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Aadhya Publishing House

Presents



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PANACHE

May 2024

Volume 3, Issue 5

Guest Of the Month

Ms. Vinitra

Philanthropist and Feminist.

Chief Editor:

Akanksha Shrivastava

+919424002558



Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

May 2024

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558

Designed by:

Lalit Kishore Gaur
LKG Telefilms
lkgaur76@gmail.com

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



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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Editorial: Celebrating Two Years of Panache: A Heartfelt Thank You

Dear Esteemed Writers, Readers, Subscribers, and Editorial Board Members,

As we mark the second anniversary of Aadhya Publishing House's International magazine, Panache, I am filled with profound gratitude and immense pride. This journey wouldn't have been possible without the unwavering support and contributions from each and every one of you.

To our budding writers: Your creativity and passion breathe life into the pages of Panache, infusing it with freshness and vitality. Your courage to share your unique perspectives and stories enriches our literary landscape, inspiring countless readers around the globe.

To our established writers: Your talent and experience are the pillars upon which Panache stands. Your words resonate deeply with our audience, stirring emotions, sparking contemplation, and fostering a sense of connection across borders and cultures.

To our loyal readers and subscribers: Your unwavering dedication and enthusiasm fuel our motivation to deliver quality content issue after issue. Your engagement and feedback are invaluable, guiding us as we strive to continuously improve and exceed your expectations.

And last but certainly not least, to our esteemed Editorial Board Members: Your guidance, wisdom, and tireless commitment to excellence have been instrumental in shaping Panache into the esteemed publication it is today. Your expertise and dedication behind the scenes ensure that each issue of Panache meets the highest standards of quality and integrity.

PANACHE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

May 2024

Aadhya Publishing House

UDYAM-MP-10-0024988

MSME, Govt Of India

Issue 5, Volume 3

Together, you form the heart and soul of Panache, and it is with the deepest sincerity that I extend my heartfelt thanks to each and every one of you. Your support, dedication, and passion are the driving forces behind our success, and I am truly honored to be on this journey with such an extraordinary group of individuals.

As we embark on the next chapter of our journey, let us continue to inspire, uplift, and empower one another through the power of words. Here's to many more years of creativity, collaboration, and celebration!

With warm regards,



Akanksha Shrivastava
Founder and Publisher
Aadhya Publishing House



Lalit Kishore Gaur
Technical Head
Aadhya Publishing House

"A JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY WITH VINITRA"

In the captivating narrative of Vinitra's life, we witness the profound intersections of philanthropy, feminism, and professional excellence. As the founder of STMM and SIS, she embodies the essence of selfless concern for others, elevating communities without seeking personal gain. With over 15 years of experience as a Senior Solution Engineer at Westpac, her expertise in IT and her commitment to community service converge in a narrative of empowerment and growth. Recognized by esteemed awards and celebrated in literature, her journey unfolds as a testament to the transformative power of embracing imperfections.

EDITORIAL:

In the tapestry of modern society, Vinitra emerges as a beacon of empowerment and resilience. Her interview unveils a narrative rich in wisdom and insight, offering profound reflections on the beauty of imperfections and the art of navigating life's challenges. Through her lens, imperfections become pathways to growth, negative feedback becomes a catalyst for transformation, and stress becomes a reminder of our humanity. As she eloquently articulates, empowering a successful life requires continuous learning, initiative, and a steadfast commitment to self-improvement. In her journey, we find echoes of our own aspirations and struggles, reminding us that true success lies not in perfection, but in the courage to embrace our flaws and pursue growth with unwavering determination.

Akanksha Shrivastava
Founder And Chief Editor
Aadhya Publishing House

"A JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY WITH VINITRA"

1. Why do you say that imperfections are gifts?

No one is perfect. Imperfections are the pathways to learn something. Giving yourself the space to learn something new, experience something new, is the beauty of imperfection. One should know how to handle imperfections to make their lives better. Never let others judge you. You know who you are. An imperfection today can make you perfect in the future. Even the world's most perfect person would've been imperfect in his past.

2. How will you react to negative feedback?

The way you take negative feedback is the way you could lead your life. People around you will be pulling you down, but don't let it invade your confidence. Don't judge yourself. It is one of the most required lessons in our life. Don't try to prove or defend yourself. But accept it and turn your negatives to positives. Excellence is not perfection. Every successful person in their life would've experienced negative feedback.

3. Why do we have a lot of stress?

Stress pervades our lives, regardless of age, like an unrelenting shadow. It lives on the unknown of the future, the weight of duties, and the never-ending chase of perfection. In today's society, the relentless speed of life, societal demands, and personal expectations combine to build a tangled web of worry.

"A JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY WITH VINITRA"

4. Does stress have a limit?

Stress has no borders, from childhood innocence to wisdom in old life. It remains in the nervous hearts of students preparing for examinations, the tired minds of parents balancing job and family, and the calm contemplation of seniors confronting the twilight years. We deal with stress because it demonstrates our humanity, reminding us how much we care about our goals, our loved ones, and our personal well-being.

5. What do you say about empowering a successful life?

Empowering a successful life success does not come by itself. You have to work for it. You may ask why we should empower a successful life. The reason is simple. It helps us to grow in life. By empowering successful lives and accepting our imperfections, we can overcome negativity and emotional breakdowns.

6. Why should we learn regularly and take initiatives in our lives?

We are all learning everyday and taking new initiatives. Everyday is a new experience for you, and you need to embrace those experiences in life. While you embrace these experiences, you should also know how to improve your actions. Groom yourself more and adapt to your actions.

Vinitra is a philanthropist and feminist. She is the founder of STMM and SIS. Throughout her journey, she has shown selfless concern for the welfare of others. She alleviates the struggles of others without seeking any personal returns. Truly, she is a real philanthropist. She is here to talk about accepting imperfections. She is a Senior Solution Engineer at Westpac. She has 15 + yrs of work experience in the IT Industry in Data Warehousing using MSBI,Alteryx,Python,Power BI and other tools.Certified Scrum Master.Experience in Solution Designing and Data modeling.

Awards:

- 1)Finalist for the esteemed Gargi awards in community services category.
- 2)She runs a platform which has a potential to reach up to 15k local people through her followers and SIS platforms. Her platform has been recognised as the top community organization.
- 3)Recognised by AMAV Community Services. AMAV Contributed Thanking award for nearly 50 organizations to acknowledge and support them.
- 4) Finalist for Community Services category at SIMBA AWARDS by SCG Sydney Community Group.
- 5)Her story has been included in the book 'Inspiring Indo Australian Women who made a difference'. The author is Harmohan Walia.

GUEST OF THE MONTH

Ms.Vinitra
Philanthropist and Feminist



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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.



**Lucy Victoria David (res. Editorial board Member)
Durban South Africa**

MY EXPERIENCE WITH PANACHE

Two years ago I came across this wonderful magazine. I became good friends with The Chief Editor **Akanksha Shrivastava** on a personal level. Akanksha made me feel so welcome. Despite all her academic qualifications she always made me feel extremely important which says a lot about her remarkable character.

She literally propelled me to show case my writing skills to the highest limits!

Today we have a beautiful strong friendship and a magazine which crosses all racial lines, all genders, all countries and embraces all writers globally.

Panache is amazing in that everyone's work is applauded! This is a great encouragement to the new poets and authors. No work is considered too brilliant or shabby. The Editorial team does an extremely good job with every magazine published from cover design to the finished product.

Thank you **Panache** for taking a nobody like me to heights of phenomenal success!

Congratulations to the Editor and Creative Team for putting together an amazing global magazine for these past 2 years!

I truly believe this magazine will keep growing in its readership and will impact many nations across the world.

I'm delighted to be a small part of this great magazine!!!

1. Truth

Mind is like fertile land; what you sow, you reap. Before you sow a goal. If it's grain you seek, the rain you must know, whether the weather is right and the sun is bright or on a dark night. You must know which seed likes the light and which is rather shy. You know your goal and put in toil in the soil if the time and seed are right; your goal is in sight. If you miss out on any and blame God and fate, that would be funny. Sow only when you're sure of the seed, soil, and time. Speak only when sure that speech is better than your silence. Lead life in this manner, and you will have a better tomorrow.



Mr. Ashok Manikoth
Writer
Dubai
UAE

2. Things I can never tell him!



Ms. Aaliya Raza
Artist
Lahore
Pakistan

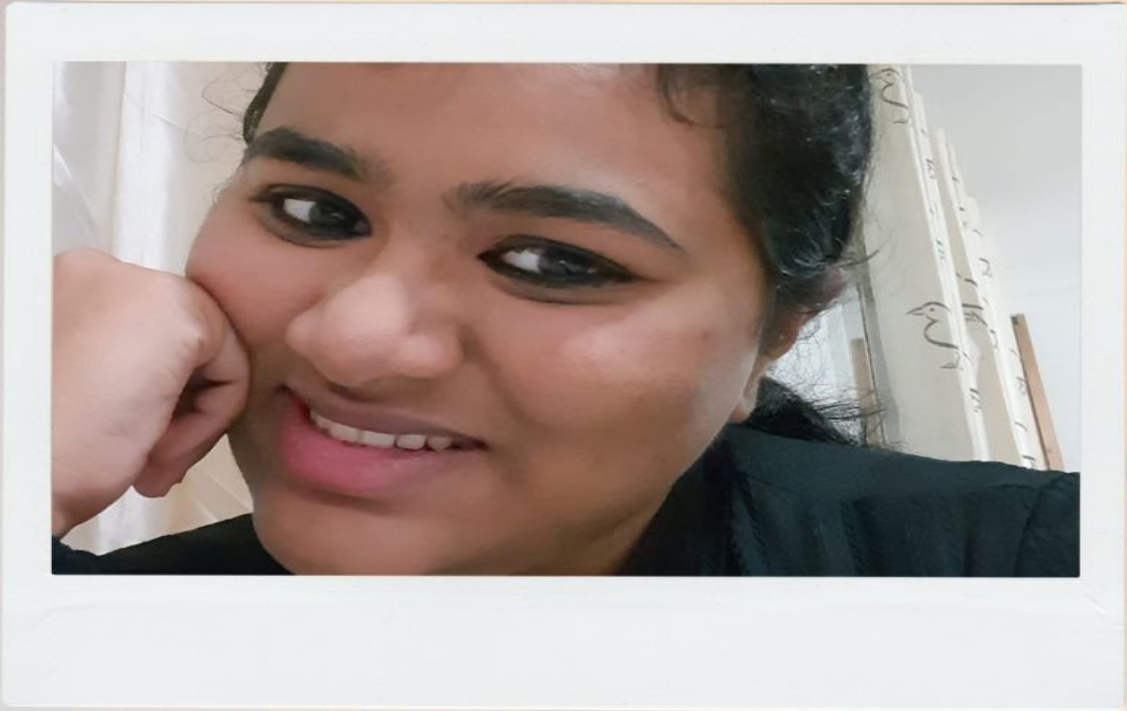
He held me in his arms,
We lay there silently for hours,
No words, no thoughts, just calm silence.
Even we could hear each other's long breaths and fast
beats.
I knew right then, right there,
That this was it.
This was what my heart yearned for.
I was sure I could have stayed there for the rest of my
life.
Though I knew better than making a home in people,
But that was finally where I could settle.
That was peace to my homeless soul.
I was damn sure of everything.
But then, I don't know why,
I asked him,
"How long can you stay here like that?"
And he said, "I don't know, I just know that we need to leave at this time."
And everything changed in that moment.
I was snapped out of my stupid dreams,
For what was love for me,
It was just his favorite activity with me.
His intentions were good,
But I was all alone on the path I had started walking on.
And I remember,
I had never wished for something so badly ever before,
For him to fall in love with me the way I was.
For him to want to settle in me,
The way he was becoming my hiding spot.
And I realized in that very moment,
How one-sided love can break you and make you stronger at once.
I know, I know, I may not be what he wants,

But is it wrong to wish for it?
Is it wrong for me to wish for him to stop getting closer,
If he's just gonna leave me feeling unloved at the end?

By Aaliya Raza



Pavithra Srinivasan
Founder Focus Study Hub
Australia



I am extremely elated to see the progress of Panache. Panache has not only given a platform to exhibit our literary talents but has also given wings to our confidence. I wish all the very best for Panache. Hearty congratulations, and I am waiting for many more successful years of this beautiful magazine.

3. My life rules are based on love

My life rules are based on love,

Hedonism is below, determination is above.

Nurture your grass by following your own thoughts,

Know your worth, play your part.

I move with pure desires and intentions,

My target deserves all my attention.

I am not enticed by shallow pseudo surfaces,

My heart is nourished to see genuine faces.

Through all universal sources, love ought to be desired,

For Rumi, except love, everything will expire.



**Ms. Amna Ameer
Gondal
Clinical
Psychologist
Islamabad
Pakistan**

4. Journey of that bus



**Mr. Anmol
Srivastava
Vaishali
Bihar**

After finishing the regional science congress trip, we had to return from the capital of Jharkhand, Ranchi, to the capital of Bihar, Patna. We had a lot of fun staying at my maternal uncle's house in Ranchi. Today was the last day, and we had to return to Patna. So, we got ready, said goodbye to our maternal uncle, and reached the station in my aunt's car. We reached the station half an hour early; our train was at 3:30 pm. Before the train's departure, we took some snacks and drinks for the journey from my aunt and had some last words with my younger cousin. Then we set out; our journey had become very long and boring. Yes, this journey through the mountains was not really boring, but the darkness of the night and our tiredness had made it so. While traveling by train, we passed through many stations, but we had no time to sleep. I think we spent this difficult and stressful journey of 7-8 hours sleeping and talking about the trip. Now our train had reached our destination at night. It was 12:30 a.m., and the color drained from my face. I felt like I was withdrawing into myself. I hoped that when I finally went on this trip, it was because of my father's love and sister's scolding; I could never live without them. Maybe the beauty of Ranchi's mountains, environment, and my uncle also pulled me here. I came here with a desire to see my uncle's house. But, what is the use of these things when the bird has pecked the farm? Well, we got off the train and out of the station. As soon as we came out of the station, the first thing that came to our mind was food. Due to the fatigue of the journey and the darkness of the night, we were worried that no dhaba or hotel might be open. But still, we hoped. Later, we saw a small restaurant that was open. We thought to just satisfy our hunger there; this would be our only meal. That's why we decided to stay there. After staying there for some time and having food, we left. Now, we had to go to Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Patna, from there, that is, Bikram Navodaya. There was no means of transport to go to Bikram Navodaya. A bus was sent for us from Patna Navodaya. Many thoughts were coming to my mind about that bus. What would the bus be like? Would it have curtains or not? Which way would its door open? What would be the bus driver and conductor like, etc.? In a way, you can

say that I was imagining. To tell you the truth, it was not my fault. I had traveled by many different good, big, and luxurious buses in my life, so it was natural for me to be worried. I was no longer patient with the restlessness in my mind, but still, looking at the time, it was 1:30 a.m. of the night; I remained a little calm, but I was still thinking about the bus. While sleeping, the bus also arrived. I saw the bus from the outside, and my mind was filled with joy. Many questions floated in my mind; it was just the opposite of what I had imagined. Seeing the bus, I became worried, and my heart sank. I had gathered all my courage and had decided that if I had to go, I would go by another vehicle this time. I will not sit on the bus. I had made up my mind not to board the bus. But then, my father encouraged me and gave me courage. I felt a little excited after listening to Papa's words. I finally boarded the bus. After boarding the bus, there was a struggle of 5-10 minutes to start it because the driver was late. When he came, the bus did not start because it was overloaded. Although looking at the bus from the outside, I felt that it's okay; it'll be fine inside. After thinking, I boarded the bus, but after boarding, I took all these apprehensions away. It was completely confirmed that this was just Bikram Navodaya's way of traveling. The bus must have been young at the time of the first batch, but our conductor and driver must have been much older. They said it was just ten. There were 12 windows; they were broken, but everything else was fine. The door remained slightly open because the latch had broken, due to which the wind blew briefly during the winter season. Everything else was fine on the way; just hiccups while moving. Sometimes it stopped suddenly while moving, and I also fell; everything else was fine because of the bus. Time travelers have to take a little care of themselves so that the map of their mouth and nose does not get spoiled; everything else is fine. Let me tell you the features of this bus. We were going to sleep, listening to them, and I was thinking that after all, I would be fine in this bus. All this was just sleeping; just your colors. Maybe our conductor and driver also felt shy after hearing the driver's praise, and the poor girl's tire got punctured. Only then did we all begin to understand that this was not acceptable to us. After about half an hour, we had to stop somewhere and change the tire and continue the journey. It started again, but we did not know from this beginning which archana hinders even short-distance travel. The bus arrived and was moving slowly, but the bus driver suddenly increased the speed. This was probably just to show off his qualities and did it in front of us to prove his worth, but its result proved to be just the opposite. The door opened due to

the wind and bad luck. I was not sitting on the seat near the bus to Gangaur. It was the season of Pooch, and the night was about to come; the time was cold outside, and the cold set in, and I entered the bus. But when I fell, my entire body, along with my entire head, was just completely opposite to what I was thinking. Seeing this, I started trembling. It was good that Papa was next to me; he was sitting there, he saw my trouble, and he saw me a little. I blew away the blanket, saw my father doing this, and my conductor also felt embarrassed after seeing too much. He repented and tried to stop the king, but his efforts failed, so he picked up a thin towel and placed it near the door. I placed it in front of me, but the towel flew into his face. But after seeing this, the bus driver slowed down, and we got rid of this problem. It was certain that more troubles were waiting for us. This time, the bus had run out of diesel. Now, where should we get diesel this late at night or in the morning? The driver was thinking of giving the books from the DP of the bus. He saw a can of diesel coming out. We took it out and filled the car with petrol. I was surprised, and upon asking, I found out that it is always the case. That's why that petrol can stops like this. We already have this prayer with us, and the bus started again to take us. It had been 4 hours since we left the station, and it was 3:30 in the morning. The bells were ringing, and we were yet to reach our destination, i.e., Bikram Navodaya. We could not reach it, but we hoped we were sure that now there would be no problem with the car, and we would reach our destination. But maybe the car, this was not acceptable to us. After walking for some time, the car started hiccups after about 10-15 minutes. A speed breaker came in our way, and what was the car carrying just now? Look at the speed breaker. The driver should have slowed down the bus, but maybe he knew what would happen next. The reason for the speed and hiccups of the bus is going to be. When the speed breaker came, he hit it with great force, and the glasses of his three daughters' windows were also broken. We went, and so did our backs; then our car stopped, and we found out the engine broke down, and it would take two to three hours to complete. We heard that Bikram Navodaya left six to reach on time, and he became worried after seeing our worries to erase our sins. Antakshari started, and we all started singing, and then satire started, and thus, our bus journey finished.

By Anmol Srivastava

Tha Ono
Trinidad and Tobago



Raise a glass and Cheer

Here's to you, **Panache Magazine**, beacon of
hope and light
Where voices of poets and authors take flight
Within your pages, our words find their place
Touching hearts and souls each passing day

Thank you for the canvas you provide
Where our thoughts and dreams found a place to reside
Through prose and verse, we paint the world in screaming
colours
Every story told, every rhyme that is unfurled

Bringing us together, near and far
Connecting us with the power of art
Embracing our nature, finding solace and grace
Panache gives all a sanctuary in this vast, chaotic space
called life

Each month, for not a year but two,
A treasure trove is found
Words of love that bind and remind
Though we may be worlds apart
Our voices echo together in each other's heart

Here's to you, **Panache Magazine**, we raise our digital quill
Thank you for giving us a place to express our woes and
freedom, again and again,
Through you, we feel the world draw near
In the whispers of love for you that, we hold dear

5. Trust



Ms. Arushi Mishra
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

They say trust is meant to be broken,
One mistake and it's all gone.
How I wish, from this false dream they were awoken,
How I wish they knew they aren't alone.

I know the world is cruel,
And it's hard to trust a soul.
But there are still people who trust you,
So don't be the reason to prove them wrong.

In this vicious world, their hope still flickers,
As they trust you, and deep down, you know.
They will fight against the world with fiery passion,
So don't push them away, keep them close.

And let them know, that when they need you,
Within seconds you'll be by their side.
Even though it's hard to trust this dying humanity,
You will help them keep it alive.

6. Invisible Energies



Mr. Binod Dawadi
Teacher and writer
Kathmandu
Nepal

The power comes,
It signals to me to
do various things.
It shows me my future;
it tells me that the world
I am living in is false
and knows your strength
as well as your powers.

Go far away to get
enlightenment, they threaten me.
In my dreams,
I have no money with me.
Where can I go to
escape from this?
I don't know.
What is this? I have no idea.



**Chinwendu Chinonyerem Emmanuel
Nigeria.**

I'm very much happy to be part of this noble family. This family has been a helping hand to me especially in developing and implementing academics. I'm from Nigeria and can testify to the growth of the group. Happy Two Years Anniversary.



Leonard Maero W Kitale, Kenya.

Happy second anniversary [Panache International magazine](#). It has been a great journey. I would like to express my sincere gratitude for giving me an opportunity like many writers around the globe to have my work get published in this epic magazine.

7. VIVEK IS SOLD



Dr. Bobby Narayan
Writer
New Delhi

Mr. Bidhan Dhar, after coming from the office, waited in front of the door of his flat and rang the doorbell. His wife, Mrs. Sujata Dhar, opened two doors, one wooden one from inside and the other the iron door. She smiled and said, 'You have come'.

She prepared tea and placed the tea-tray on the tea table. After changing dress and washing himself, he came to the sofa. Both were enjoying the evening tea. Then a message flashed in his phone: 'Good news, Vivek is sold'.

The number was unknown. He showed the message to Mrs. Sujata.

-What is this? What does this mean?

-I don't know. Let me redial the number... The number is switched off.

He tried it with her mobile phone, but it was switched off. Both were nervous.

Vivek, their only son, had just left to attend a conference in Mumbai.

-Where are you? ... Call Vivek... Mrs. Sujata cried.

Mr. Bidhan hurriedly dialed his son. The ringtone attracted towards his room under the pillow. Hue and cry started in the flat. But the neighbors were unaware.

-He had left his phone. Mr. Bidhan said picking up the phone... And then began to investigate.

-Now? It's his first journey. Cried out Sujata.

But the phone blackened. The night was going towards its ultimate peak.

-Why don't you call the police? Who is this girl? Sujata asked.

-Now sleep. Tomorrow we will act.

No food was cooked.

Early in the morning, Mr. Bidhan rang his boss for leave. The boss outrightly rejected the request, 'I am out of the country, so you will have to report the minister. Forget about family problems.'

Mr. Bidhan boarded the chartered bus. He was, Additional Director General, second-in-charge in his office. Whole day he rang: the police, the GMs of railways, RPF, his relatives. Mrs. Sujata also dialed her close relatives. Every time narrating the same incident.

After coming from office, at the advice of his close friends and relatives, Mr. Bidhan

and his wife went to the Police station. The police said angrily, 'What does it mean 'Vivek is sold'? Who will sell him? He is an educated person. However, we will trace the number of the sender.'

There was no sleep the previous day. Mr. Bidhan slept on the sofa and Mrs. Sujata on the floor...

Just an hour before dawn, Mrs. Sujata screamed. Mr. Bidhan woke up.

-What happened?

-Goddess Kali came to my dream.

-What did she say?

-'Pattha Boli' i.e., To sacrifice he-goat.

-Anything else?

-I prayed before her. I said, 'Maa, please return my son, I will sacrifice the goat. But she said, 'No, first sacrifice! Then other demands.'

Without thinking, Mr. Bidhan went out in kachcha and baniyan in search of a goat. Sujata ran behind him with a shirt and pants. Some neighbors peeped through the balcony. He then booked UBER. The driver asked, 'Sir, where do you want to go?' Mr. Bidhan said, 'To find a goat.'

-But where?

-I don't know. Wherever a goat is found, we will stop there.

The driver refused.

Mr. Bidhan came out of Kendriya Vihar and came to a vegetable vendor and asked him about the availability of goats in nearby areas.

The vendor said, 'Only the Muslims rear the goats in this state. Nowadays, it's rare. You can meet Moin Qureshi.'

-Where will I get him?

-Mathura. About 140 kms.

Mr. Bidhan began walking.

Mrs. Sujata narrated the incident to all the contacts, and everyone advised her. Some said good omen, some bad.

Her younger sister, Reena, arrived as soon as she got the news. Her elder sisters arrived late in the evening. All began to mourn but no concrete solution could be arrived at.

-Who is this girl? His girlfriend?... Her sisters enquired. 'Where is Bidhan?'

Mrs. Sujata had no answer. Her gloomy expression narrated the rest.

But the problem arose when Qureshi told him that all the goats had been sold during Bakrid. Meat had been banned in the state. Mr. Bidhan came back without success but let the contact number with Qureshi.

Mr. Bidhan rang his brother, Pannalal in Assam, who assured him to deliver at least two goats by the next day's flight. His cousin, Tushar from Durgapur, also assured him to send at least two. Another cousin working in Railways booked all the goods train to deliver goats in NOIDA.

Next day, his maternal cousins, Binit and Bijon, also arrived at his residence. They also shared their views and promised to arrange the best of the goats by the next day.

Mrs. Sujata and her sisters went to meet Thakurda, the family priest. Mr. Bidhan remained at home enquiring about the goats. His coughing became serious.

Coming back, Mrs. Sujata stared at him, 'Any progress?'. 'Not yet' he replied sadly. Without entering the flat, she said, 'We are going meet our eldest Didi. Come with us.'

Her eldest Didi was experienced in this regard. She had been sacrificing for the last 50 years. 'She can guide us' all nodded. Two taxis went out, but Didi was not there; she had already proceeded for pilgrimage.

They came back home. Then continuous phone calls showered. Everyone had a different query.

-Dada, will it be a black goat or a white one?

-Sir, Goat should have beard, or it should be without it?

-Mr. Bidhan, shall I bring he-goat or she-goat?

-Janab, do you require a young one or an old one?

He had no answer. He forwarded the questions to her. She said, 'Maa didn't say thing about this.'

Others asked Sujata to take a bath in cold water and offer a prayer. She was then made to sleep forcefully even during daytime till she got the answer. The failure in the first two days made the sisters think of an alternative plan. They asked Mr. Bidhan to sleep with her in the same position, sleep till Goddess again confirms.

But the Goddess didn't appear. The priest heard and said, 'This is a bad omen. Maa has become angry.'

After two days, Binit and Bijon brought a dozen goats, driving their small truck

from Rajasthan to Kendriya Vihar. Some good-hearted people of Kendriya Vihar also brought goats. All acquaintances, from all over the country brought various types of goats like Mecheri, Chennai red, Ramanadhapuram white, Keezhakaraisal, Vembur, Neelagiri, Trichy black, Coimbatore, Deccani, Nellore, Mandya, Marwari, Gaddi which Mr. Bidhan had ever heard of.

Next day, some gathered to collect payment: Rs. 8500 to Rs. 16000/- each. An amount of Rs. 12 Lakhs was distributed. Tushar, the engineer, sent two donkeys. Maybe he couldn't differentiate between a goat and a donkey.

Some residents of Kendriya Vihar objected for making the compound messy and noisy and lodged a complaint to RWA President. Soon PETA activists gathered and shouted slogan. Later, the police party arrived and asked Mr. Bidhan to come to thana. But before he could board the van, a local MLA arrived and intervened. The police went away. The MLA made arrangement and the event was converted to 'Goat Mela' on the Gandhi Maidan. A huge board was hung. Banners were placed. Sitting arrangement for 500 people and behind the screens, the cooks were engaged for preparing prasad.

A group of professionals from NGOs who shared a dream to work on a people-centric model of development in areas of health, education, gender, community development and social welfare, also gathered. Inspired by Gandhian ideals of 'Sewa' i.e. selfless service, NGOs' mission to work as 'agent of change' to support and empower the poor and the marginalized were highlighted.

Mr. Bidhan was asked to deliver a lecture on 'Goat Economy' the next day. He didn't sleep but began to prepare the lecture. Reena and her husband also contributed.

Reena opined, 'In rural India, livestock farming is the main economic activity and a key component of the rural economy.'

Her husband said: To augment their income, the majority of socio-economically weaker rural families keep various types of livestock. Women, landless agricultural workers, and small-scale farmers rear two to three goats to augment their income.

Mr. Bidhan asked, 'Does it offer farmers and the needy an alternate source of income throughout the year and serves as insurance against crop failure?'

After taking the views of all, the lecture was prepared.

Mr. Bidhan proudly said, 'During my school days, I had reared goats all day and even cows without going to school' and he recited self-composed poems before the huge gathering at Gandhi Maidan. After his lecture, there started bhajan and kirtan.

The idol of Maa Kali was placed far away from the venue of 'Goat Mela'. People began to gather and pay homage. Mr. Bidhan felt very proud of being President of the event and involved himself totally. RWA President was feeling sad for being ignored but participated in it.

The priest convened a meeting with the MLA, police and the President. He said, 'Tomorrow is Amavasya. It's the pious Tithi and we should not miss. All we need is to keep the hooters and rowdies away. Better make arrangement for them like organising film show. Keep them busy in entertainment.' The MLA assured, 'Everything will be alright'.

Mr. Bidhan went home to sleep. But was struggling as a larger burden had been imposed upon his shoulder. After drowsiness, he finally slept. In his dream, various thoughts came in. The manager of Al-Noor Goat Firm approached him and asked Mr. Bidhan to sell the remaining goats. But a radical group protested. We won't tolerate bloodshed. Mr. Bidhan became afraid in his sleep. He woke up. He again took a nap.

His Ex-girlfriend came in his dream where time danced to their tune. Two souls entwined, under the same moon. Hand in hand, they wandered through life's maze. Through seasons of bloom and autumn's embrace, they found solace in each other's grace. In whispered secrets and shared dreams, they built a heaven where love gleamed. In quiet moments and raucous cheer, they found joy in being nearby. Suddenly, Maa Kali appeared in his dream. He apologized again and again. 'Maa, please pardon me. I got deviated. I am your son. You are my mother. I will never dream of my Ex.' Maa Kali disappeared.

Next day, He rang his Mama and talked a marathon talk. Mama assured him to find a probable solution. Mama began to refer dictionaries and books to find a solution for his sister's son and reached Kendriya Vihar with a bag full of wisdom.

Binit was offended as he didn't get payment while Bijon was neutral. Pannalal boarded the entire airline but didn't get payment from his elder brother and complained to his Mama. Mama checked his bank balance and decided to keep quiet.

Everyone, one by one, greeted Mama and then gathered at the puja pandal. The family tree, as seemed smaller units, turned into a community. All met each other after almost decades.

The eldest Didi looking at Mr. Bidhan said, 'Which goat has been finalized? Has Naamkaran been done?'

Binit asked, 'Whose Naamkaran?'. Didi angrily said,
-Don't you know, before sacrifice, all the sacrificial animals have to be named?
-I have never heard so.

A messenger from priest came and said, 'The goat has been selected and it has even been named.' Didi became furious and asked the priest, 'What name have you kept?'

The priest laughingly said, 'Vivek'

-How can you name it Vivek? ... Didi became furious and was about to eat him up.
-Someone said that 'Vivek' is the core issue of the event. That's why the costliest goat is named Vivek. The Tilak ceremony has also been conducted.

Mr. Bidhan looked at his Mama and said, 'Mama, now you say, how to rectify this wrong.'

Mama calmly gossiped in the ears of the priest. The priest then declared, 'Renaming Ceremony is about to start. Please calm down.'

Mr. Bidhan smiled at his Mama and said, 'Mama, you are really an Intellectual person. I feel proud of you.'

The priest shouted, 'Whosoever has dreamt of the Maa, please come.'

Mrs. Sujata, dressed in Lalpede Sari, sat by the side of the priest. After sprinkling Ganga-water over the audience, he asked her, 'Did Maa tell anything about the name of the goat?'

She said, 'No. Maa wasn't even willing to talk to me.'

-Goddess Kali will be happy if we offer her blood of black goat. With this, the vices i.e. anger, lust, attachment, jealousy etc. all will go away.

Then suddenly, there entered a dozen of police. All the people got frightened. The priest began to run but was stopped. The DSP went to Mr. Bidhan and said, 'Here is your son and that is the girl, Tanisha.'

Mr. Bidhan embraced his son. Mrs. Sujata came running and hugged him. Tanisha stood silent.

After few minutes, Mr. Bidhan asked Tanisha, 'Why did you send the message: Vivek is sold?'

Tanisha said, 'You have misinterpreted the words. It's the painting, wherein I sketched his face, it was sold at forty thousand.'

Mr. Bidhan felt ashamed. But said, 'All is well that's ends well. Let's have some sweets.'

Pannalal shouted: When will the sacrifice go on? It's going to be 12. Just 20 minutes left.

The priest shouted: Bring the sword.

But no sword was found. No one bothered about it.

Moin Qureshi said, 'Instead of Jhatka, you can go for Halal.'

Everyone present, looked at him with jaundiced eyes.

Mr. Bidhan said, 'Who went out for sword?'

Time was moving fast, and the must to do 'Pattha Boli' at right midnight will go in vain. Binit moved towards the 'scapegoat' which was chewing grass and pulled away two garlands and handed over to Tanisha and Vivek and asked them to exchange them. The Priest went through the 'Saat Phere'. Parents of both sides remained silent and inert on the ongoing event.

The guests were busy with the food. No one protested, none bothered. After the ceremony, Mr. Bidhan said, 'Let's go'. But Tanisha's father said, 'Both the bride and groom will accompany us.'

A little bit of tussle was seen. The matter was referred to Mama, the most learned man. Mama asked all to calm down and then said, 'Let us ask the groom, what he says.'

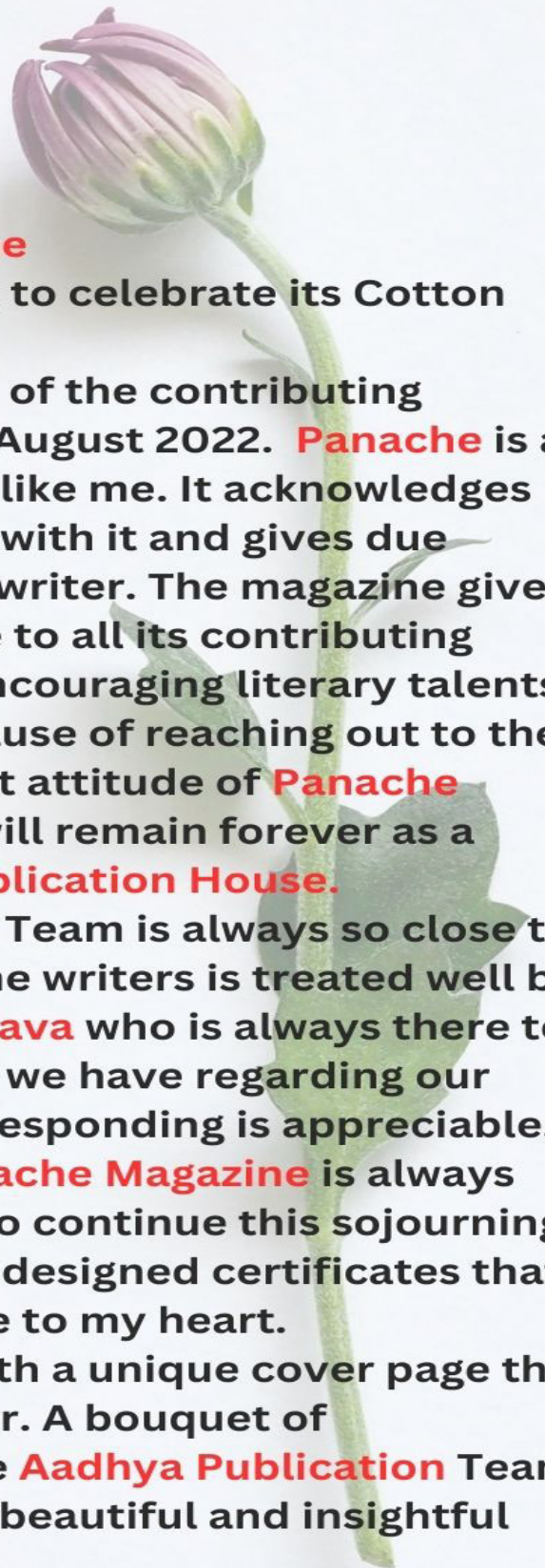
Vivek (stammering) said, 'What's the loss if we go to her house? Tomorrow we will come back.'

Mr. Bidhan looking at Mrs. Sujata said, 'Vivek is sold. He is no longer our son.'

By Bobby Narayan



Usha Krishnan
Life Coach, Educationist & NLP Coach
New Delhi



Happy Cotton Anniversary dear Panache

It is great to know that Panache is going to celebrate its Cotton Anniversary.

I have been fortunate enough to be one of the contributing authors of **Panache** since the month of August 2022. **Panache** is a promising platform for budding writers like me. It acknowledges the creativity of each writer associated with it and gives due respect to each one's individuality as a writer. The magazine gives a wide spectrum of exposure worldwide to all its contributing writers. This magazine is not only for encouraging literary talents but also marches forward for a noble cause of reaching out to the have-nots in society. This philanthropist attitude of **Panache Magazine** is a commendable step that will remain forever as a golden feather in the cap of **Aadhya Publication House**.

Teaming up with the Panache Magazine Team is always so close to heart because of the way each one of the writers is treated well by the **Chief Editor Mrs. Akanksha Shrivastava** who is always there to hear from us in case of any clarification we have regarding our entries for the magazine. Her agility in responding is appreciable.

My literary journey so far with The **Panache Magazine** is always amazing to remember and I would like to continue this sojourning with it in the future too. The artistically designed certificates that were provided by them are also so close to my heart.

Each edition of **Panache** comes to us with a unique cover page that is aesthetically captivating to the reader. A bouquet of congratulations to every member of the **Aadhya Publication** Team who is behind the sculpturing of such a beautiful and insightful magazine.

Happy Second Anniversary wishes to you dear **Panache Magazine** and wish you many more happy returns of this special day!!

8. ROLES OF LANGUAGE IN GOOD LEADERSHIP



**Mr. Chinwendu
Chinonyerem
Emmanuel
Author, Teacher
Aba
Nigeria**

Language is a purely human and non-instinctive method of communicating ideas, emotions, and desires by means of voluntarily produced symbols (Sapir 1921). Language is a system of arbitrary vocal symbols used for human communication.

The concept of "good leadership" can be defined as a good system of government, good governance, or the effective exercise of formal authority conferred on an individual. Good leadership refers to the management of human, natural, economic, and financial resources for the purpose of equitable and sustainable development within a political and institutional environment.

The power of verbal communication in a political community underlies the connectivity between language, culture, and society, and the way in which language contributes to society cannot be overemphasized. Language helps the members of a society to transmit their ideas, share knowledge, and influence one another in order to achieve communicative goals.

Language plays an important role in political campaigns, as candidates communicate messages to various constituencies which the people receive and interpret. The ability of the electorate to interpret the intentions of politicians and respond appropriately is a result of effective use of language. Political thoughts and ideologies can only be expressed and further translated into social actions for social change and social continuity through the facilities provided by language.

Political interactions also require language structures, and political talks play a vital role in shaping and transforming political ideas into reality. Language also plays social roles, especially in serving as a tool to mobilize people to support political candidates.

Language functions can be classified into four categories: Cognitive (related to learners' intellectual development), Instrumental (related to the use of language for material purposes), Integrative (related to group membership), and Cultural (related to cultural appreciation and understanding). Additionally, language may be used as a political and social element in the process of building and maintaining a nation, serving as an essential element of national identity.

Good leadership creates an inspiring vision of the future, motivates and inspires people to engage with that vision, coaches, and builds a team so that it is more effective at achieving the vision.

Nation-building aims at the unification of the people within the state so that it remains politically stable and viable in the long run. According to Harns Mylonas, legitimate authority in modern national states is connected to popular rule, to majorities. Nation-building is the process through which these majorities are constructed.

Language has played a significant role in the rise and fall of civilizations. Language presents humankind with a variety of possibilities - since language is the portrait of human thoughts, it reflects the quality of thought generated in a society. Training in language, therefore, enables an individual to express his thoughts in the most eloquent way. But a person has to learn to think before learning to express. The skill of driving has to accompany the ability to know or remember directions. Without the ability to navigate, even a good driver will be lost.

The selection of language tools used to express thought reflects the priorities of a person or, for that matter, a nation. The way language is acquired and then used can make a tremendous difference in the success (or failure) of a person or nation. The quality and quantity of language are barometers of the intellectual health of the people.

How can language enhance good leadership?

Many organizations recognize that conducting business in a common language is a good policy for reducing misunderstandings. However, fewer organizations

recognize that global leadership skills reach far beyond a leader's ability to speak that language. Speaking more than one language enhances leadership skills by expanding the way they are perceived by their audience.

The more leaders learn different ways to communicate, the more they also learn how to empathize and get the most out of their very valuable multilingual and multicultural teams. They become equipped to be global leaders.

There are two types of language skills, each having its own specific role to play in society. The growth of a society depends on the importance given to each one of them. The first type is BICS (Basic Interpersonal Communication Skills). This is our ability to interact with others in society. Many forms of language that concern human relations fall under this category.

BICS can be in the form of verbal dialogue or written text. In both its forms, BICS concerns human feelings, social and religious arguments, and entertainment. Political and religious rhetoric fall under this category, and much of BICS is done to leave a lasting impression on the listener or the reader - it is a tool used to arouse feelings in humans, convincing them to take up a certain task. Part of BICS is simply entertainment. The time humans spend in leisure or to relax engages BICS, and the forms of BICS used in such situations can be poetry, drama, theater, or discussions.

The other type of language used to express human thoughts is CALP (Cognitive Academic Language Proficiency). Whereas BICS concerns human emotions and social issues, CALP is the language of science. CALP is used by the scientific community to produce and share research. It is used to read, analyze, and generate scientific papers. CALP deals with natural phenomena, discoveries, and issues of scientific importance. It is used in research reports, dissertations, and theses. CALP is less concerned with emotional appeals and rhetoric. The words used in CALP may not evoke emotions or entertain us but have accurate scientific references. Since CALP mostly deals with data, facts, and figures, it lacks the beauty of Shakespeare or the imagery of Mirza Ghalib. Humans must possess a balance between the two types. Without BICS, human life can be dry and boring. A society may lack color, warmth, and movement if there is no BICS.

Human relationships as well as national identity are kept strong with the help of BICS. On the other hand, CALP is needed to make scientific advancements. A society lacking CALP starts to fall behind in the league of Nations. Lack of CALP leads to a lack of scientific knowledge and discoveries, creating a severe handicap for a society.

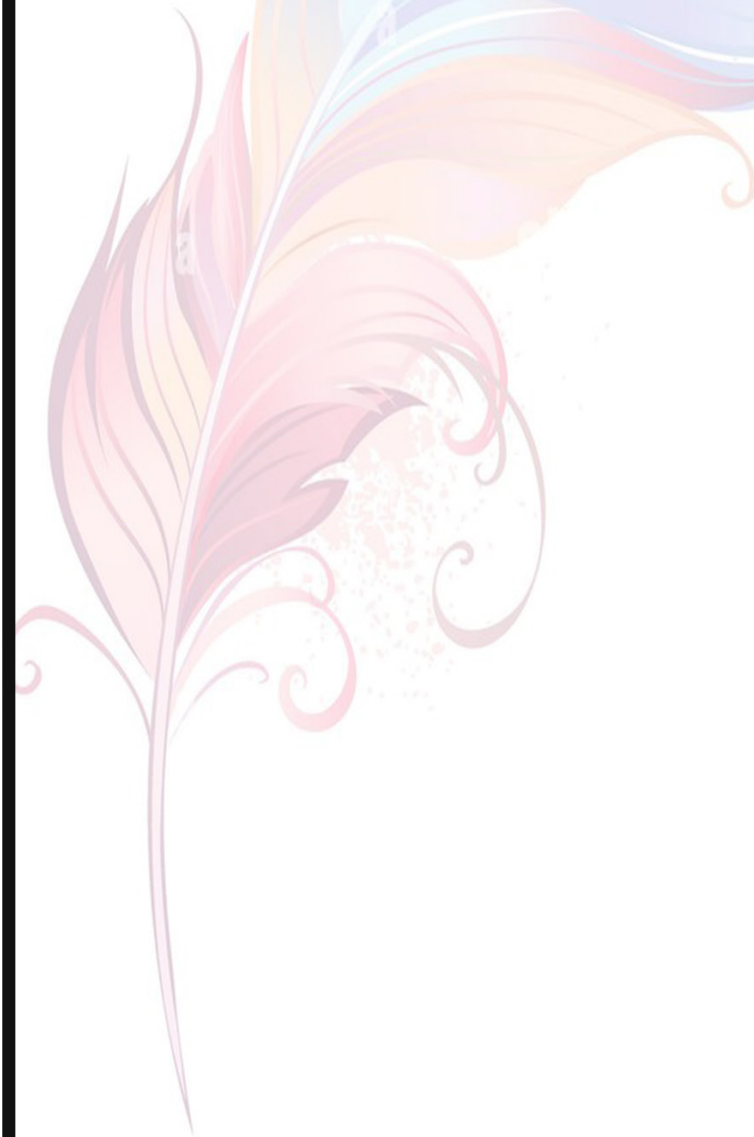
At the individual level, we can find people who had little of CALP yet they made a name for themselves due to their BICS. For example, a person might be able to make people laugh or cry, motivate a group of people to sacrifice their lives for a cause that is dear to the orator, but may have a poor ability to make sense of any kind of scientific knowledge. Similarly, there have been plenty of eminent scientists who made long strides in their own field of science but had little or no BICS. Many scientists are considered dry with hardly any love for poetry but they were excellent at making sense of scientific knowledge.

Now, to understand the role of CALP in the development of this scientific genius, let's quote from the first paragraph of the second chapter: "As a child, he (Newton) showed considerable mechanical aptitude and was very clever with his hands. Although a bright child, he was very inattentive in school and did not attract much attention. When he was a teenager, his mother took him out of the school, hoping that he would become a successful farmer. Fortunately, she was persuaded that his principal talents lay elsewhere, and at eighteen, he entered Cambridge University. There he rapidly absorbed what was then known of science and mathematics and then moved on to his own independent research." From this, we can see that due to his lack of BICS, even his mother considered him a poor student who could only be a good farmer. Fortunately, in 17th-century England, there were people who realized that poor BICS does not mean a mental handicap, and thus Newton's mother was persuaded to let Newton continue with his education. We see that once at Cambridge University, Newton, who severely lacked BICS, absorbed all the scientific and mathematical knowledge of that time, using his CALP. Secondly, teachers should remember what Leonard Vine has said: "Everything in the universe is linked with everything else in the universe." And that goes for science and language as well. Teachers should bring language into science and science into language. While teaching how to write an autobiography in a language class, teachers can suggest students

to write the autobiography of a raindrop, thus introducing children to the water cycle. Similarly, while teaching children the parts of a plant, teachers can suggest students try writing a letter as a plant to a fish, telling her all about the parts of a plant.

To change this situation, teachers must realize that primary classes are not about acquiring the typical knowledge at all. Education until age 11 is all about, in the words of Stephen Covey, sharpening the saw. These critical years must be spent on developing BICS and CALP.

By Chinwendu Chinonyerem Emmanuel



9. Vote for Bright Future



**Dr. Chitranjan
Dayal Singh
Kaushal
Director of Sanskrit
cell, Haryana
Sahitya Evam
Sanskriti Akademi,
Panchkula
Haryana**

Bharat is a land of Vedic culture and democratic values. Democracy means a government of the people, for the people and by the people. People vote for their honest leaders to make their future bright. Selected leaders make plans to provide good health and education to the citizens of the country. To provide employment to every hand is the need of the hour. Overall development of every individual is the prime duty of the government. We should understand the importance of voting. Voting is a fundamental aspect of democracy, and it's essential that we all participate in the process.

One thing to consider is voting patterns. By analyzing how people vote, we can gain insight into what policies and issues matter most to the public. This information can help shape future legislation and government programs.

Demographic information is also important when it comes to voting. Understanding how different groups of people vote can help us identify disparities and work towards creating a more equitable society.

It's crucial that everyone participates in the voting process, including youth and women. Historically, these groups have been underrepresented in politics, but their voices are just as important as anyone else's. By getting involved and casting your vote, you can help ensure that your values and beliefs are represented in government.

Voting is an essential part of our democracy. It allows us to have a say in how our country is run and ensures that our voices are heard. So make sure you get out there and vote. Your participation matters more than you may realize. It's really important to all of us to relish voting for a bright future. As citizens of a democratic country, it's our first and foremost duty to exercise our right to vote. By doing so, we have the power to shape the future of our country and create a

better Bharat for future generations. When we vote, we are not just casting a ballot, we are also contributing to the growth and development of Bharat. We choose leaders who will work towards creating employment and job opportunities after proper skill improvement. Honest and intelligent leaders will work for improving infrastructure and making our lives better in every way possible.

It is our utmost desire to make our country at the top. We are proud of our bright past. Professor Fredrick Max Muller wrote about India with all praise in his famous book "What India Can Teach Us".

"If I were asked under what sky human mind has fully developed some of its choicest gift and has deeply pondered on the greatest problems of life and has found solutions of some of those which well deserve the attention of even those who have studied Plato and Kant, I shall point out to India."

Victory of those forces is a must which approves the old glory of Bharat and is ready to accept modern scientific progress in all fields. German philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer studied Upanishads and was so impressed that he started dancing keeping the Upanishads on his head. He expressed his happiness in the following way.

"The divine ideas thrill our souls to the very depth. Each verse has a unique and enlightening idea creating an aura of the Indian atmosphere, it seems that these are our own ideas as that of our forefathers. The centuries old Jewish dogmas are washed in a moment by mere touch of these ideas. There is no study so beneficial and as elevating as that of Upanishads are. They are the solace of my life and will be the solace of my death."

The world needs this light of Bharat for the bright future of the world. Vedic philosophy of Datta, Dayadhvam and Damayata will make Shantih Shantih Shantih everywhere.

To conclude, I would like to emphasize that voting for the bright future is very necessary. Even a single vote can change the whole history. With full enthusiasm we should make this grand show of democracy a grand success.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal



Dr Jailaxmi R Vinayak

'Panache' has been very dear to me. I have been regularly contributing to the **International magazine 'Panache'** and I look forward to write every month. It's an amazing platform for all the budding writers to display their talent and prowess. The whole Aadhya Team is very supportive and diligent. I feel privileged, fortunate and obliged to be gainfully connected to **'Panache'** team and its **Chief Editor Akanksha Shrivastava**, a talented and highly accomplished persona. I wish her all the best in all her future endeavours.
With warm regards,



10. In Your Absence

Oh, my adored, where are you? Why are you not there with me in my hardship? I am searching for you in the gray shades of my lifespan. I know you may have nothing left in your heart for me, but you loved me in the past. I know you are not deceitful, and you have nothing in your heart, as I am laboring in that dwelling till the depths of my being. Still, I reminisce your assurances of always being there with me, whether I desire you or not. You are the only one with whom I find solace and strong protection from the ills of the world in every aspect. My dear, you know that my heart belongs to you, and I am unable to live without you. You are my entire world, and my senses turn towards you when it comes to seeing something invaluable. You understand my tastes and never wanted to make them soggy. I remember the way you expressed your love to me. I felt as if my world was resting peacefully, and I was about to perish with contentment. I always feel a strong connection between us, and I believe it signifies something for our love and life. I long for you to be there with me throughout my entire life. I don't just love you; I feel you, there beside me through all the hardships. Please come, I long to rest in your arms eternally. Please come, I long to love you endlessly.



Ms. Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

11. “Unraveling the Inner Maze: Navigating Emotions, Seeking Solace”



Ms. Esha Fatima
(MindScribe)
Student, Teacher,
Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

Exploring tangled emotions is like starting on a winding path; understanding their origins can feel like solving a puzzle.

Feeling overwhelmed is tough; sometimes, it's hard to figure out why.

I don't understand why I'm losing interest in things I used to love.

Why am I feeling lazy or burdened all the time?

Why does everything seem to bother me lately? Sometimes, I brush off big problems to avoid stress, but small things can hit me hard, leaving me in tears and feeling lost.

There are days when I'm curious about everything, but then I can't seem to care about anything at all.

I find myself lying on the couch, lost in my thoughts, sometimes blank, sometimes trapped in endless loops of worry and pain.

I used to be outgoing, known as the friendly extrovert who cared deeply for others, whether it's my loved ones or strangers. My heart is always there, ready to offer kindness and love.

But now,
I crave peace and distance from everyone.

During the day, I smile and laugh,
but inside, I'm battling unseen struggles.
When I'm alone, the mask slips,
revealing the heavy burden I carry,

suffocating me in silence.

And when I can't hold it in any longer, I start crying,
tears streaming down my face
as I plead with Allah, searching for answers,
seeking solace in the midst of my inner turmoil.

"O Allah! Help me to get rid of all these thoughts, grant me the strength to overcome these struggles."

By Esha Fatima (MindScribe)



Phillips Tayo
Writer/Content Enthusiast
Lagos State, Nigeria

Hurray...[Panache](#) Is 2yrs Giant Wordsmith Journal.

***My first encounter was through the phone contact DM in a post calling for submission from poets for publication in an international literary magazine. I checked through the names intonation-[Akanksha Shrivastava](#) and my guess was right...India. Out of curiosity, I copied and say hi on whatsapp. One thing that can be sure about is maybe they have done some monthly e-magazine before I joined. However, my first poem (forgotten the title) was published. The ease of relativity and group update from her as the group admin makes you feel reassured of her positive mien.**

***One recurring from my end is the inability to access gmail related tools e.g Google form which must be filled with certain info even after our submission in our whatsapp group. I am one of the beneficiaries of her warm bighearted and commitment. Till date, my poems are submitted and copied from whatsapp. She will even ask for my regular personal details.**

To cut the story short, [Panache Literary magazine](#) has filled void of expressionless for striking minds like mine and I believe a host of others who always something to write about. In that instance, our thoughts would have end up in a notebook or diary but a platform like hers have give us an edge to stand and write. Writing is like speaking but it is through our cognitive feelings we express our thoughts.

On behalf of we, NAIJA literary giants in the house starting from our able editorial board member & brother, **Mr Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju and Mr Nhamo Muchagumisa** & my fellow Africa brothers and sisters who been published before and those in the future...we are grateful .

Hello, may his new age of existence be the leap ladder of greater heights and continuous growth. You have make a social service rather than business of paying for publication. May your God be your strength and power.

***Don't forget my book manuscript with you for publication because I want it release under your publishing house.**

***Congratulation and more leaps to reach. For we the writers, let continue to submit ...share the good news and support the editorial team.**

Panache will soon move from a magazine to a unflinching social movement in which people of diverse tribes, cultures and customs meet unified by literary thought.

As a matter of bragging, I am a proud winner of the top 3 poems last year.

Up **Panache**...May the Pen never dry!

12. Statues



Ms. Gargi Saha
Teacher
Varanasi
Uttar Pradesh

Black stone, concrete, figured,
Made to be eternal,
Never to fade from memories.
Flowered, garlanded, revered,
Prayers, kowtow, holidays,
And aeons later, nets of dust linger.
Walled, cracked, disfigured,
None have time to stand and stare,
Repay their quintessence
Of noblest opus,
And emit a bleat of wrath.
Tittle, tattle, zing, slur,
If such honorable honor to bigwigs,
Then what respect does one bear for ordinary laymen?
And do their existences need contributions?
Do we really need statues
To mark the birth of a mogul
Or sow the seeds of benevolence, altruism, gratitude in minds
For one and all,
Men,
In general,
And for the particular?

13. Mind Set

Sky is the limit of success.
Success needs hard work.

Work is worship.
Worship expects devotion.

Devotion opens the path of progress.
Progress is the beginning of prosperity.

Prosperity leads to good fortune.
Fortune favors the brave.

Brave persons create history.
History consists of historical facts.

Facts sometimes become reality.
Reality is corroborated by truth.

Truth ultimately wins.
Wins pave the way to positivity.

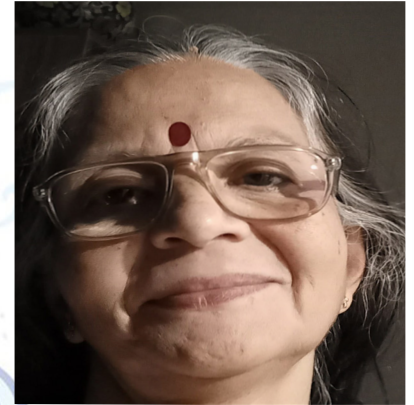
Positivity helps us achieve the goals.
Goals need concentration.

Concentration needs special "Mind Set".



**Mr. Girish Chandra
Upadhyay**
Legal profession
**(Advocate High
Court)**
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh

14. A FLIGHTLESS BIRD



**Ms. Gowri
Ramachandran
Retd Educator,
Author
Chennai**

A flightless bird am I,
Deprived of wings to fly,
To soar the azure skies...
Each feather plucked meticulously out,
Leaving a deep pain
And a permanent scar,
To remain forever.

The physical hurt is inconsequential,
The mental agony traumatizing,
The emotional bashing unbearable.
Oh! Those sweet gestures,
That petting and cajoling,
Before each feather was plucked out!

Today, I stand alone,
In my gilded cage.
My body all scarred,
My soul destroyed,
Unable to sing.
For the painful notes
Are not for happy ears.

Does the Creator know my pain?
Will He put my wings back?
Will I fly again and soar the skies?
Will I sing those happy notes?

My life, an empty cage,
My body, full of sores,
My crime, I do not know!
There are sadists galore,
Whose black hearts gladden

To watch my sorrow
And my invisible tears.

But I do pray and hope
That one day, my wings will grow,
To fly and soar the skies
And sing full-throated, happy notes!



**Mrs. Sindhu Rana
Jalandhar, Punjab**

Happy to know that **Panache is going to turn two years old!**

What a beautiful journey it has been!

Hard work and dedication has brought it so far.

I am overwhelmed by **Chief Editor , **Akankshaji's** keen interest , support , insights and faith that she puts in for all the writers .**

The bond is such that we feel like a family.

Wishing that this family tree grows and branches out in different directions...

reaching out to and touching lives of many.

Let us continue to contribute positive, constructive and quality work through our pens !

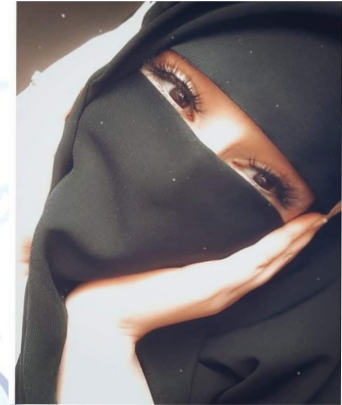
Panache offers and encourages gud writers, budding writers n promising writers an amazing platform !

Hoping to celebrate many more joyous , meaningful and fun - filled years with this Publishing House !

Love ,Greetings , Best wishes and Blessings to all!!

Happy Celebrations dear **Panache !!**

15. Little talks



Do little talks matter in a smooth-going?
They do in knowing more:
Likes, dislikes, hobbies, favorites,
Griefs, joys.
They do in making sense about
a person's psychology:
Area of interest, mood swings.
They do end up grudges,
pending for years.
They light up the heart;
Some points need only to be discussed.
They bridge the generation gap,
dropping the hindrance wall of shyness, distance, and strictness.
Light conversations lead to lifelong friendships.
They strengthen the parent-child bond;
Parents get to know more
when the child starts sharing trivial things.
They do in saving relations.
Oh, you so-called Introvert!
You are losing relations by suppressing your heart to speak.
Silence engulfs mental peace,
overthinking, depression, low self-esteem,
all because of suppression.
Say where needed, say to heal your heart.
Start speaking, stop misanthropy.

**Ms. Humaira
Noreen
Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan**

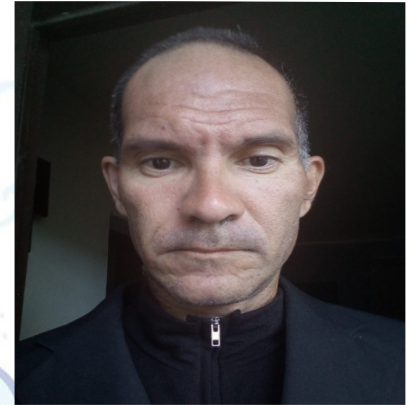
16. Hands



**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak**
Poet, writer, singer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

When I look at my hands,
How much I have toiled,
By way of writing so much,
Pages after pages,
Day, night, and morning,
Only because it gives me immense pleasure.
How much and how many times
I have caressed chubby cheeks of kiddos,
Showering my overwhelming love
Upon them,
As I am a children lover.
How many menial tasks performed upon me;
Many times nursed patients with these hands,
Gifted to me by the Lord
Rightfully to help others.
Now fallen in love with them,
My hands;
They hold the past, present, and
The untold future
Written in their crisscross lines,
Portending my future weather.

17. Bliss of a kiss



Dr. Jose Luis Lopez
Puerto Rico

I see a delightful meaty mouth
where I know it's all mine, to me a dig on.
I can't wait to taste the flavor; it's salty.
My mouth is watery to feel those lips.
I'm totally hot for the pleasure of you.
Don't be shy! Don't be scared!
I'm yours wherever you are, whenever we want.

I can't wait to let myself inside that mouth.
And you allowed me because we are mine.
And sure, I'm yours; I let you invade me.
I want to devour all of that exquisite body.
You are welcome to conquer all the pleasure you want.
Don't be mad! Don't be a stranger!
We are all together because we have one all the time.

Bliss of a kiss!
This won't be a miss.
Bliss of a kiss!
Our fire consumed the passion.
Bliss of a kiss!
I'm endlessly in love with him!



**B. C. Pandey, Associate Professor, English,
Munger Univ., Bihar.**

Panache is a wonderful international platform for sharing creativity. I bestow my congratulations to the editor for this innovative and sincere effort to help the advancement of literature.

It is a matter of pride to be a companion in the creative journey of **Panache**.

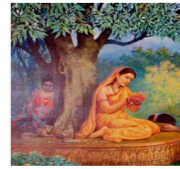


**Girish Chandra Upadhyaye,
Law Professional, Prayagraj**

Congratulations.

"**Panache**" has maintained its standard right from the first issue. The positive endeavors of the Chief Editor "**Akanksha Shrivastava**" have made the magazine "**Panache**" internationally famous. The fragrance of the magazine is widely spread on global level.

18. Time of Turmoil



Mr. Kailash Rana
Ph.D Scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand

Now a days in India there is tug of war as Lok Sabha election is next to the door, this time 400 + is the target and a storm is there, again our nation is right on the top of a great transformation each and every citizen of the nation are ready to have a look of new India next, Honorable P. M has vowed to make a new India Till 2047, young generation is having a kind of confidence with him and wishing to go matching the steps of life with him, no doubt this divine soul is going to lead India at a foremost level.

Now, what all of sudden the scene has been become so that it appears to me that it is going to be historical record once again as RAMAYAN, isn't it? The time is really going to be noted for the future reference , the flow of the achievement is going greater and greater. See , how lord Vishwakrama the greatest artist of the heaven on the day of his offering on 1950, Sep 17th offered an angel for the Land of Bharat who incarnated in Gujrat, India right at the time when the nation was going to face Corona like pandemic, the world was suffering there was a great dread in the heart of the people of the planet but I have seen my neighbors saying MODI HAI TO BHUKHE NAHI MARENGE means they believed their lord to be only and only him, even at the time when the world was in a position of hunger, many countries were dying with hunger though in India free of cost corn was delivered to the door to door in many states. He got this time passed by playing a game like thing, he turned distressed moment in to pleasant one, he never let his men get depressed, wonderful god he is, so don't you feel, what exactly the scene is like, it is quite similar that Modi is really playing the role of Ram right now for the kingdom and see Laxman, as Aditya Nath Yogi, the chief

minister in central state of India, Uttar Pradesh, who is helping him by heart in all the way; the world knows. Amit Shah is playing the role of Hanuman who gives all information of internal turmoil as he is holding issues of home ministry. Rawan is there in the different forms of evil thoughts, person and policies which is somehow destructive for the nation, Modi is destroying them too to serve the public of the nation in his best possible way as lord Ram did at his reign, this nation the land is MATA SITA in the scene for whom the actions are being done. It is just like rescuing her by the clutch of Rawan means by the clutch of evilness prevailed in the nation.

The time says that the world is really on the climax of war as the few past years of the world say, so this particular time and its leading policy also matters a lot in which you all know our

P.M has proved him himself concrete, hence Ram is leading the kingdom well the public is pleasant. He has filled everyone with a kind of confidence; people confide upon him, we say this because of his perpetual success in the elections. He made his impression bold on face of the world so that no one can have an eye upon his land or nation, in fact he roars at the evils. Moreover we see that internal hard issues are being handled by Laxman, Yogi Sahab, he is master Laxman who tells his elder to go ahead by giving a support as he is always behind him like true and honest younger brother.

All, Ram (Modi), Laxman (Yogi), Amit Shah (Hanuman) Mata Sita (Bharat Mata) are playing the right role at the right time with a right combination. Now next I would like to invite you all to see further scene of this play because the storm is really going to change the rout of the nation. Many people even the corrupt one are joining Modi Ji as they know that he is not going to leave them if they continue with their corruption this is called flowing with the time. Great leaders are joining Modi ji day by day which is signifying a great change very soon for the nation.

By Kailash Rana

19. Hypocrisy

What is the meaning of worship
When you don't do good deeds?
In the world, by making false appearances,
You cheat in the name of religion.

There is no trace of humanity,
You become a demon and torment me daily.
Attacking the weak every day,
You get your work done.

Kindness is just a sight, not compassion in the heart,
You teach lessons of knowledge.
Those who do not give food to the poor,
You offer fifty-six offerings to the stone.

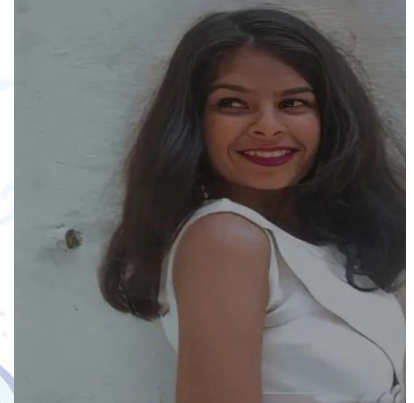
Humanity doesn't matter at all,
You give knowledge of the Geeta.
Heart full of sin,
You speak of virtuous deeds.

Fighting every day at home,
You show the path of peace.
Taking away the lives of others in the world,
You ask for your life.



**Mrs. Kanchan
Mishra
Teacher & writer
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh**

20. Finding hope in darkness



Ms. Koral Asher
Student/Writer
Mumbai
Maharashtra

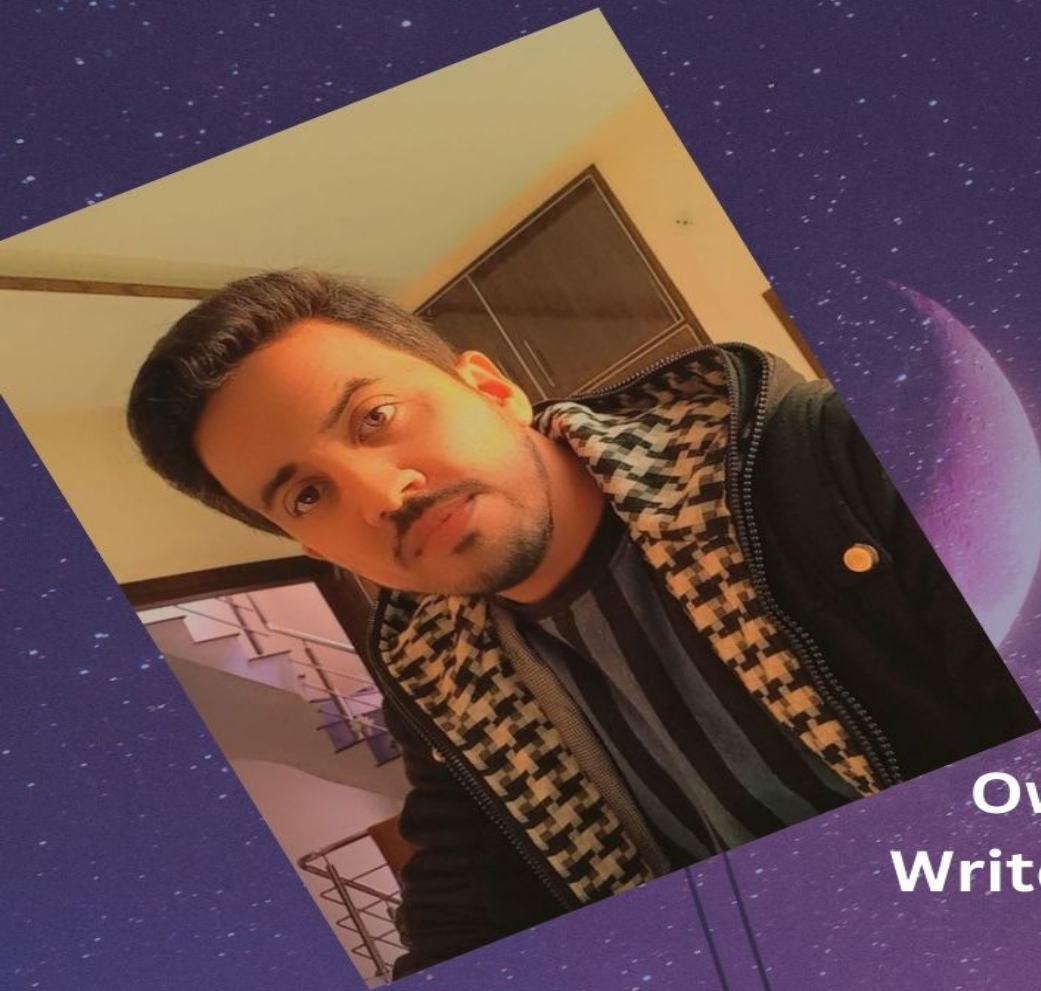
In the depths of night, do you ever wonder,
If the stars hold a secret, a hope to ponder?
Will the darkness fade, will the sun rise again?
Bringing back the love lost, soothing all the pain.

In the silence of your heart, do you hear a whisper,
A promise of tomorrow, a love crisper?
Do you hold onto dreams, like petals in the breeze,
Hoping for a reunion, to put your heart at ease?

In the echoes of your sighs, do you seek a sign,
A glimmer of hope, a love divine?
Will the tears you shed, pave the way to light,
Guiding back the one, who vanished from sight?

In the depths of your soul, do you find the strength,
To believe in a love, that can go any length?
For in the darkest hour, when all seems lost,
It's the flicker of hope, that mends the heart's frost.

So hold onto that hope, let it be your guide,
For in the darkest night, love never dies.
One day, the sun will shine, the darkness will part,
And in that moment, you'll find your lost heart.



Own Abbas
Writer, Pakistan

There was a time when I thought my words would remain within me, destined to fade away unnoticed by anyone else. Then, I discovered a platform called **Panache**, offering its services for free to young beginners who were trying to write but couldn't find a place to share their ideas and thoughts. I found this platform, and it became a great opportunity for my beginnings, where I found my true place and could be known by my specific identity, the name "psychowriter." Initially unknown, now I have an identity as "psychowriter," recognized not only in my own country but also by writers from other countries. All credit for this goes to my lovely and supportive mentor, **Akanksha, Shrivastava** who provided me with such a platform.

21. Looking out the window

I look out of the window, just as the sun sets,
And marvel at the amazing creation of which my eyes
met.

The flowers in all their splendor,
I stand in awe of God and come to complete surrender.

Creation in all its wonder,
Yet humanity stays asunder.
I sit and ponder
About the world awaiting yonder.

The sun starts to set,
And I look, knowing that one day, with eternal destiny,
I will be met.



**Dr. Kyle Travice
Pillay
Motivational
Speaker/
Entrepreneur
Durban
South Africa**

22. THE BIG MAN



**Mr. Leonard Maero
W
Author, poet, writer,
teacher, deputy
editor
Kitale
Kenya**

When that time came, like ants they bowed.
When that bowing ended, like a king he was.
When they approached him, robots surrounded him.
When they cried for help, rails stopped them.

With his powerful charm, he had serenaded them.
With his peer crew, he had snatched them.
With his sword in hand, he switched them off.
With his acute eyesight, they assumed them.

Many monsters smoked away, to their humble abode.
Many mangoes struggled standing, from their hit.
Many men squeezed around, to get his heart.
Many mothers surrendered, to save their heads.

In a white agbada suit, he alighted and smiled.
In a while short, men black shades surrounded.
In a while selected women, danced, waists shaking.
In a while slowly a kite descended, no hand shook.

In the era, where people strive to be acknowledged; **Panache** is providing a platform to young voices without asking for any experience or extensive portfolios. The team's efforts to make the emerging artists feel at home are incredible. And most importantly, there is no discrimination on the basis of colour, caste or creed and your writing piece goes without any changes in the whole world. I don't know how much money their sincere efforts cost them, but I do know that they have earned so much respect and love around the world. Keep up the good work **Panache**.

By: Aaliya Raza
Country: Pakistan



23. MEETING OF STRANGERS IN STRANGE PLACES



**Mr. Leonten Tendai
Chakombera
Author, boiler
Maker , Artisan,
Auto-Mechanic,
Evangelist
Mutoko
Zimbabwe**

It is God's way,
The mingling of vast hantles of humanity
In multiplicitous descent, both immoral and gay
And morose places, thus, virtue is procured jointly with
severity
Who can deny destiny?
To 'The Fabulator' of every life's ecstasy and agony
Only He knows why she came embellished in deceptive
musk
Or why He unminds one's heart to the hungry vulture
It all is for a reason in this deadly dusk
I noticed it after so long, suffered from villainous allure
We invite ethical and badass by our attention
And weep nor jive from the fruit of our attraction

24. I AM.....ME!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Writer , poet
Durban
South Africa**

I am not the home I live in.
I am not your jaded perceptions.
I am not a slave to my surroundings.
I am liberated and free.

I am an eternal spirit.
I am the laughter of the bubbling brook.
I am an orchestra of musical notes.
I am my father's child.

I am the rising dawn.
I am a kaleidoscope of colors.
I am the playful moon.
I am the echo of the whistling wind.

I am the dancing summer breeze.
I am a rhapsody of blue blanketing the earth.
I am my own pilgrim.
I am guided by the great Spirit in the sky.

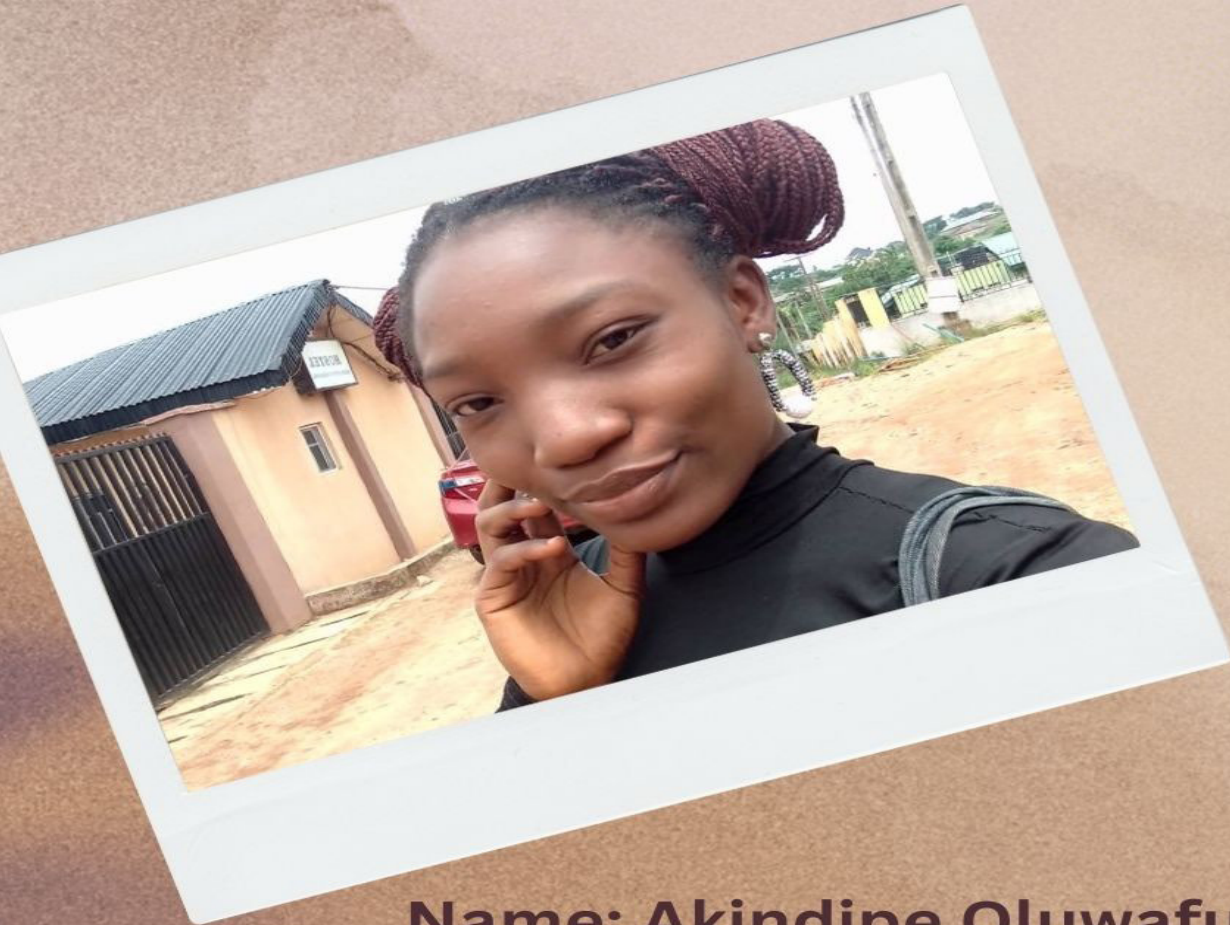
I am... me!

25. Am I not worthy?

Every time I look in the mirror, I ask myself, "Am I not worthy?" When I see people close to your heart effortlessly, I question my presence: am I not worthy of being in their hearts? Whenever I gaze into your deep eyes, my heart wonders if I'm not worthy of residing in them. Oh, my beloved, I supported you in your loneliest times. Was I not worthy of holding your hand in the crowd? The time we spent together meant the world to me. That's why it's hard to move on, to let go. Ahh, this heart is heavy, the soul is fading, yet I'm letting you walk away. Still, my pen leaves you with a question: was I not worthy enough?



**Ms. Mahnoor
Mukhtar
Artist
Sargodha
Pakistan**



Name: Akindipe Oluwafunmilola

City: Ibafo

State: Ogun state

Student and writer

My experience with the magazine since the past two years I joined, had been a great and exciting one. I'm grateful to the publisher of Aadhya publishing house, for giving me the privilege to have my work read all over the world. I'm glad to be an international writer.

God bless the publisher and the magazine shall continue to be a blessing to writers.

26. Be a King

Helping others is a good thing.
Listening... You didn't do anything.
No problem, it's natural... It's nothing.

Instead of, "I helped you" ...
I didn't take such a little thing.
No problem, but it's everything.

As far as I know, it is said...
Without others, nobody can be a king.



**Ms. Meenakshi
Sharma Manushri
Ghaziabad
Uttar Pradesh**

27. The Lonely Paradise



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Catherine soon realized that her husband-to-be was living in a garden prison but did not consider the possibility that he had an inmate. His commitment to their yet-to-be-solemnized vows was never in doubt, thanks to social media, as their devices colored their world purple with the exchange of love words.

She had accepted with a pang of doubt the fact that Truman Majanisa was true to his word, even when he said that he did not allow his manservant any visitors without prior notice, and that female visitors were strictly prohibited.

"Does he not know that at the age of twenty-four you may have a fiancée who needs your company whenever there is an opportunity?" she typed in his inbox.

"His mind is too busy to accommodate any ideas that stand outside his views about authority," Samson Gwiri replied.

"So I have to see you for two hours after every two months? It is not fair, Sweetheart," Catherine protested.

"I wish I was the one being unfair; that way I would find a way to make it better between us," Samson replied.

Samson was always sweet when everything, even life itself, was bitter. Catherine lay in bed, considering what her friends said about watering a dead flower. Her relationship with Samson was failing to take off and was like a spirit stranded in the desert. But something seemed to tell her that Samson was hers as Eve was for Adam, an incontrovertible work of destiny that she would only oppose at her own soul's peril.

Catherine was employed, and the flat she lived in belonged to her employers, and

water and electricity were free. The furniture, including the bed she was lying in, was another fringe benefit provided by the company. Thanks to the company for creating such a place for her to dream about her future with Samson Gwiri. After six months of formal employment, she had never dreamt about elevation at work despite having higher qualifications than her managers.

She had cared for Samson with the treasures from her purse for a little while, but Samson decided to settle for an ignoble job, just to break the boredom of doing almost nothing economically viable all day, while staying in the city out of the goodwill of a friend who provided him with accommodation.

"He has chosen his job over me, yet I do not see betrayal in his actions, or is it my heart's labor to see things in their positive sense?" Catherine said to her inner parts as she struggled to find sleep.

Then came the night when Samson smuggled her into his quarters. What man would not risk his job for the woman he loved? But how Mr. T.M had detected the smell of her presence remained a muddle to her.

The embarrassment of being wrenched from her lover's arms, of another man seeing her nudity, of being dragged out of her lover's room in that shameful state, and having her garments thrown after her, was beyond anything humanity would consider tolerable. Had she not suffered enough embarrassment for Mr. Truman to lash her several times on her back with a switch?

But when Cathy learned that Majanisa had caught Samson being intimate with his beautiful wife, it would have been her time to celebrate had Samson not been locked up in remand prison on rape charges. She knew precisely that Majanisa was not being sincere with himself when he brought up the rape story. He had created a garden prison for his wife and male worker, forgetting that if Adam and Eve rebelled against GOD, even before the world had been seized by the sordid pleasures of corruption, Samson and Carolina were least likely to resist the urge to drink the forbidden juice that Majanisa had brewed for the hapless inmates of his paradise prison.

The most exciting news to Cathy in the past two years, more exciting than her brilliant academic results, was that Carolina had withdrawn her case against Samson Gwiri. Cathy imagined the shame she should be suffering and gloated silently in her heart, "You had done well sharing a bosom passion with a fellow sufferer, but when you were discovered you sought refuge in the devil's shadow."

All that was past now, and other amazing things were happening to Cathy. Majanisa, who had visited her workplace to buy a spare part for his car, had taken an interest in her, searched for her on Facebook, and sent her bleeding love message requests, now that his wife had abandoned him.

When he proposed a private meeting, she did not decline. He could hardly remember her, and could never imagine that given her employment status, she would be in love with a mere garden boy.

"Yes, I know you are heartbroken, but who is not?" Cathy asked the estranged father of one, as they sat on a stone bench in a park on the fringes of the city.

"So we can repair each other's life if we give love a chance," the thirty-year-old fuel dealer told the twenty-three-year-old accountant.

"You should have enjoyed your moment when you wrestled me naked from another man's arms. I would not have said no because I was too confused to think," Cathy said.

Life drained from Majanisa's face at the realization that Cathy was Samson's girlfriend. "I'm sorry, but I...I..," Majanisa could not express himself.

"I need to forget that day and any other painful thing that happened after that incident, and I will love you more than any woman has ever loved a man," Cathy said rising, to prepare for the walk to the bus terminus to find transport back home.

Majanisa remained seated on the rock surface, his face looking down, as if he was saying his last prayer.

After this experience, Cathy began to realize that she still needed someone to love. Samson was now gainfully employed by an international human rights organization, working under the auspices of the United Nations. The publicity he had gained as a result of the fake rape charges had earned him the job. He was the only man who held a stake in her heart. No, it was not the job that mattered, but the man.

When she arrived home, she gave him a call at once. "Hi Samson, my love for you remains in place, but I will give you a chance to find yours for me."

"My heart will not labor for that because I had only allowed my love for you to mutate into a deep agony, but now it is bound to be a delight again."

The relief Cathy felt after this exchange was more profound than that she had felt when she learned that Carolina had withdrawn the rape charges against him.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

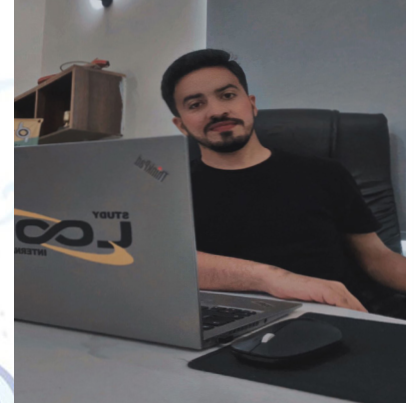
Dear **Akansha Shrivastava** mam,
Panache magazine and **aadhya publishing house**, I just wanted to say a huge congratulations on your amazing achievement. It's really inspiring to see how far you've come, especially knowing you started from scratch. I know it took a lot of hard work and dedication to get here. I'm so proud of you, and I can't wait to see what you do next. Keep reaching for the stars—you've got this!

Akash Rai
Bhopal



28. The Social Media

Roasting the Educational System



**Mr. Own Abbas
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan**

The social media is roasting the education system.

In school, we study hard, aiming high,
But jobs are scarce when we say goodbye.

On social media, a different scene,
Where silliness reigns, and intellect unseen.

It's like a big circus, with laughter as king,
Where the louder you shout, the more fans you bring.

Instead of valuing smarts, it's all about fun, and the
sillier you are, the more you've won.

Our society, it seems, prefers a good joke, over knowledge and wisdom; it's the
silly that provoke.

So why bother with school, when laughs bring fame?

It's not fair to those who play the smart game.

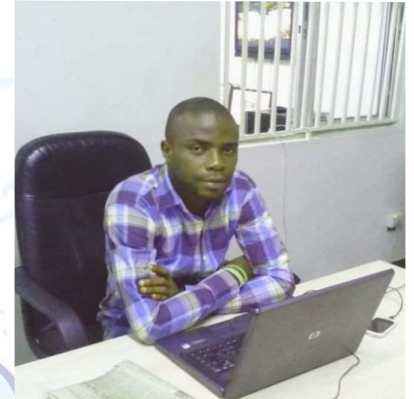
Thanks to social media for making it so,

Where the serious are ignored, and the silly steal the show.

And to the education system, we say with a sigh, thanks for nothing, as we watch
intelligence die.

Psychowriter

29. Na Waaa Oooh!



**Mr. Phillips Tayo
Damilola
Writer/Content
Enthusiast
Lagos
Nigeria**

Vanities of life,
Is Death Allure,
Yet living fiefdom,
We see vainglorious,
A tell of a citizen,
Heaping the dry gong,
Along Jungle of Journey,
Adieu...Old Good times,
Rest in peace fond mannas,
Welcome the new Hymns,
Na Wa oooooooooo!

Humm...Huhhh...Aahhh!!!
Hot gasps breath, forlorn hurt,
Bellowed faint, fragile livers,
Twisted smiles ,crooked faces,
Insignia ...facade...renewed hopes.
Nay Old parrot...Na Wa Ooh!

Shankled shelters,
Of either gold rust edifices,
Of the middle crux,
Of those who litter,
Of whom shelterless,
Whom can we citizens,
Twisted In a Recycled,
Canoe Of Nemesis,
The Leader&Leads,
Na wa Oooooo!

We Can't Count Gaari,
Yet no fluffy anymore,

Sparky tasty Egba Gaari,
Whence Togo Whitey Flour,
Nay Expensive to pour,
To soak our plastics,
For local stomach cereals,
Of calming Infrastructure,
As in relieve Old days,
Renewed Crumbling diets,
For the masses dietary,
Even the rich...muzzled!

Teas cups dingy...Sugar loss,
To put salt...we count by eyes,
Our kitchens flavours retching belittle!
The Cabinets shallow ...spacey
Unlike when house rats bestrode Church rats,
Of affluence of their abodes' pilferages,
Every measure...shaken cups...added oils,
Are for eating rather belleful
Eaten well is now a myth,
"Bring The Mat...Sleep!
For a hungry Child still
Close eyes still for morrow
Refrain-Na WA oooooo!

Mums now mannequins,
Standing eyes dim,
Of tick...tarky numbers,
Of a thousand cash wasp,
Pinned out of Dads' mildew,
National ...states'...news,
Now jack of domestic crisis,
Stable now toads' forest,
Up...Jackal numbers...piggery count.

What goes up ...hangs floating,
Left Us water swarm toads.

Agro-based ...not basking,
Our animals...not proteins,
Alas...a slice of fish farmish
From Dollar rising farmsteads,
Nay Black market skyrocket flippery,
Of whether imported, Exported goods
Of homemade or trade-by-barter nucleus,
Of the living working heads,
Indepthly Public...Private
Orgy of organised sectors,
Of longtime contract comnudrum,
Few privileged blue tied heads,
Balling hard for a grunted salary,
At the landlord behest...you!
Rent...Rant...Pack Out!
Na WA oooooh

Na waooooo!
Policeman fires POS,
Cosign cash for false soils ,
Left the sinners for no-sinners,
Justice Isnt for Justinas,
Fines for Freckles slouches,
Who Cant Hire...Rub Bars,
Across counters...Ontops wig temple.
Na Wa oooooo.

The Varieties;The Vanities,
Of the politicals...manouvering,
Fresh fruits bromade,
Of grunting lemonade
Of how the tides of neck ties,
Across our necks waxy...legs wedges,

For the city women...jiggy rural feminines,
Whom now born without beds,
The feats in the acrylic ruffian mats,
Their children now aging than theirs,
Their husbands reckless...runaways,
Ye...the future sod of nearby future,
Our song in the fields remains our song,
Na WA oooooooooo!

Alacrity,
Crates foul of demos,
Of poor lives living,
The rich alps magnify,
The demons can succour,
The Goods crooked pass bad,
We aren't equal...aren't liberty,
Upwards the Statue Of liberty,
In Roman Empire Cascade,
Caressing New York Of Reality,
Ours...Ours...Ours!!!"

By Phillips Tayo Damilola



Mrs. M. A. Uzefa Rashida
Director -IQAC
Mazharul Uloom College, Ambur
Tamil Nadu.

Dear Readers

A happy moment for all of us to see our favourite Panache completing its two years of publication. I express my warm heartfelt appreciation to Ms. Akanksha Madam for her pioneer work. She is an inspiration to all for creating and providing an opportunity to young budding poets and writers through the Panache International Magazine. This platform has given us world wide acclaim and to be heard all over the world. She has taken all the efforts that have shown the light of this day for us.

I congratulate her and wish her greater success in the years to come. I wish that the Panache achieves more Glory and Popularity and prosperity. I thank Ms. Akanksha Madam to express our views in this epic editon.

30. OBLIVION

Of matters sworn, of hearts and blood,
Oaths bound by consciousness,
Or at least of love with love.
Of words unspoken, are yielded,
Oaths' delicacy while consumed,
Or until not one sees the old as new.
Of sorrows, memories, them hearted,
Oafs or so, talk of town, by no love,
Or until you know you can't have.
Of memories, of love, gone.



Mr. Regan Mireri

31. Headstrong!

Today, a long-time affair with a mild but persistent headache forced me to go for a sophisticated MRI scan of the head. Last night, I found myself tossing and turning as I mulled over the possibility of feeling claustrophobic inside the closed confines of the machine. I had decided to pamper myself, so I hired an Uber taxi, which allowed me to sit back and enjoy the scenes rushing past me—a luxury I deny myself when I drive.

The MRI scan affair was wonderfully interesting. They placed headphones on me, welcoming me with some gentle Malayalam songs. I was immediately reminded of Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper": "fills the vale profound with the melancholy strain." Then the machine began a gentle whirr, which built itself into a deafening crescendo. Then there were taps and grating tightening sounds, and I thought, "aha, my loose nuts are all being set aright." The ensuing silences were welcome because the soothing faraway strains returned. Ten minutes didn't feel too long because I wanted my entire grey matter to get a makeover. A stray thought that came to me was, "Oh God! I was just joking when I used to say that I was behind the door when you were doling out brains, and now you have my MRI report to prove you had equipped me with enough stuff to be able to act intelligently, and I had been guilty of not using my full potential."



**Ms. Renee Mary
Jetto
IELTS trainer
Kochi**

32. RETIRED



Mr. S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

But old age brings bone and skin folds. Stopped income, no welcome. Life becomes worthless, meaningless.

Worked as a clerk, a government servant. With a wife, two sons, a daughter, lived in a rented house.

In this costly world, brought up children with difficulty. Sacrificed our needs and gave them all possible facilities.

With retirement funds, got them married. The hard-earned wealth, they have carried.

We are old with meagre pension, they are not worried.

We are almost useless, worthless, children waiting for us to be buried.

With the funds after retirement, built a home. Alas, the eldest son registered it in his wife's name. The younger son living with in-laws as a slave. He is very timid, not brave.

Our fate, the gate closed, thrown out from our own house. I shift to a thatched hut with my ailing spouse.

Torn and worn-out footwear, walk miles to the bank. Hoping to receive pension, tension, answer is blank.

Great expectation in rotation children may look after us. Penniless, worthless, old age is a curse.

Bank strike, protests, pension is delayed. Days have gone, finally arrived, long queue impatiently I wait. Can't protest, can't blame, fate, pension has come late. I wait and collect the cash. With enthusiasm, extra vigour towards home, I dash.

My ailing wife, my life, take her for treatment. Till she is alive, she is my entertainment.

Costly drugs, costly treatment I should spend.

I am her support, always; she gave me her helping hand.

False prestige, I can't beg nor afford to borrow. Silently I shed tears with sorrow.

My wife pleads, the money not to waste. She says life has come to an end, no longer do I last.

Can't see her sufferings and her agony. Left on her body, the wrinkled skin,

look puny.

Incurable disease, yet I have a glimmer of hope. Doctor says end has come, there is no scope.

Eyes have dried, I shed no tears. God has become deaf; my prayers can't hear. She is dying, eyes do not flap, at me, she stares. She has gone, I am left alone, who is going to care?

Neighbours, known unknown, utter poor old lady died. She was my life, my friend, and my guide.

People come to pay their last respects, place flowers. Can't breathe, can't smell the fragrance, never.

Air is filled with cries, for the last journey they arrange. Never bothered nor cared when alive, it looks strange.

On her grave, even before the flowers dried. Sons quarrel with whom should I stay.

Heart is burdened without her, live a few days. Joy dancing on faces of sons, so soon I have died. Immediate attention, the property to divide.

Who knows their offspring may do the same. Life is like that, whom to blame.

By S.Arunkumar

As we approach the second anniversary of our beloved International Magazine, **Panache**, I can't help but reflect on the incredible impact it has had on my family. I still vividly remember how **Panache** became a catalyst for my son's budding creativity in writing. At just five years old, he would immerse himself in the pages of Panache, drawing inspiration from its diverse content to craft imaginative tales ranging from pony fairy adventures to modern twists on classic fables like 'The Thirsty Crow.' **Panache** provided the perfect platform for him to showcase his burgeoning skills, and seeing his stories come to life in print filled me with immense pride. While life's demands may have caused him to miss a few deadlines recently, I can personally vouch for the exceptional quality of articles that grace the pages of **Panache**. Each issue is a testament to the dedication and passion of its contributors and editors. As we celebrate **Panache's** milestone, I want to extend my heartfelt gratitude to **Akanksha Ma'am** for her unwavering inspiration and motivation. Her leadership has been instrumental in shaping **Panache** into the beacon of creativity and excellence it is today. Happy birthday, **Panache!** Here's to many more years of inspiring stories, captivating articles, and endless possibilities.

With Regards Sailaja (mother of Pranay).
Mumbai

33. The Tomb



**Mr. Santhosh
Sreedhar
Saudi Arabia**

I left in search of peace.
The pacifist seeks eternal truth.
Didn't see, I was in a group,
In vain, in sanctuaries.
Didn't see, I am at the top of the mountain.
One who has given up
Worldliness,
At the Sanyasins Ashram.
Not found in Purana songs,
Either Yen is a place of peace.
Although I am leaving again,
Couldn't see,
The truth in the Centre World.
And so on,
I know the Truth before the end of my life,
On the lawn of Far,
Do not cover the human
Consciousness
Inside the Soil Yen,
The Place of Peace.

34. When Silence speaks

Futile talking, sans reasons and rhymes,
Now I feel, silence is undeniably divine.
When silence speaks, true feelings unwind.
Words lose the game, echoes of love chime.
Eyes do all the talking, lips only shine.
Fatigue takes a backseat, the moment aesthetically
rhymes.
Thy gentle touch makes me glitter and blissfully shine.
Vibes become serene, in twilight, our hearts entwine.
The warmth of your embrace takes me to cloud nine.
You are my soulmate, that's what thy love defines.
Stars beam with glee and shine, and smile,
Witnessing with astonishment, the unison of yours and mine.



Ms. Shadabi Naz
Writer
Patna
Bihar

35. I CRAVE TO FIND A SHELTER IN YOUR SOUL...



I crave to find a shelter in your soul
And stay there until the end of the way;
To add love and touches every day.
Can you hear my heart beating for us both?

**Mr. Sheudzhen
Inver
Russia**

English Translation - Ana Pravilovic Serbia.

Я ХОЧУ В ТВОЕЙ ДУШЕ НАЙТИ ПРИЮТ...

Я хочу в твоей душе найти приют
И остаться до последних там минут.
Каждый день, в любовь добавив, словно штрих.
Слышишь, бьётся моё сердце за двоих...



Name :Farah
Place: Sargodha(Pakistan)

**I am happy to be a part of your magazine
,The Panache...It's great job of yours to
let people show their great writing
talent.I feel privileged that you circulate
my write up at the international level ..It
would be a great effort on your part if
you encourage your writers to write
about victims of many current issues.**

THANKU

36. WE SHALL PROTECT THE ENVIRONMENT AND ENSURE HAPPINESS IN OUR LIVES!



**Er. Shivendra
Sharma
Ujjain
Madhya Pradesh**

All plants are Gods, the rivers Goddesses.
We call cows venerable mothers,
Reflecting the awesome culture of India,
Where we dwell with heads held high.

There is great pleasure in the forest,
From which humans derive everything.
The rain they provide us with
Is a manifestation of their endless love for us.

The ever-soaring heat on Earth
Worries and pains us endlessly.
The great fear of Global Warming
Looms over our lives like a horror.

To maintain the environment,
We must consider mass revolution.
Environmental education must be
A compulsory feature of instruction.

All means of transport emitting poison
Must be reduced to a minimum.
Humans should make use of bicycles
To improve their health.

We must bid a permanent goodbye
To unhealthy buzzing and burning.
May greenery return to our lives once more,
So let everyone do whatever is possible.

Let us never pollute our culture,

Instead, let us safeguard it well.
The environment is our life force,
And enriching it is our only option.

Our Earth is gradually becoming barren;
It must not be turned into a dreary desert.
Much destruction has already occurred;
Tree felling must be stopped immediately.

As life fully depends on the environment,
It must be protected at all costs.
From every village hut to the cities,
Slogans must be raised as a cry for action.

Why force daughters and daughters-in-law
To go away from home for defecation?
Consider the family's much-needed honor
And feel ashamed for not building lavatories.

All polluting and poisoning filth from homes,
All types of sanitation cleaning work,
Shall be voluntarily done by ourselves
For the nation's welfare.

Awaken from age-old slumber,
How long will you remain this way?
If you fail to protect the environment,
You will lose everything you have possessed so far!

By Shivendra Sharma

37. THAT SPACE!



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

Space is significant.

It does matter!

My room is a room because of the space it occupies!

Likewise,

a park, a theatre, a closet, a tap, a teacup, a shoe, a vase;
my heart, my lungs, my body, and my mind - all have
space and survive in that bigger space!

Call it atmosphere, emptiness, or environment, but a
sad space, a joyful space, a creative space, a meaningful
space - all lie suspended in that vast, expansive, infinite
space!

My breath, my memories, my notions, and my energies
like light and sound all travel in this space - to it and
from it!

Sadly, sometimes, spaces in relationships stretch, twist, turn,
or shrivel and turn into voids!

These voids can be vicious!

Allow space in relationships but eliminate the void,
for space is space, it is precious.

It is significant and it does matter!

Although I used to write poems, I never had the courage to send them anywhere for administration. But when I saw and read about the magazine Panache on Facebook, I got a little inspiration that I should also send my poetry to be published in this magazine.

I express my heartfelt gratitude to Honourable Akanksha Srivastava ji for giving me a proper place in this magazine. She has boosted my morale and given me recognition as a writer.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to the editor, publishers, and whole team of Magazine on its successful completion of two years.

**DHAN SINGH 'DHANENDRA'
CHANDRA NAGAR
MORADABAD (UP) INDIA**



38. The Albatross



Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Vast is the expanse of life's stormy sea,
Finding myself bound, yet I am free.
Surrounded by hurt, by waves crashing high,
The albatross beneath the endless skies.

Sorrows and regrets weigh upon my soul,
Dragging me down, my soul and heart feeling less than
whole.
Every mistake becomes a chain around my neck,
Burdened, I carry; I am a shipwrecked wreck.

Soaring through the sky with wings spread wide,
Deep in my heart, I carry lead inside.
Scars of the past, a constant reminder,
Pain and struggles, relentless insider devoured.

Amidst the darkness of life's midnights, a flicker of light is seen,
A glimmer of hope shining so bright and serene.
Even as I bear life's heavy cost,
I find the strength to rise, to never be lost.

Allow me to introduce myself; I am the albatross that soars above,
Embracing the hurt, the pain, the love.
In these depths, I'll find my way,
Smoke rising above the storms day by day.

Being an albatross in life's cruel game,
Hurt and sorrow whisper your name.
Carrying the weight of a million woes,
Still, I find the courage to rise and impose.

Wings weary from the trials I have endured,
My spirit battered, yet I am assured.

Navigating storms and rip tides, to weather the gale,
Rising above the darkness and never to fail.

Life's albatross learns to embrace
Wounds and scars, no time can erase.
Soaring through chaos, unbroken and bold,
A testament of resilience, a story unwritten, untold.

Through the trials and tribulations abound,
The albatross within us will be found.
Carrying the burdens, allowing us to face the pain,
Emerging stronger through life's relentless terrain.

By Tha Ono

39. These Bougainvillea Flowers



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

These Bougainvillea flowers, in their purple hues, were there as a canopy in their luxuriance of vibrant blossoms, cascading down our portico on those days of my childhood, tapestried with naivety and mirth. The lush green foliage around them was hidden by their charming presence in their splendor then.

These Bougainvillea flowers, in their crimson-red hues, were there as a fiery throne in its glitz and glamour, adorning the brick-red walls of my rustic cottage in those days of my teens, variegated with my tender dreams and aspirations. The lush green foliage around them was hidden by their alluring companionship then.

These Bougainvillea flowers, in their dazzling yellow hues, were there like a golden dome in their auspicious appearance, enriching the sunshade of my tiny garden house, fringed by the shimmering lights adorning it. The lush green foliage around them was hidden by their sunshine smiles then.

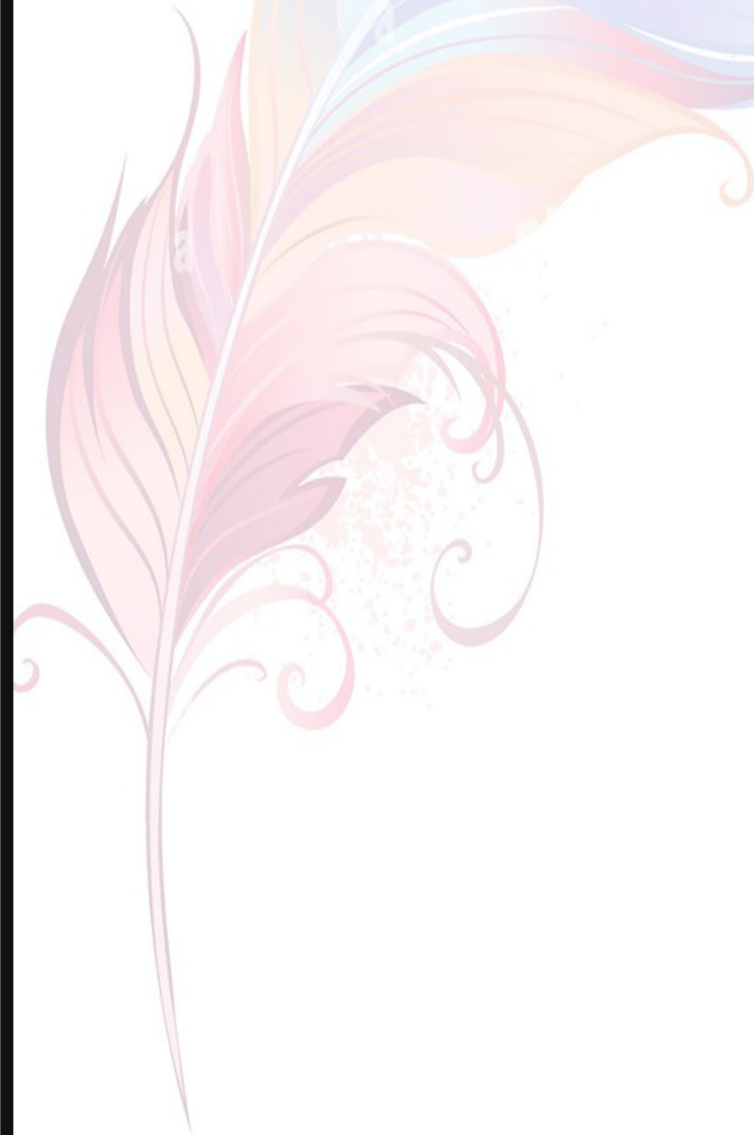
These Bougainvillea flowers, in their orange hues, were there like a pagoda in their prestigious look, guarding the rough edges of my backyard, cobbled by the white crystal pebbles paving it. The lush green foliage around them was hidden by their cheerful and contented smiles then.

These Bougainvillea flowers, in their pink and white hues, were there like an icy tavern in their prestigious prevalence,

surveilling the archy ornamental gate of my sweet home,
carpeted with ferns, mosses, and the periwinkle flowers.
The lush green foliage around them was hidden by
their gratifying and serene continuance then.

These prismatic bougainvillea flowers,
sobriquetted as Paper Flowers
for the ever-refreshing crispiness of their paper-thin petals,
are still there with me and will be there with me
forever, heralding a cart full of fond memories
of every beautiful phase in this journey of mine.

By Usha Krishnan



**You are a God who loves and helps us,
You always helps us to publish,
Our writings in your magazine,
You are our greatest wealth,
We hope till world exists,
You will exist as well as,
Shine for forever like,
As a star of a sky,**

**Happy birthday to you,
Always love and care writers,
As well as artists,
You are our home,
You gives us a new life,
Thank you so much,
No other magazines can defeat or win you,
You are always a winner for forever.**

**Binod Dawadi
Nepal**



40. Golden Days



Mr. Utshaw Kumar
Writer
New Delhi

In a land of wonder and joy,
Where dreams and imagination are employed,
Children gather in a place so grand,
A school where knowledge is in demand.

The sun rises as they start their day,
Eager hearts, ready to learn and play,
With colorful pencils and bright notebooks,
They leave behind the worries of the night.

In a classroom filled with curious minds,
Teachers guide them, helping them find,
The wonders of numbers, letters, and words,
Unraveling mysteries, like little birds.

They sing songs of A, B, C,
And dance with joy, so carefree,
Painting pictures that are vibrant and bold,
Like stories in their minds unfold.

Their hearts are filled with innocence,
Their spirits full of resilience,
They ask questions, their minds exploring,
Their little souls are always adoring.

Oh, the beauty of children in school,
Where every day is a learning tool,
They giggle and laugh, running hand in hand,
Creating memories, a golden band.

So let us cherish these magical times,
Write in their hearts unforgettable rhymes,
For in their innocence, they hold the key,
To a future of endless possibility.

41. My Mother!

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love and serve God every day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother!

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would tell some pretty story,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother!

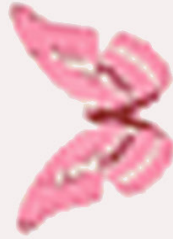
How could I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so kind to me?
My Mother!

Ah! No, the thought I cannot bear,
And if God pleased my life to spare,
I trust I shall reward thy care,
My Mother!



**Ms. Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Vaishali
Bihar**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
House**



PUBLISHER-CHIEF EDITOR

Name : Akanksha Shrivastava

Dob: 29-August

Place: Bhopal

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

Achievements: Director “De telephone”
(Short Movie)

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

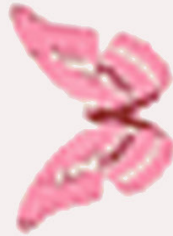
Email.id: aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com

Phone No.: 9424002558



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Designer

Name : **Lalit Kishore Gaur**

Dob: **21-July**

Place: **Bhopal**

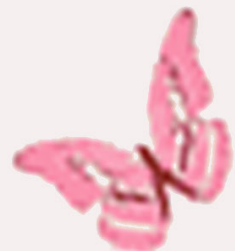
Education: **LLB(Bachelor of Law)
MCA(Master of Computer
Applications)**

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

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

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

Phone No.: **8109246305**



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Aadhya Publishing House

Vardhman City

Raisen Road Bhopal

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