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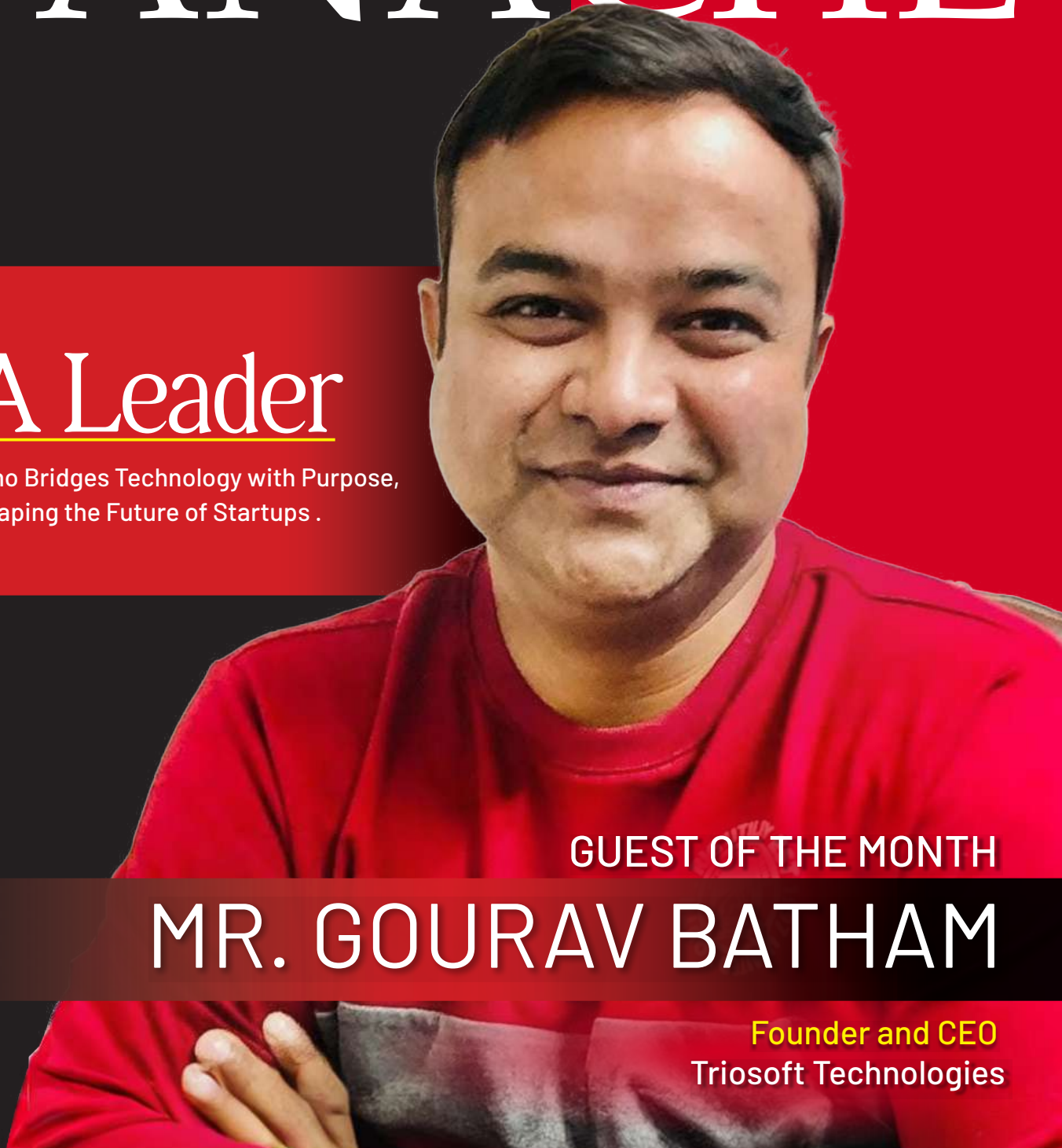
A Product of Aadhya Publishing House

# PANACHE

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

## A Leader

Who Bridges Technology with Purpose,  
Shaping the Future of Startups .



GUEST OF THE MONTH

# MR. GOURAV BATHAM

Founder and CEO  
Triosoft Technologies

Chief Editor  
Ms. Akanksha Shrivastava

[www.aadhyapublication.in](http://www.aadhyapublication.in)

# Preface

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

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

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



# **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**PRESENTS**

## **PANACHE** International Magazine

*April 2025*

**Publisher &  
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava  
9424002558

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



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

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# PANACHE

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## Editor's Note: A Trailblazer in Technology & Entrepreneurship

In an era where technology is redefining industries and innovation is the key to sustainability, some visionaries lead the way, transforming ideas into impactful realities. One such name is Mr. Gourav Batham—a dynamic entrepreneur, a tech strategist, and a mentor who has been instrumental in shaping the startup landscape.



As the Founder & CEO of Trirosoft Technologies and Co-Founder & CEO of Uprestro, Gourav has dedicated his expertise to helping over 200 businesses scale their visions through cutting-edge technology. His ability to merge innovation with strategy has earned him prestigious accolades, including the 35 Under 35 Award, national recognition as a Startup India entrepreneur, and a feature on Doordarshan's Startup India Programme.

Beyond his own ventures, Gourav plays a pivotal role in empowering aspiring entrepreneurs. His mentorship has guided countless startups from ideation to execution, making him an influential figure in India's growing startup ecosystem. As a technology advisor to various companies and NGOs, he ensures that technology remains an enabler of growth and transformation.

At Panache, we celebrate visionaries who are reshaping the future, and Mr. Batham's journey is one that resonates with inspiration, resilience, and groundbreaking innovation. We are honored to feature him in this edition and bring his story to our global readers.

- Chief Editor, Panache

# INTERVIEW WITH MR. BATHAM

Aadhya Publishing  
House

## The Entrepreneurial Journey

### **What inspired you to become an entrepreneur, and how did your journey begin?**

My entrepreneurial journey was ignited by early business experiments during my childhood and a deep-rooted passion for technology and hospitality. While working in IT, I realized that India's tech future was burgeoning and ripe for innovative solutions, which led me to establish Triosoft Technologies.

### **Can you share the vision behind Triosoft Technologies and Uprestro?**

Triosoft Technologies aims to revolutionize both the startup and hospitality industries by streamlining operations with cutting-edge software solutions. Uprestro, our flagship product, exemplifies this vision by using AI to transform how restaurants operate, providing a comprehensive suite of tools that address real-world problems effectively.

### **What were some of the biggest challenges you faced while establishing your startups, and how did you overcome them?**

Gaining trust and credibility in a market dominated by established players was immensely challenging. We overcame this by persistently delivering exceptional, innovative solutions that directly addressed the specific pain points of our customers, thereby gradually building our reputation.

### **Being a National Award-winning startup founder, what key lessons have you learned?**

Resilience and adaptability are crucial. Embrace every experience, good or bad, as a learning opportunity. Also, leverage the structural knowledge from experienced founders, which can guide you through your entrepreneurial journey.



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# INTERVIEW WITH MR. BATHAM

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## Innovations & Impact

**Could you elaborate on some of your most impactful tech-driven solutions?**

We've developed solutions like AI-enabled appointment systems and 3D avatars for customer support that humanize digital interactions. Additionally, we've built navigation systems for large infrastructures like AIIMS, enhancing operational efficiency across various sectors.

**How is TrioSoft Technologies making a mark in the industries it serves?**

TrioSoft stands out by leveraging the latest technological advancements, such as AI and data analytics, to craft solutions that not only solve existing problems but also enhance operational efficiency and customer service dramatically.

**What common mistakes do early-stage startups make, and how can they be avoided?**

Many startups neglect proper market research, which is crucial. Also, there's a tendency to invest heavily in perfecting a product before market testing. Starting with an MVP (Minimum Viable Product) can prevent resource drain and help gather valuable early feedback.

**How do you see the role of open-source tools and AI in the future of businesses?**

ResiliencOpen-source tools and AI are game-changers, offering startups the ability to innovate at lower costs and with greater agility. These technologies enable businesses to transform data into actionable insights, enhancing predictiveness and proactivity.

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# INTERVIEW WITH MR. BATHAM

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## Recognition & Leadership

**How has recognition such as the 35 Under 35 award impacted your journey?**

These accolades have significantly enhanced our brand's credibility and facilitated valuable networking opportunities, aiding in our scaling efforts and broadening our impact.

**What key technological trends should organizations focus on in 2025?**

Organizations should invest in AI, IoT, and blockchain. These technologies are poised to revolutionize industries by enhancing efficiency, security, and enabling transparent global transactions.

**Could you share your experience with Doordarshan's Startup India Programme?**

The experience was incredibly affirming for our team and highlighted the supportive role of the government in fostering startup growth, enhancing our reach and inspiring potential partners and customers.



# INTERVIEW WITH MR. BATHAM

Aadhya Publishing  
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## Future Vision & Advice

### **What is your long-term vision for TrioSoft Technologies and Uprestro?**

We aim to be the global leader in providing tech solutions for the hospitality industry, constantly innovating to push the boundaries of technology in enhancing user experiences and operational efficiencies.

### **How do you see the evolution of India's startup ecosystem?**

India's startup ecosystem is vibrant but still needs more structured support in funding, mentorship, and regulatory simplification to fully unleash the entrepreneurial spirit.

### **What advice would you give to aspiring entrepreneurs?**

Focus on solving real problems; success often stems from creating solutions that make a tangible difference in people's lives or businesses.

### **How do you maintain a balance between your professional and personal life?**

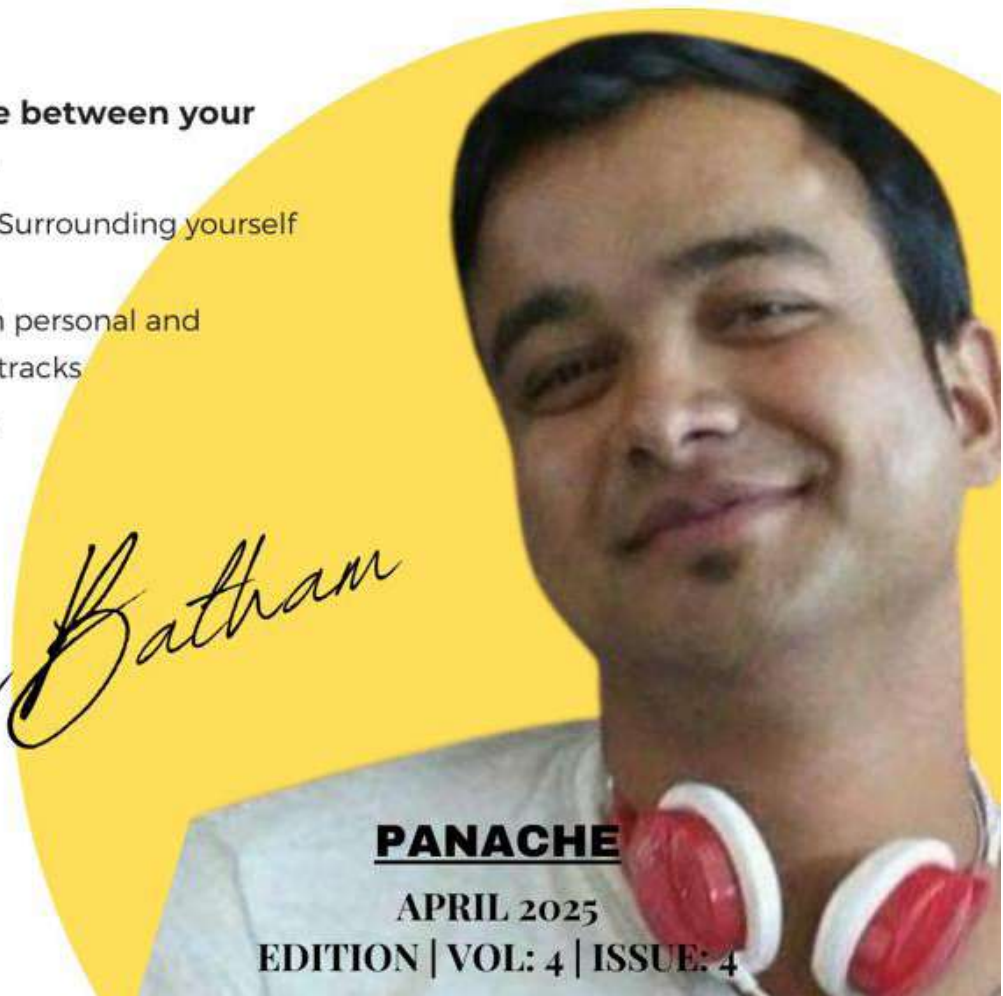
I prioritize and set clear boundaries. Surrounding yourself with like-minded individuals helps maintain this balance, ensuring both personal and professional growth are aligned like tracks that guide a train smoothly forward.

*Gourav Batham*

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## Time changes but in a little while

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There was a wealthy merchant who dealt in jaggery. He was blessed abundantly by God. The youngest son in the family, named Kishore, was raised with great love and care. The merchant had arranged Kishore's marriage with grand celebration. Kishore's affluent lifestyle led him to develop a habit of drinking alcohol. Even after marriage, he didn't have any children. Time went on. After the death of his parents, all the brothers started living separately. The sisters, too, went to their respective homes after marriage.

Since childhood, Kishore had been very intelligent and eventually became a renowned lawyer in the city. As time passed, the absence of children in the house was deeply felt. So Kishore adopted a daughter and a son from his in-laws' side. Being a prosperous lawyer, Kishore had a fondness for food and drink. One day, his health suddenly deteriorated, and he passed away, leaving everyone behind. His sudden demise felt like a mountain had collapsed on the family. Everything fell apart. His son had not even started school yet. It seemed as if everything had ended.

Without informing anyone, Kishore's wife left the city with her two children. Somehow, it was later discovered that she was living in another city. None of the brothers came forward to help. Somehow, Kishore's wife managed to educate and raise both children well.

The adopted daughter was so beautiful that someone proposed marriage to her for their son. After thoroughly inquiring about the family, Kishore's wife agreed and got her daughter married. The daughter is now happily living with her family.

The son, through his own hard work, became a computer engineer and secured a high-ranking position in a multinational company with a good salary. One day, the son gifted his mother a car. Two years later, without telling her in advance, he held her feet and said, "Come with me." He took her to a nice society and handed over the keys of a 2BHK flat to her.

Suddenly, seeing her daughter and son-in-law there as well, the mother was overwhelmed with joy. The entire family clicked a group photo right there.

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

## 1. The Month of Ramadan Without You, Daddy

Today marks the start of Ramadan, a time so dear,  
Yet this year, without you, Daddy, it's hard to bear.  
The house feels empty; your presence is missed,  
The silence is heavy; your laughter dismissed.

You'd wake us for Suhoor, your voice so kind,  
Ensuring we ate well, strength to find.  
You taught us to pray with hearts sincere,  
Now your empty chair brings us to tears.

At Iftar, you'd offer dates and water first,  
Making sure we broke our fast, our spirits immersed.  
Your warmth and laughter filled the room,  
Now, without you, joy feels consumed.

Ramadan—a time of togetherness and prayer—  
This year, it's also a time of grief we share.  
We pray for you, Daddy, for Jannah's grace,  
Seeking Allah's mercy in this sacred space.

Though you're not here, your teachings remain,  
In our hearts, your love and wisdom sustain.  
We'll honor you with kindness and faith,  
Every prayer and charity dedicated in your name.

Ramadan will never be the same without you,  
But we find solace knowing you're at peace too.  
We hold onto our faith, hoping to reunite,  
In the Hereafter, where love shines bright.

May Allah accept our prayers and grant you eternal rest.  
We love you, Daddy, and miss you—our hearts attest.



**Mr. Ahmad Boto  
Ngala  
Writer  
Borno, Maiduguri  
Nigeria**

## 2. The Singing Sparrow

The singing sparrow  
Sounds so melodious,  
And its beak is like an arrow—  
The singing sparrow.

The singing sparrow  
Tells the story of life,  
That life is long,  
And the path is narrow—  
The singing sparrow.

The singing sparrow  
Is a beautiful creature,  
Made by nature  
To brighten its surroundings  
With its eyes and feathers.

A sparrow lives near the house of the mayor,  
Among the singing sparrows  
That bring joy and care.

Finally, I thank God  
For giving me a friend—  
A small bird, the sparrow,  
That shows me  
The path of life  
Through its wisdom and grace.

There is a singing sparrow,  
My dear friend, full of care.



**Mr. Anmol  
Shrivastava  
Student  
Vaishali  
Bihar**

### 3. How Much More?



**Ms. Anna Zanidaki**  
**Writer, poet**  
**Greece**

I have learned since childhood that each barrel is defined by its spout, its trunk, and, most importantly, its bottom.

Much has been written and spoken about it, especially when we come into direct contact with it or make the strongest, most unavoidable approach to it.

How many times have people not reached it—through circumstances or misfortunes—only to rise again, encouraged by their resilience? With both body and soul, their entire being ascends, touching its edge once more, ready for its contents to flow.

Some aspects of life, conditions, or similar crossroads declare that bottom captivatingly. Whatever we seek to do, through our own actions alone, we not only reach it but sometimes grow comfortable with its surface.

No matter how much we say or write, if a person—man or woman—does not feel when and why they approach this point, one truth remains undeniable. Let me tell you from my own perspective:

What is given becomes repressed, and what is repressed is sought after.

This applies to those who have faced and allowed themselves to experience their downfall, their missteps, and their misguided choices.

Through years, months, weeks, and days of trials, their eloquence of thought and the unmistakable course of their lives emerge—not to sink but to elevate the soul to its true stature.

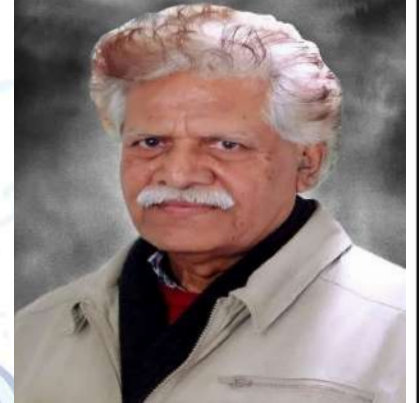
Take care to fill that space with love and remembrance rather than with oblivion and imposed shame—lest the meaning of its contents and the messages it holds be lost.

The depths are difficult and indigestible, where the heavy remnants of life settle. And once there, one is confronted with both the weight of the sediment and, most profoundly, the essence of its distillation.

**By Anna Zanidaki**



## 4. Divine Woman



**Mr. Bhagirath  
Chaudhary  
Writer, poet**

Evolution lovingly refined a woman,  
Indeed, she is so much more than a man,  
Crowned with a deeply loving attitude  
And a life-sustaining ecology of gratitude.

Godly virtues come to a woman  
More naturally than to a man.  
Love, empathy, care, and patience  
Are her gifts, far from violence.

Evolution adorned her with a beautiful dress  
And placed upon her a tiara of grace.  
She is the embodiment of divine passion,  
The mother of the human nation.

Why does a man allow the beast to rule him?  
Why does he give in to his reckless whims?  
Why does he act with madness and rage,  
Harming a sister, mother, or an innocent child?

It is time for all nations of the earth  
To rise above injustice and senseless hurt.  
Man must transcend his destructive ways,  
Evolving from the beast to a being of grace.

## 5. Artist

An artist's life is different  
From that of ordinary people.  
They have their own unique world,  
Where they think beyond the usual.

They enjoy and forget reality,  
Traveling far in their imagination.  
Their thoughts are more powerful than anything—  
They dream and create,  
Turning the impossible into reality.

People misunderstand their feelings,  
Because they cannot grasp  
The depth of an artist's knowledge.  
Artists are the pillars of a nation;  
They have the power to change the world one day.

Through their books and paintings,  
They share their imagination with the world.



**Mr. Binod Dawadi**  
**Nepal**

## 6. Woman



**Ms. EVA  
Petropoulou Lianou  
Official candidate  
for Nobel Peace  
prize 2024  
International poet**

Woman,  
You are alive—  
A mother,  
A daughter.

Women,  
We respect each other.  
We support each other.  
Our power is strong  
When we stand together.

Woman,  
A friend  
Who never leaves you in hard times.

Woman,  
The creativity,  
The poetry,  
The art.

Women,  
We must be celebrated and respected every day.

## 7. Freedom's Bitter Feast

Is our freedom useless?

We are sovereign in name,  
Yet bound by unseen chains,  
Fed on the famine of false promises,  
Our spleens swollen with hunger's sharp knives.

Africa, the land where rivers run rich with gold,  
Where the earth births diamonds like morning  
dewdrops—  
Yet her offspring beg for bread.

We pluck the cocoa but never taste the chocolate,  
Dig the crude but never light our own lamps.  
We are the weavers of wealth,  
Yet clothed in the rags of poverty.

Independence came clothed in pride,  
Yet wore the mask of dependence.  
We sign treaties that steal our tomorrow,  
Kneel before lenders with empty bowls,  
While our soil brims with buried treasures.

Colonial master, my head aches—  
Why offer me a panacea for a stomach pain?  
Why rewrite history with trembling hands,  
Exalting traitors while silencing heroes?

Freedom is useless  
If it only grants the power  
To doctor the pages of history,  
Robbing fallen warriors of their rightful place.

When will we rise, Africa?  
When will we break the spell?



**Mr. Fareed  
Agyakwah  
poet, author,  
ambassador and  
literary eagle  
Ghana**

## 8. Poetry

Flying in imagination is poetry.  
Dying for expression is poetry.  
Poetry is embedded in our hearts.  
Daydreaming, too, defines poetry.

A unique observation is poetry.  
Complete dedication is poetry.  
Poetry deals with existing odds.  
A strange interpretation is poetry.

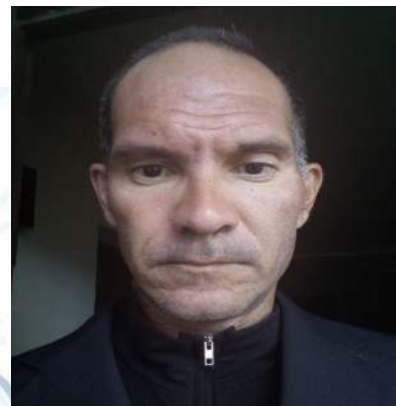
Romancing with life is poetry.  
Describing beauty is poetry.  
Poetry unfolds the truth of love.  
Losing to frustration is poetry.

Deeply drowning in love is poetry.  
Redefining the cosmos is poetry.  
Poetry deals with sorrow and joy.  
Playing with emotions is poetry.



**Mr. Girish Chandra  
Upadhyay  
Advocate Allahabad  
High Court,  
Allahabad  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 9. Interviews Himself in a Mirror



**Dr. HC Jose Luis  
Lopez  
Puerto Rico**

Autistic Person: Hello!

Mirror: Hello!

Autistic Person: Who are you? Why are you there?

Mirror: I want to know what you look like... because I reflect the part of you that the world doesn't see.

Autistic Person: You know the world misunderstands me, doesn't love me...

Mirror: Why do you say that? Why do you feel misunderstood?

Autistic Person: People see me as different, as someone unusual... They think I'm abnormal.

Mirror: Why do they believe that?

Autistic Person: They assume I don't have feelings, as if I'm not human... It hurts when they mock me and others like me. It's not our fault we were born this way.

Mirror: Have you been personally hurt by this?

Autistic Person: Yes, and I'm scared. Sometimes, people make me feel like I don't belong, as if I don't deserve to live.

Mirror: Are there others like you in the world?

Autistic Person: Yes, many. But no one truly understands what goes on inside us. They see us as different, as if we don't belong, without recognizing our rights or worth.

Mirror: That must be really difficult.

Autistic Person: Yes. It hurts that our lives and identities aren't respected. None of us chose to be born this way. My parents aren't different or unusual, and they try to help.

Mirror: Have your parents faced challenges because of this?

Autistic Person: Yes, they do their best to support me and protect our family from discrimination, but people still struggle to accept reality.

Mirror: I see you as normal... You are part of my world. You are different, yes, but not in a bad way.

Autistic Person: Yes, many of us are different in how we express ourselves, but we are human. People just don't always try to understand.

Mirror: How do you feel? How can we help?

Autistic Person: We feel the same emotions as everyone else. Some people hesitate to approach us because we seem different, but we hear, we think, we walk, and even if some of us don't speak, we respond when treated with kindness.

Mirror: Is exclusion a big problem for people like you?

Autistic Person: Yes, very much. We are capable of contributing to society, but we are often denied opportunities just because we don't fit the usual expectations.

Mirror: How can things change for you?

Autistic Person: By recognizing that we are human, just like everyone else. We experience discrimination and rejection, and in extreme cases, some people even face harm simply because they are different.

Mirror: Why would anyone harm someone for being different?

Autistic Person: Because of ignorance and fear. Some people see us as less valuable, as if we don't matter... But we do.

Mirror: You know something, my friend?

Autistic Person: Yes?

Mirror: I see you, I understand you, and I value you.

Autistic Person: I just want to be loved and accepted. We are not a danger to anyone—we are human, too, and we just want kindness and respect.

**By HC Jose Luis Lopez**

## 10. Love: A Mystery



**Dr. Jailaxmi R  
Vinayak  
Research Guide  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

One doesn't make an effort to love;  
It happens naturally,  
Transcending all  
Barriers of color, caste, creed,  
Distance, status, personality, and nature.

It is ordained by God,  
A lesson of life.  
If it makes someone  
Distrustful,  
It also makes one  
Believe in unconditional love,  
Elevating one to  
Heights of spiritual ecstasy.

Only when you fail in love  
Do you succeed in realizing your potential.  
If love doesn't grow,  
It evolves differently.

Love is energy;  
It cannot die.  
It must be nurtured.  
It becomes meditation,  
It grows into a prayer.  
It transforms into sewa—selfless service.

It is a delightful, sublimated experience  
Where there is total peace.

## 11. On Boarding Mangoes!!!



**Ms. Javeria Amjad**  
**Teacher**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

I was lying on a beach chair, wearing my favorite Tom Ford shades, enjoying the rare appearance of the sun on Brighton Beach when I extended my hand to the left, where my wife was also relaxing. She understood my silent request and handed me a juicy Chaunsa mango—a variety famous for its aroma and taste. As soon as I grabbed it, I eagerly pressed it to make it pulpy, removed the epicarp, and moved my hand towards my mouth—only to freeze in shock at what I saw.

A gigantic wave was rushing toward the shore at lightning speed, leaving no time to flee. In a flash, my eyes, ears, nose, and the mouth I had opened to shout were filled with water. It felt as if the universe had switched to slow motion. I was slowly drowning, my mouth producing unintelligible sounds—buaaw...aaa...aaaa—my ears ringing, my eyes stinging. Suddenly, I jolted awake, a lump in my throat, unable to speak, drenched in water.

My beloved wife was chuckling while spraying water on me, an ill-timed gesture of her uncanny love. I stared at her with bloodshot eyes, gasping in utter despair, realizing—it was another dream about my unfulfilled desires. My sleep paralysis and hallucinations could be traced back to a misfortune that had occurred a month ago when I visited my father in Pakistan.

As a UK resident, my arrival in my homeland is celebrated as if I were the last prince of a dying English monarchy. I won't deny that I enjoy the special treatment my family gives me, but at times, the overwhelming attention turns into a headache—just like when I was about to return to the UK.

My sister's husband owns factories where seasonal fruits are packed and exported worldwide. Mangoes not only reign supreme during Pakistani summers but also rule my heart. So, my sister decided to send 20 kg of mangoes with me. The mere thought of indulging in them back in the UK made my heart race with excitement since they are quite expensive there. However, I pretended to decline

the offer to maintain some grace.

"Oh, come on, Baji (big sister), who carries mangoes on a flight these days? I don't think it's a good idea," I said politely, secretly hoping she wouldn't insist.

To my heart's delight, she responded, "Why not? You be quiet! I'm definitely sending you the best-quality Chaunsa. You'll remember us while enjoying their taste and aroma—so no more ifs and buts, you're taking them with you."

The day of my departure arrived, along with the enigmatic aroma of 20 kg of Chaunsas, which filled half the weight limit I could carry on the flight. But I had no regrets—it was Chaunsa! Since I had to fly from Islamabad airport, I took a deep breath, absorbed the scent of home, bid farewell to my family, and embarked on my journey back to the UK.

By nature, I'm a very practical and calculated person, but on my way to the airport, I felt a little emotional. Again, the sweet scent of Chaunsa comforted my heart—until I reached the airport.

The airport was as busy as ever, and I didn't want to waste time boarding (mangoes shouldn't wait), so my brother pulled some strings. He told me that a man named Mr. Munnawar Farooq would help me board with ease. I was just about to look for Mr. Munnawar when a porter approached to carry my luggage. I declined with a polite smile, saying, "Kindly leave it, Mr. Munnawar Farooq is coming to help me."

The porter looked puzzled. "Why on earth would Mr. Munnawar carry your luggage? He's the airport manager!"

My confidence wavered. "Ah...aaa...aa... I don't think he's the manager..." I stammered, but my sentence was cut short by a booming voice.

A man with a muscular build was rushing toward us, cutting through the crowd. "Stay back, please! Step aside!" he commanded, nodding at the porter before turning to me. "Come, sir! Please follow me. I'll escort you."

My heart raced, and the porter's jaw dropped as Mr. Munnawar himself grabbed my luggage trolley and charged through the crowd with Herculean vigor. Smirking, I rubbed my eyes, gave a victorious glance to the stunned porter, and rushed after Mr. Munnawar, silently praising my brother for his powerful connections.

Thanks to this special treatment, my boarding was quicker than anyone else's, blessing me with a gracious gait—the kind that made me feel like the first man to walk on Mars. The onlookers mumbled about the unfairness of waiting in long queues, but who cared? My mangoes were safe, and so was my pride.

After a short layover in Dubai, I reached the UK. My wife was waiting to receive me, but I was more eager to receive my luggage. To my surprise, the strong fragrance of Chaunsa filled the luggage lounge even before my bag arrived. That was yet another proud moment—many Englishmen recognized the mouth-watering aroma and started chatting about it.

Once again, that gracious gait adorned me, my chest puffed out with pride, and my head held so high that I could barely see the ground. Just then—bam! My toe hit something, and my head collided with a pillar. Immediately, my inflated ego left my soul. Mortified, I scurried out of the airport, my eyes wide, my expression innocent—as if I knew nothing of this world. I dared not look at anyone, not even my wife, until we reached home.

The first thing I did upon arriving home was open the mango boxes to let them breathe. After dinner, I eagerly picked one to devour. I delicately cut it open—only for my eyes to widen in horror.

Worms.

Floating in the pulp of my beloved Chaunsa.

Panic surged through me as I hurriedly checked another. Then another. And another.

Worms. Worms everywhere.

"Ahhh!" I cried out. The mangoes had been too delicate to withstand the high summer temperatures and the long connecting flight.

My wife burst into laughter at my misery, and I trudged to bed, switching off the lights with teary eyes, mumbling, "Even Mr. Munnawar couldn't save my beloved Chaunsa..."

**By Javeria Amjad**

## 12. In the Market of Betrayals

Loyalty becomes a bargain few can afford,  
Folded, bent, reshaped—fragile to fit the moment.  
Promises float in the air, weightless,  
Waiting to be bought, broken, or forgotten.

Tongues are sharpened daggers, laced with venom.  
Words are borrowed, coined, clipped—none meant to  
last.  
Faces shift like seasons, leaving none to trust.  
Smiles do not reach the eyes—they, too, are poisonous.

The air hums with quiet exchange,  
This market is paved with shattered oaths.  
And whenever the market closes,  
I walk away—emptier than before.



**Mr. Jubril Adesoga**  
**Educator & Writer**  
**Ogun**  
**Nigeria**

### 13. My Phone, My Best Friend

My phone is the friend that is always near,  
Through night and day, it stays ever so dear.

It wakes me up with alarm songs sweet,  
Guiding my steps with a voice so neat.

It keeps my secrets, dreams, and fears,  
Safely locked, with no tattling for years.

A tap and a swipe and it serves up all the advice I need,  
News, information and knowledge it delivers with  
Godspeed.

When boredom strikes or time feels long,  
It plays my favorite tunes and song.

A world of games, of chats and calls,  
It lifts me up, helps me stand tall.

It brings my friends from far and wide,  
With just one call, they're by my side.

With texts, memes, and snaps so bright,  
It fills my days with endless delight.

It captures moments, big and small,  
Sunrises, valleys, waterfalls.

With pictures stored from years before,  
A gallery rich with memories galore.

But sometimes, it takes control,  
Pulling me into an endless scroll.



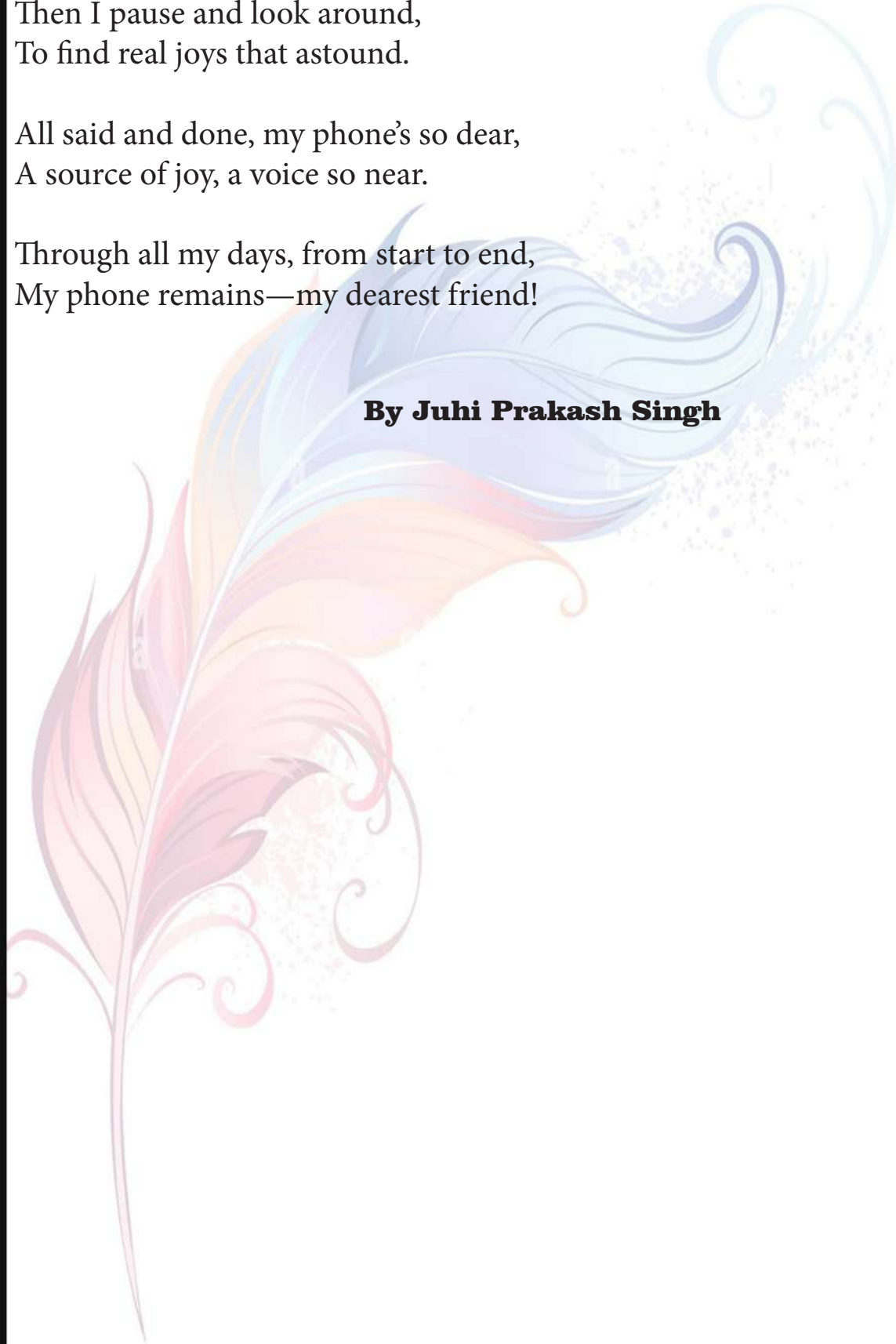
**Ms. Juhi Prakash  
Singh  
CEO- Anant Naad  
Foundation, New  
Delhi**

Then I pause and look around,  
To find real joys that astound.

All said and done, my phone's so dear,  
A source of joy, a voice so near.

Through all my days, from start to end,  
My phone remains—my dearest friend!

**By Juhi Prakash Singh**



## 14. Happiness

Happiness lies within you.  
It resides in a smile, in a quiet breath too.  
If you can't find it inside,  
It will remain elusive, no matter how wide.

For it begins within, deep and true,  
A seed that only you can sow.

Happiness comes with positivity.  
Some find it in tranquility,  
While others discover it in the crowd's sway.  
Choices vary, but the goal remains—  
Happiness, our guiding ray.



**Ms. Kalpana Gour**  
**Web Designer and**  
**Developer**  
**Bhopal**  
**Madhya Pradesh**

## 15. Sensitizing people towards the West Himalayan Ecosystem: A Teacher's Role and Pedagogical Perspective



**Mr. - Kartik Srivastava**  
**MSc Zoology, BEd, NET**  
**(Environmental Science),**  
**PGDESD, MEd (pursuing)**  
**M.S. University- Vadodara Gujarat**

It's the moral duty and responsibility of every citizen to protect the natural resources and in fact all natural entities, regardless of political, social and personal boundaries. Even the government or those who are ruling too are accountable and responsible for conserving the nature by policy building and implementation. Alas! the irony is only those communities or locals engage in the conservation of the very environment they are living in, who can be directly impacted by the deterioration and degradation of that region's ecosystem, due to love, respect for the environment or even due to fear of nature's wrath. But what about others who although may not be living locally in the area but still are directly or indirectly responsible for the deterioration of environment. In fact who are these people, no one else- that's us only, who are the real culprits and have not still got awakened. Same is the case for our most beautiful but at the same time- most fragile ecosystems that is the Himalayas and that too the Western Himalayas. Spread across the states of Jammu and Kashmir, Himachal and Uttarakhand and including the Pir Panjal, Zanskar, parts of Shiwaliks etc in it, the Western Himalayas form one of the most serene and scenic landscapes and supports some of rare and critically endangered floral and faunal species like Hangul, Snow Leopard, Himalayan Serow, etc.

We might think that how one could be responsible for deterioration of Himalayan ecosystem living actually many kilometers far away from the Himalayas but its just like Pollution caused in Pune might impact the weather in Chennai and this is what the trending hot topic of climate change too talks about. Any sort of anthropogenic activity like pollution, deforestation, urban expansion etc. which can contribute to climate change does not necessarily impact the area from where it all started but it can impact the whole of globe. Likewise the mean rise in Carbon dioxide and greenhouse gas levels due to various human activities has

lead to climate change at global level due to which the mean temperature has shown fluctuations and its consequences had been disastrous for the Himalayan ecosystem too whether directly or indirectly. Apart from that, deforestation and mining activities accelerate the damage to such a fragile ecosystem. Who can forget the landslides that occur almost every year now in Himachal, Kashmir and Uttarakhand. How can one forget the spine-chilling videos of 2023 landslides of Himachal that surfaced on social media. After critically thinking, all reasons merge at one point that is lack of sensitization towards environment, the very mindset that nature is ours and we are the one who have to protect it.

However, a teacher could play a great role in bringing about this sensitization in people. As because a teacher is considered or rather, a teacher is the real shaper of minds of the people of a country, he or she through the pedagogical approaches or perspectives can make people aware of the real ongoing scenario. A teacher is not only a teacher but a guiding light and facilitator to students. It's really hard to train adult minds than those of children. In schools if the young and innocent minds are trained to protect our environment, they would really inculcate the values and an emotional connect with the environment. And when they will grow up they will develop a love and respect for mother-nature.

Pedagogical Interventions to involve as a teacher :- In almost all of the school curricula, the Himalayas are taught just as a landform in Geography subject. But a teacher could really take out some time from the regular class timings to teach or discuss upon such issues, just a little more effort and enthusiasm is what that's needed from the teacher. Following could be the different pedagogical approaches and strategies that can be used by the teacher:-

- Discussion methods:- A teacher may divide the class into groups of 4-5 and provide certain topics related to environmental issues of Western Himalayas and can ask from them, what do they think. This will definitely develop an insight in the students about the Himalayan ecosystem and its importance on Earth.
- Documentaries and films:- To highlight the importance of Western Himalayas , a teacher can show the students, several documentaries upon the geography,

flora, fauna and local communities of Western Himalayas. This will not only impart knowledge to them but will inculcate in them a feeling of respect for all and belongingness for people and communities.

- Expert talks:- Talks could be organized for students and people who belong from the local communities may be invited sharing their experiences about the current issues in the region.
- Excursions and Educational tours :- Educational tour to sanctuaries and protected areas of W. Himalayas could be organized by the teachers , especially at the level of secondary and higher secondary classes and students should be encouraged to interact with the local communities. This is how they can develop an emotional connect with the local communities and would learn to respect them.
- Activity-based learning:- A teacher can ask students to collect from newspaper articles and cuttings, the various threats and issues of the local communities of W. Himalayas and how they are tackling these issues.
- Collaborative and community based learning:- Teachers depending on feasibility and school permission may ask children to collaborate with NGOs working within the Western Himalayan region. These sort of opportunities will not only enable students to learn more about W. Himalayan ecosystem but will let them to get real life experiences and would even sensitize them towards the environment there, the residing communities and flora and fauna as well.

**By Kartik Srivastava**

## 16. My Green Home



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

You stood tall from the riverbank and beyond.  
From afar, we could see you,  
Rubbing shoulders with your siblings.  
Along the horizon, you looked like the sky, yet you  
were ever green.

Whenever the wind howled, your sisters whistled,  
Keeping the enemy at bay—nobody got killed,  
Not even the smallest finger.  
When the sky wept, you collected its tears in your  
hands,  
Letting them fall, one drop at a time.

This ensured your forefathers weren't disturbed  
By the gushing tears of the sky,  
Keeping them intact in their home.  
Because of this, you stood upright, tapering into the sky majestically.

You ensured that all whose blood ran in their veins had enough food—  
From the biggest one with a kettle hand to the smallest one you could blow  
away.  
From your unity, we received clean air—so pure and fresh.

But what happened when the two-legged animals came?  
The animals you had covered with your warm hands grew greedy.  
Their King said you did not speak to the sky to weep—  
That the tears came from the land beyond, not through your whispers.

With sharp swords, roaring with anger, they began killing your elder siblings.  
They fell, dying alongside others, bleeding profusely  
As their yellow blood gushed out.  
None cared how long you had stood to ensure our air remained pure.

All your relatives were killed to make way for heavy trucks—  
Trucks that carried their corpses away.  
The villagers moved in, seeing your vulnerability,  
Burning some of your weaker children to get black fuel.

The young rivers you sheltered began drying slowly,  
Leaving a trail of destruction down the slope.  
When the sky weeps in vengeance, its tears carry everything away,  
Leaving devastation in their wake.

What remains of you are dry bones—dry bones without life,  
Bones to be gathered and hurled into the fire,  
Leaving the land bare and vulnerable—  
Vulnerable to the ever-changing weather patterns.

**By Leonard Maero W**

## 17. Alone

She sits alone sipping her tea  
oblivious to the people around her.  
She looks so sad.  
Whatever she's carrying seems so heavy, and she is all  
Alone!

She's lost in her thoughts as  
memories flood her mind.  
The hurt and pain becomes alive,  
there's no stopping the flow nor flood of her tears.  
Life's been cruel but she must go through this,  
Alone!

She must deal with many pressures by herself,  
that voice she hears is her own.  
The loud sound from within her is her own heartbeat, piercing her eardrums.  
She looks around and she is all  
Alone!

Then a bright light dawns upon her, a new chapter has begun, of lessons  
learned, of past behind.  
She gazes in wonder of what is to come.  
Fearless, courageous, hopeful, serene,  
come what may, she WILL face it  
Alone!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria  
David  
Writer, Motivational  
Speaker  
Durban  
South Africa**

## 18. Bittersweet Yearning!



**Mrs. Meryl  
Moonsamy  
Attorney  
Durban  
South Africa**

I miss you much,  
I miss you so,  
Miss you more than you will ever know.

Miss your laughter,  
Miss your complaints,  
More now even with your aches or pains.

Miss holding you next to me,  
Miss your leg resting on my knee,  
Miss you saying please scratch my back,  
even miss when you complain I'm a nag.

None will know the love that we have,  
none will understand the treasure thereof,  
none will certainly be able to behold,  
the wonder, the beauty,  
of our love to be told.

Not having you always by my side,  
as my constant, my reality,  
my true love of my life .

I have been worried,  
yes stressed and scared even too,  
all because of the deep love I have for you.

I try so very hard not to stress or be dismayed  
but despite it all, I admit, I am all in an array.  
For reality is I'm only human,  
And Superwoman is but a notion.  
I'm getting so forlorn and irritable too,  
only because of how deeply I miss you

## 19. End Femicide!

Friday hit the deck abruptly like that hot slap from your angry girlfriend. It was a day of planning of what joint to hit when dusk descended and office work was in the rear view. Kenya is a thirsty nation make no mistake about it. Nairobi in particular leads the line with an influx of clubs and local pubs. The sight of locals staggering in the evening, uttering insults and sleeping in ditches si jambo geni jijini, labda kwa mgeni jijini. This means this is not new in the city, things of town. Life in Mukuru slums went as usual in the normal buzz associated with slum life. A garbage truck drove past some street urchins to the dumpsite. The trash collectors were in their business, just like any other day when one of them noticed something peculiar. One of the trash bags seemed odd and tied with rope. Maybe it contained some valuables? The digging was on and Musa tried to untie the bag as best as he could. As soon as the bag opened, an uncontrollable stench stronger than the rest hit his nostrils and the sight of a human hand greeted him.

Fear gripped Musa's heart and he froze like an ice cube contemplating his next move. When he came to, he confirmed and the remains of a human stared back at him. He quickly alerted his colleagues and they came running like they were possessed. Their jaws dropped to the floor. Soon two more bags tied in the same mould were opened and the discovery was the same, human remains, and female remains to be exact. By now a crowd was gathering like ants towards some sugary foods or avocados of yester night. As the crowd watched deeply concerned police arrived but the situation was already out of control. The inmates were running the asylum. The media was also present as if in cue.

Police tried to control the situation but the public was agitated after already experiencing Gen Z protests that saw a lot of brutality and a Zakayo Kristo government that seemed to be eating itself like how a snake eats its own tail and corruption through the roof and stalling projects. More bodies were discovered under the rubble of garbage and the crowd right now was holding their pitchforks



**Mr. Michael  
Ngirigacha  
Writer  
Nairobi  
Kenya**

and torches ready to question those responsible. Everyone abandoned their tasks for the day even those planning to visit their local joint. This exercise took the whole day till nightfall and by the end of the day nine female bodies had been discovered.

The next day, an unenviable riot took place, piling pressure on the police. This is the time when police looked even to nub even innocent people to pin on to escape the pressure and the paperwork. Everyone is a suspect right? By the second day more than 40 bodies had been discovered. The message end femicide was doing the rounds on social media and celebs joined in on the conversation. This discovery of female bodies and killing of young women had been going on for months. Some heads were bound to roll.

The Directorate of Criminal Investigations and the National Police Service joined hands and soon apprehended a 33-year-old suspect based on evidence on phone trails. When Police came to arrest him, Njoro asked, it took you guys this long to arrest me while a wry smile escaped his lips. He confessed to killed all 40 females and confessed to killing even more. He said he killed for the joy of it and because he could. It gave him power to own their last minute before he took it. He felt powerful as he heard them beg for their lives. He said the only mercy he would give them was to end their lives. The police were perplexed. A serial killer with no regard for human life, someone with no conscience.

Njoro noted that he would lure ladies to his place through Tinder under the pretence of having truckloads of cash. Money always turned the heads of females. Some he would take to Airbnb's and have them feel his wrath. He claimed he killed his first victim when he was 12 years old in class six. He didn't like that ladies didn't want to spend more time with him and he felt arousal when he took their lives, choked them and felt blood ooze from their veins. Njoro noted than he had learnt the art of pretence and he would pretend to be in love with a lady. His pretence game was so good that even he sometimes believed in his lie. All towards that goal of a kill in the end. Sometimes he would stalk ladies in the street, even for days before making a move. The Kenyan Jack Ripper.

His parents were called. Both were respectable members of the community. His mother was part of the choir while his father was part of Catholic Men's Action at Madree Theresaa Church. His mother fainted at the police station. She remembered how she brought up her son in a Christian home, he was part of the altar boys. His son was a well-mannered boy who she had brought to respect women. His father shed a heavy stingy tear for his son. How could his son do such things when he had brought up well? His parents remembered how they had brought him up in Ubuntu, in loving people, respect for human life and regard for others. They remembered telling him emulate well-mannered people and being part of a functional group. They wondered where they went wrong. In the phrase I am because you are, then who did Njoro take up after. There had never been any murderer in the family let alone serial killer. Mtoto umleavyo ndivyo akuavyo, meaning a child turns out how you raise him, or this is not how it goes? Both his parents were destroyed and his mother in particular tried to beg for her son's life, so that the law does not go for the electric chair. But Njoro couldn't care less, and in fact he was glad to have been caught, having done this for too long.

**By Michael Ngirigacha**

## 20. Intellectual Coma



**Mr. Naaman  
Al-Gharib  
Iraq**

At the epicenter of this moment, humanity is manifesting itself in its most glorious form—but not in the light of a blazing mind or the purity of a transcendent spirit. Rather, it is in the shadow of a profound crisis that shakes the very foundations of its existence. We might think that all this intellectual noise ravaging the earth is merely a passing phenomenon, but what is happening is far more dangerous. We live in a cosmic epic where the earth burns within itself, the heavens tremble, and even silence bears witness to the madness of existence.

We exist in an era where grand ideologies are disintegrating, and the illusions we have planted in minds over the centuries are shattering. Every idea clashes with the next in a vicious cycle of confusion. The human desires that once revolved around noble values have become nothing more than lies, propagated by power and greed. What have we done with the mind? Is it still the light that once illuminated the paths of philosophers, or has it become a mirage pursued by those racing toward the unknown? Do minds still hold meaning, or have they been reduced to mere machines producing endless noise, trapped in cycles of emptiness?

We are drowning in a kingdom of intellectual coma, where wars accelerate across the landscape of consciousness, where souls are sold in markets of opportunism, and where man is reduced to a mere number in an equation he did not create. Is this the march of sin, or does the earth reflect a mirror of our age—one that is sinking into its depths, unable to comprehend the abyss toward which we are headed? Is it a wave surging from the core of humanity, engulfing everything in a sea of unfathomable madness?

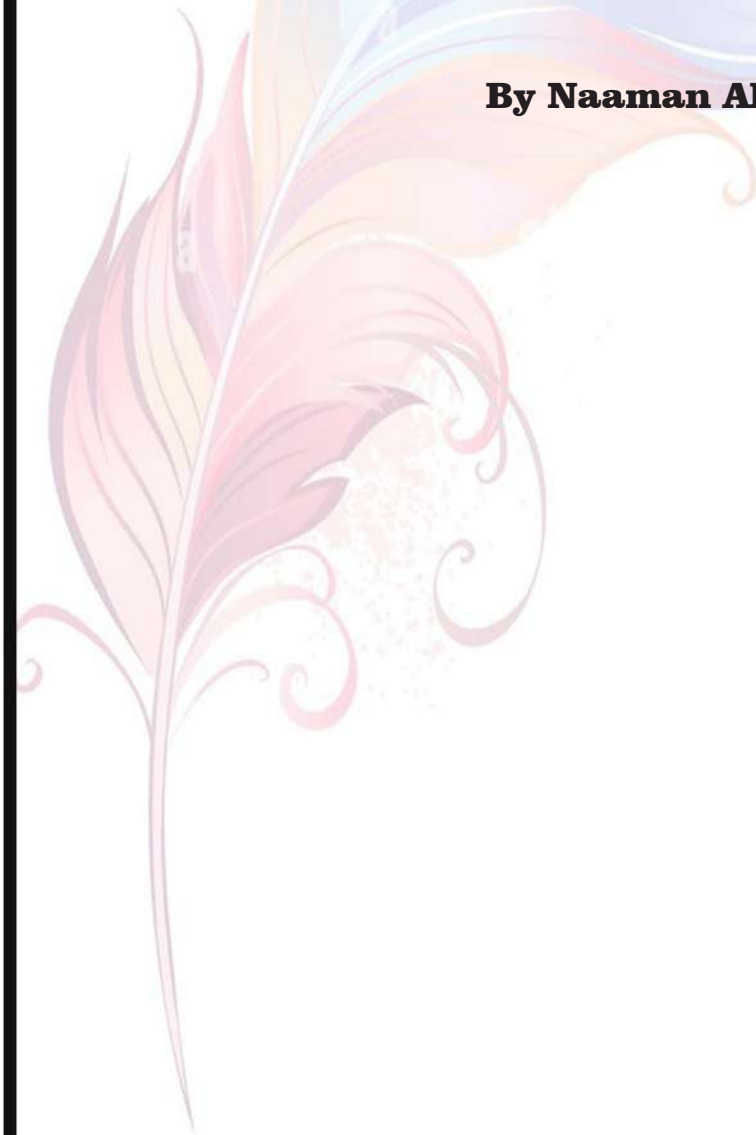
And what of the gods we have created with our own hands? Do they truly embody sublime values, or is what we call faith merely an echo of the cries of the absent crowds? The earth erupts in deep screams of death, and we stand at the edge of the abyss. Every time we attempt to catch our breath, we find ourselves captive

to a fear that has taken root within us for ages. Yes, this is the epic of lost souls, but we are the ones writing its chapters with the ink of our own blood.

At this moment, nothing seems stable or subject to rational explanation. Everything spins in a vicious cycle, as if the earth itself, with all its creatures and things, is shedding endless tears. This is a tragedy written by the hand of time, which knows neither mercy nor forgiveness.

Amid this cosmic turmoil, we stand in astonishment—not only at the magnitude of the catastrophe but at our inability to understand it. It is as though we are trying to decipher a complex puzzle while living at its very core, unaware that it is time leading us, not the other way around.

**By Naaman Al-Gharib**



## 21. Before I Say Yes Or No



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Angela drifted into a half sleep. Although her eyes were shut, she could see Chegura sitting on the stool across the floor, his clothes dripping wet. He ought to be watching over her, fearing that her fever might grow worse. She wanted to say a word of gratitude to him but the fever seemed to have incapacitated her vocal cords.

She felt protected. She could not remember getting such attention from a male person. Her father had parted ways with her mother after serving time in jail for stock theft and was never available for her. She had learnt to fend for herself at the age of 16, following the passing on of her mother. Chegura's image finally evaporated from the room with the noise of the opening door and Angela was suddenly awake. Her friend entered the room with breakfast items.

Angela suddenly remembered that Tania had spent the night with her, that the presence of Chegura was only an illusion. Right where she had observed Chegura's image, Tania had made her bed and spent her night with her sick friend. Now that she was in full self possession, the headache that had accompanied her fever subsiding, Angela wished she was alone. A pang of guilt seized her conscience because she seemed to be more grateful towards the man who had walked her through the storm than the friend who had watched over her illness all night.

"You have to take some painkiller Dear," Tania said, " but if your fever persists, we will have to go to the clinic."

"I don't feel feverish anymore, only tired," Angela said, and in her heart added, "and wishing to see the man who brought me home against the odds of a violent storm."

"Tell me what really happened, how did you come by him?" Tania asked.

"By mere coincidence," Angela answered.

Angela told her friend how she and Chegura had got caught in the previous day's thunderstorm while on her way from Old West, how Chegura had shepherded her home through the flooded roads until they found her doorstep in Tsvingwe High Density Suburb.

"There were times he had to drag me along, like I was a stubborn harness animal, and times he had to carry me on his back like I was a baby I could never imagine having been in my life. I could feel the warmth of his back, the wetness of our clothes sealing our bodies to each other. You ought to have seen what I am telling you to believe it."

"What a traumatic experience. Had it not been for him you would have perished in the storm," Tania said.

"Imagine, there are timber and tin cabins on both sides of the path from Old West, but seeking shelter in such structures was unimaginable, because of the countless holes made by artisanal miners. Most of the holes are hardly noticeable because of the tall grass," Angela explained.

"Praise the LORD that you fell into the company of a good Samaritan. He gave me a call on my way to the tuck shops asking about your health," Tania told her friend.

Escaping death in a thunderstorm could not erase the past from Angela's life. A father convicted and jailed for stock theft, comes back home and starts a church which her mother refused to join, leading to their divorce, her mother dying when she was running on sixteen, Angela becoming a housemaid and going to night school. At least night school brought something to smile about as it enabled her to get formally employed.

The greatest embarrassment of her life was not in her father's conviction and jail time, neither was it in her parents' subsequent divorce. Having her future bridegroom wrestled out of her arms, handcuffed and dragged away by an

ununiformed officer was the humiliation of her life. Had he been taken away for drug dealing, it would have been easier to bear. But he had been taken away in connection with a graveyard scandal.

She had to leave their rendezvous in a hurry and walk back home without company. The officer had stalked her lover to their love nest as if he had had a tip off that Chinesu was going to spend a few hours of his time with his girl at a picnic spot near Nyakamete Industrial Area in Mutare. It remains a mystery how it got into the officer's head to comb the Nyakamete Industrial Area for Chinesu as it was his first time to spend time with his girl at the spot. Maybe they tracked him from his doorstep and only made a strike when he least suspected anything.

From that day she had banished any emotional involvement with any male person from her heart. No matter how charming a man's manners might be, he would not find anything alive in Angela's heart to encourage him. Even though her boyfriend was finally acquitted, while his employer was convicted, she had allowed the worms of despair to ravage the space within her that could accommodate feelings for a man, even one as elegant as the Biblical Joseph, but here was a man who had carried her on his back, even past the cemetery where she would have untimely found space had he not fallen into her company when the sky had vented its fury upon her vulnerability.

Although Tania had Chegura's contact details, Angela did not ask for them. Yes, she owed him much, but looking for him would be like breaking the limits of social etiquette, especially when she had ridden on his back, her legs astride his waist. Looking for him would be a way of asking for something more!

But another Saturday was on its way and he knocked at her door at 0600.

She admitted him into her room and once again he sat on the same stool that had accommodated his wetness a week before. "I just came to check on you," said he.

"That's kind of you, I was wondering when you would come."

They took turns to talk about their lives. His wife had abandoned him when her

church relocated to Bocha, saying that that was the only way she could preserve her life because her husband was in a relationship with a woman who wanted to kill her. "Tell you what, I never had such a relationship."

She told him how her family life had fallen apart and how her would be husband was arrested for violating graves, digging them up for resale. "He was literally torn from my arms and dragged away while I watched helplessly."

"Incredible," Chegura said, struggling to make sense of what Angela had said.

"He was finally acquitted and his employer convicted and jailed, but my boyfriend lost his sanity shortly afterwards," Angela continued.

They parted after exchanging encouraging words, wishing each other a break from the mess of the past.

Soon after seeing Chegura off, Angela checked her reflection in the mirror. Every feature on her face sat in the right place, the eyes, the nose, the mouth and the chin. The beauty she had never appreciated stared back at her with a charming rebuke. Even every hair on her brow was in the right place.

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The boundaries Chegura and Angela had kept were broken when they started travelling together to and from work. And when he proposed love he hastened to mention the generation gap. " You are 23 and I am 38, but there is still something fresh in me that someone failed to exploit."

"And before I say yes or no, I must confess that there was something in me that had shut all masculinity out of my orbit, the walls around which you shook when you miraculously entered my life," Angela responded, completely taken in by the new twist to the narrative of her life.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 22. Nature Through Window



**Mrs. Promila Punnu  
Bhardwaj  
Retd. General  
Manager,  
Industries  
Department,  
Himachal Pradesh**

To nourish itself with immense serenity of nature,  
soul slowly opens windows of eyes to capture  
Beauty of sublime surroundings in its secret store  
For sipping it, bit by bit peacefully on feeling hunger,  
Just as I do from room's open window in leisure  
To refresh my body and mind by deriving pleasure,  
Which only sight of lush green greenery can render  
Spreading upto miles as far as eyes see over there.  
Seem inviting me friendly trees and pretty pasture  
Or if being busy can't go near, they plead to spare  
Some time at least to watch their activities from far.  
My loving eyes caress them and in return fresh air  
They send, I inhale with thanks for their selfless care  
By waving back, they bow like someone very dear,  
Convey warm kisses through butterfly, their  
messenger,  
Hugs through cool breezes embracing me with cheer,  
Besides beauty, joy and peace, found only in shelter  
Of nature or by watching her charisma and I treasure  
Her soothing gifts in heart's closet and secret drawer  
For fuelling tired body and mind, when they require,  
Just like soul cleverly storing sheer beauty of nature  
In abundance for using as per need in the future.  
Keep blessing us with your precious boons, O' Nature!  
By showering happiness on all of us and everywhere.

## 23. Scattered Memories



**Ms. Saira Mubeen**  
**Student, Writer.**  
**Sargodha, Punjab,**  
**Pakistan**

It has been so long since we forgot ourselves.  
It has been years since we met our own selves.

Time has a way of making us forget—our responsibilities, our identities, and sometimes even our worth. Yet, as it moves forward, it leaves behind countless lessons.

Time is an unseen force—intangible yet powerful. It slips away quietly, yet its passage reveals many truths. Thoughts and memories often settle beneath the dust of time, but sometimes, that same dust is lifted, bringing the past back into focus. The waves of time pull us backward—some memories bring joy, while others awaken sorrow and pain.

Cherished memories turn solitude into something beautiful, painting smiles on our faces. Some moments are so precious that they wipe away years of exhaustion in an instant. No matter how heavy the burdens of life may be, a few moments of joy can lighten the load.

But not all memories are kind. Some cling to us with haunting persistence, refusing to fade. They serve as constant reminders of wounds that never fully heal. The echoes of the past replay in our minds, bringing tears to our eyes. At times, these memories stir such storms in our lives that the rain of sorrow seems unending. People say, "Let bygones be bygones," but I believe pain only intensifies in the silence of the night.

"Time moves forward, yet history finds a way to repeat itself."

Positive memories leave a lasting warmth, while painful ones cast long shadows. That is why we should strive to bring happiness into the lives of others—so that when they think of us, their faces light up with smiles, their hearts find peace, and their lips whisper a prayer in our name.

Happiness is a gift that multiplies when shared. A small act of kindness—a fleeting moment of joy given to someone—can make our own lives richer and more fulfilling.

Yet, painful memories are relentless. If we hurt someone, they may never voice their sorrow, but the pain lingers within them. It resurfaces, unbidden, causing anguish over and over again. And remember, what we put into the world comes back to us. The pain we cause today will return to us tomorrow.

When that moment arrives, will we be able to bear the weight of our own actions? Probably not.

So, for the sake of humanity, let us be a source of joy for others—so that our own lives may be filled with happiness in return.

**By Saira Mubeen**

## 24. The US dollar is encroaching upon the economic interests of other countries of the world.



**Mr. Satish  
Bhardwaj  
Writer  
Meerut  
Uttar Pradesh**

Yevgeny Maksimovich Primakov served as the Prime Minister of Russia in 1998. He was born in Kyiv, which has now turned into a battlefield. He was also a close associate of Mikhail Gorbachev.

I mention him today because he was the one who proposed the idea of a strategic triangle between Russia, India, and China. The RIC Forum was established in the 1990s based on his suggestion. However, this forum did not gain significant importance in international politics due to the traditional rivalry between India and China, as well as the differing strategies and objectives of the three nations.

Today, however, this idea has become increasingly relevant. In the modern world, economic power appears to be more crucial than military strength. In international politics, economic capability plays a decisive role.

At present, the United Nations is gradually losing its significance in the face of the growing influence of the United States and NATO. Even where the UN is visible, it often seems to serve the interests of the United States rather than acting as an independent global body.

In the United States, power has now shifted to Donald Trump. However, Trump's approach has been more aggressive than Biden's. During his previous tenure, Trump made efforts to create conflict between China and India. Therefore, in the future, America's strategy may continue to focus on engaging China and India in economic and strategic competition.

By keeping these two major powers entangled, the United States could strengthen its position on the global stage. Furthermore, China and India, being the world's largest manufacturing hubs, might remain dependent on America for technological advancements and economic growth under its capitalist policies.

The situation in Ukraine demonstrates how America has used its diplomatic influence to turn the country into a strategic pawn against Russia. The United States has provided support to Ukraine just enough to keep Russia occupied in the conflict, but now, its long-term interest appears to be diminishing.

Additionally, the ongoing tariff war initiated by the United States highlights Trump's impatience in achieving America's economic ambitions. His policies prioritize maximizing American economic power and business interests. If the U.S. succeeds in creating tensions between China and India, it could further secure its dominance in both strategic and economic matters.

Historically, instability in various parts of the world has provided both economic and political advantages to America. However, global peace requires balance, and the dominance of any one nation poses a threat to weaker countries.

In 2017, when several North Korean banks were disconnected from the SWIFT system, Chinese strategists referred to SWIFT as a financial nuclear bomb controlled by the United States. At that time, some Chinese economists suggested that India, Russia, and China should collaborate to establish an alternative international banking system to challenge SWIFT and reduce the dominance of the US dollar in global transactions.

A strategic alliance between India, Russia, and China could transform them into the world's largest economic, strategic, and technological powerhouse. While this may seem unlikely given the tensions between India and China, history has shown that political priorities shift in pursuit of greater objectives. For example, in 1969, Russia and China engaged in a border conflict, yet today, they are strategic and tactical partners.

In international politics, alliances evolve based on future goals. If India, Russia, and China form a strong economic and strategic coalition, it could open doors to new and positive possibilities for global stability and prosperity.

**By Satish Bhardwaj**

## 25. Softly Comes the Golden Light

Softly comes the golden light,  
Melting the mist of winter's night.  
Spring unfolds in tender hues,  
Bathing fields in morning dews.

Mustard seas in yellow bloom  
Sway like waves in sweet perfume.  
Wheat fields dance in amber glow,  
Rustling gently as the breezes blow.

Sugarcane stands tall and bright,  
Soaked in warmth, kissed by light.  
Lush green paddies hum with grace,  
Mirroring the sky's embrace.

Butterflies drift, light as air,  
Brushing petals soft and fair.  
Cuckoos call in lilting rhyme,  
Singing songs of springtime prime.

Earth awakens, fresh and new,  
Draped in blossoms, pearled in dew.  
A season soft, serene, divine—  
Spring in India, warm and kind.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar  
Kumar  
IT Consultant &  
Author  
Gautam Buddha  
Nagar  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 26. Freedom Of The Soul



**Mrs. Taghrid Bou  
Merhi  
Lebanon  
Brazil**

I was a prisoner behind the fence of fear,  
Searching for a window in the wall of night.  
But the moon was pale,  
And the wind tore through the silent branches.

I cried out:  
O sky, open your gate to the light!  
A star exploded in my chest,  
And the birds returned to their nests.

But the chains tightened around the dream,  
Draining my cry,  
As if the earth refused to listen  
To the echo of footsteps fleeing toward the light.

O freedom, are you a mirage  
We chase through dark alleys?  
Or are you a sun born  
When we shatter the shackles buried in our veins?

I will write your name upon the wall of the wind  
And let the echo carry  
My voice to the coming dawn.

One day,  
I will stand atop the sun  
And dance with the light,  
Free  
As the wind was in a purer time!

## 27. Peace



**Mr. Tha Ono  
Teacher  
Gasparillo  
Trinidad & Tobago**

Laughter danced on sunlit streams...  
Kinship forged in laughter spun unbroken seams...  
Hearts converged beneath the sprawling sky...  
A garden rich with blooms, where dreams took flight  
and sighed...

Every soul, a vessel brimming with light...  
Together woven—a tapestry bright...  
Threads of shared secrets and whispers of hope...  
An unyielding bond, helping each to cope...

Time became a silent thief, with fickle, spinning hands...  
Tempests arose, shifting once-sturdy lands...  
Winds of discord rose, bitter and cold...  
The warmth of laughter turned distant, worlds grew old...

One heart—a warrior—forged in the flame...  
Shielded the tender, bore the blame...  
A marshal of truth, fierce in their gaze...  
Held a mirror to the heart of the silenced king, guiding him through the  
maze...

She whispered to his heart, “Fear not the storm, for it sharpens the soul...  
In the crucible’s fire, you shall find your true role...  
Though paths may diverge and bridges may burn,  
In the ashes of sorrow, together, wisdom we shall earn.”

Fragile threads frayed, worn by the fight...  
A rift opened wide, swallowing midnight...  
Once vibrant laughter, now silence stark...  
Echoes of memories, lost in the dark...

One friend grew distant, a stranger now born...

Others stood witness, hearts heavy with scorn...  
Through the tempest, the marshal remained with the silent king...  
A lighthouse of kindness, though battered and strained...

“Know this, dear heart, as the days slip away...  
In the tapestry woven, there’s beauty in gray...  
Love is a river—it bends and it flows...  
Even in tempests, its depth bestows...”

Seasons grew weary, shadows stretched long...  
The king gathered his courage, his voice a song...  
“Though bridges may crumble, our roots, dear marshal, run deep...  
In the soil of the past, cherished memories we keep.”

Twilight of friendship—a once peaceful land—  
Now faced its own fears, wounds laid wide open, shedding countless tears...  
Love’s toughest lessons—a gift from above...  
Strength to withstand, the power to love...

In final hours, the sun dipped low...  
Whispers of twilight began to bestow...  
The marshal stood firm, with her king—  
Together, their hearts beat as one, full of grace...  
A sacred journey, each trial leaving a trace...

“Should this be the last, let laughter resound...  
Echoes of love, where true peace is found...  
The bonds we have forged, though tested by flame...  
Are the essence of life—never truly the same.”

They gathered memories, a circle anew...  
The warmth of the moment, love’s spirit grew...  
Amidst the burned bridges, soon rebuilt on higher ground...  
A true family was born, in the heart it was found...

When the last breath was taken, the smile held tight...  
The glow of their journey—they danced with the light...  
Love, reborn—a phoenix soaring high from the ash...  
A mural painted where spirits once clashed...

Peace—they found solace, in love—they found grace...  
Every ending is but an embrace...  
Listen as the world whispers, as time ebbs and flows away...  
In the heart's sacred garden, love blooms every day...

**By Tha Ono**

## 28. I Learned a Lot from This Life

I learned a lot from this life—  
That some things are ever-changing,  
That some things are unreliable,  
That not everything is as it seems.

I learned a lot from this life—  
That goodness is the greatest gain,  
That our hearts find peace in kindness,  
That life is complex,  
That life is often beyond understanding.

I learned a lot from this life—  
I learned  
That this life is temporary.



**Ms. Turkan Ergor**  
**Sociologist,**  
**Philosopher, Writer,**  
**Poet, Columnist, Art**  
**Photography Model,**  
**Ambassador for**  
**Peace, World Peace**  
**Icon.**  
**Çanakkale**  
**Turkey**

## 29. Beyond the Hills

A cooing from afar,  
An ahoy from the dales,  
An address with a special invite.

A soft murmur from somewhere near,  
A drumbeat from the greens—  
Orchestrating in harmony,  
As we journey up the hills.

Thrilling it seems to move forward,  
The path ahead slowly unveils.  
Though slippery and untrodden,  
The destination shimmers nearby.

Why this trepidation?  
Why this unease?  
Why this turbulence of queries and worries?  
Why the urge to look back with a sigh?

Acceptance is better  
Than this reluctance to agree.  
What lies beyond the hills  
Remains an enigma.

So why not live in these moments—  
Of accompanying and being accompanied?



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

### 30. The Stranger's Tale



**Ms. Vaishnavi  
Shrivastava  
Student  
Vaishali  
Bihar**

Under the glimmer of a silver moon,  
Where shadows drift and foxes swoon,  
There stood a town by a river's bend,  
Where night began and stories end.

In this town was a street of gold,  
With tales forgotten—dark and old,  
Where laughter once was warm and bright,  
Now whispered low in the folds of night.

An ancient inn with a battered sign  
Once drew travelers, all in line—  
Seeking warmth or tales to share,  
But now it stands in cold, thin air.

One stormy eve, a stranger came,  
In a darkened cloak without a name.  
His eyes were stars, his step like rain,  
He walked in silence—soft as pain.

At the inn he stood, and at the door,  
He knocked three times, then three times more.  
The keeper peered with wary eyes,  
And felt a chill from moonlit skies.

“Tell me a tale, or I’ll fade away—  
Of lost love found or dawn’s first ray,  
Of mountains high or oceans deep,  
For stories wake where shadows sleep.”

The keeper sighed, then told a tale  
Of ships at sea in a howling gale,  
Of broken hearts and secret things,

And golden dreams with painted wings.

The stranger listened, word by word,  
Till dawn's first light broke through—unheard.  
And when he vanished, all that stayed  
Was a silver coin—by the light it played.

Now, in the town by the river's bend,  
They say he'll come when tales must end.  
For stories live, as all things must,  
In the hearts of those who dare to trust.

So tell your tales when the moon is high,  
And let them echo to the sky—  
For words are ghosts that never die,  
They linger on as whispers... nigh.

**By Vaishnavi Shrivastava**

## 31. While God Listens

There is something devastating  
in the smile of a day  
that carries hunger  
and prayer on the same shoulder.

An old woman, with daisies  
and a primrose, prays  
for a lump of survival,  
for folds of grace  
in the palm of your hand.

The world bears the claws  
of a wounded swan  
and the scent of joy  
in the eyes of children  
who were never pampered.

It holds us in invisible ink,  
as we spell new ways—  
agreements between  
willows and water lilies.

While the Lord listens.



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