about was making ends meet. The old aunt tried her best to lighten the atmosphere at home but rarely succeeded

Reena was grown up enough to know that she too would have to start contributing to the family kitty. That day too she was busy watering the garlic bulbs in their backyard when she heard someone calling out her name. It was the phone booth uncle's son, Sonu. He told her to hurry down to the phone booth as there was someone from Meerut on the phone.

Reena hurried after Sonu and taking the phone receiver in her hand was pleasantly surprised to find her father's employer's wife who her father called Memsahab ji on the other side. She sounded very kind and informed Reena that she would pay a visit to their house the day after. Reena could only nod her head and thank her for her kindness.

Upon her return home she informed her mother and the grand aunt about the impending visit. All three of them got busy sprucing up the house for Memsahab ji's arrival.

Very soon the day of the visit arrived. Reena's mother had prepared rice kheer and kept arrangements for making hot pakoras on the ready.

A slight knock on the main door announced the arrival of Memsahab ji. It was the first time Reena and her mom were meeting her. They instantly took to her and could see a genuine concern for their plight on her face.

Memsahab ji had come to see them with a plan. A plan for Reena and her mother to start their life on a new note .

She wanted them to leave the village and go with her to the city. She would employ Reena's mother in some odd jobs at the factory and Reena could just be

a companion to her granddaughter. In fact, Reena could continue her studies at the Government School near their kothi in Meerut.

For Reena and her mother this was like a Godsend but they still asked for some time to think it over. Memsahab ji gracefully gave them two days to think over on her offer. She was visiting her uncle about two hours away in Chamba town and would see them once more on her way back.

They bid goodbye to Memsahab ji and sat down to a quiet meal. The old aunt after clearing her throat started to speak. She was of the firm opinion that Reena and her mother must definitely take up Memsahab ji's offer. Not only would they earn some money but would also be better taken care off in the city .

Hearing her aunt's opinion, Neela looked questioningly at Reena. Reena did not reply. She wanted to consult Ms. Pant , her school headmistress before arriving at her decision.

The next day she went up to Ms.Pant in school and asked her for a few minutes of her time. Ms.Pant was a kindly and wise lady and immediately agreed .

Reena narrated Memsahab ji's offer to Ms.Pant. Ms.Pant had known Memsahab ji's uncle in Chamba as a young girl and had heard a lot of good about his neice and her family in Meerut. All of it weighed on her mind and she told Reena that they should definitely take up Memsahab ji's offer. Ms.Pant's advice sealed the answer in Reena's mind.

Upon Memsahab ji's return, Neela and Reena securing their meagre belongings, locked up the tiny house and followed Memsahab ji's car in a taxi arranged for them. The old aunt bid them goodbye, her son having arrived to take her back home.

The road ahead now held all the answers to Neela and Reena's future. Only time would tell.

It was almost a year since their arrival in the city and both Neela and Reena had taken to their new roles like fish to water.

Neela worked as a lady guard at the Sahab's factory and Reena was enjoying her new role as the companion of Memsahab ji's granddaughter Manya and also her new school.

Reena was a quick learner and would often sit with the cook and the house maid and listen to them narrating their daily chores in the kothi. In fact, she started helping both of them around the house whenever she had some time. She had learned quite a few dishes that were the favourite of the inmates of the kothi and had learned to make beds and dust every nook and cranny of the house too.

Alongside, she continued to study and cleared her 10th with quite a decent percentage. Memsahabji wanted her to study further and so she had enrolled for her Intermediate in Home Science at the same school. She loved working around the kothi and so Home Science seemed the right choice to her.

She had stepped in for the cook and the housemaid a few times too when they took their offs and her Home Science background had stood her in good stead then.

Soon, Reena cleared her Intermediate with flying colours and everyone at the Kothi except her mother wanted her to study further. She too wanted to study further and Sahab ji got her enrolled at the reputed College of Catering and Housekeeping in the city as this was what she liked the most.

In college, Reena picked up the nuances of housekeeping alongwith cooking and other such aspects. Soon, four years of college came to an end and Reena had now turned out to be a well rounded and educated city girl.

The College of Catering and Housekeeping was holding campus placements

and Reena too got an offer to be the Housekeeping incharge of a wealthy family in Delhi. She was being offered a huge sum as well as accomodation. She went back home and gave this good news to her mother. Neela was very happy for her but did not like the idea of moving to Delhi. She told Reena to go ahead to Delhi and that she would not follow her.

Reena did not like the idea of leaving her now aging mother just by herself. She found herself in a quandry. She sought refuge in Manya, Memsahab ji's granddaughter who by now was her closest friend.

Manya too did not have a clear answer for her and asked to speak to her grandfather.

Sahab ji upon coming to know of Reena's job offer did not deem it safe for Reena to go ans work in a stranger's' house but at the same time felt that the package being offered to Reena was too good to forego.

Sahab ji asked Reena to give him some time to think it over for her.

Reena was as usual helping out the housekeeper when she was summoned by Sahab ji to his study. Well, it seemed that Sahab ji had decided about her job offer, she thought.

Sahab ji asked her to forego the campus offer at the earliest because he had something much better in store for her !

Reena could not hold her excitement back and urged Sahab ji to go on. He wanted Reena to be the Housekeeping incharge of their chain of homestays in the hills ! She could go back the Hills and her old mother could follow suit !

According to Sahab ji there could not have been a better chouce than Reena, as he and all others in his family thought that Reena was tailor made to this calling !

Soon Reena and her mother were on their way back to the hills ! Looking out of the window of her employer's car it suddenly struck Reena that she had come a very long way from being a maid to Sahab ji's granddaughter to being tailor made to become the Housekeeping Incharge of the very same Sahab ji's properties !

By Juhi Prakash Singh



23. What Is What

(Readers are requested to infer or ponder upon the deep literal meaning of the facts.)

Singing is just an art of speaking,
And waking with style is quite a dance.
Living life is a lesson,
If you think, you too will mention.

Pressing the buttons of a keyboard,
With the right time and technique, is like playing a piano,
And the words you use
Are the products of your thoughts.

Writing is not just writing,
But merely creating imprints and symbols.
And speaking is not just speaking,
But the use of vocal organs to convey meaning.

Eating is not just eating,
But a series of functions like dipping the crumbs
Into the soup, chewing and moving the tongue,
Or teeth sucking and swallowing.

Asking and telling is not just talking,
But exchanging and acquiring ideas and knowledge,
With each and every moment we face and feel,
As only humans have the ability to communicate.

Life is not just life, but an art,
To perform the same mundane part.
You gain while acting from your heart,
And in the end, say goodbye, bid the world farewell, and depart.



Kailash Rana
Ph.d scholar
Hazaribagh
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24. FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF SORROW



The family I speak of was Mr and Mrs Chimwanza Banda. The family had 5 children and was beautiful and full of wild energy. There was beauty of obedience in their family, and their exuberance helped them to be a happy family.

On the midnight of March 12, 2023, a sound was heard from Soche mountain. The sound carried heavy waters, rocks, and logs, dancing swiftly down towards Chilobwe houses. Before they could run away from the house, the waters were already engulfing their feet, and the storm preceded them without rescue. The waters crushed out their life's breath and pierced their throats, ending their lives in esoteric.

Noises of water and rocks sparked cheer along the way, like a hurdy-gurdy that went on and on. In the middle of this noise, there was a torrent of tears within the dancing waters towards the Blantyre areas. Many families faced swarthy, wicked, and threatening darkness under Fred's Cyclone. Where will people find healing for this grievous wound?

Fred's Cyclone has brought funeral sorrow from stem to stern, to a voice of cry that shivers to the tingling stars like wind that shrills all night. Malawi is loudly complaining and shedding bitter tears against the blow of the storm. We are clothed with sack breath on these frozen hills of life.

Blantyre, Zomba, Chiradzulu, Mulanje, Thyolo, all kissed beneath the ambushed waters in an undreamed sweep of pain. In Nsanje, Chikwawa, and Phalombe, people on that winter night of March 12, 2023, the river blew them so cold that plovers were crying loudly in their nests. This is an unprecedented situation where camps are established without food, water, toilets, and clothes. In this cry, many women and children are yellow dust, their cheeks have crumbled away, their gold and silver are gone. The pathos of this cyclone overcomes them. The future slips imperceptibly away. Who will bear the weight on their shoulders and

breastfeed them?

The wounded hearts bear the wounds of cyclone swords in a monotonous weeping of waters and strong winds from the Indian Ocean. There is a desert of despair in the whole Mtauchira village in Nguludi-Chiradzulu. It's harder and harder to hear these unanswered woes. There are desolate hearts in camps, like the desert that whimpers of its survival.

To move forward, let's proclaim and diffuse in clouds of steam, helping with shirts, food, shelters, and other necessities. Together, in this Greek Chorus, we can help them feel unburdened and create a conducive environment.

Despite differences in culture, ethnicity, religion, and other factors, let's not be excessively talkative and guttural about this situation. Instead, let's dig deep into our pockets and stand up for the victims' self-assurance of good health while in their camps. And to the deceased, may their souls rest in eternal peace. Amen.

Whatever you want to say all day and night, please fold it up and file it away. Let's go forth and help the victims without fear and trembling.

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda

25. BEAUTY IN BROKENESS



Lucy Victoria David
Writer, motivational
speaker
Durban
South Africa

No one understood what she was going through. The road she traveled was hard and rough. Thoughts of ridicule for being different invaded her mind. Her style of dress didn't fit the norm of the day, her fellow work mates labled her a 'country girl' type. They laughed and gossiped when her back was turned. She felt utterly alone, helpless and sad. Her self esteem had been shattered. She was fairly good looking, highly intelligent and wisdom found outlets through the very pores of her skin. She was always true to herself. She had recently been 'let go' at her place of work. Her company was relocating to another area which was quite a distance away and difficult for her to commute. Her application for further studies in business management had just come through before all this happened. At the time she received this good news, her happiness knew no bounds. But things changed in a wink! She knew she would not be able to pursue her studies, as she had no financial back up plan.

A few years prior, her dad passed away. She loved him with all of her soul. Her grief knew no bounds. She thought about him every day. They shared a strong and beautiful bond. They understood each other almost perfectly. At this point, she was his heartbroken child and daughter. She began to pray in desperation, asking God for strength to overcome and heal her pain, her wounds, her deep sorrow. Then new chapters began to open up in her life. She thought she would see better days, but alas, this was short lived. Her sister had suddenly passed away. Cancer walked right in on her and snatched her from life vociferously and without warning. The people she loved were leaving her one by one. What was she to do? Why was she being dealt such a cruel hand? Time moved on, many thoughts started to dance in her mind. The money she had saved for a rainy day was wearing thin. She needed to work, to earn again. One day while walking down the road to the supermarket, she was given a pamphlet by a young man, who was handing them out randomly to all the passers by. It said, that there was going to be a meeting in the town hall a week from then for people who wanted to use their skills and talents to open small businesses, and that admission was free.

She had time on her hands now, so she made up her mind that she was going to attend. The week went by quickly. She dressed warmly as she set out to the meeting. The cold air blew upon her warm skin. Winter was setting in. She smiled to herself. Suddenly she had a good feeling that things were somehow going to work out! The town hall was a few blocks from where she lived, and so she took a walk, all the while wondering how the meeting would go and what would most likely be discussed. Upon arrival, she found the atmosphere to be friendly and welcoming. She took her seat next to a jolly old woman, who laughed loudly at the slightest thing, causing her chubby body to vibrate. Her laugh was so funny that everyone laughed with her! The meeting started on time. She listened intently to the man who presented the talk. At the end, she found she had many options to choose from. She could sew, bake, read interesting books, play the guitar and even sing! She had so many talents. Then as if a light bulb had just turned on, she realised she knew exactly what to do! The next day she called the local library and offered her time to read children's books to the young ones, and something for the older folks on a weekly basis. She ended her sessions with a sing-a-long to familiar tunes on her 'trusty' guitar! Some nights she helped out at the Community Soup Kitchen. Together with the other volunteers, she would bake and cook hot meals for the needy at the community centre. She found herself busy and fulfilled. She began to make many new friends. Her circle became bigger and she found herself in a happy place after a long time! Some time went by, when she saw an advertisement in the newspaper. The local school nearby, needed someone to teach music. The following day she went in for an interview and successfully landed the job! And so her days began filling up. She found new joy because she was accepted, respected and loved by the townsfolk. She soon had a skip in her step, and a smile that showcased her two perfect dimples. She began earning when the school offered her a salary for the music lessons. The students looked forward to her sessions. She had a great sense of humor and made everything so fun. Soon everyone recognized her as a talented, generous and friendly lady. She felt so worthy, so valuable, so loved! She was once rejected, but now accepted. She was once humiliated, but now she was surrounded by people who understood her. She was ridiculed for what she wore, but now accepted by all. Things turned around in her favor. She found that no matter how much life tried to break her down, and crush her, that her faith in God was solid and unshakeable. She was stronger now and much more braver too.

The sun began to shine once more through the dark stormy clouds of her life. Right then she realised one thing for sure, that in time, anything broken can still be useful, for only in brokenness can the fragrant perfume of one's life be appreciated, and that there is beauty in brokenness!

By Lucy Victoria David



26.

SMART LIFE

*The entire life is foolish
When we are not planned
The entire life shines
When we are planned ||*

*Whole world bows down
If I am a professional
The entire world scolds
If I am uneducated ||*

*If you are not smart
You are smashed
If you are intelligent
You are crowned ||*

*I can imagine, life with no knowledge
I am honored if I am educated
I can't live without a profession
My days are numbered, if I am nil ||*

*I am to monitor my own self
No one will monitor for somebody's sake
Who will monitor for whose sake
Itself to monitor for self-own sake ||*

*Great people worked for somebody's sake
Leave alone family for country's sake
Became poor for Nation's sake
Sacrificed life for people's sake ||*

*Days have rolled and people have changed
Knowledge gained for selfish sake
Deceit and deceiving became common things
Who will question for whose sake ||*

*People have become don't care masters
Respect and honor are far away things
Discipline and principles are out of dictionary
People become aghast when things go wrong ||*

I can't be a lazy man always

*I feel like to work for self and Nation
My like is to learn and learn fast
I like to live through my profession soon ||*

*World is vast, as one can see
Earn like a bull, if one has guts
Don't be idle with a devil's mind
Life will glow with your efforts of growth ||*

*Don't blame others, if you're a failure
Try helping others, if you're in success
Day's will be rolled like wheels on track
Smart Life will end when you reach the station ||*

*Thinking varies from Earth to Sky
Earnings go from Sea to Stars
People fly like an Angels fly
Drown in the sea when the wings are cut ||*

*Money matters all things in the world
Rich man becomes richer in the world
Poor man becomes poorer in the world
Rich people always are safest in the world ||*

*The entire life is foolish ||
Whole world bows down ||
If you are not smart ||
I can imagine, life with no knowledge ||*

*I am to monitor my own self ||
Great people worked for somebody's sake ||
Days have rolled and people have changed ||
People have become don't care masters ||
I can't be a lazy man always ||
World is vast, as one can see ||
Earn like a bull, if one has guts ||
Don't blame others, if you're a failure ||
Thinking varies from Earth to Sky ||
Money matters all things in the world ||*

*Life is not foolish ||
Life is not Smart ||*



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27. WIN HEART

by
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*Madly, Madly World Laughs
Madly, Madly World Rejoice*

*You're in My Nerves to Win the Heart
The World is running, I wish you there ||*

*Madly, Madly Who Trust Whom
Watch View the Way of Work
Why Crazy and fond for love
I know Woman's Mind Is Cleaner Than Man's ||*

*Madly Madly No Wife Authority
To Win and Lose Heart - You Take Risk
Wise people wish the Best
No matter World laughs ||*

*To win a Heart of Love
Need courage and dynamic nature
Be bold to convey in a beautiful way
Frankness attracts lover near to you ||*

*World say no to your love
You're Hear say yes to Love
Time sponsors your love in a stylish way
You'll win with a bountiful love ||*

*Days roll and years pass, Love won't fade
If love intent is pure, love lasts long
Love will solve all hurdles in a way
The God is great to see your Love ||*

*Neighbour may laugh, your love like acts
Strangers may see, your love like deals
God will see, your love life soon
Love with life, get into this world soon ||*

*Madly Madly I worship you
My nature is to win your Heart*

*Oh God! Give me power of strength
Nowhere I saw Yes Man's Heart ||*

*One to have good heart and mind
Soul guides heart and mind
The Universe leads the body and soul
The soul gives a perfect meaning to life ||*



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28. THE WORLD IS AN EGG

The world is an egg,
Fragile, nurse it with care.
Enjoy, but not to its brim.

The world is Kilimanjaro,
Blocking the view of today.
Be a dwarf to see tomorrow.

The world is like a tortoise,
Cunning and slow, do not
Build Rome in a day.

Tick-tock, the world is fast,
Like a cheetah in timing.
Time waits for no one.

Love all but trust none.
The wind shows your nakedness
Whenever you brag in front of it.

Slow and steady wins the race.
Whenever they call your patience foolishness,
Drive the jalopy of the deaf and dumb.



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

29.



DECEIVER'S LIFE

(A Copyright Story)

https://youtu.be/8rWc7wSxc_s
(Audio Video Story)

Story Written by:

*Dr. Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu, Litt.D.,
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DECEIVER'S LIFE

Everywhere some problem or the other exists. There are people who deceive colleagues and employees we come across below type of activities in each and every office, factory, and government offices. Because of such incidents, many people/employees suffer financially being deceived by deceivers. However, people are intelligent to recover their investments, losses and doubtful credits and deposits.

People, sometimes do realize about their past misdeeds & wrongs and mistakes. But, the time cannot roll back. Time will not stop. Day-by-

day people get older and older. One should know the objective of life, goal, responsibility and more than all a concrete plan of action to settle down in his/her life. Such disciplined people would be able to guide the youth and the younger generation people, to the righter perspective angle. Of course, some people commit mistakes and mistakes do happen and people commit such mistakes could be rectified. People move in the public life and people live in the society for all purposes viz, education, career, business's sake. Different types of people come across to each and everybody with various ideologies and with varied frame-of-mind set.

These days are such that many people get influenced on various good and bad issues and during the process of business transactions some people land in problems due to mishandling the topics. The reasons could be many. Who will monitor such people? Who will give proper advice to such people? Who will come to rescue and who will guide such people? One cannot answer these questions.

In this aspect, one will be able to understand how a person got entangled in problems, could be known if one goes through the below matter.

On one day or the other, any deceiver is sure to land in trouble. Inviting trouble is sure for a deceiver. There are people who initially invest his/her share in the business. No matter. But, at some day, without the knowledge of the investor, somewhere some pilferage of money will take place during the running of the business due to luxurious leading life for the sake of show put up or due to unforeseen expenditure. The business in this world is of very different types such as, Small business, petty business to big business. Small scale industry to medium scale industry, Trading business, share market business, finance business, automobile business, cosmetic consumer items business, garment business, construction business, gold and silver business, electronic business, contracts business so on and so forth. The investment of a person depends on the size of the business. In India, many people do business of their interest in various regions and at various places. Even employees of State, Central and Public Sector Organizations do side business, while working. Let us now know about some incidents that landed people in trouble and take a look how a "deceiver's life" would be. For example, some case studies are projected below:

One employee of a factory, who was working as a Tradesman, started chits business and money lending business and used to conduct various denomination chits each month. He also used to lend money to his

co-employee for interest. His name was Mr. Rao. Of course, he might have invested his own amount to commence this business. In a span of over 10 years, he conducted many chits and earned money. He even purchased a 'small scale industry' and was doing sub-contracting jobs. He used to maintain utmost confidentiality and was doing money matter with his colleagues and employees. He used not to tell anybody regarding money matters. Mr. Rao used to request people to re-invest the principal chit amounts from the chit holders for which Mr. Rao used to pay interest. Mr. Rao also used to take his colleagues PF and other loans for running the business un-interrupted. However, Mr. Rao used to pay interest regularly to such employees.

Some years passed on like this. Mr. Rao has gained the confidence of all the colleagues. Mr. Rao was able to manage any short fall of money by arranging money drawn from his PF loans, consumer loans, credit loans, bank loans etc to save his face value.

Mr. Rao was a short man, around 5'-2" height and little bit fat. He used to wear total white dress always. He also used to wear 'white shoes and complete black cooling glasses.

Many employees kept their PF and other amounts, thinking that high rate of interest used to get monthly in return for their principal amounts. Of course, he used to make chit amounts, interest amounts to all his customers.

On one fine day, when he knew that he could not raise any money for making payments to customers, including chit amounts, Mr Rao felt nervous and was not able to make any payments timely to his chit holders and others. Mr Rao even was frequently absconding to office and was irregular in attendance. He used to come to office, work for one or two hours and used to push off from office.

Of course, no mobile phone was allowed into the factory premises. He even discarded his home landline phone.

He was very much helpless in making any payment to anybody. Mr Rao used to get zero salary, as he has many salary deductions, in view of his taking all types of loans. He was on 'loss of pay'.

On one fine day, in office he took some sleeping pills (limited quantum only), looks to be acting and show put up drama, with a 'note written' that he would like to die. Noticing health the condition, Mr Rao's

colleagues taken him to hospital. He was treated for 3-4 days and was discharged from hospital.

Now, the problem started. All the chit holders, deposit holders and others who have to receive money from him, were restless. All these people had a meeting one day and how to get the amounts back. Then, these chit holders and deposit holders had come to conclusion. The small scale industry which he purchased was to be sold. The proceeds derived of the sale of Mr Rao's industry, is to be distributed as per priority basis. These people also have come to conclusion that Mr. Rao be allowed to work for some more years regularly. His monthly salary etc., is distributed equally to all. Mr Rao to be applied for 'Voluntary Retirement' under VRS scheme and the proceeds be distributed amongst all the recipients of money.

No complaint was lodged against Mr Rao with the 'Police or with the Management'. However, Mr Rao's family and children got disturbed due to Mr Rao's financial mis-management. Mr Rao became de-popular, lost his face value, no employee used to respect him; some people banged him and abused him. Much has costed Mr Rao. Totally, his family was on roads for few years. He and his family never recovered financially so far.

A couple of similar cases also took place in the same factory. Then, all the employees realized neither to organize any chits in the factory premises nor to keep deposits with any employee for the sake of higher interest. All the employees, learned a lesson from this and stopped chit business activities.

Factory managements should not allow such chit fund activities to run within the factory/office premises in the best interest of their employees. Some stringent actions to be taken against those conducting chit fund business, money lending business during the office/factory hours.

Every respect the Government organizations should issue orders that no person should conduct any chit business, money lending business or any business nor chit fund schemes or any cloth business etc., within the office/factory premises.

This will facilitate employees to work effectively and peacefully.

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He received the following honors and awards both national and international:

- *International Achiever Award in Authorship from IPRH, Philippines and Bangladesh.*
- *Birland Government honored me with a One Pound Postage Stamp as an official Poet.*
- ***Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of World Cultural and Arts Society (FOWCASS), Singapore.***
 - **CIVIC EXCELLENCE AWARD 2022 FROM UHE, PERU**
 - Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)
- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, 2022 and 2023 (3 Years) UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
 - Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor
- *Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
- *Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-*
- *The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.*
 - 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, Peru.
- *The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)*
 - *Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)*
 - *State of Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet*

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30. Peace overwhelms the world

I am the Knight Commander, son of the free revolutionaries.

Those are the good ones. Yes, to negotiation and dialogue. I hope for stability and security, so that the spirit of humanity can be reborn with victory in the world and in every debate, to rise to harmony.

Oh peace, light, peace, and peace, because He is the Most Merciful, Lord of the Spirit, of the angels, and of the universes.

My torch inspires awareness and inspiration for harmony by interacting and harmonizing with the best people of earth and heaven, with kindness and benevolence, where life becomes light, joy, beauty, splendor, and colors that enchant the mind, fascinate the soul, and are for the well-being likewise.

The creative artist and the pacifist one is the best example.

What a wonderful whisper of kind words, sweet dreams, the dreams sealed with the musk of the deer and the warmth of the kind mother of all times and the new millennium. It is the tenderness that evokes the noble feelings of man from love to the point of adoration, so that the place fills with loved ones of kindness to infinity. No to war, yes to peace everywhere.

I conform to divine rules and earthly laws.

O leader, to achieve balance in the world of nobles and security, then there is no question but the establishment of friendship and brotherhood for the piety of the Most Merciful.



Mohamed Kerkoub
Writer
Algeria

31. To those heroes

To those who reveal their feelings with ink,
To those who express thoughts on paper,
To those who relate lines and stanzas,
To those who show the beauty of metaphor, as simile is
no more,
To those who use personification, as if metaphor has no
room,
To those who string words together as if grammar does
not exist,
To those who express their pains with paragraphs,
To those who convert their blood to ink,
Happy birthday to all of you,
Happy deathday to all of you,
Happy sacrifice day to you.
Happy birthday to all pen users



Mudashir Busari
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria

32. The Matchmaker

The death threats started coming when Adelle was four months pregnant. It was when the delight of an absolutely new experience had transformed my social life. I had never seen such an emotional dependent! She considered my attention her bread of life. Sometimes she was frustrated into tears when she looked for the baby boy in me and found none, while the baby girl in her cried, burred and crawled before me.

She had found restoration in me, while I was the one who had sought restoration in her. She often enjoyed playing the weaker part in our relationship, something that progressive women had consigned to the incinerator of feminism. My joy came to a jolt when I received a scathing attack from a ghost Facebook account. "Wife snatcher, I will catch up with you and blast your brain matter out of your cursed skull," the odious message read.

Only Victor, or someone hired by him could do such a thing, but I was no wife snatcher. I had only driven Adelle to hospital when she had swooned and collapsed as she and her groom were about to exchange their kisses, a minute or so before they could be declared husband and wife. It would have taken time for other vehicles to create space for the car that should have ferried her to hospital, so out of ingenuity, I had volunteered to carry her in my car.

My first impulse was to block the offender, but I immediately unblocked him to check what he would say next. In the second text, he accused me of using black magic to bewitch his bride into a comatose so that I would play the good Samaritan, in order to violate his conjugal space. The urge to reply fire with fire nearly prevailed over reason, but I could not allow a loser to provoke the tempest in me if I was that winner who had taken the prize home without having to contest.

Victor had given arrogance precedence over rationality. He had decided to annul



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

his engagement with Adelle because he was afraid that her collapse on their wedding day was a result of a demon that did not want her to marry. He had not even waited for her to leave hospital, but had texted her the abrasive message that he was no longer interested in signing the sacred papers because he believed that his bride had been betrothed to an evil spirit.

I had allowed Adelle to move on after my relationship with her had left my social life wallowing in mire depths. My wife had sought the invalidation of our marital relationship when she discovered that I had a side relationship with Adelle, and the divorce court had granted it.

The winter had settled on my social life without the prospect of another summer. Adelle had declared that she was going to marry a bachelor. She had never been involved with me in order to push my wife out of her nest to create space for herself. Victor was the bachelor, and Adelle had invited me to her wedding ceremony so that I knew for real that she had been taken away.

I began to blame myself for having kept her bridal shoe, which had come off when I had driven her to hospital. I had found it under my seat the following morning. Sometimes I felt that my decision to visit her while in hospital with the intention to surrender her shoe was not entirely honest. The motive was actually to check on her, especially when I had opted to see her during the less popular midmorning visit.

Sometimes I told myself that when she told me to keep the shoe until she came to collect it one day, she was telling me that it was not yet over between us, and I had allowed her to play the matchmaker, especially after noticing how charming she looked, even after the ordeal from which she had narrowly escaped being referred to as “the late Adelle Musendo”.

The day she came for her shoe, she only showed me Victor’s apology after I had taken her to bed. When I asked her why she had allowed me to desecrate Victor’s space she admonished me for being childish.

“Look here, Wapangwa,” she said. “He rescinded our engagement when I needed him most. How would he expect me to recover from the pain by readmitting the

perpetrator into my life.”

“Only forgiveness would heal the pain,” I said unconvincingly.

“I can only forgive him if I keep him out of my orbit, not within it.”

“That seems to make sense to me,” I had said.

“Do you really think that I had stopped loving you when I decided to marry Victor? Was it not a way of running away from a fire I had lit, after realising that it had become too hot for my skin?”

“Had Victor not played the coward, you would have done well with him,” I suggested with a pang of jealousy.

“I ask you to reject me now. It is now your turn to do what I once did to you. I promise you that I will never allow a man to tamper with my heart again,” Adelle said, not angrily, but by way of confessing that she could only be in love with me.

My celebrated reunion with Adelle, had proven to be a blessing nearly missed, especially as Victor had almost taken the whole of her and what she meant to me out of my locus, only to reject her when his love was expected to shout its loudest manifestation as spelt out in the book of marital rules.

But now Victor was giving me sleepless nights. Sometimes he made anonymous phone calls in which he threatened to blow me up when I least suspected. I had to watch my sides all the time, but I often allowed my complacency to tell me that Victor’s threats were fangless hisses from a scorched serpent.

The reality of one's situation cannot elude one forever. One Sunday morning, as Adelle and I walked out of church, towards our car, we found the tyres deflated. That was indeed a perfect warning from Victor. I decided to make a report to the police in order to get authorisation to ask the mobile network for which Victor was a subscriber to reveal the name behind the anonymous calls. I wanted Victor to be apprehended before he caused grievous harm to especially Adelle and my

yet to be born baby.

I sat in a long queue at the police station the following morning, with Adelle by my side. A few minutes before I could be served, I was distracted by a news headline pop up on my phone. “Young Man Dies in a Petrol Bomb Accident,” read the headline.

I clicked the read function immediately. The reporter explained how the explosion could not have been the work of an outside hand. Victor had apparently blown himself up in the process of making a petrol bomb. Another petrol bomb had been recovered hidden in the backyard of his house. The police had ruled out the possibility of suicide or foul play. But there was the strong possibility that Victor wanted to use those bombs elsewhere. Those petrol bombs were undoubtedly meant for my house or for my car or for both.

I did not need to tell Adelle what was in the news. I still had to make my report in order not to confuse her with a sudden u-turn. She would soon know what had happened from an official news channel.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

33. And Then I Woke Up From My Dream. Dedicated To Laiba



His head was resting on her shoulder.

She: "Are you still crying?"

He: "Sigh, I'm trying not to be."

She: "You know that you can share everything with me."

He remained silent for a few minutes.

He: "I know I miss her terribly. That's why I cry sometimes.

But when her name crosses my mind... (sigh) Did she

really deserve to be in my thoughts? I always wonder why

she left me alone when I needed her the most. Maybe at

some point, I was wrong, but not all the mistakes were

mine. Sometimes I wonder why I still love that person. Maybe I'm just so stupid,

but yes, I am."

I wonder how you tolerate me and my breakdowns. (He asked this to the girl)

She, while looking into his eyes, said, "You don't know, but you are just like a child

who demands love but nothing more. Who needs care the way you cared for her.

And then... I woke up from my dream.

Own Abbas
Artist, Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

34. TRIBUTE TO FATHER

Dear Father, words fall short when I think of paying tribute,
Even though you are no longer physically here, you continue
to contribute

By guiding me at every step, just as you did when you were
alive.

Your noble deeds and entire life were so inspiring that I
strive to live

According to the lessons you taught through your actions,
behavior,

And benevolence, for which I am forever indebted to you.



Promila Bhardwaj

Writer

Shimla

Himachal Pradesh

You belonged to Himachal and began your life's journey in
sheer poverty,

Through hard work and talent, you reached heights of
prosperity.

You went to a far-off school barefoot, studying on the basis of scholarships,

And eventually became an Army Officer, joining the Army due to your sportsmanship.

You participated in World War and received the Indian Distinguished Services Medal
For your bravery, becoming a role model for soldiers in your Battalion.

Remembering your roots and hardships, you helped hundreds of people

With their education, medical treatment, and career development, always remaining
humble.

On joining job, when I mentioned your name during my introduction,

My Officer gratefully spoke about how you helped him with his education.

Whatever I have become is due to your constant encouragement,

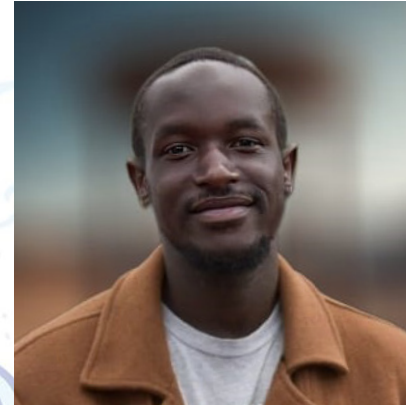
I can still see the shine in your eyes and your proud smiles after carefully reading
My published poems, which continue to light my creative journey.

To pay you a true tribute, dear Father, I will strive to do good deeds

And contribute to the welfare of those in need, just like you.

35. DOOM

It has befallen, a drained necessity.
With deep conscience, I've observed.
He is damaged, blind, sees only the physical.
Old, too, bound to pursue madness.
Knows too little, seeks not to grow.
I curse, but for what? Just hope till the fall.
Beyond pleasure, I hope for wisdom.
So I write, I write, for the universe sees.



Regan Mireri
Poet, Writer, Film
Producer
Nairobi
Kenya

36. MONEY



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

Money received from elders its blessings
Offering money at holy places its seeking blessings
Money saved and preserved
Will save in time and will protect
Money is abundance, you have to protect
Money earns money, ways are many
Sleepless night protecting money, no peace
Taken less amount as loan in emergency
Paying hefty interest exceeding loan currency
Loan sharks, money lenders squeeze blood
Some work hard day and night
Some indulge in illegal activities
Some sell their body, some body parts
Some ailing lost their lives for having no money
Risking their life fisher folks
Enter rough sea expecting good catch
Unaware will return back dead or alive
Kidnap for ransom
No money to carry body in hearse
Carried body on the shoulder
Unable to perform last rides to the dead
Few burning money on online games
Drug addiction, Alcohol, puffing smoke
Some deceiving gullible people to invest
Promising hefty interest which may double
But eloping with money putting investors in trouble
Money can't buy everything
If you think so you are the poorest
Pockeful money you will forget the world
No money, world will forget who you are,
Money earns many foes,
Money is worst discovery of human life
It is also most trusted material to test human nature.

Money is essential from fetus formed
And during death to perform lust rites
To perform death anniversary money is required
Six by three feet land acquired
Borrower while taking loan, assures
Prompt repayment, but if failed
Unable to bear, succumbs to pressures
Cheque bounced, will be jailed
Some taking loan show good gesture
When asked back money show anger and different posture
To recover hench men are sent by lender
Give punches, abuses, borrower becomes tender
Money, money, and money everybody requires
Came with nothing fight for everything
Leave behind everything take nothing

By S.Arunkumar

37. Dreams

A million dreams in a nourished bosom,
Dreamy flying birds that do not fly!
Oh, dreams...

In the full moonlight,
Let your dreams fly in the blue skies of Jotsna.

I feel alive,
Heart within heart.
O my dear sweet golden bird,
Fearlessly soaring on both wings in the dreamy golden
sky.

Never fading away like a dream bird in the final hours
of waiting,
In the constellation of indomitable determination.

So focused on your face, immensely beautiful eyebrows,
Concentrating on your invincible brows.

Why do you lag behind like a steadfast follower after someone unrealized?
Tell me, why do you pause behind the points of places?

Look at the hundreds of thousands of distant dreams.

Open the door to dream success.

But why is it so late?
Hurry up, why the delay!
Move forward with a firm oath on the right path.



Sabyasachi Nazrul
Bilingual Global
Poet, Motivational
Author, Rhymer,
Translator,
Presenter
Bangladesh

38. Hear O' Hear!

Roaming about in the maze of life,
Facing distress, turmoil, and strife,
I closed my eyes,
Dreaming of an arm,
That would hold me,
Protecting from the blistering winds,
Nestling my trembling soul,
Giving me wings to soar high,
Breaking the shackles,
And whims to fly...

There's none,
But you!
My Lord!
Only you are around,
Nothing else can be found,
Embrace me,
Bless me,
And release me,
From the guiles of the world,
To join the herd.



Sadiqa Batool Naqvi
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

39. I don't regret anything in life

I don't regret anything in life. I believe that as a human being, I have never made a promise that I could not fulfill.

I know that a few hours are enough to live life.

But it is not for me to kill someone for my own happiness and destroy their being.

I don't like giving lectures. Yes, as a writer, I can express my feelings in words.

According to me, love connects a person with others and does not enslave anyone.

And those who claim in love that "We entrust you with everything,"

So my point of view has always been family first, then oneself.

If love binds a person to someone, then take a step back.

It is important to be together in love, but the respect for family and relatives is more important than that.

If I have to call love a loss, then the losses of life are the same for everyone; there is no measure to quantify them.

There is no amount of sorrow; it is only felt.

This feeling alone makes a person sad.

Similarly, the feeling of love is enough to keep a person refreshed.

That's why I always pray to the Lord, "My God, don't let me burden people's



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

hearts.

Keep me away from every person who wants to distance themselves from me

Or the person whose life I have entered and because of me

The rest of their life is going to be spent in pain."

I don't want anyone to take my name and say that a person who separated from the world darkened my world.

Even today, knowing Allah as the watcher, I say that if time has wronged me knowingly or unknowingly, then it will happen.

But I have never played with anyone's dreams and emotions.

And the witnesses of this are all the people who are near or far away.

By Saira Mubeen

40. GLASSES OF LOVE FROM MY POINT OF VIEW

Every day, my heart weeps
For you and sings a sad song
To see the immortal scenes
Of your eyes, with attraction along

Whether it is love or attraction, I know not
But I have experienced it since long
By reading books and elders' wisdom
Loving kalams of "SALB" and other mystics' songs

How amazing are these four letters
For with them, a stone can be a gem
And the wittiest person lay his wit
It is love that exists in four letters.

Its blessing is in the hands of men
God gifted them with strength and grace
In palaces, cottages, huts, and hovels
Love is a mighty gift that fits in every place.

How divine men and women could be
Mothers are the first to guide like sun rays
All true trophies cannot fame thee
A mother's love is swift from the first day.

Speak softly; it's a lesson you must tell
All the kinships of your brothers and sisters
Eternity shall tell the truth that glitters
No one fails if found with the truest spell.

Love gives eyes to the blind and a voice to the dumb
With every eye, every icon finds equilibrium



**Saleem Raza
Jakhar (Amar
Shaw)
Teacher, Writer
Khairpur Sindh
Pakistan**

Where the blind are no longer blind and the dumb are voiceful
Charging every prophet, priest, and nun.

Love is an ecstasy of the soul to fly
Passionates every man and woman's heart high
To lift them from earth to sky,
And wear the coat of the sweetest tie.

Oh, Chieftain, how old you are? I know not
Are you the product of the fruit of apple
And before or since above what;
I don't know, but God and His Angels.

Truest in the world and truest above,
Heaven in the world and heaven above.

By Saleem Raza Jakhar (Amar Shaw)

41. Fury and Flame

In the gorge where the twin rivers meet,
Fury and flame get caught up in the mirage of her soul.
Bloodthirsty at the tomb of the fallen gods,
Divine mercy of novena,
She's awakened from slumbers of the forgotten.
Eyes of a serpent, Eophis,
The air has made the silky hair kiss her face.
Gliding through with the mare of Absolom.
"Ride with me, Andalusia, for the might and power is
in you."
Adorn with vengeance, bow, and sword,
A heavenly phenomenon, no less than heaven.



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

42. The power of leadership!



Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand

The mass base of the leader, born out of the movement, keeps moving forward on the path of public welfare. They lead above caste, creed, sect, and opinion. There is thinking of social and state interest, with words of understanding. They are deprived of hunting for celebrities. Without caring about the allure of power, they keep working for the public interest. Public awareness is the main objective. The fear of religious influence has been overcome. Although the number of mass base is less, it is the reason why they are independent from the reach of power. About two dozen countries in Eurasia are still deprived of it. The welfare of the public state is still relevant. There is an upsurge of public interest. The demand for democracy is paramount in all debates and systems.

For the public interest, the awareness is spreading more and more among everyone. Material happiness is at its peak. What a result! It is a matter of concern. Today, Mother Earth is becoming sicker and sicker due to the exploitation by some elite class.

There is a gradual supremacy of the caste, varna, and community over the accessible mass base of power. Common people are suffering due to their dominance. Water, forests, and land are being exploited. There is encroachment on the rivers, and the mountains are disappearing. The heart of the earth is being torn apart by mineral mining. The condition of the earth is deteriorating. The water level is falling, and people are falling prey to the deadly liquid seeping from the excavations. The ill effects of "greenhouse" are well known to the world. There should be some concrete initiatives from the government. This is only possible through public consciousness. But only then can we recover from the allure of power.

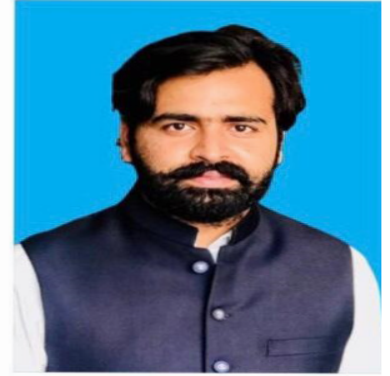
43. On adhered mind part

On adhered mind part
There is filled swinge of knocks
Which seclude me from nigh suit
And lay face of rhyme
There I seize self in next canto.



Shiv Raj Pradhan
Poet / Micro Story
Writer, Social
Worker
West Bengal

44. A DIALOGUE WITH SHAKESPEARE



Shoaib Mehmood
Poet, writer, painter
and teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

Oh, Shakespeare, thou master of divine words,
I stand before thee, with sorrow's touching sign.
In thy tales, my beloved characters met their doom,
Cordelia, Ophelia, Desdemona, and Romeo and Juliet,
consumed.

Cordelia, so pure, a beacon of love's light,
Why did thou condemn her to an unjust plight?
Her unwavering devotion, yet thou took her breath,
Oh, Shakespeare, this injustice, a tragic theft.

Ophelia, a fragile flower caught in madness' snare,
Her heart shattered, lost in a world unfair.
Thou cast her aside, her fate so bleak,
Dear Shake, why didst thou seek to weaken her voice?

Desdemona, a victim of suspicion's cruel scheme,
Her innocence destroyed like a dying gleam.
Why, oh Bard, did you weave her tragic fate?
A life cut short by jealous hands of hate.

Romeo and Juliet, star-crossed lovers bound,
Thy pen penned their love, with profound despair.
Thy hand sealed their fate in a tragic end,
Oh, Shakespeare, could there be no amends?

SHAKESPEARE'S REPLY

Dear Shabes, who questions my literary craft,
I hear thy concerns, thy amassed emotions.
In the tapestry of my tales, tragic ends unfold,
But within them, deeper truths are told.

Cordelia, in her purity, she did shine,
Yet tragedy struck, and her light did decline.
Her sacrifice, a symbol of love so true,
To reveal the darkness that others may eschew.

Ophelia, ensnared by madness' binding thread,
Her fragile mind, by sorrows, was fed.
I portrayed her plight to shine a light,
On the complexities of a troubled psyche's fight.

Desdemona, a victim of deceit's bitter sting,
Her innocence lost in a tragic fling.
I aimed to expose the dangers that lurk,
Within relationships, where trust can irk.

Romeo and Juliet, their love so intense,
But their fate sealed by a world so dense.
Their deaths, a commentary on feuds and hate,
To caution against the perils of an unchecked fate.

In each character's demise, a lesson is found,
A mirror to life's struggles, profound.
Though their endings may seem cruel and harsh,
They highlight the human condition, an eternal march.

So, dear Shabes, do not blame my quill's mark,
For the tragedies that left thy heart stark.
Within the lines, there lies a greater purpose,
To ignite contemplation and provoke discourse.

By Shoaib Mehmood

45. WOLF IN SHEEP SKIN

I saw you looking at me.
You said you loved me so much.
I saw you swallowing saliva.
You said I am the apple of your eye.
I saw you licking your lips.
You said I have shapely legs, a nice figure, and beautiful budding breasts.

I served you supper then went to bed.
You called me to your bedroom.
I stopped just outside the bedroom door.
You said, "Close the door behind you."
I hesitated.
You said there is something you want to tell me.
I closed the door.
You stood up and locked the door.
I remained standing.
You told me to remove my clothes.
I refused.
You started accusing me of having boyfriends.
I said nothing.
You said you wanted to conduct a virginity test.
I shuddered.
You started breathing heavily.
I trembled.
You moved your hand towards an electric cable on the dressing table.
I felt weak.
You became very hostile and ordered me to remove my clothes.
I got really scared and removed everything but my underwear.
You then shouted, "Everything!"
I did so.
You told me to get on the bed.
I did so.
You caressed my body before forcing yourself on me.
I tried to scream for help.



Stephen Linjesa
**Writer/Poet/
Obituarian**
Harare
Zimbabwe

You stuffed my mouth with a cloth.
I tried to free myself from your grip but failed.
You did not stop despite the bleeding.
I felt intense pain.
You finished your business then let me free.
I limped away.

Now I wonder if you are really my father.
Now I wonder where I am supposed to find another pillar of strength.
Now I wonder if I should tell my mother.
Now I wonder if she will not take her husband's side.
Now I wonder if I will ever trust another man.
Now I wonder where I shall run to.
Now I wonder if life is not a bed of brambles.
Now I wonder if life can ever be more in shambles.

By Stephen Linjesa

46. On This Journey

In this supposed life journey,
Full of endless paradoxes and unethical thoughts,
My pious life drowns out longing.
On the same broken path of life, old wounds open up.
Justice has turned into injustice.
Pleasant chapters have turned into ugly ones.
Truths have turned into lies.
Hopes have sunk into oblivion.
Days of glory have turned into days of sadness.
Instead of counting the days,
Days are counting down for me,
Mired in desires and blatant ambitions,
But there is lasting hope in the flame.
Is the sun setting over me?
Seeking refuge on the wings of nature,
Just my last option.
Will the sun rise and shine again?

Life is on fire.
This does not leave me indifferent,
And yet I am still locked in my own prison of old-fashioned thoughts.
Valuable thoughts have yet to be revived.
My silent screams, but completely in vain.
My world is deaf.
My world does not call.
My world doesn't react in any way.

In this terrible journey through the portals of discovery, mistakes have been made,
Mistakes are being made, mistakes will be made.
Will I get the moments and will I be counted again?
Will I come out a winner?
I hope life will sing the sweetest songs
And revoke all setbacks.



Terrence Mwedzi
Award Winning
Poet, Writer,
Columnist
Zimbabwe

47. I Love Me



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

In today's world, it is extremely easy to become lost in all the negativity that surrounds us. We are constantly bombarded noise and negative energy that can easily drown out anything positive and leave us feeling exhausted, frustrated, and hopeless. Amongst all this chaos, lies the true beauty of life that we should never forget to see.

The beauty of life is not just in the grandeur things that we see like mountains, beaches, or forests. It is equally present in the small, everyday moments that we may miss if we are consumed with negativity. A warm hug from a friend, the laughter of a child, a beautiful sunset, the taste of a delicious meal – these are all tiny moments that we should cherish and appreciate.

One way to truly see the beauty of life is by practicing mindfulness. We need to practice slowing down and being mindful of the present.. Often, we are too busy worrying about the future or dwelling on the past that we forget to live in the present. By being fully present in the moment, we can appreciate the beauty that surrounds us and enjoy what life has to offer.

However, even if we try our best to focus on the positive, it can be challenging to keep negativity at bay. We may face challenging situations in our personal and professional lives that can leave us feeling overwhelmed and lost. In such situations, it is important to never forget ourselves and our worth.

Loving ourselves is crucial to lead a fulfilling life. It is easy to compare ourselves to others or feel that we are not good enough, but it is important to remind ourselves that we are unique, valuable, and worthy of love and respect. We should embrace ourselves, flaws, and all, and focus on our strengths.

Self-love is not just about positive self-talk or celebrating our achievements. It is also about taking care of ourselves and prioritizing our well-being. This means

taking time out to do activities that bring us joy, getting enough rest, eating healthy, and exercising regularly. When we take care of ourselves, we feel more confident and empowered to face the challenges that come our way.

Moreover, learning to see the beauty within can help us stay grounded and positive even in the toughest times. We should focus on our strengths, talents, and passions and let our inner beauty shine through. By doing so, we can attract positivity and create more beauty around us.

To see the beauty within, we need to cultivate a positive mindset and surround ourselves with people who uplift us. Negativity can be contagious, and being around negative people or situations can drain our energy and leave us feeling down. On the other hand, being around positive people can inspire us, uplift us, and help us see the beauty in every situation.

Seeing the true beauty of life is a lifelong journey that requires practice, patience, and effort. It is not always easy to stay positive or love us, but it is important to remind ourselves that we can do so. By focusing on the present moment, taking care of ourselves, and seeing the beauty within, we can lead a fulfilling life and make a positive impact on the world around us.

By Tha Ono

48. A Stroll on the Sands of Time

A stroll on the sands of time,
Collecting the shells of past memories,
Washing away the dust on them, at the same time,
Traversing through a stream of thoughts,
Weaving them seamlessly along with the present time,
Keeping them fresh within, with many sweet smiles,
Makes this journey a pleasant one in the days to come.

Here, on these sands of time,
Here, on this shore of our past memories,
Each grain of sand that spreads,
Each whistle of the sea breeze that flows,
Each fluttering of the sea birds' wet wings,
Each murmuring of the lashing waves,
Each beacon of light from the lighthouse,
Each fleeting moment, is precious,
As they are the usherers to the palace
Of invaluable recollections whose worth is fathomless.

A stroll on this Sands of time,
Makes the journey of life a pleasant one,
Invigorating in us an undefinable zeal and zest,
For taking another cool walk on the sands of time,
In the days to come.



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

49. One Earth, One Nation

From every corner of this earth,
A chorus rises, a song of rebirth.
Colours and cultures intertwine,
A tapestry of oneness, beautifully aligned.

Let compassion guide our way,
Building bridges day by day.
Together we rise, a beacon of light,
One earth, one nation, shining bright.

One Earth, our precious home we share,
Let's protect it, handle it with care.
In unity, we find our voice,
To preserve the planet, it's our choice.

No matter our language, creed, or race,
We embrace diversity's sweet embrace.
For in our differences, we find strength,
A tapestry of cultures, stretching length.

In the diversity of our cultures, which is so rich,
We celebrate life with a festive pitch.
From the colors of Holi to the lights of Diwali,
Culture and festival, a bond so jolly.

The young are the pioneers of tomorrow,
Their dreams are bright and full of glow.
As they step into this world so wide,
The future of our world is theirs to guide.

One Earth, our precious home we share,
Let's protect it, handle it with care.
In unity, we find our voice,
To preserve the planet, it's our choice.



Utshaw Kumar
Writer
New Delhi
Delhi

50. You Never Gave Up On Me

At times of confusion, you guide my way.
You gently wiped away my tears.
All these years, you loved me unconditionally.
Dad, you never gave up on me.

When I stumble and fall,
You rush immediately when I call.
Your love has set me free.
Dad, you never gave up on me.

When I am weak and hurting,
You hold back nothing.
You are always there to pick me up.
Dad, you never gave up on me.

Thank you for your words of encouragement.
Your counsel will never be forgotten.
All those years that you never gave up on me
Will be etched in my heart for eternity.



**Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student, Writer
Hajipur
Bihar**

**AADHYA
PUBLISHING
HOUSE**

PRESENTS

**PANACHE
TELUGU
Magazine**

July 2023



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ఎలుకలు - ఏనుగులు కథ
(Rats and Elephants story)



నీతి:

కంద కావరములు కల ఏనుగులకు తెలివి నేర్పిన ఎలుకలు.
మదించిన ఏనుగులకు, బుద్ధి ఇచ్చిన జాతులు.
గర్వ భంగము చేసిన ఎలుక జాతి.
బలంలేని వారైనా బలవంతులను రక్షించగల చాక చక్యం, తెలివి తేటలు
కల చిట్టి ఎలుకలు.
ఎవరితో కానీ పనులు కూడా కొన్ని సార్లు చాలా చిన్న వారితో
అవుతుంటాయి.
అందుకే చిన్న వారిని నిర్లక్ష్యం చేయకూడదు.

కథ:

పిల్లలు, వినండి.
యిది ఒక మంచి కథ.
ఒకానొకప్పుడు, ఒక సమయంలో, ఒక చోట కొన్ని పెద్ద సైజు అక్కరాలు
కల ఏనుగులు ఉండేవి.

ఈ ఏనుగులు చాలా, బలంగానూ, దృఢంగానూ, చాలా అగ్రోగాంట్ గాను,
అంటే కాసురుకాను, విసుగ్గాను, ఎం ఉండేవి.

ఈ ఏనుగుల భీభత్సంగా అన్నింటినీ పీకి పందిరి వేసేవి.
అంటే ఏది అడ్డు వస్తే వాటిని నాశనం చేసేవి అన్నింటినీ పాడు చేసేవి.

ఆ అడవిలోని జంతువులూ అన్నీకూడా చాలా భయపడేవి, ఈ మొండి
ఏనుగులకు.



ఈ ఏనుగులు అతి భయానకరంగా ప్రవర్తించేవి.

అది ఒక ఎండాకాలం.

వర్షాలు లేవు.

నీళ్లు లేవు త్రాగడానికి.

అన్ని నదులు, చెరువులు ఎండి పోయాయి.

ఒక ఏనుగు అనాది, వేరొక ఏనుగుతో.

నాకు ఒక చెరువు తెలుసు.

కొన్ని మైళ్ళ దూరంలో వుంది ఆ చెరువు.

ఆ చెరువులో నీళ్లు ఉంటాయి.

మనం దాహం తీర్చుకోవచ్చు.

మనం అక్కడకు వెళ్ళాము.

చెరువులో నీళ్లు మనకు కావలసినన్ని త్రాగవచ్చు, అన్నది ఒక ఏనుగు
రాజా వారు.

ఆ చెరువు దగ్గర ఎక్కడైతే నీళ్లు ఉన్నాయని కున్నాయువు, అక్కడ చాలా
ఎలుకలు వున్నాయి.

ఆ ఎలుకలు అన్నీ డాన్సు చేస్తున్నాయి.

ఎగురుతున్నాయి.

గంతులేస్తున్నాయి.
ఆడుతున్నాయి.

ఎలుకలు డాన్సు చేస్తాయా, అని మీ సందేహం.
అవును ఆ చెరువు దగ్గర, ఆ అడవిలో ఎలుకలు డాన్సు చేయకపోతే,
పిల్లలూ మరి ఎవరు డాన్సు చేస్తారు.

కాబట్టి ఎలుకలే వాటికి తోచినట్లు డాన్సులు చేస్తున్నాయి.
ఏనుగులు అతి భయంకరంగా, ఘోషంగా, కేర్ లెస్ గా, తొందరగా,
పరిగెతుకుంటూ వచ్చి ఆ చెరువులో మంచినీళ్లు త్రాగాలనుకున్నాయి,
ఏనుగులు.

ఈ విధంగా వస్తూ ఉంటే, ఏనుగుల కాళ్ళ క్రింద కొన్ని ఎలుకలు పడి,
నలిగి, పచ్చడయిపోయి చనిపోయాయి.

అప్పుడు ఆ ఎలుకల రాజావారు చాలా బాధపడింది.
అనుకుంది ఈ ఎలుక రాజావారు.

ఈ ఏనుగులు చాలా ఉద్రృతంగా ఉన్నాయని.

నేను ఆ ఏనుగుల రాజా వారితో మాట్లాడుతాను, అనుకోండి.
లేకపోతే, మన తోటి ఎలుకలన్నీ పచ్చడి, పచ్చడి అయిపోయి ఏనుగుల
కాళ్ళ క్రింద పడి చనిపోవాల్సి వస్తుందని.

అప్పుడు ఎలుక రాజావారు, ఏనుగుల రాజా వారి దగ్గరికి వెళ్ళింది.

ఓ పెద్ద ఏనుగు మహారాజా, మేము ఈ చెరువు దగ్గర కొన్ని సంవత్సరాలుగా
యిక్కడ నివాసముంటున్నాము.

కానీ, మీ వలన, మా చాలా యిల్లు ద్వంసమయ్యాయి, ఇరిగి పోయాయి,
నేలమట్ట మయ్యాయి, అని చెప్పింది, ఎలుక రాజా వారు, ఆ ఏనుగు
మహారాజా వారికి.

చాలా జాగ్రత్తగా వుండండి.
యిది మా ఏరియా, మా సొలాము. మానివాసాలు యిక్కడ వున్నాయి,
అంది ఎలుక మహారాజా వారు.

మేము, మీకు కొని సమయాలలో ఉపయోగపడుతాము.

ఆలోచించుకోండి, ఏ సంగతో చెప్పి మాకు కూడా తోడుగా వుండండి,
అన్నది, ఎలుక రాజావారు.

అప్పుడు, ఏనుగు మహారాజావారు చాలా గంభీరంగా, చాలా భయంకరంగా,
చాలా గట్టిగా, చాలా భంవేసే విధంగా, నవ్వింది, హా, హా, హా, హా.

ఎలా, ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుకలు మాకు ఉపయోగ పడతాయని,
మీ వలన మాకు హెల్ప్ కానీ, ఉపకారము కానీ, ఏమి అవుతుంది, అని
ఏనుగుల రాజావారు గట్టిగా నవ్వింది.

కానీ, మా మిత్ర బృందంలో కల ఏనుగులకు చెప్పతాను.
చాలా కేర్ఫుల్ గా ఉండమని, అంది యెను రాజావారు.

చాలా కలం గడిచింది.

ఒకరోజు, ఈ ఏనుగు రాజావారు, ఒక వలలో చిక్కుకు పోయింది.
అడవిలో వేటలాడడానికి వచ్చిన వెటకాడు వాలా పన్ని, ఏనుగు రాజాని
బంధించాడు.

అన్ని తాదులతో ఈ ఏనుగును కట్టేసాడు.

కాళ్ళనికూడా కట్టేసాడు.

ఏనుగు రాజావారు ఏడ్చారు.

ఏమి చేయలేని పరిస్థితి.

తప్పించుకోలేక పోయింది.

ఏడుస్తూ కూర్చింది.

ఈ ఎలుకలు, ఈ ఏనుగు రాజా వారి అరుపులను, ఏడుపులు విన్నవి.

అనుకుని అన్నీ ఎలుకల బృందం మొత్తం, ఎలుకల గ్రూప్ అన్నీ కలిసి ఈ
ఏనుగులు వుండే చెరువు దగ్గరకు వచ్చాయి.
చూస్తే, ఏనుగు రాజావారు ఉచ్చులో ఇరుక్కున్నారు.
ఏమి చేయలేక గిల గిల లాడుకుంటున్నారు.
దీనావస్థలో వున్నారు, ఈ ఏనుగు రాజావారు.

ఆ ఎలుక రాజావారు చెప్పింది.

ఓ ఏనుగు మహాశయా, మేము వున్నాము.

బాధపడకు.

తృటిలో నిన్ను చేరనుంది విడిపిస్తాము.

చూసుకో మా తడాఖా, అంది ఎలుక మహారాజా.

అన్ని ఎలుకలకు, ఈ ఎలుకరాజు ఒక ఆర్డర్ జారీ చేసింది.
చూడండి ఎలీజాకియు, అన్నీ తాళ్లను కొరికేయండి, తెంపేయండి.

ఈ ఏనుగు మహా రాజునూ విడిపించండి అని ఆర్డర్ యిచ్చింది, ఎలుక
రాజు.

ఈ ఆర్డర్ రాగానే, అన్ని తాళ్లను తెంచేశాయి అన్ని ఎలుకలు కలిసి.

ఏనుగు మహారాజును, చేరనుంది బంధాల నుండి, ఈ ఎలుకలు
విడిపించాయి.

అప్పుడు ఏనుగు మహారాజు ఈ ఎలుకలకు థాంక్స్ చెప్పింది.

అప్పటినుండి నేను కానీ, మా ఏనుగుల గ్రూపులు కానీ, మిమ్మల్ని కానీ ఏ
జంతువులను బాధ పెట్టాము, అని తీర్మానించడమయినది.

అందరూ హ్యాప్పీస్.

అన్ని జంతువులూ ఆ అడవిలో కలిసి మెలిసి నివసించడం అయినది.

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సింహము - ఎలుక కథ

నీతి

ఒకరిని చూసి నవ్వుకూడదు.

గొప్పతనము పనికిరాదు.

గర్వం వుండకూడదు.

అందరూ బాగుండాలి.



కథ

ఒక అడవి వుంది.

ఆ అడవిలో ఒక పెద్ద సింహం కూడా ఉంటోంది.

ఆ అడవిలో చాలా చాలా జంతువులు కూడా వున్నాయి.

ఎప్పుడైతే ఈ మృగరాజు సింహం గర్జిస్తుందో, అప్పుడు అడవిలోని అన్ని జంతువులు, ఈ సింహం అరుపుకి భయపడి, అడవిలోని మూల మూల గా నక్కి, బయటకు రాకుండా ఉండేవి.

సింహం ఎలా గర్జిస్తుందో తెలుసా పిల్లలూ.

సరే మీ అందరికీ తెలుసు సింహం అరవడం.

అన్ని రకాల జంతువులు ఈ సింహానికి భయపడేవి.

ఎందుకంటే, తమని ఈ సింహం చంపి తినేస్తుందని, కాబట్టి అన్ని అడవిలోని జంతువులు బయటకు తిరిగేవి కావు.

అన్ని జంతువులు భయం భయం గా అడవిలో ఉండేవి.

ఇదే అడవిలో, ఒక చిన్న ఎలుక కూడా ఉండేది.

ఈ ఎలుక చాలా బాగా ఎగిరి గంతేసి, ఆడుకుంటూ, డాన్స్ చేస్తూ వుంటుండేది.

ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక ఎవరిని చెడు చేయకుండా గాయపరచకుండా ఉంటూ ఉండేది.

ఒకరోజు ఏమైందంటే, మద్యానం పూట అడవిలోని అన్ని జంతువులు
నింద్రుంచెవి అంటే పడుకుండేవి.

ఈ సింహం కూడా పడుకుంది.

అప్పుడు ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక, అక్కడికి పరిగెత్తి, ఇక్కడ పరిగెత్తి, గెంతుతూ,
ఆడుకుంటూ, అటూ, ఇటూ వెళ్ళింది.

ఈ సింహం ఆరెంజ్ కలర్ లో చెట్టు క్రింద నిద్ర పోతోంది.

సింహం గాఢ నిద్రలో వున్నది.

ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుకకు ఇది సింహం అని తెలుసుకోలేకపోయింది.

ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక చెట్టు మీదికి ఎక్కి, అసలు యింత పెద్ద ఆరెంజ్ కలర్
లో ఉన్న వస్తువు ఏంటి అనుకుంది.

కానీ, అది సింహం ఒక పెద్ద క్రూర మయిన సింహం అని అనుకోలేదు.
వూహించనుకూడా లేదు ఈ ఎలుక. ఎందుకంటే ఎలుక బుర్ర చాలా
చిన్నది. ఆలోచనా శక్తి కూడా చాలా చిన్నది.

అప్పుడు ఈ ఎలుక, సింహం వెనుక భాగంలో నక్కి, అల్లరి చేస్తూ
వుంది.

అప్పుడు ఈ సింహం నిద్రలోంచి లేచి చాలా పెద్దగా గర్జన చేయడం
ప్రారంభించింది.

ఎవరు నా నిద్రని చెడకొట్టింది.

ఎవడు వాడు.

అని చాలా దురుసుగా అరిచింది సింహం.

అప్పుడు ఎలుక అనుకుంది, ఓహో, ఇది ఒక పెద్ద సింహం అని.

అప్పుడు ఈ సింహం ఈ ఎలుకని పట్టుకుని, సింహం మొహం దగ్గరకు
తీసుకొని, ఇలా అన్నది.

ఓ, ఇది నీపనా.

నా నిద్రని చెడగొట్టావ్.

అని సింహం చాలా గట్టిగా కోపంతో గర్జించింది.

అప్పుడు, ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక చాలా భయపడి పోయింది.

గజ గాజా వణికిపోయింది .

నేనేం చేస్తానో తెలుసా, ఓ ఎలుకా, అంది సింహం.

అప్పుడు, ఈ ఎలుక సింహాని ప్రార్థించింది.

ఓ సింహం మహాశయా, ఓ మృగరాజా, నేను నీకు ఏదో ఒకరోజు నా
అవసరమైనప్పుడు నీకు సహాయం చేస్తాను.

అని, ఈ ఎలుక సింహంతో మొరపెట్టుకుంది.

అప్పుడు, సింహం చాలా పెద్దగా నవ్వింది.

హా, హా, హా, హా, నువ్వు యింత చిన్నగా వున్నావు.

నువ్వు నాకు ఏం సహాయం చేస్తావు.

నీవలన నాకు ఉపకారమేం చేయగలవు.

నువ్వు యింత చిన్నగా వున్నావు.

నువ్వు నాకు ఏవిధంగా సహాయపడగలవు.

అని సింహం చాలా గట్టిగా నవ్వింది.

నేను ఒక మృగరాజును.

ఈ మొత్తం అడవికి.

అంటూనే ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుకని, పోనీ అనుకుని ఇలా అన్నది ఎలుకతో.

ఈ సారి నిన్ను వదిలేస్తున్నాను.

ఫో అని ఆ సింహం వదిలేసింది ఈ ఎలుకని.

చాలా రోజులు గడిచాయి.

ఒక రోజు ఈ మృగరాజు ఒక వలలో చిక్కుకుంది.

ఈ సింహం చాలా తప్పించుకోడానికి చూసింది.

కానీ, ఆ వలలోంచి తప్పించుకోలేక పోయింది.

సింహం చాలా సార్లు గర్జించింది.

ఏమీ చేయలేక బాధ పడుతూ అలాగే ఆ వలలో ఇరుక్కుపోయింది.

ఎవరు వచ్చి కాపాడుతారా అని ఎదురు చూడ సాగింది ఈ సింహం.

ఆ సమయంలో ఈ ఒక్క జంతువూ కానీ, ఎవ్వరు కానీ ఈ మృగరాజు
సింహం, దగ్గరికి రావడానికి సాహసం చేయలేదు.

ఎందుకంటే సింహం అంటే అందరికీ భయమే.

అప్పుడు ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక, ఈ సింహం అరుపులకి, గర్జనలని విని ఇలా
అనుకుంది.

అయ్యో, నన్ను వదిలేసినా సింహం కష్టంలో వుంది.

కాబట్టి, నేను ఆ సింహం దగ్గరకు వెళ్ళాలి.

అసలు ఏం జరిగిందో చూడాలి, అనుకోండి ఈ ఎలుక.

కావలసిన సహాయం చేయాలి అని అనుకుంది ఈ ఎలుక.

అప్పుడు, ఈ యాయెలుక చూసింది.

సింహం వలలో చిక్కుకుంది.

అప్పుడు ఆ ఎలుక అంది.

ఓ సింహమా, భయపడకు.
నేనున్నాను నీకు.
ఒక్క క్షణంలో నిన్ను ఈ వాలనుండి బయటికి వచ్చేలా చేస్తాను.
కాబట్టి భయపడకు ఓ సింహమా.

ఇదే నా అభయం.
చూసుకో నా తడాఖా.
అంది సింహంతో

అప్పుడు ఈ సింహం తెల్ల మోపహం వేసింది.
ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక యిట్లా అంటుంది.
ఏంటి కథ.అని
సింహం ఆశ్చర్యపోయింది.

ఈ ఎలుక ఆ వాలని తన పళ్లతో చిటుకు చిటుకు మంటూ
తెంపసాగింది.

సింహం వాలనుండి బయట పడింది.
నమస్కారం ఎలుకా, అంది సింహం.

యివ్వాలనుండి నువ్వు నేను డ్రెండ్స్.
నేను నిన్ను చూసి నవ్వాను.
యికమీద నేను ఎవరినీ చూసి నవ్వాను.
నువ్వు నా బెస్ట్ డ్రెండ్.

నేను ఏ చిన్న జంతువునైనా చూసి నవ్వాను.

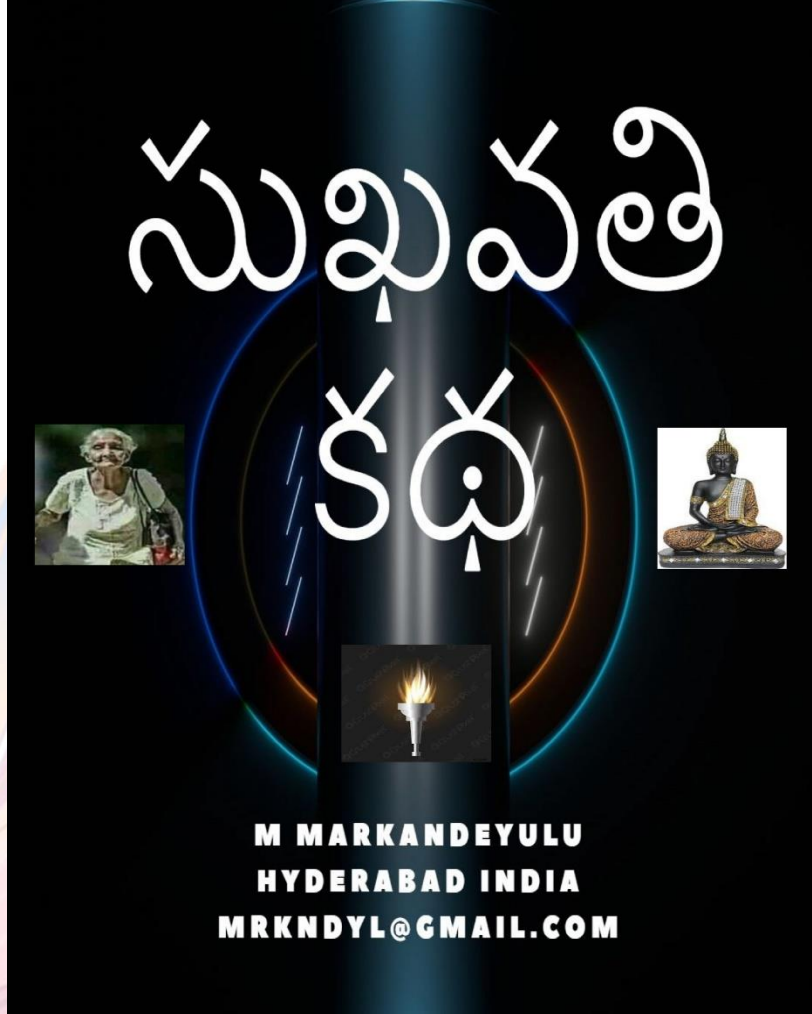


అప్పుడు సింహం ఆ ప్రదేశం నుండి వెళ్ళిపోయింది.
ఈ చిట్టి ఎలుక చాలా సంతోషించింది.

కాబట్టి, ఒకరిని చూసి ఎప్పుడు నవ్వకూడదు.



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సుఖవతి కథ

దాదాపు 2600 సంవత్సరాల క్రితం బుద్ధుడు జీవించి ఉన్నకాలంలో, శ్రావస్తీ నగరంలో ఒక ముసలి బిచ్చగత్తె ఉండేది. ఆమె అసలు పేరు ఏంటో ఎవ్వరికీ తెలీదు కానీ, ఆమె ఎప్పుడూ సంతోషంగాఉండటం చూసి అందరూ ఆమెను సుఖవతి అని పిలిచేవాళ్ళు.

ఒకనాడు సుఖవతి నగర వీధుల్లో అడుక్కుంటుంటే వినబడింది- "భగవానుడైన బుద్ధుడు త్వరలోనే శ్రావస్తికి రానున్నాడు" అని. ఆమె పెద్దగా చదువుకున్నదీ కాదు; ఏమంత తెలివితేటలు ఉన్నదీ కాదు. బుద్ధుడి గురించి ఆమె అంతవరకూ ఏనాడు విని ఉండలేదు కూడా. అయినా 'బుద్ధుడు రావటం' అనే సంగతి మటుకు ఆమెకు ఎందుకో చాలా నచ్చింది.

తర్వాతి రోజుల్లో ఆమె బుద్ధుడి గురించి అనేక విషయాలు విన్నది- "రాజకుమారులనుండి, పెద్ద పెద్ద వర్తకులనుండి, అతి సామాన్యుల వరకూ- అందరూ ఆయన రాక కోసం ఎదురు

చూస్తున్నారు! ఆయన కోసం ఎవరి తాహతుకు తగినట్లు వాళ్ళు ఏవేవో బహుమతులు తీసుకు వెళ్ళారు. ఆయన మటుకు ఎవ్వరు ఏది ఇచ్చినా తీసుకుంటాడు. అసలైతే ఆయనకు శ్రద్ధ తప్ప మరేమీ అక్కర్లేదట." ఇట్లా ఏవేవో చెప్పుకుంటున్నారు జనం.

సుఖవతి తనకు తెలియకుండానే బుద్ధుడి రాక కోసం ఎదురు చూడటం మొదలు పెట్టింది. అడుక్కుంటూ నగర శివార్ల వరకూ పోయి, అక్కడే సాయంత్రం వరకూ ఉండి, వెనక్కి తిరిగి వచ్చేది. కొన్ని రోజుల తర్వాత బుద్ధుడు వచ్చాడు. సుఖవతి ఆ సమయానికి నగరం శివారులోనే ఉన్నది. బుద్ధుడి వెంట అనేకమంది భిక్షువులు- అందరూ చకచకా నడచుకొంటూ సుఖవతిని దాటుకొని పోయారు. బుద్ధుడు తనని చూసి చిరునవ్వు నవ్వినట్లు, "నా వెంట రా" అని చెప్పినట్లు అనిపించింది సుఖవతికి. ఆమె మనసు పులకరించి, ఆయన వెంట పోయింది. ఆమె కాళ్ళు మటుకు ఆయన్ని అనుసరించలేక వెనుక పడ్డాయి.

తెలివి వచ్చి చూసుకునేసరికి సుఖవతి నగరంలో ఉన్నది. సాయంత్రపు చీకట్లు ముసురుకుంటున్నాయి. బుద్ధుడిని దర్శించుకునేందుకు వచ్చిన వాళ్ళతో నగర వీధులన్నీ కిటకిటలాడుతున్నాయి.

ఎక్కడ చూసినా స్వాగత తోరణాలు, సందడి. అందరి చేతుల్లోనూ పూలు, పళ్ళు, ధూపాలు, వస్త్రాలు, రక రకాల తినుబండారాలు- అన్నీ బుద్ధునికి-అతని అనుచరులకు బహుమానంగా ఇచ్చేందుకు!

వాటిని చూసేసరికి సుఖవతికి అకస్మాత్తుగా తను ఏమీ తేలేదని గుర్తుకొచ్చింది. 'అంత గొప్ప భగవానుడిని ఒట్టి చేతుల్లో దర్శించటం ఏం బాగుంటుంది?' అనిపించింది. తన దగ్గర ఏమున్నదో వెతుక్కున్నది. ఒక చిన్న నాణెం మాత్రం ఉంది. ఆ నాణాన్ని పట్టుకొని ప్రక్కనే కనబడ్డ శెట్టి దుకాణానికి పోయింది. నాణానికి సరిపడ నూనె ఇమ్మన్నది.

ఆ నాణెం ధరకు అసలు ఏ కొంచె నూనె కూడా రాదు. సుఖవతి తన కొంగును కొంచెం చింపి ఇచ్చింది- "ఇదిగో, ఈ పీలిక తడిసేంత నూనె ఇవ్వు చాలు. భగవానుడి ముందు దీపం వెలిగిస్తాను" అని ప్రార్థయపడ్డది.

'బుద్ధుడికోసం' అనేటప్పటికి శెట్టి మెత్తబడ్డాడు. పీలికని నూనెలో తడిపి ఇచ్చాడు. సుఖవతి దాన్ని పట్టుకొని పోయి, బుద్ధుడు బస చేసిన ఆరామానికి చేరుకున్నది. అక్కడ ఇసకేస్తే రాలనంత మంది జనం. అక్కడ ఓ మూలగా మట్టి ప్రమిద ఒకటి కనబడితే, దానిలో ఈ ఒత్తిని వేసి వెలిగించింది ఈమె.

దానిముందు మోకరిల్లి, "బుద్ధుడా! నీకిచ్చేందుకు నా దగ్గర ఈ చిన్న దీపం తప్ప వేరే ఏదీ లేదు. అయినా నేను వెలిగించిన ఈ దీపం చీకట్లను ప్రారద్రోలాలి. ఇక్కడున్న వీళ్లందరికీ అంతులేని జ్ఞానం లభించేందుకు ఇది సాయపడాలి. అజ్ఞానపు పొరలన్నీ నశించి, అంతటా వెలుగు పరచుకోవాలి" అనుకున్నది.

ఆరోజు రాత్రి ఆరామంలోని దీపాలన్నీ ఒక్కటొక్కటిగా కొడిగట్టాయి. కానీ అడుక్కుతినే ఆమె వెలిగించిన దీపం మటుకు తెల్లవారవచ్చినా ఇంకా వెలుగుతూనే ఉన్నది.

తెల్లవారు జామున దీపపు ప్రమిదలనన్నిటినీ సేకరించి ఒకచోట పేర్చేందుకు వచ్చిన 'మాధలాయనుడు' అనే శిష్యుడు దాన్ని చూసి "దీపంలోఒత్తి ఇంకా కొత్తగానే ఉన్నది. ఉదయంపూట దీనితో పనిలేదు. ఇవాల్టి రాత్రికి మళ్ళీ వెలిగించుకోవచ్చు" అని దాన్ని ఆర్పివేయబోయాడు.

అతను ఎన్ని సార్లు ఆర్పివేసినా ఆ దీపం మళ్ళీ మళ్ళీ వెలుగు అంటుకున్నది! దీన్ని గమనించిన బుద్ధుడు నవ్వి, అతన్ని వారిస్తూ "ఇది ఇప్పట్లో ఆరదు. సుఖవతి వెలిగించిన ఈ జ్ఞాన దీపం ఆమెకే కాదు; అనేకమందికి ఆసరా అవుతుంది. ఈ జ్ఞానాగ్నిలో అనేక జీవుల కర్మలు సమూలంగా నశించనున్నాయి. పవిత్రమైన హృదయంతో, బలమైన సంకల్పంతో వెలిగించిన ఈ దీపంవల్ల ఆమె ఈ సరికే పరిశుద్ధురాలైంది. తన సొంత తపస్సు ఫలితంగా ఆమె రానున్న కాలంలో 'దీపకాంతి' అనే పేరు గల బుద్ధుడు అవుతుంది" అన్నాడు.

మనం చేసే పనులకు బలాన్ని చేకూర్చేది మన మనసులోని పవిత్రతే!

.....
Story by:



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- *International Achiever Award in Authorship from IPRH, Philippines and Bangladesh.*
- *Birland Government honored me with a One Pound Postage Stamp as an official Poet.*

- *Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of World Cultural and Arts Society (FOWCASS), Singapore.*
- CIVIC EXCELLENCE AWARD 2022 FROM UHE, PERU
- Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)
- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, 2022 and 2023 (3 Years) UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
- Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor
- *Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
- *Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-*
- The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.
- 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, Peru.
- *The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)*
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రాధామాలికలు

(కవితా గీతాలు)



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పండుగలు

గతకాలపు వైభవాలకు
దర్పణాలు గా నిలుస్తున్నాయి బొమ్మల కొలువు సంబరాలు
చూసేవారి నేత్రాలకు ఆనందాన్నే అందిస్తూ...!

హరిత వనాలు శూన్యమై
కాంక్రీటు జంగళ్లో
నివాసాలు
కృత్రిమత్వపు జీవన విధానంలో పరిభ్రమిస్తూ
అనారోగ్యపు బాటలో అడుగులు వేస్తూ...!

ప్రకృతి ఒడిలో పరవశించడం కొరవడి
తడబడే అడుగుల వైపు పయనిస్తూ
శారీరక శ్రమ మృగ్యమై
రోగాల రొచ్చులో జొరబడి
పండుగలు
యాంత్రికంగా చేసుకుంటూ జీవనం సాగిస్తూ...!

ముగ్గులు వేసే సమయంలేక
స్వచ్ఛమైన పాలు ఉండక
రోళ్ళు రోకళ్ళు మాయమై
పాలిష్టే సరుకులతో
రోగాలొచ్చి
చల్లటి మట్టి పాత్రలు
వాడకంలేక
మంచుపెట్టెల్లో నిల్వ ఆహారంతో
జీవనయానం
నరకప్రాయంగా మారుతూ...!

ఉమ్మడి కుటుంబాలు దూరమై
సహకారం కరువై
జీవన మాధుర్యం
కోల్పోయి
ఉరుకుల పరుగుల
చరవాణి మోతలతో కిలకిల రావాలు వినిపించక
సమతౌల్యం లోపించిన
విధానాలకు వ్యతిరేక
సుమసుగంధాల బొమ్మల కొలువు సంబరం
ఈ చిత్రం...!

.....

తాగకురా మొగుడా - షార్ట్ ఫిలిం స్టోరీ.

(ఈ చిన్న తాగుడు భాగోతం కథ అందరికీ నచ్చుతుందని అసిస్సున్నాము.)

సంసారం చేయడం అంటే ఏంటి?
తాగే వారు చివరికి ఏం సాధిస్తారు?
ఏం వెలగ బెడతారు?
చివరికి ఏం మిగుల్తుంది?
పరువు పోయేదెవరికి?
తాగుడు వలన నష్టాలేంటి?
ఎవరి జీవితాలు బూడిదపాలవుతాయి?
ఎందుకు తాగుతారు?
దేని గురించి తాగుతారు?
అసలు సంసారం చేసేవాడు తాగుతాడా?
తాగుడు వలన ఆస్తులు కరిగిపోతాయికదా?
అప్పులపాలవుతారు కదా?
అధోగతికి దిగజారుతారు కదా?
అవమానంపాలు అవుతారు కదా?
రోడ్డుమీద కాపురం చేయాల్సి వస్తుంది కదా?
మతిపోయి పిచ్చివాళ్ళు అవుతారు కదా?
ఒకరి ఆనందం వలన మొత్తం ఫామిలీ నశించిపోతుంది కదా?
తాగుబోతులూ తస్మాత్ జాగ్రత్త!

ఇది భార్య భర్తల మధ్య గొడవ.

తాగుబోతు భర్త వలన అనేక సమస్యలు, గొడవలు, అసహనం, మనస్పర్థలు, చికాకులు, డబ్బుల బాధలు, చుట్టాలు, చుట్టుపక్కన వాళ్ళ ఎత్తిపొడుపులు, భార్యమణి ఎదుర్కోవలసి వస్తుంది.

భర్త తాగుబోతు అయితే భార్యకు గౌరవం లేదని ఈ కథ చెబుతుంది.

భర్త ప్రతి రోజూ తాగడం వలన, ఆఫీస్ కి వెళ్లలేక పోతాడు. చాలా రోజులు డుమ్మా కొడతాడు ఆఫీస్ కి. జీతాలు చేతికి రావు.

హెల్త్ సరిగ్గా ఉండదు.

అన్నీ అప్పులే ఉంటాయి.

క్రెడిట్ కార్డు అప్పులు చెల్లించలేక అనేక తిట్లకి మనసు బాగాలేక మళ్ళీ మళ్ళీ తాగుతుంటాడు.

ఎవరు యెంత చెప్పినా వినడు.

చివరికి ఆఫీస్ వారు వాలంటరీ రిటైర్మెంట్ ఇచ్చి ఇంటికి పంపిస్తారు.

లక్షణమైన ఉద్యోగం పోతుంది.

చివరికి సంసారం వీధిన పడుతుంది.

ఇంటి పరువు, భార్య పరువు పోతుంది.

చివరికి జీవితం సర్వ నాశనం అవుతుంది.

భర్త అధోగతిపాలు అవుతాడు.

చివరికి భర్త చనిపోతాడు.

భార్యకు గౌరవం ఉండదు.

పాచి పనులు చేసుకొని బ్రతకాల్సి వస్తుంది.

ఇదంతా భర్త తాగుబోతు అవడం వలన.

ఈ కథని, మీరు ఆదరిస్తారని కోరుకుంటున్నాము మరియు ఆశిస్తున్నాము.

ఈ కథలోని డైలాగులు అందరికీ నచ్చుతాయిని, ఈ కథ అందరి తాగుబోతు భర్తలకు కనువిప్పు కలుగుతుందని, మధ్య తరగతి కుటుంబాలు ఈ తాగుడు కథని ఒక గుణపాఠం లాగా చూస్తారని, తాగుబోతు భర్తలను మంచి మార్గంలో ఉంచుతారని, భర్తల తాగుడులను మానిస్తారని, ఆసిస్తూ,

డాక్టర్ గారి క్లినిక్.

డాక్టర్ సీట్ లో కూర్చున్నారు.

ప్రొద్దున్న పదకొండు గంటల సమయం

భార్య భర్తలు క్లినిక్ కి వచ్చారు.

భార్య: మా వారి సెస్ట్ రిపోర్ట్ లండి.

డాక్టర్: రిపోర్టులు, ఎక్సరే లు చూసాడు. నేను చెప్పాను కాదమ్మా. లివర్ ప్రాబ్లెమ్ వచ్చిందని.

చిన్న వుండులా వుంది. మీ ఆయన తాగుతారా?

భార్య: అవునండీ చెప్పినా వినడంలేదు.

డాక్టర్: ఏమైతే నువ్వు ఇట్లా తాగితే ఎక్కువ కాలం బ్రతకడం కష్టం.
లక్షలు లక్షలు ఖర్చు పెట్టాలి వస్తుంది.
నువ్వు సిగరెట్లు, మందు మానెయ్.
నేను రాసి ఇచ్చిన మందులు వాడు.
పది రోజుల తర్వాత కనబడు.
ఏమైతే, తినడానికి తిండి లేదు కానీ, మీసాలకి సంపెంగి నూనె కావాలి.
నువ్వు మందు తాగితే మటాప్ అయిపోతావ్. జాగ్రత్త.

ఇంట్లో సీన్

భార్య: నేనెప్పుడూ చెప్పానే వున్నా.
సిగరెట్లు, మందు మానెయ్ మని.
ఆముదానీ లేదుకానీ త్రాగుడు ఎక్కువ.
ఎప్పుడు చూసినా తాగుడు, తాగుడు, తాగుడు. ఇప్పుడొచ్చింది కదా
హాస్పిటల్ ఖర్చులు.
మరి నీ దగ్గర ఉన్నానా డబ్బులు.
లక్షలు లక్షలు గుంజుతారు హాస్పిటల్ వాళ్ళు
నాకు ఇప్పటిదాకా అరచేతిలో వైకుంఠం చూపావు.

భర్త: నేనేం చేయాలి మరి.

భార్య: తినడానికి తిండి లేదు కానీ తాగుడుకు ఎక్కడించి వస్తున్నాయి పైసలు?
ఇప్పటిదాకా గాలిలో మెడలు కట్టావ్.
తాగేవాడివి సంసారాన్ని ఏం పోషిస్తావ్.
సర్కార్ దవాఖానలో షారీక్ చేయాలొస్తుంది.
మరి నువ్వు ఇంటికి రావు. అటునించి ఆటే పోతావ్ పైకి.
నీకు డైరెక్ట్ పాస్ పోర్ట్ దొరుకుతుంది.
ఈ మందులు పది రోజులు వేసుకో.
ఇంట్లో పడివుండు. ఏ దోస్తులను రానీకు.

మొక్కై వంగనిది మానై వంగున్నా.

భర్త: అట్లానేలే. ఇంట్లోనే ఉంటా. ఎవర్ని రానీయ. ఫోన్లు చేయ.

భార్య: కరోనా వచ్చినా, రాకపోయినా, ముందుగా డాక్టర్లు అన్నీ సెస్టులు చేసి
డబ్బులు బాగా గుంజుతారు. రోజుకి లక్ష రూపాయలు గుంజుతారు.
నీకు తెలియదా. ఎందుకు తాగుతున్నావ్.
నువ్వు తిండికి తిమ్మరాజువి, పనికి పోతరాజువి లా వున్నావే.

భర్త: తాగుడు బండ్ చేస్తా. సిగరెట్లు బండ్ చేస్తా.

భార్య: ఇప్పుడా బండ్ చేసేది. కొంపలంటుకున్న తరువాత.
అసలు తాగే వాళ్లకి బుద్ధి లేదు.
బ్యాంకు బాలన్స్ లక్షలకి లక్షలకు పెట్టుకొని తాగమనాలి.
నీ సంగతి యెట్లా ఉందంటే తిండికి గతిలేదు కానీ చిన్నమ్మా కి చీర
కావాలిట అన్నట్లు వుంది.

పదిరోజుల తరువాత భార్య భర్తలు డాక్టర్ దగ్గరికి వెళతారు.

పేషంట్ కండిషన్ చూసి, నేనొక డాక్టర్ కి రిఫర్ చేస్తా.

గాంధీ హాస్పిటల్ కి వెళ్ళండి అని రాసిచ్చారు.

లివర్ ఫంక్షన్ పాడవుతోంది. నీ కళ్ళు పసుపు పచ్చగా వున్నాయి. వెంటనే వెళ్ళండి.

సరే అని వీరిరువు బయటికి వచ్చారు. ఇంటికి వెళ్లారు.

భార్య: నేను చెప్పాను కదా.

గవర్నమెంట్ హాస్పిటల్ గతి. చేతిలో పైసల్లేవ్.

వెళ్ళగానే ఎంత కట్టమంటారో ఏమిటో. ఎక్కడించి తేవాలి పైసలు.

నా గాజులు మార్యాడీ దగ్గర గిరివికి పెట్టి పైసలు తెస్తా. ఇంట్లో ఉండు.

అని ఏడుస్తూ వెళ్ళింది.

నీది ఎప్పుడూ కుక్క తోక వంకర. నీకు చింత చచ్చినా పులుపు చావలేదు.

మూర్యాడీ సీన్

భార్య పాప్ కి వెళ్లి గాజులు గిరివికి పెట్టి, పైసలు తీసుకుంది (ముప్పై వేలు). ఇంటికి వచ్చింది.

మరుసటిరోజు గాంధీ హాస్పిటల్ సీన్

భార్య భర్తలిద్దరూ హాస్పిటల్ ముందు ఆటోలో దిగారు.
అవుట్ పేషెంట్ వార్డ్ దగ్గరికి వెళ్లారు.
డాక్టర్ యుఇచ్చిన చీటీ చూపించారు.
వాళ్లు వేరొక డాక్టర్ దగ్గరికి పంపించారు.
డాక్టర్ పేషెంట్ను చూసి అడ్మిట్ చేసుకున్నారు.
పది రోజులై తరువాత డిశ్చార్జ్ చేశారు.
ఇంటికి వచ్చేసారు.

ఇంట్లో సీన్.

భార్య: తాగొద్దంటే తాగావు. నా గగ్గర వున్న గాజులు అమ్మి నీకు పెట్టాను.
తినడానికి ఎక్కడినుంచి వస్తాయి. నేను పెట్టింది తిని ఇంటి దగ్గరుండు.
శక్తి వచ్చినతరువాత పనికి పొదువు.
ఇదేంటయ్యా అసలే సంసారం అతంతగా మాత్రాన.
ఇప్పుడిదొక్క కష్టం వచ్చింది.
గోరుచూటుమీద రోకలి పోటులా వుందే.
ఇక నేను పాచి పనులు చేసుకోవాల్సిందే. అప్పుడే మనకు తిండి దురుకుద్ది.
అడుక్కునే వాళ్లకి అరవై ఆరు కూరలు, ఎట్లాగైనా బతకొచ్చు. నా గతి ఎలా ఉందంటే, పాలున్న నాడే పాయసం, తల్లి వున్న నాడే పుట్టిల్లు.
నాకు పాయసం లేదు పుట్టిల్లు లేదు. నా ఖర్చు.

నేను ఏనాడు చేసుకున్న పాపం. నాగతింతే. నా బతుకింతే.
ఎప్పుడూ ఏడవడం తప్ప నా బతుక్కి నవ్వెక్కడిది. సుఖమెక్కడిది.
నీ వల్లనే నా కీ గతి పట్టింది. నేను పెట్టింది తిని ఏడువ్.

చివరికి ఒక సంవత్సరం తరువాత.

భర్త ఫోటో
మెడలో దండ
ఫోటో ఫ్రేమ్ కట్టి గోడకు వేలాది దీసి వుంది.



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- Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)
- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence**
WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru
- Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor
- *Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
- *Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-*
- *The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.*

- 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, India
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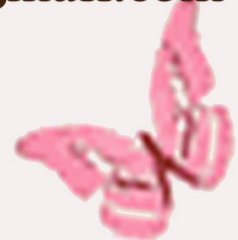
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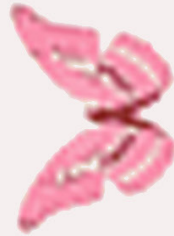
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