



# POWER OF WORDS

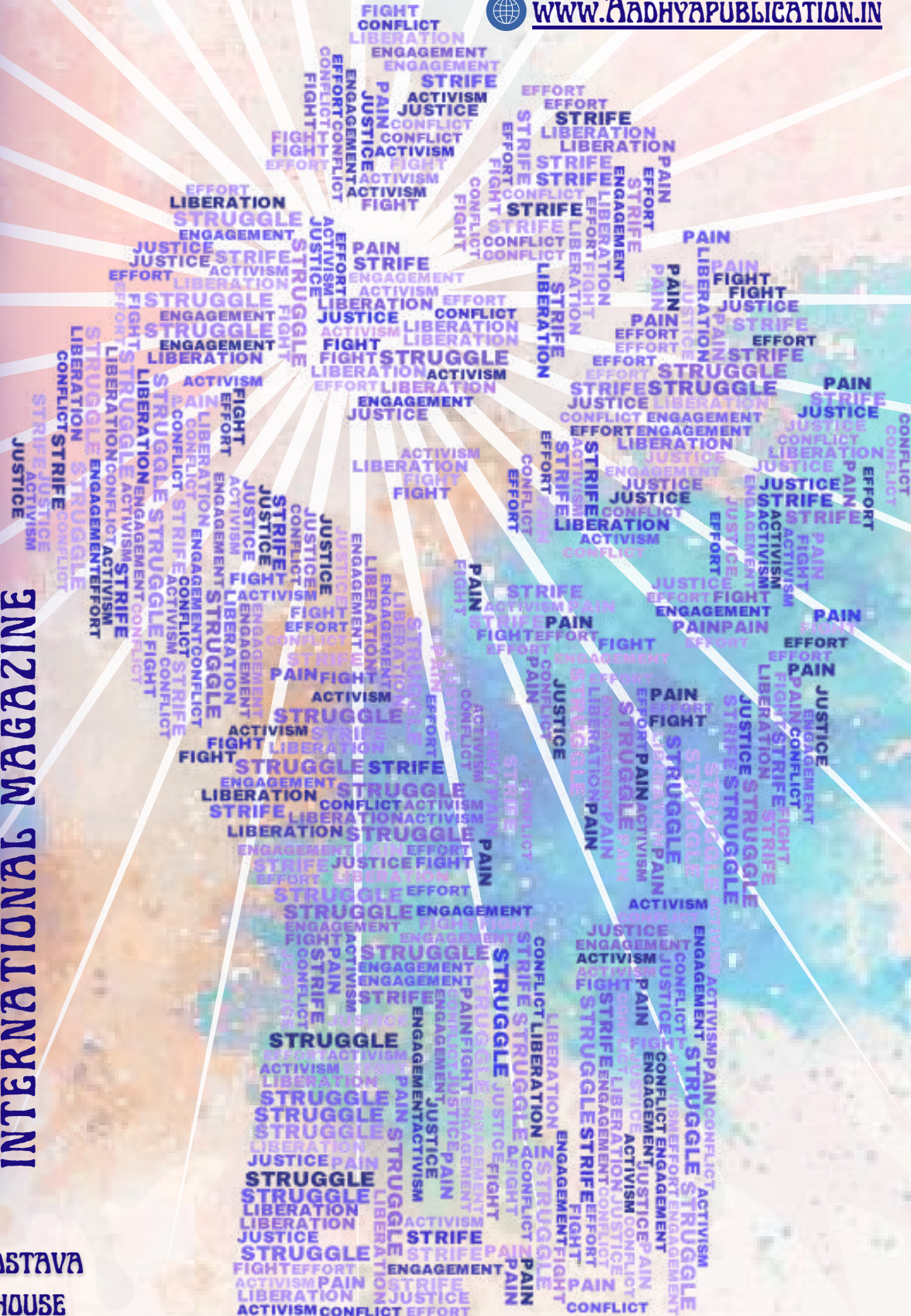
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# DRAMA

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

CHIEF EDITOR:

DR. AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA  
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE



# 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**

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## **PANACHE** International Magazine

*December 2025*

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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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# EDITORIAL

# NOTE      The Power of Words

There are moments in every generation when humanity pauses and quietly asks itself: What truly carries us forward? Time changes everything around us—kingdoms dissolve, landscapes shift, and old certainties fade—but one force remains constant through every turning season: the power of words. They are the invisible threads that weave through our lives, shaping the way we think, feel, and remember. Words create cultures, move crowds, mend wounds, and at times, alter the direction of history without even raising their voice.


A single sentence spoken in courage can begin a revolution. A simple verse can still the restlessness of a heart. And a story told honestly can teach more about life than an entire shelf of instructions.

Standing at the close of 2025, this truth feels especially alive. This year has been a strange blend of turmoil and beauty—a year that has tested us and taught us in equal measure. We watched political tensions unfold across continents; we witnessed societies rethinking old beliefs; we saw technology leap ahead faster than our imaginations could sometimes follow. Yet alongside these storms, we also saw extraordinary kindness, artistic brilliance, and human resilience. While one corner of the world struggled with unrest, another rediscovered compassion. Where some voices were drowned, others rose with new strength. Through all these contradictions, literature remained a steady companion, helping us make sense of a rapidly shifting world.

Words carried us through this year in countless forms. They echoed in protest lines, offering unity when fear tried to divide. They appeared in quiet diaries where people poured out their anxieties and hopes. They flowed through digital spaces where strangers found courage in each other's stories. They softened heavy days through poems, reminded us of wonder through novels, and brought clarity through essays written with honesty. In a world that often felt unsettled, writers, thinkers, and storytellers became quiet pillars—gentle anchors reminding us who we are and what we value.

# The Power of Words

This is exactly why Panache International exists. Not as just another magazine, but as a shared home for voices that deserve to be heard. Over the years, Panache has become a place where a poet from one corner of the world can find connection with a writer from another, where scholarly reflections sit comfortably beside heartfelt narratives, and where readers recognize parts of their own journey in someone else's words. It is a space built on respect, sincerity, and the simple belief that every expression—whether grand or humble—matters.



December makes this edition even more meaningful. It is the month when the world slows down, just enough for us to hear our inner voice more clearly. The air feels gentler, memories feel closer, and reflection comes naturally. We look back at our victories and our quiet struggles, and we begin to shape our hopes for what comes next. And in these reflective moments, we inevitably return to language. We write our resolutions, revisit old conversations, express gratitude, and allow ourselves to dream again. Words guide these transitions. They help us close one chapter and step into the next.

This edition—The Power of Words—is a tribute to this timeless force. Inside, you will find writing that speaks with honesty and heart: stories that remind you of forgotten truths, poems that echo unspoken emotions, essays that challenge and comfort, and voices that hold wisdom shaped by real experience. Every piece in these pages is a reminder of the courage it takes to express oneself in a world that often asks us to stay silent.

As you read, may these words meet you gently. May they stir something within you—understanding, hope, curiosity, or simply the comfort of feeling seen. May this December bring you clarity, and may the coming year open itself like a fresh page, waiting for your own words to give it meaning.

**Welcome to the December 2025 edition of Panache.  
Welcome to the quiet, enduring magic of expression.**

# FEATURE SECTION

## When Words Become Freedom: Literature That Changed the World



There are times in history when the world doesn't shift because swords clashed or thrones fell. It shifts quietly—first in the lines someone dares to write, then in the mind of a reader, and eventually in the heart of a society ready for change.

This is the soft, steady revolution of literature. Here are times in history when the world doesn't shift because swords clashed or thrones fell. It shifts quietly—

First in the lines someone dares to write, then in the mind of a reader, and eventually in the heart of a society ready for change.

This is the soft, steady revolution of literature.

### Ancient Beginnings: Stories as Moral Maps

Long before parliaments and constitutions, societies looked to their storytellers for direction. Epics like the Mahabharata and the Iliad were not merely tales of war; they were lessons in duty, justice, pride, and consequence. Through Arjuna, Draupadi, Achilles, and others, people learned to question themselves, to understand courage, and to recognize the thin line between righteousness and ruin.

These works didn't demand political freedom—they cultivated inner freedom. They taught that liberation begins within one's own conscience.

### The Renaissance: Words Against Darkness

When Europe slipped into intellectual stagnation, literature became its rescue. Dante questioned power. Shakespeare unfolded human nature with such honesty that his plays still feel like mirrors. Milton redefined rebellion and choice.

They didn't break chains on the battlefield; they broke them in thought. They reminded the world that the freedom to think is where all other freedoms are born.

### Revolutions on Paper

Many modern revolutions were sparked not by crowds, but by pages.

Thomas Paine spoke directly to ordinary people and convinced them that independence was their right. Rousseau insisted that power belongs to the people, not to kings. Mary Wollstonecraft challenged centuries of tradition by arguing that a woman's mind deserves the same respect as a man's.

Their ideas walked into the streets long before the people did.

# When Words Become Freedom: Literature That Changed the World

## Literature Against Oppression

Some of the strongest voices have risen from places burdened by injustice. Harriet Beecher Stowe exposed the brutality of slavery. Dostoevsky wrote of human dignity from the shadow of imprisonment. Tagore and Gandhi used words to awaken India—one through poetry, the other through truth.

When the world closed its doors, literature opened windows.

## Women Who Wrote Themselves Free

Freedom is incomplete until women's voices are free.

Virginia Woolf demanded space for a woman's imagination. Maya Angelou turned pain into strength. Ismat Chughtai challenged social hypocrisy without apology. Their work didn't just liberate women—it liberated storytelling itself.

## The New Age: Digital Words, Real Movements

Today, a poem written in a small room can travel across continents in minutes. An open letter can start a movement. A personal story can shift public conscience. The medium has changed, but the impact remains the same: words unite people and ignite action.

## Why Literature Still Matters

Freedom is not only political—it is emotional, intellectual, and deeply personal. Literature gives us language for our struggles, direction for our future, and courage to question what we've been told. Every time a reader closes a book with a changed heart, a quiet revolution has begun.

Words do not just express freedom.

They become "freedom"!

# Feature Section

## FROM SILENCE TO SPEECH: THE FEMININE VOICE IN MODERN WRITING

There was a time—not too long ago—when the world expected women to speak softly, if at all. Their thoughts were confined to private spaces, their feelings tucked away in diaries, and their dreams considered distractions. Yet silence was never meant to be a woman's destiny. Whenever society closed its doors, her voice found another path. It slipped into letters, poems, stories, myths, and whispered confessions. Slowly, word by word, history began to change.

Long before the world acknowledged it, a quiet revolution was taking shape in writing. Women wrote when no one asked them to. They wrote under dim lamps, between chores, behind locked doors, sometimes under male names, sometimes only for themselves. But even those hidden sentences carried the weight of generations who had lived without a language for their truths. Their words were not just personal—they were ancestral.

Today, the feminine voice stands in the heart of global literature. It arrives with honesty, vulnerability, courage, and depth. It challenges systems, comforts wounds, and shows the world what empathy looks like in language. Modern literature would not be what it is without this voice that once fought simply to exist.

### The Roots of a Revolution

Women like Mary Shelley and the Brontë sisters wrote against the grain of their time. They questioned authority through fiction, imagined possibilities beyond society's boundaries, and created characters who felt real long before the world learned to accept such realism. Emily Dickinson transformed solitude into poetry that still feels startlingly honest. Later, Virginia Woolf entered the literary landscape not just as a writer, but as a thinker who demanded intellectual space for women. Her belief that a woman needs "a room of her own" was not a metaphor alone—it was a map for generations to come.

# FROM SILENCE TO SPEECH: THE FEMININE VOICE IN MODERN WRITING

**Their work did more than break silence. It turned silence into strength.**

## A New Wave of Courage

By the 20th century, women were no longer whispering. They were confronting truth head-on.

Simone de Beauvoir questioned centuries of conditioning.

Maya Angelou turned lived pain into lyrical power.

Toni Morrison gave voice to Black womanhood with unmatched grace.

Ismat Chughtai shattered societal hypocrisy.

Mahadevi Varma transformed feminine sensitivity into spiritual resistance.

Kamala Das wrote desire and vulnerability without shame.

Together, they changed not just what women could write—but what literature itself was allowed to express.

## A Voice for Everyone

For centuries, women were characters in stories written by others. Modern writing changed that.

Today, women are not asking for space; they are defining it. Their voice has evolved into a universal symbol—of courage, compassion, intuition, resistance, and healing. It is a way of seeing the world that values emotional truth as much as external action.

## The Unwritten Becomes Written

Modern women writers now explore themes once dismissed as “too private”: mental health, identity, sexuality, displacement, motherhood, grief, loneliness, ambition. Writers like Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, Jhumpa Lahiri, Elif Shafak, Arundhati Roy, and many others have shown that the personal is not small—it is universal.

## The Digital Turning Point

Social media, blogs, spoken word, and online forums have given millions of women a voice. A girl in a small town can now tell her story to the entire world. Women who once suffered in silence now find communities that truly listen.

## Why This Voice Matters

In a world shaken by conflict and confusion, the feminine voice brings emotional clarity. It humanizes, heals, and reveals. When women write, they do more than craft stories—they reclaim existence.

The journey from silence to speech is one of the greatest literary transformations of our time. And it is still unfolding.

## *Why Words Heal: The Psychology of Expression*

There are moments in life when emotions feel too heavy to hold inside. We write when we are hurt, we talk when our hearts feel crowded, and we turn to stories when reality becomes difficult to bear. This instinct isn't random—human beings are built for expression. The mind needs language the same way the lungs need air. When emotions find a voice, something inside us shifts. A quiet clarity begins to form.

Across cultures and centuries, people have always turned to words for comfort. Whether it was a verse in an ancient scripture, a poem scribbled in a notebook, a confession written late at night, or a message sent to a friend—expression has been one of humanity's most reliable forms of healing. We mend ourselves when we name what hurts. We recover when we give shape to what we feel. Silence binds wounds; expression releases them.

### The Science Behind This Healing

Psychology gives us a simple truth:

what we refuse to express stays inside us, and whatever stays inside becomes suffering. When emotions remain unspoken, the mind starts working against itself. Stress increases, thoughts become tangled, and the body often reacts with headaches, fatigue, or anxiety. But the moment we begin to put our feelings into words—spoken or written—the brain starts reorganizing them. This process, known as emotional integration, is the mind's way of clearing space. Words become the bridge through which confusion turns into understanding and hurt turns into insight.

### Writing as a Path to Clarity

The act of writing has a special kind of magic. When we sit down with a journal or an open page, our thoughts begin to unfold. The mind stops feeling chaotic; it becomes a storyteller instead of a struggler. That is why journaling is widely recommended by psychologists. Writing helps us slow down, observe our feelings, and cut through emotional noise. Many people discover truths on paper that they never realized they were carrying inside.

## ***Why Words Heal: The Psychology of Expression***

### **Poetry: A Safe Home for Difficult Emotions**

Poetry has always been a refuge for emotions too delicate for direct language. When someone feels heartbreak, loneliness, or longing, metaphors offer a softer doorway to expression. A storm becomes grief, a flower becomes hope, darkness becomes fear. Poetry allows us to say what feels unsayable. It turns raw pain into something gentle enough to hold.

### **How Stories Heal Us**

Stories comfort us in ways everyday life cannot. When we read about characters who struggle, fall, and rise again, we recognize pieces of ourselves. This feeling of being mirrored is deeply therapeutic. Through fiction, readers often find courage, hope, and understanding. This is why bibliotherapy—healing through reading—is becoming more common around the world.

### **The Healing Power of Being Heard**

Speaking is just as important. When we share our story and someone truly listens, the emotional burden lightens. Healing rarely comes from advice; it comes from understanding. Sometimes a simple “I hear you” becomes a turning point.

### **Expression as Freedom**

From personal confessions to cultural stories, words have carried entire communities through pain. Tagore did it for India, Maya Angelou did it for America, and countless unknown writers do it every day in their diaries.

In the end, expression is freedom.

To speak is to breathe.

To write is to release.

To share is to heal.

Words don't remove suffering, but they transform it.

They give shape to confusion, soften sorrow, and remind us that we are not alone.

**This is why words heal—and why they always will.**

# LITERARY ANALYSIS

## Powerful Opening Lines in English Literature: How the First Sentence Shapes a Story

There's something quietly magical about the very first line of a book. Before we know anything about the characters, the plot, or the world we're about to enter, the opening sentence takes us by the hand. It's the moment that decides whether we turn the page or slip away. A good beginning doesn't shout for attention—it gently pulls us in, promising that what follows will be worth our time.

Writers have always known the weight that a first line carries. It sets the rhythm, mood, and expectation of the entire narrative. Think of Dickens opening *A Tale of Two Cities* with that unforgettable contradiction: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..." In one breath, he captures the chaos and duality of an entire era. Even before the story starts, we feel the tension of a world split between hope and fear.

Some openings charm us with subtle curiosity. Jane Austen's iconic line from *Pride and Prejudice*—"It is a truth universally acknowledged..."—sounds formal at first, but it hides her playful humour. With just one sentence, she sets the stage for a story that blends romance with sharp social insight.

Other writers choose intimacy. J.D. Salinger begins *The Catcher in the Rye* with a raw, conversational tone that feels like someone confessing their life directly into our ears. It's messy, personal, and deeply human.

And then there's Orwell, who unsettles us from the very first moment of 1984: "The clocks were striking thirteen." One strange detail is enough to signal that nothing in this world is ordinary.

A powerful opening line doesn't reveal everything; it simply opens a door. It builds trust, awakens curiosity, and whispers, Come with me—there's a story waiting for you. That single sentence becomes the spark that lights the journey ahead, proving that sometimes the smallest beginning carries the biggest impact



## 1. This Year



**Ms. Ayushi  
Khawade  
Student  
Bhopal**

A beautiful morning with the warmth of sunrays,  
I began this year with hopes guiding my ways.  
I was excited for the new experiences ahead—  
How energetic they would be, more than I had ever  
said.

This year, I learned, I wandered, near and far,  
With friends and family beneath each shining star.  
I met some strangers in unexpected ways—  
Colleagues, classmates—each on different days.

This year, I prioritized myself a little more.  
Sunsets and moonlight healed me from my heart's core.  
I lived every moment, through easy and daring turns,  
Enjoyed the rain and cozy places with some special ones.

This year, I was blessed to grow closer to Mother Nature—  
Sitting by riverside whispers, moments pure and clearer.  
And through all of this, one conclusion I hold dear:  
How grateful and stronger I've become—truly, a beautiful year.

## 2. Amazing Outcome

Everyone wants money to rain,  
Everyone wants fame to rain,  
Everyone wants love to rain,  
Everyone wants attention to rain.

Very few want to restrain desires,  
Very few want to strain their minds,  
Very few want to train with effort,  
Choosing instead to sow imagination's grain  
Across the fertile lanes of the mind,  
And tapping energy and time in vain.

Nothing amazing can we gain  
Without a considerable amount of pain!



**Mr. D. S. Prasad**  
**TGT(English)**  
**Ranchi**  
**Jharkhand**

### 3. Melody of my Soul

The heart has a song that takes flight,  
A melody woven gently in the light.

Its echoes ring both clear and true,  
A love that always feels brand new.

The morning rises soft and bright,  
With dreams reflected in our sight.

It dances in a vibrant sway,  
A rhythm that guides the soul each day.

The cosmos paints an endless art—  
Timeless music flowing from the heart.

Its colors, vivid, bright, and bold,  
Reveal the stories waiting to be told.

This melody, tender and profound,  
Is where the truest spirit can be found.



**Dr. Debabrata Maji**  
**Howrah**  
**West Bengal**

## 4. Heart

Everyone is running after the heart.  
The heart is life's integral part.

Sometimes the heart is stolen,  
Sometimes the heart is broken.

Sometimes the heart is tuned,  
Sometimes the heart is ruined.

The heart always connects emotions,  
The heart also guides relations.

The heart is innocent and delicate—  
Who has ever truly known its fate?

The heart has various types of shades,  
The heart comes in different sizes and shapes.

Love flows through the chambers of the heart,  
The heart always needs a gentle start.

In happiness, the heart flies,  
In sorrow, the heart cries.

Maintain balance between brain and heart—  
Don't let the heart be filled with drought.



**Mr. Girish Chandra  
Upadhyay  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 5. Deluder

Your silky smoothness  
Was my only luxury.  
Your milky and honeyed promises  
Were my only sanctuary.  
Crossing rivers on my way to school,  
You were my boat.

I thought we were everlasting,  
But like the sands of time  
You slipped through my fingers  
As I watched helplessly,  
Until the last grain dropped  
And you went AWOL.

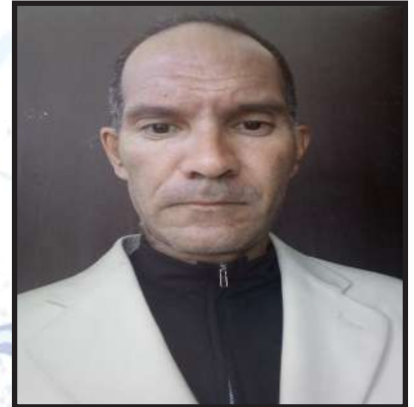
Dear, dearest,  
I always imagine  
What could have been  
That never was—  
Seeking manna every morning,  
For I am a fervent believer.



**Mr. Godknows  
Elginos Pomerai  
Biochemist &  
Visual Artist  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

## 6. Do you know what it feels like to be close to death?

### Do you know why one arrives at that fateful place?



Do you know what it feels like to be close to death?  
Do you know why one arrives at that fateful place?

I will answer those questions that few are able to express.

No human being in a clear state of mind—with normal, open senses—would willingly admit to being tempted by that presence which appears without warning, and from which, without protection or understanding, one cannot easily escape.

Yes, I have witnessed life change in an instant, and I can tell you that accepting such a transformation is never simple.

When that dark force arrives, it surrounds you completely; nothing remains untouched. It drains everything that feels alive, and that shadow knows exactly where to strike. And when it has already consumed your sense of self, what can you do? Countless thoughts rush through your mind, leaving no room to breathe. Yet even then, one fragile thing remains: hope.

We find ourselves in the silent realm between life and death  
In my case, a coma.

Do you know what that is like? When an unexpected and overwhelming illness invades you, and your consciousness is held captive so tightly that waking up becomes uncertain, there is no thought, no movement. That place absorbs you endlessly—no clarity, no sound, absolutely nothing.

Your senses remain faintly open, yet your body lies still, unable to see light or feel hope. That is the danger that any human soul can face: when there is no spiritual

**Mr. Jose Luis  
Lopez  
Writer  
San Juan  
Puerto Rico**

strength to hold onto, you feel as though you are lost in the grasp of something powerful and unseen.

No ordinary force can break the chains of such a dark state. But when a sincere prayer reaches the universe and finds divine mercy, a spark of renewal becomes possible—a chance to return to the life you once knew.

All human beings pass through cycles—stages of understanding that prepare us to face challenges we cannot see. We all have abilities to fight what is physical, but there is no earthly weapon against what is invisible.

In those moments, we can only call upon the One who created us, the One who watches over every soul. He is always present, guarding humanity from whatever seeks to harm it. When we invoke His presence with faith, He comes close and carries out His gentle, divine work.

**By Jose Luis Lopez**

## 7. Black Carbon: A Silent Threat to Marine Biodiversity

Kartik Srivastava

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### ABSTRACT/ SYNOPSIS

Living in the 21st century, a civilized world as we call it, we have modernized almost everything, every aspect of our lives with technological advancements but have actually forgotten or rather ignored our duties towards mother nature of which we are an integral part. The human race has till date caused a lot of devastations to the natural environment and its ecosystems and, oceans and marine ecosystems are not something untouched. A lot of marine biodiversity across the world has already declined due to anthropogenic pressures and a lot more are on verge of extinction. However, in the recent past, with the coming up of environmentalists, conventions and policies directed towards sustainable future, we have begun focussing on global environmental issues like climate change, pollution, deforestation, coral bleaching, sea-level rise, etc and have talked about various causes too like Carbon emissions, tropospheric ozone etc. but one silent and unnoticed threat to the environment, especially marine environment is Black carbon, which is quite less discussed.

Black carbon, a primary pollutant emitted from incomplete combustion of fossil fuels and various other anthropogenic activities, can travel to long distances in the atmosphere and can block and absorb sunlight thus increasing the temperature and accelerating climate change. Particularly talking about marine biodiversity, black carbon can land on ocean surfaces changing the chemical composition of its surface water and accelerating acidification of oceans thus killing marine biodiversity like shellfish and corals. Also, due to blocking of sunlight it can hinder photosynthesis in phytoplanktons, thus disrupting the ecological chain in the marine ecosystem.

**Mr. Kartik  
Srivastava  
Student  
Vadodara  
Gujarat**

This article aims to discuss the potential threats of black carbon to marine biodiversity and the adverse consequences. The article will also highlight the possible mitigation strategies in order to combat this silent killer of marine biodiversity- the black carbon.

Keywords - Black carbon, anthropogenic, ocean-acidification, coral-bleaching, climate change

## **Black Carbon**

Black carbon which is also referred to as soot in common terminology, is basically a primary anthropogenic pollutant which is released in very fine particle form from incomplete combustion of fossil fuels, burning of agricultural biomass, from diesel engines etc. Even indoor daily activities like gas stove burning and lighting an incense cone can release black carbon.

Black carbon is solid in nature and black in colour composed of pure carbon particles and could be released in fine aerosol forms and when inhaled it could enter into the respiratory tract and cause distress and respiratory disorders.

## **Adverse effects on environmental with special emphasis on marine biodiversity**

- **Global climate change:** Black carbon can act as a major contributor to global climate change. When it's present in atmosphere it absorbs more and more heat from Sun unlike other aerosols, causing air around it to warm thus causing global warming and significantly accelerating the issue of global climate change. The global climate change has got devastating effects on biodiversity including marine biodiversity.
- **Glacier melting and sea levels rise:** Black carbon can travel to long distances and can settle on glaciers and snow surface thus rendering the surface as black, hence reducing its reflectivity and thus causing more heat entrapment and melting of snow that leads to sea level rise again a major threat to sensitive flora and fauna of the marine ecosystem.

- Ocean acidification and coral bleaching: The global climate change being brought by black carbon can lead to acidification of oceans. Also, the black carbon aerosols which land on sea surface can alter the surface chemistry of sea water . This acidification of sea water with climate change leads to coral bleaching and devastation of this varied ecosystem which is home to many.
- Hindrance in planktonic photosynthesis: Since black carbons can absorb sunlight, thus they block the light to reach phytoplanktons in the sea thus affecting photosynthesis process and causing their death, in this way disturbing the entire ecological food chain.
- Changed monsoon and cloud pattern: Black carbon can interfere with cloud forming process by interacting with sunlight and altering the way sunlight interacts with air masses. This causes changed monsoon pattern , even marine weather cycles too.

### **Mitigation**

Relating with the saying 'Prevention is better than cure' it's always better to prevent black carbon from being released rather than keep on searching and incorporating different treatment methods even when they are not cost effective. Some of the mitigation strategies could be use of cleaner cooking alternatives like LPG etc rather than burning fossil fuels for cooking, use of electrical vehicles in place of diesel vehicles, reduced open burning of wastes and proper disposal of wastes, use of scrubbers or filters by industries before discharging exhaust gases with black carbon, etc.

At last but not the least , we should remember that nothing will really work unless and until we realise that nature is not someone's private property but a collective responsibility of we all to work upon to make it a better place to live in not only for us but for all organisms of Earth.

**By Kartik Srivastava**

## 8. As The Dawn Broke!



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

In days gone by, man felt a great need to connect with the Creator. In the then known world, of Jerusalem, the Roman government, had jurisdiction over the land. They were overbearing, ruthless and condescending.

Such was the sad and suffocating times in Jerusalem. The locals were taxed for countless things, which became burdensome for them. They prayed fervently to God, to help them cope under this tyrannical rulership.

It was foretold in the ancient Holy Books, and by the prophets, that a Messiah, a Savior, would be born. His purpose was to save mankind from their sins, to liberate, and to usher in new hope.

During this time, a young girl named Mary, was visited by an angel, who announced that she would be the carrier of the Messiah, the Savior, whom everyone was looking forward for. She trembled at this news!

Mary was engaged to Joseph, a young man from her town. He was distraught when she shared her news with him. The angel then visited Joseph also, who told him not to be afraid, for Mary was the designated carrier of the Savior!

Her parents were in utter disbelief. The community started to gossip, and news of her pregnancy went viral! As the dust began to somewhat settle, on this incomprehensible news, it was time for the locals, to pay their taxes.

Joseph took Mary on a donkey, and travelled from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Evening began to fall upon them, and they searched for a place to stay for the night.

Any room would do, any inn, any bed 'n breakfast would suffice, at this stage. Alas, every door they knocked on, gave the same response, "sorry we have no room for you. There are many guests that have come to pay their taxes, and have booked in early with us, we're sorry, but we have no more room"!

When it seemed all hope was lost, a kind sheep farmer, who upon looking at Mary with empathy, as she was due to have her baby at any given moment, offered them a place at his sheep stables. That night, Mary went into labor, and travailed with birth pains. It was time. The Savior, the Hope of the world, was about to make His foretold entry.

There were shepherds in the fields, watching over their flocks by night. It was a calm and beautiful night, as though the heavens stood to attention, in awe and wonder of what was taking place. Then a portal opened, and angelic presence began to invade the atmosphere. All of creation waited with bated breath, for someone or something to miraculously appear!

That night amidst the starry skies, and the brightest moon, Jesus Christ, the Savior was born, in a manger!

As the dawn broke, the sweetest sound was heard. The cry of a new born baby was heard across the valley of green fields. The birds chirped happily, the flowers opened up, and released their scent, smiles were seen on many faces that historical day!

For as the dawn broke, something magical permeated the air. Burdens began to roll away, wells of sorrow dried up, joy returned and great happiness flooded the land.

The King of kings, came to dwell among men, to show them the Way, the Truth, and the Life!!!

Dear reader, may the babe of Bethlehem, visit you and yours during this wonderful time, as we remember, with much gratitude and joy, the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ!

Thank you for taking this journey with me dear friends. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

**By Lucy Victoria David**

## 9. The Beast in White



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

"Let's take it like we are meeting for the first time," Matida said, maybe that way we will rediscover the road we had travelled together until the biological presence of Cherish in my life made the road split into two paths destined never to meet again."

The words she spoke came out through the cracks of heartbreak. I did not think it was even proper for me to be talking to her at that time. She needed healing and any contact with her would make her wounds begin to drain again. I also needed healing, which I knew would never be possible without involving her. I knew I was seeking emotional respite at a great risk because if she shut me out of her life forever, the stabs on my heart would fester to the grave.

Mati alighted from my parked car after exchanging a few more words with me that only made me realise that her emotional predicament was a result of my callous pride while mine was a result of worshipping stereotypes that had sometimes made people throw away the grain and gather the chaff in their sacks. She found her way round a number of vehicles before fading from my sight.

I had not convincingly conveyed my message perhaps. I wanted her back in my life, never to let go again. I had only managed to retell what had happened at my wedding party, which had already claimed undue space on the news and on social media platforms, the image of my screaming bride being dragged away in handcuffs, with all sorts of captions one might not dare to call scandal mongering, given the gravity of her case, being a major sensation.

Although I had not taken every word she had said, a few words echoed in my mind, "I deluded myself into thinking that I was the only one, only to find myself being rejected in a hurry, and before I had started coping with my unenviable situation, found myself being asked to play the option."

Those words were strong enough to tell me that I was not only chasing a mirage,

but also trying to turn futility into a fairytale in which every situation found redemption.

I thought about the angel I had met in my bride Cathy and how Mati's appeal had faded away from my mind's eye when Cathy had confirmed that she was prepared to sign the nuptials with me. I had broken up with Mati when she told me that she had a child from a failed relationship.

"I'm not that type of man to drag the residue of a dead relationship into my orbit," I had told Mati.

"My mum will look after Cherish; you don't need to take her into your custody," Mati had explained.

"Cherish is not the problem, but the memories of her father that you will keep, the emotional attachment that seems to have faded when you find a new relationship. That is the residue I don't want in my orbit."

"So you are saying it is over between us?" Mati spoke through the lump on her throat.

"Precisely," I said, opening the door of my car to signal the fact that the conversation was over. I did not walk out of her life. I drove out of it. I left her at our usual rendezvous, by the entrance gate to the Merrydale Gardens, believing that I had not left any pieces of myself with her to want her back one day.

When I emerged from my reverie, the park had only a few cars in its parking lots. Only a sprinkling of people remained in the park. It was already 7pm and Mati had left quite a long while ago, and the prospect of her return was zero. I began my own drive home, but somehow I felt that home was not just a residence, but where Mati was.

In my bed the demons of my past assailed me, especially my unceremonious rejection of Matida, but the present threw my mind into chaotic thoughts, punctuated with curses, uttering silent threats at the police officers who had two days ago come to apprehend my bride. Why would they not wait for the nuptials to be over? They had deliberately wanted to create a spectacle.

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The details of Cathy's alleged wrong doing were explained to me immediately after the pandemonium caused by the arrest had subsided. Cathy Zinhanga was being charged with the murder of her own infant child. She had belted her pregnancy because she did not want to be deferred from her studies as a result of the pregnancy. Her behaviour had always been suspicious and she was under the constant scrutiny of her roommate. She gave birth on campus and a dead infant was found in a bin five streets away.

A note found in the police suggestion box had named her as the mother of the dead infant and Cathy was arrested and remanded out of custody awaiting the results of DNA tests. Then she disappeared from the map. It was believed that she had skipped the border into neighbouring South Africa. Cathy Zinhanga was not her real name. Her real name was Edith Mwenda.

"So how has the police managed to gather all that information," I asked impatiently.

An officer gave me a disturbing explanation, "When you went to get your wedding licence, your fingerprints were taken, that does not sound very sensible, ok?"

"I'm lost," I said.

"I don't blame you," the officer rejoined. "We got a tip off from an anonymous number that Edith Mwenda, who had dumped the corpse of her infant child five years ago, was back and was taking a wedding licence. She had forged new identity particulars which anyone without a criminal record could easily get away with. Unfortunately for your bride Cathy Zinhanga, her finger prints tallied with those of Edith Mwenda."

"Too odious to be believed," I said, bile surging into my mouth.

So my in-laws had received my bride price, knowing that their daughter was a criminal? Maybe those were only impostors, but if they were imposters, where were Cathy's relatives?

\*\*\*

Giving up on Mati would be like giving up on life, yet continuing entreating her was like taking medication to prolong pain when death was a better option. What I now felt for Mati was not just passionate love, but also passionate respect. Cathy had strangled her own baby, but Mati had kept hers.

\*\*\*

You know Mati,"I said as we stood at the entrance of Merrydale Gardens, "if I marry you, we will not rush into having children, we will love and cherish Cherish first. She deserves the presence of a father in her life."

"You know Diwai," Mati answered, "if I marry you, we must make a sibling for Cherish as early as possible because she deserves one."

Mati and I fell into each other's arms and we held on to each other for a long while. We could hardly hear the birds singing above us, neither were we aware of the presence of the afternoon sun. All we heard in our hearts were the confessions we had made to each other, which though at variance made Cherish the treasure Mati and I would forever value.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 10. My Guwahati ; A Memory Of Home



**Mrs. Priyanka**  
**Author**  
**Kolkata**  
**West Bengal**

The scent of a sudden monsoon shower on dry earth, the honking of the rickshaws, the distant, soulful chime of the temple bells—these aren't just memories; they are the soundtrack of my soul. Though my current life, anchored by responsibility, has taken me away, my heart still beats in sync with the rhythm of Guwahati, my birthplace and childhood home in Assam.

Guwahati wasn't just defined by its big landmarks; it was defined by the intimate geography of my bedroom window. My daily life was a canvas painted with the smallest, most constant details. I remember countless hours spent watching the frantic, fascinating life of the squirrels—a tiny, nervous resident—scampering up the drainpipe or hoarding treasures just outside my glass pane. It was a simple, repetitive motion that grounded my childhood world. And sometimes, the city's wild heart would pay us a more surprising visit: a troupe of monkeys would swing through the trees, a sudden, boisterous, and slightly chaotic entertainment that would send everyone scrambling for a good vantage point. These unexpected bursts of nature right outside the window are memories unique to that home, that city. Since my school was just meters away, every morning began with a pulse of urgency. I'd rush to my window, and the moment I saw the first cluster of students, the familiar uniform, or the great yellow bulk of the school bus rumble past my house, it was an electric jolt of panic and excitement. That quick, frantic dash out the door, bookbag swinging, knowing I was already seconds late—that small, daily routine embodies the perfect chaos and joy of my Guwahati childhood.

My earliest identity was forged in the halls and classrooms of St. Vivekananda English Academy. It wasn't just a school; it was where friendships were cemented over shared tiffins and where every annual function felt like the biggest event on Earth. The discipline, the laughter, the sound of the morning assembly prayer—that institution built the foundation of who I am today.

Beyond the classroom and the bustling market, Guwahati was the custodian of our faith, the keeper of our deepest family tradition. I remember the yearly pilgrimage to the Kalipur Ashram, a place of serene power nestled on the hill. It wasn't merely a visit; it was the unbroken thread of our ancestry. From my great-grandparents to me, generations of our family have taken diksha (spiritual initiation) from the Gurudev there. No member ever dared to miss it; it was our spiritual anchor. I can still feel the sun-warmed stone beneath my small feet as we walked up the countless stairs, the journey itself a meditative ascent. My father's hand, strong and reassuring, would guide me and my brother, and my mother's silent prayer was a palpable presence beside me. At the top, the small view of the world within the ashram grounds felt like a reward—a glimpse of peace. It was there, sitting under the old, silent trees, that my grandfather would weave his timeless tales, transforming the sacred site into a living history book just for me. The love of my parents, wrapped around me on that hilltop, made me feel completely safe, rooted, and eternally belonging.

The city also gave us the ultimate weekend ritual. In my mind, Sundays were synonymous with the Guwahati Zoo. I can still picture the excited rush to see the animals, the playful monkeys, and the majestic tigers. It was our family's great escape, followed by a mandatory, bustling trip for some shopping—maybe a new book, a treat, or just soaking in the energy of the city's commercial hubs. This perfect blend of nature and nurture, of wildlife and urban life, was the essence of growing up there.

That magnificent river, the Brahmaputra, was our silent, enduring witness. I remember countless evenings spent by its bank, watching the ferries cross and the sun dip, painting the sky in shades of gold and vermilion. The narrow lanes, the friendly chatter in Assamese, the aroma of masor tenga (tangy fish curry) wafting from the kitchens—these are the small, profound details I carry with me daily.

Now, in a new city, I find myself constantly comparing. The missing piece isn't just a geographical location; it's the unconditional love of a place that shaped my identity. It's the feeling of belonging that no other city can replicate.

The day I finally left felt like a profound betrayal to my younger self. As the car pulled away, and the familiar skyline faded into the rearview mirror, my heart truly ached. It was a wrenching moment of heartbreak, knowing I was leaving behind the only life I had ever known. Leaving was necessary, a step into a new, beautiful chapter, but the ache remains a constant companion. Yet, amidst the pain, there is a fierce and unwavering hope. Guwahati, I didn't say goodbye; I whispered, "I will see you again."

You are not just a point on the map. I carry your spirit with me, always, and look forward to the day I come home.

**Beneath the shadow of the weeping cloud,  
My heart recalls your vibrant, hurried crowd.  
The river sighs a melody of pain,  
For every lost goodbye, for every rain.  
A poignant echo in the Assam air,  
A memory held of love beyond compare.  
Though distance parts, a tender, constant ache,  
For Guwahati's soul, my spirit breaks.**

**By Priyanka**

## 11. The plight of child labour



**Mr. Pushendra  
Pratap Singh  
Teacher  
Kannauj  
Uttar Pradesh**

In our fast-changing, ultra-modern society, we still remain tremendously backward in certain areas, one of which is child labour. This social evil is widespread, and children are often found working in homes, restaurants, factories, construction sites, and other harsh environments. It is a stain on the name of our developing and socially aware nation.

These children are rarely provided nutritious food or basic care. One day, I happened to see several young children engaged in difficult, odd jobs, and it disturbed me deeply. They are underpaid, exploited, and forced to survive in deplorable and inhuman living conditions. They perform hard physical labour, which has harmful effects on their physical as well as mental growth.

Although the government has passed several laws prohibiting child labour in hazardous industries, construction work, and other unsafe sectors, these laws are still openly violated. Such scenes pose a direct challenge to the government and the entire system—including the judiciary, administration, and other responsible agencies. At the same time, the poverty and helplessness of many parents also play a role, as they allow their children to work to supplement the family's income, often neglecting their education.

In today's scenario, these children urgently need proper care, protection, attention, and opportunities. If large numbers of such children continue to remain unnoticed and unsupported, they will be unable to contribute to society or the nation in the future. Every child is invaluable and unique, and they too deserve a healthy childhood and a safe environment. Society and dedicated NGOs must take active steps to support, educate, and rehabilitate them.

The government must also strengthen efforts to eliminate poverty and improve the living conditions of these vulnerable children. Their unhygienic surroundings and unsafe lifestyles are dangerous and unacceptable.

All children—regardless of caste, creed, community, religion, region, or culture—are an inseparable and essential part of our society. Their existence and growth are vital for the nation. Effective campaigns and schemes must be implemented to identify these neglected and malnourished child labourers. They must be given equal opportunities for education, personality development, and skill-building so that their potential can be nurtured and utilised for the progress of the nation. An enlightened and compassionate approach is necessary to prevent the continuing practice of child labour.

Many of these children are mistreated, and some even face abuse, which is extremely cruel and inhuman. As Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India, lovingly called Chacha Nehru by children, reminded us: “The children hold the key to the future.” The children of today will build the India of tomorrow. The way we raise and protect them will determine the future of our country.

**By Pushpendra Pratap Singh**

## 12. A Bubble



**Ms. Radhika  
Mahrotra  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar Pradesh**

He bared his teeth  
And crunched his food.  
The fan made its usual circles,  
And I was left in a repetitive mood.

The frozen soda bottle fizzed,  
And it spilled  
When it could no longer hold.

Frozen soda, like frozen thoughts—  
They overflow when you freeze them,  
They overflow when you don't let them go.

Little by little,  
Bubble by bubble,  
It makes a mess—  
A sugary, sticky mess,  
A mess you can't clean without kneeling  
And scrubbing the spot where it spilled.

Every poet has a secret notebook—  
We never want to share it,  
But we love to show it off.

We never want to say it,  
But we love to write it down.

I've become so lazy, so stiff—  
Like a curtain that doesn't move  
Even in the wildest wind.

Stubborn and rigid,  
Doing what it wants,

Even if it tears the bar holding it up  
Or the frame that keeps it in place.

Bloated and bubbling every second,  
I live like soda now.

### 13. Dream

When I stand on my own,  
I do things right.  
I bring myself back—  
To be the best,  
To learn about myself,  
To know myself,  
To live in the words  
And the verse.

When I touched the ground,  
I saw the sky.  
The ground and the sky—  
So serene,  
So free to fly,  
So ready to catch,  
So ready to become a part of,  
So ready to become a dream.  
The words all play  
In between.

I searched for my words again  
When I stood still—  
Sometimes lost,  
Yet never wiped away.  
Letting the truth spill out,  
Because the tears  
Are the proof.



**Ms. Sakshi  
Jarandikar  
Student  
Sangli  
Maharashtra**

## 14. Oh winter

The air grows soft with silver mist,  
Each breath a song the cold has kissed.  
Bare trees whisper in quiet grace,  
Snow-dreams drift through time and space.

The sun now bows with mellow light,  
Frost paints the fields in lace so white.  
Homes wear warmth in candle's glow,  
As hearts find peace in the evening's slow.

Tea steams near windows glazed and clear,  
Laughter rings as loved ones near.  
Oh winter, bring your still delight,  
Your hush that makes the soul feel bright.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar  
Kumar  
Author & IT  
Consultant  
Katihar  
Bihar**

## 15. While Sleighing on My Christmas Memories



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

Each December lingers close to me,  
Echoes of joy merge in my heart's melody.  
Evergreen memories of Christmas spark anew,  
Everlasting moments treasured in memory's sea.  
Endless reminiscences of the season's sparkling glee—  
From childhood wonder to grown-up cheer,  
Christmas's magic stays ever near.

As a girl with eyes so bright, I used to be,  
Waiting impatiently for Christmas's tiptoe spree.  
Muddy paths and streets aglow,  
Sparkling stars on sideways show,  
Competing with the twinkling stars above.  
Baubles, candies, silver gleam—  
Gifts from friends, like a dream.  
Rich plum cakes and gingerbread,  
Festive aromas fill my head.  
Frosty nights with carols sung,  
Joyous voices, old and young.

Seasons pass, and my dreams grow brighter,  
Christmas colors vivid, bolder,  
The season's thrill kaleidoscopic,  
When greetings find their way anew—  
Words of love, promises true,  
Loving glances and stolen moments—  
Eloquent words, beyond the moments.

Years roll by, another Christmas arrives,  
Daubing colors, weaving lives.  
Echoes of our tiny angel's babbles,  
Pure euphoria in joyful moments—

Sparkling trees and shining lights appear,  
Stars and candles, all held dear.  
Reindeers, snowmen, starry nights,  
Mistletoes, angels, Santa's delights—  
Seasons' glow and shine,  
Reflected in her oceanic eyes.

Seasons turn in natural cycles,  
My little angel now a damsel—  
Clasping hands with her love,  
Her adorable soul mate.  
A tiny Christmas tree now gleams, at their home,  
Sparkling ornaments and fresh green wreaths—  
An aura of novelty, bright and new,  
With hopes, dreams, promises true.

Still, my home, so warm and dear,  
Prepares to welcome another Christmas cheer.  
Nooks and corners adorned with love,  
Anticipating the festivities above.  
Reminiscing old days' reverberations,  
Laughter and giggles, silly notions—  
The fun and frolic of togetherness,  
In our children's joy, their happiness.

Through every season, I recall,  
The magic that touched us all—  
From childhood innocence to grown-up cheer,  
Christmas's wonder, forever dear.

**By Usha Krishnan**



## SYMBOLISM OF LANGUAGE IN TAGORE'S WORK

Rabindranath Tagore never treated language as mere expression. In his world, words had a life of their own—they breathed, glowed, trembled, and carried meanings far beyond their surface. When we read Tagore, we don't just follow a story; we enter a space where language turns into emotion, philosophy, and quiet spiritual insight.

One of the deepest symbols in Tagore's writing is nature. Rivers, flowers, winds, skies—none of these are simply scenery. A river becomes the restlessness of human identity; a flower becomes the fleeting beauty of life; the morning light becomes hope, and the night becomes introspection. Tagore used nature to say what ordinary language often cannot: the ache of loneliness, the pull of devotion, the tenderness of love, the acceptance of change.

Freedom is another recurring symbol in his language. In "Where the Mind is Without Fear," the "clear stream of reason" represents courage and clarity, while the "desert sand of dead habit" warns against blind tradition. Simple words, yet they contain an entire vision of human liberation—both personal and national.

His symbols also shine in his stories. In *Kabuliwala*, Mini's chatter represents childhood innocence, while the *Kabuliwala's* silence mirrors longing and separation. In "The Postmaster," silence itself becomes a symbol of heartbreak, expressing what words fail to deliver.

Tagore's portrayal of women is filled with symbolic tenderness. A nest, a lamp, a river—these gentle images capture their strength, vulnerability, resilience, and silent battles, offering subtle critiques of the social structures around them.

Perhaps his most enduring symbol is music. In *Gitanjali*, the act of singing becomes a way for the soul to reach the divine. Through rhythm, pauses, and repetition, Tagore suggests that the deepest truths are often sung, not spoken.

What makes his symbolism unforgettable is its simplicity. Everyday images—light, water, sky, journey—carry profound meaning. Tagore reminds us that language, when used with honesty and sensitivity, can reveal the quiet truths we often overlook.



# The Art of Persuasion: From Aristotle to Modern Writers

Persuasion has always worked quietly in the background of human life. Long before speeches were televised or opinions travelled across social media in seconds, people depended on language to shape agreements, decisions, and beliefs. That ancient skill—rhetoric—still guides the way we communicate today, even if our world looks nothing like Aristotle’s.

When Aristotle wrote *Rhetoric*, he wasn’t trying to complicate communication. He was simply asking: Why do some words move us while others fall flat? His answer came in three parts—ethos, pathos, and logos. We encounter these every day without realizing it. Ethos is the trust a speaker earns. Pathos is the emotional tug that makes us lean closer. Logos is the reasoning that convinces our minds. When all three come together, persuasion becomes natural rather than forceful.

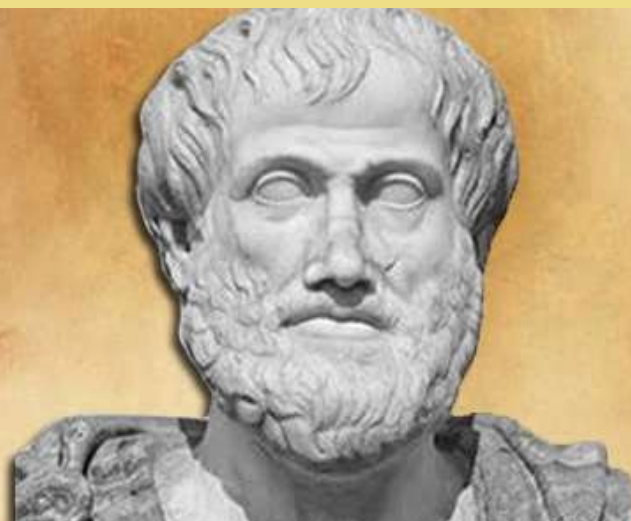
For Aristotle, rhetoric was essential to public life. He believed that citizens should know how to express ideas clearly and respectfully. In many ways, this feels even more relevant now. We live in a time where voices overlap constantly, attention spans shrink, and opinions shift by the hour. Persuasion isn’t just a public skill anymore—it’s woven into our relationships, our choices, and even the way we tell stories.

As centuries passed, rhetoric evolved through poetry, politics, philosophy, and theatre. Shakespeare used persuasion with dramatic intensity—think of Antony swaying a crowd with one speech, or Lady Macbeth bending a king’s will with chilling precision. Later, writers like Abraham Lincoln and Virginia Woolf shaped conversations through clarity, empathy, and moral conviction. Their persuasion worked not through loud declarations but through carefully crafted truth.

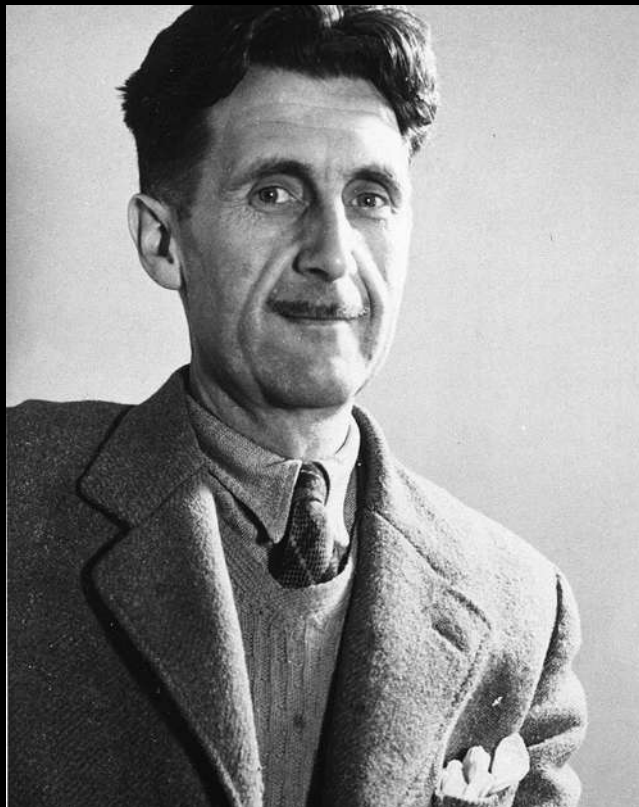
Modern persuasion is more subtle. It hides in narratives, metaphors, photographs, personal stories, and even silence. A simple anecdote can touch hearts more deeply than a stack of statistics. A metaphor can shift someone’s worldview in a single moment. And in the digital age, persuasion stretches across every medium—articles, films, captions, essays, podcasts, and conversations.

With this expansion has come a deeper ethical concern. Modern readers care not only about how persuasion works but why it is used. The most respected voices today persuade with honesty, compassion, and intention—not manipulation.

At its core, persuasion remains what it always was: a bridge between human minds. It helps us share experiences, understand one another, and move collectively toward ideas that matter. From ancient Greece to the present moment, persuasion continues to remind us that language, when used with integrity, can quietly reshape the world.



Aristotle  
384 - 322 BCE



# A PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER

## HOW HE CHANGED POLITICAL WRITING

Before Orwell, political writing often felt grand, distant, or wrapped in heavy ideological language. Orwell broke that pattern. He didn't believe in hiding behind complicated sentences or intellectual jargon. He believed in clarity. To him, clear writing meant clear thinking, and clear thinking was the first step toward freedom. He changed political writing by:

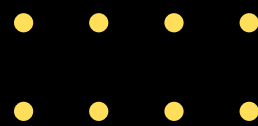
### FEATURED AUTHOR: GEORGE ORWELL

George Orwell—born Eric Arthur Blair in 1903—never set out to become a literary giant. He simply wanted to tell the truth as he saw it. That desire shaped everything he wrote. Born in India and raised in England, Orwell moved through life with a sense of being slightly out of place. He studied in elite schools, yet never felt he belonged among the privileged. He worked with the Imperial Police in Burma, yet felt increasingly disillusioned with authority. These contradictions planted the seeds of the writer he would become: someone who questioned power, stood beside the ordinary person, and refused to look away from uncomfortable realities.

When Orwell returned to Europe, he lived among the poor in Paris and London and wrote about the world with an honesty that was almost raw. Later, he fought in the Spanish Civil War, where he saw the brutality, betrayal, and political games that would eventually inspire *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. He carried the scars of war—physical and emotional—into his writing. His life was not long, and certainly not easy, but his voice became one of the clearest of the 20th century.

- Stripping away unnecessary ornamentation, proving that simple language can be powerful.
- Exposing the tricks of political speech, especially how governments use vague words to hide uncomfortable truths.
- Writing stories that were political without becoming propaganda, giving literature a new role in public life.
- Showing how silence, fear, and manipulation shape society, long before these ideas became global concerns.

Orwell's approach was revolutionary not because it was loud, but because it was honest.



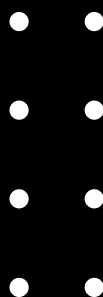
## A LINE FROM— “POLITICS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE”

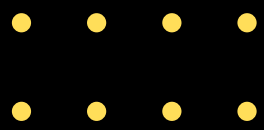
“Political language... is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind.”

This single sentence reveals Orwell’s deepest fear: that language can be used to numb people. Here, he exposes how political systems twist simple truths into complicated justifications. For Orwell, bad language was not a grammatical issue—it was a moral one. When words hide reality, people lose the ability to judge right from wrong. This clarity makes the essay as urgent today as when it was written.

## ORWELL IN HIS OWN WORDS: 8 POWERFUL QUOTES

1. “Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four.”
2. “In a time of deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.”
3. “If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear.”
4. “Big Brother is watching you.”
5. “Who controls the past controls the future.”
6. “To see what is in front of one’s nose needs a constant struggle.”
7. “The essence of being human is that one does not seek perfection.”
8. “All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.”





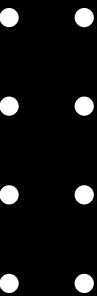
## WHY ORWELL STILL MATTERS

Orwell wrote about dictatorships, propaganda, and twisted language—but his warnings echo fiercely in our own age. Today, truth can be buried under noise, opinions can become “facts,” and language can be used to confuse rather than clarify.

His writing matters because it reminds us:

- to question the stories we are told,
- to pay attention to the words meant to influence us,
- and to hold on to honesty even when it is inconvenient.

- George Orwell may have died young, but he left behind a voice that still guides us—firm, clear, and deeply human.



# ALL I CARRY WITH ME ARE WORDS OF LOVE

*There was a king who ruled a small kingdom. He was deeply religious, kind-hearted, and always concerned about his people. His only worry was—How do I make my kingdom stronger? How do I ensure my people remain happy forever?*

*In the same kingdom lived a noble young man. His mind carried a different fear—What if someday an enemy attacks us? Everything will be destroyed.*

*One day, his fear became reality. War broke out. The young man could not sit quietly anymore. He set out to meet his king, crossing many hurdles before finally reaching him. He said to the king:*

*“Your Majesty, true happiness lies in peace, not in war. Why should we fight at all? If you allow, I wish to visit the other kingdom’s king and speak to him.”*



*The king looked worried.*

*“What if something happens to you?”*

*The young man replied gently,*

*“Do not worry, Maharaj. With my words alone, I will convince him.”*

*The king asked again, “But how will you even reach him?”*

*The young man simply said, “Leave that to me.”*

*Dodging guards and dangers, he managed to reach the gates of the rival kingdom’s palace.*

*He told the guard:*

*“I wish to meet your king. This is my name, and I’ve come from the kingdom with whom you are at war.”*

*The guard shouted angrily,*

*“How dare you come here? Arrest him!”*

*The young man calmly answered,*

*“You may imprison me if you wish. But I am neither a spy nor do I carry any weapon. All I have are words of love. I only request one thing—take me to your king, even as a prisoner. Let me speak to him once.”*

*A message was sent to the king. Curious about who this bold young man was—someone who risked his life during wartime—the king himself came to the palace gates to meet him (he did not want him to see the inside of the palace).*

*The king asked, “Why have you come?”*

*The young man bowed and said,*

*“Your Majesty, you are all kings of small kingdoms. Yet you fight amongst yourselves— someone else will take advantage of this, by creating misunderstandings between you all. If ever a battle is necessary, fight together, not against each other.”*

*(Though in his heart, he wished for no battle at all.)*

*The king found wisdom in his words. He immediately ordered,  
“Unchain this young man.”*

*He took him inside the palace and sent out a message declaring the end of the war.*

*Meanwhile, the first king learned that his young subject was safe, had spoken to the rival king, and that peace was agreed upon.*

*After the war ended, both kings met together, with the young man beside them. He united nearly 20-25 small kingdoms. He reminded them:*

*Love unites. War only destroys.*

*Through a fair election, all these kingdoms chose one supreme king whose orders everyone would follow. Each ruler continued governing his own region, but in times of great crisis, they would stand together and obey their chosen leader.*

*The young man was appointed the special advisor to all the kingdoms.*

*And from that day till today – no one has dared to attack those united lands.*



## COLUMN BY:

Mr. Piyush Goel

The Mirror Image man of India

# LOVE JIHAD

## FEARS, FACTS, AND THE REALITY OF INTERFAITH LOVE

Interfaith love has always been a sensitive topic. When two people from different religions fall in love, it brings hope, but it also creates questions and worries in families.

In India, one term has become very common in this discussion—"Love Jihad."

This article explains the idea in simple, human language, without politics, without drama, and without confusion.

### Meaning of the Term

"Love Jihad" is a term that emerged in India around the late 2000s. It refers to the allegation that some Muslim men intentionally lure non-Muslim women—mainly Hindu or Christian—into romantic relationships with the hidden motive of religious conversion.

### Important fact:

No court in India or any international investigative agency has found evidence of an organized, centrally directed campaign of this nature. However, individual cases of deceit in relationships do exist everywhere, and communities often interpret these incidents through their own cultural and political lens.

### Why the Concept Became Sensitive ?

It involves:

- religion
- interfaith marriage
- women's safety
- identity politics

**These themes make the term emotionally and politically charged, often leading to polarized debates.**



The term “love jihad” may be Indian, but the emotion behind it—fear of losing cultural identity—is universal. Many countries have similar stories, told in different ways.

### **United Kingdom: Crimes Turning into Community Fear**

The UK saw cases where groups of men were involved in grooming and exploiting young girls. Although these were criminal cases, not religious missions, communities experienced them through their own wounds and fears. For many families, it felt like a pattern, even when investigations did not find one.

### **Pakistan: Minorities Living with Constant Vulnerability**

In Sindh and Punjab, several Hindu and Christian girls have reported being taken away or pressured into conversion and marriage. These stories are often heartbreaking. They are not part of “love jihad,” but they show how vulnerable minorities can be in certain societies.

### **Bangladesh: Love Turning into Social Conflict**

When a Hindu girl elopes with a Muslim boy, families often believe she was forced or influenced. The situation gets emotional quickly because families fear dishonor and loss of cultural identity.

### **Middle East: Pressure Through Law, Not Love**

In many Gulf countries, marriage laws themselves demand conversion for interfaith unions. It’s not deception; it’s simply how the legal structure works. Here, the pressure doesn’t come from individuals but from the system.

### **Europe and Africa: Love Manipulated for Extremism**

In a few cases in Europe, extremist groups have used online romantic manipulation to draw people into radical ideologies. In Africa, extremist groups like Boko Haram have kidnapped girls and forced them into marriage. These are extreme examples, but they reflect how deeply women’s choices can be affected by power, ideology, and coercion.





# THE PSYCHOLOGICAL REASONS BEHIND SUCH RELATIONSHIPS

Interfaith or inter-community relationships do not happen suddenly or because of one single motive. Most of the time, they grow from emotional and psychological needs that are common to all human beings. Understanding these reasons helps us see why young people—especially girls—sometimes enter relationships that families may find risky or confusing.

Here are the key psychological factors:

## 1. Emotional Validation and Attention

Many young girls form relationships with people who make them feel:

- special
- understood
- valued
- emotionally supported

When someone constantly shows care, listens deeply, or praises them, it creates a strong emotional bond.

This bond can overpower family warnings or religious boundaries.

## 2. Search for Identity and Independence

Adolescence and early adulthood are stages where individuals try to understand:

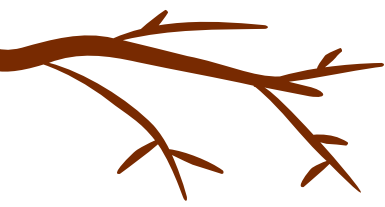
- who they are
- what they want
- how they wish to live

In this phase, relationships become a way to claim personal identity.

Loving someone outside the community often feels like:

- freedom
- self-expression
- independence

This psychological need is stronger in girls who grow up with strict control.



### 3. Desire for Emotional Security

If a person feels lonely at home, misunderstood, or ignored, they may look for comfort outside.

Someone who offers emotional warmth becomes extremely important—even if the relationship is not healthy.

This is why manipulation works:

Vulnerability searches for emotional shelter.

### 4. Rebellion Against Restrictions

When a family imposes very strict rules, young minds sometimes respond with rebellion.

Choosing a partner from another religion becomes an act of:

- protest
- resistance
- escape

This is psychological, not religious.

### 5. Idealized Romantic Thinking

Movies, social media, and modern love stories create a very intense fantasy about love.

Many young people believe:

- “Love solves everything.”
- “He will change for me.”
- “If we love each other, nothing can go wrong.”

This idealism can make them ignore red flags, manipulation, or inconsistency.

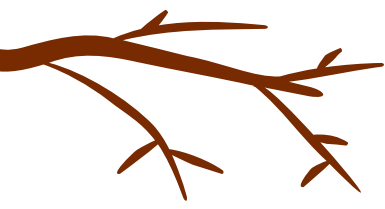
### 6. Grooming and Manipulation Tactics (in some cases)

In a few cases—not all—relationships begin because the other person uses planned psychological tactics:

- excessive compliments
- early gifts
- false promises
- creating emotional dependency
- isolating the girl from family and friends

Such grooming works because the human mind responds strongly to attention and emotional bonding.





## 7. Attraction to the “Different”

Psychology says that many people feel drawn to what is different from their daily life.

A partner from another religion often appears:

- exciting
- mysterious
- mature
- confident

This “novelty effect” is a real psychological pull.

## 8. Need for Belonging

Young people naturally want to belong to someone.

A relationship gives:

- companionship
- stability
- someone to trust

If they don't feel emotionally safe at home, they may seek belonging elsewhere.

## 9. Low Self-Esteem

Individuals with low self-confidence are more likely to accept:

- overpossessiveness
- manipulation
- controlling behavior

If a person believes “I don't deserve better,” they may attach strongly to the first person who shows affection.

## 10. The Human Need for Love

At the deepest level, every human being wants:

- affection
- understanding
- warmth
- emotional connection

This universal need is often stronger than rules, boundaries, or social restrictions.



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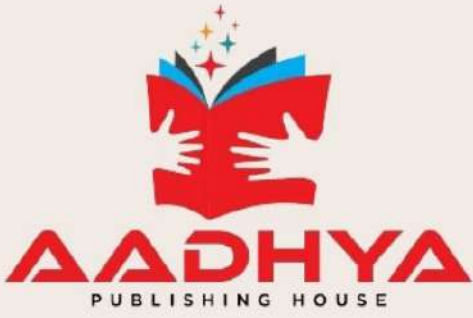
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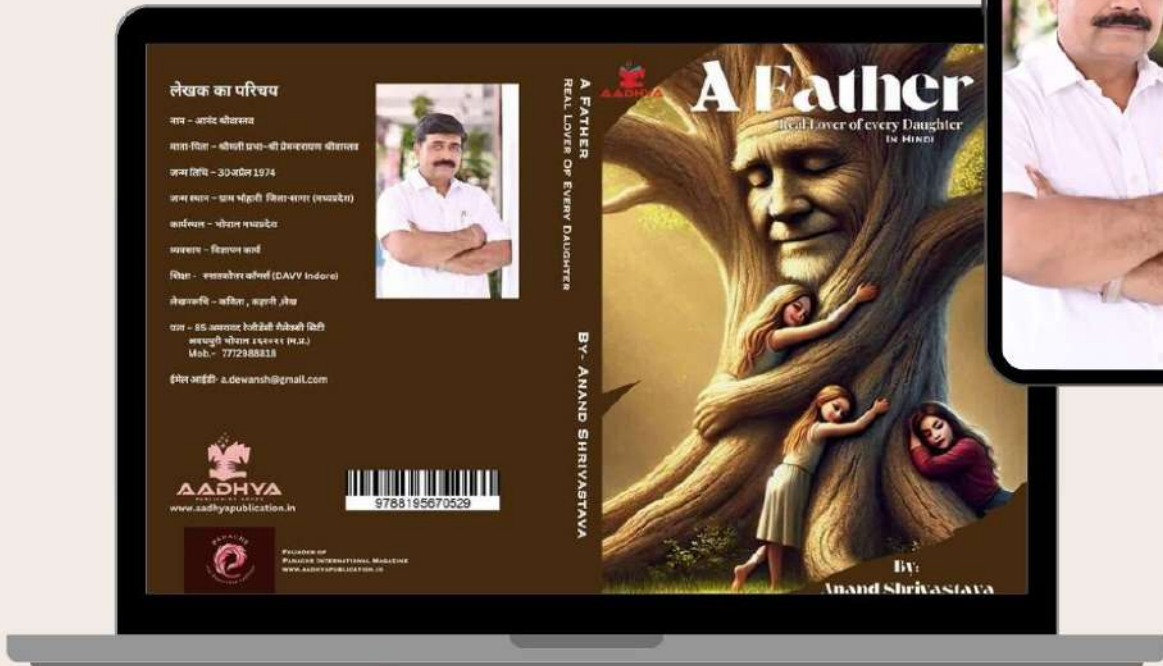


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