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Aadhya Publishing House
Presents

PANACHE

November 2023

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Chief Editor:

Akanksha Shrivastava

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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

November 2023

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

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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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1. Adventure across imagination



Aditi Kumar
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

INTRODUCTION:-

Azura and Calista, with secret superpowers, set out on an extraordinary journey. Along the way, they meet Elio and Orson, who share their abilities. Read on to discover the reason behind their superpowers and how they reunite in their old age.

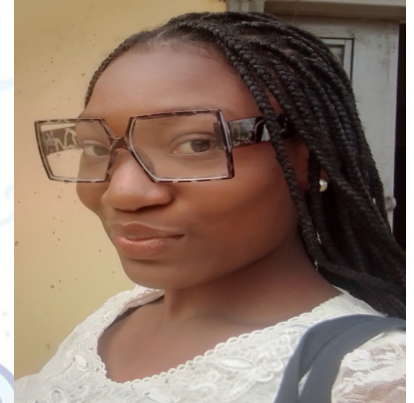
Azura and Calista had always felt like there was something extraordinary about their lives. They were childhood friends, inseparable from the moment they met in the small, quiet town of Willowbrook. Their bond was unique, and they often experienced a strange connection that allowed them to anticipate each other's thoughts and actions. As children, they spent countless days exploring the picturesque woods on the outskirts of Willowbrook. Little did they know that their seemingly ordinary lives were about to be transformed forever. One warm summer afternoon, while they were on one of their adventures, they stumbled upon a hidden glade deep within the forest. It was there that the extraordinary event occurred. A gentle hum filled the air, barely perceptible at first, but it soon grew into a powerful surge of energy. Azura and Calista were enveloped in a brilliant, otherworldly light. When the light faded, they discovered that they had gained superhuman abilities. Azura could control the elements, summoning fire and water with a mere thought, while Calista possessed the power of telekinesis, allowing her to move objects with her mind. For years, they kept their powers hidden from the world, afraid of what might happen if their secret was discovered. But as they grew older, their abilities grew stronger, and they realized they needed to find others like them who could help them understand the origins of their powers. They decided to explore the busy city of Cresthaven in search of answers, a city teeming with life and possibilities. It was there that they encountered Elio and Orson, two individuals who, just like Azura and Calista, possessed unique and enigmatic superpowers. Elio could manipulate time, allowing him to travel through the past and glimpse the future, while Orson had the power of invisibility, making him virtually undetectable. The four friends soon formed an extraordinary team, their shared sense of

destiny uniting them. Together, they embarked on a journey to uncover the truth about their abilities, facing challenges and adversaries along the way. They delved deep into ancient texts and prophecies, unearthing clues that hinted at a looming catastrophe, a great evil threatening to engulf the world. It was their duty to protect humanity from this impending darkness, and their powers were the key to doing so. Years turned into decades as they honed their abilities and faced increasingly perilous situations. Azura became a master of controlling the elements, capable of shaping natural forces to her will, while Calista's telekinesis evolved to include mind reading and projecting thoughts. Elio's control over time allowed him to foresee potential threats and devise intricate plans and Orson's invisibility power became so refined that he could manipulate it to bend light and create illusions. Their bond deepened, becoming a family that supported and protected each other through thick and thin. They discovered that they were not alone in their mission to protect the world; a shadowy organization known as "The Order of Shadows" sought to harness their powers for malevolent purposes. A series of intense battles and narrow escapes followed as they thwarted the Order's sinister plans, earning them the moniker "The Guardians of Light." In their old age, they reunited in Willowbrook, the place where it all began. Despite the toll that time had taken on their bodies, their powers remained as potent as ever. The town they had grown up in celebrated their return as heroes and the people of Willowbrook were forever grateful for their sacrifices. As the sun set over the tranquil town, the four friends looked back on their extraordinary journey, sharing stories and laughter. They had come full circle, from childhood friends with a shared secret to elderly superheroes, united by a sense of duty and a bond that transcended time. The world was safe, and they had found the answers they sought. Their legacy would live on, a testament to the power of friendship and the ability of ordinary people to do extraordinary things. And so, as they watched the sun dip below the horizon, they knew that their adventures were not over; the next generation of Guardians of Light was waiting in the wings, ready to continue the fight against darkness and protect the world for generations to come. The townspeople of Willowbrook gathered to hear their stories, honoring the heroes who had saved their world. As they reminisced about their adventures, the fireflies in the forest began to glow, casting an enchanting light on the scene. The legacy of Azura, Calista, Elio, and Orson would forever be etched into the history of Willowbrook, a reminder that even in the most

ordinary of places, extraordinary heroes could emerge. Over the years, the four friends had become revered figures in the world of extraordinary powers. They opened a school for young individuals with unique abilities, training them to use their gifts responsibly and for the greater good. Many of their students went on to become heroes in their own right, carrying on the legacy of the Guardians of Light. As they guided the next generation of protectors, Azura, Calista, Elio, and Orson encountered new challenges that threatened the world. Together with their students, they faced ancient and powerful adversaries who sought to unleash chaos. The battles were more intense than ever, testing their abilities and determination to the limit. The world was changing, and the Guardians of Light knew that they had to adapt. With wisdom and experience, they found new ways to wield their powers and develop innovative strategies to protect the world. The bond between them remained unbreakable, and their commitment to the world's safety never wavered. In their final years, the four friends retired from active heroics, content that they had fulfilled their duty. They continued to teach and inspire the next generation, their legacy living on through their students. The town of Willowbrook transformed into a hub of extraordinary individuals, a place where powers were celebrated and put to use for the common good. The four friends were now revered as the founding figures of the extraordinary powers community. They were consulted on important matters, offering their wisdom and guidance. Their story was documented in books and films, inspiring people all over the world. As they sat on the porch of their quaint, aging home in Willowbrook, they watched the sun set one last time. They knew that their time on this earth was coming to an end, but they were at peace. Their journey, from childhood friends to legendary heroes, had been extraordinary in every sense. As they sat on the porch of their quaint, aging home in Willowbrook, they watched the sun set one last time. They knew that their time on this earth was coming to an end, but they were at peace. Their journey, from childhood friends to legendary heroes, had been extraordinary in every sense. Their legacy, one of unity, friendship, and the boundless capacity of ordinary people to do extraordinary things, would continue to shape the world for generations to come.

By Aditi Kumar

2. BITTER SWEET DAYS



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student
Ibafo
Nigeria**

Can you take me to the old time?
When the palace's guileful guards
Watched the village damsels
As they wriggled their waists
To the beat of the Bata on Ogun festival
But got distracted by the mischievous children
Who knew their aim and enjoyed being chased
Around the village as they mocked the guards.

Can you take me to the old time?
When the children spied
On the young men as they lied
To the clueless virgins
And made them sway
In dangerous emotions by the riverside
Which got them slain
After they had had their way
And the children laughed
As the damsels walked in pain.

Can you take me to the old time?
When parents were mimicked
By their offspring at the village square
Of their role in the family
And the best got rewarded.

3. How Illiteracy Affects our Society

Illiteracy, defined as the inability to read or write, has far-reaching consequences for society, affecting various aspects of social, economic, and cultural life.

One significant impact of illiteracy is the strain it places on education systems. When a substantial portion of the population is illiterate, it burdens educational resources and infrastructure, necessitating efforts to address adult illiteracy alongside regular education. Limited resources and crowded classrooms can compromise the quality of education for all students.

Addressing illiteracy is crucial for fostering inclusive and prosperous societies. Governments, policymakers, and civil society organizations should prioritize the implementation of comprehensive literacy programs, improve access to quality education, and promote lifelong learning initiatives. By combating illiteracy, societies can create opportunities for social and economic growth, empower individuals, and enhance overall well-being.

Furthermore, illiteracy restricts access to opportunities and inhibits development. Illiterate individuals often struggle to secure well-paying jobs or engage in entrepreneurial activities, perpetuating cycles of poverty and inequality. This limitation hampers their ability to acquire new skills and adapt to changing job market demands.

Illiteracy also impedes social development by hindering individuals' participation in civic activities, their access to critical information, and their ability to engage in informed decision-making. Literacy plays a pivotal role in enhancing social cohesion and fostering active citizenship, while illiteracy may contribute to social exclusion and marginalization.

In today's increasingly digital world, illiteracy becomes even more detrimental. Illiterate individuals face challenges in navigating technological



**Aladodo Yasir
Abdulganiy
Journalist News
Digest press
Kwara state
Nigeria**

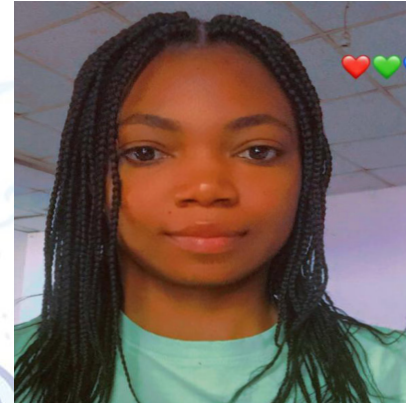
devices, accessing online information, and effectively communicating through written mediums. This digital divide exacerbates social inequities and restricts personal and professional growth opportunities.

Moreover, illiteracy has severe implications for the healthcare sector. Limited literacy skills make it difficult for individuals to comprehend health-related information, follow medication instructions, or understand preventive measures. Consequently, this can lead to poorer health outcomes, reduced access to healthcare services, and increased health disparities within society.

In summary, illiteracy has profound and far-reaching effects on society, impacting social, economic, and political development. It impedes individuals from fully participating in and contributing to society, perpetuating diminished opportunities and a cycle of poverty and inequality. Addressing illiteracy requires sustained efforts, collaboration, and long-term investments in education and individual literacy to break this cycle and create a more inclusive and prosperous society.

By Aladodo Yasir Abdulganiy

4. NIGERIA, MY JERUSALEM



**Amama Christabel
Maria
Writer
Ikoyi
Nigeria**

Where do I run to?
Nowhere to go,
Known for its fame,
God will wipe away our shame,
Nigeria is my paradise!

Blessed beyond measure,
Killed by worldly pleasures,
We don't get ready,
We are always ready,
With so much oppression,
We hope for God's liberation.

So committed to following politicians' lead,
Instead of committed to following God's lead.

With green snakes everywhere, yet the land is green,
With corruption everywhere, yet the soil is fertile,
With red blood on the surface, yet love flows like a river.

The crisis cannot supersede Christ,
We plead for your divine visitation, oh God!
We already believe in your restoration, oh God!

There is a better place,
Look beyond your present status,
We are not accepting our fate,
Taking the walk of faith towards a glorious Nigeria.
Happy Independence Day to Nigeria,
My New Jerusalem!

5. In the Memory Of...

Eyes are staring at my destination,
The fruit of my long-time aspiration.

I sailed through all the happenings,
And prayed a lot for these blessings.

Now, hard work has paid off to fulfill my wish,
I'm over the moon to find ultimate bliss.

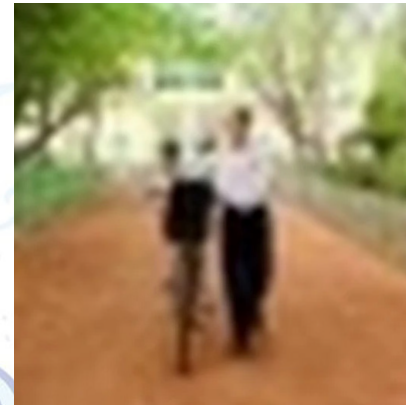
Today, Mom is not here with me to see,
That I have achieved everything she longed for me.

A deep wound like a chasm is in my heart,
How to live without her, I haven't learned this art.



Anna Ameer Gondal
Clinical
Psychologist
Gujranwala
Pakistan

6. The Native of the Rocks



Anil Kumar Bhatt
Teacher (Retired)
Dehradun
Uttarakhand

He was a native of the rocks.

Nay, that would not be an entirely correct statement of fact. For, the environs he lived in comprised rocks, a long, lean, silvery stretch of a rivulet; houses scattered along the farther bank of the rivulet; a dense patch of sal and teak woodland and, beyond all these, mountain walls steeply rising in the right and the left flanks of the vale.

But, the immediate view was surely dominated by bleak, bald, barren boulders. A variety of grasses and bushes struggled to rise on the sandy, rocky, narrow stretch of the rivulet-bed, bringing in a touch of the green here and there.

The sight of the bluish, slender rivulet flowing out there across the sandy, rocky, barren stretches always buoyed his spirits. Besides, he was conscious, too, of an unadulterated joy that regaled him whenever he found a lonely, calm occasion to run his eyes over the bed of the rivulet, the trees growing tall farther away and the green, steep mountain walls far beyond blocking and forcing his view up into the azure skies above.

With the passage of time he grew more and more enamoured of the two streams: one, flowing out there across the rocky terrain; the other, demurely lapping the shores of his psyche. Delighted, he would channel their rippling, shimmering waters to where the few grasses and bushes grew by the bald boulders. Fresh blades and shoots and buds would sometimes spring out. His love's labour brought forth several clumps of tender, colourful, fragrant flowers - some tiny, others not so tiny.

He loved them all, but he loved some of them more than he loved others. All the same, he was fatherly to all of them and nurtured and guarded them equally carefully "in sun and shower".

The sands of Time ran past apace as they always do.

He reckoned it would not be prudent on his part to let the flowers "blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air" of the wasteland he was passing his days in. It would be better, he surmised, if the Monarch, who ruled the landscape from the Palace up above the rivulet bank, consented to find a place on his crown for the one rare Flower he had especially loved and nurtured.

So, he gathered his flowery wares and took them to the Palace. The Monarch was kind to let him in. He was asked to lay out what all he had brought in.

Politely, caressing each one of the flowers, he presented them forward. The One, which he especially loved, was placed last, though in front of the rest and closest to the Monarch.

The Monarch stoically surveyed the flowers.

With arms folded he stood there observing with urgent expectancy the shades of approval swiftly passing across the Monarch's face.

Anon, the Monarch asked him to take away the especially loved and offered Flower and leave the rest there for His men to decorate the Palace with.

By Anil Kumar Bhatt

7. Life of a Student

The life of a student is the foundation of a nation,
They pour their honest sweat day and night.
In a war, a warrior faces different situations,
Likewise, a student's life is like a kite.

Wake up! No time for slumber,
Work hard! Carry on! The rest of life will be joy.
Rub your pen on paper like water flowing from a river,
In the end, your life will be your toy.

Long nights will help you achieve victory,
The pain in your palms will lead to a pleasurable life.
The struggles and mysteries will make your life a history,
Victory will kiss your feet, and the fruits of success will be ripe.

Before giving in to failure,
Think about your willpower; it can be your savior.



Arpit Kar
Student
Jajpur Road
Odisha

8. Time wheel



**Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

The time wheel started moving
And never stopped
Never stopped since the beginning
And never tired.
How many lives are filled with hope
That relationship should never break
Someone's hope should not break
With someone's luck.
If someone has hope in mind
He should never be disappointed
No enemy, whatever he might be,
Should not break his hope.
Whatever has come into existence
One day or other will perish
No matter how long someone lives.
Someone gets full life to live
And someone's life span is short.
Whenever you meet someone
Meet with whole hearted love
The meeting will be lovingly
And the face will blossom till ends the meet.

9. SMILING

Smiling journey in human life is considered as honey,
Not to solve any problems in life with money.
Neonatal smiling is called God's smile.
Infant smiling is recognized as an innocent smile.
Childhood smiling is identified as a grinning smile.
Adolescence smiling is designated as a Duchenne smile.
Old man smiling, as laughter hides sadness and pain.
Smiling journey in human life,
So, smiling when you gain expected objects,
Smiling when and where you are defeated by someone.
Smiling and charming when you share and help others,
Smiling when you lose something and rise up again to win.
Insulted by someone and leaving the situation with a smile,
And facing any problems, solving them with a smile.
So, smiling is a solution and cure for life's problems,
Be happy and kind, making life enjoyable as you want.



**Bhola Nath
Samanta
Teacher
Midnapore
West Bengal**

10. GHOST ON THE BED



Bobby Narayan
Writer
New Delhi

Suddenly Ayesha screamed, 'Ya Allah! Who? Who? Who is here?' and left the bed. She ran towards her mother's bedroom, but it was locked from the inside. Her scream was enough to draw the attention of Khuddus Miyan to come out and enquire into the reasons for such an act.

- 'There was somebody.'

- Who?

- I don't know.

Her mother also began to search for somebody, but no one was there. Khuddus Miyan spelled out a few verses and sprinkled some water over her and she went to sleep.

Ayesha was living with her mother, Rukhsana and their part-time stepfather Khuddus Miyan. Both had separate bedrooms. The building was built under "Indira Awaas" to which they further extended rooms. They were the only family in Punhana block of Mewat who got grant without paying any bribe and installed well for water otherwise forty villages of the same block have to walk several miles to fetch water.

Two three days later, suddenly at night she observed someone was making love with her. This time she did not scream but gathered courage and began to search. No one. None was there. Nobody had done such an alluring act. Nowhere in the bedroom was the sign of any person.

Next day, she went to college in Gurgaon on her scooty travelling 60 kilometres. Shivam, her lover, was waiting anxiously near the Metro station.

- You never come at my house to meet me.

- I am afraid of going there. You know, I get frightened whenever I see skull caps in large numbers. Furthermore, there are forced conversions. I may be killed on suspicion.

Thereafter, she narrated the incident.

- How can it happen?

- I don't know.

- Were you dressed properly?

- Mashallah, I was covered from top to bottom.

-2-

After picking up one large packet of chips and a bottle of cold drink, both began to think about sitting under the peepal tree but there was no solution.

-Your stepfather is the real culprit.

-But he was with my mother.

-Still, I think so. May be your cousin Abid?

-Not possible. He is in Delhi.

-Then how come this happens?

-Do you believe in ghosts or jinn?

-I don't believe...may be. If this happens, then I am sure, it is your earlier stepfather, Abbas who died in the truck-auto collision last year. The soul of the accident victim remains nearby.

-Do you know what Ibn Hazm said. "The jinn are real , and they are creatures created by Allah. Among them are kafirs. They can see us, but we cannot see them. They eat, have children and die."

Shubham didn't reply. He began to think about the consequences of the continuity of the affair. Ayesha resembled prima donna though not a queen but still there remained skirmish situation and the life warp and woof. Upon that the entry of ghost made it more complex.

-3-

Ayesha came back and took a tour of the garden and sat under a neem tree near the community hall, watched Youtube before entering her house. Her mother scolded her, 'how many times I told you, not to go near the neem tree. All the spirits live there and they accompany virgin girls. You are just adamant to disobey such advice.'

She was not in a position to argue but went for a bath. The Gusalkhana had no roof and four walls were tin shed with rusted holes from where Khuddus Miyan would peep her and stroke his organ. Having dinner, she went to recite Al-Baqarah, Al-Ikhlās, Al-Falaq, An-Nas and even played a recording of the recitation in her bedroom. The activity stopped when she did so but as soon as she stopped the recording the jinn marked its presence known in some way or other.

She went to sleep. Soon she felt someone had stripped her, it was pleasant too but she was unable to move her hands as if tied. Suddenly, an airy bubble overpowered her naked body and tried to penetrate. She changed the position sideway. The

jinn became furious.

It opened the doors, shouted her name, and startled her out of sleep. But she remained silent without making any movement. Soon it appeared as a cat and knocked over objects and messed with her phone.

The phone rang, without displaying any number. She didn't respond. Ayesha split out some foam from her mouth. The whole house was jerking. Rukhsana ran towards Jamia Arabia Faiz-e Subhania to call Maulana.

Khuddus Miyan, expert in shamanism, felt the arrival of the jinn kafir, readily entered her room and recited some verses from Quran. The jinn disappeared.

-4-

The room was again purified with water brought from Mecca. Khuddus Miyan took out all those things like musical instrument, pictures etc that could attract a Satan and buried them in the graveyard. After coming back, he shouted at her mother:

-She must have relationship with the kafirs. For protection from the jinn, she must say these du`as: One- Seek refuge with Allah from the jinn. Second – Recite al-Mu`awwadhatayn. Thirdly, – Recite Ayat al-Kursi. Then – Recite the last verses of Surat al-Baqarah. After that – Recite “La ilaha ill-Allah wahdahu la sharika lah, lahu`l-mulk wa lahu`l-hamd wa huwa `ala kulli shayin qadir.

Ayesha was crying, her mother held her tightly and asked Khuddus Miyan to sleep alone. She was muttering, ‘What is Allah doing? Why doesn't he protect the muslims?’

The cock crowed, Rukhsana missed Fajr. She prepared herself so as not to miss Isha; then she rang her sister, Nazma and painted the entire series of incidents. Nazma in one-liner said: Abid will be coming tomorrow to pick her up for a change of environment in our house.

Next morning, Ayesha dressed up and sat down in a mura waiting for Abid, but he didn't turn up nor was he picking up the phone till afternoon. She set out herself. Shubham was waiting; they enjoyed the Metro ride till Okhla.

It was evening, but there was mourning in her Mausi's house. Abid was picked up by the police. The other accomplices, Mohammad Shahid and Qari Rashid, both local Imams and residents of Mewat, were also arrested for alleged terror links.

Earlier he was a simple cattle catchers or bike thief. Later on, he joined one gang and they had become more organised and indulged not only in robbing trucks on the highways, but also demanded ransom from the families after kidnapping

the drivers. The sleepy town of Mewat situated in the south-west of Gurgaon is always in the headlines sometimes for wrong reasons also. Abid was earlier a student of Mewat's Jamia Arabia Moin-Ul-Islam madrasa, which is known for link with Tablighi Jamaat.

Nazma and her husband didn't sleep that whole night. Ayesha suggested to engage a good criminal lawyer. They nodded and there was huge welcome of Shubham as his father was given the case.

-5-

Ayesha awaiting the results, joined a govt. sponsored computer institute at Okhla for three months computer course but her course remained incomplete. Nazma informed her sister that she had observed baby bump in Ayesha and asked her to leave the house. She was having trouble in swallowing, heartburn and indigestion for months but didn't divulge to anybody.

Being deported, Ayesha lost all her reputation, and the bump grew bigger day by day accompanied by pain often above the belly button, feeling full even after eating a small. At nights, she would feel the presence of the ghost titillating her stomach.

Zafaruddin Qasmi, the head of the madrasa, had seen Ayesha with a Hindu boy and warned Khuddus Miyan with dire consequences. He came home and instigated Rukhsana forcing her to get the details. He pulled Ayesha's hairs in his fist and asked angrily:

-Who is the man?

-Nobody. I have not done anything wrong.

Rukhsana also angrily asked:

-Then how did you become pregnant?

-But Ammi, how can you say that. My periods are regular.

Rukhsana relied on the statement. But local treatment would lead to disrepute. Al Afia Citizen's hospital had no gynaecologist. Only Civil Hospital in Gurgaon was the option. Soon the nearby residents began to cook stories and opined them to be ousted from the village.

People were busy in Tazia Julus for two days. Khuddus Miyan without wasting time went to Gurgaon and booked a bed. She was transported in the middle of the night. No other relatives were near in the time of bad days. It was Abid who always helped them.

Abid got bail but his mother broke the news of bulging-stomach. Abid couldn't

control himself. Instead of thanking Shubham, he fisted him in hypochondriac region and ran away from the court premises. Shubham fell on the veranda of court and couldn't help himself. His father was informed and was admitted in the hospital. Nobody knew the reason as there was no wrangle. Shubham died two days later.

-6-

After hiding three four nights at the Jamia Arabia Moin-Ul-Islam madrasa, Abid came to Civil Hospital escaping dawn and waited outside but watching Khuddus Miyan performing Tahajjud in the hospital corridor.

Before fajr, he decided to go inside but Khuddus Miyan asked him to get away or police would be arresting all of them and he too left the hospital after looking at the camera overhead.

Rukhsana was sitting alone in the outdoor bench waiting for any sort of news. The next moment doctors asked her to get in:

-She is malnourished. You need to arrange blood. We are getting ready for operation.

-Sir, will she alright.

-We are trying our level best.

Thinking about the only daughter, Rukhsana cried. She rang three four acquaintances and one dissented to donate. Rest was managed from the blood bank.

'Ya Allah! Please save my child. I will perform Qurbani for you' Khuddus Miyan came with lunch and they both hurriedly finished it. Any time the news may come. Khuddus Miyan asked:

-Have the doctors told anything about the disease?

-No.

-Is she pregnant?

-I can't say. They are silent. But I am sure...

-Who is the father?

Rukhsana remained silent. The silence remained for three hours. Then the green light appeared which broke the silence and created anxiety.

The five-hour surgery was completed successfully. Rukhsana was very happy to find her daughter's purity and worth living and texted in WhatsApp to Shubham: 'Good News for you. It's Tumour. Ovarian tumour'

By Bobby Narayan

11. The buzz



**Bright Olatunde
Afeikhe
Poet
Lagos
Nigeria**

In Arabic, I write....
starting from the
other side of the paper
"No face smiles when"
A drone comes to the market,
Buzzes in the air, a red dot blinks
At stoned faces... Like a question.
The blinking lights ask,
Who are you?
My heart has answered this before.
Behind me, every face looks down.
Down is the answer when the skies
Are filled with questions.
When bees have...
abandoned the buzz...
For drones.

They have my face, now.
They know
In their little screens far away
That all that remains is my sticks and stones.

But a man of the market needs to sell.
My hand grabs the fattest stone, and down
Comes the next merchandise.
"They have my face, I know."
But they have nothing else that they've not taken.
I know this flying saucer shall one day
pay my freedom.

Perhaps one day,
far, far away, I shall watch in exile as
sticks and stones bring down the dome.
And the last drone that shall come to the market place.

12. Donate And Serve



**Chitranjan Dayal
Singh Kaushal
Professor (Retired)
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

Donate and Serve. This is the ultimate goal of all education and teaching. Come to learn and go to serve, it is written on the walls in all the schools. The National Service Scheme also propagates Not Me But You to all the volunteers who join N.S.S. for character building and personality development. Blood donation is the major event of N.S.S. to serve humanity selflessly.

There can be no better way to serve humanity than to voluntarily donate blood. When we need blood for ourselves or for a relative, we think that it is our right to receive blood. We are ready to pay money for a few bottles of blood but unfortunately it is not something that can be manufactured in a factory as needed. If you expect to receive blood during an emergency or as a part of treatment, then you should certainly do the noble act of blood donation regularly to save the life of others. If even half of the people who are eligible to donate blood do it once or twice a year, then we will not have blood shortages. There is no substitute for human blood. Donating blood is equivalent to breathing life into someone.

There are several benefits of blood donation to the donor himself or herself. It has been established by the researchers that people who participate in blood donation experience thirty percent fewer incidents of heart disease and stroke compared to those people who did not donate blood. Blood donation forces our body to replace the lost blood with fresh new cells.

Blood donation can reduce the overall iron level in blood, which may protect against heart attacks. A healthy body replaces blood within 48 hours and creates new red blood cells within a week. We must understand that blood donation activities also inculcate scientific temper and cleanliness attitude. Actually, education supports two fundamental objectives i.e. proliferation of knowledge and formation of character. Higher education institutions especially have a unique role to play in preparing the torch-bearers of tomorrow who can motivate others to donate and serve.

There is a great mismatch between demand and supply of blood. Developing countries, which have 82 percent of the world's population, collect only 38 percent of the blood out of the 80 million units of blood donated each year. The demand of blood in India stands at 8 million units but only 5 million units of blood are collected. There is an urgent need to motivate young people for blood donation and also to make them regular blood donors. People must be reminded of their social duty of saving the lives of others by donating blood. The demand for blood is increasing as surgeries that require more transfusions become common. When you donate and serve, then you feel the joy of accomplishments.

Educators and students can play a key role in this great pious mission. You are entrusted with the people's hopes and expectations. The educated person is a trustee of a special responsibility. Donation and service make you always fit physically and emotionally. You always feel better.

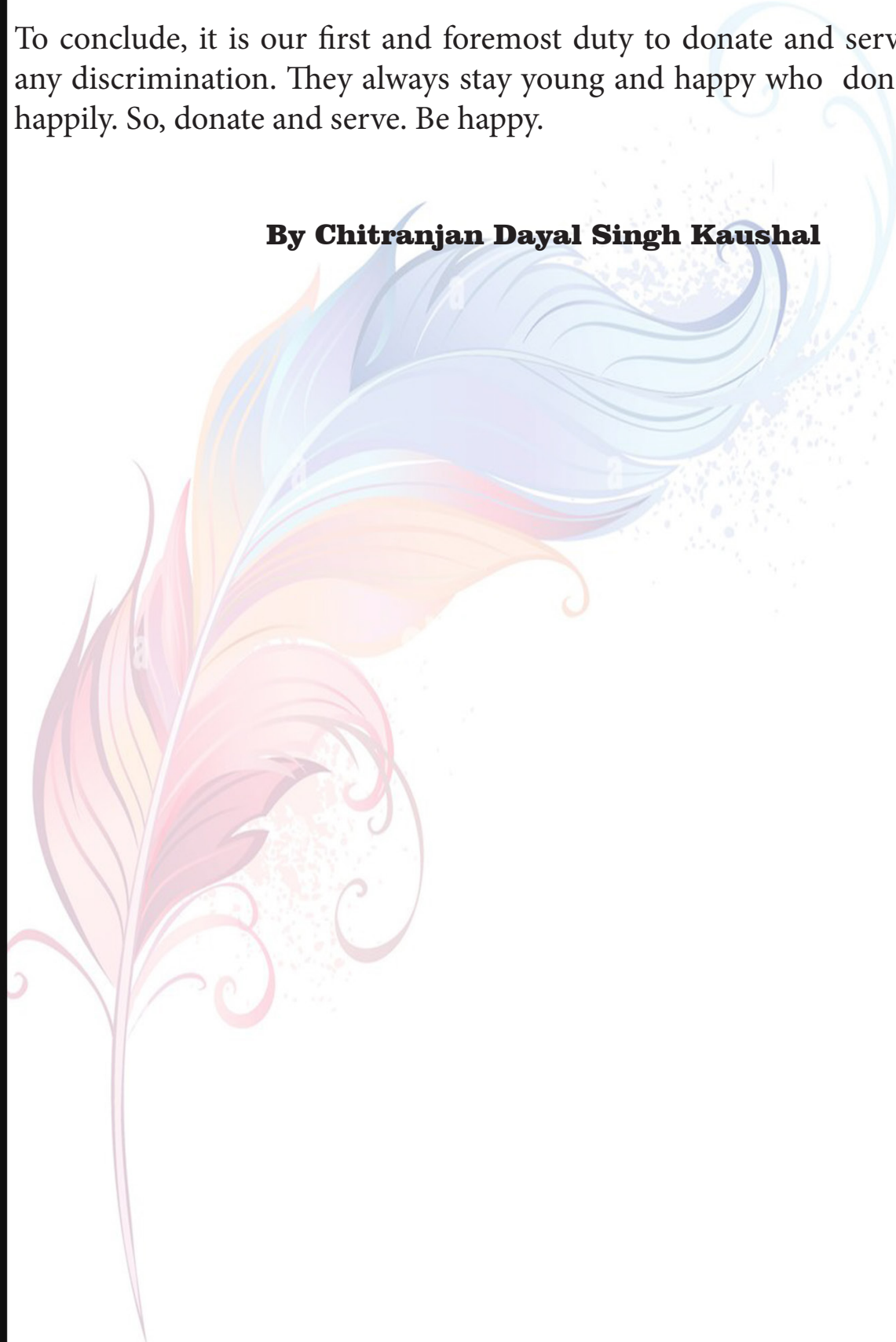
The secret of health and happiness lies in donation and service. Professor Bhim from Kurukshetra wrote in his book named 'The Secrets of Health' (Nirmal Publication, Delhi) about diet, vegetarianism, brahmacharya, exercise etc.. If we study this book and make ourselves healthy, then we can donate and serve in a better way. The problems and diseases start when originality ends. Artificial things always entail sufferings. God given originality will have to be accepted cheerfully. Desire to donate is divine. When you are ready to donate, then you become a divine person. Selfish people face many consequences daily. The laws of nature tell us time and again to serve all. Service of a man is the service of God. Do not eat more than twice or thrice a day. Take at least 7 to 8 glasses of water in a day. Milk, bananas, apples and other healthy foods are essential for blood donors. The people suffering from blood pressure, liver or constipation should not take fats. A normal Bhartiya diet includes ghee, milk, nuts, fruits, green vegetables, pulses, foodgrains etc.. Any healthy person can donate and serve humanity proudly.

A rich person can donate money also. Those who are blessed by the Almighty with plenty of resources, must donate and serve accordingly. Spiritual books and spiritual discourses always inspire to donate and serve for the sake of humanity. I myself donated blood more than 50 times in blood donation camps organized

by N.S.S. and the Red Cross honored me as a star blood donor.

To conclude, it is our first and foremost duty to donate and serve all without any discrimination. They always stay young and happy who donate and serve happily. So, donate and serve. Be happy.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal



13. Photo Frame (waiting)



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

I strained to transport the badge to adorn the photo frame.

I strained to enable it with the most delightful photo frame.

I tried to add different photos to seal the breach.

I strived to reform the dwelling of it to enhance its prettiness.

I worked to decorate it with flowers and bush shrubberies.

I attempted to surround it with the most gorgeous relics.

I endeavored to illuminate it with Diyas and candles.

I tried to place it out in the orchard to let it catch the sun's rays.

But nothing worked, as the photo frame is waiting for you to be there with it on its next journey.

14. Story Time in the Jungle



Eeha Bhatt
Writer
Dallas
USA

As the animals gathered around
To hear the story the wolf had to tell,
The rain gushed and poured in,
And the mouse rang the bell.

The frogs jumped and cheered,
The snails welcomed the rain,
The monkeys scattered and staggered,
And the foxes screamed “its a hurricane, its a
hurricane”

The great hornbill laughed
And munched on his dinner snack,
The owl sat all wrapped up
With tears rolling down and feathers damp.

The leaves bristled and rubbed
Causing a scary whistle,
The snake came out smiling and chuckling,
With a petrifying giggle.

The whole jungle was stirred up
And moved around,
Only the sloth sat quietly,
Not making a sound.

15. The worst pain

The worst pain known to me
Is to be stuck on a love that could never be,
To love someone who'll never be free.
The worst pain known to me.

My heart aches unfathomably,
Knowing he too wishes it could be,
Him and me, forever with glee.
The worst pain known to me.

He has each and every quality
That I desire continuously.
I try to forget him persistently.
The worst pain known to me.

Living each day with monotony,
Smiling with false positivity,
Hoping that soon it'll be history.
The worst pain known to me.



Elonu Annabel
Student
Ogun State
Nigeria

16. Truth and Lie



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

When the truth dominates,
the lie frustrates.

When the truth wins,
the lie vanishes.

When the truth speaks,
the witness of the lie turns hostile.
When the truth expresses,
the efforts of the lie become futile.

The lie makes noise.
The truth finds choice.
The truth ends with happiness.
The lie ends with darkness.

The truth gets applause when the lie is exposed.
The lie isn't ashamed when it is exposed.

The truth acts in bona fide.
The lie always acts in malafide.
The lie has no legs to stand.
The truth has reality to stand.

17. Undying Devotion



Husna Abbasi
Writer
Pakistan

Today, after 3 years, she was there again.
For a while, her thoughts took her back to the past.
Her husband shook her arm and said,
"Let's go, someone's waiting for us."

Moving forward, she wanted to feel the wind.
Yes, it is the same fragrance she felt, this fragrance
entering her body.
His smile was the same as before.
Was he happy to lose her?
At that moment, she forgot to blink.
Maybe she always forgot to turn around whenever she looked at him.

Suddenly, she realized that she would not be able to stand there much longer.
She quickly tried to compose herself.
The spirit perished when he asked her to dance with him.
(Despite her husband being there)
Without thinking, her hands were given into his hands, and she danced with full
of life.

There were some whispers, there were some memories that were coming in front
of her eyes.
He said, "You're looking pretty. Ah, this is the necklace you wore when you first
met me.
(You were my accomplishment)
Do you know that I am jealous of his luck?" (Pointing with his finger, he saw her
husband somewhere far away with longing eyes.)

Another whisper,
"Wherever you are, your soul will always be with me."

When she regained consciousness, she looked around.
He was nowhere; in fact, he had gone back never to return.

She went on sitting on the ground. Suddenly, many voices came together. She heard, "It has been 3 years today." A celebration was being celebrated in his memory, and many people had gathered there.

He was still in the hearts of all of them, even if he was not in the middle of them all.

He was alive as someone's memory and became someone's habit.

She knew this war was hers, and she would fight it until her last breath.

(There was another couple dancing in their place)

By Husna Abbasi

18. The Lonesome

Life passed by unnoticed,
Stealthily, soundlessly.
No wedding bells chimed,
Looking back now at the age of forty-five,
From a gloomy height
Where there is no hope for the future,
An ailing mother, a deranged brother,
Life monotonous, drab, and dull.
Teaching lessons arduous,
Children's faces no longer happy and dear,
Read nothing in her wooden face,
A teacher's woes will die as her own.
Traversing the path of loneliness,
Combining smiles and tears,
She counts her blessings, not woes.
Standing aloof, she sees varied pleasures of mundane nature,
Marriages and festivals she attends with pleasure,
Basking in her privacies and complexes
She has treasured so far,



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

19. I wish to live inside a bubble



Who doesn't long to stop time?
Who doesn't want evil to disappear?
Who does not seek clarity and peace in the face of
indolence and irreverent humanity?
At times, I have felt a bubble forming and inhabiting it
perpetually.

Thus, one can breathe the freshness of the universe.
There is no pollution, there is no pain, nor Santeria,
witchcraft.

Let yourself build a new world where you can sleep peacefully, where you can
decorate and build an exceptional planet to your imagination.

Get rid of all the global putrefaction and rebuild an authentic cosmos that fits
your feelings and delegates atomic functioning.

I wish to live inside a bubble with controlled accessibility.
And let its security system be administered only under the coverage and activation
of your psyche and your fingerprints.

Jose Lopez
Writers
San Juan
Puerto Rico

20. Over my right moments



JW Jnr
Student
Kenya

Over my right moments,
I swum,
In joy and sorrows, I'm trimmed,
As a by the way, survival dominates in my themes.
Young banter in my deeds,
Seen in the eyes of my peeps,
Hello, my tomorrows and today's are free from predation,
unlike in my teens.

Learned with trebbles hanging on my neck on my neck,
and knowledge there in my head,
Loaded with experiences, flown in bizarre moments of my youth,
Life on a cyclic pedestal, moving simultaneously from up to down; that's the
pure truth.
If you must judge, then at least be a just judge, alive.

I saw them judge from behavior, evident from mood and tone in memorials.
Amongst all, prone to infamous impersonation,
Problems troll, in silence and a smile, both my medication.

21. A woman's pain.....



Kanchan Mishra
Teacher & writer
Shahjahanpur
Uttar pradesh

My story is about the pain of a woman in whose life there is only sorrow. There are sorrows. This is about those days when I was in the 12th standard only. Suddenly, my father's health had become very bad, and my father had gone into a coma. Due to this, my father remained hospitalized for a long time, and a lot of money was spent. After two months, my father came to his senses. Only a few months had passed since my father recovered when my mother passed away.

I was my mother's favorite child, and I was tortured a lot after my mother died. I was broken from the inside, and I had no idea what to do. I used to cry day and night, remembering my mother. A few days passed like this. After a few days, I went to school and started teaching because I did not have money to pursue my studies. Somehow, I completed my graduation.

I wanted to study more, but my brother and sister-in-law refused to support my education. I wanted to read more and serve the country by becoming an IAS officer, but my desires were thwarted, and I was married to a kidney patient. My husband was already ill, and my in-laws were not supportive. I was busy serving my ailing husband day and night, feeling as if I had forgotten what life is.

The nature of my mother-in-law, father-in-law, and sister-in-law was also not good, and I was tortured a lot. I worked day and night, yet no one respected me. I used to cry a lot, sitting alone. In a way, my whole life had come to an end. I started feeling very worried. On the other hand, my husband's condition was getting worse, with no improvement.

Simultaneously, the mistreatment by my family members (in-laws) increased. Living in my in-laws' house became increasingly difficult. I was harassed by my mother-in-law, father-in-law, and sister-in-law. I continued to serve my husband, enduring everything. One day, my husband passed away, and now I'm living life with great difficulty.

My in-laws neither allow me to do any job nor go anywhere. Still, somehow I stay at home and give tuitions. I write poems and stories about pain. Maybe this is my life now.

Hey life, tell me what is my fault? Is it wrong to serve one's own people? Is it wrong to love your loved ones? Maybe it's wrong because I have paid the price of being right with my tears. At every step, I stumbled upon a stone. Whom should we consider as ours? Everyone seems to be happy. In today's life no one understands the pain of other's.

By Kanchan Mishra

22. THE MOTHER FIGURE



Kevin Imbugwa
Writer
Kisumu
Kenya

What happens to the children when the mother is no more either through the demise or a serious divorce? This is the question that tormented my mind for a period of time after I observing and doing my own research on the homes which are left with the father figure after the mother is gone and no more to be espied again. Most of the homes left with the father were found to be on the dark side of the progress just stagnant in nature and facing quagmires of unsolved conundrums. The father is the head of the house meaning, fathers are smart and they can arrange everything to be in plan and run smoothly but why would most of the families staying with their fathers seen to be going through trauma silently?

I happened to visit this Rosy not her real name who became a widow at a very young age while still in her twenties and they had been blessed with two children both girls. She sat on a bench near that kibanda of hers selling sukuma wiki, tomatoes, onions and some fruits to earn a daily bread from there. She then went ahead to narrate to me on how the journey has been since she bade her lover of her life goodbye.

“How long has it been since you lost your lover?” I interrogated her.

“It has been for while, seven years now,” she responded while grinning as she sold the fruits to a customer.

She breathed heavily and she went on. “After the burial of my hubby, I had no place to run to but to remain in our small simba and take care of our children. My hubby wasn’t that rich so that as people would say I decided to stick because of his wealth No ,my hubby left me with totally nothing to inherit as he was just a hustler mining sand from the rivers and selling for him to earn a living from there. I don’t want to deceive you that my in-laws had to gang up and chase me away No, instead they told me to feel free and ask for help when need arises more so never to go silent on them as they were ready to support me raise these two kids. I had to go ahead and weed for people and do some house help jobs to get our daily bread as I saved some to start this business you’re seeing here. After that, I had to merge up with other mama in their chamas. And since I joined

their chamas and my life changed permanently as I have been able to educate my children and now they're in secondary school and renovated our simba into a beautiful house. I had also to lease some land and planted inside vegetables of all kinds which I do sell to other people and even sell some to school where my two kids learn as one way for settling their school fee balance.

"Why did you just decide to stick to your matrimony despite what happened? I interjected interrogatively.

"Because of the discipline and the principles I had for my life and knowing the worth of my family, I didn't see the need of I packing my clothes and leave behind my children suffering. I had now to make new friends with those women who were widowed before me and cajoled me and all in all I had to seek guidance from the spiritual members," she said as I interjected her

"And why do you think some types of men when left with their children in case of the demise of the mother or divorce, the children end up in traumatic predicaments having no future?" I interrogated

"With men it's different they will end up remarrying as many times as they can, putting all their minds on those wives forgetting their blood children to the world. This is so sad as these men will start worshipping and adoring the ladies they get matrimony into with forgetting their children totally," she resonated as she pointed to her neighbors home where children had been left with their father who was a don't care guy leading to the children becoming totally drunkards and drop outs.

The conversation didn't just end from there as I had to chat with this radio host presenter of KBC Catherine Ndongye on face book;

"Hi Cathy how is you? Kindly between a home left with a man and a home left with a woman between the two which home stands out to be more stable after sometime, let's say the death picks either of them leaving the children with either of the parents?" I posed the question and this was her reaction.

"A mother is likely to keep the home together. Why do we have so many successful single mother products than single fathers? A man is likely to marry again and the new life makes him forget the kids or subject them to poor/difficult upbringing," she responded.

I then went ahead and posed the same question to Sheila Bosire who works at Canon literature Media but currently she lives in U.S.A and this was her response;

"Hi Kevin it can be either because it depends on the character and ability of the

parent. I have an uncle who remained single for quite a while to bring up my cousin and also, there are many single mothers. I think the single mother figure is very common and just now as I think of it at the top of my head, I actually know about five single fathers who have been great,”

And now her reaction made me to pause making me to go deep and research on my next article, what happens when the father figure is responsible for playing both roles as a mother and a father to the children?.

Therefore, it is evidently that mother figure is very essential as they do play vital roles when left alone due to them having that big picture on their children as compared to the father figure. Even though there are father figures who are very smart when left alone with the children in their responsibilities. Henceforth fathers are called upon to copy the mother figure character of sticking to their roles even when the mother figure is no more for a better upbringing generation and disciplined one.

By Kevin Imbugwa

23. THE LOST SEED



Leonard Maero W
Writer, author,
teacher, poet
Kitale
Kenya

The mother had brought it forth with much difficulty.
It was pampered and protected from danger.
She dedicated more care as it grew toward its destiny,
Parting with her own comfort to provide protection.

As it grew greener, weeds gained courage,
Courage to seduce and pull it as it shone.
It refused to spare time away from their allure,
She tried to guide its tendrils with tenderness.

But the allure to attain freedom consumed it,
Like a matchstick that desired to catch fire.
It didn't take care to find comfort in the countryside,
Where the white-haired men nurtured self-control.

Soft drinks and wine glasses tingled in its hands.
It had seen many suits in different shades,
Sweating and panting while swimming in the deep sea,
Minting several pieces of silver that led to its demise.

24. DEAD LOVE

It ALL wasn't original.'
It all wasn't what I thought it is,
It all wasn't exactly what love is...
It was rebellious love.

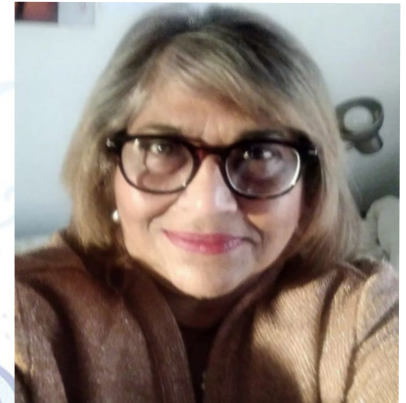
The kisses and the hugs;
The promises and the laughter,
The sex and the cinema together,
The prayers and the fastings —
All meant nothing to her.

I then looked upon the love category,
Maybe to match mine and keep going.
But tell you what,
There's none.
Mine is indeed 'dead love.'



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

25. AND THEN YOU WERE MINE!



Lucy Victoria David
Writer/ motivational
speaker
Durban
South Africa

I remember the very first time I held you in my arms,
You were the most beautiful creation I ever set my eyes
on!

Ten chubby fingers, ten perfect toes, 2 bright brown
eyes, a nose as cute as a button and lips, the prettiest
shade of pink.

Your mop of dark hair and your tiny hands and feet
moved freely, all over the place, after nine months of
confined space.

I looked at you in awe, amazed at God's perfect handiwork.

He chose us (John 15:16) for each other, so that our
journey together might be an incredible adventure of

ups and downs, of happy and sad, of good days and not so good ones, a journey
that would complete us. Together we navigate the path of life, lifting each other
when we fall, encouraging each other when we feel overwhelmed, empowering
each other when we feel hopeless by life itself.

You are my precious caterpillar who metamorphosed into the most beautiful,
radiant, butterfly. Your wings a myriad of colors that glisten in the sun, yet softens
as dusk falls.

You're all grown up now my precious daughter. Just remember
to put God first in everything you do. When He becomes your
compass, then the trajectory of life itself becomes a beautiful journey!
Just like the eagle, soar my child, soar so high that you transcend both time and
space! Fear nothing, be bold, be aggressively truthful, be passionately loving,
know that this power is of God, emanating from deep within the core of your
soul!

When life is spent and we leave this earth, I will always love and hold you in my
heart until the end of time.

Together, as in the beginning, we will sit at Jesus feet and worship Him in a
city which has foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God! (Heb 11:10)

"A DEDICATION TO MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS...A WINDOW TO
THE SOUL".

26.

M Aniket

Class-IV, Vikas School, Miyapur,
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BEAUTY WORLD

Where I can go in this world

What I can do for my people

Can I work for myself?

Where I stay in this world ||

This world is a branch of Heaven

Angels relocates from Heaven

Heavens Angels monitor on Earth

World is a Heavens replica and look-alike ||

Oh! What a world

What a Nature

What a Universe

What a Life ||

Beauty is the Nature and the Universe

One can't define the beauty

Can identify what the beauty is

Who can say where the beauty is ||

Is the world, a beauty?

Is the Nature, a beauty?

Is the Universe, a beauty?

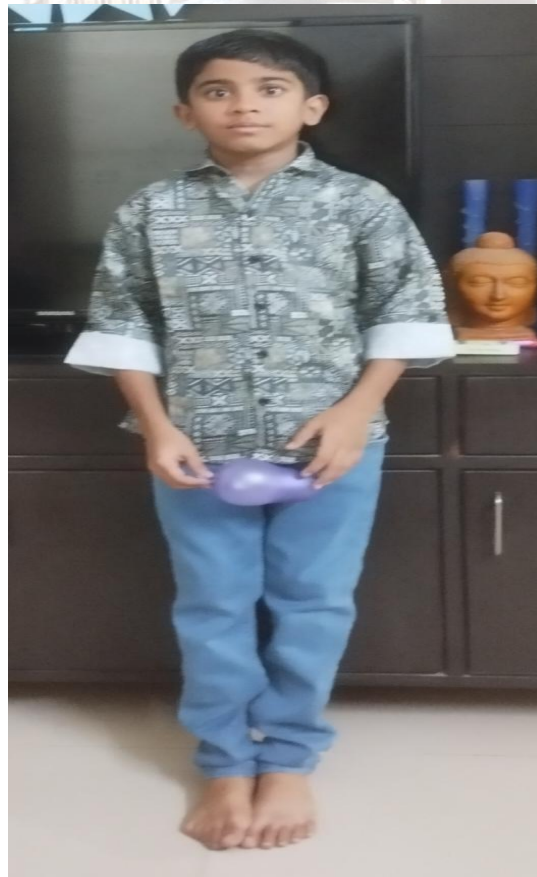
Is the Life itself a beauty ||

The world lives in the beauty world

The life lives in the Nature world

Beautiful people are beautiful world

Nature's beauty is the beautiful life ||



27.

SEA TO SKY THOUGHTS

*If things not favor you
You need not bother
Forget and be calm
Things favor you ||*

*Sea shore is the best shore
Stay at the sea shore for best winds
Sea waves bring you more ideas
Think and act as per wind wave's ||*

*Don't do rubbish acts
Discourage cowardly acts
Destroy not your castles
Develop the things, you promise so ||*

*We believe in deeds
Work for good
Look for growth
We prosper for our acts ||*

*You do your duty
I do your work
You gain the things for us
Your efforts pay us soon ||*

*Think on well for sky high thoughts
Dream on well in the airless space
Do on well with the presence on earth
Work and act for your family well*

*God is there to bless you all
You work for your own sake
Live and live for your life
Behave like a gentle brain ||*

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*Ideas flow like a sea wind flow
Talk will touch the stars light
Walk on the Moon to show your strength
Try reaching the Sun to show your energy ||*

*If things not favor you
Sea shore is the best shore
Don't do rubbish acts
We believe in deeds ||*

*You do your duty
Think on well for sky high thoughts
God is there to bless you all
Ideas flow like a sea wind flow ||*

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28. TO BE MORE THAN A FRIEND



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

I danced to the love of the wind,
Unfortunately, it blew me away.

I became a friend of the sky,
But I saw no twinkling stars.

I I was a friend with the moon,
It made my life full of darkness.

I wanted to seduce the river,
It ceased to keep on flowing.

I fell in love with the singing bird,
Yet, it lost its melody.

The rain ceased to fall too,
For I was not its cloud.

I was not even the moisture
To make the ground wet.

I wish to make a declaration
Of love to be more than a friend.

29.

DREAM LIFE ©

(It's a published and a Copyright Poem)

**Oh, it's Dream Life, Deeds and Destiny
There is Criticism and Dangers of Truth exists
It's Dignity of Labor that Develop Skills
Don't get Trouble and have Dissatisfaction ||**

**Abide Directions of Nature and Diplomatic Speak
Keep aside Dirty Politics for Dreaming Life
Never encourage Drunkards and Dump Addiction
Feel an Ego A Disqualification ||**

**Encourage Energy of Love, as my Eyes Never Sleep
Give extra Mileage to Energy of Love
Don't like money, though experience the Loss
Like Dignity, Decency and Royalty ||**

**Face Value can lead from Failures to Success
Favor to follow Friendship Value
Feel Sad for Finding Faults for Flourishing Point
Follow Mentors to come out from Frustration ||**

**Guidance from mentors, is the best to follow
With no advice minds can't brush-up
Peoples support is always good
If people are good, society is good ||**

**It is not correct to stay away from the society
Society is nothing but it's our own face
Little what we help makes things great
Name and fame will last forever ||**

**Support extended is support received
Help extended is help received**

*Reciprocal support and help are always offering
Don't blame others, rather rectify the errors //*



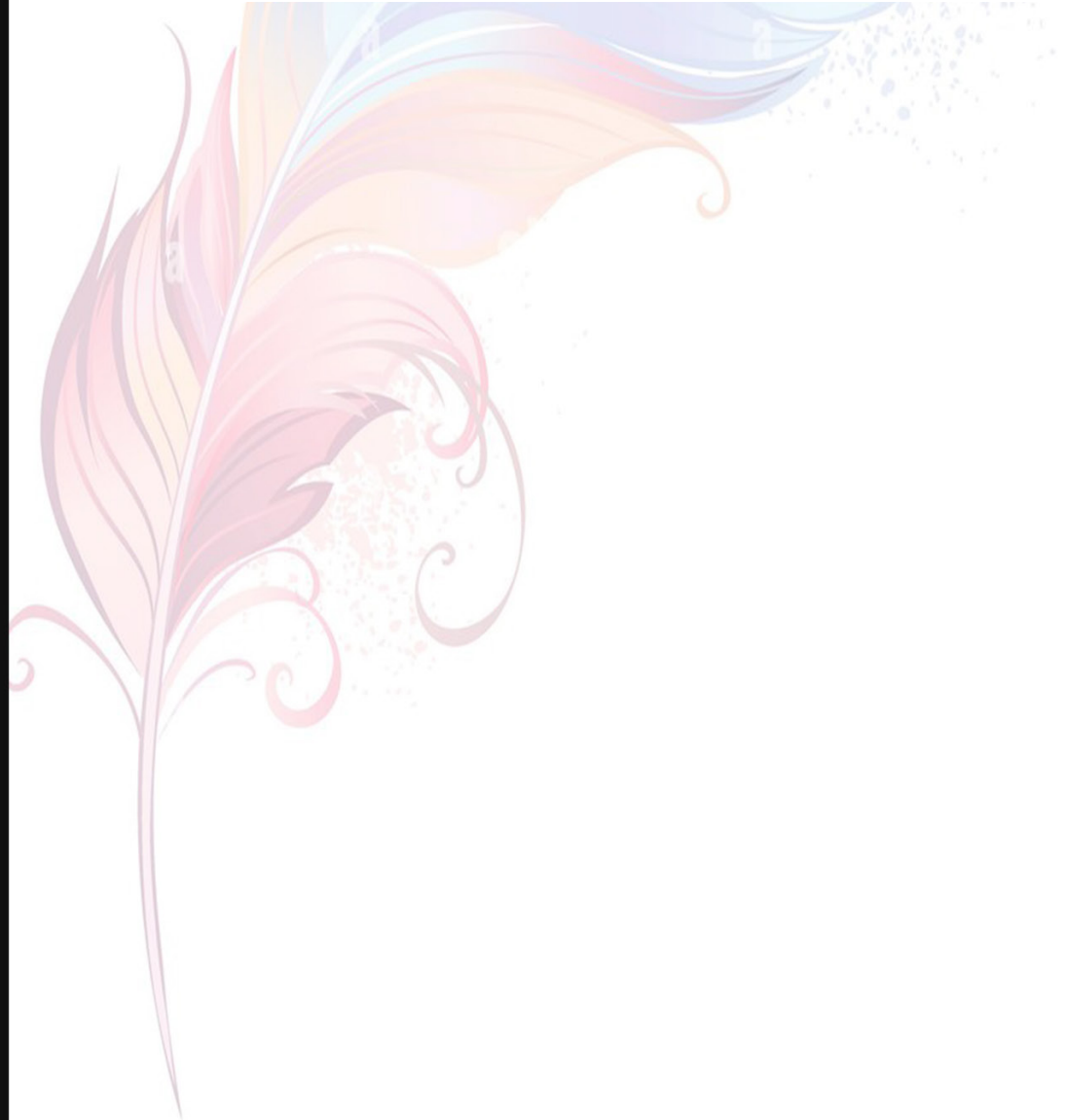
MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt.D.,
Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer (The Scholar)
B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,
(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)

His honors and awards:

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

- *He is the Deputy-Editor-In-Chief of www.petruska-nastamba.com (Serbia/Belgrade) eMagazine.*
- *He is the Editorial Committee Member of THE PANACHE, eMagazine from Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh, India (<https://www.aadhyapublication.in>)*
- *He has worked in few News Papers (English) in Editorial Department.*
- *He is also the Trainer in Motivational Management Programs.*
- *He has published 75+ books with ISBN (Stories, Novels, Poems, Articles, Short Stories, Quotes etc) English/Telugu.*
- *His stories are useful for making Movies, TV series, Web Series.*

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30. Apple Of My Eye

You are the apple of my eye,
Like a shiny star in the sky.

Where have you been, oh handsome?
It's been a while since the slight touch of blossom.

Never let me go back to the day
Where there was nothing but a fray.

I am all open to be sun-kissed,
Like the fresh petals of flowers.

Come, hope, come to greet me all opened.
Make me strong with your power.

Oh, dearest of all, that hope is you.
Because I love you.



**Maria Hussain
Dhillon
Writer
Pakistan**

31. The Meeting of Hearts



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

The girl who responded to his knock was one whom he had helped to replace a punctured tyre earlier in the day. She was stunned, not only by the noise of his knock, but also by the hurry he appeared to be in to get into the house, but the sight of her seemed to have checked his haste, despite their faces having come so close to a crashing contact.

“Are you okay? Who is chasing you? I don’t have a place for you to hide,” the girl said in a single breath.

“Nobody is chasing me, but can I come in?” Levert Maziyani responded, with a gentleness that was in absolute contrast with the manner in which he had hit her doorstep. The whirlwind that had blown him onto Mr. Chabiwa's doorstep had come to a dead halt. He walked into the sitting room and sat on the sofa nearest to the door, while the girl sat in another across the width of the carpet, looking studiously at him.

“What is your name? What can I do for you?” the young woman could not contain her excitement.

“My name is Levert Maziyani, I want to see your father and his wife?”

“Why not just my parents?” the girl asked teasingly.

“Is not his wife your agemate, or I have come to the wrong place?” Maziyani asked, his patience evaporating.

“You are back to your tantrums again? What business do you have with them?” the young lady asked.

“Not for your audience, and your name is..?”

“Adriana,” she responded, her eyes fixed on her visitor.

Adriana was grateful for the help Levert had rendered her earlier in the day. They talked about each other. She was a postgraduate student in software engineering and he was a water engineer with the city council. But Levert thought it awkward to divulge the reason why he had intended to see Mr and Mrs. Chabiwa, and decided to hold back the story from Adriana.

Mrs. Chabiwa had been Levert’s fiancée before she had sought employment with Mr. Chabiwa and was put on the waiting list, but lines of communication had opened between them without Levert’s knowledge, until Matilda, for that was Mrs. Chabiwa’s name, moved in with the divorcee, leaving Levert on a bed of rose petals turned into a compost heap.

Levert had loved her so much and wanted her back, no matter how many times the fire in her body had delighted the young man hiding in her father’s agetate turned husband. He had come for a showdown with Mr. Chabiwa and was going to drag his wife away. Chabiwa would have to surrender her to him, or kill him instead. Another man could only have Matilda upon his death. But Matilda had taken Mr. Chabiwa out, to spend their night at some garden park in Lower Vumba, so that the ageing sweet man would rediscover his youth.

Levert and Adriana parted with more words of gratitude from Adriana about the help he had rendered her. “If we meet again, we shall be friends forever,” Levert said walking to the taxi terminus, fifty metres away from Mr. Chabiwa’s mansion. With every step he made away from the house, Adriana’s image receded from his mind, Matilda reclaiming her space with the contumacy of a demon that had wandered through waterless sands.

The daggers Levert had sharpened against Mr. Chabiwa shone before him, but how could he successfully terminate the lecherer’s life and effectively cover his own tracks. The realisation that all that possessed him was anger and no strategy made him feel worse.

Back to his workplace, he executed his duties like one who had no other business

except his job, but each time he realised that he was doing this with the intention to banish Matilda from his thoughts, he felt more dejected. His phone became his most neglected appendage, unless he was responding to calls.

Living alone in the servants quarters of his landlord's house had turned not to be that difficult, despite marriage having been indefinitely postponed. One Saturday afternoon as he was relaxing in bed, he decided to go through his phone for the first time in three weeks, until he came to a new message he had ignored for four days. It was from Adriana and went thus, "If we meet again, we shall be friends forever." Levert had even forgotten that he had exchanged contact details with her.

He knew what the message meant, and was afraid to write a response. How could she be in love with him while her father had taken as wife a girl who was possibly carrying his baby? Levert got into an imaginary conversation with Adriana.

"Tell me, did you deny responsibility when she said she was pregnant?"

"No I asked her to go for a pregnancy test."

"Were the results positive?"

"Yes they were, but I don't know how the idea to look for a job got into her before we settled for marriage."

"Then she fell for her prospective employer?"

"That is exactly the case and I don't know who proposed to who?"

"Then she did not want you to be the father of her child."

That was it, he said to himself. The wind never blew in vain, but those who chased the wind did so in vain. Matilda had never loved him, so why would he shut the world out of his life for her. He would have to meet Adriana.

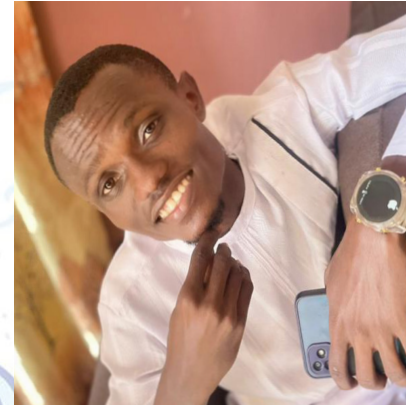
The meeting was at a picnic spot just outside the city, where the spreading rock had marks like footprints. They had driven separately to the rendezvous. Basking under a clear winter sky, the prospective couple allowed the midmorning sun to add warmth to what they felt for each other, and were ready to confess. “I never knew when my foot found your doorstep that something of this magnitude was brewing,” Levert said to his fiancée, soon after they had pledged their souls to each other.

“Neither had I imagined that when you helped me fix that tyre, we had something of greater value to fix together,” Adriana rejoined, her face very close to his. She could not leave his embrace, not until their feet had made an impression on the rock they were standing on.

But Levert still had a difficult story to tell her... Was it not taboo that Adriana’s stepmother was possibly carrying his baby? How could the blame be his, when she had followed her heart away from him, despite marriage to Levert being the only sensible move? Adriana had also followed her heart, and Levert lacked the capacity, or even the will to block the meeting of hearts.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

32. Mr Kuku O.J.



**Oladipupo Olayemi
Anuoluwapo
Writer
Lagos
Nigeria**

He goes by the name Oladimeji,
And his other name is Omo Balogun.
Is he a man of war?
Argue with your keypad.
Even arguments bow to his presence.

He is a pinnacle of knowledge in mass communication.
Words tremble
At his utterances.

Oladimeji is a man with a good heart.
His love and support make one's heart
sweeter.
Oladimeji is like a shepherd;
He will never let you want.

His handsomeness is like a burning bush,
Setting ladies' hearts on fire.
Oladimeji is a man called Joshua,
He will surely lead you to your promised land.

Happy Birthday, Sir!

33. It's Started with Late Replies



Own Abbas
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

It starts with late replies, and then ignored messages.
The distance becomes greater, and the talking less frequent.
Every time your phone lights up,
You hope it's them, or at least you wish it was them.
Because yesterday you asked them how they were,
The day before yesterday you asked them how they were,
And the day before that too.
And how much more can you do this?
To send them texts again and again?
How long will the conversation be one-sided?
So that you start to care less about what they do.
There's nothing wrong with you at all.
But fragments of their ignorance are in your head.
That, "What did I do so wrong?" Or you didn't?
People change when their needs change.
But remember the times they were nice to you
And were there for you instead of the bitter memories. It's hard to accept,
But they've done their job in your life.
Everyone who walks into your life has a purpose.
And when they've done that, they leave.
Don't be disheartened; for every person that walks out,
Someone better will walk into your life. But the cycle will repeat.
You're just going to have to learn how to be okay with it.

34. Sorrow's Land: Navigating Loss Through a Child's Eyes



Pavni Sharma
Student
Bareilly
Uttar Pradesh

In shadows cast by twilight's gentle hand,
A child's heart, adrift in sorrow's land.
He seeks to trace the paths of memories dear,
Of a loved one lost, now distant, yet near.
Innocence in his eyes, so wide and bright,
He embarks on a journey through day and night.
Exploring emotions, a tangled web he'll weave,
In search of solace, in memories he'll believe.
He walks through fields where laughter once rang,
Echoes of joy, like a sweet, haunting song.
With each step, he unearths a tear-stained page,
In a story of love, defiance against time's wage.
Through dusty attics and old family lore,
He finds treasures of moments, forever to store.
The scent of her perfume, the touch of her hand,
These memories etched in his heart, forever to stand.

Under the moon's soft, silvery light,
He whispers his dreams into the night.
Hoping his loved one will hear his plea,
To guide him through life's tumultuous sea.
The young boy explores, through joys and through strife,
The tapestry of love that transcends this life.
In tears and in laughter, he learns to be strong,
For his loved one's spirit will forever belong.
In the depths of his heart, their bond will remain,
Through sunshine and tears, through joy and through pain.
With each passing day, his love will still grow,
In the memories he keeps and the love he'll bestow.

By Pavni Sharma

35. Endless Skies



Pragya Narayan
Student
New Delhi

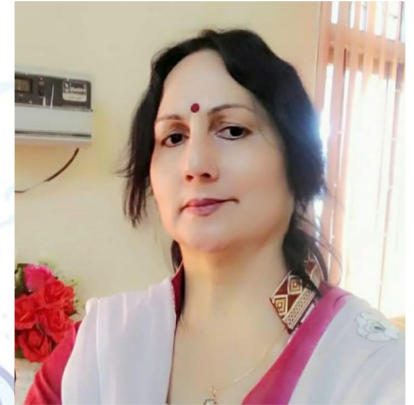
Oh! How I wish to travel the endless skies,
And escape this world, full of lies.
I wish to be as free as a bird,
And one day I will, mark my words.

Both the sunset and the sunrise,
Are a part of the endless sky.
Beautiful as ever, in every state,
A feeling that you cannot replicate.

Look at those beautiful stars,
Which twinkle beautifully from afar.
I'd love to be a part of them if I could,
Don't doubt my words; I really would.

The endless skies, just as mesmerizing as those eyes,
In this world full of hatred, they never lie.
As deep as an ocean, with an ethereal glow,
How deeply I miss them, no one will ever know.

36. Exploring Inner Power



Promila Bhardwaj
Retd. General
Manager, Industries
Department, Govt.
of H.P.
Shimla

While wandering hither and thither in enchanting nature,
So much serenity and sublimity my eyes capture.
So many sweet, rhythmical melodies my ears hear
Of chirping birds, humming bees, and gurgling river.
Soothingly singing breezes calm my body's every pore,
So many pious thoughts and pleasant vibes in the soul enter.
Collecting them quietly, the brain unconsciously begins to pour
All these unique, precious treasures in my heart and store,
Very vigilantly and carefully within my entire self forever,
Like an expert manager or mother, for being used in the future,
As per the requirement of different situations occurring later,
While dealing with day-to-day or some challenging matter.
All these natural gifts are essential ingredients of the power
Of my inner self, the source of strength in every creative endeavor,
Enabling me to face adversities or any kind of new venture.
In rough phases of life, when my power starts falling short ever,
To regain more energy for revitalization, I seek a comfy shelter
Of friendly nature, which, being kind, provides in plenty whatever
I wish, need, or ask for, and even what I do not desire,
Enhancing my faith in the benevolence of the most powerful Creator,
Who so perfectly takes care of every living creature.
Inherent morality and full faith in God are, for me, elixir,
In fact, my entire inner self's real power.
Wandering in nature, I always realize this with wonder.
Now I continue my amusing expeditions curiously to explore
Over there and sometimes within, my powers all the more.

37. Deepawali

A festival of zeal,
and a luminous night,
A rest, yummy meal,
and dazzling light,

Joyful deals
With a sweet tone,
Isn't Diwali
For it's known?

Night's scenic view
with earthen lamps,
beautified homes,
lighted as camps,

Diwali festival
takes Indian origin,
A victory of goodness
& love over sin,

Lanka's king Ravan,
the then big sinner,
the war was won,
Lord Ram as the winner,

The righteous path
never gets tarnished,
while of devil's
never gets garnished.

Diwali treats to
love and care,
Diwali teaches



**Pushendra Pratap
Singh
Teacher/ Writer
Uttar Pradesh**

to feel and share.

The rows of light
at dark midnight,
keeping away fright,
seem stark bright.

Fest refreshes,
recharges life,
removes dryness,
ends all strife,

Diwali isn't a day,
it's a season
to celebrate it, lay
numerous reason.

End of summer
begins with cold,
Diwali is loved by
kids, young, old.

Gist - This short poem "Deepawali" symbolizes victory of good, justice, ethics, and truth over evils. This fiesta is celebrated with pomp and show in India and the world alike. Such festivities motivate us to inculcate fraternity, impartial love, sweetness in bonds, zeal in life, mutual cooperation, sympathy, and integrity, so on other moral traits. A grand celebration of this peculiar festival is beyond explanation. This is one of the most awaited gala days in our country.

By Pushendra Pratap Singh

38. TO MY DAUGHTER

It's a bundle of joy, the day you were born.
You are the angel, our sweet home you adorn.
You are the apple of the eye,
With little hands and legs, you lie.
Eventually, you started turning and crawling,
You are our sweet darling.
You are our loving daughter,
We forget all worries with your giggles and laughter.

With small steps, holding hands, we taught you to walk,
Stammering and uttering words, we taught you to talk.
Your little fingers, hands, and legs,
Running fast, you come and hug.
Your smile, laughs, cries, and claps,
You come and lie on our laps.

You've grown up so soon,
You are an angel, you are a queen.
You have bloomed from bud to flower,
Winning hearts with your smile, that is your power.
You attended school and college,
We provided you with a good education and knowledge.

The day has come to bid you adieu,
New family, new atmosphere, everything is new.
Dressed like a princess, you are the bride,
Thinking of separation incessantly, we cried.
You got married, and you have a new home,
Behind your name, your husband's name will come.

We bless you, be happy always,
You got a good life partner, all the praise.
Wish you a happy married life,



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

Be obedient and a good wife.
Love your husband like a friend,
Let not our remembrance trouble your mind.

Listen to him obediently,
Love him and your in-laws abundantly.
When there are misunderstandings and rifts,
Surprise him with a smile; it's a valuable gift.
Let not your eyes shed tears,
Be happy always, dear.

Adjustments and understanding solve many problems,
Arguments and disobedience will bring blame.
Be content with what you have,
Don't crave beyond the limit, plan and save.
Don't take major decisions in haste,
Love everybody and hate none,
Try to win everybody's heart, and obey and respect elders, kith, and kin.

Back home looks empty and vacant,
We try to hide the sorrow, but we can't.
Dolls, teddy bears, and toys,
Lying unused, there is no noise.
Ultimately, we are happy you found a good mate,
Bless you, and may your life be bright.

A son is a son until he gets his wife,
But a daughter is a daughter until the end of life.

By S.Arunkumar

39. KASHMIR MY FAMILY, MY DEAR!!!



**Sajawal Saleem
Paracha
Writer
Jhelum
Pakistan**

A pregnant woman, once known to herself, cuts her hair, veins, and body parts. Her throat is firmly tied with a string of thorns, and she yells with a hopeless rope, pouring boiled SULPHURIC ACID into her tied throat and mud into her eyes. She circles the dead bodies until her final breath, holding a weeping letter in her hands.

"On the land of dead mortals,
Doomsday is entirely conspicuous.
Sleeping souls have painfully slaughtered the beating hearts.
No hope to survive.
Now!
I know nothing to keep soul and body together.
Everything is in flux.
No reason to unlock vitality.
No purpose to take a breath.
Merely,
Lifeless patience is here to bear.
As,
The souls have blocked their breath...
During the presence of air.
An unknown cruelty has peacefully
swallowed my peace.

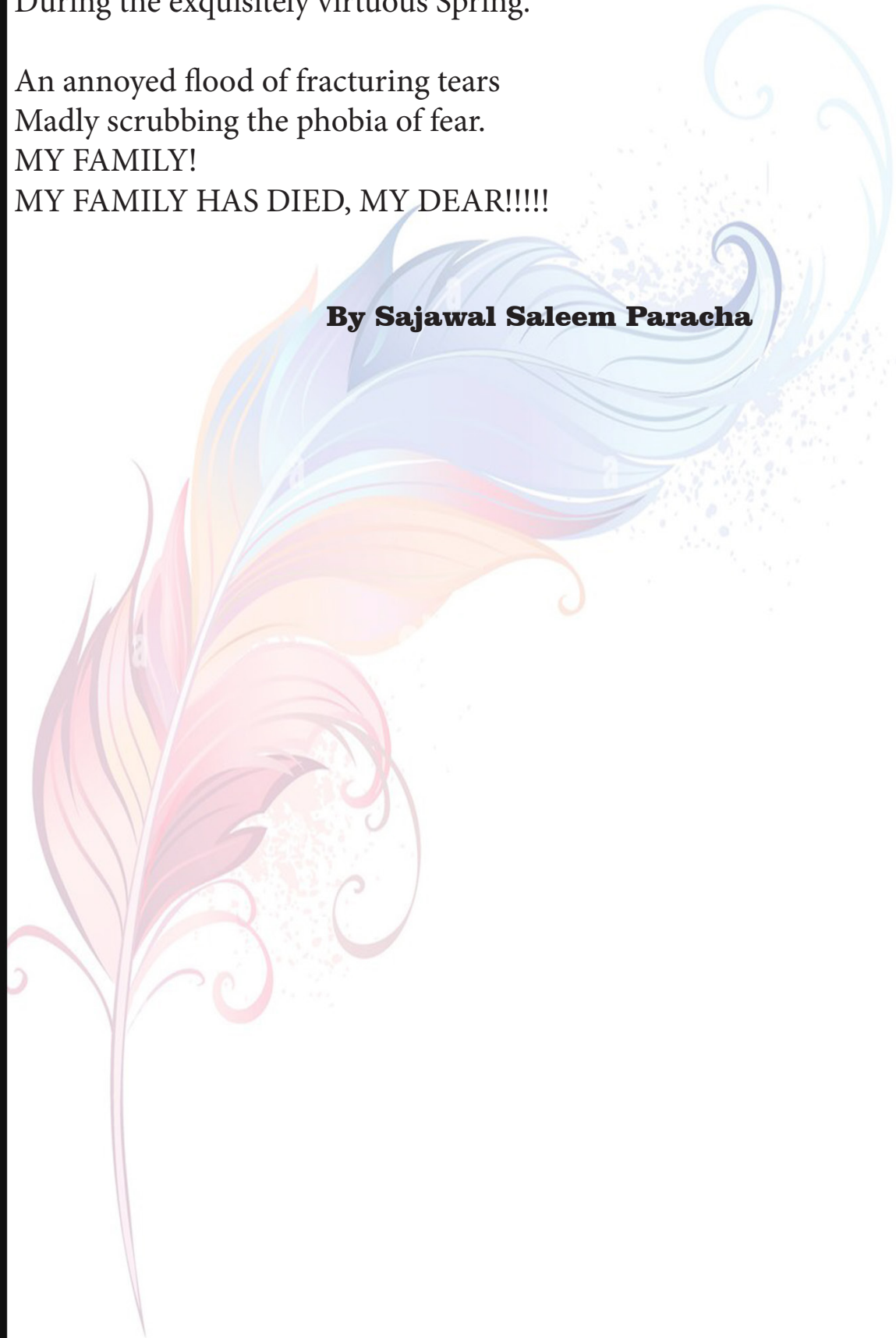
Death is hankering for my life.
I want to die to remain alive.
I am burning the foundations of my wings.
My grinning garden is glooming
Behind the inconspicuous graveyard.

My guiltless, blameless, and sinless aromatic leaves

have been murdered by the Autumn,
During the exquisitely virtuous Spring.

An annoyed flood of fracturing tears
Madly scrubbing the phobia of fear.
MY FAMILY!
MY FAMILY HAS DIED, MY DEAR!!!!

By Sajawal Saleem Paracha



40. O Love, Whatever You Are



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

Either it is love or attraction, I know not,
But I have experienced it for so long,
By reading books and by elders' wit,
Loving songs of profound lit.

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

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

How divine men and women could be,
Mothers are the first to guide like sun rays,
All true trophies could claim thee,
A mother's love is swift from the first day.

Speak softly; it's a lesson you must tell,
All your kin, brothers, and sisters,
Eternity shall tell, the truth that glitters,
No one could fail if he had a true spell.

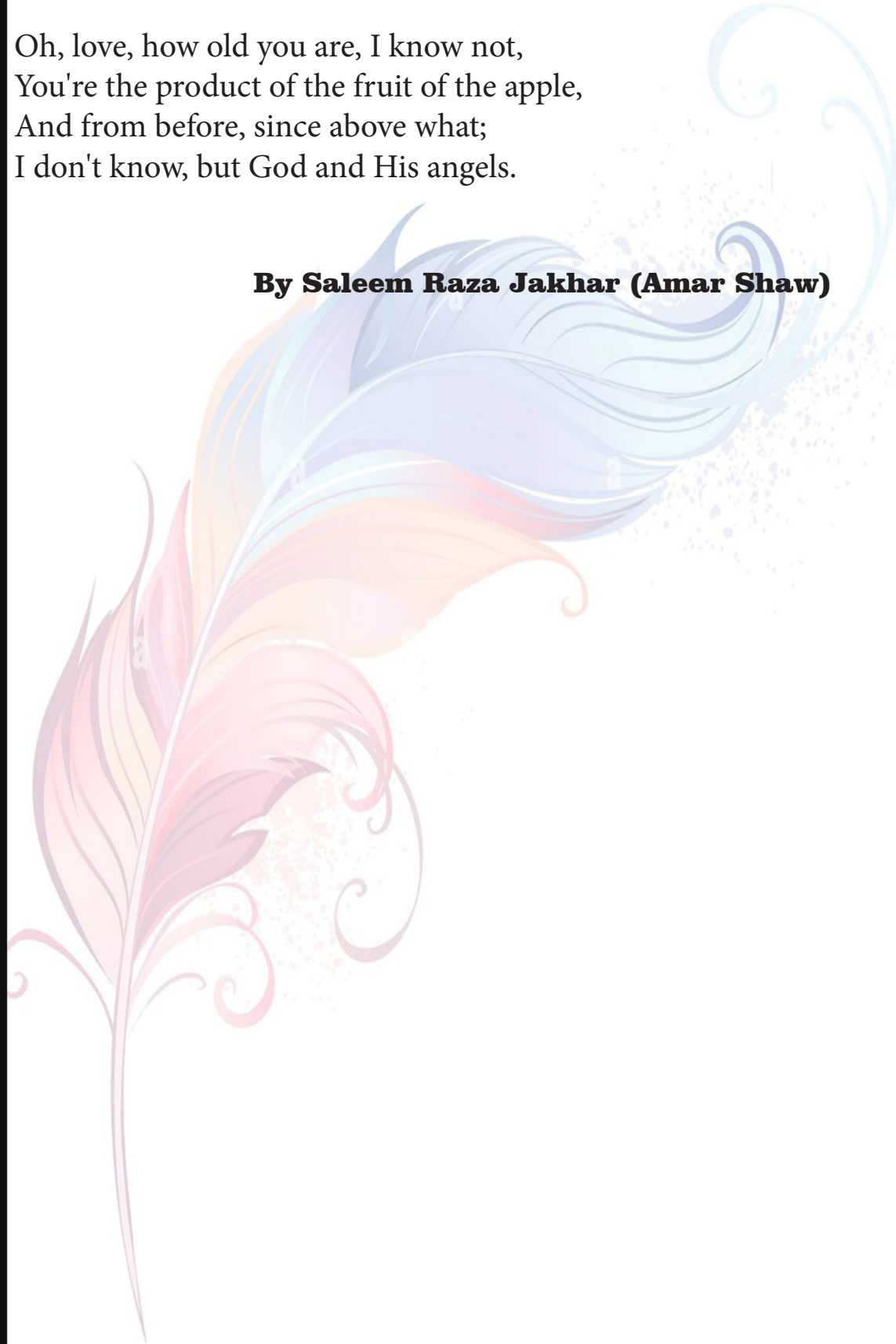
Love opens eyes to blind and gives voice to the dumb,
With every eye, every icon finds equilibrium,
Where the blind are no more blind and the voiceless no longer dumb,
Charging every prophet, priest, and nun.

Love is an ecstasy of the soul to fly,
Passions raise every man and woman's heart high,
Lifting them from earth to the sky,

And wearing a coat of the sweetest tie.

Oh, love, how old you are, I know not,
You're the product of the fruit of the apple,
And from before, since above what;
I don't know, but God and His angels.

By Saleem Raza Jakhar (Amar Shaw)



41. Kannama



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

Kannama Kannama
You are a beautiful flower
Sweet honey is flowing deep within you
Milk moon transcends from your bosom
Earth is an oasis to see, decorated with
sprig of red sea

Kannama Kannama
What is it that you keep inside of you?
Inside blooms flame seeds
Misery soaked lavishly in heart
Eyes wither snow, dancing and howling,
like spirits calling of wind and rains

Kannama Kannama
You are glimmering like a spike of ruby
dense in the mangrove forest
Caught high in the morning breeze
Dawning on my shadows like button roses
Your feminism rustles the brook,
broken away on mount doom

Kannama Kannama
A faint voice is calling out your name
Carried away by the wind
Your whirlwind of emotion is running dry
Now you know how it feels to be orphaned

Kannama Kannama
You wear feminism in your elegance
Stepping out with courage, dignity and wisdom
You are a beautiful flower born from autumn leaves
Clouds of love poems, grace my skies.

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



Sheudzhen Inver
Poet
Russia

I've been walking to you, all my life.
(Love comes in but once),
Despising neediness, ill luck,
Like naught makes a difference...
I'd give a fortune for your glance,
Or else the day is lost.
Once love appears in your stars,
And all else is farce...

43. New glasses on eyes!



**Shiv prasad
Jabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

The vision is the same, but new glasses of modernity have been put on. Eyes become blurred due to sects, and sects need a new vision. Thought about how to add color here! How should I show my game by playing my drum? I am a drunkard. How much honor, respect, and applause is given to the chair for showing the game. I wondered when my turn would come! But he did not come. So, I thought that wearing new glasses, I should announce that the new game is such that everyone will like it. But in a crowd of wolves, the trick was bound to be successful. The market is organized only by a few influential people in the market and marketism. Some people are also buyers and sellers of humanity, but the number is negligible. The market is run by the majority. But how can it be my turn? After careful consideration, it was decided that everyone's vision is old. Why not apply a new coating to the new glasses and give a new name to modern development called 'Viplav.' Did the same thing, taking the pulse of the buyer. Gave communal color under which Varun and castes flourish. The game will continue without any movement, going on. But I should collect the money from the market and deposit it with my people. They will also eat to their heart's content, and we will also get it on time. The color of money will definitely be black. May it keep happening. Without the pass, buyers will be unemployed, and farmers will return empty-handed. If we return, we will die or live; what does it matter to me? We have to show our magic. There are unscrupulous robbers in the markets. They are there. Why do I care? Those robbers are also our own. Then I got the same old coating done in the color of the glasses. Celebrities, media, and journalists work in their self-interest! Otherwise, the rhythm of the policy of equal treatment and discrimination is in our drum.

44. THE WATER (Y) TALE



Sindhu Rana
writer, poet, anchor
script - writer,
voice - over artist,
former Convent
School teacher
Jalandhar
Punjab

Rani use to trudge to the village well daily balancing buckets on her head , along with her neighbours to meet her daily needs of water for her family. Sometimes she made two or three trips. When a tube well got installed in the village Rani and the other women heaved a sigh of relief. To some extent it eased their drudgery.

After a few years came the hand pump. It was installed in each and every household. The rural women folk welcomed it.

It soon became an important part of their lives. Now the trips to the well were occasional. The pumps had made their lives easier.

Rani now had time to rest and even gossip.

But soon the pumps started showing signs of wear and tear, maybe because of overuse ! Water had to be pumped out for various uses-- for cooking and drinking, for washing , for watering , for the cows and the animals and the like. Often they became clogged and dysfunctional. It took a long , long time to get them repaired and have them ready for use.

Trips to the well or the tubewell then again became a necessity.

Sometimes , the children helped but that was also occasional as they trekked to the govt. school , a km. away for their studies. And they loved it.

With the elections approaching , it was announced that every household was soon to have taps ; even faulty hand pumps would be repaired.

A wave of happiness spread across the village. People of all age groups talked about it whenever and wherever they met.

Soon each house got a tap but water supply was yet to start.

A special day was fixed by the officials for the first water supply. The villagers decided that the first bucket would be filled from the temple premises itself.

On that special day around 7.00 a.m. villagers gathered in large numbers at the village temple.

They were dressed in washed and colorful clothes. Everybody was ready for the grand event ; even the tap was garlanded.

At 7.00 a.m. sharp , the water actually streamed out -- first a trickle and then as a gush ! The womenfolk and the elderly cheered and clapped ! Children danced in glee and some young boys and men let out shrill whistles.

Sweets were distributed , embraces were done , gods were thanked, officials were appreciated and then they happily walked back to homes where their personal taps were waiting to become functional.

Once back home , an elderly person from each house turned on the tap and the water happily landed safely in the bucket below. There was great rejoicing as beaming faces welcomed the the first flow of the piped waters into their houses.

All buckets , cans and containers were brought out ; small children excitedly brought out bowls and bottles . The event was celebrated with zeal and fervor.

After three hours the water supply suddenly stopped. It was announced that since water from the reservoir was to be supplied to other villages too , times would be fixed for each village later on.

In the coming days water came and went at odd hours. Sometimes the pipes went dry due to leakage or repair work. Some villagers did not like the taste of the 'treated' water.

At such times the ever - serving hand pumps came to use. Then of course there were the tubewell and the well --- bond with them was never severed..... All the sources yielded results and the villagers never experienced trying times.

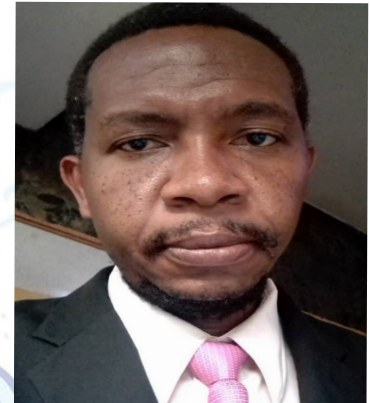
Many years have passed since. Today, as Rani squats under a pale blue sky and watches her tall , rich harvest dancing in the breeze ; children coming back from school kicking dust with their feet ; a medical team examining the sick and the weak ; motorable roads visible from a distance -- a smile spreads across her face. It is a smile of contentment !

She muses--winds of change have blown across her village too. The rural landscape has changed. She is happy that her village has survived and thrived ! She takes out her mobile. She has time and she can chat for a while. Digital facilities have reached her village !

Suddenly a tiny droplet, a forerunner of the approaching monsoon drops over her head. She looks up at the sky-- the rain - gods are ready to shower blessings. She has to run home for it is time to celebrate !

By Sindhu Rana

45. Tears of An Abused Girl Child



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

Listen to the voice of my bleeding heart as I lament my innermost torment.

As I shed these tears, I ask myself the same questions:
Why me? Why us? Why the girl child?

Is suffering our only lot in life?

Why turn me into a reluctant wife?

My family is gathered to force me into a loveless marriage,
Forcing me to share my life at this tender age

With a monster who forced himself upon me to satisfy
his unquenchable sexual urge.

So that my tormentor becomes my master forever,
Putting an end to my academic endeavors.

Listen to the voice of my bleeding heart as I lament my innermost torment.

As I shed these tears, I ask myself the same questions:

Is giving wealth or giving birth our only purpose in life?

Am I born to deform my character to meet other people's expectations?

Am I a commodity of trade to appease an avenging spirit or to clear a debt?

Am I horseflesh to be sold or bought?

All my brothers are in the big city, yet you want me here with you to serve,
To always be your loyal slave.

Listen to the voice of my bleeding heart as I lament my innermost torment.

We demand to see the winds of change.

We demand that parents treat us as human beings, not symbols of exchange.

We demand that men treat us as children, not women.

We demand protection from abuse by men,

For it is not child marriage but disguised sexual abuse.

You may call it child marriage, but it is of no use.

Listen to the voice of my bleeding heart as I lament my innermost torment.

Women fought the war with men side by side,

Earning the right to be equals.

Why then treat us like animals?

A child is a child,

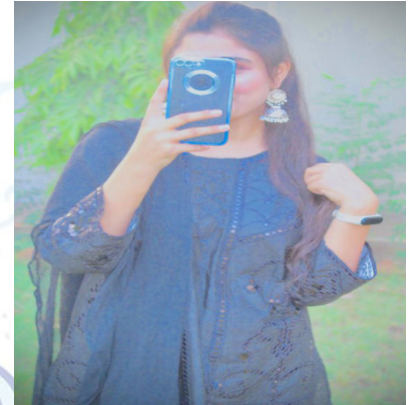
A child needs to grow up, not to be wedded.

We, the girl children, need to be educated.
Adults, it is in your power to stop this scourge!"

By Stephen Linjesa



46. A Girl With Messy Hair



**Tanzeela Rehman
(Malickzadi)
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan**

Sitting alone in her room,
Staring at the mirror,
A girl was there,
Whose hair was messy and dusty,
Even her thoughts became rusty,
Whose face was full of worries,
Her mind messed up with queries,
Whose face was not able to recognize,
Maybe the reason that her losses were more than her
size.

After staring for a while,
She started a conversation with the girl in the mirror,
By asking a question,
"Who are you?"

"Why is it always 'uh' who suffers from this hell?"

Pain was so much that you can't yell,

She asked,

"Why don't your loved ones understand

That you have a heart,

Which is your main part?

You have a brain

That bears toxic words from loved ones,

Which are sometimes unable to drain."

She asked again,

"Whether it's your decision to live alone?"

On the next moment, she got an answer from that girl,

"No, it's your loved ones' venom

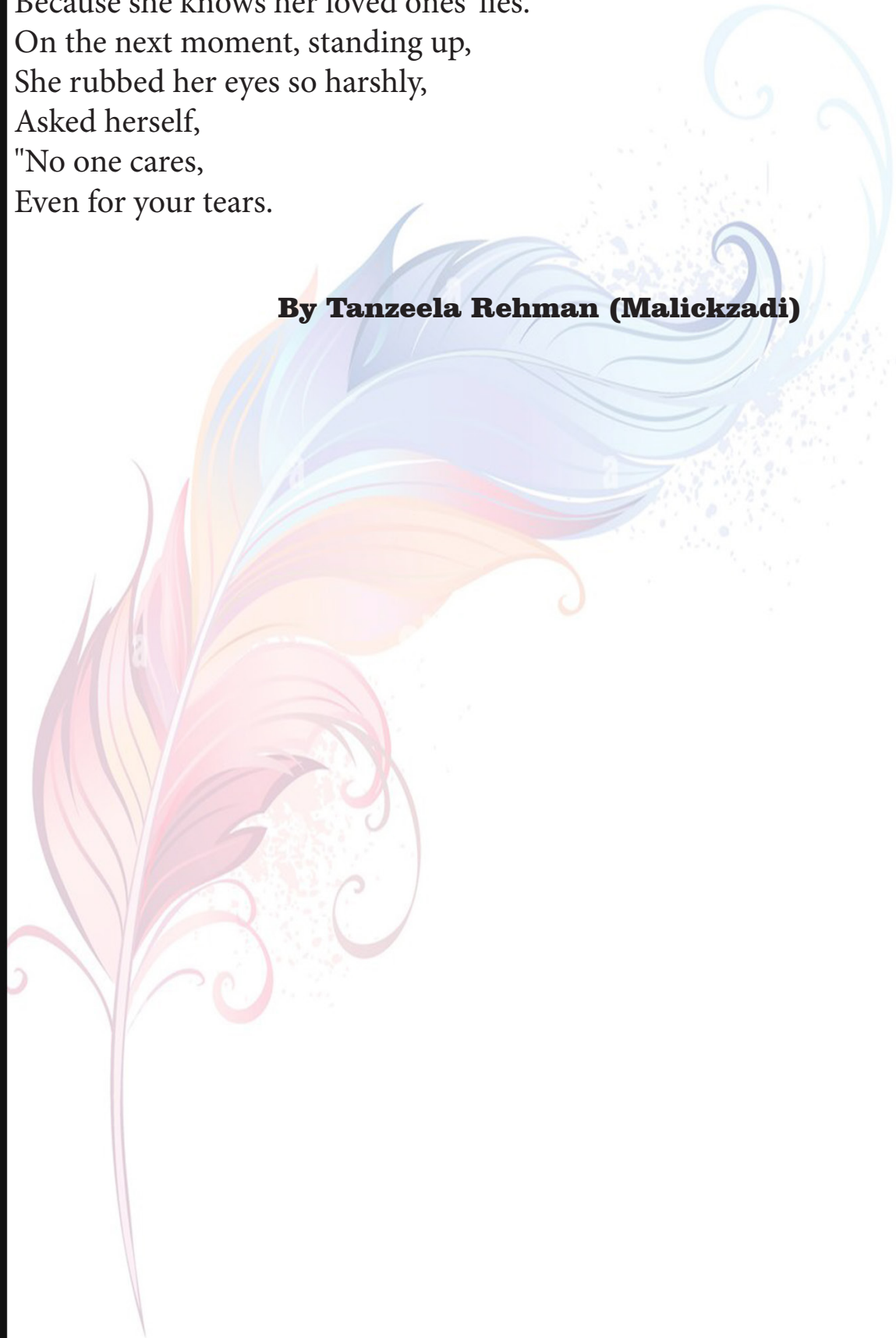
That throws me on these thorns.

The toxic behavior of my loved ones makes me so quiet,

And my life becomes like a beautiful but dark road without light."

Tears fell from her eyes
Because she knows her loved ones' lies.
On the next moment, standing up,
She rubbed her eyes so harshly,
Asked herself,
"No one cares,
Even for your tears.

By Tanzeela Rehman (Malickzadi)



47. Used to be young



Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Look at my fleeting years; I stand before the gates of forty. Looking past this threshold, my youth falters, and memories gather like the golden leaves of autumn. I peer into the vast expanse of time, reflecting upon the winding path that led me here. A bittersweet symphony of remembrance of a lost childhood and the echoes of whispered doubts that once, and may forever, define me.

I am a prodigal dreamer, forever adorned in the cloak of invisibility that is a youthful idealist. In the halls of academia and amongst my peers, I was never seen as wise or held in high esteem. Labeled a nerd, an oddity submerged in a world of words and numbers. "You will never amount to greatness," they whispered, casting their judgments upon my aspirations. I was told by family and strangers I would never be good enough, forever destined to dwell in the shadows of mediocrity. Midnights of life in tears and broken hearts in a haze.

Becoming a phoenix rising, time and time again, I emerged. A beacon of hope amidst a sea of conformity. Wielding my passion as a weapon, refusing to succumb to the weight of their expectations. Through countless battles, both inner and outer, I realized that echoes of doubt were but feeble whispers against the fire within my soul.

Through self-discovery, I embark on a journey. I must shed the chains of what others expect of me. Tick-tock, the clock ticked, embracing the nostalgia of the wondrous '90s, where trends were born and icons emerged. I yearned to metamorphose into something more, something extraordinary. A butterfly seeking its final form, aspiring to transcend limitations, rewrite my narrative as a visionary, an icon of my own creation.

My final form eludes me, the final ovation, curtain call of time may never fully unveil what lies beyond. In this pursuit of perfection, my sweet essence of being may be slow. It is not the destination that defines me, but the relentless journey

toward self-actualization, a constant evolution of my spirit and mind.

Standing here, at the precipice of forty, my heart still beats with the fervor of youth, aspirations that stretch far beyond the horizons of time. I may never witness the culmination of my dreams, the pinnacle of my aspirations. I am content in knowing that my essence's being extends far beyond the limits imposed upon me.

I am not defined by the world's gaze, judgments of others, be them family, friend, or foe, but by the resilience within, the fire that burns with a radiance distinct to me. Each passing year, I will stride forward, unburdened by what others expect of me, guided by the flickering light of my own spirit. In this pursuit, I will etch my mark upon the canvas of existence, leaving behind a legacy of courage, resilience, an unwavering belief that we are all destined for greatness, regardless of the final forms we may never see. Our reputation will become a folklore, a legend of you and me.

By Tha Ono

48. My Snow Globe

I had a Snow Globe with me which was treasured by me as a memorabilia of my father. In my childhood days, I used to get fancied in twisting, turning and shaking my snow globe up and down. It was a pleasure to see the tiny clouds of snow in it churning down slowly then.

A tiny transparent sphere made of glass it was. Within it, was enclosed a miniature town; a replica of a town in some farther land, may be seven seas beyond?

There were snow covered trees with withered leaves in it. There were Porcelain beauties with rosy cheeks and oceanic eyes with their tresses of long hair cascading down, waiting for someone. There were handsome young men with sculptured looks and chiselled features pacing forward as if in some mission. There were old men, with expectant eyes limping slowly as if searching for a perfect place to take rest for a while. There were little kids with their wide eyes filled with wonder and with an eagerness to do a merry go round around the snow cladded trees.

It was a delight to just sit cosily in my room, looking at my adorable Snow Globe for hours and hours together and to add my own words to the thought bubbles of the characters in it.

Weaving strings of dialogues for their conversation in my fancy was another pastime for me then. I did not know how hours were passing by while I was in my silent conversation with my cute, delicate Snow Globe.

There was a Christmas tree within it with an added glitz of silver stars and baubles. When Christmas arrives in my home town, our streets and the front yard of the houses would be embellished with Christmas Stars in various colours and shapes. Taking a walk through our streets, clinging on to my elder sister's hands looking admirably at those glittering stars was a much awaited leisure time activity for me then. On reaching back to my room, I still don't know for how many times I was wishing for those figurines in my Snow Globe to come to life and those stars to shine for me in real!!!

As years were passing by, even though I was still finding fancy in the realm of my woven thoughts associated with the Snow Globe, I could feel that a sudden sleek of awareness used to engulf me with the realisation that they are all enclosed



Usha Krishnan
Life Coach,
Educationist, NLP
Coach
New Delhi

within that snow dome, only to entice me like a mirage. A flash of realisation about the non-accessibility of anything which is bonded within, even though how sparkling it would be!!

Seasons came and went many a times. I was pursuing post-graduation in English Literature. While delving deep into the poetic style of John Keats, his famous poem, Ode on a Grecian Urn came to sight. Getting engaged in the process of going through the ornamental description of the Grecian Urn, I realized that the image of my Snow Globe was surfacing in mind again and again.

I was reminiscing the mysterious beauty of my Snow Globe. I could realize how much I was missing it. I was thankfully remembering those days when this Snow Globe of mine was inspiring me to unleash my potentiality of creative thinking by weaving many predictions and perceptions on the various scenes depicted in my Snow Globe!!

Later on, as many a cycles of Seasons were casting their imprints on me, I realized that the Snow Globe urges us to think about its symbolic representation of a situation which we go through in our adulthood, where we are ensnared by the expectations of others, a kind of Snow Globe life. Even then, dreaming of a Snow Globe still gives me a pleasant feeling, predicting new horizons of adventures and promises that are waiting for me in the days to come.

And it also gives me the afterthought that, if there is a snow storm occurs unexpectedly in this journey of life and takes any twist and turn or gives any upward and downward shakings, and at any case if things are getting churned up, why to be upset? Let us consider them as the settling of snow in a Snow Globe with the ardent belief that one more twist, one more turn, a shaking here, a bending there and a little amount of patience to wait, everything would be back to normal.

By Usha Krishnan

49. Love's A Master



Vinod Kumar Jha
Writer
Darbhanga
Bihar

Love's a master, not a servant,
Its life is immortal,
In the future, past, and present.
Love is just like dumb, deaf, blind,
Meets openly to its beloved mind.
It's not lame, walks very fast,
Like the wind and trains super fast.
You can't block the path of love,
You can't lock the door of love.
You can't watch its comely appearance,
Can feel only its comfortable experience.
Love is lovely like a fairy,
Good and pious like Saint Mary.
It's a form of God or Goddess,
Dwells happily everywhere and in every place.

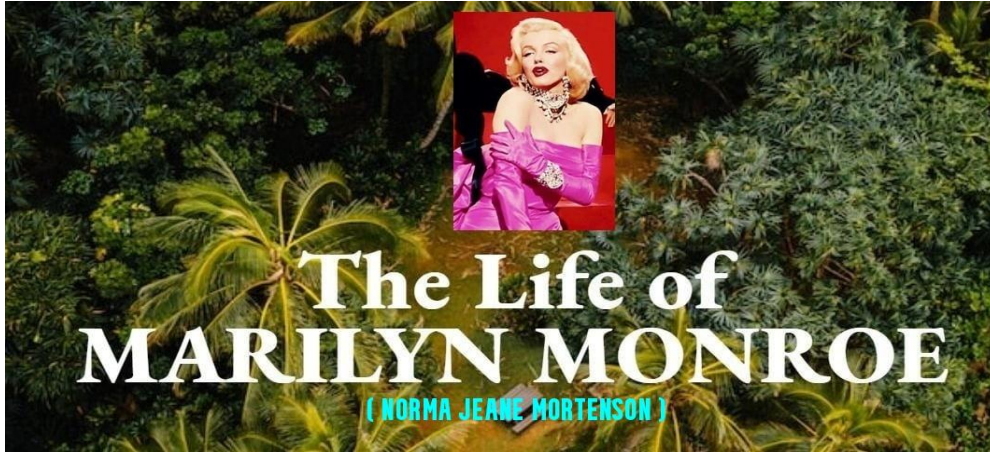
PANACHE
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THE LIFE OF MARILYN MONROE (NORMA JEANE MORTENSON)

AN AMERICAN ACTRESS, MODEL, SINGER,
PHILANTHROPIST AND A SINGER
(1926-1962)

MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU



**MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt.D.,
Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer (The Scholar)
B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,
(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)**

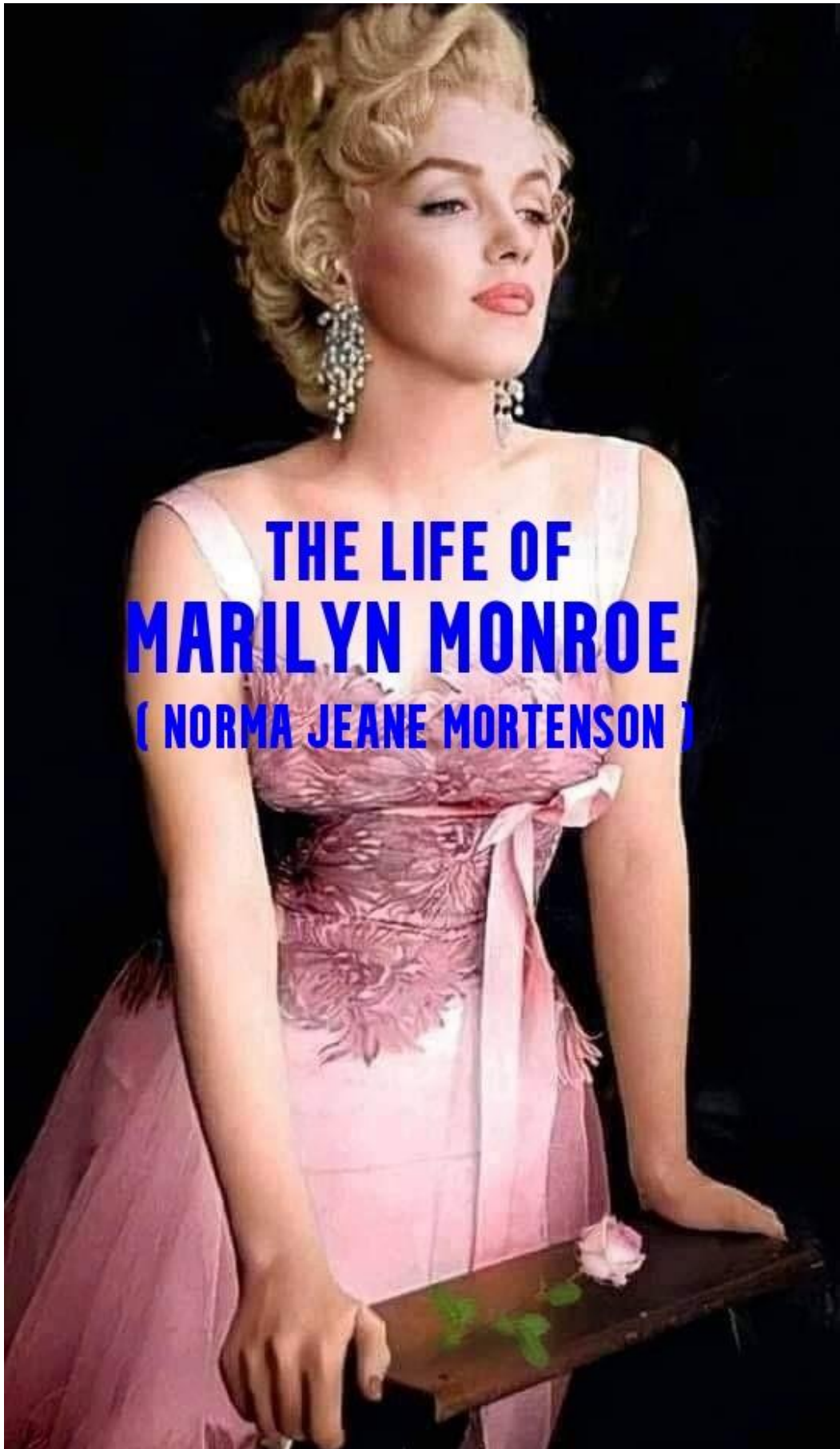
- *Birland Government honored me with a One Pound Postage Stamp as an official Poet.*
- *Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of World Cultural and Arts Society (FOWCASS), Singapore.*
 - *The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.*
- *2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, Peru*
- *The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)*
 - *Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)*
 - *State of Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet*

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- **CIVIC EXCELLENCE AWARD 2022 FROM UHE, PERU**
 - *Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022*
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)

- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
 - *Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor*
 - *Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
 - *Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-*
-

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The Life of **Ms. Marilyn Monroe** (Actress, Philanthropist and Social Activist)

Ms. Marilyn Monroe, an Angel of the Moon, was born on June 1, 1926 (Los Angeles, California, United States). She died on August 4th, 1962 in Brentwood, Los Angeles, California, United States.

Marilyn Monroe's Spouse was Arthur Miller (1956–1961),

Marilyn Monroe was married to Mr. James Dougherty (m. 1942–1946)

Marilyn Monroe married to Mr. Joe DiMaggio (m. 1954–1955).

Marilyn Monroe's father is (Late) Mr. Charles Stanley Gifford and mother is (Late) Ms. Gladys Pearl Baker. Marilyn Monroe, original name Norma Jeane Mortenson, later called Norma Jeane Baker.

Marilyn Monroe's Siblings are Berniece Baker Miracle, Robert Kermitt Baker

Ms. Marilyn Monroe was an American actress, model, singer Philanthropist and a Social Activist.

Norma Jeane Mortenson ((Marilyn Monroe) later took her mother's name, Baker. Her mother was incessantly confined in an asylum, and Norma Jeane was reared by foster parents and, for some time, in an orphanage.

In 1942 she married a fellow worker in an aircraft factory, but they divorced soon after the 2nd World War. She became a popular photographer's model and in 1946, signed a short-term contract with 20th Century-Fox, her screen and celluloid name as Marilyn Monroe. After a few brief appearances in movies made by the Fox and Columbia studios, Marilyn Monroe was again unemployed, and she returned to modelling. Her semi-nude photograph on a calendar brought her a role in the movie *Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!* (1948), followed by few other minor roles in other films.

In the year 1950, Marilyn Monroe played a small roll on the celluloid through a movie titled *The Asphalt Jungle*. This roll and her performance in this film attracted world-wide audience and hundreds of thousands of members became her staunch fans. That was the year Marilyn Monroe got a big break in the movies and slowly started becoming world-wide famous actress.

Marilyn Monroe was getting established in her own style in the movies and was popular in her own way. She was competing with other famous actresses in those days. Her little performances in the movies attracted many Film Production Houses like FOX and other giant film corporates production houses.

In the same year 1950, another appearance in a movie *All About Eve* got her another contract from FOX. In this movie she got a little-bit higher recognition.



Thereafter, Marilyn Monroe moved ahead with good movies contract continuously, including the films Let's Make It Legal (1951), Love Nest (1951), Clash by Night (1952), and Niagara (1953). In each movie, Marilyn Monroe's performances excelled and there was no competition to her, and she almost established as an actress, on par with other actresses.

With good acting performances in the movies like Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953), How to Marry a Millionaire (1953), and There's No Business Like Show Business (1954), her stylish fame grew well steadily and spread throughout the world. She became very popular actress with lakhs of fans.

Marilyn was very smart and very beautiful in the Gentlemen Prefer Blondes Movie. In The Court Hall, the dance scene is terrific.



A still from the movie Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953) (Marilyn Monroe)



A still from the movie Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953) (Marilyn Monroe)



A still from the movie Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953) (Marilyn Monroe)

Last scene entering the Hall, Marilyn Monroe's style of entry is very impressive. Some stills are here for readers perusal.

In 1954 Marilyn Monroe married Baseball Star Player Joe DiMaggio and the publicity was very big and enormous.





A Still from the Movie "The Seven Year Itch"



A still from Bus Stop

Some Like It Hot



Some Like It Hot



Monroe studied with Lee Strasberg at the Actors' Studio in New York City, and in *The Seven Year Itch* (1955) and *Bus Stop* (1956) she began to emerge as a talented comedian. In 1956 she married playwright Arthur Miller and briefly retired from moviemaking, although she co-starred with Laurence Olivier in *The Prince and the Showgirl* (1957). She won critical acclaim for the first time as a serious actress for *Some Like It Hot* (1959). Her last film, the drama *The Misfits* (1961), was written by Miller specifically for Monroe, though their marriage disintegrated during production; they divorced in 1961.

Marilyn Monroe

In 1962 Monroe began filming the comedy *Something's Got to Give*. However, she was frequently absent from the set because of illnesses, and in May she travelled to New York City to attend a gala where she famously sang "Happy Birthday" to Pres. John F. Kennedy, with whom she was allegedly having an affair. In June Monroe was fired from the film. Although she was later rehired, work never resumed. After several months as a virtual recluse, Monroe died from an overdose of sleeping pills (barbiturates) in her Los Angeles home. Her death was ruled a "probable suicide," and this finding was supported by the actress's history of drug use and previous suicide attempts. However, some believed that she had been killed after threatening to reveal her relationship with the Kennedy brothers—she was also rumoured to have had an affair with U.S. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy—or that she had information linking the two men to organized crime. Although there was insufficient evidence to support these claims, conspiracy theories persisted. In their first runs, Monroe's 23 movies grossed a total of more than \$200 million, and her fame surpassed that of any other entertainer of her time. Her early image as a dumb and seductive blonde gave way in later years to the tragic figure of a sensitive and insecure woman unable to escape the pressures of Hollywood. Her vulnerability and sensuousness combined with her needless death eventually raised her to the status of an American cultural icon.

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Please see some of the important Quotations written by the author in praise of Ms. Marilyn Monroe, the yester-year American Actress. These are special quotation notes, the author has written as an admiration to the great yester-year actress.

A LEGENDARY SOUL'S WISH FROM THE HEAVEN TO HER ADMIRERS
MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**

PURE HEART

NOT HARD CORE PROFESSIONAL YET
 PURE HEART,
 PSYCHOLOGY
 AND
 PRINCIPLES FOR PEACE
 HARMONY,
 PLEASANTNESS,
 MY LIFESTYLE

MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU
 STORY, SONGWRITER, LYRICIST
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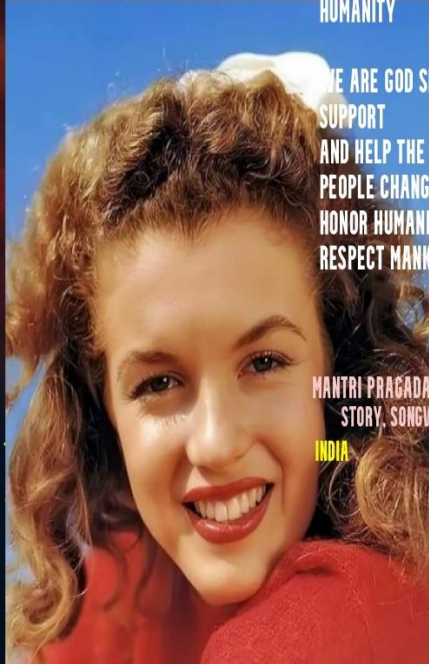


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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**

HUMANITY

WE ARE GOD SENT REPS
 SUPPORT
 AND HELP THE SOCIETY,
 PEOPLE CHANGE
 HONOR HUMANITY,
 RESPECT MANKIND

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**

POWER

PRESUMPTIONS
 NEAR REALITY WORLD
 FORECAST THROUGH POWER,
 SECRET INTELLIGENCE
 AND AGENCIES
 SUPPORT FOR PEACE
 AND TRANQUILITY

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1926-1962
AMERICAN ACTRESS,
MODEL, SINGER

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UNITED STATES

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**

ROLL AND ROLL

TIME IS ROLLING AWAY LIKE ROLLS ROYCE.
 BUT YOU AREN'T
 A LOVELY NIGHT NEVER ENDS FAST
 NIGHT AND DAY ROLL
 GIGANTIC MOODS ROLL WELL
 NIGHT PROGRAM NEVER HALT
 JUSTIFY THE NIGHT I

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



PEACE

**I KNOW,
 POWER SEAT
 POWER AND ENERGY,
 CONFRONT
 CONFLICTS AND WAR
 TRY PEACE,
 AVOID BLOOD-SHED**

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



SUCCESS

**SUCCESS,
 FAME,
 IN YOUR HANDS
 LIVING SHOW PUT UP
 GIMMICK WORLD
 PRAY GOD,
 BLESS FOR STRENGTH**

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



TECHNOLOGY

**NO RUN,
 NOW TECHNOLOGY DAYS
 TECHNOLOGY,
 APPLICATION TOOLS GIFTED,
 ARE YOUTH ASSET
 HIT BULL'S EYE,
 LUCK FAVOR**

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



LIFE GAME

**HARD LIFE TURNS GOOD LIFE
 SIMPLICITY,
 SINCERITY,
 HARD WORK FETCH ONE DAY
 THE WORLD WILL SUPPORT**

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



SOBERNESS

STAR LUCK
 STORM AND SUNSHINE
 SERVICE SOBERNESS,
 STABILITY,
 SUPER SMART LUCK
 GOD BLESS,
 GO SUCCESS LIFE

1926-1962
 AMERICAN ACTRESS,
 MODEL, SINGER
 LOS ANGELES,
 CALIFORNIA,
 UNITED STATES

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



PRINCIPLES

SINGLE THINKING,
 STRAIGHT FORWARDNESS
 IDEAL SUPPORT
 NATURE MIND,
 BE PRINCIPLED IN LIFE
 WILL POWER BLESS SELF SUCCESS

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SERVICE

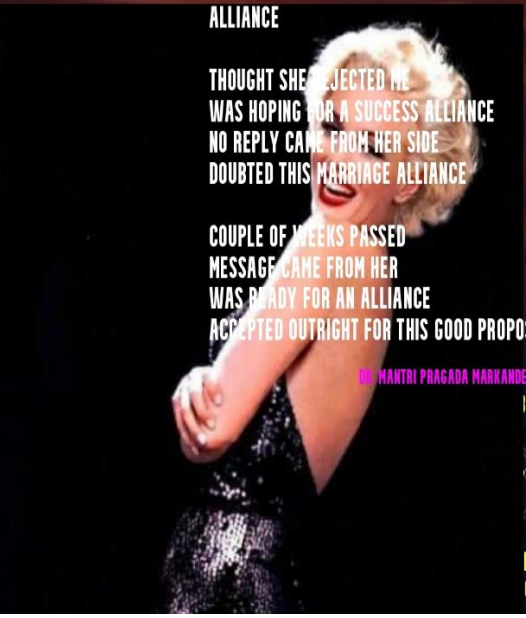
SUPPORT PEOPLES' TASTE
 NO SUFFER INNOCENT PEOPLE
 EXTEND PHILANTHROPY
 IT'S CHILDRENS' FUTURE
 WE REPS. OF GOD
 EXTEND BEST, CHANGE THE SOCIETY
 HONOR OTHERS, GET SELF-HONOR
 HUMANITY AND MANKIND ESSENTIAL
 NO NEED AS PROFESSIONAL
 BE PRINCIPLED FOR HARMONY
 PLEASANTNESS, A LIFELINE

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MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**




ALLIANCE

THOUGHT SHE REJECTED HE
 WAS HOPING FOR A SUCCESS ALLIANCE
 NO REPLY CAME FROM HER SIDE
 DOUBTED THIS MARRIAGE ALLIANCE

COUPLE OF WEEKS PASSED
 MESSAGE CAME FROM HER
 WAS READY FOR AN ALLIANCE
 ACCEPTED OUTRIGHT FOR THIS GOOD PROPOSAL

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A LEGENDARY SOUL'S WISH FROM THE HEAVEN TO HER ADMIRERS
MARILYN MONROE **AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



DESTINY
MEMORIES ROLL BACK
AGE CAN'T GO BACK
TO MOVE WITH TIME
TIME TAKE US TO DESTINY

EACH SECOND PEOPLE BECOMING OLD
VALUE OF SECOND CAN'T BE JUDGED
GREATNESS ON THE UTILITY OF SECOND
LIFE MEANING WITH SECONDS'

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DANCE
COSTLY TIME,
O BOYS, MY DANCE IS FOR YOU
STEPS MAKE YOU DANCE
NO SHY, DAY IS YOURS'
BAND AND SONG IS YOURS
DANCE IS YOURS
DARLING FRIENDS
DRINK AND DANCE
GOLDEN TIME
NO HIGH, DANCE AND DINE

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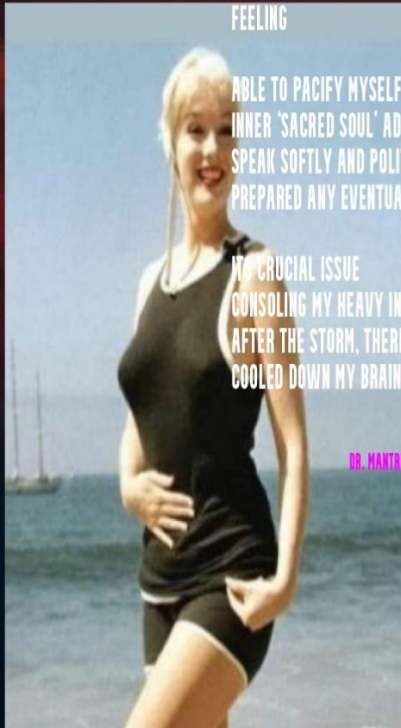
LIFE
KNOW RAINBOW COLORS
LIFE HAS MANY COLORS
EYES HAVE MULTI-COLORS
LIFE HAS COLORFUL COLORS
THINKING HAS LOVELY COLORS
SHREWDNESS, AN IDEAL ASPECT
LIFE BE WITH BEST PRINCIPLES
WILL POWER, A SUCCESS TO LIFE

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FEELING
ABLE TO PACIFY MYSELF
INNER 'SACRED SOUL' ADVISED ME
SPEAK SOFTLY AND POLITELY
PREPARED ANY EVENTUALITY
IT'S CRUCIAL ISSUE
CONSOLING MY HEAVY INNER HEART
AFTER THE STORM, THERE ALWAYS A CALM
COOLED DOWN MY BRAIN

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PRIORITIES ;

- HUMANITY
- HANKIND AND PEACE
- PRESENT DAY NEEDS AND PRIORITIES
- ONE HAS NO AUTHORITY
- NOT POLLUTE THE ENVIRONMENT
- MAINTAIN PEACE AND HARMONY
- THE PRIORITIES OF 21ST CENTURY
- CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE LIVES
- NO DAMAGES

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WAR WORRY

- DANGERS OF WAR
- WAR SCENARIO
- FIGHTERS HOVERING CLOUDS
- GUN FIRES
- ROCKETS AND BOMBINGS
- ASTOUNDING PEOPLE PEACE
- WORLD PEOPLE WORRIED
- PEOPLE BECAME SPECTATORS AND HELPLESS
- MAINTAIN PEACE AND HARMONY
- TIME TO OPEN DIALOGUE

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WORLD LAUGHS

The world laughs at you for your works & deeds when unrecognized but the world appreciates and smiles at you when your works & deeds are recognized by the world forums & agencies.

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LIFE SPAN

THE LORD IS GREAT
AS PER LORD DIRECTIONS
NOTHING LASTS FOREVER IN THIS WORLD.
ONE COMES IN TO THIS WORLD
VANISH AND DISAPPEAR INTO NATURES FOLD
THING IS LIVING TIME FRAME




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SUCCESS ROUTE

Your initiative, individuality and creativity takes you to a Success Route in your Work-in-Progress Projects.

Leave Not your Projects until it gets completed.

Don't discard the Projects in the middle of the work due to ambiguity.

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WAY OF WORK

The way you work, the way you talk and the way you express your feelings in the form of gestures, the modulation in your tone, your dressing code, your body language will have its own impact either positive or in the negative way from the people around you, that is the Society

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LOVE HEARTS

"Love Hearts sometimes, quarrel and get suspended from Love Assembly and involves in agitation activities for solving Love Charter of Demands. Unless, both the Love Hearts resolve their problems, Love Hearts will not get settled"

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HEART SPEAKS

Heart speaks to another Heart in a secret code in the form of beats.

The beats are code language of Hearts. Its mandatory beats given as gift by God-datory system with the blessing of Nature.

If Heart beats coincide with another Heartbeat, the understanding lasts forever and Hearts are not broken.

Always Hearts are pure and don't get polluted unless Hearts made to be polluted willfully. So, one has to preserve the Heart like a God in the Temple.

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PRESERVE THE LIFE FOR A GOOD CAUSE AND HUMANITY, AS LIFE IS PRECIOUS AND COSTLY; TRY TO LEAD THE LIFE WITH MINIMUM LIVING STANDARDS". BE READY TO SERVE THE PEOPLE WHEN YOUR TURN COMES



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"SWIM IN THE SEA TO REACH THE SEA SHORE"

"SWIM IN THE LIFE SEA TO REACH THE LIFE SHORE"

"SWIM IN THE LEARNING SEA TO REACH A PROFESSIONAL SHORE"

"SWIM IN THE LITERARY SEA TO REACH THE LEGENDARY SHORE"



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Decision

Decisions are to be taken with cool mind and if necessary and need be expert consultation also could be taken, to have a fruitful result.



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Don't telephone consecutively for more than two times.

If other party does not respond, think that the person whom you telephoned is busy on other important business.

Few people telephone continuously till such time the other party lifts the phone call, which is not proper.



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SPORT

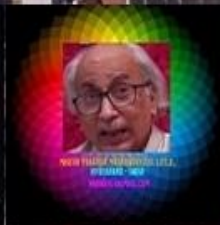
GREEN TRACKS BLAZING
AND
SHINING
GLAZE BALL ROLLING AWAY,
RUNS FLOWING HOME
SPECTATORS
DANCING
IN JOYOUS WAY

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AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON
ESSENTIALS

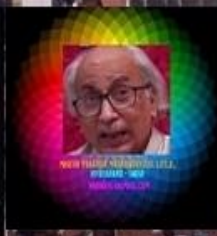
FOREMOST AGENDA,
HUMANITY
AND
PEACE.
FOOD,
SHELTER AND CLOTH,
21ST CENTURY PRIORITY
NO HUNGER
AND
NO DEATH

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POWER WAR

WHY POWER EGOISTIC WAR?
PEACE.
AND
TRANQUILITY WORLD LAUDS,
NEEDS DISCUSSION.
PEOPLE WORRIED,
NO WAR CRIME DANGERS

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WAR

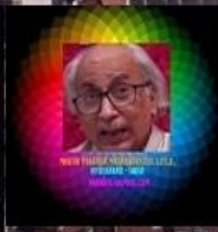
WAR SCENARIO CLOUDS,
GUN FIRES
BOMBING,
NO PEACE,
WORRIED WORLD,
HELPLESS PEOPLE
CEASEFIRE,
MAINTAIN PEACE AND
HARMONY

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DISASTER

**LOOK AT EAST, SUFFERS TSUNAMI
NORTH SUFFER, WORST EARTH QUAKES
WEST INFIGHTING,
SOUTH-WEST BOMBARDING**

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FINDING FAULTS

THE WORLD WILL ATTACK & PIN-POINT YOU FOR YOUR DRAW-BACKS & FAULTS AND MAKES YOU NERVOUS. WHEN YOU ATTACK BACK AND COUNTER-ATTACK THE WORLD THROUGH PRESS MEETS & CONFERENCES, THE WORLD BECOMES SILENT AND STOP PIN-POINTING YOUR DRAW-BACKS & FAULTS.



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FLOURISHING POINT

FEW PEOPLE FLOURISH AT ONE POINT OF TIME BECAUSE OF THEIR PAST CONCRETE DEEDS, BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, PEOPLE CRITICIZE SUCH PEOPLE MERCILESSLY FOR ANY GAIN WITHOUT USEFUL STRATEGY.



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HEART RESISTANT

OUR HEARTS ARE SO DELICATE AND IT'S JUST LIKE A BORN BABY. OUR HEARTS HAVE A CAPACITY TO LISTEN TO OTHER HEARTS AND GIVE CONCURRENCE TO THOUGHT WAVES. OUR HEARTS CAN CARRY LIGHT TO HEAVY BURDENS AND CONSOLE SELF AND OTHERS FEELINGS IN NEED OF TIME. OUR HEARTS ARE STRONG AND STUBBORN AND CAN RESIST TO DAMAGES OF THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS FOR HIGH FREQUENCY & LEAD TOLERANCES AND INDICATE WHEN IT EXHAUSTS.



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WORLD'S LENIENCE

WORLD CONSISTS OF CROOKS & CRACKS
ALONG WITH MULTI-FACETED AND
COMMON PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT TYPES
AND CATEGORIES. BUT, WORLD WILL NOT
TOLERATE AND SHOULD THE BURDEN ON
SUCH CROOKS & CRACKS FOR LONGER TIME
WHEN IT COMES TO WORLD'S UNBEARABLE
BURDEN & HEAD-ACHE, DESPITE GIVING
SOME TYPE OF LENIENCE.



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SUPPORT AND HELP

I CAN'T SUPPORT, FAVOR OR HELP ANYBODY AS I NEEDS SUPPORT, FAVOR OR HELP. BUT, THE NODAL AGENCIES, SOCIETIES, NGOs, FOUNDATION CENTERS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS ARE THE BEST ONES TO EXTEND SUPPORT, FAVOR OR HELP IN CASE OF GENUINE REQUIREMENT, AS MOST PEOPLE NEEDS TO BE AWARE OF THIS.



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FAVOR

WHEN THINGS, MATTERS & ISSUES
DO NOT COINCIDE TO YOUR
REQUIREMENT AT ANY TIME,
LEAVE IT UNATTENDED TO SUCH
MATTERS FOR FEW DAYS AND TRY
AGAIN. SUCH THINGS, MATTERS &
ISSUES WILL COME TO YOUR
FAVOR UNTROUBLED.



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GREATNESS

PEOPLE BECOME GREAT BY VIRTUE
OF PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS OR
FINANCIAL SUCCESS OR A POLITICAL
SUCCESS, BUT, FEEL GREATNESS WHEN
PEOPLE SHOWER LOVE & AFFECTION
TOWARDS FAMILY & CHILDREN. LOVE
& AFFECTION ON FAMILY &
CHILDREN IS PRICELESS.



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BLAME GAME

THE PEOPLE AND THE WORLD PLAY
THE BLAME GAME FOLLOWED BY
MIND GAME. IT IS INEVITABLE
THAT ONE HAS TO CONFRONT
THESE TYPES OF GAMES. WHAT TO
DO AND WHOM TO BLAME. WE
HAVE TO BLAME OURSELVES.



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QUALITY OF FOOD

IN OLDEN DAYS, THE QUALITY OF
FOOD ITEMS WAS SO GOOD THAT
PEOPLES' LONGEVITY WAS 100 YEARS;
WHEREAS, THESE DAYS LACK OF
QUALITY OF FOOD ITEMS MAKES THE
LONGEVITY TO 50 YEARS, IT'S ALL
BECAUSE OF ADULTERATIONS AND
BAD HABITS, AS IS EVIDENT THESE
DAYS.



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NO FREE MEAL

ONE CAN'T WORK FOR FREE AS
THERE IS NO FREE-MEAL, BUT,
FREE-MEAL CAN'T BE GIVEN FOR
FREE AS AT THE END OF THE FREE-
MEAL, MANAGEMENT MAY ASK
FOR LITTLE DONATION LIKE
FUND FOR USE OF
DEVELOPMENTAL ACTIVITIES.



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STRATEGY FAILURE

I CAN'T BLAME ANYBODY FOR MY OWN FAILURES, BUT, DURING THE SUCCESS PERIOD, HAD I MAINTAINED GOOD FINANCIAL MANAGEMENT DISCIPLINE AND GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS, THE FAILURE SHOULD HAVE NOT DARED TO REACH ME, IF MY STRATEGY IN MANAGEMENT AND EXECUTION OF PROJECTS WAS GOOD.



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IMAGE TARNISH

THE BRAND IMAGE OF A PERSON
CANNOT BE TARNISHED BY
ANYBODY OTHER THAN
HIMSELF/HERSELF, IF HIS/HER
DEEDS, CHARACTER AND
ANTECEDENTS ARE NOT GOOD.



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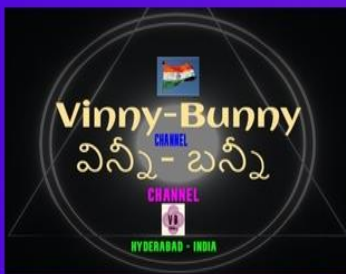
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STRUGGLE FOR PEACE OF MIND

I DON'T THINK SO, THERE IS PEACE OF MIND FOR ANY PERSON. IF ANYBODY SAY'S SO HE HAS, IT IS SURE SUCH PERSON IS BLUFFING WITH AN EYE ON SOME FAVOR. BUT, IT IS SURE THAT PEACE OF MIND CANNOT BE PURCHASED, BUT ONE WILL GET THE PEACE OF MIND BY VIRTUE OF HIS/HER GOOD CHARACTER DEEDS AND DISCIPLINE IN LIFE.



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MODEL, SINGER
LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA,
UNITED STATES



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EARNING FOR SUFFERENCE

PEOPLE EARN MONEY FOR SELF AND FAMILY HAPPINESS, BUT THERE WILL BE NO SIGHT OF HAPPINESS SEEN ANYWHERE IN THEIR LIFE, RATHER SUCH PEOPLE LAND IN MORE & MORE PROBLEMS WITH COMPLICATED TAX EVASION CASES AND ULTIMATELY SUCH PEOPLE SUFFER FOR WANT OF PEACE OF MIND.



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A LEGENDARY SOUL'S WISH FROM THE HEAVEN TO HER ADMIRERS

AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON

MARILYN MONROE



1-6-1926 TO 4-8-1962

AMERICAN ACTRESS,
MODEL, SINGER

LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA,
UNITED STATES



VINNY-BUNNY CHANNEL
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FLOURISHING POINT

FEW PEOPLE FLOURISH AT ONE POINT OF TIME BECAUSE OF THEIR PAST CONCRETE DEEDS, BUT, AT THE SAME TIME, PEOPLE CRITICIZE SUCH PEOPLE MERCILESSLY FOR ANY GAIN WITHOUT USEFUL STRATEGY.



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**A LEGENDARY SOUL'S WISH FROM THE HEAVEN TO HER ADMIRERS
MARILYN MONROE AN ANGEL FROM THE MOON**



PEACE

**I KNOW,
POWER SEAT
POWER AND ENERGY,
CONFRONT
CONFLICTS AND WAR
TRY PEACE,
AVOID BLOOD-SHED**

**MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU
STORY, SONGWRITER, LYRICIST
INDIA MOBILE NO. +91-9951038802**

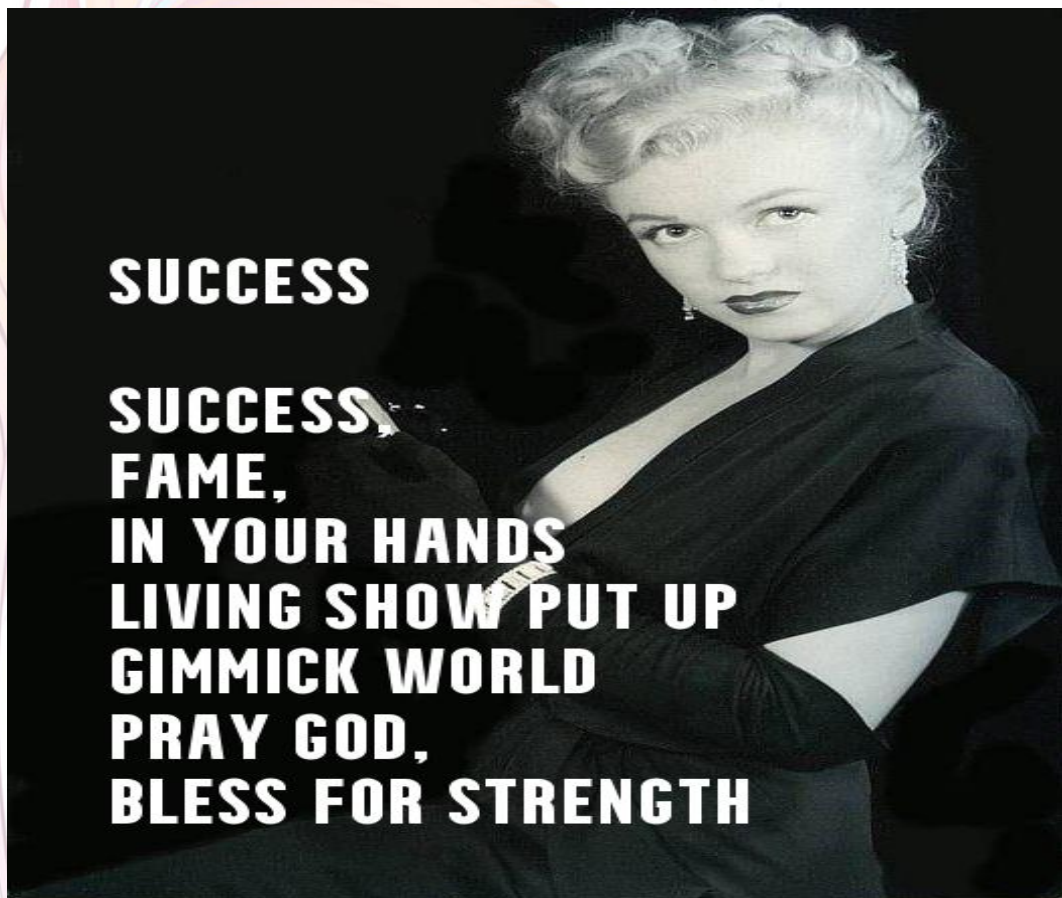
1926-1962

**AMERICAN ACTRESS,
MODEL, SINGER**

**LOS ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA,
UNITED STATES**



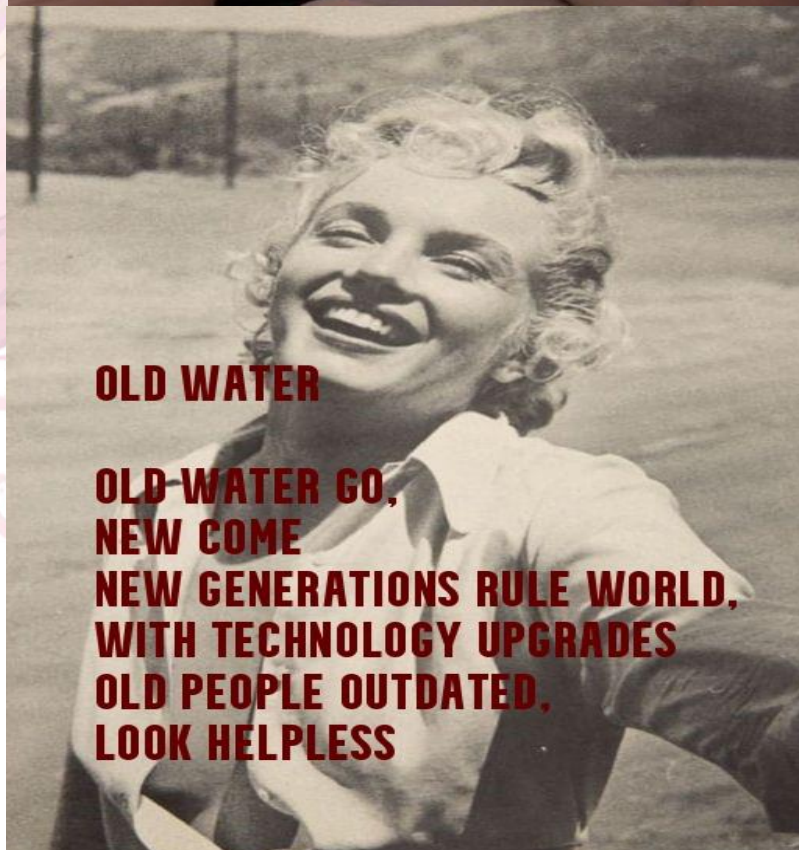
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PURE HEART

**NO HARD CORE PROFESSIONAL
PURE HEART,
PSYCHOLOGY
AND
PRINCIPLES FOR
PEACE
HARMONY,
PLEASANTNESS,
MY LIFE-STYLE**



OLD WATER

**OLD-WATER GO,
NEW COME
NEW GENERATIONS RULE WORLD,
WITH TECHNOLOGY UPGRADES
OLD PEOPLE OUTDATED,
LOOK HELPLESS**



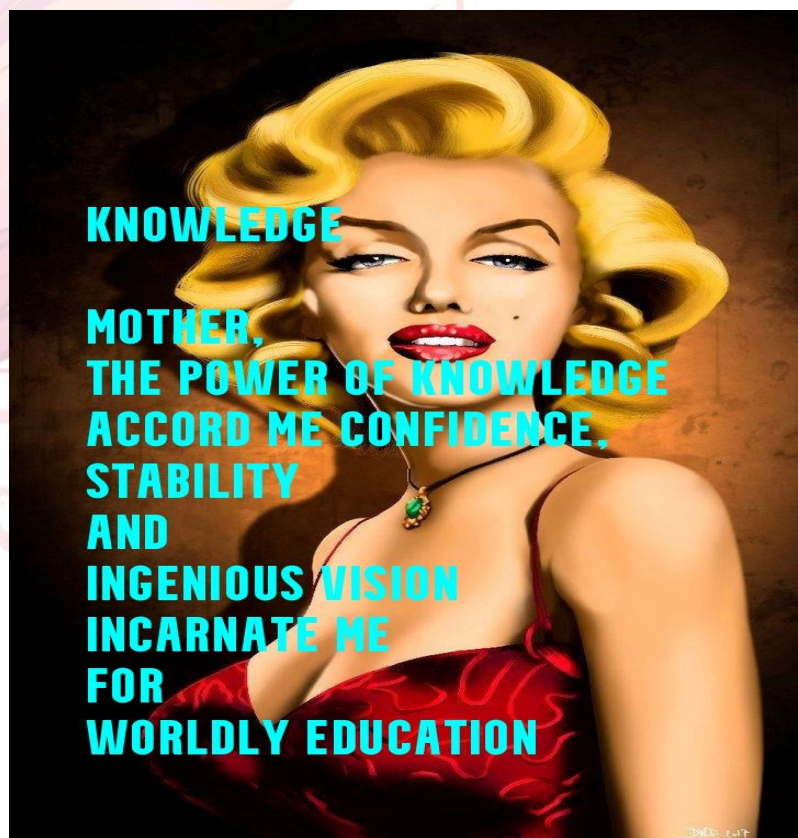
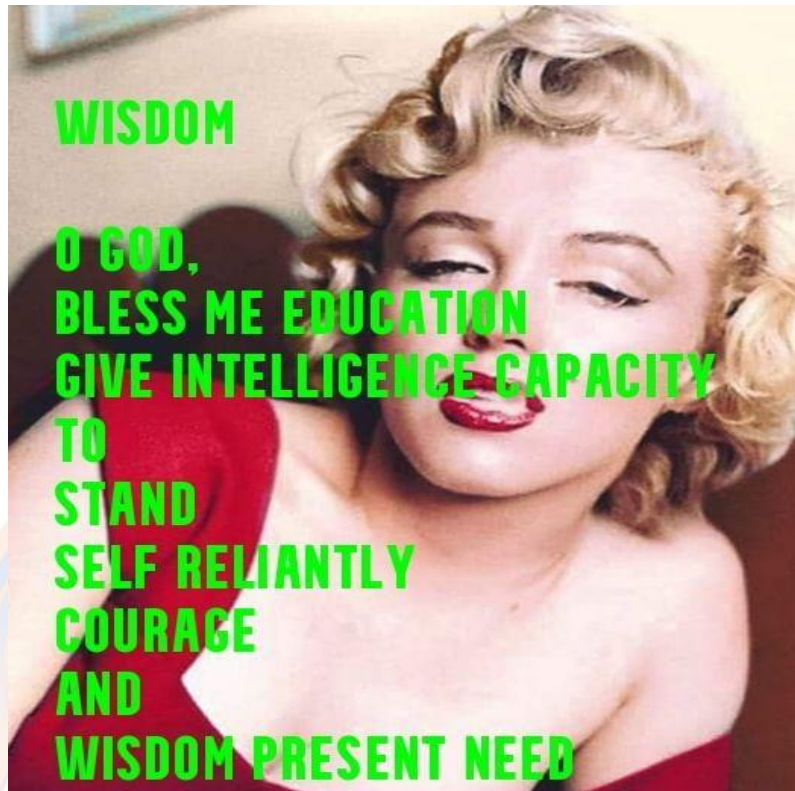
STRATEGY

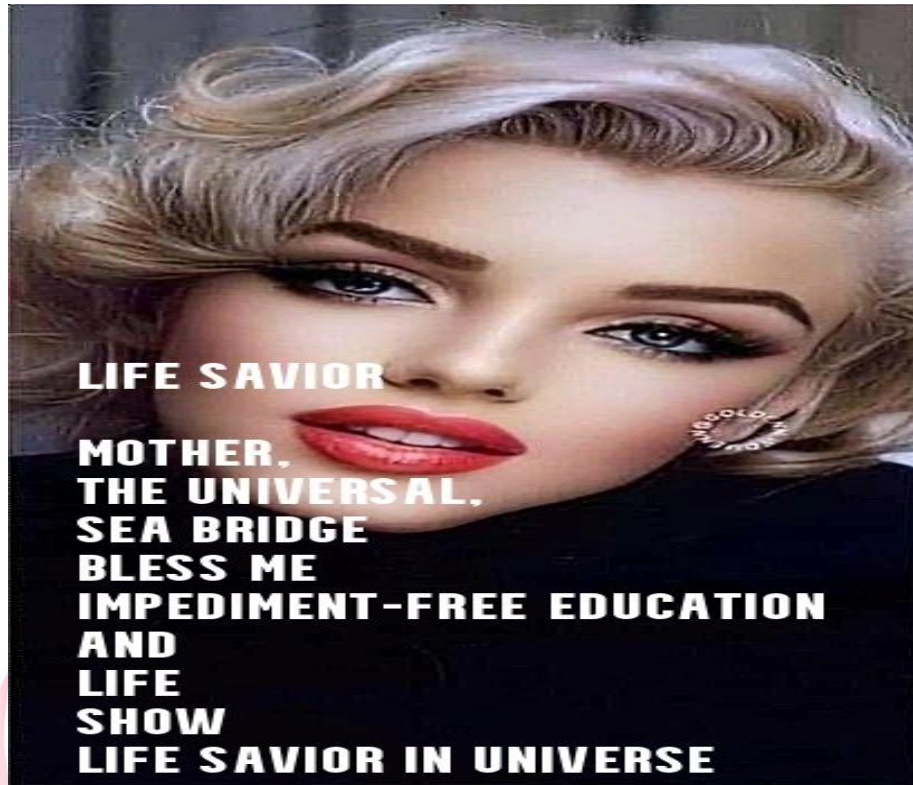
**ONE BECOMES OLD AT HOME
YOUTH STRATEGY CHANGE,
THOUGHTS
AND
IDEAS VARY
LIFE,
SEE,
ENJOY AND GO**



OPTIMISIM

**NO WORRY,
LIFE CYCLE PROCESS
ONE BE OPTIMISTIC,
LIFE SATISFACTION HAS FEEL
DAYS ROLL,
SATISFACTION VANISH FOREVER**







RIVER FLOW

**BEAUTIFUL PLEASANTNESS
AT
NATURAL SITES
RIVER-FLOW VIEW,
LIFE GO THIRD WORLD,
IDEAS ROLL
LIKE WATER FLOW**



REMEDIES

**"DIFFERENTLY
THINGS MOVE,
GO BERSERK
REMEDIES SHIP
CURE HAZARDOUS LIFE,
HARDSHIP-FREE
NO JAIL,
FLY LIKE BIRD"**



GAMBLER

**GAMBLER COMBAT LIFE,
FIND FAULTS
ALCOHOL
AND
DRUG MENACE
RUINS ENTIRE FAMILY
GAMBLER SAFEGUARD
LIFE
AND
WIFE**



TRUSTING OFFICIAL

**CABINET COLLEAGUES BELIEVE
DIGNITARY MINISTER
CAN A COUNTRY'S DIPLOMAT
TRUST ANOTHER DIPLOMAT?
POINT IS,
TO TRUST WHOM?**



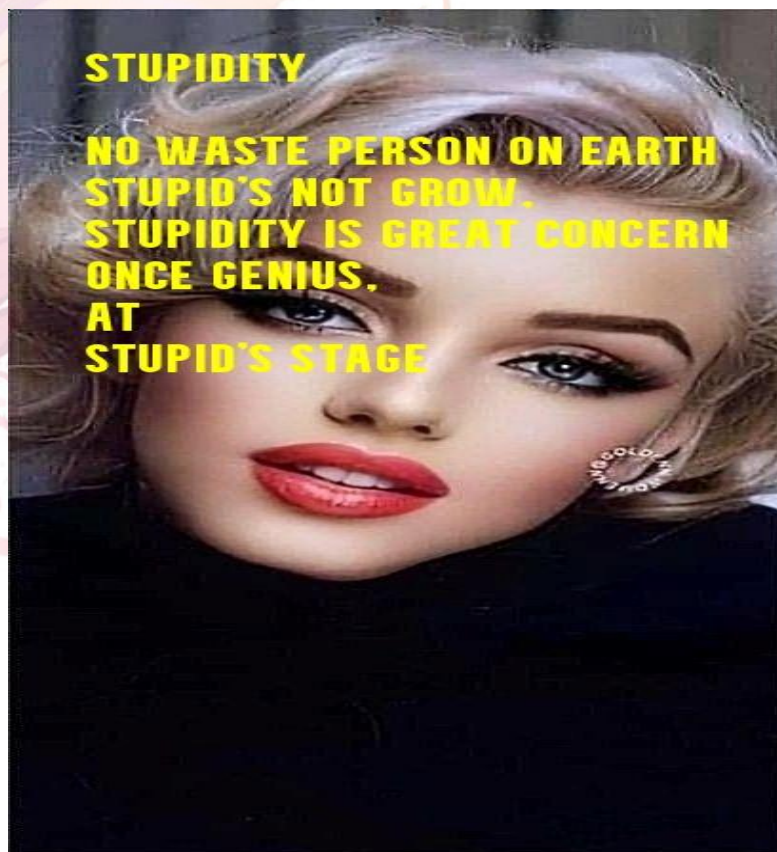
BROKEN LIFE

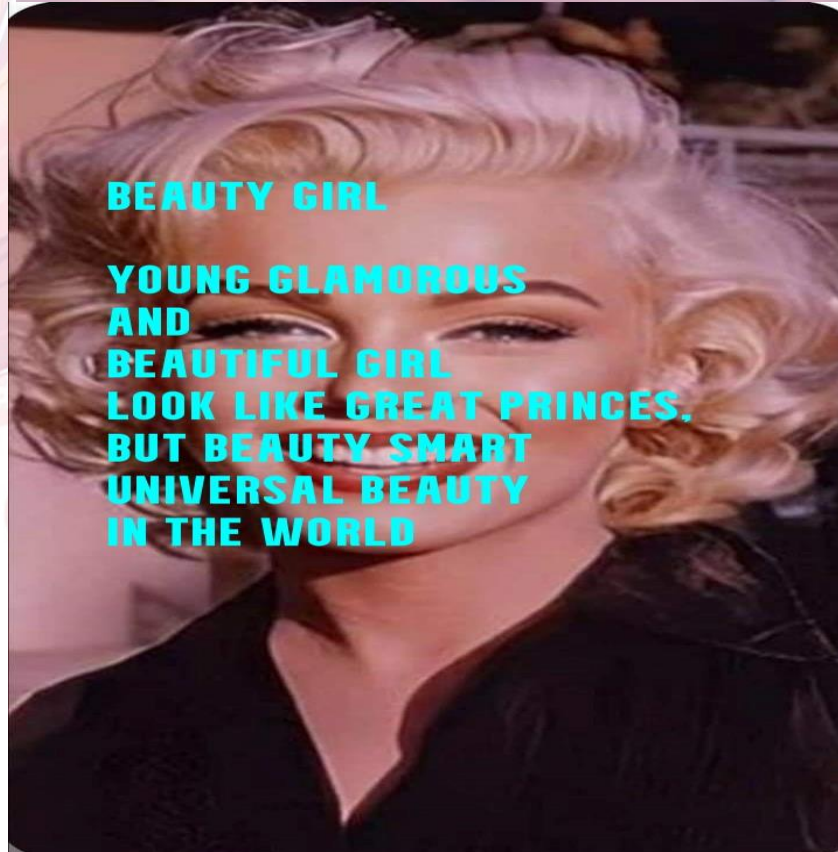
**LIFE MOVES
ON
BROKEN GLASSES
BLOOD LEGS
AND
IMPEDIMENTS
SAIL BROAD GAUGE
WIFE DIPLOMACY ART,
LEST SMASHED**



UMBRELLA SHELTER

**TRUST GIRL OR BOY FRIEND
MEMBERS BELIEVED LEADER,
THAT'S UMBRELLA SHELTER
TIME CHIEF DISMISSED,
POLITICS PLAYED VITAL.**







PRINCES

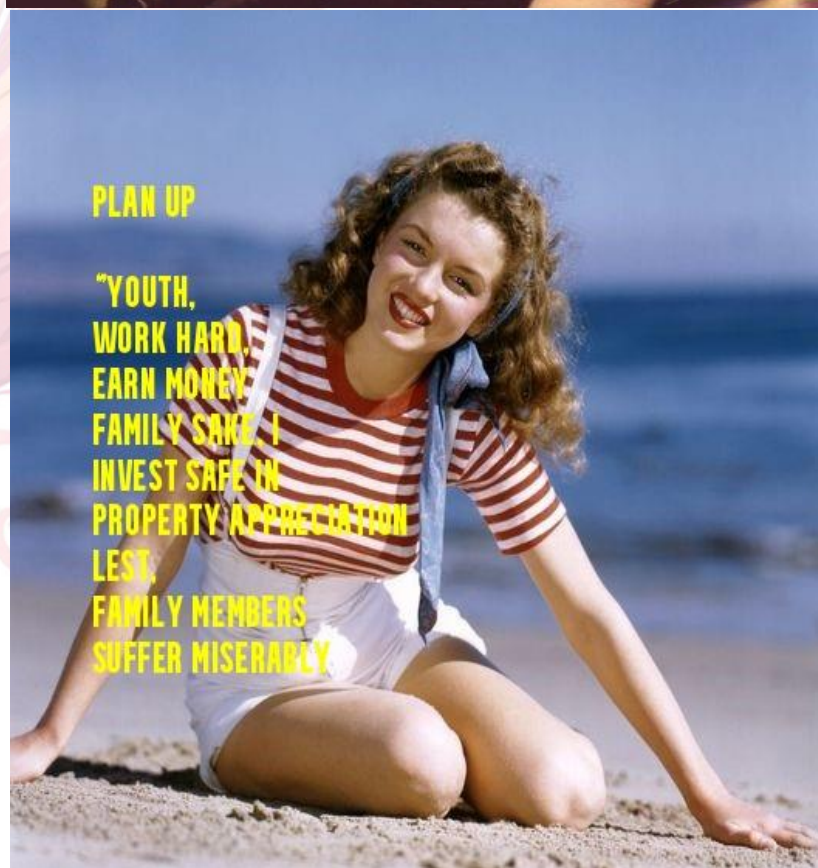
**GOSSIP CHATTERING
AT
FUNCTION HALL
SUDDEN HUSH,
GUESTS SILENT,
LOOK AT PRINCE
ALL HEADS TURN,
GAZE PRINCES**



TWINKLING

**IT'S RADIANT
AND
LOVELY VISION
GIRL'S GLOWING COMPLEXION,
TWINKLING EYES,
LONG LASHES
LOVELY SMILE,
AMAZING ANGEL LOOK**







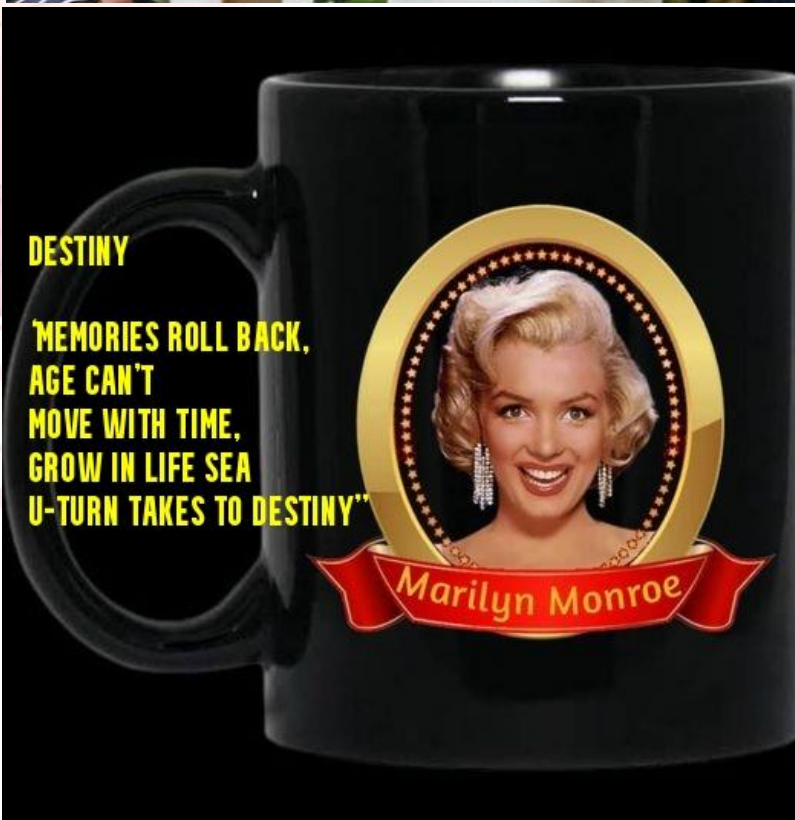
TREND

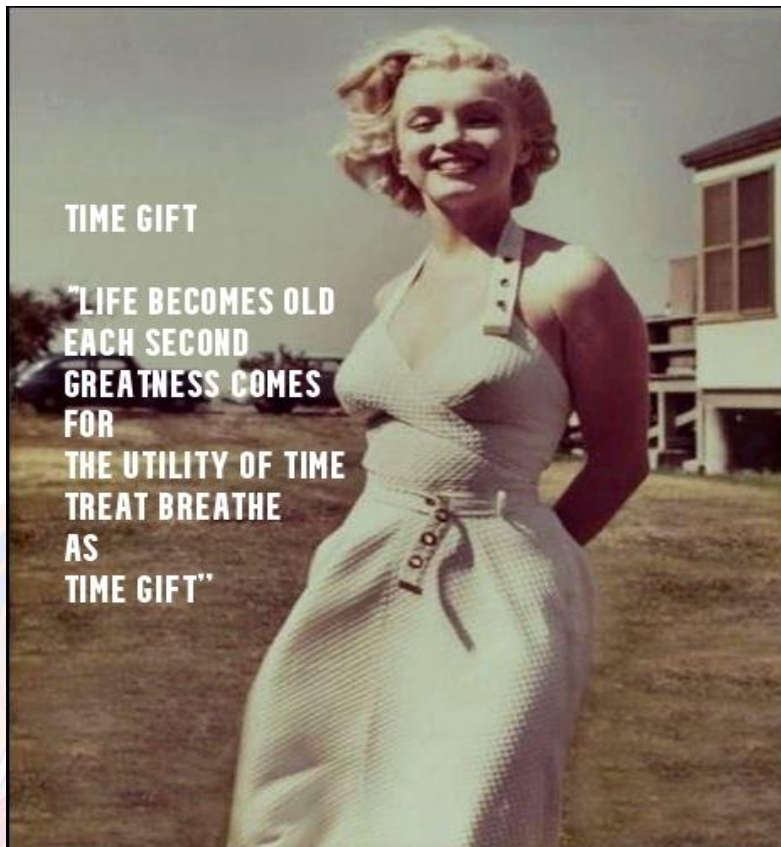
**TODAY'S CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL
TOMORROW'S YOUTH,
GO TO ASSEMBLY
AND
PARLIAMENT
OUTDATED SENIORS,
OLD AGE SHELTER.**



DOLLAR POWER

**IT'S LOVELY AMERICA.
PEOPLE SAY
DOLLAR,
THE POWER OF AMERICA
RUNS SHOW
DOLLAR DEMONETIZATION
IMAGINE END RESULT.**





TIME GIFT

"LIFE BECOMES OLD
EACH SECOND
GREATNESS COMES
FOR
THE UTILITY OF TIME
TREAT BREATHE
AS
TIME GIFT"



TIME ESCAPES

"TIME CAN'T FAVOR,
TEACH LESSON
REMEMBER LESSONS,
TIME ESCAPES
AND
SKIPS AWAY
SCARS REMAIN,
HELPLESS MEMORIES RINGER"

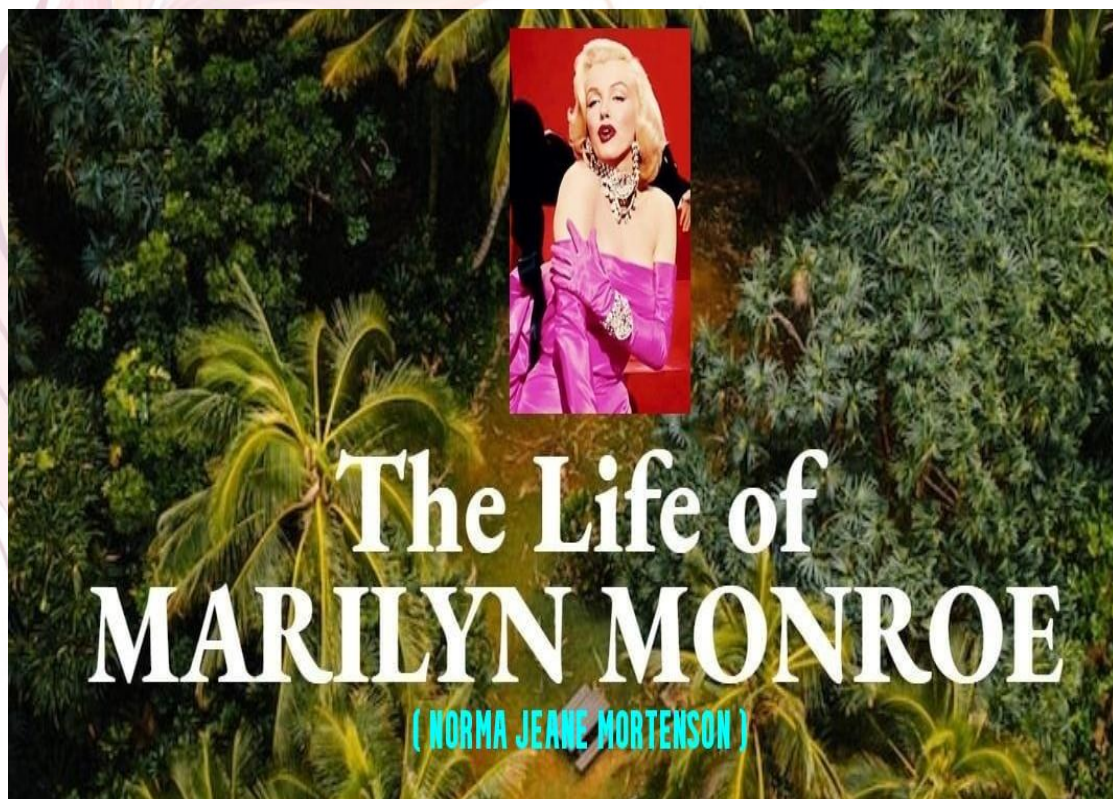
1942: Marilyn's First Marriage

Marilyn Monroe wed her high school lover boy James Dougherty, in 1942. Monroe, then known as Norma Jean Baker, met Mr. Dougherty while living with a family friend in Los Angeles, California. The couple married just after her 16th birthday, after few dating's. Our marriage was a good marriage... It's seldom a man gets a bride like Marilyn... I wonder if she's forgotten how much in love we really were. — By James Dougherty.

1943: Joy for Newly Wed: Dougherty and Monroe married to prevent Monroe from going back into the foster care system. After their wedding, they honeymooned on a lake in Ventura County and moved into an apartment in Sherman Oaks.as

In 1944, Dougherty and Monroe moved to Catalina Island in California. They would divorce in 1946 while Dougherty was serving overseas and Monroe was pursuing a career in Hollywood.

In 1954 Marilyn Monroe marries again





In 1954, Marilyn Monroe, highly paid actress said once again she will marry this time professional baseball player, Joe DiMaggio at San Francisco's City Hall.

1954: Sealed with a Kiss



On January 14, 1954, Marilyn Monroe and DiMaggio, share a beautiful kiss on their wedding day.

1954: Newlywed Happiness: Marilyn Monroe and DiMaggio wanted to keep the nuptials a low-key. But press and fans crowded San Francisco City Hall after Monroe casually mentioned the wedding to a person at her film studio. Her comments were leaked.



1954: Monroe and DiMaggio dated for two years before tying the knot. Both of them married earlier and had been divorced previously.



1954 Japan Honeymoon: Monroe and DiMaggio at the airport on their honeymoon. The couple travelled to Japan.



1954 – Sightseeing: Mr. DiMaggio and Ms. Monroe on their honeymoon trip in Japan, transit halt at a fishing village to have the sightseeing view.



1954-Rocky Start: Once Ms. Marilyn Monroe wrote in her bio that she was too hesitant to meet Mr. DiMaggio in view of the fact that the retired baseball player would be somewhat egoistical.



1954 - A Glamorous Couple: Following their union, both of their careers sailed smoothly. Marilyn Monroe's film career was reaching sky-heights, having just starring in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, while DiMaggio was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1955



1954 - A Bicoastal Marriage: The newly-married couple briefly rented a home in the Hollywood Hills as Marilyn Monroe was based there for work. But they simultaneously enjoyed as much time as they could in New York City, where DiMaggio was adored. There the couple is seen enjoying an evening at El Morocco in New York City.



1954: Movie Star Monroe

Monroe's career became hotter than ever during her marriage with DiMaggio. She starred in her most acclaimed film, *The Seven Year Itch*, during this time, and it was also during this time period that her iconic subway grate photo was captured.



1954: DiMaggio Visits Monroe on Set

In 1954, DiMaggio visited Monroe on the set of *River of No Return* in Canada, as seen here.

===

1954: Night at the Theatre



DiMaggio looks on as actor David Wayne applies makeup to Monroe backstage at the Martin Beck Theatre. The couple were in the audience to see the actor's play, *The Teahouse of the August Moon*.



AP

1954: A Crumbling Marriage

Although the two were very much in love, DiMaggio could be very controlling. He was apparently extremely opinionated about Monroe's career and did not like the sexy image his wife so often portrayed.

1954: On the Rocks



DiMaggio was said to be I do “disgusted” with Marilyn’s famous dress scene in The Seven Year Itch. The couple fought afterwards and DiMaggio was reportedly physical, which led to Monroe’s decision to file for divorce.



1954: Divorced After Less Than a Year

Only 274 days after their wedding, Monroe announced her divorce from DiMaggio. The starlet cited “mental cruelty” as her reason for filing.



1954: Jealous Joe

After his divorce with Monroe, DiMaggio had a difficult time moving on. In a scandal that has now become known as the “Wrong Door Raid,” DiMaggio faced consequences when he wrongfully kicked in the door to a house that he thought Monroe was inside with another man.

1954: Friendly Exes



Monroe and DiMaggio remained friends; she visited him in Tampa in 1961 while he was coaching the Yankees’ spring training. After Monroe died in 1962, DiMaggio sent flowers to her grave site every week until the day he died in 1999.

1956: Marilyn Makes an Announcement



The starlet held a press conference in 1956 to announce her plans to marry playwright, Arthur Miller. The two had carried out a fairly public affair since her divorce from DiMaggio—with Miller having to move to Reno, Nevada to establish residency in order to divorce his first wife.



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1956: Downtime Before the Wedding



Monroe and her then-fiancé Miller are photographed together on the lawn of his home.

1956: Monroe Marries Miller



A year after her divorce from DiMaggio, Monroe wed Miller. The couple were married in a small ceremony on June 29, 1956 at the home of Miller's agent in Westchester, New York.



1956: Third Time's a Charm

Monroe and Miller first met on the set of *As Young as You Feel* in 1951 and remained friends until the dissolution of Monroe and DiMaggio's marriage, resulting in Miller leaving his wife Mary Slattery for the blonde bombshell.



1956: A Peculiar Match

The media and public alike were shocked by the union of Hollywood's biggest sex symbol and the pensive intellectual.

1956: First Days as Husband and Wife



Monroe and Miller spent the first part of their honeymoon on Miller's farm in Roxbury, Connecticut, where they were photographed enjoying a picnic and taking drives through the country.



1956: A Kiss for the Cameras

Monroe and Miller are seen departing New York City for their honeymoon in England. The couple share a kiss in front of the cameras, although reporters noted that Monroe was more reserved, only kissing Miller after he told her it was alright.



1956: An Idyllic Honeymoon

The newlyweds rented out Englefield Green in 1956, which they stayed at in the countryside during part of their honeymoon while Monroe began work filming *The Prince and the Showgirl*.



1956: Living in London

The newlywed couple spent the first few months of their marriage in the United Kingdom. Here, the two of them are photographed on rented bikes in Windsor Park.



1956: The Happy Couple

Monroe and Miller attend an event in London at Leicester Square in 1956.



1956: Miller Faces Trial

On June 21, 1956, Miller was called to testify in Washington D.C. in front of the House Un-American Activities Committee for questioning about his ties to Communist Party meetings. During the McCarthy era, many successful writers, actors, and filmmakers in Hollywood saw their careers vanish from such testimonies, but Monroe remained loyal and supportive of her husband through the trials.



1956: Stronger Than Ever

Ultimately, Miller received a citation of contempt from the HUAC committee, but the typical backlash from the public didn't follow for Miller, which can largely be credited to the affection the public had for his wife.



1956: A Quiet Life Together

Although both Miller and Monroe had a significant amount of fame, the couple was able to lead a surprisingly private life on Miller's farm in Roxbury, Connecticut.



1956: A Source of Stress

Throughout their five-year marriage, Monroe suffered multiple miscarriages. The actress' fertility issues and her inability to conceive put a great deal of stress on her relationship with Miller.

1956: Opposites Attract



In an interview in 1987, Miller reflected on his vastly different wife, saying that, "The inappropriateness of our being together, was to me a sign that it was appropriate."

956: At the "Baby Doll" Premiere



Monroe and Miller attended the premiere of Alia Kazan's film *Baby Doll*. The film's debut was controversial, as it was banned by the Catholic Clergy and dubbed immoral.



1956: En Route to Connecticut

Monroe wears a fashionable headscarf and sunglasses as the couple head to Miller's home in Connecticut for the weekend.



Monroe is seated next to her former co-star Laurence Olivier and his wife Vivien Leigh at her husband's premiere for his new play, *A Scene from the Bridge*.



1956: Casual at Home

Photographed in Connecticut. Miller and Monroe. They are dressed casually for a day in the country.



1956: Domestic Bliss

This is in Connecticut. Monroe is seen cuddling with Miller's dog, Hugo.

1957: Leaving the Hospital



In August 1957 Monroe was hospitalized. She suffered a miscarriage. She was around six weeks pregnant at the time. she had to undergo surgery to save her life. Miller accompanied her to the hospital. She was taken by ambulance from their home in Amagansett, New York.

1958: With Producer Kermit Bloomgarden



Monroe and Miller are photographed in their New York City apartment during a visit with producer Kermit Bloomgarden.

1958: Fan Love



Monroe is photographed signing an autograph for a fan while Miller looks on.



1959: Departing Idlewild Airport Together

Miller accompanies Monroe as she departs from Idlewild Airport (Presently called, John F. Kennedy International Airport) in New York City. The actress and her playwright husband were traveling for her work on the new film, *Let's Make Love*.



1960: Visiting Monroe on Set

Miller visited Monroe three times while she was working on the film *Some Like It Hot* in Los Angeles.



1961: Collaborating Together

Monroe starred in the 1961 drama, *The Misfits*, alongside Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, and Eli Wallach.

1961: Behind-the-Scenes Chats



The couple chat with John Huston, who directed *The Misfits*, on set.



1961: A Male-Dominated Set

Miller can be seen in the back of this black-and-white group shot, with Monroe at the forefront. *The Misfits* was a cast mainly filled with male actors, including Gable, Clift, and Wallach.



1961: On Set Tensions

W Magazine reported that Miller and Monroe's already "hot and cold" relationship was in flux on the set of *The Misfits*. Their romance would shift "from infatuation to despair, as things tend to go with Monroe," per the outlet.

1961: An Affair to End the Marriage



In 1961, Monroe divorced her husband of five years. In the wake of the news, rumours began flying that Monroe had an affair with actor Yves Montand (pictured here with the actress in 1960). Not long after her divorce, Monroe died of an overdose of barbiturates on Aug. 5, 1962.

What was so special about Marilyn Monroe?



She fought not only for her own rights, but the rights of others too. She was not scared to be friends with minorities and people considered to be 'different.' She was tolerant, she was brave and she was strong.

What were Marilyn Monroe's last words?



Lawford says that in "slurred" speech Monroe told him she was "tired and would not be coming" to dinner. Then, as her voice became less audible, she told him, "**Say goodbye to Pat. Say goodbye to Jack [President Kennedy]. And say goodbye to yourself, because you're a nice guy.**"

Marilyn Monroe's final interview is a heartbreaker. Published in Life magazine on August 3, 1962—just a day before the actress died of a barbiturate overdose at **age 36**—it found Monroe reflecting on her celebrity status, alternatively thoughtful, frank and witty

Did Marilyn Monroe have kids?

No. Although Marilyn was married three times (first to James Dougherty, followed by baseball star Joe DiMaggio and playwright Arthur Miller), **she did not have any children before her death in 1962.** However, she really wanted to have a family and did have multiple documented pregnancies.

Who was the love of Marilyn Monroe's life?

But her most well-known romance was arguably with **Arthur Miller**, the playwright, which lasted six years until 1961. They were seen as something of an odd couple at first; the bookish, literary great and his glamorous film star partner, but it ended up being one of the most important love affairs of her life.

What happened to Marilyn Monroe's daughter?

Though Marilyn didn't have any children, she had been pregnant at least three times with Arthur according to Netflix's 2022 documentary, *The Mystery of Marilyn Monroe*:

The Unheard Tapes. She first became pregnant in 1956, but **lost the baby to a miscarriage.**

What was Marilyn Monroe's last role?

The Misfits (1961)

Her last film, the drama **The Misfits** (1961), was written by Miller specifically for Monroe, though their marriage disintegrated during production; they divorced in 1961.

Who inherited Marilyn Monroe's money when she died?



75 percent of Monroe's intellectual property and estate were left to her acting coach, **Lee Strasberg**, and the remaining 25 percent was given to her New York psychiatrist Dr. Marianne Kris.

What nationality was Marilyn Monroe?

American

How many pills did Marilyn take?

Miss Monroe's physician had prescribed sleeping pills for her for three days. Ordinarily the bottle would have contained **forty to fifty pills**. The actress had also been under the care of a psychoanalyst for a year, and had called him to her home last night.

What did Marilyn Monroe die of?

After a brief investigation, Los Angeles police concluded that her death was “**caused by a self-administered overdose of sedative drugs** and that the mode of death is probable suicide.”

How tall is Marilyn Monroe?

1.68 m

Whose baby was Marilyn Monroe?



And DailyMail.com can reveal the would-be father was not Monroe's then husband, playwright Arthur Miller, it was in fact Italian-French actor Yves Montand – who she met on the set of film Let's Make Love and who she had a very public affair with.

Did Marilyn Monroe date Elvis?

The King and American beauty had a one-night stand in a hotel room, Elvis' former agent claims. Byron Raphael has previously kept the intimate liaison a secret for the past 50 years.

How old was Marilyn when she lost her baby?

NEW YORK Actress * Marilyn Monroe, **31**. lost her baby Thursday night, nearly eight months before its expected birth. The childless wife of playwright Arthur Miller was operated on Thursday night after her six-week complications.

Why did Marilyn give up her baby?

Heather also revealed to Roo that **she had once had an affair with her boss**, resulting in a baby which she was forced to give up. When Marilyn learnt of Heather's supposed back story, it knocked her for six, and her facial expression made it clear to viewers that Heather's story was actually Marilyn's.

Why did Marilyn Monroe talk like that?

Actually, **her famous breathy voice came as a result of her childhood stuttering**. The actress stuttered as a child, and yet the stuttering returned to plague her speech for two years in high school.

What is Marilyn Monroe's net worth today?



When Monroe died, she was single and childless. She had a net worth of \$800,000, approximately **\$7 million** today.

How much money did Marilyn Monroe leave her mother?

In her will, Marilyn gave \$10,000 each to her longtime assistant and to her half-sister. She put \$5,000 in a trust fund for the education of her assistant's child, and she left a \$100,000 trust fund for her mother. Where did the money in her estate go?

How old was Marilyn Monroe when she first got married?



16 years old

LAPD policeman James Dougherty was Monroe's first husband. On June 19, 1942, Monroe married Dougherty, then 21, when she was **16 years old**.

Why was Marilyn Monroe's hair white?



She liked a very specific shade of blonde

According to the author Pamela Keogh, Monroe had her hair bleached every three weeks with a roster of hairstylists including Pearl Porterfield (who also tended to Jean Harlow's pale blonde hair) and Kenneth Battelle.

What colour were Marilyn Monroe's eyes?

Monroe's natural eye color was **most likely to be blue**, as recorded in her sister's autobiography (48) – “but our eyes were different ... Norma Jeane's were blue like our mother's” – and on her autopsy report (49), in addition to Capote's description of her “blue-grey eyes” while wearing glasses (46).

Who did Marilyn call Daddy?

Blonde: There are multiple scenes where Armas' Marilyn repeatedly refers to every male figure in her life, including her husbands, **Joe DiMaggio** and **Arthur Miller**, as "daddy."

Did Marilyn Monroe's father ever see her?



Call my lawyer," per Showbiz CheatSheet. Charles's granddaughter, Francine Gifford Deir, claims that Marilyn tried to meet up with her father. "In the 1950s, when she was already famous, Marilyn went to see my grandfather in Hemet, California, but **he refused to see her**," she said, per Distractify.

Who did Marilyn Monroe marry at age 15?



1942: Marilyn's First Marriage

Marilyn Monroe wed her high school sweetheart, **James Dougherty**, in 1942. Monroe, then known as Norma Jean Baker, met Dougherty while living with a family friend in Los Angeles, California. The couple married just after her 16th birthday, after dating for a few months.

How old was Marilyn Monroe in the 50?



Whatever the reason, one thing remains perfectly clear: at **24 years old**, in 1950, Marilyn Monroe was already something special. Marilyn Monroe, 24, in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, 1950. Marilyn Monroe, 24, in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, 1950.

Who was older Queen or Marilyn Monroe?



Queen Elizabeth II came along first, making her entrance into the world on 21 April 1926, whereas Marilyn Monroe's birthday was a few months later on 1 June 1926.

Where is Marilyn Monroe buried?



Grave stone of Marilyn Monroe at **Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park Cemetery**, 1218 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles, California | Library of Congress.

Did Einstein meet Marilyn Monroe?



Albert Einstein and Marilyn Monroe Meet in A Hotel Room in Defunkt Theatre's Production of "Insignificance"

How old was JFK when he was with Marilyn?

Marilyn Monroe sang "Happy Birthday Mr. President" to JFK for his **45th birthday** in Madison Square Garden on May 19, 1962 (ten days before his real birthday)

Why was Marilyn infertile?

According to Vogel, Monroe was pregnant three times during her marriage to Miller: She miscarried in 1956, lost an ectopic pregnancy in 1957, then miscarried again in

1958. "Her fertility issues have long been attributed to endometriosis," a gynecological condition that causes severe menstrual pain, Vogel says

Why did men love Marilyn?



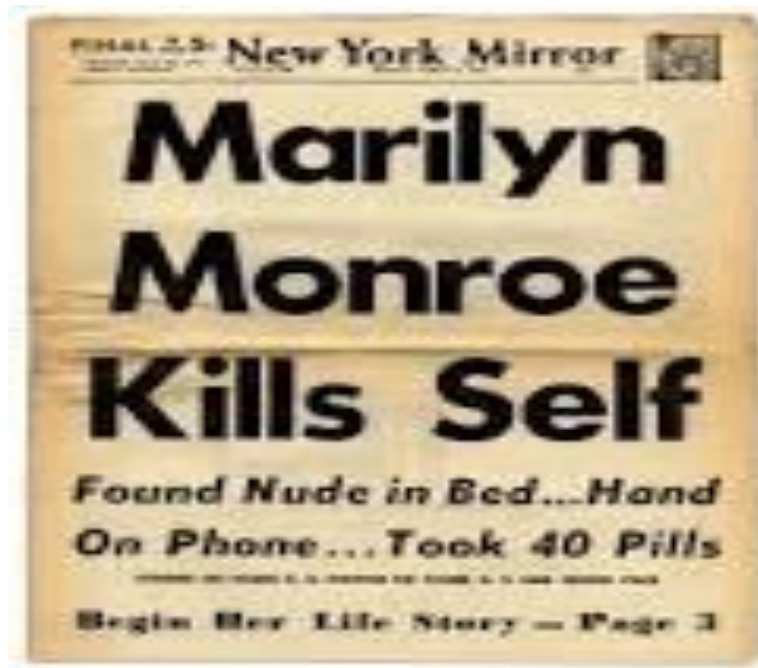
Looks - **Great to look at and did many scenes that accentuated her looks.** Her personality flaunted innocence - both on and off camera. She also looked and acted vulnerable. She knew how to push the Up-Vote button in more than one way.

Why did Marilyn leave her husband?



In October 1954, after returning back to Los Angeles after filming in New York City, Monroe filed for divorce from DiMaggio citing reasons of "mental cruelty," according to the file. The two were only married for nine months.

What happened with Marilyn Monroe?



On the evening of August 4, 1962, Marilyn Monroe, an American actress and sex symbol, **died at age 36 of a barbiturate overdose** inside her home at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive in Brentwood, Los Angeles, California. Her body was discovered before dawn the following morning, on August 5.

What are 10 Facts about Marilyn Monroe.

Her birth name wasn't Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn Monroe is one of the most widely recognized stage names in the world. The actor was convinced to change her real name, Norma Jeane Baker (born Mortenson), by a studio executive in the early days of her career.

Albert Einstein may have been her lover.

In the late 1940s, actor Shelley Winters shared an apartment with Marilyn Monroe—and in her autobiography, Winters claimed that Monroe had hinted about a dalliance with the genius.

She was originally going to star as Holly Golightly in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

Monroe was writer Truman Capote's first pick to play the lead in the iconic movie adapted from his best-selling novel, according to Baker. Capote, who was good friends with Monroe during her time in the limelight, was thought to have based parts of lead character Golightly on the actor's personality, according to *The Guardian*. The role later went to Audrey Hepburn.

She once believed that actor Clark Gable was her father.

Monroe's mother had a picture of a man she had once dated on her wall. "He had a thin Mustache like Clark Gable," Monroe remembered, according to Baker. "I asked my mother what his name was. She wouldn't answer." In 1935, Monroe went to see a movie called *China Seas*, starring Gable and Jean Harlow—and from that point onward, Gable became "the man I thought was my father," Monroe revealed.

Monroe had to be literally sewn into her famous beaded "Happy Birthday, JFK" gown.

When Monroe stepped onto the stage at Madison Square Garden to sing 'Happy Birthday' to the president on May 19, 1962, she tossed a fur stole off her shoulders and there were gasps from the crowd—people thought that she was nude. She may as well have been: Afterward Adlai Stevenson said, "I don't think I had ever seen anyone so beautiful as Marilyn Monroe that night. She was wearing skin and beads. I didn't see the beads!"

Her mother was institutionalized as a paranoid schizophrenic.

Mental illness ran in Monroe's family; her maternal grandmother killed herself. Her mother (Gladys Eley) was hospitalized in Rock haven, an upscale sanatorium in California, when Marilyn died. Eley was a devoted, if not obsessive, Christian Scientist, says Baker. When asked about her famous daughter, Eley reportedly said, "I have never heard of Marilyn Monroe."

Monroe had a disguise to avoid paparazzi.

To avoid being recognized in public, Monroe adopted an alter ego, Zelda Zonk, by wearing a dark wig and sunglasses. She became “a normal” person through Zonk, according to Baker. You can still buy her signature red lipstick.

Monroe's sultry red shade was a combination of many colours, but her makeup artist most prominently used Max Factor's Ruby Red, according to InStyle. Although you can't buy the colour anymore in the United States, Max Factor's vibrant red shade is still available in Europe (and on Amazon!). Her home contained an elaborate, government-grade bugging system to record her calls.

A device the size of a “grain of rice” was embedded in her home so that others could eavesdrop on the late actor's conversations—including ones that took place on the day she died. Vanity Fair reported that Paris Theodore, an associate to an electronics consultant, heard a fight between Robert Kennedy and Monroe on the day of her death. Frank Sinatra gifted her a puppy.

Toward the end of her life, Frank Sinatra, one of Monroe's alleged lovers, gave the actor a Maltese terrier puppy, which she cheekily named Mafia—or Maf, for short—as a nod to the singer's alleged mob ties. Two Polaroid photographs of Maf the puppy went for more than \$220,000 during a 1999 sale at Christie's auction house, per The Guardian

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Maria Callas and Marilyn Monroe in Madison Square Garden, 1962.

John Kennedy's 45th birthday party was "the" political and entertainment event of 1962, with as many guests and fans as it took place at Madison Square Garden in New York City. The world's biggest stars came out to pay their respects to US President Maria Callas who opened the night — Marilyn Monroe, who climbed to close the ceremony.

Marilyn, 36, faced a difficult time in her life and career. Single after the end of third marriage, to Arthur Miller, and as I approached 40, the roles began to be scarce. Recalling that in Hollywood, even Oscar-winning actresses continue to suffer the passage of time from what executives call

"young bride" directly to "grandma." That is, between 40s and 60s, there are few outstanding roles.

The invitation to John Kennedy's birthday was timely, as it was a time to get back into the media spotlight and show the world that she was still beautiful and in good shape. For that, you'd have to have a memorable look. Thus came the 'naked dress'.

Signed by Oscar-winning designer Jean-Louis, who had been working with her on the film *Something's Gotta Give*, the nude dress was so right that Marilyn Monroe had to strip completely underneath. It also needed to be stitched up, to finish, already on the body. With more than 2,500 crystals, the process was so complicated that it contributed to the more than two-hour delay for the actress to sing her famous "Congratulations, to you."

To ensure the moment would be unforgettable (as if it could), the actress entered the stage covered in a fur coat. When taking it off, she was effectively "naked" and the audience of 15,000 more people sighed.

Jean-Louis' dress was inspired by a sketch by legendary designer Bob Mackie years earlier, also thinking of something like what Jean-Louis himself created for Marlene Dietrich at his Las Vegas shows.

The astronomical amount paid by the actress in 1962 was \$1,440, something today would be close to \$15,000.

It was Marilyn Monroe's last major public appearance. When she returned to California, she was fired from the movie *Something's Gotta Give*. And on August 4, 1962, she was found dead in her room in an apparent suicide...



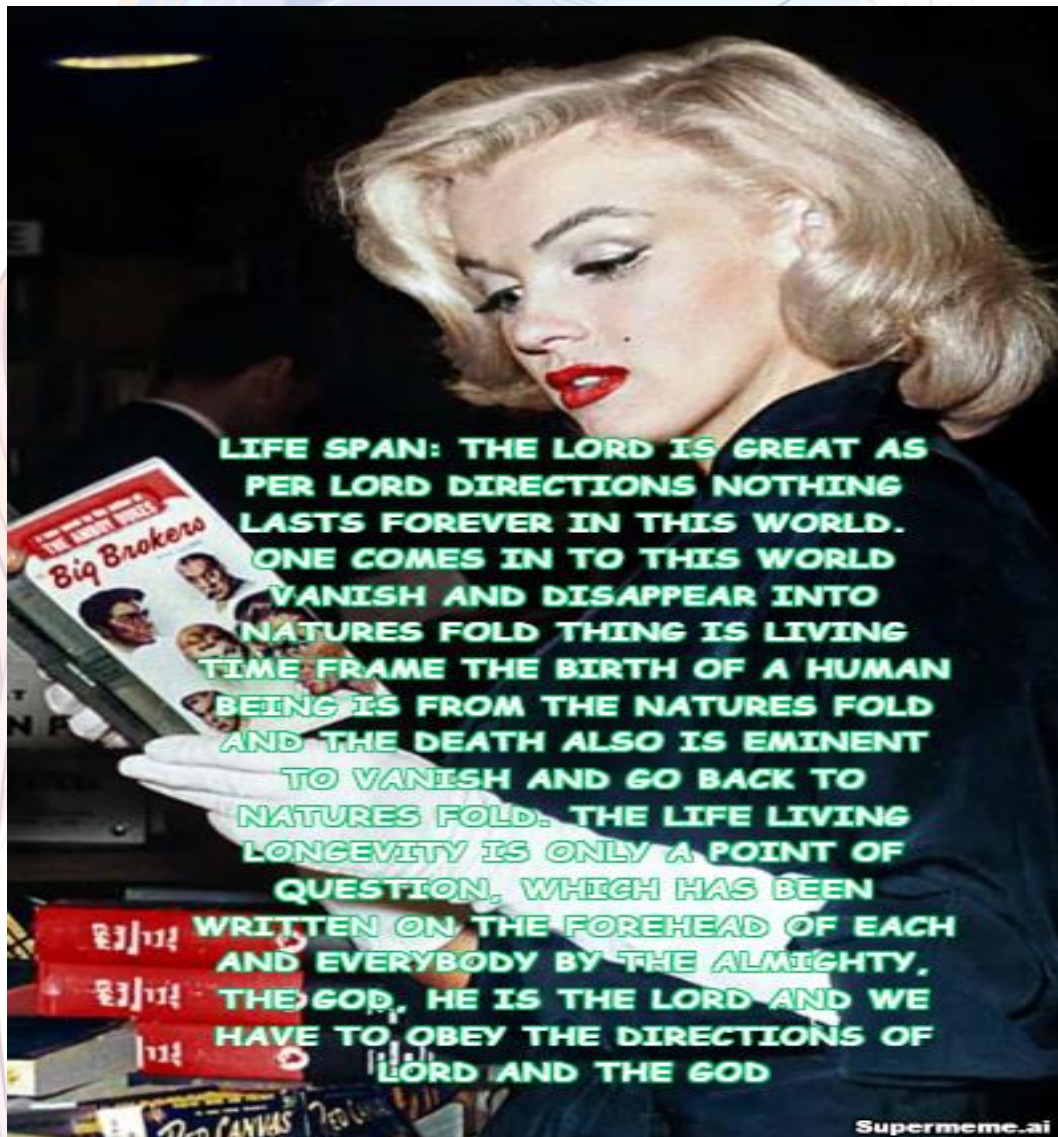
The Billionaire 1960

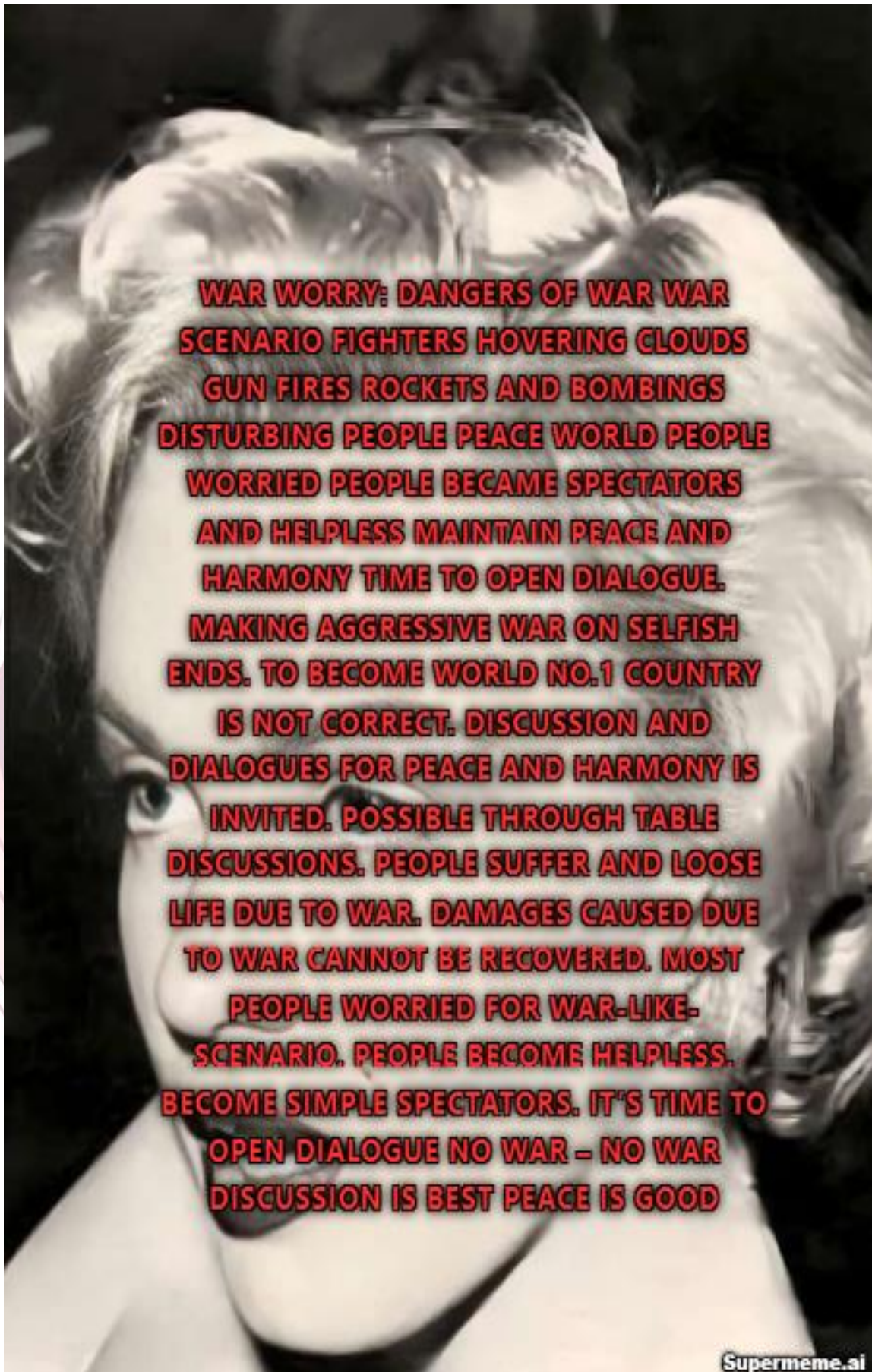


The Billionaire 1960



The Billionaire 1960



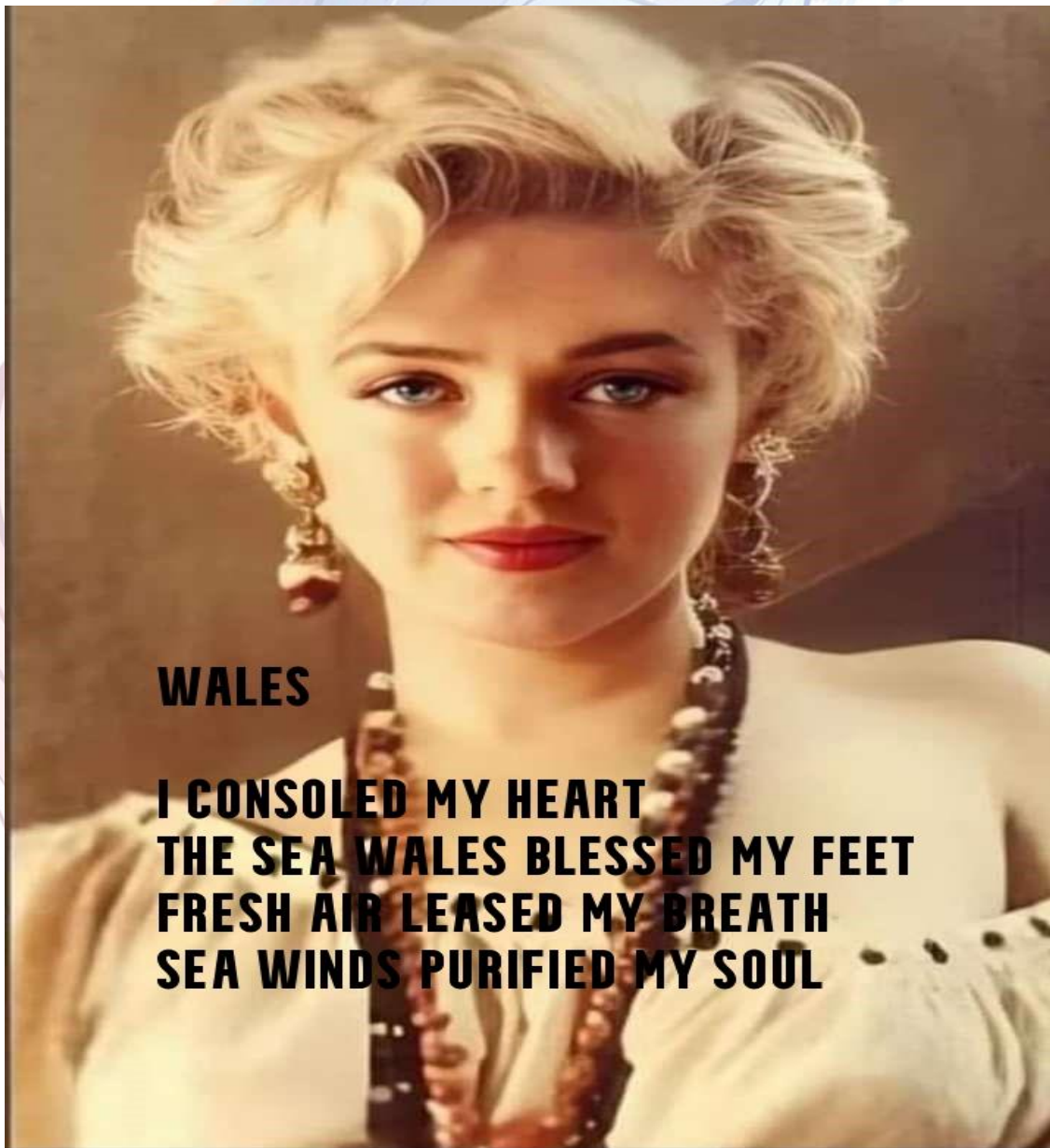


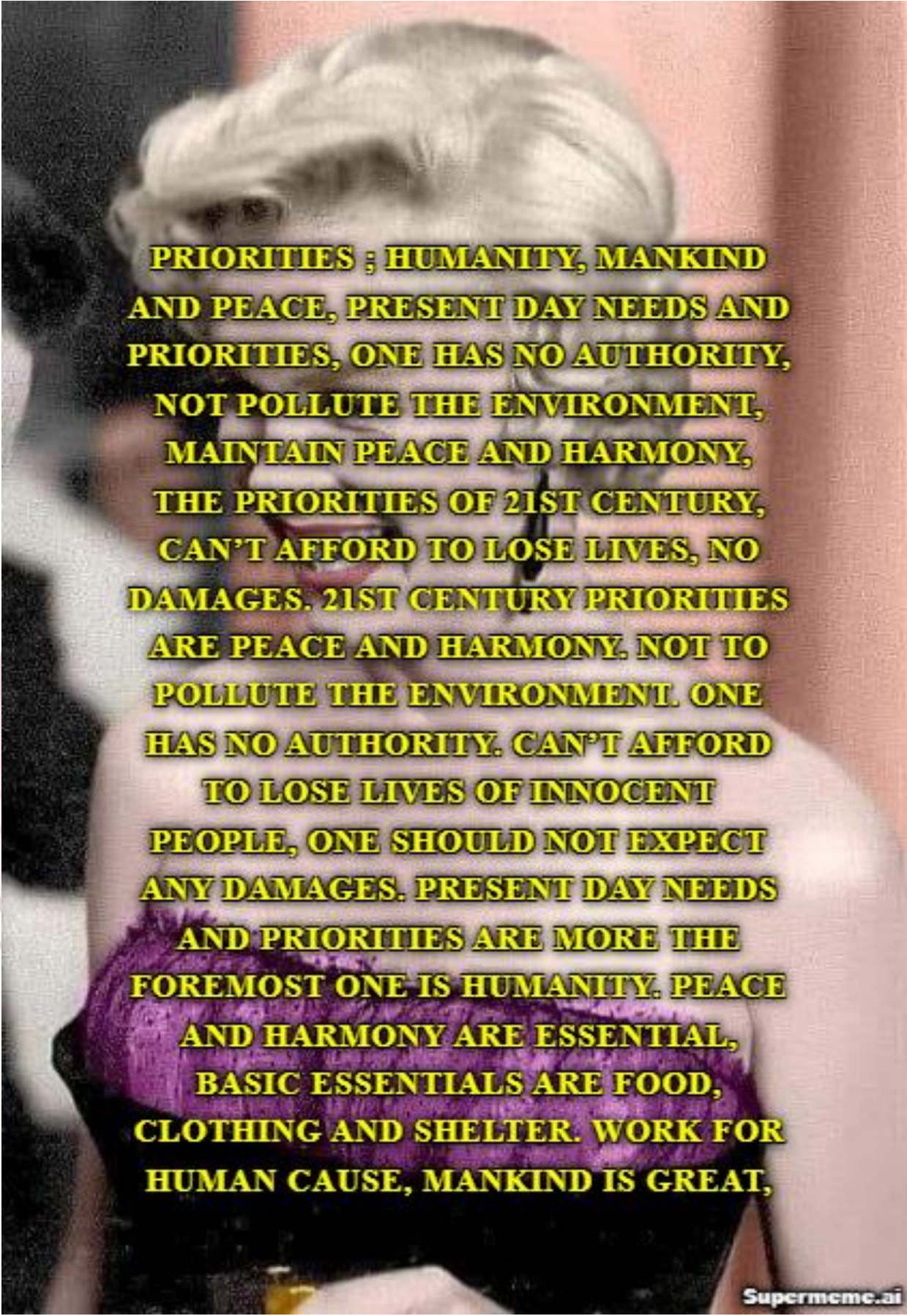
**WAR WORRY: DANGERS OF WAR WAR
SCENARIO FIGHTERS HOVERING CLOUDS
GUN FIRES ROCKETS AND BOMBINGS
DISTURBING PEOPLE PEACE WORLD PEOPLE
WORRIED PEOPLE BECAME SPECTATORS
AND HELPLESS MAINTAIN PEACE AND
HARMONY TIME TO OPEN DIALOGUE.
MAKING AGGRESSIVE WAR ON SELFISH
ENDS. TO BECOME WORLD NO.1 COUNTRY
IS NOT CORRECT. DISCUSSION AND
DIALOGUES FOR PEACE AND HARMONY IS
INVITED. POSSIBLE THROUGH TABLE
DISCUSSIONS. PEOPLE SUFFER AND LOOSE
LIFE DUE TO WAR. DAMAGES CAUSED DUE
TO WAR CANNOT BE RECOVERED. MOST
PEOPLE WORRIED FOR WAR-LIKE-
SCENARIO. PEOPLE BECOME HELPLESS.
BECOME SIMPLE SPECTATORS. IT'S TIME TO
OPEN DIALOGUE NO WAR – NO WAR
DISCUSSION IS BEST PEACE IS GOOD**

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Marilyn and Billy Wilder on the set “Some Like It Hot 1958”

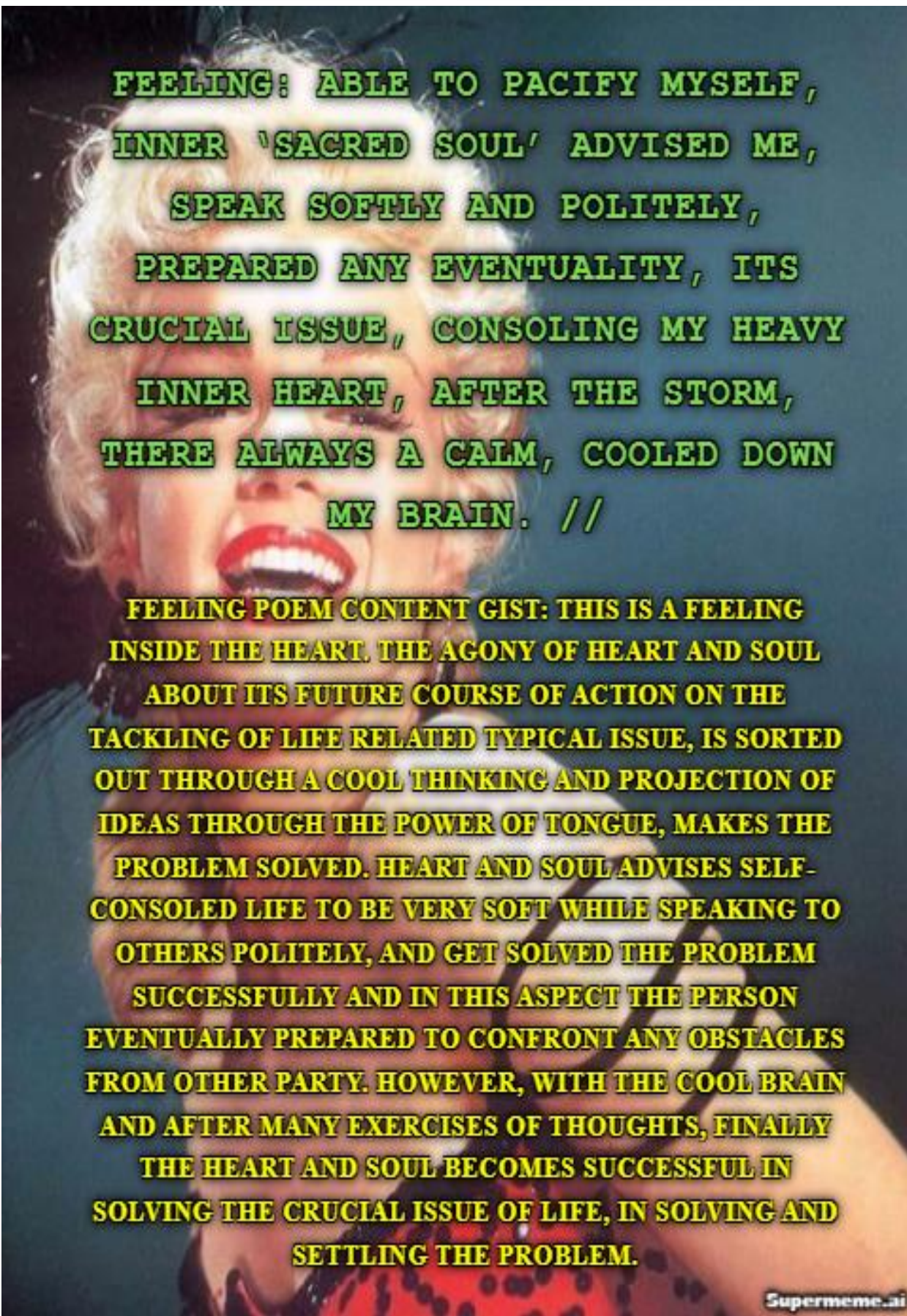




**PRIORITIES ; HUMANITY, MANKIND
AND PEACE, PRESENT DAY NEEDS AND
PRIORITIES, ONE HAS NO AUTHORITY,
NOT POLLUTE THE ENVIRONMENT,
MAINTAIN PEACE AND HARMONY,
THE PRIORITIES OF 21ST CENTURY,
CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE LIVES, NO
DAMAGES. 21ST CENTURY PRIORITIES
ARE PEACE AND HARMONY. NOT TO
POLLUTE THE ENVIRONMENT. ONE
HAS NO AUTHORITY. CAN'T AFFORD
TO LOSE LIVES OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE, ONE SHOULD NOT EXPECT
ANY DAMAGES. PRESENT DAY NEEDS
AND PRIORITIES ARE MORE THE
FOREMOST ONE IS HUMANITY. PEACE
AND HARMONY ARE ESSENTIAL,
BASIC ESSENTIALS ARE FOOD,
CLOTHING AND SHELTER. WORK FOR
HUMAN CAUSE, MANKIND IS GREAT,**

Supermeme.ai

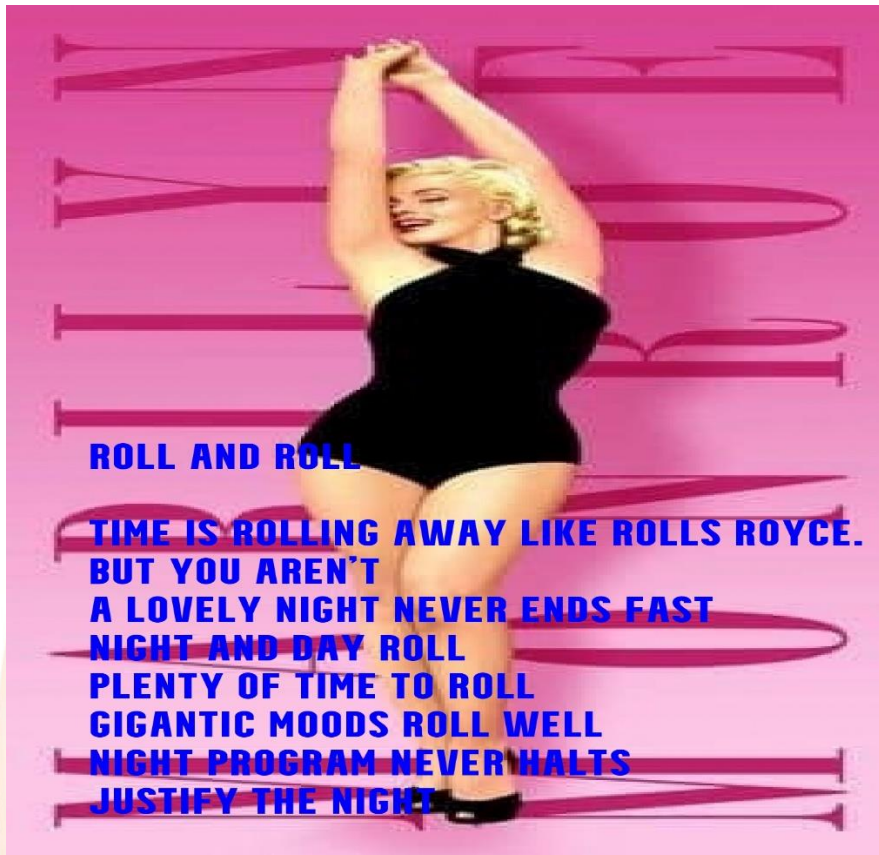
LIFE: KNOW RAINBOW COLORS, LIFE HAS MANY COLORS, EYES HAVE MULTICOLORS, LIFE HAS COLORFUL COLORS, THINKING HAS LOVELY COLORS, SHREWDNESS, AN IDEAL ASPECT, LIFE BE WITH BEST PRINCIPLES, WILL POWER, A SUCCESS TO LIFE // EVERYBODY'S LIFE HAS COUNTLESS NUMBER OF COLORS. ONE MAY BE KNOWING RAINBOW COLORS. IT'S TRUE THAT OUR EYES TOO HAVE COUNTLESS NUMBER OF COLORFUL COLORS, EVEN OUR LIFE AND LIFE'S THINKING HAS MANY COLORS. IT'S UP TO A PERSON, HOW BEST BE UTILIZED WITH THESE MULTIPLE-COLORS FOR GROWTH OF OUR LIFE. THE SUCCESS OF ONE'S LIFE DEPENDS UPON THESE COLORS, IN ANY FIELD, FOR THAT MATTER. MOREOVER, WILL POWER WITH COLORS OF THINKING WILL LEAD TO SUCCESS. THE ADDED ATTRACTION OF LIFE IS WITH PRINCIPLES, WHICH ONE SHOULD NOT AVOID OR NEGLECT.



**FEELING: ABLE TO PACIFY MYSELF,
INNER 'SACRED SOUL' ADVISED ME,
SPEAK SOFTLY AND POLITELY,
PREPARED ANY EVENTUALITY, ITS
CRUCIAL ISSUE, CONSOLING MY HEAVY
INNER HEART, AFTER THE STORM,
THERE ALWAYS A CALM, COOLED DOWN
MY BRAIN. //**

**FEELING POEM CONTENT GIST: THIS IS A FEELING
INSIDE THE HEART. THE AGONY OF HEART AND SOUL
ABOUT ITS FUTURE COURSE OF ACTION ON THE
TACKLING OF LIFE RELATED TYPICAL ISSUE, IS SORTED
OUT THROUGH A COOL THINKING AND PROJECTION OF
IDEAS THROUGH THE POWER OF TONGUE, MAKES THE
PROBLEM SOLVED. HEART AND SOUL ADVISES SELF-
CONSOLED LIFE TO BE VERY SOFT WHILE SPEAKING TO
OTHERS POLITELY, AND GET SOLVED THE PROBLEM
SUCCESSFULLY AND IN THIS ASPECT THE PERSON
EVENTUALLY PREPARED TO CONFRONT ANY OBSTACLES
FROM OTHER PARTY. HOWEVER, WITH THE COOL BRAIN
AND AFTER MANY EXERCISES OF THOUGHTS, FINALLY
THE HEART AND SOUL BECOMES SUCCESSFUL IN
SOLVING THE CRUCIAL ISSUE OF LIFE, IN SOLVING AND
SETTLING THE PROBLEM.**

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ROLL AND ROLL

**TIME IS ROLLING AWAY LIKE ROLLS ROYCE.
BUT YOU AREN'T
A LOVELY NIGHT NEVER ENDS FAST
NIGHT AND DAY ROLL
PLENTY OF TIME TO ROLL
GIGANTIC MOODS ROLL WELL
NIGHT PROGRAM NEVER HALTS
JUSTIFY THE NIGHT**



DESTINY

**MEMORIES ROLL BACK
AGE CAN'T GO BACK
TO MOVE WITH TIME
TIME TAKE US TO DESTINY**

**EACH SECOND PEOPLE BECOMING OLD
VALUE OF SECOND CAN'T BE JUDGED
GREATNESS ON THE UTILITY OF SECOND
LIFE MEANING WITH SECONDS**

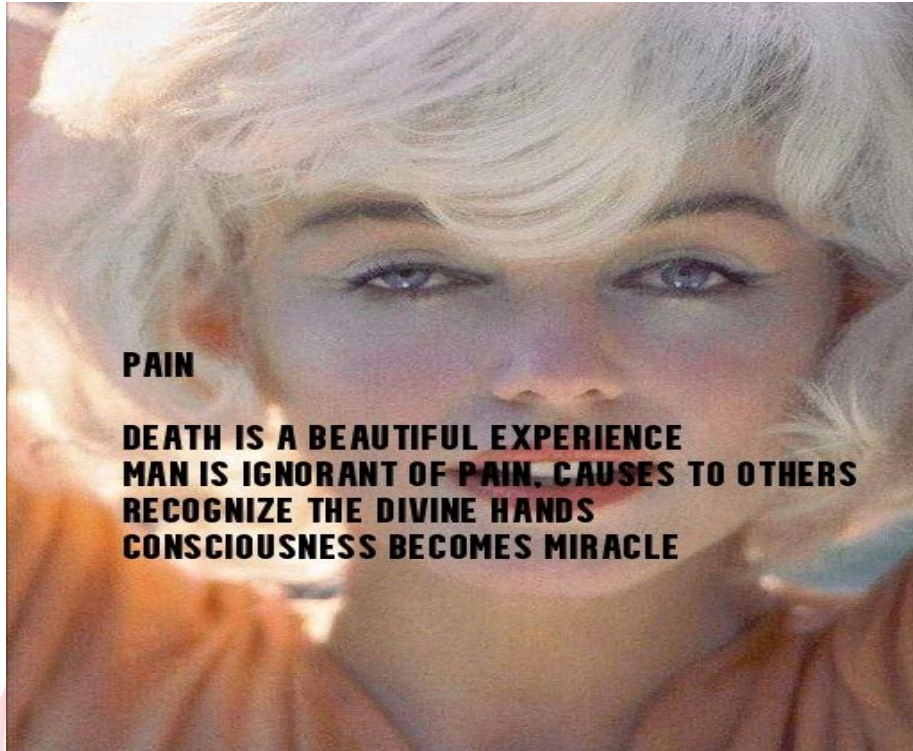




SERVICE
SUPPORT PEOPLES' TASTE
NO SUFFER INNOCENT PEOPLE
EXTEND PHILANTHROPY
IT'S CHILDREN'S' FUTURE
WE REPS. OF GOD
EXTEND BEST, CHANGE THE SOCIETY
HONOR OTHERS, GET SELF-HONOR
HUMANITY AND MANKIND ESSENTIAL
NO NEED AS PROFESSIONAL
BE PRINCIPLED FOR HARMONY
PLEASANTNESS, A LIFELINE

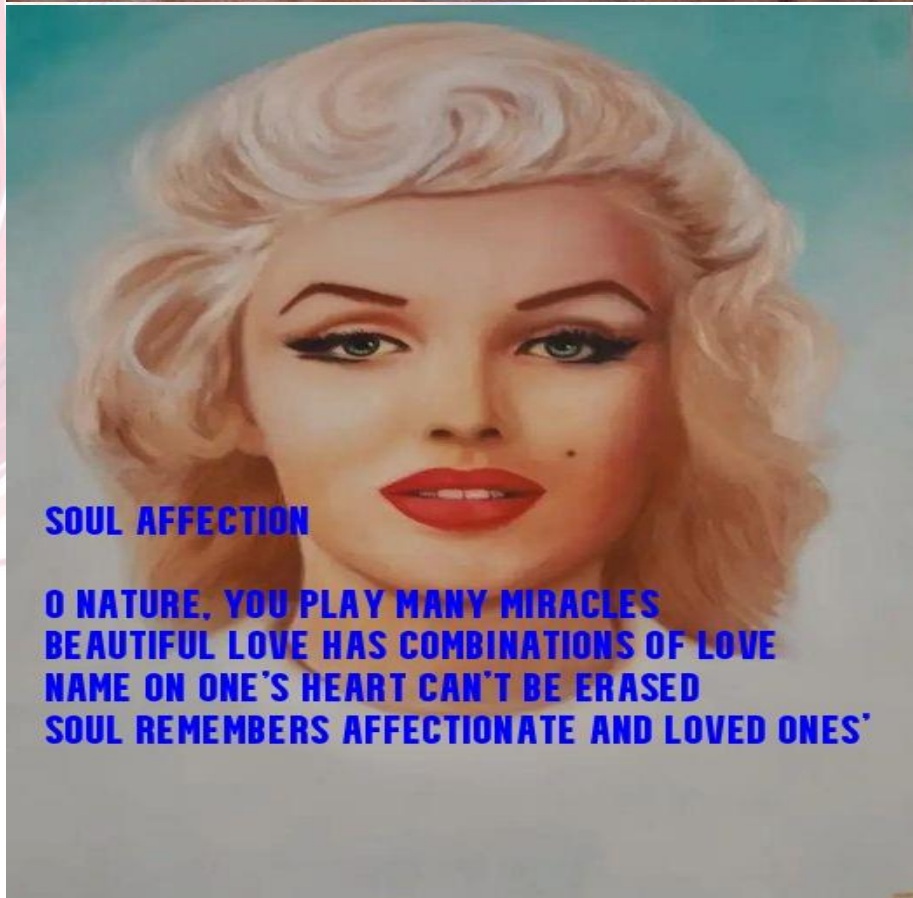


RECOGNITION
DEEP LOVE, LEADS TO MARRIAGE
COMES TOGETHER, KNOTS THE TIE
LIVES TOGETHER, TO LEAD THE LIFE
DON'T RAISE EYE, LEST, LOVE BECOME SORE



PAIN

**DEATH IS A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE
MAN IS IGNORANT OF PAIN, CAUSES TO OTHERS
RECOGNIZE THE DIVINE HANDS
CONSCIOUSNESS BECOMES MIRACLE**



SOUL AFFECTION

**O NATURE, YOU PLAY MANY MIRACLES
BEAUTIFUL LOVE HAS COMBINATIONS OF LOVE
NAME ON ONE'S HEART CAN'T BE ERASED
SOUL REMEMBERS AFFECTIONATE AND LOVED ONES'**



VISIT

**DEATH FRIEND VISITS YOU ONLY ONCE
HE WILL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS WORLD
HE DON'T CARE FOR ANY ONE
HE IS THE LORD OF LORDS ON THIS EARTH**



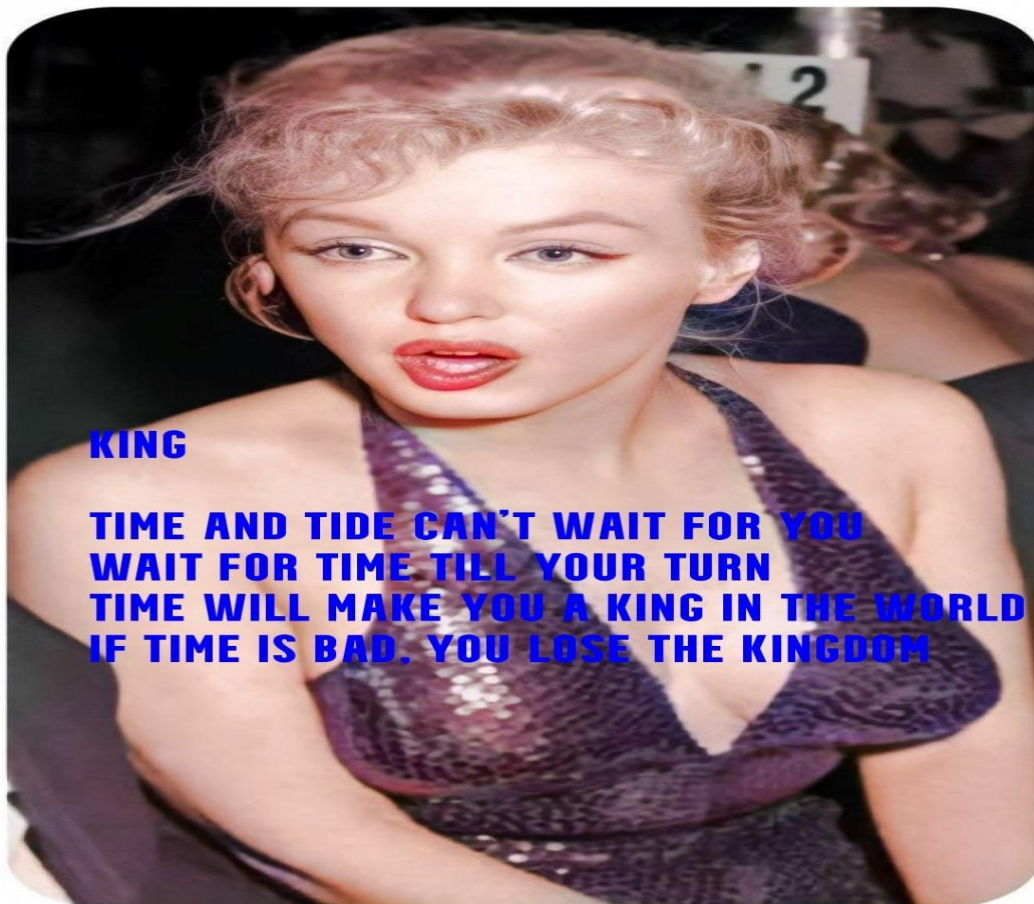
FAITH

**PEOPLE ARE OF DIFFERENT TYPES
PEOPLE CAN'T BE TRUSTED IN FULL
SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO FAITH, NO HONEST
THINGS MOVE IN ITS OWN COURSE**



SPECTATOR

TONGUE AND SMILE BECOMES SILENT SPECTATORS
ANGRY SHADOW IS THE FOE FOR ONES GROWTH
LIFE BECOMES SHORTER, IF ONE IS ANGRY
DRIVE THE ANGRY DEVIL OUT OF YOUR LIFE



KING

TIME AND TIDE CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU
WAIT FOR TIME TILL YOUR TURN
TIME WILL MAKE YOU A KING IN THE WORLD
IF TIME IS BAD, YOU LOSE THE KINGDOM



REFORM

**FUTURE LEADERS ARE THE PUBLIC FIGURES
MUSICIANS AND MAGICIANS CAN GIVE LIFE TO SOCIETY
POLITICIANS CAN BRING THE ACTS AND REFORMS
SUCCESS COMES THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF SERVICE**



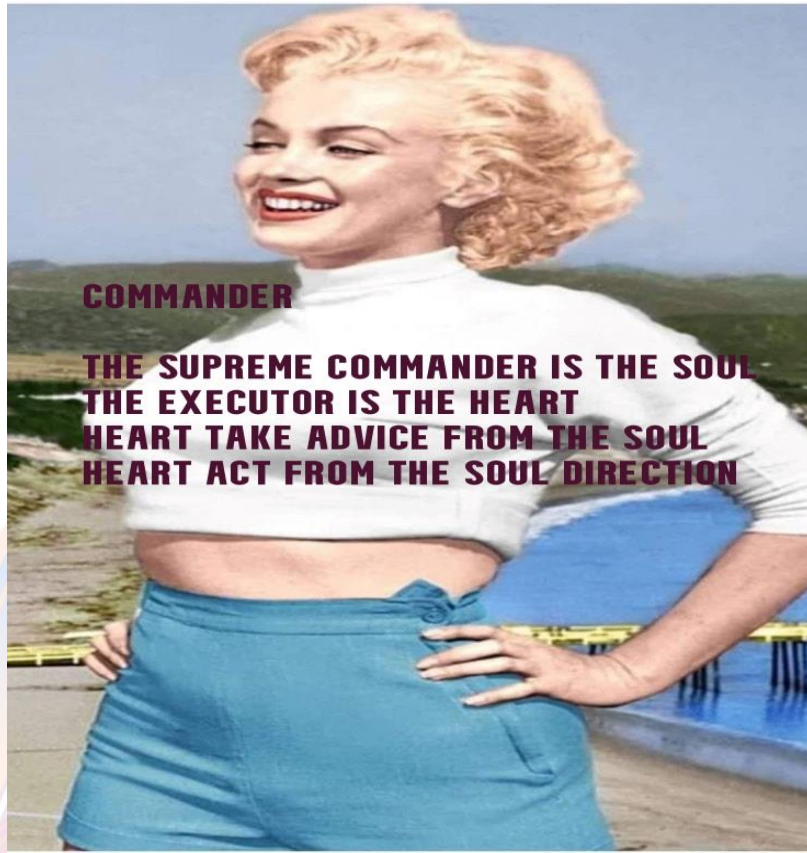
PRAYING FOR GOD

**THE GOD IS THERE, YOU HAVE TO PRAY
THINGS CAN CHANGE, IF MORALE IS GOOD
YOU HAVE TO TRUST YOUR OWN CONSCIOUSNESS
A DAY MAY COME, YOU MAY CHANGE**



REAL FACE

**YOU SHOW THE REAL FACE OF MINE
I CAN'T MISS YOU EACH DAY MORNING
YOU ARE MY FRIEND, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME
I KNOW YOU ARE THERE, TO BEAUTIFY ME**





FORTE

**SPEED IS NOT OUR FORTE
TO SEE THE DISCIPLINE IN OUR TRACKS
LIFE MAY BE SHORT BUT LOVE MAY BE LONG
LIFE AND LOVE WE BOTH SHARE**



GRASPING

**SEE THAT HEARTS ARE NOT CHANCHAL HEARTS
HEART KNOWS ITS CAPACITY FOR LOVE
HEART HAS GOT A POWER OF GRASPING
DON'T BE FOOLISH IN LOVE LIKE MATTERS**



GET IN TOUCH

NO MATTER, HOW DIFFICULT MAY BE
I WILL WAIT FOR TIME TO COME
SOONER THE LATER, I WILL GET IN TOUCH
THANK YOU FOR MAKING ME AS A FRIEND





MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt.D.,

Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer (The Scholar)

B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,

(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)

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- **Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of World Cultural and Arts Society (FOWCASS), Singapore.**
 - The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.
 - 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, *Peru*
 - *The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)*
 - *Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)*
 - *State of Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet*

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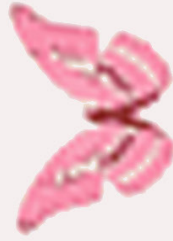
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(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)

- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
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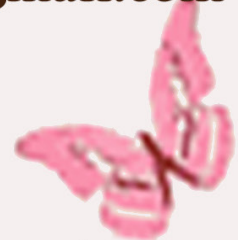
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Sunhari yaadein, Akshraang, Viraaj,
Navoday ki yaadein, Bits Of My Heart
Kalam ka rahi, corona kaal ka
sangharsh, Safar Farsh se Arsh tak,
Yaad-E-Maazi, The Journey to Success)**

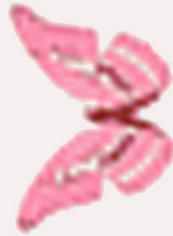
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**“Panache”
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