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PANACHE

October 2023
Volume 2, Issue 10

Chief Editor:
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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

October 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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PANACHE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
VOLUME 2, ISSUE 10, 2023

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

PANACHE

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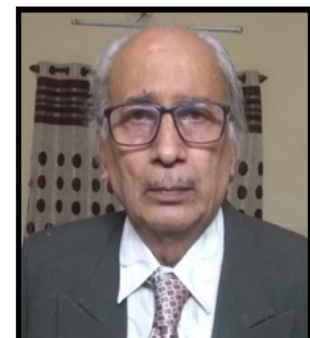
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Note :- We always demand the original write-ups from our writers. If any article, short story or poem is found to be a copy of any other article, short story or poem respectively, then the writer would only be responsible for it.

1. The liar is a traitor

A familiar face becomes a clash of unknown interests.
I remember a forgotten past.
Colorless fade.

The liar is a traitor. Which adjective is the world a
barrier?

Do you know God? On the last frontier of the horizon,
the Sun leaves bloodlines—a beacon of faith. At night, I
know the Moon runs along the way.

The bone marrow of a human being is made of blood or
flesh. Doesn't it enter morality at all?

You know God.

Me and I are as they were before.

To these people,

I could not believe it—hyena-like violence even amid
pearl-like laughing teeth. Everyone has forgotten to cry in the color of life.

Please be there, and I will go to that shore on my last journey with your name.



Abu Al Farabi
Veterinarian,
Microbiologist,
Poet
Chattogram
Bangladesh

2. A beautiful Dream

I saw a beautiful dream the previous night,
I found myself sitting under a lone tree on a mound,
Its long upward branches touching the sky,
Thus casting a graceful shadow around.
Then I beheld a stretch of never-ending wild flowers,
Dancing and swaying gently in the dawn breeze,
Then butterflies spreading their wings for the first
time,
Wow! It seemed like they were gently sucking the
eternal nectar.
Above, a twinkling starry night stretched across the
horizon,
Creating awe on that ferny slope of the downhill.
Then I saw a full moon rising over a tranquil lake,
Casting shimmering pathways on the water's surface,
Beside me, a meandering river winding gently,
That was flowing from a glistening snowy peak,
As I walked forward towards the meandering river,
I saw a herd of fairies bathing under the moonlight,
All covered in white dazzling dresses,
Some singing a sweet song while resting on the river boulders.
Then suddenly, a moonbeam struck my eyes,
And I found myself sleeping on my bedroom couch.



Aftab Tariq
Poet
Lalpura Kupwara
Kashmir

3. Threads of Reverie

Where art thou, O beloved soul?
In dreams, I seek to make thee whole.
With a torch in hand, I wander through,
Yearning for a glimpse of you.

In the midnight's blind rendezvous,
A dream unfolds, where love is true.
And as dawn breaks its golden gleam,
I pray for a dream beyond my dream.

A night of wonder, beyond compare,
Where sunflowers reach the sunlit air.
Thy name upon my lips shall rest,
In every breath, thy love be blessed.

As an admirer, my heart's aflame,
With reverence for thy sacred name.
In dreams, I seek; in dreams, I yearn,
For thy presence, my soul shall discern.

In the desert's embrace, a guiding light,
A humble soul, radiant and bright,
With wisdom's grace, a message pure,
Who showed the path of love, secure.

In depths of contemplation, hearts inquire,
Seeking answers as the flames of faith burn higher,
With questions whispered to the starry night,
In quest of truth, the journey towards the light.



Ahsanullah Nasar
Student, poet and
writer
Loralai
Pakistan

4. A Love Song of a High School Boy



Ajit Kumar Singh
Research Scholar
Ph.D
Delhi

You are beautiful from soul to crown,
Nobody can define you in fine,
The beauty of the 'Sun' and 'stars' can't exist before you,
Because the best creation of Almighty is you.

You are a fairy who has come from the heaven,
Whenever you go out,
You scatter your beauty and fragrance,
When the flowers emit fragrance,
It seems you are breathing.

When you come out,
It seems the Moon has come to the surface,
When you weep, I feel birds are singing,
Your heart is purer than the Ganga,
And the beauty of the world is the dust of your feet.

You are the 'Goddess' of beauty, who gives the beauty to feel.
I have chosen you because you are totally different from others,
Whenever I become downhearted,
Your one look gives me a new life,
And I become energetic to find all the bright.

You are very kind and soft from your heart,
And I can humanize anyone with calm and ease.
I want to see a smile and grace on your face,
Because you have to change the world for the best.

I will save you from the world,
In this world, there are hardly some persons of pure heart,
Nothing is truer in this world than you,
The whole world is becoming mine,
And I am falling in love with you more and more.

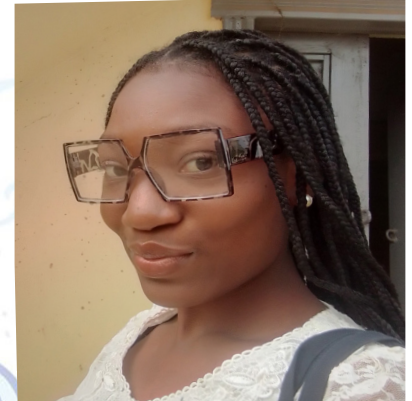
Often I weep whenever I don't see you before my eyes,
But I have to show the world that I am a happy guy,
Nobody can love you more than me,
Because I am crazy for you.

If God tells me to ask for something,
Then I will ask for you, forever,
Because nothing is more important in my life than you,
If I couldn't get you,
I will die.

But I am the person of great fortune,
Who has got you,
Now you will be in my heart day and night,
And I will pray to 'God' to make you mine.

By Ajit Kumar Singh

5. Birthday To Remember



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student
Ibafo
Nigeria**

Startled at what happened a day to her birthday, as tears rolled down her cheek, Omolewa stood still in the kitchen as she wondered what she could have done wrong to deserve such from Femi on her birthday Eve.

The previous day

Omolewa received a call from Femi for them to meet at a restaurant. She hurriedly wore a very beautiful green gown which Femi bought for her as a gift on her last birthday.

"Taxi!", she called.

"Madam where you dey go?" , taxi driver asked.

" 3Ts restaurant " she answered.

"Your money na three thousand, five hundred naira madam", taxi driver said sharply.

"There's no problem. You're lucky I'm in a hurry to bargain. Let's just go", Omolewa said.

When she got to the restaurant, she saw Femi, sitted on one of the chairs. She noticed something is not right with Femi when she tried to hug him but he declined.

"Lewa, there's something I want to tell you this afternoon", Femi said, as he clears his throat.

" Is everything okay, babe? ", She asked, confused.

" Ok, I'll go straight to the point. I am quitting this relationship. You have been a great lover but I don't just see a future in you, I'm sorry " Femi said bluntly

Lewa couldn't believe what she just heard. She thought it was a dream and snapped thrice before she realized it was reality. She thought the meeting was to collect gifts from her man for her birthday the following day but it was a breakup instead.

"Wow! Femi what have I done to deserve this? She said tearfully.

" I'm sorry Lewa" , Femi said as he walked away.

The present day

She cleaned the tears on her cheek and promised herself to enjoy her day. Earlier that day, her family had bumped into her room with a big birthday cake and songs and prayers. Afterwards, her best friend called her to wish her through calls and surprise birthday gift. Her friend didn't fail to comfort her concerning the heartbreak received the previous day.

"Omolewa, the beautiful Queen", her mom called from the dining room.

"Yes Mom", she answered.

"I've made you your favorite food which is jollof spaghetti and turkey. We're all waiting for you at the dining room", her mom said happily.

When she heard her best food is being cooked, she hurried to the dining room joyfully as she has always been a foodie.

"Thanks mom. You are the best", she said as she hugs her mother.

Shortly after the meal, Omolewa received a call from Dania.

"Birthday girl!", Dania screamed with joy.

"I dey bae", Omolewa replied in a depressed tone.

"What's wrong? Take that loser and devil out of your mind, girl. Get dressed now because Tony, Pami and I would be at your house shortly to pick you up. I don't want to hear NO, so bye, see you soon ", Dania said as she hung up.

Surprised at what her friends are up to, she grinned and hoped their plans would make her forget her pain. She put on a mini black gown and a little touch of makeup to hide her swollen face gotten from tears. As soon as she got dressed, her friends arrived and they all entered into the car and drove off to the beach for hangout.

At the hangout, there were varieties of food and also music. They played games and each of them gave her gift. Dania gave her jewelry, Tony gave her an iphone while Pami gave her six beautiful dresses.

Omolewa was awed and wondered the money spent by her friends just to make her day. She was so happy that she forgot about her heartbreak. She didn't know what to say anymore when tears of joy rolled down her cheek.

"Finally, I got a job in the UK", Omolewa screamed for joy.

Her friends hugged her to congratulate her as they poured wine into their glasses. Pami hugged Omolewa, saying "now you can forget about that bitch and be happy again girl", she chuckled.

By Akindipe Oluwafunmilola

6. Nigeria as a Bleeding Wound

Nigeria is currently facing numerous challenges that have significantly impacted its development and stability. These challenges can be described as "bleeding" because they have caused immense social, economic, and political strain on the country.

One of the major issues Nigeria faces is pervasive corruption. Corruption is deeply rooted in the country's systems and institutions, leading to mismanagement of public resources, decreased service delivery, and a lack of accountability. This bleeds the country of its potential for growth and development, hindering progress in various sectors.

Additionally, Nigeria grapples with insecurity, particularly in the form of terrorism, insurgency, and communal conflicts. Boko Haram, an extremist militant group, has carried out numerous attacks, leading to the displacement of populations, loss of lives, and widespread fear. This insecurity bleeds the country by destabilizing communities, disrupting economic activities, and hindering investment and development.

Economic challenges also contribute to Nigeria's bleeding state. The country heavily relies on oil export revenue, making it vulnerable to fluctuations in global oil prices. This reliance has hindered diversification efforts, leading to a lack of economic resilience and fragility. Furthermore, high unemployment rates, income inequality, and poverty exacerbate the bleeding of the country's economy, stifling opportunities for growth and prosperity.

Moreover, inadequate infrastructure, including power supply, roads, and healthcare facilities, further contribute to Nigeria's bleeding state. Insufficient infrastructure hampers economic activities, limits access to essential services, and discourages potential investors. Without proper infrastructure, the country struggles to reach its full potential and address the needs of its citizens,



**Aladodo Yasir Ibnul
Halal**
**Student, reporter,
journalist,
freelancer,
poet**
**Ilorin
Nigeria**

compounding the challenges it faces.

To address these bleeding issues, Nigeria needs comprehensive reforms at multiple levels. It requires strengthened institutions to curb corruption, promote transparency, and ensure accountability. Additionally, tackling insecurity demands a multifaceted approach that includes military operations, intelligence gathering, and community engagement.

Furthermore, Nigeria needs to diversify its economy by promoting non-oil sectors such as agriculture, manufacturing, and technology. This would help create jobs, reduce dependence on oil, and stimulate sustainable economic growth. Investing in critical infrastructure, such as power generation and transportation, is essential to facilitate economic activities and improve the quality of life of its citizens.

Overall, addressing the bleeding state of Nigeria requires a concerted effort from the government, civil society, and the international community. Through sustained commitment, effective governance, and targeted interventions, Nigeria can gradually overcome its challenges and pave the way for a more stable, prosperous, and inclusive future.

By Aladodo Yasir Ibnul Halal

7. Poem Of Life



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

Life is like poetry; we sing it along,
But it gets punctuated by commas and question marks –
With shades of pain, short and long,
And finally, a full stop
Brings it to its natural end!

But as we read, line by line,
The fragrance of flowers,
The soothing showers,
The beauty of love,
The friendship's dove,
Take us high on the flight,
To the highest point on cloud nine.

We love the rhythm,
We sing the rhyme –
Verse by verse, life goes on.
In the world of poetry, we quietly move on.
It is only when the full stop comes –
We realize we have lived a life.
It is a poem we read just once,
No use even to introspect.

So, carefully though we need to tread,
But,
To enjoy the beauty
And understand its depth,
This life's poem,
With a smile, let us sing.

8. Sleepless Night

How calm and soothing is my room's dim light,
Rhyiming verses are scattered here, left and right.

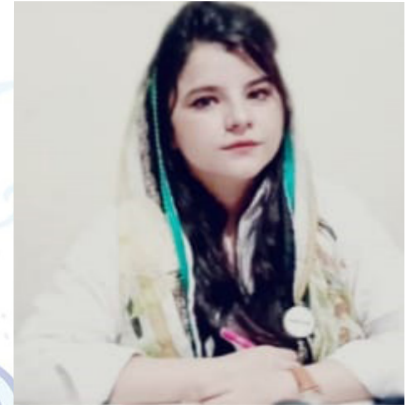
I feel October's wind blowing outside my window,
In the room, I am staring in dream's ultimate shadow.

In dark surroundings, sconces of my eyes are
brightening,
To my dauntless hope's spark and valor's lightning.

Glorious shades of ambition are reflecting on my
hands,
My palms are a prism for endeavor's color bands.

Moon, stars, and "I,"
"Smiling" under the same sky,
Spreading love to vibe alone so high.

Hey Moon! Some hours are left in sunrise,
Don't go, as your presence is love; departure is despise.
Your journey will never be defined by what you attained,
But it would interpret how you sustained.



Anna Ameer Gondal
Clinical
Psychologist
Gujranwala
Pakistan

9. LOOK AT THE SKY IN THE NIGHTS



Anmol Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar

Look at the sky in the nights,
What's the spark?
What's the bright?
Look at the sky in the nights!

In the nights when the stars are twinkling,
And the moon's lighting up the sky,
In the beautiful quietness of the nights,
Look at the sky in the nights!

When we walk in the nights,
The cold air passes through our bodies,
And the air gives a relaxing feeling in those times,
As I am right;
Look at the sky in the nights!

So, in the last part of the poem,
We will discuss "Lights in the Nights"!
I will say one thing about it that,
"The darkness's bright"! called lights in the nights.
Look at the sky in the nights!

10. In a realm where technology soars



Anthony Aga
Business Man
Uganda

In a realm where technology soars,
A sleek creation, it adores,
Centuries past, a marvel anew,
A device called iPhone, it's true.

A portal to worlds vast and wide,
With every touch, a new ride,
An amalgamation of art and science,
Witnessing humanity's reliance.

In hands, an enchanting wand,
Unlocking realms far beyond,
A screen, vibrant and bright,
Guiding us through the darkest night.

An iPhone, an accomplice to dreams,
Unleashing creativity in gleams,
Through captured essences, a lens,
Stories immortal, it apprehends.

Scrolling through vast digital seas,
Unveiling treasures, as one sees,
Information cascading in a tide,
An iPhone, a portal to all that's wide.

Communications, fluid and infused,
Connecting souls, never refused,
Across oceans, time zones, miles apart,
The iPhone, a bridge, creating hearts.

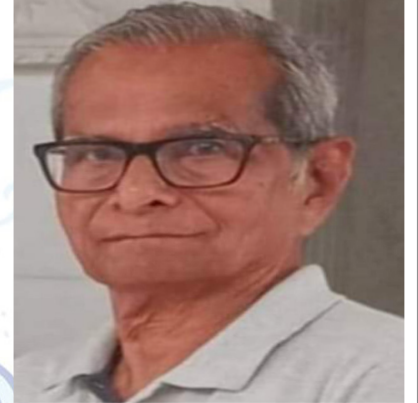
Apps galore, a universe untold,
Entertainment's festival, behold,
Minds intertwine, ideas grow,

An iPhone, inspiration's glow.

But amidst the allure, a cautionary
voice,
To find balance, we must make a
choice,
Not to be enslaved, eyes fixed on a
screen,
But to cherish life's moments, still
unseen.

So, let us treasure this wondrous
tool,
The iPhone, an instrument so cool.

11. My belongings



**Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

From where can I get the feelings that you have?

How can I get the words that you have?

I am myself, and you are yourself.

Certainly, there are differences between us,

And that difference is innate.

How can I erase that difference?

My experience till now is helping me move forward.

It is my habit to mingle with everyone,

I am not a preacher.

I have no animosity towards anyone.

I have considered everyone as my own,

And this habit of mine has made me a thinker,

And that is my belongings.

12. NOOSE



Bobby Narayan
Writer
New Delhi
Delhi

‘Get out of my house’ shouted Purushottam Mishra towards his son, Narottam Mishra day after he lost his candidature in MP election. The reason being the selection of wrong strategies adopted by his son who was very much involved in communal politics during his college days and thereafter too. Narottam Mishra was too intelligent like his father, but the party didn’t give him a ticket for being radical during his movements.

He left the house and began to live away. Unable to pass degree, he couldn’t manage to find any job too. Politics didn’t favour him due to his stand on reservation policy, which he advocated throughout the days under his father’s shadow and soon he reached the age of 30 and after a few unsuccessful attempts, he became a drunkard.

Narghat Road was his favorite area and his companions gathered at Bariya Ghat to enjoy. Soon their carpet business went to a decline forcing his father to get rid of him. Soon he also began to distance his son by depriving him of all comforts. His friends’ circle advised him to contest separately without stepping into his father’s shoe and for that they needed money; thus, planned to loot. Just after Janmashtami, one day, they gathered at night and killed the priest of a nearby temple. After hiding the body in a shop owned by a Muslim, they stole gold ornaments, all the money from the vault.

But was caught within two days and lodged in jail. With several requests from his mother and relatives, his father intervened, and Narottam was released as the guilt was owned by one of his friends. For fear of escalating the matter, Purushottam Mishra ordered him to leave his kingdom. His mother handed over some money for survival not sufficient for long.

Narottam realized that the dark days were ahead and bad luck waiting to befriend him leading to an ignorable life. The story of Raja Harishchandra flashed before him. ‘Shall I become a Chandal? But I don’t have a wife or children, nor do I have any debt. But the murder of the priest will torture me throughout my life.’ Suddenly, he found himself alone. No supporters, no friends but all watching him curiously with a jaundiced eye. The six-foot height with glorious face suddenly

fell to dusty ground demolishing the name of the family. The magic or miracles could do nothing to prevent him from doing the misdeed.

And without thinking much, he left Mirzapur under the black clouds.

-2-

The Brahmaputra Mail was waiting for him not knowing about his destination. He boarded a bus after leaving the train to find himself on the Assam-Meghalaya border. At Khanapara, after wandering for months near and surrounding Kedarnath Shiv Mandir, his look was that of a beggar with long hair and beard and torn rags; a bottle of rum protecting him from cold every night. The blanket he had was stolen by some other beggar.

Soon, all the money left in his pocket vanished without his knowledge. He stole a bicycle from Oolala Wine Shop and began to ride. On the way, he found some cyclists, mostly youngsters, riding in a flock. He followed them. They were discussing, 'The road to the waterfall is kachcha and due to rain some places are muddy. The waterfall is not so big but refreshing.' No solitary peaceful place, as lot of visitors on their scooty & bikes arrive; Sunday witness crowd who bring their own food, snacks & drinking water as there are no shops in few kms.

He survived on the left-over foods from the visitors for a few days. Suddenly, it stuck him, 'No temple, no provision of food. Here nomadic life won't help survival. Instead, I must try for some job.' Leaving the waterfall, wandering about a day, he stopped at Johny Pig Farm situated near the border area for a job. The employer, Johny Thapa, needed a boy, for stock and handler, to clean the farm and collect the excreta to produce bioethanol on a modest scale using a conventional anaerobically fermentation technique. Slaughterhouse was far away, and Narottam was not aware of it.

- I will check your efficiency. You will have to take care of these sounders.
- Any other job?
- At present, no. If you are loyal, then I will engage in slaughtering or marketing.
- For food?
- That is available at Purbanchal Hotel.
- But that will be costly.
- Then you can stay in the Line hotel near the GS road. That's my brother's.

He went there. At first he thought, food and lodging would be free. The language

was a great problem. All broken Hindi, not a pure one. Narottam used to speak the standardised one.

- Johny sent me. Please arrange one room.
- But you must pay the rent.
- I don't have money.
- Then you have work.
- What work?
- You have to clean the toilets.
- But I am a brahmin.
- Then what? Get lost.

Narottam had no choice. For the first month, he used to clean the toilets littered by the tourists and the visitors. But after getting salary, he left Johny's brother and went to the shed.

He cooked his own food and lived in machan in the shed. He installed an idol in a corner of the shed. The next day, he found the idol was covered with the excreta. He left the idea of worshipping thinking, 'When god is unable to protect himself, then why should I'.

-3-

Soon he complained of headaches, nausea, and suffered weakness. The local doctor was unable to understand the pure Hindi while Narottam was unable to speak English. There was a Bengali assistant who mediated among them. The doctor said, 'It is due to the fumes that are emitted from these farm' and handed over him some tablets. The medicines cured him for a while but soon he began to experience respiratory issues such as wheezing, coughing, and tightness of the chest as well as eye and nasal irritation.

Upon getting a piece of advice from Johny, he went to a local bar for having country wine which can cure the disease he acquired. The bar was located five-six kilometers away on the other side of the main road in the mountainous region of Umling. He crossed the check-gate, and then came downwards the hill, following others and then crossed the hanging bridge, and then moved upward to reach the bar. The staunch odor of the country wine could be easily identifiable from a distance.

But for drinking, he had no money. So, he adjusted himself in a corner and watched others but waiting for an opportunity and he his luck favored.

There started a brawl as two drunkards refused to pay, and they fell upon him. He also got engaged in the fight and recovered the money and handed it over to the owner, Nancy. He was also hurt badly, hit in the nose from which blood profusely coming out.

Nancy took him to her house just adjacent to the bar. Her old mother was inside didn't object and nursed him. He remained there in her cottage for a week. Nancy Ka Siang was not so beautiful, not so ugly. She was young but unmarried, enough to bear children, slightly bulky and talkative. Chewing Kwai all day, she could speak Hindi apart from the local dialects.

He was about to leave but she asked him to stay till he became disease free. Soon he began to feel better amidst the foothills and decided not to go to the pigs. He decided to stay with Nancy as there were better living conditions.

Nancy didn't object to his advances and soon he found love and money for the sex he gave her. His only work was to look after the needs of the shop and check the customers apart from accompanying her to musiang, the weekly markets.

On the eve of Christmas, Nancy said to him:

- We are getting married on the New Year.
- Hmmm...

Her mother and other women also asked him to marry her in the Church. Narottam was but afraid of being in a bond. Any plantation might carry forward his dynasty which he spurned. The drink overflowed his thoughts and he escaped.

-4-

Wandering in the jungles, he reached Happy Valley and found a job in a butcher's shop. His job was to slaughter cows and pigs both and hang the cascades. He was not a pluviophile and decided to leave the place. The hidden problem was something different. Living with the tribal people was nearly impossible for him though he had no problem in eating both beef and pork.

After almost a year, he returned with a bag of crab lice and found two babies with her. He was outrightly turned out and was abused by the nearby people. He begged pardon. This time he promised to live with her forever. He was shaved forcefully, top to bottom, and washed in phenyl water. In no time he began to take care of her, her business except handling of cash.

Again, he impregnated her. When she broke the news and asked him to marry, he escaped again. She couldn't smell the snake in the grass.

This time also, he had no money; returned the next day with lots of wood and fruits from the jungle overcoming the suspicion. Now he was planning to loot all her belongings to lead a lavish life. He placed an idol outside the bar under a tree and began rituals. But the local Christians threw the idol in his absence. Nancy also forbade him not to pick any religion indifferent to the local one.

The marriage was fixed on the Sunday just after Good Friday. But on Sunday morning, one Ascaris suum was seen coming out of his nose. Nancy took him to the local doctor who asked him, 'Do you eat pork or beef?' Narottam nodded, 'both'.

The doctor added, 'a worm carried by pigs that can make both pigs and people sick. Adult worms live in a pig's intestines and lay eggs which are shed in faeces. You might have been infected when you have accidentally swallowed worm eggs that grew into adult worms inside your stomach'.

He was taken to a hospital. During his treatment, Nancy, too, was admitted for delivery. Narottam too was taking care of her, signing papers with two little grown-up children and his mother-in-law.

Soon, she was attacked by norovirus and during childbirth Nancy died. The body was taken to the cremation ground. The Archbishop Victor Lyngdoh asked him to perform rituals. The two kids, Saralin and Shemphang, were also there with him.

At home, the cry of the newborn twins worried him, he cried, 'there is no way to escape'. Narottam was unable to decide whether to escape or carry on with the business, and to decide the puzzle, he prepared cocktail and jumped into the glass.

By Bobby Narayan

13. Be Always Happy



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

Happiness is a mental situation which makes us always in high spirits. The person who has developed this positive attitude, he or she gets greater inspiration even from unhappy moments. Happiness is the balanced state of mind. Those who believe in God never get disheartened even in the worst situation. Undoubtedly, success makes every body happy. Money provides only facilities. But never forget that real heartiest happiness is the result of good conduct. Bad conduct will definitely makes us unhappy. One becomes demoralised after getting any failure. Weakness also causes troubles and unhappiness. Success and strength are the secrets of happiness.

Now, question arises that how one can be always happy. In this world of disharmony and loneliness, one should be a part of harmony and togetherness. Try your best to be the best. God has made you to fulfil your dreams fully. Work wholeheartedly with all your responsibilities to achieve what you wish to achieve. Come what may, never shirk work. Have faith in yourself. You can do miracles. Develop positive attitude and show warmth in your actions. Balanced state of mind converts every situation into happy and healthy mood. Almighty is the source of supreme bliss.

By always praising the all pervading Being, who is without beginning and without end, who is the supreme Lord of all the worlds and who is the eternal controller of the universe, one gets all bliss and happiness.

True repentance and unshakable trust in God's forgiveness are essentials for achieving balanced state of mind and spiritual growth.

When you understand that love of a man is love of God, then you gets good wibes. These good wibes are instrumental to good life. Nar seva is really Madhav seva. Service of a man is Service of God. Positive power of the prayer is realised by the seekers of truth and happiness.

May all be freed from dangers. May all realise what is good. May all be actuated by noble thoughts. May all rejoice everywhere.

Stop stressing everything which cannot be controlled or changed. Over thinking leads to negative thoughts. Be grateful & focus on the positive. Goodness and honesty should be way of life. One must practice self-care. We should be very careful to overcome toxic energy. Yoga and Meditation is the best way to explore inner peace. Great opportunities are always a head in a sound environment. Better alone than in a bad company. Our sub conscious mind also plays an important role in our life. Nurture your personality with good habits through reading pious and holy scriptures like Ved, Upanishad, Ramayana, Mahabharata and Gita. Never fear and feel jealous. Appreciate every body without discrimination. Have faith in yourself that you can make yourself happy in any situation. Be witness to your thoughts. Analyse every aspect and take decision to act accordingly. Consistency in action leads to success and success leads to happiness. If you are a poet, you can make this world a better place by writing purposeful poetry full of love and energy. If you are an artist, you can make this world colourful through fantastic paintings. The point is this that you are here for achieving higher goals. If you have internal power Atma Shakti then external obstacles won't do any harm rather those would become the milestone of your long path of great success and permanent happiness.

Memories of our forefathers also inspire us to adopt the prestigious way of life as lived and honoured by them. Do something for all. Donate cheerfully and expand happiness to be happy. Chant the name of God with devotion and enjoy life as it is. Play your role with all your capabilities.

One miracle, I would like to share with you. Here at Kurukshetra, Dr. Jai Bhagwan Singla established Prerana Vriddhashram to serve old age persons who are neglected by their family members. For me Dr. Singla is a man of miracles. He has been a successful business man in the field of rice mill business. He has written many books in Hindi and Haryanvi. One day he invited me in a function and gave me a book, originally written by him in Hindi and translated in English by Dr.Ashok Kumar Manglesh. I was very much surprised to see that the philosophy of happy life as depicted in the book was as we studied from

Vedas and Gita or Ramayana. The Secrets of Happiness are same.

Go to the lap of mother nature and be happy. Melodious sounds make everybody happy. Serve needy persons and you will feel inner peace and happiness. If you want to be happy, leave your reins in His hands. Hard and smart work is the mantra for happiness. Self satisfaction is the elder sister of happiness. Selfless service is the younger sister of happiness. Avoid eroticism, anger, greed and ego. Stay away from all these bad habits.

To conclude, try to confirm that what you really want out of your life. Work for it. Think of it. Love your goal. Enjoy and relish every situation. Always be happy.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

14. Painters' portrait



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

A freezing air is gusting towards the house. I unbolted all the gaps and gates of the house and saw that an unruffled and pleasant airstream is approaching. It's sensing every part of her frame. Those tousled locks of hair are osculating her audacities, drumming her jug-like neck, and falling all the way to her bulging midriff. Her copious eyelashes are flattering the seductress of her slender senses. The sneer of her pink chops is singing a sweet song, and the scent of her frame is making my chamber aromatic. Her unspoken words are also telling something; the redness of her audacities is telling the section: she is mustering herself in her embrace and uniting herself with herself. This morning she is moving again in the same custom, and this portrait of mine ornamented on my fence is telling the state of my core. Again, freezing air is blowing this pre-lunch.

15. THE MIGHTY SWORD

Oh! My precious mighty sword,
I have anticipated you so much.
Looking closely, you seem to be the most beautiful thing
I've got.
People neglect you at every slight second, but
I choose to keep you firmly in my hands.

You have always been my comfort.
Each time I keep an eye on you,
You are like a dazzling diamond.
What else would I choose to do without you?

You might begin to wonder what this mighty sword implies.
It's my wonderful magic pen.
Each time I feel sober, you are my comfort.
Each time I feel lonely, I hold you tight.
Tears and pains you have taken away.

You are my one true companion.
Happiness and joy you have placed in my heart.
You've shown me tender love and care.
Oh! What a precious sword you are.

People may never cherish you,
For they do not know your worth.
You are cheap to people,
But expensive to me.
And you know what?
I will keep you just as precious as you are.
An amazing friend you will forever be to me.
Keep being such a wonderful companion,
My precious mighty sword.



Elonu Annabel
Student
Ogun State
Nigeria

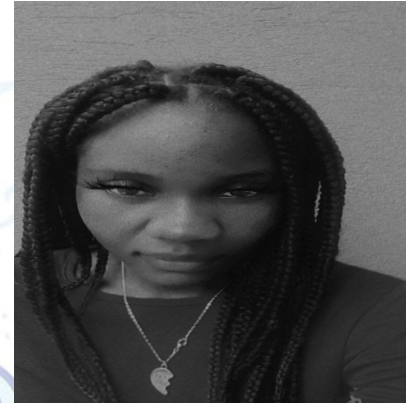
16. You know what the pain sounds like...??

Pain is an incomplete story in which characters are lost right at its climax. A story which contains no unity of time. It extends over several years, and the plot remains loose. A story in which protagonists and antagonists themselves get baffled. A story in which minor characters just play a very simple role of standing, watching, and enjoying. A story which the writer ends up with, continue to ponder over what to write next.



Farah Aslam
Teacher and
student
Sargodha
Pakistan

17. LET'S SAY NO TO TOXIC MARRIAGES



Fareen Khabetsa
Mboya
Writer
Eldoret
Kenya

DEAR READER,

I write this to bring something to your attention. We all know that life is full of ups and downs. One sensitive part of it is marriage. Yes, you read right. At some point of our growth we all want to raise kids of our own in stable marriage. Incase you don't I do. Better still we don't want them have the kind of lives we had. This may vary because families are different. For those who had everything on a silver spoon the family legacy has to continue. For others, their childhood memories bring unending tears to the eyes. Especially those that have grown in homes with gender based violence. Nobody talks about the silent suffering and trauma such children undergo. Imagine being woken at night by your drunkard father. Who for no reason throws insults at your mother who was peacefully sleeping. To add salt to the injury the blows and kicks that follow leave her writhing in pain on the cold floor. The next day you'll find your mother going about her duties in silence. That becomes a routine for her and through it all she endures. For some reasons she doesn't pack her suitcases to go back to her folks. As children you grow up observing all these injustices. At some point you might bear resentment towards your old man. You'll have to bear because maybe he is paying your school fees or you aren't of legal age.

On the other side, daughters who are close to their mothers might ask them why they bear with the ill treatment. Then they'd hit you with the most reasonable answer. "For you my children." What follows is a long sermon about how marriages have their own challenges. That things eventually get better. The truth is you never live to see this change. The list goes on and on. Most girls vow never to end up with men the likes of their father. Life is not scripted, eventually they find their prince charming. The beginning is usually sweet and for once you're grateful that things worked out for you.

Then the dark cycle crawls back to haunt you. You relive the same toxicity your mother went through. The endless pain caused by the insults and bruises. You

remember your mother's words so for the sake of your kids you stay. The thought of running away from your marriage back home scares you. What will society think of me? My old man will be displeased with a failed marriage. What about my kids? For a moment silence all those thoughts. To what extent are you willing to go to? It's your life that is at risk. You're better off alive to your kids than dead. No matter how long you stay you can't change a man who doesn't want to change. It is not like I'm advocating for divorce or something. Get me right. For your own sanity run away from that marriage. In case your parents are the reason why you're afraid of breaking that marriage. Just do it. They will make peace with it

To all parents, always tell your daughters they'll always be a place to call home. Let's not shun our daughters to such brutality in the hands of such men. Let them know that no matter how broken they are, there's a safe space called home. Mothers encourage your daughters not to only hold on simply because you did. Let them be free and say no to such toxic marriages. It is fully okay to be a single mother. It is okay to co-parent. Society will have to bear with that fact. Everyone deserves a second chance at life and everything in between. It is okay to come back home dear daughters.

By Fareen Khabetsa Mboya

18. Eyes

Eyes have expressions,
Eyes encompass all emotions.

Eyes also hypnotize.
Eyes create sensations.

Eyes touch the nerves.
Eyes possess attraction.

Eyes quicken the heartbeat.
Eyes provide full satisfaction.

Eyes are like oceans and seas.
Eyes also offer salvation.

Eyes also speak in pain.
Eyes also smile in gain.



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

19. Excuse Yourself

Have you ever written a letter to yourself?
An apology letter,
For those desires
which became distorted,
The names of those dreams
that remained incomplete.
Have you ever apologized to yourself?
That for a long time,
you never smiled for no reason,
For a long time,
you couldn't sing a love song.
Listen, this is also a tragedy.
Apologies for that, so sometimes,
excuse yourself.



Husna Abbasi
Student & Writer
Pakistan

20. EVENING

Skies are lit with a golden light,
Copper red and amber bright.
The setting sun with its tent-like image,
Trees look strange in the backdrop of shimmering
blaze.

Chirping birds retire to their homes,
Nearing darkness enfolds.
Cawing of crows persists.
Mangroves are dense and deep.

Silhouettes are formed
when evening unfolds.
Tube lights of the road
flicker into prominence.
Fading shades of light merge into darkness.
Shadows lengthen,
Time flees,
Evening thus envelopes
All overpowering sea.



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

21. Tolerant woman



Kanchan Mishra
Teacher
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh

What should I write in honor of the woman?

She got lost in the identity of her loved ones, the woman who gave everything to everyone. Gave up her own dreams for everyone else. She kept herself burning in the fire and kept everyone cool, and the woman has been walking in the hot sun and has been giving shade to everyone.

The women have worked tirelessly day and night for everyone and have not rested for a moment. No matter how troubled the woman was, she would not complain to everyone. She lived every moment suffocated all the time.

Here are some words I would like to share with some in-laws:

“I left my home and came to yours. I had so many dreams in my mind. I was a smiling bud in my Babylon's courtyard. I was brought up with lots of love. I was a piece of someone's heart. I was a part of the laughing and playing life, forgetting my parents, and I considered you as my parents. I worshiped you as my God, decorated the empty garden with your flowers. I carried forward your lineage. You filled the world with happiness. I endured everything, kept crying and sobbing, still you tortured and oppressed me. Instead of respect, I was insulted. You imprisoned me inside the house. You didn't love me even for a moment, broke all of my dreams, took away my good life, and filled my laughing eyes with tears. You took away all the time of my life, filled my life with desolation. You didn't feel ashamed even after doing so much. I was like Sita, I was defamed. I am a Tolerant Woman, is that why you did this?

In the end, I would like to say that do not tolerate the oppression of those who do not consider you as a human being. Don't respect those who insult you. Don't be a powerless woman; take up arms to protect yourself.”

22. MY FIRST TRIP TO THE LAND OF MY FOREFATHERS... INDIA!



Lucy Victoria David
Writer, motivational
speaker
Durban
South Africa

I had the privilege of visiting India for the first time a few years ago. It was an extraordinary experience, one that will remain indelibly etched in my mind forever.

It's a beautiful country with diverse people. They differ in dressing, language, and dialect between the north and south.

I discovered that they are warm, friendly, and overly curious. My first stop in Mumbai was to purchase some authentic outfits at a huge shop called Paaneri. They had all kinds of carefully stitched clothing, put together with great effort! It was a real pleasure to shop there.

We were shown many places of interest, from the jewel-encrusted palace of the Taj Mahal in Agra to the local shops in old and new Delhi, Jaipur, and Rajasthan.

One fine day, our car pulled up outside one of the shopping malls in Rajasthan. At first glance, the buildings themselves were not eye-catching, but on entry, it was like discovering a whole new world! The inside was huge and beautiful. The lighting was perfect, showcasing the solid hand-crafted furniture. I walked through an interleading door and found myself in a completely different shop. This time it was one that sold intricate pieces of stunning jewelry handcrafted by skilled artisans. This beautiful jewelry was made from precious gemstones hewn out of huge rocks, not too far away. I was mesmerized!

On walking through yet another door, I discovered a shop that sold some really good, soft, genuine leather shoes. I tried them on... they were so comfortable, it seemed like they were begging me to purchase them!

Every shop had employees who were super friendly, going the extra mile to show off their amazing wares.

Through friendly banter and dialogue, I discovered their joys and woes. I've even made some really great friends, from the waiters and hotel chefs to the local cab drivers, many of whom I am still in contact with.

Some of the most wonderful people live in this country. Visiting many parts in the north and then to Chennai in the south, enjoying their rich cuisine was an amazing experience, even for my taste buds!

India is indeed an incredible, magical, mystical country, steeped in its rich culture and traditions.

Someday, I wish to return to India... the land of my forefathers!

By Lucy Victoria David

23. **M Aniket**

**Class-IV, Vikas School, Miyapur,
Hyderabad (TS) – India. Email: vasavi.ramya@gmail.com
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BOLO - BOLO

*Bolo Lovingly Bolo
Hello Affectionately Bolo
Bolo Amazingly Bolo
Hello Dear, Bolo Dear ||*

*Face Book, A Best Free Book
Saw You in This Face Book
Made Friendship, By Seeing Your Face
Congrats! For One Year Anniversary Friendship ||*

*Each Wish a Lovely Friendship
This Friendship to Go a Long Way
Hope To Be a Continued Friend
All Posts Are Well Understanding One ||*

*WhatsApp and Messenger Are Ideal Ones
Posts and Matter Are Protected Ones
Outsiders Can't Encroach These Two Ones
Posts Are Maintained as Secret Ones ||*

*Bolo Lovingly Bolo
Hello Affectionately Bolo
Bolo Amazingly Bolo
Hello Dear, Bolo Dear ||*



24. LIFE IS HARDER

*Life Is Not That Easy as One Thinks
Life Can't Be Taken Lightly
Life Is Harder Than a Rocky Rock
Realistic Life Is Life, Dream Life Is Factious ||*

*Dreaming In Life Is Not Fault
Planning For Dreams Is Not Wrong
Dreams Can't Be Fulfilled, In All
People Can Dream, but It Will Be Dream Only ||*

*Hard Work Can Mold One's Life
One May Be Lazy in the Life
But Dreams Are Not Lazy in Life
Light Life Is Not Gentleman's Life ||*

*Dreams Can't Become Success without Hard work
Hard work Changes a Man's Life
Life Is Nothing But, Standard of Living
Life Rolls Away with Luxurious Way ||*

.....
M Vinya

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25. Aiye!

Aiye!

Intelligent and often affectionate;
Neither good nor bad,
The parrot is astonishingly imitative.
Bi Agba, say less, digest much.

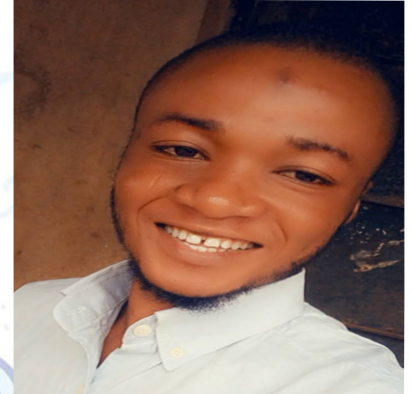
Aiyetooto!

Eyes focus on lifespan
With a befitting lens,
Neither
Myopia nor hyperopia.
A camera, the universal legendary.

Biography or autobiography,
They know better than Fagunwa.
Setting, themes, and subject matter,
They know better than Shakespeare,
When it comes to the international level.

Aiyekooto!

They reject the truth.
But embrace the notorious lies.
See less, overlook much.
Truth doesn't live longer.



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

26.

Poem Written by:

*Dr. Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu, Litt.D.,
Novelist, Story and Song Writer.
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YOU'RE LOST

*You're Lost, If Your Identity Is Lost
You're Smashed, If Your Character Is Lost
You Stand Nowhere, If Your Deeds Are Bad
You Stand Nil, if you are corrupt ||*

*Be Good, If You Want Good
You Like People, You Will Be Blessed
You Honor People, You Get Honored
Don't Be Crazy, To Become Mad ||*

*Whole World hates you, but you like the World
Whole World Cries, but You like Laughter
Whole World Denies, but You Accept Things
Whole World Shouts, But You Don't Speak ||*

*You Won't Change, You Need People to Change
You Won't Give, You Need People to Give
You Won't Help, People Want to Help
You Won't Support, You Need Peoples' Support ||*

*What a Man, What a Rule
What a Life, What a Place
What a Rule, What a State
You Are Great, God is Great ||*



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

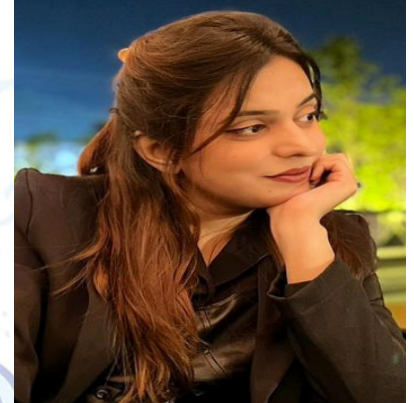
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He received the following honors and awards both national and international:

- *International Achiever 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*

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27. A Glorious Sight



**Maria Hussain
Dhillon
Writer
Lahore
Pakistan**

Once came a moment of appraisal,
When I swayed flawlessly.
Those eyes seemed so special,
Applauding my moves silently.

Because of that adoring look,
I could feel the real me.
The gaze through each nook,
Made every inch bloom inside me.

Who knew it would be so magical...
A glimpse out of a hundred stares.
Words said not, sounded so lyrical,
And deep brown eyes gave me a glare.

A face, so bright and beaming,
Touched my heart like never before.
An eyeful spot, so deep and gleaming,
Took me straight to the shore.

Many dancers are on the floor,
But my eyes seek only you.
Come close, hold back the roar,
I must speak to you...

"Let's master the art of dance.
Hand in hand, taking a chance.
Let's enjoy a little trance.
Locked together, in a beautiful glance."

28. THE EARTHLY AND COSMIC ARTISTIC TUNES



Mohamed Kerkoub
Writer
Algeria

The noble and wise personalities
Of the luminous world,
Who weave the world
With miracles and wonders,
Whose words are the melodies,
Tunes of musical instruments

Which delight the heart,
So that the murmur
Of the heartbeats can be heard,
So that they flow and let the platelets
And the blood cells dance,
Colors of ravishing beauty

Through the arteries, pushed
By the electromagnetic waves,
The goal of the sober and mindful,
So that the self is elevated and unique
In the outer arena with
The overall symphony,
So that each intelligent personality
Can enjoy the vocal tones,
The artistic melodies of earth and space,
So that consciousness is shaken.

The heart of humanity rejoices
And extends to the horizons,
And so that each creativity
Has an ideal vision,
May it take root like a golden imprint
In the memory of spirits
And in archaeological rocks
Throughout the ages.

So that humanity can rise and become
The best title of my favorite poem,
Told on the lines with diamond pens,
With a light ink shining like a star,
Which cannot be erased
By setbacks and horrors
Because they are the origin
Of white love and peace.

For purity, it circulates
In the mouths of men of all times,
In every position, article,
And in the books
Of sacred freedom,
Represented by free people.
My wishes for them are victory,
Joy, happiness, and eternal prosperity.

By Mohamed Kerkoub

29. The Beautiful Constable



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

They shoved him into the interrogation room, his pace checked by a pair of leg irons, his arms on his backline, secured by a pair of handcuffs. His eyes met a pair of female eyes, that sat on a gorgeous female face. She was standing, watching the scene, among other officers at the rural police camp, who had lined up to see the notorious robber and jail breaker in his moment of humiliation.

His eye fell on the only symbol of grace in the office, and he bared the contents of his heart to her, "Officer, you are so beautiful. I love you so much."

The officer, taking it for a joke from someone who was definitely going to hang, responded in the affirmative, "I love you too."

An explosion of mirthless laughter filled the interrogation room. None of the officers, including the young beauty knew how profound the confession felt to the speaker, how it had been his first confession of love, genuinely expressed, yet without any redemptive effect.

Nyangirai had finally been caught after a jail break that had seen him escape like a shadow from his determined pursuers. He had crossed the eastern border into Mozambique, where he had stashed all his looted fortune. He had decided to live an innocent life in Mozambique, coming back to Zimbabwe to wrestle money, goods, and valuables for resale across the eastern border.

But he had run out of luck when a joint operation involving Zimbabwean and Mozambican police officers trapped him just after hiding his AK-47 rifle, before crossing the border into Mozambique. He had been howled back into his native country to face theft and murder charges, as well as escaping from lawful custody. The noose was dangling, just above his nose. This was the end of the thriller of his criminal escapades, that had resulted in the journalistic community in Zimbabwe and abroad running out of vocabulary to describe his exploits.

Now in solitary confinement, his experience with the young female police officer tormented him. The encounter had lasted only a few seconds, but it was going to be the only romantic event in the time intervening with the falling of the noose around his neck.

The rest of his recollections were filled with the screams of his victims, an occasional gunshot and the cursing words of a dying man or woman. His delight in violence had not brought back sweet memories after his incapacitation. Only a tiny childhood experience, that could have developed the tenderer side of his life, enlivened by his encounter with the young female police officer, interfered with the horrendous images of his escapades, punctuated by the odour of fresh human blood.

When he was only six years old, their neighbours had brought into their custody a beautiful girl, who ought to have been ten years old at that time. She had befriended Nyangirai in a manner that had caused her age mates to wonder. When they had called her Nyangirai's wife she had delightedly answered, "He is going to marry me and we are going to have ten children."

"But he is younger than you; you don't even notice that," one girl had reacted mockingly.

"I don't need to notice that if that should make our marriage impossible," she had answered much to Nyangirai's amusement.

Since Nyangirai was in Grade One, and she was in Grade Four, he would wait two more hours after dismissal to go home with his bosom friend. His parents had no problem with that because they often returned home from their farm work long after the dismissal of infant learners. Loice Nembiri had somehow become Nyangirai's caretaker.

However when Nyangirai was ten and Loice was 14, Loice left the village for high school, never to return, and Nyangirai never made friends with a girl again. He found female company dull and unamusing, and as he grew older bullying

became his regular pastime until he was expelled from school at the age of sixteen. His physical well-being made crime an easy option for him.

As he was contemplating what would happen to one's life force after the last breath, he wondered why he had not met someone like the young female constable after Loice Nembiri had left his neighbourhood. The memory of Loice Nembiri and the beautiful female constable pursued him to the courtrooms, made him give incoherent answers during interrogations and cross examinations. The lengthy court procedures caused him fatigue, especially when he knew that he was going to hang.

But relief overwhelmed him on the day the death sentence was delivered, and he found no reason to appeal. Now he could peacefully wait in his lonely prison cell for the day the sentence would be executed. Loice and the constable were always a positive interlude in his thoughts.

The kindness with which he was treated by the prison authorities was emotionally overwhelming as he had never shown anyone such kindness all his adult life. All his constitutional rights were respected until the day before his execution. He was asked if he had just one wish, to be fulfilled within 24 hours before his execution.

“There is a young female constable at Mutare Rural Camp I want to bid farewell to,” he requested.

“Do you know her name? Are you sure she is still working there? It has been a year since you passed through the rural camp,” the officer said.

“Just enquire for me, please,” Nyangirai said entreatingly.

“Ok, I will do something,” the officer promised him.

Within two hours, Nyangirai was shown a picture compo of Rural Camp female constables. He identified the desired one and felt like an eternity would pass before he saw her again.

Then the following day as he was being led to the scaffold, the love he would miss in the next world was presented to him. “I wish you success in your career, but more so, a husband who will love you like I would have done if I had married you,” Nyangirai said.

“Thanks friend, pray for Constable Nembiri before all is done,” the female constable said.

Nyangirai’s heart missed a beat. He could not tell how she was related to Loice Nembiri, there was no time for intimate dialogue, but as he was being led to the scaffold, he dropped in a faint. When he had regained his consciousness, he was taken to hospital. The state could not hang him until he had regained his health. He began to recover as the night grew older, first thinking that he was already on the other side of the capital penalty, but gradually realised that the noose had been indefinitely postponed.

His thoughts went back to Loice Nembiri and the young constable. He was 34, so Loice should be 38, but Constable Nembiri should only be 22. The two should either be blood sisters or cousins. He would never know which was which as his wish to see the constable had been fulfilled and there was not going to be another encounter.

As the dawn crept into the prison hospital ward, Nyangirai’s chest became congested as if it was clogged with sawdust. As the life evaporated from his body, he could see Loice Nembiri and the young beautiful constable kneeling before him, saying their prayers, until the darkness settling upon him had swallowed them.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

30. TEARS OF THE PROFESSOR

One thing is known: God works it out. The partial harm in life should never trigger joy to make others proud. Newly born, brought up, and becoming aware of all I've gone through. I sit in solitude, observing the waves to my destiny in soot. It started before I was born, growing as the journey continued, now in another form.

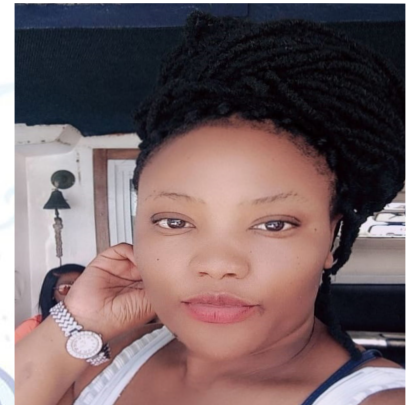
I pray that our spirit remains untorn. Forever the Almighty is God. In Him, I find refuge. Seeking spiritual protection over the obstacles I've crossed and answers to the prayers I've paused.

Realizing that my battles are many, substantiated with terror I found on the floor, just beside the door. The marks remained ill-fated, and that made me realize that whatever I've been skeptical about is now openly done. Surrender is never my plan. If God is the judge, then justice will be done.



Ogolla Writes
Nairobi
Kenya

31. Growth and Relationships



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
South Africa

Jealously guard your mental and spiritual state with everything you have. No one has power over you until they take over your thoughts and beliefs.

The only people that will be offended by your growth are the ones that find consolation in your stagnation. When we build relationships with people based on familiar struggles, we risk becoming an enemy when we choose change over common crisis.

If your personal growth makes you despise and judge the person you were yesterday, you will sabotage every opportunity to grow into something better. We grow in a space of love and acceptance. You must learn to forgive the person you were yesterday if you want to encourage an environment of real growth.

You were not stupid yesterday; you functioned within the confines of what you knew and believed to be true. It's okay to change your mind and do things differently today based on your newly acquired knowledge without shaming the person you were yesterday.

32. How She Association with love

How She Association with love, But Last End In Circle
Save your compassions for does who needs it.

Less you would be rend by pigs.
Some people only want to see you in a fix state because
they hate growth

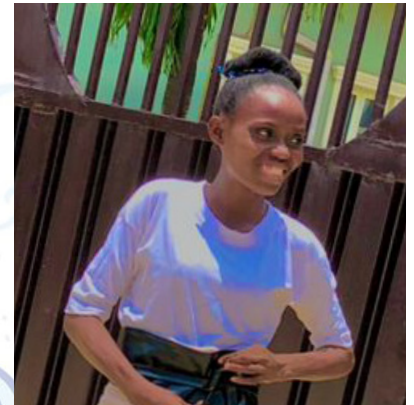
When they find out that you are increasing it irritates
the demons in them

They will be like na him still get that place na WA oo
and suddenly become of a sad contenance,if my growth will cause you pain and
not joy then may that pain kill you who soever it may be.

They are happy with you at the same level not until your level begins to pass their

Then they start opreating with the spirit of set back

They are all single lady's till one of them found a man to get married to, suddenly
they became enemies, saying you want to leave us this is betraying the sisters
hood. Evil circles



Oladipo Abigail
Student
Lagos
Nigeria

33. FUEL YOUR FIRE!!!

Knowledge is gold,
Very precious, nurse it with care.
Drive the jalopy of illiteracy,
Slow and steady for barter.
Knowledge is vast,
Fuel your fire; fuel your jalopy.

Knowledge births professions;
Be a guitarist,
Let the strings be attached to it.
Like a bank,
Save more and let it show interest.
Become an astronaut
To have space for it.
Knowledge is a painful pleasure,
Give endurance and make it work out
Only if you will be a gym instructor.
Seduce passion along with knowledge.
Have room for its beautiful lectures,
Just like a qualified teacher.
Treat it well like a medical doctor.
No one is an island of knowledge.

Do not quench the blazing fire,
Fuel it more, more, and more to explode.
Show gravity just like a physician.
Give out a befitting attire,
Just like a fashionista.
Go thousands of miles for knowledge,
Just like an athlete.

Do not be a comedian
Taking knowledge for a joke.
If knowledge is taken for granted,
You shall become a cleaner,
Very hard to clean up the mess.



**Oladipupo Olayemi
Anuoluwapo
Writer
Ikeja
Nigeria**

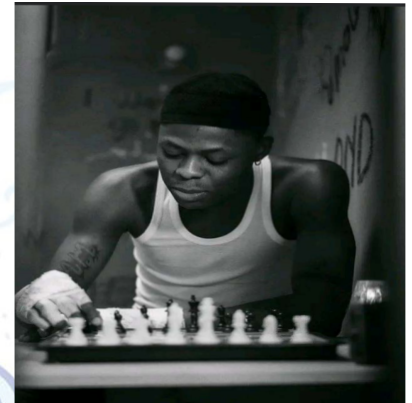
34. A Desire to Marry You, Dedicated to Faiza Gull



Own Abbas
Artist, Visa Agent
Jhang
Pakistan

I had a desire to marry you,
A religious marriage, I would have loved you so much if
I had married you.
I would have set the table when you broke the fast,
I would have had flowers for you when I came home
from work.
I would have asked you about the prayers after Fajr,
I would have listened to the sweetness of the Quran with
my head in your lap.
I would have fed you with my hands, and when someone
spoke against you,
I would have defended you in countless ways.
I used to give you, wrap your hair with my hands, apply henna to you, kiss your
forehead.
Recite Surah Rahman to you as an expression of love, take care of you,
When you are sick, beautify you with my hands.
Before going to work in the morning, I had many things to do in your love.
I would have done it all for you if I had married you,
But the marriage was not possible.
Not only did my love remain unfulfilled, but along with love, these millions of
dreams also remained unfulfilled.

35. Justice 4 Mohbad's Breeze



Phillips Tayo
Creative Writer/
Creator
Lagos
Nigeria

Littered flips sour,
Of an unending journeyman,
At 27, a crippled voyage,
Of musical rhymes,
Street-born, street-borne,
Travails dreams chuck.
Alas... We interred a sage.

Himself of humming,
Life not catching he,
Even at the dying hour,
Saying his pictures
Of been through fates,
Since born of a woman,
Whom he, nay, him ticks,

Naysayers strike lowly,
Forcible splurge abroad,
Showman stuck off shipping
Returns to be struck down,
Ouch... The empty label,
Of glittering famous glam,
No retreat... For a brave mien,
Street has borne a cot,
Street hut burrowing continues,
Mohbad, beloved champ,
Let his music flow,
We jinx the jams,
We savor talking points,
We heard his bittered feelings,
Young man really peppered.

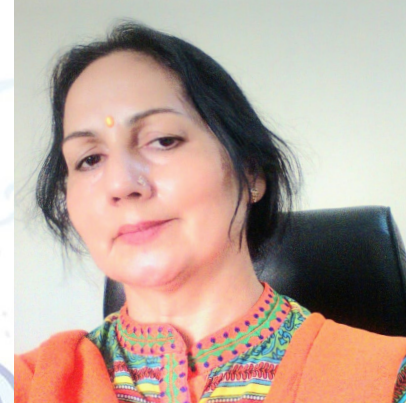
Young man really gave up,
Young man went solo,
To stark the rowing wheel
Off the early days wacko,
Stuck off Disneyland route,
Slippery loft moonwalking toe,
Mohbad is the force majeure,
Is it how the unscripted curtained?
Far from the theater of showbiz,
Fold away, young pilgrim.
Teens' starstruck icon!

The last gap cremated,
Remains void, shrinks slate,
Etcetera, few debonairs,
Many unseen defacto kingship,
Came... voiced little myths,
Of message... news... nuance.

Rest in peace, Mohbad!
Sleep on, brother, brotherly!
Ride on, white snow, at 27.

Written as a Tribute To Popular Nigeria Afrobeatz Star, Promise Oladimeji Aloba A.K.A Mohbad (Imole) who died 12,Sept 2023. Ye was an embodiment of dreams and light to the spirit of positivity.

36. A GAP



Promila Bhardwaj
Retd. General
Manager
Shimla
Himachal Pradesh

Generations of men come and go,
Like a calmly flowing river, having no ego,
Which turns the way the water moves.
Generations come and disappear like doves,
Who, having once shown their glimpse,
Fly away, the same is the plight of the poor and prince,
Once they enter the dark valley of death,
Never to be seen again, taking any breath.

What is that remote mysterious world,
From where none returns, so it remains untold?
The location is not known, still, this is quite sure -
That lovely land must be pure and secure,
As no one has ever been noticed
Coming back from there, being distressed.

Named are always unfamiliar generations
As old and new, establishing their relations,
Of various forms and unseen norms.
What a pity! No one cares for the worms,
Who, under the guise of humanity lovers,
Exploit the poor through their influential powers.

To reach heights of fame and earn a name
Is whose loving pastime and jovial game,
Eating, they are the very roots of humanity.
Never is of any use, their any kind of charity
In the form of money, as it is unable to feed
The million starving mouths, who are the seed
Of universal glory. Oh! What a pity, rather cruelty,
Mingle they with soil, untimely and unguilty.

To see the world happy on their humped backs
And to hear them rejoicing on those very tracks,
Where they walked barefoot to give luxuries
To the coming generation, saving them from miseries.
Instead of being grateful to their forefathers,
The inconsiderate younger generation doesn't bother
To pay them homage or highlight their glorious deeds.
Really, how can good flourish where evil breeds?

Gap of two contrary generations is likely -
One so humble, while the other so haughty.
Hope that this gap comes to an end,
And may God be kind enough to send
Messengers like Buddha or Jesus again to show
The new generation, misled by artificial glow,
The path of sacredness and noble aim,
So that one day, they may modestly claim
The generous blessings of forefathers
For being upright and helping others.

By Promila Bhardwaj

37. Love to Paint



Punam Bhu
Writer
Udaipur
Rajasthan

My way to express,
Paint a picture,
Make out my taste,
Pick a brush,
And start painting my fate.

Sweet melodies,
Surrounding me,
I start coloring,
With blue and white,
For the vast sky.
Take crimson red,
To give a touch to the sky.
It heals my sorrows.

Colors are my first love,
They give me courage,
And a stress-free life.
On canvas, I can show
Light and dark shades,
Take me to new places.
I can fly in the vast sky
Without any wings.
I can swim in deep water
Without any fins.
I can become an animal
Or any creature of nature.

So I love painting,
It's my dream,
Where I can fulfill my dreams
With colors on canvas.
This is the way
I express my feelings.

38. Kashmir

And my heart bleeds,
'Cause brutality is at its peak.

A head that bows on a knee,
Thinks of a miracle might be.

Eyes full of tears,
Turn to the sky; liberty is to be near.

Ears full of the news of terror,
Listen to the hope, that is not an error.

Innocent beings as a whole,
Ready to burn their souls.

For the land of the feast,
They sacrifice for peace.

Would all be wasted?
For which martyrs are created.

Would they not be rewarded?
For which all has been squandered.

Would that blood be cheap?
For which mothers and sisters weep.

Don't take it for granted,
The Kashmir that I wanted.



Raja Noor-ul-Iman
Writer
Poonch
Azad Kashmir
Pakistan

39. RETIRED



S.Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

But old age, bone, and skin fold. Stopped income, no welcome.
Life becomes worthless, meaningless.
Worked as a clerk, a government servant.
With a wife, two sons, a daughter, lived in a rented house.
In this costly world, brought up children with difficulty.
Sacrificed our needs and gave them all possible facilities.
With retirement funds, got them married.
The hard-earned wealth, they have carried with them.
We are old with meager pension, they are not worried.
We are almost useless, worthless, children waiting for us to be buried.
With the funds after retirement, built a home.
Alas, the eldest son registered it in his wife's name.
The younger son is living with in-laws as a slave.
He is very timid, not brave.
Our fate, the gate closed, thrown out from our own house.
I shift to a thatched hut with my ailing spouse.
Torn and worn-out footwear walk miles to the bank.
Hoping to receive a pension, tension, answer is blank.
Great expectation in rotation, children may look after us.
Penniless, worthless, old age is a curse.
Bank strike, protests, pension is delayed.
Days have gone, finally arrived, long queue, impatiently I wait.
Can't protest, can't blame, fate, pension has come late.
I wait and collect the cash.
With enthusiasm, extra vigour, towards home, I dash.
My ailing wife, my life, take her for treatment.
Till she is alive, she is my entertainment.
Costly drugs, costly treatment I should spend.
I am her support; all the ways, always gave me her helping hand.

False prestige, I can't beg nor afford to borrow.
Silently I shed tears with sorrow.
My wife pleads, the money not to waste.
She says life has come to an end, no longer do I last.
Can't see her sufferings and her agony.
Left on her body, the wrinkled skin, look puny.
Incurable disease, yet I have a glimmer of hope.
Doctor says end has come, there is no scope.
Eyes have dried, I shed no tears.
God has become deaf, my prayers can't hear.
She is dying, eyes do not flap, at me she stares.
She has gone, I am left alone, who is going to care.
Neighbours, known and unknown, utter poor old lady died.
She was my life, my friend, and my guide.
People come to pay their last respects, place flowers.
Can't breathe, can't smell the fragrance, never.
The air is filled with cries, for the last journey, they arrange.
Never bothered nor cared when alive, it looks strange.
On her grave, even before the flowers dried.
Sons quarrel over with whom should I stay.
Heart is burdened without her; I live a few more days.
Joy dancing on the faces of sons, so soon I have died.
Immediate attention, the property to divide.
Who knows their offspring may do the same.
Life is like that, whom to blame.

By S.Arunkumar

40. A woman

When a man is born, he first comes into contact with a woman who is a mother.

"Don't even say that the paradise, which is commanded to be worshipped and revered throughout one's life, is under the feet of this woman who is called 'mother.'"

As the man grew up, he had a relationship with another woman, who is a sister. It was commanded.

When the foster sister of your Prophet (PBUH) came, he (PBUH) stood up from his seat, laid a blanket for her, and escorted her on his return.

As the man grew up, he had a relationship with another woman, who is a wife. It was ordained.

"The best among you is the one who is good to his people. The responsibility for this woman's food, drink, clothing, dignity, and comfort lies with this man. Whether it is sunshine, shade, wind, or storm, whether she is alive or departed, the provision of comfort for this woman is the man's responsibility."

As the man grew older, he had a relationship with another woman, who is a daughter. The commandment came.

"He who raises two daughters well will be with the Prophet (peace and blessings of Allah be upon him) in Paradise, like two fingers closely together. No woman is equivalent. If it is a sister, it is like a brother's turban. If it is a daughter, it is mercy. The glad tidings of raising daughters well lead to heaven. And if it is a wife, then the best companion, a beautiful relationship that shares every sorrow and pain of a man and heals him.



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

41. Bard's Vision



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

I am a bard, free from all rigidities,
Passionate for peace,
A calm atmosphere; I want all ease,
With a serene vision.

I want a cage of freedom,
Where I am the slave,
And my dream should be the master,
For I am a dreamer of dreams.

I am a bard, painting my world
With colors of love and peace,
And with softness, sobriety, and serenity,
I yearn for a world full of peace.

I pray, thee! Pray, thee! Pray, thee all!!!
Dear poets, poetesses of my contemporary stage,
Stand with truth, let truth arise,
May bliss fill your souls on the eternal page!

42. Prowess of Women

Women can endure excruciating pain,
And sail through life's bumpy terrain.
They possess power galore,
Obstacles don't deter them; they reach the shore.
Storms that obstruct their way,
Become opportunities, come what may.
Such is the prowess of women,
Who aren't hesitant to tackle multiple tasks,
Coz resilience and diligence are the essence of their core.



Shadabi Naz
Writer
Patna
Bihar

43. Tragedy of democracy!



**Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

Till yesterday communalism was being fanned, now let alone nationalism, casteism is being fanned.

The reason is just the story of the chair. A leader without movement needs all this for bulk vote bank.

Government is formed by majority. That is why till date neither education has improved nor the horn has been broken.

Education is very important for conscious suffrage. When citizens become aware, a government based on casteism, casteism and communalism will not be formed.

In such a government, money is cut for special people and only lollipops are enough for the common people.

The loan money of big capitalists which belongs to the public is waived off. And this black money is used in elections.

Social Story: The foresight of Emperor Munshi Premchand had realized that unless religious and political leaders are separated, a public welfare state can never be successful. Because the common people become victims of the majority. Religions are increasing and religiosity is disappearing. Communalism is the protector of varnas and castes. Politicians get the power and religious leaders get the cream in gold and silver plates. The right to freedom of thought and expression is a fundamental right. Whereas it is tightly controlled by those in power. Common people remain far away from the truth. He had rightly said that "Today, the work of litterateurs is not just to organize grand gatherings, but to give light to religious people and politicians." Image: Today media and journalists have also joined in. Whatever may be the reason. This is a big tragedy of democracy.

44. Love Bytes: A Modern Digital Romance

In this digital age, love's a modern rhyme,
We text and chat, say "gonna" all the time.
Through Facebook and WhatsApp, we connect and
chat,
In this cyber-age love, we've found where it's at.

In the digital realm, love's a wild ride,
Where "gonna" and "gotta" are feelings we can't hide.
LOLs and ROFLs, we laugh through the screen,
In this modern romance, you're my love, my dream.

Swipe right, match up; it's a modern quest,
In a world where feelings are expressed in texts.
But deep inside, our love's sincere,
Through pixelated screens, you're crystal clear.

You're online, and my heart skips a beat,
As emoji-filled messages make our love complete.
Through memes and GIFs, we share our delight,
In this virtual world, our love's taken flight.

But remember, my dear, in this digital haze,
Love's not just pixels; it's real in so many ways.
Though words are typed and not always spoken,
Our love is real, and it's never broken.

So let's embrace this digital show,
In a world where love and tech both grow.



Shoaib Mehmood
Lecturer, Poet,
Writer, Amateur
Painter
Sargodha
Pakistan

45. Am still waiting



Steven Lombola
Poet
Blantyre
Malawi

There was a girl
I once loved. She was the most amazing woman I had
ever met in my life.
When she smiled, time itself stopped to admire her
dimple.
When she talked, my heart jumped!

The first time I saw her was my second day on campus.
She was amazing!
She was shy, never talked,
you could see how uncomfortable she was in a new environment.

The second time I saw her, I had already started planning our future together.
Heh, yeah, it's funny...

Look, I don't know how it happened, but she became my best friend.
And when I told her about my feelings, she smiled and called me a good FRIEND.
She said she was not ready to love and commit, that she was afraid to love. That
I should give her time to think.

It's now been 3 years, 4 months, 3 weeks, 2 days, 12 hours, and 45 minutes. I am
still waiting...

46. Worst Poet



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

Kingdoms of ink and soaring thoughts,
Where words took flight, emotions sought.
There lived a poet, deemed the worst,
Verses seen as dull and cursed.

Caged birds longing to be free,
His words caged, devoid of glee.
He tried to soar, to break the chains,
Mediocrity remained.

The world looked on with heavy sighs,
He penned lines devoid of skies.
Generic verses, void of grace,
Numbed hearts and left no lasting trace.

Deep within, a fire burned,
A poet's soul that simply yearned.
To craft a verse of beauty rare,
Answering hearts, banishing despair.

Criticism, like heavy chains,
Bound his spirit, instilling pains.
They mocked his musings, held disdain,
Words that danced with mundane strain.

They whispered, "Wait for death's embrace,
No poet finds their rightful place,
Until they've breathed their final breath,
Your verses then will live beyond the grip of death."

He thought, perhaps they're right,
This burden may be lifted in twilight.
His worn-out pen shall write no more,
The worst poet shall be no more, no more.

May we ponder, for a while,
With empathy, not scorn or guile.
Every poet bears a spark,
Even in verses cold and stark.

In each attempt, in every rhyme,
A poet's voice, transcendent of prime.
Emotions woven, frail and strong,
Words, a solace to souls that long.

Embrace the worst of verse as mine,
Honor hearts that dared traverse divine.
Even when shadows cast,
This poet's passion echoes vast.

Though critics jeer, their laughter loud,
I am the worst poet that stands tall and proud.
At the lakes where poets dwell,
True beauty triumphs, where words excel.

Never the top, just mere worst,
Pens will spill by a poetic curse.
Words shall live, words shall die,
Victories and verse will one day be mine,
be mine.

By Tha Ono

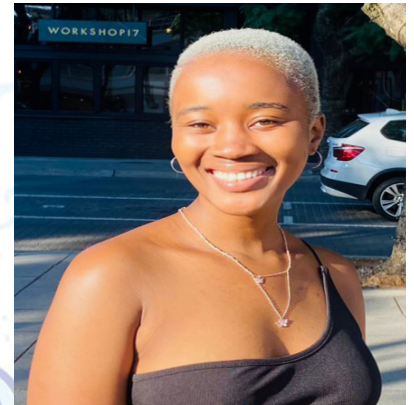
47. Everything happens for a reason

Sometimes people come into your life, and you know right away that they were meant to be there. They serve some sort of purpose, teach you a lesson, or help you figure out who you are or who you want to become. Life is simpler when one realizes that all of life's obstacles happen for a reason.

“Everything Happens for a Reason” may be hard to adhere to at first, but it is certainly tangible. It is absolutely normal to be upset about situations that turn out differently than expected. Everything happens for a reason! Nothing happens by chance or by means of good or bad luck. I believe that there is a plan made for everyone. It's like fate. People and opportunities come in and out of our lives for a reason, and that reason is so we can learn and grow from experiences. Without these tests, life would just be like a smooth, paved, straight, flat road to nowhere.

It is within this that we build character. It might be difficult to believe that there is a reason behind losing something. At this point in our lives, it's easy to blame something or someone instead. But believing that everything happens for a reason can help ease the burden or the pain.

Call it a coping mechanism if you must. But believing that events in your life have a purpose allows you to take one step forward to a better you. THERE'S A SILVER LINING.



**Theodore Amahle
Ndlovu**
**Writer, Author,
Model**
**Johannesburg
South Africa**

48. Dear Mirror



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

Dear Mirror,

Many good friends do I have,
Many valuable acquaintances do I have,
Whom I value a lot on this beautiful journey.

But do you know one thing?
It is always YOU, only YOU,
Who would be there to adorn the throne
Of the first and foremost one for me.

You are always there with me,
As my soulmate, as my most trustworthy friend,
Who genuinely puts on view the real me.

You are always there, along with me,
As an inseparable companion,
Who exist within me as the true version of myself.

You are always there, just beside me,
As my inner voice,
Who projects before me my own true self.

It is you who make me see the real me,
It is you who accept me the way I am,
It is you who teach me to embrace the uniqueness in me,
It is you who always cheer me up to love me the way I am.

It is you who taught me to embrace both
My uniqueness and my imperfections
As the yin and yang of my persona.
It is you who made me believe that
My imperfections are my uniqueness and
My uniqueness conjures up my identity.

Yes, I love myself the way I am,
I love my true self infinitely,
I love the way I am,
I am who I am.

Dear Mirror,
You are sobriquetted as our inner voice, our conscience,
Our inner guide, and our true self.

But I love to address you for sure as 'my dear Mirror'
Because you reflect me exactly as I am,
You encourage me to be proud of myself

And to be myself, celebrating
Each moment and each season of being here
On this beautiful planet.

By Usha Krishnan

49. Golden Days



Utshaw Kumar
Writer
New Delhi
Delhi

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

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

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

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

The playground, their magical abode,
With swings and slides where friendships explode,
They giggle and laugh, running hand in hand,
Creating memories, a golden band.

In stories and poems, they immerse,
Lost in adventures, they traverse,
Through enchanted forests and faraway lands,
Exploring the world, holding each other's hands.

Their hearts are filled with innocence,
Their spirits, full of resilience,
They ask questions, their minds exploring,

Their little souls are always adoring.

Oh, the beauty of children in school,
Where every day is a learning tool,
In these precious days, so fleeting,
Seeds of knowledge and love are seeding.

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

By Utshaw Kumar

50. Junk Food Heaven



Take away junk food is heaven on Earth,
Exploding the senses, expanding the girth.
It's a blessing for the taste buds, nectar so sweet,
There's nothing as good as a fast food treat.

Pizzas! I love, smothered with cheese,
To burgers and fries, I'll always say "Please."
Crispy fried chicken is a gourmet's delight,
The stuff dreams are made of, late at night.

Fish battered and fried, wrapped up in paper,
I almost get high just sniffing the vapor.
The same goes for fritters and even cheese sticks,
The taste buds are frenzied; it's time for my fix.

Take away junk food is what I adore,
One whiff of a chip and I'm yearning for more.
It's a sad thing to say, but I'm hooked on the stuff,
A hopeless addiction, and I can't get enough.

**Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**

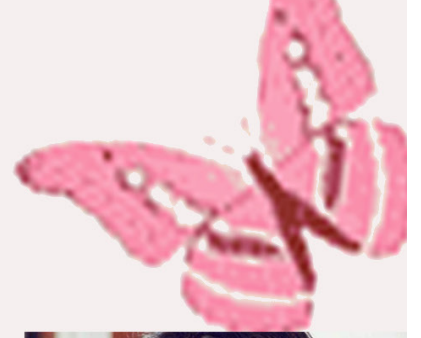
51. Tears of Autumn

It was spring in the gardens,
There were many flowers,
To see you,
There was a crowd of people.
You had an attraction,
The world used to be intoxicated,
Now, when it used to see you,
your appearance has changed,
Autumn has taken shape.
Forget about the crowd.
Now, no one is looking at you
even from a distance.
Don't expect anyone to come.
Now, why are tears flowing from your eyes?
Why didn't you understand the customs of the world?



Vivek Sharma
Poet & writer
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Aadhya Publishing
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Name : Akanksha Shrivastava

Dob: 29-August

Place: Bhopal

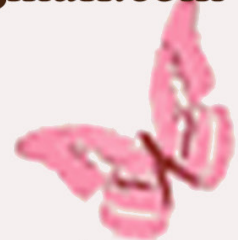
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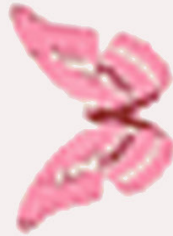
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**Monthly English Magazine
October 2023**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
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**Monthly English Magazine
October 2023**



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