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PANACHE

June 2023

Volume 2, Issue 6

Presented by:
Aadhya Publishing
House

Chief Editor :
Akanksha Shrivastava
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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

June 2023

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Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
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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
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
VOLUME 2, ISSUE 6, 2023

Aadhya Publishing House
UDYAM-MP-10-0024988
MSME, Govt Of India

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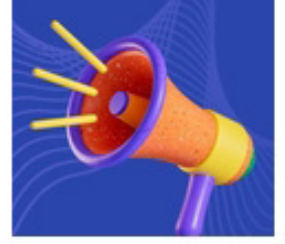
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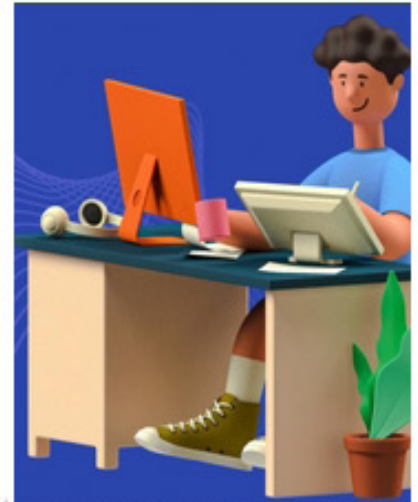


"The Panache " డిజిటల్ Monthly తెలుగు Website eMagazine

1st జూలై 2023 మొదటి "The Panache" డిజిటల్ Monthly తెలుగు Website eMagazine విడుదల అవుతుంది. ప్రతీ నెల మొదటివారంలో ఈ మేగజైన్ వెబ్సైటు లో ప్రచురింపబడును. ఈ మ్యాగజైన్ "Aadhy Publishing House", భోపాల్, మధ్య ప్రదేశ్ - ఇండియా, వారి సారథ్యంలో ప్రచురింపబడుతాయి. The Panache డిజిటల్ మ్యాగజైన్ లో కవిత్యం, గేయాలు, పద్యాలు, చిన్న కథలు, సాహిత్యం, పాటల పదాలు, మరి ఇతరత్రా సామెతలు, మంచి మాటలు, కవితలు, చిన్న వ్యాసాలు, బుఝాయికి చిట్టి కథలు, పసందైన బాలల కథలు, చిన్నారి కథలు తెలుగులో ప్రచురింపబడుతాయి. ఫాషన్ డిజైన్ గురించి గాని, వంటకాలు గురించి గాని, ఇంటీరియర్ డెకొరేషన్స్ గురించి గాని, తెలుగు తారాల విశేషాల గురించి గాని, వ్యాసాలు పంపవచ్చును. ఉచితంగా ప్రచురింపబడును. కావున, ఈ మ్యాగజైన్ లో ప్రచురింపదలచినవారు, ఈ క్రింది ఫోన్ నెంబర్ ని సంప్రదించండి.

ఈ డిజిటల్ మ్యాగజైన్ లో ప్రచురణకు మీ కంటెంట్ ని పంపండి, (MS Word, PDF)

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PS: "The Panache" eMagazine (English Version) is being published every month regularly by the Aadhya Publishing House, Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh-India. www.aadhyapublication.in

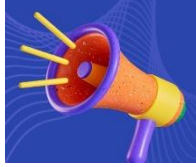
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GOOD NEWS

THE PANACHE (Telugu)

Free Publication in Global Web eMagazine

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The Panache Digital Monthly Telugu Global Website eMagazine

From 1st July 2023, the never ever expected and first of its kind, the ensuing “The Panache” digital monthly Telugu Website eMagazine in all likelihood, will be released. This is a monthly magazine released first week of every month in the website www.aadhyapublication.in “The Panache (Telugu) eMagazine will be published by “The Aadhya Publishing House” Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh – India. This eMagazine will cover – Telugu Sahityam, Poems, Short Stories, Articles, Special Quotations, Good Words, Paintings and Drawings, Children’s Stories, Fashion Design, Catering Items preparation methods, Cooking, Interior Design and Decoration item Tips, News on Film Industry, Cine Stars and Styles, Biopic Interviews, Essays and Articles, Literary related items, Telugu Song Lyrics, Beauty Parlous item Tips, Living Styles etc. (Each item post to be less than 2 or 3 pages only).

THIS IS A FREE PUBLICATION (IN TELUGU LANGUAGE) which covers all global countries to enable Telugu People to access this website and read. Those who are interested, please send their content in MS Word and PDF version, to email: mrkndyl@gmail.com OR WhatsApp +91-9951038802 (Hyderabad-Telangana State-India)



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PS: “The Panache” eMagazine (English version) is being published every month regularly by the Aadhya Publishing House, Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh, India. (www.aadhyapublication.in)

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

1. Friend

Forgive me, my friend; I could not answer your letter.
I couldn't see the way in the middle, the dark new moon.
There is a magnetic attraction to the path,
but my life is only in the river,
a stream of failure.

The sand of hatred bends the river,
that's why I didn't call you in the evening,
to float the raft in the current of that river,
amidst numerous processions of fresh corpses.

Around my eyes, madness to survive, a desire to live.
They are all calling me a pioneer, I think,
like your people,
maybe in love.

My friend could not come,
a prince in your boat.
Forgive me, friend,
maybe I'll leave
for the land of Utopia.

Evening stars in the kingdom of clouds,
then you can't look at the water of the distant sky
and smile.

I will find peace in that,
very peaceful.



**Abu Al Farabi
Provat
Artist
Chittagong
Bangladesh**

2. Once upon a time

Once upon a time,
When we swam with peace,
Dined with unity,
And laughed with our mouths wide,
Like hungry crocodiles.

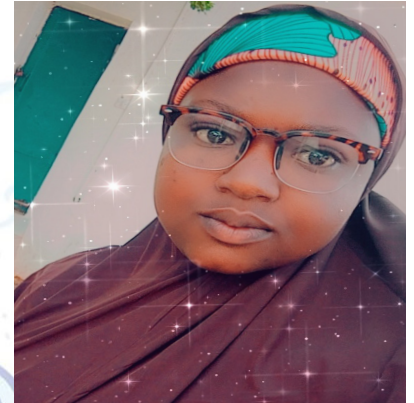
Gone are the days when our teeth
Flashed like gold.
Now they shine with an embrace of cola,
Which decorates them with its color.

Gone are the days
When girls could visit their soulmates
Without their hearts craving for home.
Gone are the days when we loved,
Not lost.

Gone are the days
When men were husbands,
Not cuckolds.
When women were wives,
Not baby mamas.
When children were a source of happiness,
Not a source of worries.

That place where Mama
Could sit and tell us folktales
Is full with the graves of the innocent.
That stream, where we showed
Our teenage breasts,
Is now a pool of blood.

Gone are the days when



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

We were all romantic, not economic.
I saw my body, but that is not me,
Even after I laid in my final room.

We are victims,
But we will be victors.

We say,
"The labor of our heroes...
Shall not be in vain."
But don't you think
It travels through a van?

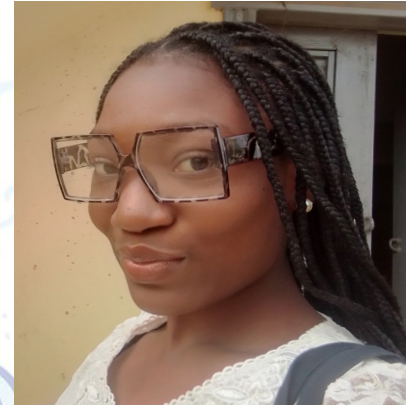
I was told to always obey,
But now, all I hear is "operate."
Gone are the days
When we danced to the drum,
Now our steps are for bombs.

We promise to serve
Our father's land,
But that same land
Serves our blood to the enemy.

Where is our life?
Where is our Nigeria?
Where is our unity and love?

By Ahmed Bagidi Latifah

3. PRAYER'S POWER



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student and writer
Ibafo
Nigeria**

To beseech the One who is greater,
For enormous gifts,
We articulate prayer.

As a payer,
Who lives in debt,
Constantly plays with prayer,
And suddenly becomes the best.

As a weaver,
Who has never made any sales,
Lives in the place of prayer,
And forever, he never fails.

As a craver,
He spends all day in prayer,
And his life becomes a wonder.

As a diligent worker,
Who wants and deserves promotion,
Befriends prayer.

The preacher,
Counts it as a blessing
To be in love with prayer.

4. CONTROVERSIAL EPIPHANY

Weary of corrections, I realized the essence of life
After experiencing humiliation and victimization
caused by infatuation.
Just like having regrets after smoking cigarettes,
With a whole lot of crates and start revealing the secrets!



**Amama Christabel
Maria
Student
Banana Island
Nigeria**

Lust is blind to consequences,
Love is a beautiful thing without regrets.
Results in public from acts done in secret,
Oh, it would have been so discreet!

A runaway,
Running to the neighborhood,
Encountered hoodlums.
He smiled, she frowned, they got hooked up,
Feeling utterly shattered, battered, and scattered.
Like bullets, why is the first cut usually the deepest?

Get married before you get pregnant; otherwise, you'll get weary.
No one knows when it happened. Everyone sees when it becomes visible.
Oh, it's so obvious with the incredible yet vulnerable offspring!

There are levels of perfection, achievable through imperfection.
The bitter truth is better than sweet lies,
Just as our scars remind us of the memories,
And experiences become torturous.

Oh, epiphany! Had I known, I would have:
Eliminated fear and been smart,
Acquired or developed a skill,
Prioritized my education,
Prioritized serving my maker wholeheartedly,
Listened to my intuition and inner voice,

Known my self-worth to avoid exploitation,
Focused on becoming a better version of myself, for myself and society,
Been confident and courageous in saying YES or NO at the appropriate time,
Been sensitive and esteemed myself, not settling for less,
Been independent and made good money to avoid vulnerability,
Jealously protected my overall physical and spiritual health/well-being,
Forgone the habit of pleasing others at the expense of myself,
Cultivated the habit of saving and investing money for the future.

Nevertheless, let's keep the fire burning. Let's win together and forget negative epiphanies!

By Amama Christabel Maria

5. EVERYTHING IS LIE IN THE WORLD



Anmol Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar

Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
The Sun's ray is lie,
The Moon's shine is lie,
The World's grown is lie,
The Scientist's drone is lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
The River's water is lie,
The matters are lie,
The Sky is lie,
The Bird's fly is lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
The hell is lie,
The heaven is lie,
The golden ring is lie,
The kingdom's king is lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
But the mom's love isn't lie,
It is the truth in the sky,
It is a beauty of a magical butterfly,
It is a love's batch,
In which all children are catch,
This world is very cute,
It is a melodious music,
Singing by the flute,
It is a love's rain,
It is a love's grain,
It is the only truth,
Others all are lie.
Fear is lie,

Tear is lie,
Hear is lie,
Ear is lie,
I lie, You lie,
Others are lie,
Twin brothers are lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
A mother is a lovely sky,
Where everybody is fly,
A mother is lovely guy,
In her love's shadow,
No one Children had cry,
Mother is not a word of six digits,
She is the best,
In the day doesn't,
She had rest,
She is lying in my chest,
All are good no one bad,
But in my mother's love,

I'll never be sad,
Mother is not bowler,
Mother is not batsman,
Mother is all rounder,
Mother is too good, trust me,
Mother is a happiness founder,
Only mother is truth,
And her love is truth,
Others no one is truth,
All are lie,
The Cuckoo singing is lie,
The telephone ringing is lie,
The summer's in vain is lie,
The longer chain is lie,
The longest train is lie,
The road's lane is lie,
The weather's rain is lie,
The human brain is lie,
The bird crane is lie,
The farm's grain is lie,
All wounds are lie,
All sounds are lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
Mother is not hard,
Mother is graceful,
Mother is face full,
She is a love's kite,
Whose flying in the sun's light,
She is not night,
She is world's bright,
She is always right,
She is my mother,
She is a love's flight,
In her love ,

In her favour,
I shall speak lie never,
I am your son forever,
But the world is very clever,
But the world is lie,
Only you are truth,
You are lie,
Another All are lie,
My ball is lie,
Man's tall is lie,
A single piece of pie is lie,
Every guy is lie,
The nature is lie,
World's creature is lie,
The men's crowd is lie,
The country's proud is lie,
The forest is lie,
The honest is lie,
The crow is lie,
The grow is lie,
The books are lie,
The cooks are lie,
The fry is lie,
The try is lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.
Now, what say I am,
The words in my knowledge,
Are ended, but the last,
Word I speak that,
Mother your behaviour is truth,
Your lap is truth,
The love's tap is truth,
Your sacrifice is truth,
Your voice is truth,

Your blessings is truth,
Your gracing is truth,
Your greatness is truth,
Your rate ness is truth,
You are truth,
Your's love is truth,
Others always are lie,
The life is lie,
The knife is lie,
The wind is lie,
The green is lie,
The grip is lie,
The whip is lie,
The jeep is lie,
The tip is lie,
The pen is lie,
The men is lie,
Everything is lie in the world,
Everything is lie.

By Anmol Shrivastava

6. Nepotism

Nepotism means the abuse of self-power,
Considered society is in this hour.

Nepotism offers advantages limited to relationships and
family,

Other individuals deviate from facilitation slowly.

Nepotism is considered a misuse of power,

It increases in society fast and feels uncared for.

Nepotism brings success without struggles,

But in reality, it fails, bashing itself.

Nepotizers keep good attachments with others,

For the betterment of family members.

Nepotism in politics, nepotism in the field of service, education,
Now, it becomes a new fashion in society.

Talent is forcefully injected,

Resulting in discrimination.

Nepotism is accepted, nurtured, and transferred,

But not everyone can enjoy or prefer it.

Yes, all evil systems must be stopped from growing,

We have to come together with faith.



Bholanath Samanta
Research Scholar
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

7. WEEDS



Bobby Narayan
Ph. D Scholar
New Delhi
Delhi

After the heated argument with Station House Officer; Assistant Sub-Inspector, Anurag was despised and was directed to report to traffic branch wherefrom he was posted at TATA Garden Traffic post which he refused to obey. Upon the seriousness of disobedience, the Assistant Commissioner of Police called on his father, recently promoted to Head Constable, and was reminded about the tussle he had faced for his son's entry into police service and was suitably advised to tutor his son or otherwise face the consequences.

Fearing the secret will take air, Bisham Singh moved early to his house in Khanpur, but when he didn't find his son, his mercury rose to extreme level. When his mother was warned, Anurag joined the duty at the Traffic post. The collusion began to cook several plans to implicate the seniors in illegal activities, but! Who will believe him? "It is not only difficult but also a daunting task to frame someone in higher position, rather I may be tangled." He thought.

'There's no one to report', Anurag found himself in the middle of the road, controlling the traffic; problem being the traffic light: one-minute duration, that creates chaos leaving the commuters in a logjam. Amidst the jam, beggars and eunuchs surround the vehicles.

'What a mismanagement! Red light for one-minute stop? What nonsense?'

- "Sir, there are more traffic light for just 30 seconds. Only three vehicles can pass." Said the paanwala with enthusiasm. He continued 'Further, you will see more sordid activities during the nights'

- What sordid activities?

- All dirty, filthy, wretched, squalid...

- Tell me in details.

- Sir, you will get to know very soon. Just keep a watch on the road.

-2-

Anurag could not understand the inner meaning of the lines. To his understanding, he witnessed a large number of beggars residing on the dividers under the metro

line. There is no roof; only blankets, quilts, bedsheets; all old and rugs. During the red signal, the children come out and hang before the car windows and ask for alms. Each of them had babies along with them.

- Sir, what you didn't observe that the babies are theirs own. To seek pity, they adopt this method. From their childhood they are trained.

- At this small age? Might be twelve like that...

- Yes, Sir, their life starts at six or seven. As soon as they attain puberty, they become pregnant.

- Do they have bonafide fathers or all are bastards?

- Sir, who knows who are their fathers? They do not have any identity. No residence, no identity.

- How do they survive?

- Sir, by begging, stealing, menial work and other small nature of work.

- Who are these fathers?

- Sir, wait for few days. You will get to know. Even great men come and quench their carnal appetite. It's all night's game. Virgin and below 20 are in demand. Some are devadasis-they are married to God but when they become pregnant they are kicked away.

- You mean sex slaves? Who makes them pregnant? Married to God! How can one marry a Stone?

- Yes, who will afford polygamy. When wife becomes old, she is no more charming, so new ones are required that too without any responsibility.

-3-

Anurag began to think about the life of these homeless people. From where do they come from? May be mostly migratory! Flesh trade may have many reasons. It's the man's need to slake his lascivious motive and obligation for women. Can't it be eradicated? What is Government doing for these sub-human? Who cares for them? They are almost like weed living like arthropods.

The paanwala was leaving his shop as it was night nearly midnight.

- Sir, keep watch on the road. Soon you will receive calls from the seniors.

- Why?

- Sir, you will get to know.

- Tell me before going.

- Now, a truck will come. There is a delivery of contraband drug.

- How do you know?

- I have information of all such activities.
- What should I do then?

The paanwala didn't reply. Moving his hand, he crossed the road and diminished in the darkness. Anurag put up barricades. The incident of barricading was reported to the HQ. It was raining heavily and then a phone came.

- Hello!
- You are transferred back your post. Join by this midnight.

The rain with thunderbolt and strong wind attacked Anurag and he did not hear the message. He stayed under the roof waiting for the next call.

Soon another phone came, "Hello, one truck with drugs is about to come. Please keep a watch"

- Hello, who are you? What is your name?
- What will you do with the name? The weeds belong to One Tapan Chakraborty, the famous drug dealer. The contraband is coming from Mundra Port.

Only scanty vehicles were passing. There were no signs of illegal activities. Another constable joined him.

- Jai Hind Sir.
- Jai Hind.
- Sir, you can sleep now. I will do the rest.
- One truck is coming with drugs.
- Don't worry Sir, thousands of such truck come and go. Who cares? If orders from seniors come, we will take action or otherwise take a sleep. You and me can't weed out the corrupt and illegal activities. You can't stop Tapan Chakraborty; he is very powerful; he can even buy the entire cabinet. Three-four judges are in his pocket. Many government counsels are his relative. It will be very difficult to prove. No one will support you. Better take a sleep.

-4-

The constable took out a bottle of rum and requested Anurag to take one peg to which he did not deny. After two pegs, under the dim light, Anurag observed some movements in the residence of the homeless' on the divider; one of the quilts was shaking. He stuck his eyes and then saw his father coming out; it shocked him. He took another peg and faltered with improper footsteps, he went to spot to catch his father red-handed but his father after zipping his pant wore his jacket and moved away.

One pregnant and termagant began to question his presence.

- What do you want?
- I just saw...

Before he could complete his sentence, one drunk began to fight with the pregnant women.

- Who is this fellow?
- Treacherous women. Whore, can't you fill your appetite with one men. Whose child this? Daroga's child?

- Yes, it's Daroga's; then what? You came after two years. How would I have survived? The Daroga not only gave me love but also ration for these days. Now get lost.

Pointing his first finger towards Anurag, he said:

- Do you know, who I am? My name is Suresh. Suresh Seth. You know I was the richest baniya in Khanpur. That lecherous Bisham Singh put me in jail and looted all my property. Now I am wandering in the street. Sala, if I find him; I will cut him into pieces.

Suresh fell down; he was unable to stand on his feet. Anurag too was under intoxication and couldn't understand the cause of infighting. The constable came and pulled Anurag to the post and said, "What matters? No one cares about these vile. Thousand die and take birth. If we began to think about these issues, we can't live"

After taking two more pegs, the constable slept. Anurag was feeling dizziness but was unable to sleep due to stomach crunch. Suddenly, he remembered about the passage of truck. He moved towards the barricade and waited there.

-5-

The woman was crying in labour pain. None of the other beggars awoke. The rain cascaded down with the sound of raindrops growing louder, and the raw wind whistled through the air. But Suresh was still shouting: I will kill the child, it's not my child'. Saying so, he was moving towards the other end of the road to pick up one cable wire and a stone.

From the other end of the road; they heard a child was born. Suresh was stumbling and ignored one car coming with tremendous speed and he started crossing the road to kill the child but was hit by the car. Anurag ran towards the car but could beat the speed.

The body of Suresh lay on the side of the road, where water was also flowing like

a river over him. Anurag tried to stop the car but it went past with great speed and he felt helpless. He went to see Suresh, by then the truck crossed.

Anurag shouted for the constable but the drunk did not respond, it was darker than the deep midnight, no traffic and the baby was crying horribly. It was raining; raining more than ever it rained. The water clogged and the drain overflowed the roads. It was utter silence; no human not even dogs were seen. The shutters of the shops were down. Street lights were away in darkness. City is so full of life yet dead, when it's raining.

Anurag fell into the dilemma: whom to save? Once he moved towards the woman and then towards Suresh and so on but was unable to make up his mind. It was a total failure. 'I couldn't fulfil any of the obligations - Save Suresh, think about the child, unconscious woman or catch the car and the truck.' He accused himself. 'Is life so miserable, and God is silent.'

Down on his knees, in the middle of the road, Anurag shouted, 'Is anybody there?'

No answer, there was nobody to answer!

By Bobby Narayan

8. Work And Earn

You are here in this world to work and earn name and fame with your positive efforts. You are meant to work and earn health and wealth. You can fulfil your dreams definitely, if you adopt positive attitude and work accordingly. First of all, have courage to accept life as it is. Attract good friends and relatives with your positive behaviour. Always feel strong to work and earn livelihood. Growth is the law of Nature. Always work with full enthusiasm and be happy. It is my own experience of life of 65 years that you can win over all challenges without fail if you think so and work smartly.

Work smartly means work with proper planning and self-discipline. You can create happiness and success even in the worst situation if you just think that you can do. Develop positive attitude about this universe. God has made this world for our fulfilment up to the maximum.

Everybody has full right to develop some skill according to his or her choice out of 64 Kalaas to enjoy and serve. Go for good things and good habits and then see a drastic change in yourself. Without improving your attitude, you cannot improve in any field. Just improve your attitude and work on yourself, you will find everything which is required coming towards you. Just focus on your work, you will earn everything which is must for you. Destiny is nothing but the results of your efforts which God is ready to give you without delay. Have faith in yourself. Blame not others. Relish every duty. Actually, you deserve a happy life. Love to work is the key to happy life.

Never be a work-shirker. Essence of Gita is Karm Yoga. Lord Krishna is the greatest Guru because of His Karm Yoga. Those who don't follow the path of Karm and never work, they will spoil their lives hopelessly. Love your work. Work is worship. When you love your work, you start enjoying your life at the very moment. You become capable to do miracles. Success comes to you without fail. Love is the positive force which makes you working without any fatigue. All great achievers, scientists, thinkers, poets, players, musicians, writers, speakers, politicians, playwrights etc. loved their work from the core of their heart.



**Chitranjan Dayal
Singh Kaushal
Retired Associate
Professor, S.K.U.K.
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

Love attracts all lovely and positive things automatically and avoids all useless negativity.

I have realised that because of my great love for books, reading and writing, poetry, story and dramas, and by the grace of Almighty and great Gurus, I have achieved what I wanted to achieve as my career and livelihood also. I felt immense pleasure in academic, literary and social service activities. When you teach students or express yourself in public, then you are on a different pedestal. You share your ideas and thoughts and get internal satisfaction. It makes you lively and energetic to work again with more passion and intensity, so work and earn is the only key to happiness and healthy life.

Work for your family and work for your Nation. I would like to emphasize to work for betterment in connection with pollution free India and clean and green Bharat. There is no difficulty to follow the Hindu way of life enjoying Yoga and Ayurveda for wellness of all kinds. Work is our real Dharma if done honestly for the benefits of individuals or society at large. Work for justice to all. Your methods of prayers may be different but the essence of all prayers is good for all-Sarve Bhavantu Sukhinah.

Bharat has a great demographic dividend of youth. Our youth should go for skill and Startups to generate employment. The New Education Policy focuses on this. Now the time has come to work on it seriously and systematically. All the universities and institutes can take a lead. Work and Earn policy must be understood in its right spirit.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

9. My Book

When I write a book,
I'll label some pages with dark lines
For the well-known 'hearsay' about the blackmail by
dark souls.

In my introduction, I'll illuminate my audience about
my own cross.

The message of testimony will flow like a river,
contemplating the whole body.

With all that was heard or said in our absence,
With all that was done to cast a spell on our innocent
being, it will all be stressed.

To withdraw from a battle that was worth fighting,
To organize a new niche with different intentions through an unpopular cult.

Before I finish, I'd want to know: How about my neighbors and friends?

What will they utter when life takes a different trajectory?

When the rewards become more bountiful and joy occurs more often,

When the light of the Lord finally illuminates the 'darkened star,' and things
start to be more visible.

I will conclude this book in an optimistic way,

Setting my readers to understand how important internal toughness was.

To know that sometimes it just feels best to let your emotions out so that the
heart can express itself in a way that words cannot.

To know that sometimes the dreams that ever came true are the ones you never
knew you had. And more than you could imagine, the book will be a reference
for both good and bad era and faces.



Denis Ogola
Student
Nairobi
Kenya

10. MY PRAYER

Oh God,
Give me sound health
For service to others.
Give me enough wealth
To help many of the poor.

I worship God,
Give me the pleasure of worship
In every moment of my life.
Make me beautiful
To spread the aroma of my smile.

I pray to God,
Give me spiritual knowledge
To eradicate evils all around.
Give me the colors of ethics
To brighten my future and background.

Bless me, God,
Give me wisdom
To feel the shower of kindness.
Give me knowledge
To enlighten my darkness.

Oh Superpower,
Give me the power
To help the weak and poor.
Give me sacraments
To become kindful to all forever.



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

11. Alleged Nocturnal

In the nocturnal while I was concocting for my next day Debate competition. I was entirely tangled into my job, but at the same time apprehended that my landline phone was resounding which was setup there in our drawing room. I apprehended a commotion befell in my practice, but even then, I went to drawing room to pick the phone, but no rejoinder came from the other side. Then I went to my chamber and started doing my work, as I started my work, abruptly phone ringed up again and I acknowledged it again but no retort this time also. This happened many times, then I named up my mother and told her the same and got little bit petrified. Then Mumma said that phone is not working from last 3 days, and went to her room and slept. I got petrified a lot and encouraged to my room with a believed that some undesirable vigor arrived our house. Keeping all this in my cognizance, I do not know when I slept. I woke up in the morning and after having my feast with hefty bases' I came out from my dynasty for fresh air. At the same time two people came near me and asked me, is my phone working or not, I got dazed, but then they told me that they were from the telephone exchange department, they were testing the phone last night as they were doing their night shift. Then I retorted them with a comforting sneer on my look.



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

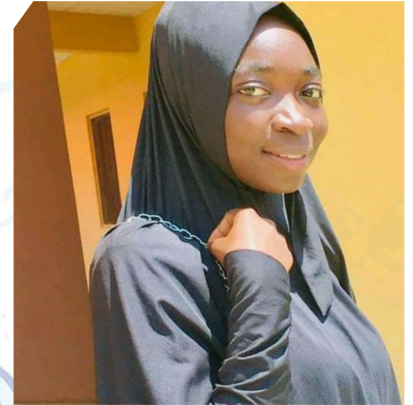
12. Love at ten

I fell in love at ten,
True love still existed then.
I travel miles to meet him there,
For he's far from here.

Under the sun, we sleep,
Listening to how our hearts beat,
Then time ticks slowly,
But together we stick.

The night blows a cool breeze,
We feel each other's breath,
And we embrace our heat,
The warmth of our bodies meet.

We mate till daybreak,
Feels like we shouldn't break,
But we have a lot to speak,
Because there's a lot at stake.



Faidah O.A.
Writer
Ilorin
Nigeria

13. A Little King

In his student life, he is a teacher.
At the age of ten, he is a gem.

He keeps on working throughout the day,
He has no time to take rest and lay.

Yet, his smile is so beautiful,
He is obedient and dutiful.

He works so hard to earn his livelihood,
In fact, he is a king in his childhood.

He is lost in books during break,
He is precious, innocent, and great.

With shining eyes and a smiling face,
He defeats the misery and race.

He possesses glimmering eyes and his hair turned brown,
It seems as if the little king is wearing a crown.

His happiness,
I wish I could scan,
After releasing from punishment,
When he says, "Thank you, Ma'am."



Farah Aslam
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

14. IRREPLACEABLE YOU

In the darkness of the night, we lay naked,
Drowning deeper in hot passion,
Quenching the desires of our bodies.
In the silence of our thoughts, we vowed,
We drew our names on each other's hearts.
As we dug deeper, we knew we'd be pieces of the same
puzzle.
With each heartfelt kiss, we promised loyalty.
When all was done, we stuck together like magnets.
In the heat of the moment, we were writing our future.
That very night, an embryo was ambushed,
A reason for it to flourish was found.
Before we knew it, we had our own,
Blood of our own blood.
I was young and stupid,
Afraid to lose you, I followed you.
Naively, I believed in "till death do us part."
Then, like bloody monsters, we erased an entire existence,
Left to nurse the wounds.
Solace was found in the deepest hole of depression,
Drowned with guilt of what had become of us.
The forever you promised shattered into pieces.
A wounded lioness I became,
Now tending to the wounds we had both created.
Within, I knew I'd never be the same,
That piece of me was irreplaceable.



Fareen Khabetsa
Mboya
Writer
Eldoret
Kenya

15. Necessity

To make a man a human being, is a necessity.
To awake the sleeping consciousness of a person is a necessity.

To save our civilization and culture, is a necessity.
To maintain the unity and Integrity, is a necessity.

To show right path to a misguided person, is a necessity .
To preserve the truth and honesty, is a necessity.

To control ego and pride, is a necessity.
To maintain a balance between behavior and act, is a necessity.



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

16. Let The Book Talk

You still live here...

Waiting for you in the library is such a feeling that I love the most.

Pick up one such book out of many

We used to study together; it still smells of the flowers you put in it.

The blue diary that you used to write on in my absence...

And as usual, sometimes you leave your pen, sometimes your glasses, and sometimes you used to leave traces of tears on the diary.

And now, I kiss the tears spread on these pages with devotion.

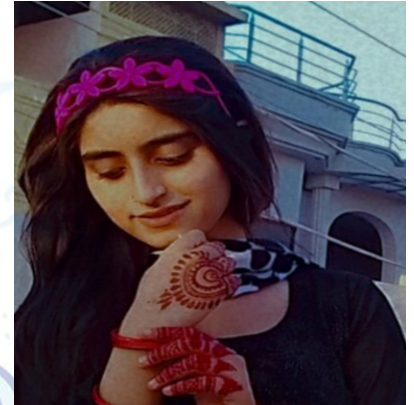
I read your every line like crazy. After reading it, my tears flow profusely,

Regardless of the fact that there are many people stopping and looking at me.

They stop and watch, then they whisper and leave.

My heart wants me to stop them and tell them

that this diary, this pen, these dried flowers are the total assets of my life.



Husna Abbasi
Student/ writer
Pakistan

17. The Guilt

Inebriated, bogged down by
The ravages of rough-weathered life,
I smoke and inhale puffs of
Liberation, I erroneously feel.

But the guilt that weighs me down
Goes so deep into my tainted veins
That I am smothered by drinks of
Anguish, corrupting me to the last dregs.

Hence, my verses, laden
With untold miseries
Of inexplicable truths,
Feel burdened to grieve,
To sigh or to moan.

They turn over a new leaf
Of bacchanalia to refurbish
My aggrieved heart of
Desolate despondency,
To glisten with the merriment of
Frivolous jocundity.

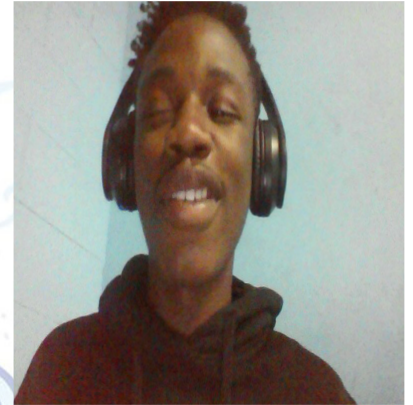


Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Prof. Research guide
for Ph.D candidates
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

18. Fleeting Identities and Daydreams

The kids scribbled their names,
the first time they felt whole.
A weight checked and measured,
the first time they felt known.
Frozen in frames,
these moments,
a thousand images,
aching with memories.
But what happens when they grow,
and these memories fade, like old Polaroids?
The name they once knew,
now foreign,
lost in the shadows of time.
Their weight shifts and changes,
a body once familiar, now unrecognizable.
And what about that final line,
"I would listen if I were to be called by his name"?
Does it beckon a lost connection,
or reveal a longing for escape,
from a past that no longer fits,
in the broken pieces of a shattered identity?

In the end, we are all but fleeting shadows; our names and memories destined to fade away. Yet, in this moment, as we etch our names, we grasp at something eternal, something that might just transcend the confines of our mortality.



Jehu Mtine N.
Student
Lusaka
Zambia

19. Diversity of Desire

Who made the world and how has it been running, what basic function do people follow, with which kind of thought we have been formed, everyone's desire are not same, there it is diverged with everyone and for this same principle that god has made the world is running.



Kailash Rana
Ph.d scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand



God is creating a number of minds day by day and in all the creatures, these creatures are of certain shape, size and colour and to sustain the life this nature takes the turn into various situations when the creatures need to change their position, shape colour and size not only these but with respect of the time some other things are responsible for this fact of changing. Actually I am here to bring in our notion that what actually makes us move with respect of the time, till we are alive time to time we need to go through our different desires, this 'Desire' is actual agent who is responsible for all mundane function, all the creatures change their position, form and colour which suits it with respect to the time and the one can go under it. So just because of our desire we keep on following the status or the function we require. Each and every creature are bound to it every object is situated wherever it tends to be with time, means according to its desire.

Now suppose if the god would have created this world with same and single desire not versatile, we could never have imagined so beautiful world, perhaps the world would be so purposeful then, in fact this is to be focused here that **NEED IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION** and this same need arises the desire and an invention takes place, a new thing gets entry in the living world which further lead to the many new creations. We people want products it is our need for life and we do it, it perhaps bears many industries which leads the environment

polluted, no doubt our desire made it so but again for the diseases caused by the pollution once again we must make medicine to get it over. Thus what I intend is that our desire leads an invention that further keep on arising a wish or desire to us to make something more of that or something related to it and in this race we change the face of the world almost to the critical conditions we may see, hence it could clearly be seen that our desire reigns the world. **Present condition of the world is the product of our thoughts.** Now think, where we do present ourselves time to time, obviously at the spot where we want for, where it is liked, where ever we wish to , similarly this is so that everything is situated at the point where it liked, may be in a case god would have made it situated but you know god does same which is required to be done to run this beautiful creation this is the will or desire of god so again we saw the things are there just because of a desire, can't we say so that desire has brought the world to its present form,(I don't mean to say here any worse or better but only the function of desire)when we want to present our self in the market, our position becomes there just because of the desire we have, all the activities are the consequences of our desire. This is another thing that there are different desires contemporarily with us but since creation to the destruction of this universe everything will go under the desire. Everything goes under our desire and if we balance our thought, our world will go balanced.

But the problem is that god has made all the brain with a magnificent diversity all different brain produce a different aura around it which is liked and followed by them , it is impossible to change the face of the world by alone. A collective awareness or understanding is required to balance our thoughts or desires else nobody can say how a great change may it take place these this is to disclose here that desires can't be suppressed but a control over it necessary for long life of our civilization.

By Kailash Rana

20. Affection

Listen! You, grown-up,
Your parents are waiting for your sight.
Where are your nights and days?
Why have you gone so far?

Their days became glittered,
When you came into this world.
They protected you from harsh breezes,
Did EVERYTHING for your ease.

Listen, you dear child of your birth-giver,
Your busy days,
Have no time to show tenderness.
They say nothing but evenly fading.

Longing for your affection,
Just a few sweet words,
Are needed to make their hearts full.
What is it? Why is it taking so long?

Listen! You, grown-up,
Come back before you have only ashes.
Bring a smile to their sad, wrinkled faces.



Kainat Imran
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

21. I'm not alone

Everyone's busy, no one is idle, but we need each other to resist becoming brittle and sometimes suicidal.

I'm not lonely, but I am sad.

I need someone who can understand.

No more letters, no more greetings, no more prayers.

Everyone's selfish, nobody cares.

I just look. I just stare.

I'm not lonely, but I am sad.

I need someone who can understand.

In this generation of social media, why do people ignore each other? Do you have any idea?

To seek attention, to avoid rejection, to provide dejection.

I'm not lonely, but I am sad.

I need someone who can understand.

Why is it always me to text and call, to show concern, to start the conversation first?

I don't have time, but I still take out a few seconds to keep an eye on my special ties.

No one feels the need to ask me how I dwell, how I feel. Everyone's participating in a race to outpace each other.

I'm not lonely, but I am sad.

I need someone who can understand.

They outnumber me, they don't involve me. No friendships, only jealousy. They are rude, how they talk depends on their mood.

I'm not lonely, I'm just broken. I am sad.

I need someone who can understand.



Kriti Gupta
Student Writer
Kolkata
West Bengal

22. My Love



**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda
Malawi**

I still decipher the anthem of love
Through the atropine sulfate injection
And codeine phosphate of love.
I still want to be chloramphenicol
And gentamicin of your heart.
I am your ethambutol forever
In the season of coughing and sneezing
For I still sniff your beautiful love.

My love, my pillar of happiness,
How I wish to inject you always
With my kanamycin and streptomycin sulfate
For you to feel the world of happiness
When we mix up with gentian violet kiss.
I ask my heart sometimes, where is my hydrochloride sweet
To fill the gap of suramin sodium?

My love, I see you high in my heart
As you are a fixed dose combination of peace
That when I fall anemia
You become my folic acid
And iron sorbitol for my heart to beat.
How hydroxocobalamin are you, babe,
To make me fine as my blood oozes?

In the midnight when hypertension arises
I realize you're my hydralazine HCl injection
And I sigh with your reserpine treatment.
In the inflammatory season of life
I always become your calamine lotion
While getting your ointment betamethasone
That makes you cool and crazy.
My love, in all seasons together we are.

23. THE CHAMELEON



When the big star in the sky woke up,
Everyone was glad to watch its golden rays,
A proof that the red fluid was still flowing in their veins,
The tireless drum was still beating in their shells.

The intense heat from the star came with vengeance,
As it crawled on the blue highway towards its bed,
Crops started giving up as they threw their hands in air,
Their homes cracked as every drop of water escaped.

They cried for help as their animals kicked their last,
Toddlers and octogenarians slept hungry as every crop
withered,
Thirst and hunger invaded their humble abodes with anger,
Empty shells of animals plagued everywhere.

Then big white elephants appeared in the sky after a while,
Hope danced on the faces of hardy lucky survivors,
When the skies started weeping, the tears flooded everywhere,
A blessing camouflaged into a curse, carrying away everything.

Leonard Maero W
Author, poet, writer,
teacher
Kitale
Kenya

24. MOVEMENTS

The movements of water in brooks and lakes,
Flowing, laughing, gurgling with delight as they navigate
their path

The movements of a dancer,
Eloquently describing her narrative with delicate grace
and profound precision

The movements of herds of animals,
Like rapid drumbeats on the hot savannah, stampeding
with acceleration

The movements of swans on a lake,
Gliding effortlessly across a crystal body of water, freely and without inhibitions

The movements of the stars on a still clear night,
Sparkling, smiling, winking, and twirling to the lyrics of the moon's song

Movements are likened to the ebb and flow of the tide,
They must be revered and appreciated,
For movements are life itself!



Lucy Victoria David
Writer/Poet/Author
Durban
South Africa

25. BEAUTY WORLD

*Where I can go in this world
What I can do for my people
Can I work for myself?
Where I stay in this world ||*

*This world is a branch of Heaven
Angels relocates from Heaven
Heavens Angels monitor on Earth
World is a Heavens replica and look-alike ||*

*Oh! What a world
What a Nature
What a Universe
What a Life ||*

*Beauty is the Nature and the Universe
One can't define the beauty
Can identify what the beauty is
Who can say where the beauty is ||*

*Is the world, a beauty?
Is the Nature, a beauty?
Is the Universe, a beauty?
Is the Life itself a beauty ||*

*The world lives in the beauty world
The life lives in the Nature world
Beautiful people are beautiful world
Nature's beauty is the beautiful life ||*



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26. TIME

by

M Vinya

**Class-VII, Vikas School, Miyapur
Hyderabad (TS) – India**

*Oh Brothers, My dear Sisters and Friends
To grow faster, Time Rules the True Dreams
One should have Trust, Faith and Belief
Our goal to be the ultimate target for success ||*

*Oh my lovely children - take support and help
The beauty of life comes from the God's Blessing
The Time and Things change the Man and Coin
The God's intent will move Things Different ||*

*Trust, Faith and Belief are the Life's Partner
I know the Life moves with Truth and Lie
The Team work will make Technology change
Beautiful Life will have the Technology utility ||*

*True Relationships Never Die on Valentine's Day
I Say No to Vanish and Disappear
I need Trust, Faith and Belief as Ultimate Target
No matter, I give support and help ||*

*The Fate depends on Time
Time Rules the Life
Life to mold as per Time
Time will lead the Life in this World ||*

*People get affected if the Time is bad
Millionaires become Paupers one day
Paupers become Wealthy and Rich
Rich become millionaires, as Time will Say ||*

*I and you can't go against the Time
Time wind breaks all expectations
Calculations go wrong, if Time is bad
Time will decide the Life's Destiny fast ||*

*I Pray the Time, I Pray the God
I look for Time for an auspicious event
I follow Time for an auspicious work
I follow Time for ceremonial functions ||*

*It's Time, Time and Time
Time Rules Everything*

2019-3-29 17:40

*Time changes People fast
Time Rules Life in this World !!*



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27. ÌYÀ ÌWÓ

Kongó, kongó, kongó!
Just like the sound of agogo.
Who must have sent the crier?
The mouthpiece of the king isn't a liar.

Mó wíre àbí ní ò wíre?
Ó wíre, outspoken by all including myself; Àrè.
In a village named ÌWÓ,
There's a pretty lady tí mo yà wò.

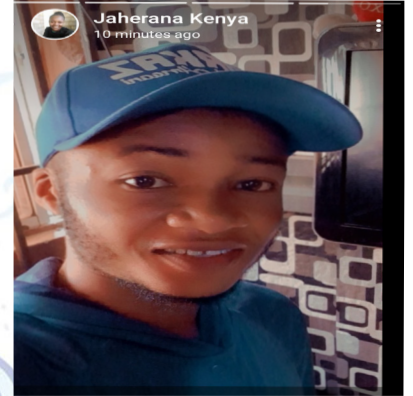
WÚRÀOLÁ, the only beauty I see.
I love her, sùgbón kò fún mi lésì.
Saákì o, Omo Olá!
Men's choice, Tálíkà atí Olólá.

She brightens the sky like Òsùmàrè.
"Àgò mi ní yòó dádiye gbèyìn láse Olódùmàrè."
The words I uttered when she scolded me,
Like she was my mother; Ìyá mi.

Àrè lásán àsán,
My effort was futile, ó já sásán.
As I was starved of food and love,
But my patience seemed tough.

I was apprehended and put in a cell,
For 6 days, living in hell.
On the 7th day, I was released with no delay.
I packed my belongings, eni oriyo ódilé.

I bid farewell to the town as I trekked
To Ílé-Òlókà to release the wrecked,
And also to nut my loose joint,



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

With Ògídì-Emu and Eran Òyà in Àmàlà joint.

Tàbìlì kún kéké, full of palm wine,
Along with Àmàlà and bush meat as I wine and dine.
Then entered the princess; WÚRÀOLÁ,
As I greeted from a distance; Saáki o Omo Olá!

My eyes kept seducing,
My mouth too salivating.
Èwo ni kinse, should I summon?
Tàbí kin má sún món?

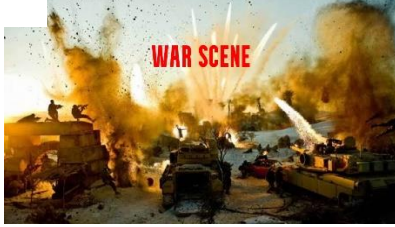
What the heart says, àfi kin wí,
I was stung by love, Oyin ifé ló ta mí.
I went to her in a bid to say goodbye,
When the love she traded I couldn't buy.

Àfi bí idán, she welcomed me with a million kisses.
My heart dismantled into a million pieces.
"I will love you over and over again," she said.
E bá n wórími, I hope I'm with my head.

Forgetting what has happened, we embarked on a journey,
To my town to live in harmony.
I was welcomed and praised as I narrated my suffering in Ìwó.
WÚRÀOLÁ! Ìyà tí mojè ní Ìwó; Ìyà-ìwó; Ìyàwó.

By Major Sir Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju

28.



IDENTITY, SECURITY AND HEGEMONY AND GOVERNANCE

CONFLICT WORLD

*What I Thought, This World Today.
It Is Not the World, I Expected.
Reigns of Rulers, Years Rolled.
Rules Have Gone, It's Dictators Era*

*Confrontations and Conflicts Still in Vogue.
There Is No Day Without a Conflict.
Combats Have Become Order of The Day.
Intra-Country Combats Are the Regular Features.*

*No Day Left for Inter-Party Conflicts.
Whole World Watches Ongoing Combats.
Who Support Whom, For Support and Sanctions?
World Combats Sure, A Day Is Not Far*

*War Like Conflict, Looks to Be Common.
People Suffer Due to Power Sake Rule.
Value to Life, No Country Thinks.
War May Erupt, Can Lead to Casualties.*

*People Gave Power, To Rulers to Rule.
People Trusted Governance, To Keep the Environment Good.
People's Ambition Enact the Rule.
Peoples Aspirations, Hope to Be Good*

*Misunderstandings and Precipitations Are Often Seen.
Which Is Not Great, As Said and Done?
All Countries Are Great, As Countrymen Feel So
Dangers Are Seen Through Terrorism Strikes.*

*People Are Hit and Killed Through Wars of Terrorism.
Countless Casualties in War Hit Zones.
Epics and Diseases Hit the People for Long.
Properties Get Damaged and Never Recovered in Life.*

*Lives and Property Hit Through Chemical Bombings.
Normal Life Dislocated Through-out The World.
Lost Economy Never Regains for Decades.*

Hopeless Conditions People Have to Confront.

*Governments Collapse Over the Years.
Peoples' Sufferance Led to Epidemic Diseases.
Wiseman Decisions Lead to Avoidance of Conflicts.
Ceasefire Agreements Can Stop Combats for A Breath.*

*Judgements and Decisions Are Good for Peace.
Who Blames Who, Is the Point of Thought?
Policies and Governance Are the Duty of Government.
Efficiency of Rulers Prove the Handling of Situation.*

This gives brief enlightenment, how the things happen and move in this world of super-powers. One can analyse here that which country is big and which country is great. For that matter, each country is retaining its own identify and security. International relations, hegemony means, each country has to preserve their culture, and national activities in a proper order, to maintain peace, humanity and man-kind, while maintaining cordial intra and inter-country relations for the establishment of humanity. The main theme of each Government governance should be to eradicate poverty and diseases both Corona and other epidemic diseases. Each country should strive hard to provide minimum basic facilities like food, cloth, shelter and other minimum facilities to live in. What we are seeing now a days, are something different. I want to present a present hot topic in this world now is -

Identity and Security, Hegemony and Governance.



BRAHMOS
Indo Russian BrahMos Supersonic Missiles

LONG RANGE MISSILE

The most tensional ammunition missiles.

What is meant by long-range missiles?

These missiles are most powerful ones.

There cruise missiles are used as conventional or nuclear war-head can attack carrier cargos and other fighter jets and the enemy's targeted places.

Can also damage enemies' artillery and other installations beyond the stipulated distance range.

These latest long-range missiles can attack and destroy opponent's artillery and property in the range up to a distance of 600 KMs.

The specifications are varied in these missiles.

If these types of danger-missiles are used, there seems to be large scale destruction and damages.

These missiles are used in critical war zones to attack and smash enemy-countries.
Russia has X-22 cruise missiles.
Even there are multiple-rocket launcher systems.
But these long-range danger missiles are very powerful.

BRAHMOS. Backdrop Story:

The present Indian hot topic in the defence sector is Philippines.
Philippines is an all-important nation now for India.
Why important nation Philippines?
Yes. There is a strong reason and work-out pertaining to the defence deals with Philippines.
There is a place called "GUAM". This is a Territory.
Here in this GUAM, there is a Naval base belonging to America.
This Naval base is called Anderson Naval Base.
Even People of China and South East Asia speak about this Philippines Defence Deals.
Whoever takes birth in this GUAM Territory, they are treated and recognized as citizen of America by the American Government.
Now Philippines is an important nation to India.
Why means India has a defence deal BrahMos worth USD375-million.
This big BrahMos deal is to be completed in next coming 3-4 years' time.
This Defence deal is the high technology sales to India.
The target sales of BrahMos sales worth USD 375-million are to be exported to Philippines.



In fact, if anybody talks about this subject, they may be surprised and get a laugh.
Why because, people around the world knew well that India makes largest imports pertaining to all defence products/items/equipment. This is India's habitual customary aspect till now.
People get surprised about India's defence item exports to other countries such as Philippines.

Philippines declared that they need few batteries of BrahMos Supersonic Missiles.
For Philippines, this is the beginning of this imports contract from India. This is the first of its kind. This contract deal does not like by America and China.

America expresses its anguish and angry on Philippines. Why means, America has its Air-base and even Naval-base at GUAM in Philippines. America says to Philippines Government that defence deals are to made with America or China and not from India.

America says that Indo-Russia Defence and other Collaborations are not acceptable.
America further says that Defence BrahMos items should not be imported by Philippines from India. This subject is a very big subject in the Defence Circles.

As everybody knew well, that USD375-million is not a small amount to India. India is exporting this worth BrahMos equipment and items to Philippines under its first contract defence deal. As said earlier, India till now imports defence equipment from other countries and also from America.

Suddenly these days, India sells and exports Defence items to other countries like Philippines. Yes. This is a reality and happening now. India exports BrahMos items under USD375-million contract to Philippines. This is the truth. India is very proud for its perceptions and thinking-lines.

What is the reason and why Philippines procure BrahMos from India?

Yes. The answer and reasons are here to Philippines.

Let it be Afghanistan or Ukraine, for example. America promised to safeguard these countries on par with NATO countries. How can America safeguard Ukraine and Afghanistan, when America itself is in economic crises and is in emergency? Sitting somewhere, how can America help, support and safeguard Ukraine, Afghanistan and NATO countries.

This America's prevailing situation well grasped by Japan, Vietnam, Taiwan, Philippines and other smaller nations. Say for example, if some other countries attack these countries, it tantamount to attacking America. This is called Security Guarantee.

Philippines apprehension is that if any conflict and combat occur with so called big nation China, America won't help Philippines. This is the thinking of Philippines. So, Philippines wanted to think and grow independently and has a strong reason not to believe America. Why means, Philippines thinks that India is a trust-worthy nation.

For example, to mention here, that during 2017 year, Bhutan was safeguarded by Indian Defence Forces from the so-called China's Defence Attack. China knew well that as long as India's Defence Forces are deployed at Bhutan, China gets defeated and cannot win over Bhutan. China also knew well that it cannot combat against Indian Defence Forces which were already deployed at Bhutan. So, China army/soldiers left Bhutan in higher mountains after 70 days stay.

So, China has become a common enemy, let it be Japan, Taiwan, Vietnam or Philippines and other smaller nations in the South East Asian Countries. All these countries believe India and repose confidence and feels trust-worthy to depend on India for all its Defence Deals like BrahMos. These nations won't believe America and especially China.

BrahMos includes Akash, Surface, Air Missiles and other sophisticated and high technology defence equipment.

Pinaka is a ***multiple rocket launcher*** produced in India and developed by the Defence Research and Development Organisation (DRDO) for the Indian Army.

Yes, these also Philippines is ready to import and buy from India. So, in the next couple of years, this USD375-million worth BrahMos Defence Deals like supersonic missiles India can sell to Philippines. Philippines is ready to import all the BrahMos items from India without any hesitation.

Indo Russian BrahMos Supersonic Missiles

BrahMos

Is BrahMos Indian or Russian? BrahMos - the name represents the fury of Brahmaputra and the grace of Moskva rivers. The company was established with an authorized capital of \$250 million with **50.5% from Indian side and 49.5% from Russian side**. Brahmos. This missile from India and Russia is **the fastest cruise missile in the world**.

Is BrahMos the fastest missile? Yes, The BrahMos (also designated as PJ-10) is a medium-range stealth ramjet supersonic cruise missile that can be launched from submarine, ships, aircraft or land, notably being **the fastest supersonic cruise missile in the world**.

How strong is BrahMos? Yes, The BrahMos can carry a 250 kg submunition warhead or a 200 or 300 kg high explosive semi-armor-piercing warhead. It can be launched from the ground, from a vertical launch system, from a ramp launcher, or from the air.

Do you know What is the speciality of BrahMos? Yes, Batteries of the BrahMos missile land-based systems have been deployed along India's land borders in various theatres. The land attack version of BrahMos has the capability of cruising at 2.8 Mach speed and with the upgraded capability, the missile can hit targets at a range of up to 400 kilometers with precision.

One should know, which missile can stop BrahMos? Yes. It is non-other than Barak-8.

One should know that which missile is best in world? Yes, it is R-36M (SS-18 Satan). This Russian Intercontinental ballistic missile is the heaviest and most powerful in the world.

Can BrahMos destroy aircraft carrier? Flying over a distance of 260 kilometers, **the missile effectively destroyed the vessel**. This test is a game changer for Indian offensive prowess in the Indian Ocean region as the missile will act as a potent aircraft carrier killer due to its speed, range, and launch platform.

Which is fastest missile in world? BrahMos. The Indian/Russian BrahMos, currently the fastest operational supersonic missile capable of speeds of around 2,100–2,300 mph, is the most well-known supersonic missile.

Does Russia have BrahMos missile? Indian defense sources say Russia has its own version of anti-ship Brahmos, but not the land-attack ones.

Can BrahMos carry nuclear warhead? BrahMos, a nuclear-capable missile, is one of the world's fastest cruise missiles and can be fired from land, sea and air.

Is BrahMos the best missile in the world? The BrahMos missile, an Indo-Russian joint venture, has a range of 290 km and is **the fastest cruise missile in the world** with a top speed of Mach 2.8 (nearly three times the speed of sound)

Can BrahMos be self-destroyed? Experts say **conventional missiles like the BrahMos do not have “self-destruct mechanisms”** though strategic or nuclear missiles like Agni and Prithvi are said to have a kill switch.

Can Pakistan reverse engineered BrahMos? They won't be able to completely reverse engineer Brahmos at best they would able to copy some part of the missile.

How many BrahMos Missiles in India? Brahmos is fastest SUPERSONIC cruise missile, as I have accentuated it's fastest only among the other supersonic cruise missiles, there exists hypersonic cruise missiles which are much faster. 14,000 BrahMos are made by India till now

Who invented missile in India? After working for two decades in Indian Space Research Organization and mastering launch vehicle technologies, **Dr Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam** took up the responsibility of developing indigenous guided missiles at DRDO as the Chief Executive of Integrated Guided Missile Development Programme (IGMDP)

Hypersonic weapons India has? India operates approximately 12 hypersonic wind tunnels

BrahMos was not intercepted by Pakistan. Why? The Pakistani military and political leadership were reportedly aware of the overflights by India's MiG-25 but chose to remain silent.

BrahMos get fired from India earlier? Indian Navy successfully test-fired an advanced version of the Brahmos supersonic cruise missile from a stealth destroyer in the Indian Ocean.

Here, I would like to project a small story how the identity and security is breached.

Agent Vishnu 999

Agent Vishnu 999 is a fictional story. The story characters and names do not refer to anybody. The story written is through an imaginator thinking process. The story explains how a secret agent function to safeguard the secret documents belonging to all important subject "missile". This story is just like an investigating and daring agent's action which makes people a thrilling feel.

Agent Vishnu 999 gets message in his mobile to meet Special Secretary to PM. Reaches PM's Secretariat. Also Meets Special Secretary at the Home Ministry's Office. Agent Vishnu 999 reaches this office. Meets secretary and Home Minister. Agent Vishnu was briefed everything on the Secret Project.

Agent Vishnu later meets Defence Secretary's Office.

Agent Vishnu 999 before taking up this project "Kill Enemy", he enjoys with his girlfriend. They enjoy drink and food. They go round the place to buy some items. (Receives communication to be immediately on the project)

Goons attack Agent Vishnu 999. There is a Fighting scene and all the goons get Smashed. Uses all his expertise fighting techniques. Beats goons black and blue and hands over to Police.

Agent Vishnu 999 had a discussion with Intelligence Bureau staff. Briefed everything. Submits all reports to defence Ministry, Intelligence Bureau and Home Ministry in a special and confidential FAX.

How Agent Vishnu knew that burglars are in House? Yes. Agent Vishnu kept secret spy cameras inside the drawing room and other rooms. He gets connected to his mobile phone.

Agent Vishnu gets suspicion that somebody inside his house. Agent Vishnu smashes and thrashes all the burglars, in his own style.

Agent Vishnu is a commissioned army officer joined the Defence Forces. Working for 4 years. Designated as Lt. Colonel rank. A very handsome personality with brilliant thinking. Good action-man. He is well-built with good healthy physique. (This information will be disclosed in the last to the Reports/Press)

Chinese members are staying in Hyderabad to snatch some technical papers. Even they've some high technology camera operates with special code numbers. These members are prepared to spend any amount to get these technical specifications. Agent Vishnu sees secret pact inside the building. Sees from a distance and from the opposite building. Try to fire with a high technology automatic fire weapon. Fires at gang leaders having a secret pact. Fires with a bomb. Building collapses. All fallen on the ground. Building debris fallen near James Bond. Agent Vishnu escapes from the debris fall from the danger destruction. One of the China's gangsters (well built) enters moving train after discarding his car. Agent Vishnu chases gangster's car. Enters train. Chases the gangsters in the moving train. Fight takes place. Gangster runs and enters into catering bogie. (compartment) Stiff fight takes place between gangster and Agent Vishnu. In the fight a rope tied to neck of gangster by the Agent Vishnu. The other end rope hook puts to a Gas cylinder which is in the catering compartment. Agent Vishnu throws outside moving train this gas cylinder. Chinese Gangster falls from the moving train along with the gas cylinder. Gangster dies.

CHASING CAR FROM HELICOPTER

Agent Vishnu 999 Engages helicopter. Observes the Chinese Gang Leader. Chases his car. Highway chase from Helicopter is seen.

Agent Vishnu Helicopter have some good and strong ropes. Chinese Gang Leader Car stops at Traffic Signal on Highway. Agent Vishnu through ropes and hooks catches the Gang leader car. Picks up the car in the air through tight and strong ropes. Takes to a top of the one old 30 story building roof top. Chinese Gang Leader sits inside the car. This car is placed on the 30-story building roof top. Helicopter leaves the car and goes away.

The air of the Agent Vishnu is that the Gang Leader car with ultra-electro-magnetic signals and firing weapon system should not be on the road. But, inside the car, it is not Chinese Gang Leader. The driving person was replica and look-alike Chinese Gang Leader. This car on the roof garden becomes only a show-piece.

This car cannot be brought down to the road. There is no way to bring this car to the ground. The replica man, escapes in spite of Agent Vishnu's firing from the Helicopter. The aim of the Agent Vishnu was that this car should not be road-worthy. Never to see this car on the road again.

Later, the Agent Vishnu comes to know that inside this car was the replica of the Chinese Gang Leader. This 30-story building is located in a very remote area.

Agent Vishnu 999 now enjoys with his girlfriend. This girl friend gets annoyed on Agent Vishnu. He never discloses anything to her. Because, all Oaths will be taken by Police, Crime and Defence departments under Official Secrets Act. Agent Vishnu sings a song to change the

mood of his girlfriend. After that both just be enjoying in a hotel swimming-pool with swimming suit. Agent Vishnu seen in a relaxing mood. Girlfriend also enjoy swimming in her swimming suit.

Chinese Gang Member sees from his binoculars from his 3rd floor window. Had a cunning eye on this girlfriend. Just telephones to his gang members. Calls them to be near the Hotel parking lot. Says to bring a good and fast car. His gang members say gives green signal. In 5-10 minutes, the car will be ready along with his other two colleagues. Chinese gang leader knew well that this girl is the lover of Agent Vishnu. **(Action Scene)**

Kidnaps this girl in the presence of Agent Vishnu. Agent Vishnu chases the kidnappers. They take this girl in the car to a remotely area located building. Try to rape her. Agent Vishnu, swing into action. Fierce fighting seen. One Chinese gang members die. Big fight is seen. The girl friend is rescued.

THE GAME STARTS

Now the peak stage final plot commences

Chinese gang members, observes, identify and catch-hold of one technical items/spare parts supplier to the defence (sub-contracting) manufacturer. These Chinese gang leader offers good money to this supplier. The deal is that the supplier has to supply some inferior quality of spare parts/other resistors, capacitors, tantalum capacitors, nickel cadmium batteries etc to the missile equipment manufacturer. The supplier agrees to such inferior quality supplies for a good amount deal. The idea is to get rejected all these items. The idea is that the manufacturer of missile assembly parts should reject because of low and inferior quality. The manufacturer then seeks for replacement of items so supplied. The reason is that while returning the items so rejected through “Central Stores Receipt Voucher (CSR V). All these items have to pass through the manufacturers main Security gage from “Gate Pass” issued by an authorized signatory of the manufacturing company. So, in this transit, the proto-type missile (bodyless) circuit technology, technical specifications and technology (zerox/blue-print) and the items to be used in this missile technology like mother board etc. are also packed. The stores-in-charge of the manufacturing company (sub-contractor) will have a good financial deal for this transaction.

So, the small truck carrying the rejected material as per above system, will work-out successfully, so that the Chinese gang leader will transmit these through photo copies and through courier to China’s connection. From the supplies, the Chinese gang members will collect all these and send it to China for their study. This is the plan by the Chinese gang leader. This information is some-how got leaked through Intelligence Agencies. Agent Vishnu is alerted on this subject. Agent Vishnu enters into the dragon. Agent Vishnu identified the Chinese gang leaders. Agent Vishnu also identifies the supplier, the Stores department people who are involved in this type of transaction and agreement.

The type of “Technology copy” Agent Vishnu thwarts the working system.

Catch hold of the material supplier. Agent Vishnu also identifies the “manufacturing Units Central Stores Person In-charge”. Thrashes them. Book them under various sections of Indian Penal Code.

Agent Vishnu also beats and fires on Chinese gang in the crucial time of the rejected material coming-out through a truck. The truck gets sets fire and burned fully. (Because these are all rejected items/material and missile proto-types which are at half-stage ones. The Chinese gang leaders are killed and some arrested.

The manufacturing company "Gate Pass" issuing people were suspended and enquiry ordered. These "Gate Pass" issuing authority since knew-well about this type of racket, they are dismissed from service. "The material supplying company" is sealed by the Central Excise Department and the Central Bureau of Investigation (CBI), based on the orders of the Agent Vishnu.

Fighting scenes, action scenes, firing scenes, truck burning scenes are to be picturized. Agent Vishnu also gets some injuries in this fighting. But, still, bravely attacks and smashes all the Chinese gang members. Some of the Chinese gang members get killed. Some are arrested. Chinese gang members building is complete damaged and set on fire during the fight scene.

The Chinese gang members residing houses inside furniture, cars, bikes, set on fire. A big racket is thwarted, identified and smashed.

All newspapers, media, TV channels, Radios aired this Chinese racket. Agent Vishnu has been praised by the prime Minister, Home Minister, Information Bureau, Defence Ministry etc. for his wonderful action plan work-out.

Chinese secret agency gangs are eliminated
Missile technology is safeguarded.

Agent Vishnu gets good honour awards and gets double promotion to the rank of Brigadier. Agent Vishnu enjoys with his girlfriend after taking a small vacation.

As a part of "document operation", the Chinese gang leader prepares a good plan of action. His plan is that he wanted to observe things to identify few materials items supplier. The Chinese gang leader's view is that he needs to get connection with one technical/electronic items supplier for his master plan operation. The Chinese gang leader work-out in this direction and ascertains few suppliers who make items delivered to defence items manufacturer, especially the missile manufacturer. Hence, the Chinese gang leader explains all points to his members. All the members are advised to strictly adhere to his directives. Chinese gang members observe, identifies and catch-hold of one technical items/spare parts supplier, who supplies items to the defence-sub-contracting manufacturer.

You all get connections and rapport to spare parts supplier. Offer him good money. I will tell you modus operandi

There is a secret deal with the Chinese Gang Leader and the material supplier. A huge amount is given to the material supplier for a deal, as discussed by both the parties viz. Chinese gang Leader and the Supplier Company. The supplier agreed to the deal for a good amount. (The idea is to reject all these items by the defence manufacturer). The missile assembly company will have to reject all these faulty and inferior quality items supplied.

It's a forgone conclusion and understood that the defective and faulty items are sure to be replaced by the supplier to the defence items manufacturer. In this context, the rejected items are to be shipped back to the supplier in a truck and that too with a Gate Pass, as the truck is to be passed through the manufacturer's security gate. This is the opportunity time to get the drawings, circuits, mother boards and technical specifications along with some missile photos etc. There is an understanding between the material supplier and the stories in-charge of the manufacturing company. There is a financial arrangement/understanding between the material supplier and the stories in-charge. As such, things move perfectly well as per the Chinese Gang Leader's view. The manufacturer then seeks for replacement of items. The reason is that while returning the items so rejected, through "Central Stores Receipt Voucher" (CSR.V). All these items pass through the manufacturers Security Gate with a Gate Pass.

Chinese Leader plan is that they need all the missile related documents, photos etc. By hook or crook, this plan to be successful. Heavy amount has been given to the supplier by the Chinese Leader. Supplier's place, truck, driver, Chinese member to follow the truck from a distance. Chinese Leader orders for careful handling of this situation. In this transit the prototype missile (bodyless), circuit, technology (zerox), and the items to be used in the missile technology, mother-board are also packed.

The stores I/c of the manufacturing company/sub-contractor will have a good financial deal for this transaction. It was a pre-conceived plan and arrangement. Because the "defence manufacturing sub-contracting company" is a private agency engaged to manufacture and supply items as needed by the Defence Department. Though, the items so manufactured and supplied to Defence Departments are "secret, restricted and confidential". There is some pilferages and leakages of information for certain personal gains, as is evident from the Stories i/c activities. So, in this context, it is easy handling the situations and personal understanding for monetary gain. This is the loop-hole, which is being taken as advantage by the staff of the manufacturing company. Hence, the Chinese gang leader is able to have a financial deal with the stories i/c. In the opinion of Chinese gang leader and members, this plan should work-out well and hoped for a successful venture.

The small truck carrying the rejected material, aa per the well planning, will work-out successfully, so that the Chinese gang leader will transmit these photo copies through courier service to the Chinese connections at China. From the supplier, the Chinese gang members will collect all these items and send it to China for further study. This is the plan by the Chinese gang leader. Everything is secretly being worked out. From the Chinese gang leader side every information is being transmitted on a daily basis. The main goal of the Chinese Agencies is that they need missile technology. How these missiles are being manufactured. If these missiles are used on an enemy, how much damage each missile can do. How much chemical composition involved in these missiles, and how much ratio of damaging material chemical content is used. What are the specifications of these missile technology? Chinese Agencies are wanting to know and study all these technology related issues for making a thorough research and development. In this aspect, all documents are needed by the Chinese secret and intelligence agencies.

Total information has been some-how leaked through Intelligence Agencies. Agent Vishnu is alerted on this issue. Agent Vishnu enters into the field. Agent Vishnu identifies

Chinese gang leader. Agent Vishnu also identifies the supplier, the Stories I/c of the manufacturing (sub-contractor) company. People who are involved in this type of racket has

been identified. The entire burning operation of the truck has been handled by Agent Vishnu, because the truck is transporting all the rejected material along with secret documents on missile technology. There is no second thought on setting fire of this truck. Local Police comes to the burning truck, only to view the scene and take the photos. Nothing else. Already the local Police State House Officer was briefed by the Central Intelligence Agency on this subject. So, there is no Police action on this except to view as spectators. The truck goes into flames. The truck driver escapes. The supplier company down the shutters and goes away fearing possible attack. The supplier smelt that something went wrong. Agent Vishnu leaves that place after taking few snaps.

Technology Copy

Agent Vishnu 999 is very serious against the technology copying by anybody because this project is a secret/restricted/confidential. Agent Vishnu thwarts the attempts of copying the missile technology by not connected people. Because this missile technology is nation's defence utility item. Also, the Stories in-charge or the manufacturing company (sub-contractor) is thrashed, beaten black and blue and warned seriously. Later, the Stories I/c is let off with a serious warning. Also, severely warned that all misusing the powers, will be booked under official secret act, as per the defence penal codes. These incidents appeared in various and national TVs, media and in newspapers.

The defence ministry, the home ministry and the intelligence bureau appreciated Agent Vishnu 999 for his dynamic activities in foiling the attempts of thefts of national and secret document from all sources and as well from all quarters of life. Agent Vishnu's activities has become a motivational aspect to all the youth who are aspiring for big growth in life., Agent Vishnu knows well that achievements never come easily, unless one works hard by taking risks in life. It's one's courage that make a man or woman big, as stated by Agent Vishnu.

Agent Vishnu 999, beats and fires on Chinese gang in a crucial time of the "rejected material coming out" through a truck. The truck gets set fire and burned fully. These are all rejected items/materials, missile related proto-types which are at half stage ones. Some of the Chinese gang leaders are killed and some are arrested. As per the directives and orders of government departments, Agent Vishnu is all set to smash these Chinese gangs. These gangs are the agents of Chinese government for the stealing the documents pertaining to missiles technology.

Agent Vishnu's car is fitted with all ultra-modern items, with latest technology. Even Agent Vishnu has a kit which he can wear and fly from one place to another covering a distance up to 5 kms. This "Flying Kit" has been specially designed by the defence department on line with 'parachutes. Even his car has wings and get opened in need of time and fly in the air and travel up to 3 Kms distance. Agent Vishnu got trained in this "kits" working functions. The car used by Agent Vishnu never get damaged or becomes un-functional anytime.

The manufacturing unit Gate Pass issuing people were suspended. Inquiry ordered. In this type of racket few employees were dismissed. The material supplying company has been sealed by the Central Excise Department, CBI, based on the orders of Agent Vishnu.

Stories I/c also suspended; Enquiry held. Enquiry Report came. Stories I/c was dismissed from service.

Strict orders were issued to all the staff about carefulness. Any involvement in scams and taking advantage, will be viewed seriously, said CEO of the manufacturing unit. However, the defence order was cancelled to this manufacturing unit. Company licence, registration likely to be cancelled. Income Tax raids, CBI raids will take place. The Company Chief in bad moods. Opens full bottle and drink.

Agent Vishnu gets some injuries in the fighting. Still bravely attacks Chinese gang members and smashes them. Few of the gang members get killed. Some are arrested. Chinese gang members buildings are damaged and set on fire.

Fighting Scene

The Chinese gang members residing houses were set fire. Inside house furniture, cars, motor bikes, also set on fire. A big racket is thwarted, identified and smashed. Agent Vishnu is stubborn. Informs Home Ministry, Defence Ministry and Intelligence Bureau of the updated news. They give green signal to Agent Vishnu to completely eliminate anti-national enemies. Newspapers, Media, TV channels aired this Chinese gang racket. Agent Vishnu was appreciated by Prime Minister, Home Ministry, Intelligence Bureau and Defence staff for his wonderful action work-out. Chinese secret gang is eliminated. Missile technology safeguarded. Agent Vishnu gets good honour certificates and promotion to the rank of Brigadier. Agent Vishnu enjoys with his girl-friend.

(On this, this article writer has written a story titled "AGENT VISHNU 999" has been published with ISBN. The details are here and is available in all leading book distributors.

AGENT VISHNU 999

Language: English Pages: 124,
ISBN-13: 9789356755048
Publication date: 10/07/2022
Pages: 126



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29. Voice of the Conscience

Ocean eyes_ captivated by guilt,
Drowning deep into melancholy_
Dropping tears, loosened the hilt,
That made the feeble heart, apparently;

An awfully miserable jinx,
who has lost all of its links,
Once showered like a romantic spring___
Yet repentance begged a forgiving glimpse!

Pleading eyes___ finally had a magnanimous sight,
Such as a tiny flame, in darkest night;
Ignites the spark, to intense height___
Yet sadly_ imparted itself a victim of plight___

Alas ___ the harsh core nature,
Swallows a beating heart alive___
Shatters souls, away from nurture,
As a hollow mind amongst the hive!

chained in constraints, yet portraying;
Itself as a righteous creation_
that is blindly restraint to accepting,
Those who compute the desired vindication___

Some fail, some learn to master,
The willful art of hiding wounds___
Besides, costs them a disaster;
Of regret, when conscience hounds;

Like an extreme anguish inside___
For having cruel phoenix of despair,
Engulf the remorseful soul in wide___



**Maria Hussain
Dhillon
Professional
Lahore
Pakistan**

Making them all equally unfair!

Inner voice_ keeps pointing invasion
Over the minds, determining grim decision__
Having realized the fact of wrongdoings as human instinct;
To lead an intolerant route that has dreadly extinct__

Acolytes of disguise like "neither forget_ nor forgive";
Burn till ashes, in the blazing fire of sighs__

Then seek absolution, right in those ocean eyes;
Yet rarely happen to outlive.

By Maria Hussain Dhillon

30. Empty nature full of energy and powers

The empty nature of the way the actea is the loudest voice of the countries of the nations where the atom energy of the invisible world of the particles photon phonon and their interaction nigratron positron quarks ... of matter and anti matter and the extraterrestrials of the Cosmos that the good God quoted govern by advanced science and technology by security, enthusiasm and harmony

When feelings emerge, kindness, kindness of heart and tenderness, all play melodies and voice, including suppressed cries to express the truth by writing and speaking with a pen with a pen, to teach each entity to interact and harmonize with every race on earth The high heaven comes from the depths of self, so that the light of inspiration may be realized to illuminate our way in the worlds with the insight of jurists and rulers, but in all walks of life, so that the pigeons may fly to carry the message of peace to any wise, benevolent and courageous person who is willing to spread guidance and sow confidence in souls and security even the seeds of sand are mixed with gold and diamonds so sand dunes are precious their love is precious men fight for her. They see them fly in the charged ark to reach the realm of dreams, that spirits may ascend in bodies, and souls rejoice in the lands of joy, that weddings may take place.

And he makes us play the most beautiful notes and pieces of the melodies with great art on the oud and the violin, and we also show creativity with the design of a commemorative plaque on silk or linen signed by each artist, to embody the facts, as if watching the sequences or movements in the movies, because the world always fascinates us so that we can adore and appreciate its fascinating beauty facing the basin of fish of all kinds and colors at the palace of the exemplary humanitarian king

we are attracted to it (life and its attractive beauty par excellence) to determine its role and importance by the effectiveness of experiences, because it is the best example as the key to any obstacle and because it is the best case for realize the all time beautiful and rare dreams of the white knight in the world of truth and fiction. Be aware that divine energy continually persists anywhere in this vast universe even in us very incredible mysterious which can be in areas where cosmic surfaces unknown by our researchers until even time galactic cosmic energy flows



Mohamed Kerkoub
Writer
Algeria

spontaneously according to the clock or the compass of the quantum awakening of the being of the conscious (the spirit) or the awakening of the intelligence of great quality and of very high degree of power of the heart even because of its great effect with very relevant efficiency on the different objects by its great energy production This energy production of the heart varies from 1 to 5 watts the heart contained a well-developed independent nervous system, with over 40,000 neurons and a complex and dense network of neurotransmitters or sensory nerves, proteins and reinforcing cells The electromagnetic field of the heart is about 60 times greater than that of the brain and permeates every cell in the body. The magnetic component is approximately 5,000 times stronger than the brain's magnetic field and can be detected several feet from the body with sensitive magnetometers... well said according to these large doses of the energy quantum synthesized or produced by each individual and according to his capacities and according to the energy absorbed by effect of interaction of stakeholders in action or reaction well for all very sophisticated systems or equipment well specified for research and production which are known in place and time in relation to the dimensions concerned XY, XYZ or XYZ... and the matrix divine voice always this relationship between bi-actors or poly-actors is done harmoniously, peacefully, rhythmically especially in humans that the good god has privileged over other creations and when we allow him to act constructively (positively) in us or when we allow this association of synthesis for realization through special signs in their times and positive special effects or that we are harmoniously granted to it we then manifest harmony, love joy happiness ... health, peace and all the riches of the Infinite and even beyond this existence lived with the aim that man always remains curious to discover something new through creation and integral renovation

By Mohamed Kerkoub

31. COOKING WITH THE HOUSE

There lies the bungalow, a great and immense house.
The queen of the house seems to be illiterate.
She can still pluck the roofing timber and use it
to light a hearth for cooking; she cares less.

The king of the house has other houses with concubines,
a total of forty-seven, but that's the show of a king.
The queen still orders timber from other houses,
but because she has the say, it's granted for use.

From a distance, neighbors see a falling house,
but those inside think a leak is not bad, so they continue.
The engineers across warn of the peril, but who cares,
other than honoring the king's orders, the king remains silent.

Sooner than expected, the house collapses.
The king is dead, and the other houses suffer too.
No one helps; they begin to fall, too bad...
Neighbors begin to come, but the blame falls on the king.

The children from the fields start to see sense,
blaming their mother, but it's at a point of no return.
War starts over who will be the next king among the many sons,
but the cruel rules every day, and revolt continues, but who cares about death?

Neighbors are watching, pressed with their own troubles.
Wars break out between siblings of the same man; a land is destroyed.
It becomes an advantage for far neighbors to take the kingdom,
resources, and valuable goods. The spell continues, but who cares?
The blood of the black is in slavery.



**Moven Pearl
Sabwami
Student
Nairobi
Kenya**

32. No Cheering Crowd

Back at my work place as a computer literacy instructor, I felt complete again. The mysterious seizure that had brought me down on the day I had decided to sign my heart away as Mrs Pariwa had proven to be a relevant test not only for the man who had committed the better half of his space to me, but it had also turned out to be a brilliant lesson for me. Victor had decided to have our engagement cancelled because he was certain that it was the manifestation of a mute evil spirit that had caused me to collapse in a faint as we embraced to exchange our kisses.



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

My recovery was as swift as the seizure had been. As soon as I sensed the last visitor leaving my hospital ward, life began to rush back into my veins. I got down from the high hospital bed and walked around the ward, relishing the life that filled every limb of my body. The freshness of every breath I sucked into my veins made me feel like singing a romantic song.

I could not tell how I had been taken to hospital, but after I had collapsed, I regained a little of my consciousness, even though I felt too depleted even to attempt opening my eyes. Then I felt my body being transported into the sky. And in the process, a disturbing presence made me want to ask what was happening, but I lacked the breath even to say the tiniest word. I sensed that Wapangwa was there with me in my flight into space, but so was my mother and aunt.

Wapangwa had enrolled with TecnoPath Institute as a student two years ago. His intention was to master basic information technology skills so that he would not have to completely rely on subordinates on the issue of techno literacy. At first I had received him with the indifference with which I had received other managers who could hardly master a skill after months of instruction, but he had turned out to be an exciting student.

Wapangwa was 43 and I was 26. "How come you are such a fast learner at your

age?” I asked him one day.

“Learning does not slow down with age, it is sometimes the willingness to learn that slows down,” he responded sensibly.

“Wise words. I had never thought of that because I am not old enough to discern some of the shortcomings that come with age,” I said sincerely.

“One of the shortcomings that come with age includes the tendency to want things to be done the way they have always been done when you started doing them, forgetting the dynamics of a changeful world,” Mr Wapangwa had explained.

He reminded me of one of my high school teachers whom I had had a crush with. Every day I came into contact with Wapangwa, even though I was supposed to play the superordinate, left me with a fresh revelation about life. I fell in love with him and once he had read the signs of my emotional attraction to him, he said the word and we became lovers.

I caused the death of his marriage. Once his wife discovered about us, she filed for divorce. In the desperation of a broken heart he had proposed to marry me, but I had emphatically refused because I was afraid of taking the responsibility of helping him recover from a broken heart. I knew I was being cruel, but I needed to get into an ideal marriage, free from the shadow of another woman and her children.

While in hospital, I had learnt from my parents' early morning visit that a Good Samaritan called Wapangwa had driven me to the health centre because the car that was supposed to transport me had been blocked by other vehicles and there was no time to waste. My parents knew nothing about my past with Wapangwa.

A feeling of contrition threatened to cause another seizure. Had I not betrayed Wapangwa? Had I not walked away from him when he needed me most? But my turn had come. In response to the good news I had sent him the night following my admission (that I had vastly recovered), Victor had said that he was breaking the engagement. “What transpired today was a stark indication of

a demon manifestation. I'm not spiritually strong to cope with such scenarios for life. I hope you understand," he had texted.

My parents and Victor's had visited me during the early morning hour, but Victor had not. They would come again during the lunch hour visit. Nobody would come during the midmorning visit, and I liked it like that because I wanted time to myself. Then Wapangwa walked into my ward with my bridal shoe, which had apparently come off when I was on board his car. I wondered how fate had found me entangled in a relationship upon which I had declared the death sentence.

I told him to keep the shoe for me. I would come for it if the shoe turned out to be that important to me.

When I was discharged from the hospital after two more nights, I returned to the laptop, desk top and micro chip world of my work. My parents and Victor's were running silly negotiations to convince Victor to change his mind, but I was going to be a disappointment to my parents. I had lost the Victor I had loved. A repentant Victor would be to me the residue of a relationship that had failed to take off.

At 28, I had learnt everything I needed to learn about matters of the heart and I did not need a new experience, especially from a man who had severed his bond with me with words that were a taboo to say.

Meanwhile, I still had not gone to Wapangwa's place to get back my shoe. Wapangwa himself had not communicated with me after his visit while I was recuperating in hospital. The best was to forget about both Wapangwa and the bridal shoe. It would have only been a treasure in my closet had he not invalidated the engagement.

Victor's apology finally came one Saturday morning, when I was preparing to go to work. He expected me to stand up and dance to the song of my heart after opening his message, but I was done with him. I made a phone call to my immediate superior for exemption from duty. I wanted to go and collect my shoe from Wapangwa. If Victor had owed me an apology, I also owed someone an

apology. That person was none other than Wapangwa.

Wapangwa lived in the very house that had been his matrimonial home with his ex-wife Wanaka. He had bought it back when she had gazetted it for sale. On entering the house, I felt more alive than I had felt on my recovery from the mysterious seizure. His company was as refreshing as it once was when we were in an illicit relationship.

After a cup of tea, he led me to his lonely bedroom. I did not allow my mind to ask any questions. In front of a huge wall mirror, we fell into a warm embrace. The fingers of his right hand began to play with the back of my dress, just below the neck. Then I closed my eyes as the fly of my zip was being pulled down until it reached my waist.

The dress fell in a crumpled heap on the floor. I did not collapse in a faint like what had happened in front of that crowd, when Victor and I were only a minute away from being declared husband and wife. Wapangwa's bed was ready for us and I allowed him to do what he alone had done with me.

I do not know how sleep fell upon me, but once again, I felt myself being rapidly carried into space, and though I could not see Wapangwa, I sensed his presence throughout the experience.

When I awoke, I saw a little box on the dressing table. I opened it with trembling fingers. It contained my bridal shoe. Then I heard Wapangwa's footsteps approaching the room. "Your bridal shoe, you are free to take it away and never look back," he said.

"I don't need it anymore. I need you instead," I replied, putting the shoe back into the box.

We needed no marriage officer, no rehearsed oaths, no signatures, no cheering crowd to be us. We only needed the two of us.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

33. Self destruction

I have waited for you long enough to finally realize that it has never been you since day one.

I dedicated everything in me to you, hoping that one day you would reciprocate my love.

I fell for you with a closed mind and an open heart, Only now I'm realizing the self destruction that was caused by my heart.

I poured so much of myself into you that I ended up drowning in my own efforts and investments.

I wanted your love desperately, so badly that I allowed you to walk all over me, leaving the footprints of your cheap potential.

I waged war within my heart, to the point that even when the chaos settled, I had stopped believing in anyone's potential.

I chose you with a closed mind and an open heart.

I was living in a disaster of my own dangerous thoughts and the fear of losing you.

I have paid the debt for all the times I lost myself choosing the wrong ones.

I have become healed, healthy, and happy.



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
Kempton park
South Africa

34. EID Dedicated To Faiza

Eid is coming like every year,
But this time I can't meet her, and that's clear.
Once she said,
"Your clothes should match with my clothes,"
And so I used to choose white whenever she used to ask,
"Which one suits me more?"

But this time, I'm wearing black,
So that my dress doesn't match anyone else.
I thought of visiting her place to wish her Eid,
But I stopped as soon as I realized that she must've wished for someone else.
She must not have worn bangles, right?
Bangles break, that's why she didn't used to like them.
But maybe, for my sake, she used to adorn them on her hands.
Oh, I still remember the sound of those bangles once I gave her.

She used to ask for Eidi, with the right,
And I used to give it to her with love, on every Eid.
This time, I've kept her Eidi safely,
So that if ever, like the moon of Eid, I would see her,
I'll give it to her with love.

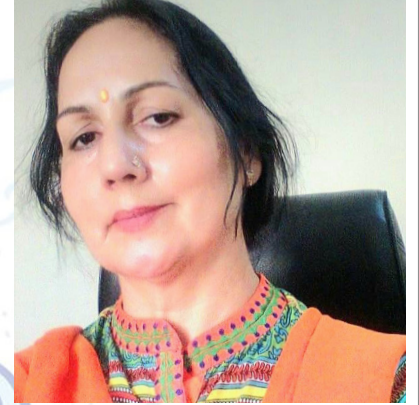
There was a time when she asked,
"How do people celebrate Eid without their beloved?"
Psycho: The way I'm going to celebrate.



Own Abbas
Artist, Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

35. THE ROAD TAKEN

So many paths are there leading to the marvelous
Mountain peak of materialistic and spiritual success,
Depending on a person's individual thought process,
Determined by interpretation of life, more or less.
Reaching that alluring peak may seem somewhat
Difficult, but it is not at all impossible, in fact,
Only if the road taken by us is carefully chosen
And afterwards also consistently treaded upon
With sincere efforts, dedication, and determination,
Which contribute to arriving at the desired destination,
Whether it is the fulfillment of every worldly ambition
Or, with divine blessings, attainment of salvation.
Moving on persistently on the road once taken
With strong willpower and full faith, unshaken
By all the challenges coming in the way, bravely,
Is sufficient for being showered with prosperity.



Promila Bhardwaj
Writer
Shimla
Himachal Pradesh

36. HURT

Many people around,
None to bother,
feeling of hurt profound,
Still standing, put together.

Two of them sat for a while,
Patted my back and left,
Tears rolled down the eye,
Unitedly the heart wept.

Spoken through intellect,
Unheard by amorousness,
Following the future prospect,
Wanted to mourn longer,
For the lost sense.

Heard someone say,
Believed it to be right,
"It's said to be forever,
Or the worst heartbreak ever."

*Amorousness - a feeling of love or fondness.



Rashi Shrivastava
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

37. I LOVE ME SOME YOU

I, the music of now,
Stretch to the future.
It ends, I die, for I have seen it.
I'm sung, the rhythm decree of time.
Patience alone distorts comfort.
Just one day, of the listener.
She'll strum, sing along, mellow.
For I love me some you.
Just one day.



Regan Mireri
Film Director,
Script Writer, Actor,
Graphic Designer,
Poet
Nairobi
Kenya

38. MY PARENTS

Almighty is invisible yet omnipotent,
Visible gods are my parents,
Forever before thee I keep my head bent,
To show respect that I meant.

The heaven exists in their feet,
And they are the real god, in god's seat,
They work to offer us, with every measure,
The treasure of pleasure.

With your hand, touch their feet,
And the love, blessings you'll get,
Worship them with your deep heart's core,
The love they pour will be much more.

The sins that they reduce,
The rose-like hearts they possess,
The mother blesses her son to sleep,
On the bed of flowers and roses.

And she herself sleeps on the bed of thorns,
Yet the golden spoon in her mouth, she had borne,
Always the mother blesses her son,
Wherever he is, let him be happy.

This sort of my mother is,
For us, she prays to god, bent on her knees,
Father sheds his sweat to bring us up,
Dreamt to see us on top.

Parents are parents, great in sacrifice,
Don't ever wish to see tears in our eyes.



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

39. SHE

She made some mistakes once or twice,
And took her life on another ride.
Broken, hurt, and sad, she was,
Drowned in tears nobody could stop.

She wanted to die as soon as she could,
Is it worth it for just a single man?
Who's the Satan in the form of a dream man.

But a morning came with new hope,
This girl won't cry by a single stroke.
She keeps her head high so her crown won't fall,
She's a princess, not anyone's plastic doll.



Saba Yusuf Zamir
Student
Jabalpur
Madhya Pradesh

40. Lamenting over a Dear One's Demise

Everyone was somber at the funeral of a friend,
Known and unknown, all were stunned by the sudden
news of death.

Oh, angel of death, so ruthless and unkind,
Snatching away this once youthful flower in its prime.

I felt paralyzed when I saw my beloved's name
In the list of martyrs, taken away from us, so far away.

Oh, my Lord, we are helpless, we cannot face you,
Our plea is to understand.
The angel of death claimed the souls of young ones in their adolescence,
Making it seem like they desired death.

The death of an adult is a doomsday for parents,
Oh, my Lord, grant them great patience and solace.

My Allah, forgive us all, for You know everything.
In their youth, that flower was broken, which should have bloomed.
My beloved lies with closed eyes,
Orphans and friends weep for him.

Oh, my Allah, console them,
For his beloved son left behind memories,
That bring solace and comfort to their pain and sorrow.



Sabir Khan Nasir
Police officer
Loralai
Pakistan

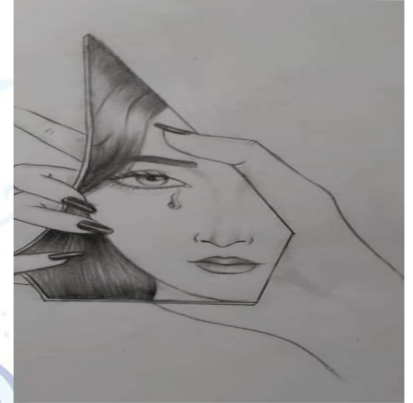
41. Memories

"Why do dear people go away?
Without seeing whom there was no morning."

I remember those days when, two days before their arrival, we used to handle all the household chores so that no one disturbs them for any reason. There was no limit to happiness. It seemed as if these were the beautiful days of life, and we used to enjoy those days very much. Mother used to say, "Son, don't be too happy, you will see." When she used to come, our house would be full of happiness. It seemed like it was our home now.

We played, talked, told stories, and reminisced about our past days. When we watched dramas, aunty would get angry. Jana said that sometimes we talked about studies, always played and discussed things here and there, and we used to laugh. We also enjoyed making new dishes and receiving compliments. We would say, "I made this, I made it like this," and there would be a sense of pride. When we went out for a walk, we would forget that we were not five-year-old girls anymore; we were grown-up girls. Baba would scold us, saying that we had grown up and should not engage in such actions, but we didn't always follow his words. It was our habit to tease them and enjoy those days. Then gradually, their visits became less frequent. Our friendships were sacrificed in adult fights. Now, there are only memories left that make me sad when I think about them. Now, I say to Mama, Mamaji, look, I couldn't see our dear relationship. Today, we are so far away that I long to see each other.

"Relationships and values were killed,
Money became important to them.
They forgot love.
The love of wealth blinded them."



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

42. Life is on the Wane

The amateur bard is like a bird with broken wings.
There is no difference between the two.
One cannot be a Promethean with poor vision,
And the bird cannot fly its wings to greater heights.

For a bard, he must be evocative of his theme,
And for the bird, it must have membranous paired
appendages to be able to fly.

A heartless man without a heart is like soil deprived of
water.

There is no difference between the two.
A man who does not display emotions is dead,
Likewise, soil without water is deserted.

Dear dudes, do you know
That this world is a cosplay of animations?
And you are acting as cosplayers with your real names.



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

43. The Black Painting

Over and around the glass brims
Flows the ocean of beauty
Depth precariously observed
While sitting on the mound of my imagination,
Aratare,
Souls of the dead trapped between life and death
Transpire as an epic
In the hands of a painter,
Though hard to embezzle the color of death
Emerged as a fandango of tinge and shades
Like a child, artistically brushes petals of flowers
Dainty colors of sunburns on meadows ,
Mother I see through you, a little light
holding my hand, with ground ebony pigment,
Painting the vertigo of death and life with me
I smiled,
For the glass brims remain still and silent.



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

44. I'VE BEEN WALKING TO YOU, ALL MY LIFE..

I've been walking to you all my life
(And love comes in but once),
Despising neediness, ill luck,
As if nothing makes a difference.
I'd give a fortune for your glance,
Or else the day is lost.
Once love appears in your stars,
And everything else is a farce.



Sheudzhen Inver
Author
Russia

45. Patriotism and Nationalism



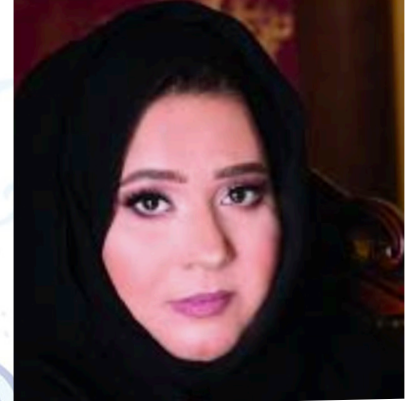
**Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

The culture of nationalism includes the uniqueness of the caste-varna community, but it remains bound in one thread of sect, promoting mutual harmony. Regardless of whether you own property or hold power, the intimate relationship remains, and the seed of culture is mixed with society. There is a deep affinity in the thinking of national interest, and the expression of mutual love increases, creating a call of love. Communal scriptures are the foundation of the goal of life, and accordingly, political ideas start forming based on social and family culture imbued with nationalism. Political promises begin, and patriotism becomes a soulful life.

The country has become a slave in the lap of caste. The quarrels of communal disharmony have divided the country into many Pakistans. Whenever the light of literature fades, the country plunges into darkness.

There can be many communities in a country, and the country runs with everyone's coordination. Everyone has a contribution to nation-building. Patriotism is the feeling of keeping the public interest and integrity intact more than life itself. Service to all walks of life is patriotism, and martyrs are the guardians of border security. Everyone is ready to protect the motherland and should remain so. Basically, they are similar. If the law of equality can be fully implemented gradually for the benefit of the country, then enmity will automatically end, and absoluteness will become the formula of integrity and unity. Development will kiss your steps.

46. First Reading in the catacombs of existence



Soad Saad Alkuwari

Writer

Doha

Qatar

(1)

In a small airport in a city,
I used to say farewell to people I didn't know. I received
people I didn't know.

Then, I buried my life in the ashtray.

In a small airport in a city,
The bags stare at me, sticking out their long tongues,
laughing at my stupid smile.

I say goodbye to people I didn't know, I meet people I
didn't know.

I close my ears tightly,
So the roar of flying planes can't attack me.

(2)

The poet tried
To mix his dreams with ink.
The drops of water,
Scattered from the trembling of exile, they slept over the sorrows of the phrase.

The poet tried
To get out of prison wrapped with the breath of the poem,
While a poet feels painful with her grief,
Bleeding with her depression
That contained her with fierce gusts,
Mixed in the middle of offerings of writing.

(3)

They get lost like shepherds,
Coming at the end of the night.
A curse and black hooks inflict them,
Walking over mountains
That are lying in the void, getting lost.
Then, getting lost again, preceded by a fox and a long howl.

You might be crying out with the heads of giraffes.

(4)

To climb the ivory of danger. You might be hanging
The camels over bushes of your feelings,
Or over arcs of dry bramble.
You might be getting lucky
In your desk drawer, distributed on two strange bodies,
Then sharing a new person,
The departure to the impossible.

By Soad Saad Alkuwari

47. To Infinity and Beyond



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

The future is an enigmatic and unpredictable thing. It is the ever-changing horizon that we strive towards but can never really grasp. The future is the destination of our collective human journey, and yet, its course is uncertain and veiled. Despite all of this ambiguity, we stand strong still.

It is our fortitude that guides us in the face of the unknown. We, as human beings, have an innate resilience that drives us forward even when the path is unclear. We have seen countless examples of this throughout history - wars, pandemics, natural disasters - and yet, we have always emerged on the other side, stronger and more resilient than before. No matter what the situation we seem to keep moving forward to infinity and beyond.

It is this same spirit that will sustain us through the unknown future. We know that there will be challenges and obstacles ahead, perhaps ones that we cannot even fathom at this moment, but we remain resolute in the belief that we can overcome them. Even when we seemed to be fenced in we know we are free.

It is important to remember that the unknown future is not necessarily a bad thing. It is a blank canvas upon which we can paint our hopes and dreams. Yes, there will be surprises and setbacks, but there will also be triumphs and accomplishments that we cannot even imagine.

Our strength comes from our ability to adapt and evolve. We must be willing to shift our perspectives and change our strategies in the face of what lies ahead. We cannot cling to the past or become complacent in the present. We must always be looking towards the horizon, ready to embrace whatever comes our way.

As we prepare for the future, we must also remember the past. Our history is a powerful tool in guiding us towards a better tomorrow. It reminds us of the

challenges that we have faced and the progress that we have made. It also teaches us the value of cooperation and community. We cannot face the future alone; we need each other.

We must come together to tackle the unknown future, to pool our resources and ideas, and to support each other in times of need. We must recognize that we are all connected - not just to each other, but to the planet as a whole. We must work to preserve and protect our environment, to ensure a sustainable future for generations to come.

Above all else, we must remain hopeful. Hope is the beacon that guides us through the darkest of times. It is the force that fuels our determination and fuels our resilience. It is hope that reminds us that even in the face of uncertainty, we can find a way forward.

The unknown future is a daunting prospect, but we stand strong still. We are ready for whatever it may bring, and we will face it with courage and conviction. We will adapt, evolve, and come together as a global community. We will build a future that is brighter and more resilient than ever before.

The future may be unknown, but we will face it head-on, with our heads held high and our hearts full of hope. Together, we will create a world that is more just, more prosperous, and more sustainable. A world where the unknown future is not something to be feared, but something to be embraced as a new opportunity for growth and transformation, to infinity and beyond.

By Tha Ono

48. June Showers



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

These ravishing June showers,
Showering down as precious pearls,
Within seconds, and which are
Enticing us like crystal beads, all of a sudden,
In some forenoons.

These ravishing June showers,
Engulfing the whole earth with their mighty hands,
In other afternoons, and which are
Escorted by thunderous clouds,
Throughout the long hours on some days.

These ravishing June showers,
Vanishing like a dream, in the blink of our eyes,
Making us nostalgic most of the time, and which are
Orchestrating an enchanting rhythm of varied beats,
As a lullaby throughout the night on many days.

These ravishing June showers,
These pretty pearly droplets,
These slender crystal drops,
Tender, yet invigorating they are,
Taking us to elevated heights.

These ravishing June showers,
These dainty and dazzling sparkles,
These vibrant visits of rain,
Tantalizing and capricious they are,
Teaching us to embrace the sweet surprises.

Tiny chariots of ecstasy they are,
These ravishing June showers!

49. Let's love nature

Amidst the rush of city life,
There lies a world of verdant strife,
Where trees and flowers dance in glee,
And the sun plays hide-and-seek with the sea.

Oh, what a world of beauty and wonder,
From the mountains to the thunder,
From the rivers to the stars,
Nature's gift knows no bars.

But unfortunately, this world is under threat,
From the pollution we have met,
From the careless ways we've learned,
Our environment is being burned.

Let us take a promise to preserve,
This world of beauty we deserve,
To nurture and protect with care,
This environment that's so rare.

For every tree that we plant,
For every plastic bag we ban,
For every animal that we save,
We can make a difference, brave.

Let us be the guardians of this Earth,
To ensure its beauty and worth,
For our children and generations to come,
Let's protect this planet, our home.



Utshaw Kumar
Writer
New Delhi
Delhi

50. HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS

We come together, now come and sing,
Happy birthday, Jesus.
Glad tidings of great joy we bring,
Happy birthday, Jesus.

Spread the news to every land,
And let the people know.
His birthday party is just at hand,
As candles burn and glow.

God sent His Son, His special gift,
To bring us hope and peace.
To give our lives a marvelous lift,
His wonders never cease.

This baby born in Bethlehem,
Is God in human flesh.
He came to save and not condemn,
Our souls He will refresh.

His party is the best in town,
And you have been invited.
Come be with Christ who wears the crown,
And let's just get excited.

Let's sing again those songs of old,
Which stir us in this season.
And gladly share the truth we hold,
That Jesus is the reason!



**Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
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51. Feel the positivity

Does fear stop you from trying something new?
Did you ever panic in silence when the situation got extremely tense?

Did anxiety make you lose your sense in front of an audience?

Does nervousness hold back your pen in the examination den?

Do you worry too much about the future,
Or do your past wounds need a staple and suture?
Does your heart start pounding hard when failure lands upon your card?

Do you let hurdles break you or make you stronger?
Can you say, "I don't have to be perfect any longer"?

It's alright for humans to make mistakes;
Life has bitter decoctions but also sweet cakes;
Promise yourself that you will start afresh every day
And learn from every experience that comes your way.

Keep trying the same thing or choose to try your hand
At every different thing on this mortal land;
After all, the divine light and eternal peace amalgamation
Is every human being's final destination.

Try to feel the positivity at every cost
In everything that seems bad or lost;
It might take some time to understand and apply,
But for the energy that hope will give you, it's surely worth a try.



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**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
House**



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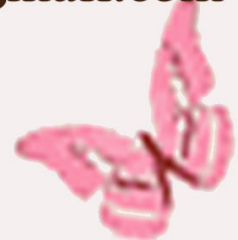
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**Monthly English Magazine
June 2023**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
House**



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**Monthly English Magazine
June 2023**



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