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PANACHE

January 2023

Volume 2, Issue 1

**PRESENTED BY:
AADHYA
PUBLISHING
HOUSE**

Chief Editor :
Akanksha Shrivastava
+919424002558

Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

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January 2023

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558

Designed by:

Lalit Kishore Gaur
LKG Telefilms
lkgaur76@gmail.com

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Ms. Dimple Verma**

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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Maharishi Dayanand Saraswati
1824-1883

Republishing the article on public demand

The Unsung Hero of Swaraj Swami Dayanand Saraswati

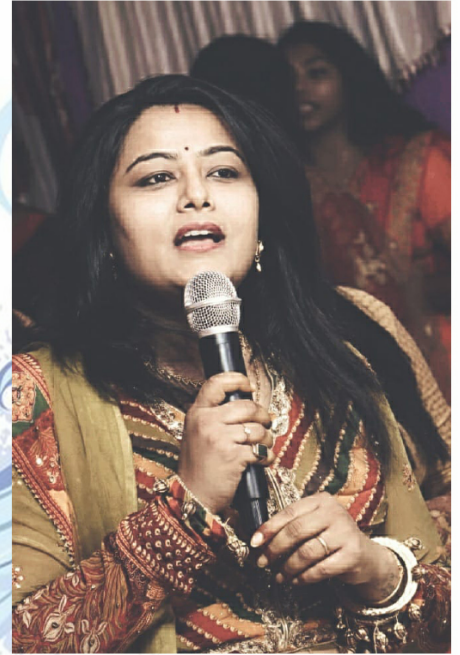
Swami Dayanand Saraswati was a flambeau who laid the foundation of Swaraj.

Very few people would know that Swami was a valuable constellation in the struggle of independence, apart from a Baba Sanyasi.

The constellation that gave birth to stars like Bhagat Singh, Ashfaq Ullah Khan, Madan Lal Dhingra and Lala Lajpat Rai and showed the path of Swaraj.

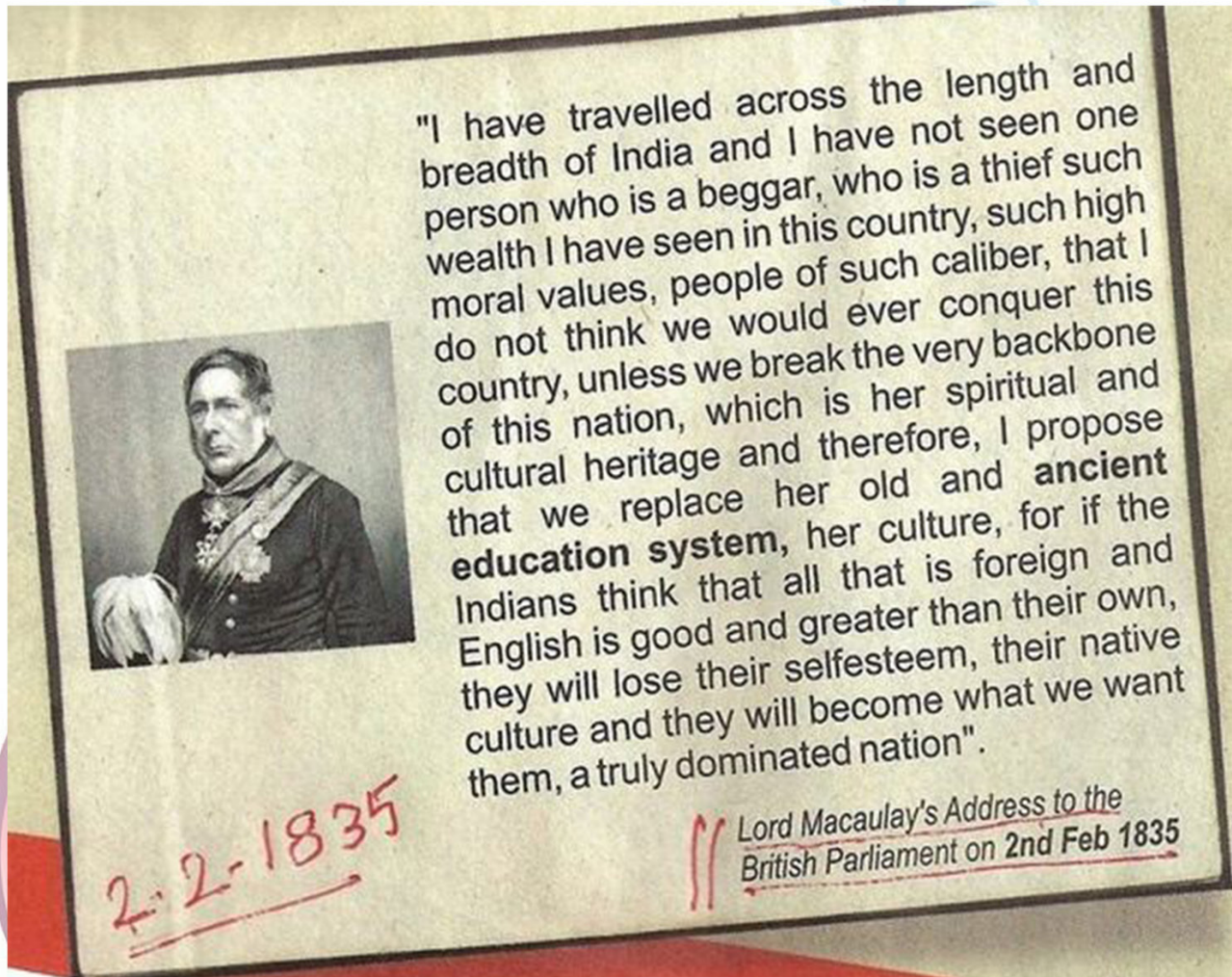
Hello, I am Akanksha Shrivastava, Founder of Aadhya Publishing House, starting a series to bring to you the stories of great heroes of a great country India. Because I will be very happy to share the great history of India with all of you.

Swami Dayanand Saraswati whose real name was Mool Shankar Tiwari, was a Brahmin born in a great sage tradition. He was born in 1824 when India was under British Raj. The British Raj who wanted to rob India's treasury, along with robbing India's morality and pride. Swami Dayanand Saraswati was one of those scholars who understood the policies of the British government and knew that a prosperous country like India can become a slave only when its education system and culture is abolished.



**AKANKSHA
SHRIVASTAVA
PUBLISHER
AADHYA PUBLISHING
HOUSE**

I am sharing with you all the statement of Lord Macaulay which he has given to the British Parliament on February, 2, 1835.



Swami Dayanand Saraswati is one of those intellectuals who understood how we are being taken advantage of because of our weaknesses. He understood that the weakness of the Indians is that, they believe in ATITHI DEVO BHAVA. How Indians, seeing God in every living being, bow before each one and believe in his words. How easy it is to fool people who are compassionate and always ready to help. Keeping these things ahead, Indians were first misguided by the British rulers in a way that they love Indians and they are their well-wishers, then it was explained to them that Indian culture, dress, food and drink are all inferior.

Their traditions and beliefs are all meaningless. They were told that if they want to live a happy life, then they have to follow the rules and regulations of the British government. Swami Dayanand Saraswati understood that we have become part of a well thought out conspiracy and if we want to get out of this trap, then we have to strengthen our roots again. We have to know our Vedas again, have to read and understand them. He started the promotion of Hindi language, Vedic traditions and Vedas and he also took this revolutionary step when almost all of them had come under the myth that whatever britishers do is always right. They began to consider themselves wrong and the British right. But Swami ji fearlessly took the side of the right and always said that India can never be a slave of the British rule. Oh! who has the ability to weaken the Sanatan tradition that has been going on for centuries. Swamiji knew that Indians are perfect in every way, but in the shadow of the dust of inferiority complex, they have forgotten themselves.

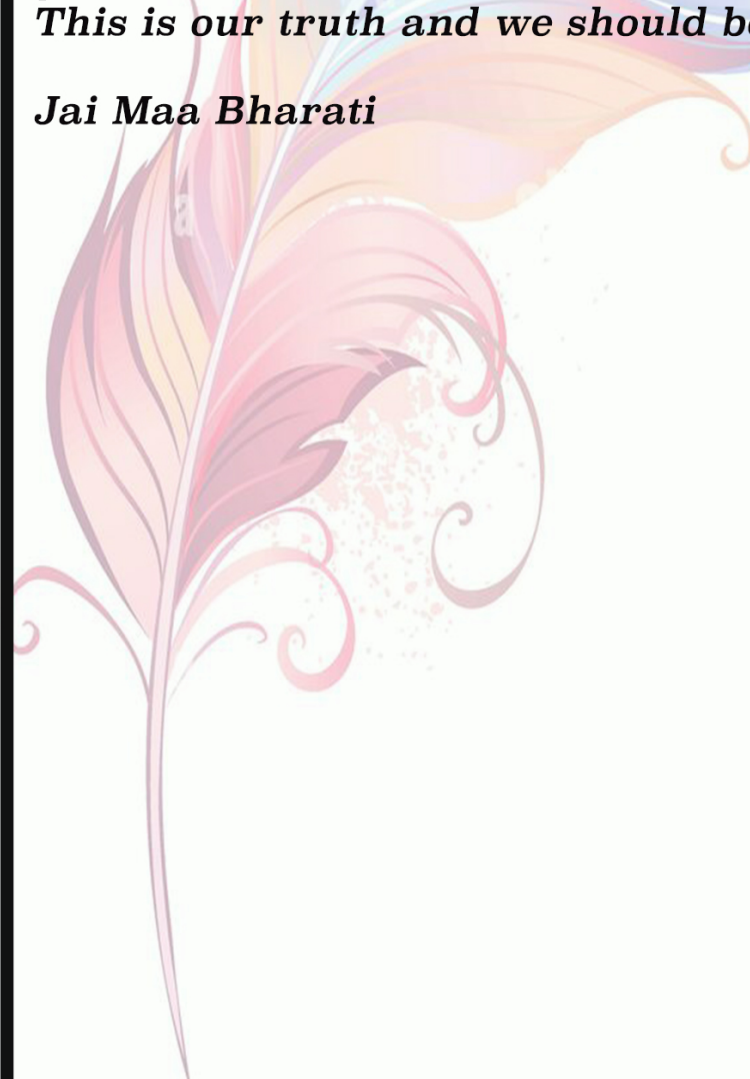
Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel had said that Swami Dayanand Saraswati laid the foundation of Swaraj in the true sense. We do not even know that the credit for what we are breathing in independent India today also goes to Swami Dayanand Saraswati. Swamiji was so fearless that he always had the power to say right as right and wrong as wrong. When people got entangled in useless rituals, he founded ARYA SAMAAJ to bring people who had strayed from God and brought them on the right path. Then he himself stood against the superstitions of his own people. Everyone is well aware of how much dam it takes to fight against the loved ones as compared to others. And the one who has the power to say right in front of his own people as right and wrong as wrong, will he care about others?

From this you can understand that with what fearlessness Swamiji must have laid the foundation of the struggle of Independence. Wouldn't intellectuals like Swami ji know that how much effort, how much time and how much sacrifice will it take for us to regain freedom? Surely you must have known, but without taking care of these things, he kept the flame of Swaraj burning in the heroes of the country and kept motivating them to give supreme for freedom.

If the culture is as rich as Our Sanatan Culture then one can suppress it, but no one has the courage to destroy it. Our heroes achieved freedom but could not save the history written in books and libraries that were available to common people , because the invaders destroyed the libraries holding the books having stored the major part of our culture , history and tradition. They vanished whole libraries of schools like takshila, Nalanda etc. and these things are very intelligently removed from the text book also.

But this is a blessing and we should thanks to our heroes that today we are able to breathe in the independent air. Heroes like Swamiji have done their duty for the country very well, now it is our responsibility to make our children know the correct history and feel proud that they belong to a great country. We are full of such sons and glorified history. This is our truth and we should be proud to tell it.

Jai Maa Bharati



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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. Human

Be human only once
A resident of an unknown island.
Far away from known localities.
Where nothing is known to you.
But the enchanted beauty of unknown truth;
I will recognize you again.
Thousands of water bodies splashed
you will know how
old injuries;
Old hurts have to be washed away.
In the strong current of new life.
Twilight's crimson glow
Bright afternoon.
You might feel it
Golden days gone
Some people love.
May be they are none today.
May be there was a lot to talk about
It has not been said.
In the heavy rain of flying clouds
Your heart will be wet.
All minds will be erased
A sketch of some pride painted on canvas.
May be you think so
can
"Where are you friend?
I love you so much."

Be human only once
A resident of an island surrounded by a green forest.
You will find the pulse of life within yourself
Longing for life.



Abu Al Farabi
Veterinarian
Chittagong
Bangladesh

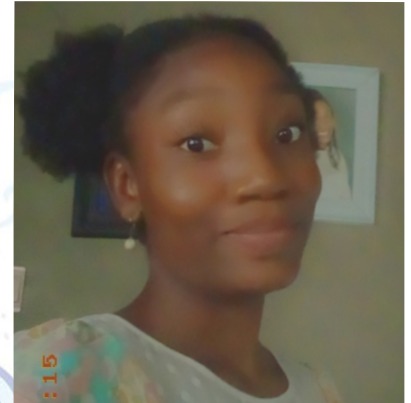
2. HE IS GOD

Have you heard about the great king,
Who ruled the living in His Majesty?
He doesn't have an iota of lethargy
In His creation and His praises they sing.

To the needy, He provides provision.
He doesn't hesitate to strain
His extraordinary arm to those in pain.
I heard he had never lived on medication.

Who then say this Being doesn't exist?
The one, who is indomitable
And for His love, never ignoble.
He is never oblivious of our daily feast.

To give life to His creatures, He breathe once.
He hates His creatures being callous
But loves them being remorseful.



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Writer, student
Ibafu
Nigeria**

3. I AM A SAVIOR BUT I WAS NAME BANDIT



Aladodo Yasir
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria

I am a Savior from the west Am a savior to my people
In the northern part

I am man of man I am man to the manless Saving
people is what I choose I give people orientation
Bandit is not like kidnapped I help people in the north
I only bandit rich people You can not see where we
bandit poor

Because the money we collect We deliver for poor
people To take care of them Not to ignore To treat
them, not to treat less

I am the one every one who is looking for I visit the north leader they give me
order to go ahead I started with drinking a blood

My bandit; used to cry every day But they don't understand I sock many blood
every day

I may survive with it , or I may not survive
I am man to the manless
I am powerful to the powerless

I am danger in this heart Many people are panic because of me

I agree
That I am a bandit of the north
Many people need my assistance

It is ashamed for Nigerian leader
I bandit only nigeria
Which is Nigerian leader family
And I succeed

Am Still saying that I am a bandit
I am a savior
To my people in the north

4. Let bygone be bygone

What is past is past
What is in front is the truth
No matter how much you lie
What is truth is the truth.

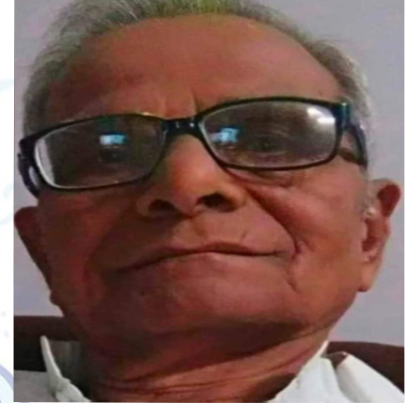
Why you worry about the past
It is never in your hand
Tomorrow is not in your hand
Then why you worry in vain ?

Whatever happened is good
It will be good in future too
Your intentions were not impure
It will not be impure further too.

Which you do not want for yourself
Why should you think for others
Whatever is good for ourselves
Why should not be given to others .

Looking at someone's smiling face
Our heart blossoms from inside
If there is shadow of sorrow on someone's face
How can we feel happy outside?

It is better to think good
Then think good for everyone
When no one has done harm
Then why we should think harm to anyone ?



**Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

5. Faute de mieux



Bobby Narayan
PhD Scholar
New Delhi

Coming out from Inquiry Commission, Ramkaran Pandit was too tense and was feeling very exhausted; though he was having good built and bold enough nevertheless. His brother-in-law, Yogeshwar Tyagi, helped him to enter the car. The eight-hour long interrogation had made him feel an enemy of the state. He lost his voice, his smile deserted. From the heaven of richness, suddenly an occurrence of turbulent moments deserted all hopes, dreams and aspirations.

They stopped near Kapershera Border for tea. It was going to be dusk. Ramkaran felt the need of burning the lungs to pacify the head and so he lighted a cigarette while Tyagi came out of the car and ordered two cups of tea. Suddenly, Tyagi felt the vibration of his mobile. He took it out and found it was his wife, Kailasho. He got panicked and picked up.

- Where are you? Who will bring the grocery?
- At the border with Jijaji.
- What is the matter? For month's long, you have been with him. Is there any fishy?
- Oh! I haven't told you. If you keep secret, then I will tell you.
- I don't talk to anybody...not even with your sister.
- Jijaji is facing proceedings before the Commission because of accumulating property disproportionate to his income....
- Oh! By dint of his hard labour for last twenty years?
- Shut up. Till last month these acquisitions weren't known to anybody. No government agencies noticed them. He also didn't disclose them.
- What is his position? Tell me...a little bit about it.
- He is Senior Auditor in DDA.
- Meaning?
- Authority...under which all the lands of the Capital is controlled.
- Oh! There is the money. Every file contains money. Money flows even under the table. By the way how much asset has he accumulated?
- Seven plots with four storey buildings scattered here and there in the capital. Rental Business, sale-purchase and many other.
- Will he give one to us? Have you got any share? Or simply revolving like a slave?
- Okay, I am disconnecting...

Both left for Rohtak. Leaving his Jijaji, Tyagi went home. Kailasho was only staring at him. After food, he was preparing for night duty and started making love but Kailasho uttered:

- Just wait. I don't understand why he has been accumulating wealth? For whom?
- Obviously, for himself...his son
- His son? Don't you know what his son has done?
- What?
- He has been in relationship with a manky whore and now they have eloped.
- How do you know? Have they married?
- Can't say; not confirmed. I saw them in Jagmati's house. Perhaps they are living in the poky of her dormitory.
- What poppycock! Have you gone mad? He is my nephew. If Jijaji comes to know about your role, he will outcast you. Even I will not be spared too. Now what will happen.
- Worry not dear! They will never be traced. And you! don't indulge in anything where there is no benefit.

-2-

Early in the morning, Tyagi left for breaking the news to Ramkaran but found him already outburst with anger. His overload of anger was resisting Tyagi to approach him, so he directly went to the kitchen and asked his sister. Before he could exchange words, Ramkaran shouted: Yogesh, come with me.

Both drove for Jhajjar and after an hour stopped at an Akhara. Omvir, the headman, was introduced to Ramakaran. After formal salutation, Tyagi narrated the incident and who handed over five lakh rupees to wipe out the weed.

- One or two?
- Both
- Think twice. We can eliminate the girl only.
- Do whatever you like? You will get money for the both.

The next day, Ramkaran again visited the Akhara to inquire into the plan to be executed. But Omvir was not there. Next day, he again came and was about to say, but Omvir, in hard voice, said:

- Did you bring the photo and address?

Ramkaran extended one envelop and asked:

- I have now changed my decision. An Ordinance from Khap Panchayat has come: Get rid of the girl and leave the boy unhurt.
- We have already formed a three-member team comprising of all wrestlers and

good shooters and they have been sent. By now they have begun witch-hunting. It will not be possible to revert back.

Ramkaran got depressed. Now what to do.

- Okay, don't worry. Let me see what can be done. I will try my level best.

-3-

The wrestlers wandered day and night. Asked all their accomplice but didn't lose heart. After seven day's search, the wrestlers found the love-birds at Gurgaon and chased them with their jeep but soon got stuck in the traffic jam. Now their eyes were busy to carry out the search operation. Suddenly they saw the couple few meters away and the pillion rider was targeted but the shot missed and his one truck catching the attention of the people around and the duo got some narrow space amidst the vehicles and fled from the spot. Taking the U-turn, with the bike they hid behind a truck which was parked near the road-side. Though the couple got the enough time to escape but the bullets followed.

- Are you okay, Payal? You are in trouble because of me.

- Worry not, Sombir. We should now maintain distance and keep apart. Don't allow them to target both at a time. I am boarding a bus. Meet you soon.

The lazzie-farrie firing hit a girl who was in another bike and situation became tense. The shooters informed Omvir that the prey had been shot. Omvir advised them to disperse as soon as possible.

Ramkaran got relief. For him, it was the name, fame of the family; culture, tradition everything would have been demolished and crushed into pieces. 'For me social norms are the priority. I have to protect my religion. Sacrifice is needed to protect the religion.'

The next day, three policemen arrived to which Ramkaran wasn't prepared at all. Little bit he got afraid. All of a sudden a heap of problems has been dumped over his head. He thought 'I would have to appear again before the Inquiry Commission and thereafter, I would be sent to jail.' One policeman said:

- Your son is admitted in the hospital

- Why? Where?

- He got bullet injury and thereafter he met accident. We want to question you regarding this.

- Whatever be the questions, those will be answered later on; let me meet my son.

-4-

Three cops accompanied Ramkaran to the hospital leaving their bicycles at his house. Tyagi arrived after an hour with Kailasho and his sister. They all sat outside as none

was permitted to enter the ICU and eagerly waited for the doctor to come out. The infrastructure is slightly better than that of a stable due to the concern being a district hospital. The specialist doctor was yet to arrive after which it would be decided whether to shift the patient or not. Ramkaran was unable to make eye contact with his wife who was weeping constantly. She was blaming her silence to be the major factor in the turbulence; had she interfered in the deeds of her husband, all the mishaps could have been averted.

Suddenly Kailasho shouted, as Payal came out of ICU:

- There she is!

Approaching Ramkaran, she whispered:

- That is your daughter-in-law. Her name is Payal. Ask her about your son.

- Daughter-in-law?

- Yes, she is pregnant too. Very soon you will see your grandson.

Ramkaran could not decide whether to speak or not but later on under compulsion followed Payal to store room and stood at the door and asked politely:

- How is Sombir?

- Just a minute. I am coming. It's urgency here. Please wait.

Ramkaran then broke down. He began to realize the absence of the descendant; 'my only son, is on the edge of death and I am the only person responsible for it'

Payal returned with some bottles and bandages and entered ICU. The anxious ones waited as usual without food for hours. One of the policemen hinted Ramkaran to come aside. Ramkaran followed:

- Who has given the bounty? I know Omvir gang has their hand behind it. Are you involved?

- I don't know. Why would I do so to kill my son?

- We know, affair with lower caste girl? Now what have you gained? You went to kill the girl but killed your son. The girl is beautiful; she is also government nurse. No deficiency, then what was your problem. Why did you do so?

Ramkaran had no reasons but the societal pressure compelled him to take such steps. Now society was not seen alongside. Therefore, he got irritated and said:

- Stop nonsense. I am not involved.

- Let me tell you that Omvir has been arrested. He has exposed the truth.

Ramakaran was speechless, seeing Payal coming out, took excuse and said:

- Just coming.

He then approached Payal, who angrily said:

- He is in Coma. One bullet has struck his head.

- Will he survive?

- Alive! But live Corpse! I have heard that you had engaged Omvir to kill both

of us...Wrestler Sushil was firing at us. Rest 'Kailasho Mami' has told me everything. You should be hanged. Now get lost.

With the mountain of despairs and repentance storming to his head, Ramkaran could not tolerate the attack and fell down. He was admitted to a private hospital.

After few days, doctors declared that he wouldn't survive the next attack. As soon as he came out of the hospital, he was arrested and sent to police custody.

Just one night in custody, Ramkaran began to lose his pride, dominance, kingly feeling, personage and began to realize that his days are numbered. 'No Magus will come to overturn the misdeed' he thought.

He requested Yogesh to call Payal. She didn't respond for first two days, later on the request from CMO, she went along with Yogesh. From behind the bars, Ramkaran said:

- Bahu, please pardon me. I have committed a sin. You are divine. I will not live long, therefore, I have decided to hand over all my property to my grandson.

Payal exclaimed: Grandson!

It was all Greek to her. Suddenly, there started hue and cry as DM was visiting the Thana. Payal and Tyagi were asked to leave.

The DM entered and inquired off Ramkaran.

- Panditji, please accept the Court Order.
- For what?
- All your property has been attached or say kurked.
- Who has given the order?
- The government.

Ramakaran smiled and said:

- But I have transferred all my property to my grandson.

The DM and other police officials went out to search the grandson.

By Bobby Narayan

6. A Visit To Elephant Caves

I visited Mumbai in connection with family marriage ceremonies of my nephew's daughter. Here, I got a chance to visit Elephanta caves. These are situated in the south-west of Mumbai. This is an island and 11 kilometres away from Apollo Bandar in North West of Mumbai. We were four persons to visit the caves. From the Gateway of India, we started our journey by motorboat. After one and half hour, we reached there. Elephanta caves are included in world heritage sites in 1987. UNESCO considered this site as a unique example of human creativity and Cultural legacy. This is known as Dhara Puri. There are three small villages named Raj Bandar, Shet Bandar and Mora Bandar.



C.D.S. Kaushal
Retired Associate
Professor
Kurukshetra
Haryana

The statue of Elephant which was found here is now exhibited in Veer Mata Jijabai Bhonsle garden. Shiva has been worshiped by all Hindus since Vedic period. A magnificent Shiva Temple attracts everyone. This is made of black stone. There are total seven caves carved in mountains of basalt.

Cave no. 1 is the source of attraction for all. There is a big central hall having six lines of six pillars. One can see Trimurti Shiva. This is really the best piece of art. Architecture of temple is praiseworthy.

Shivalinga is located inside the temple. Many figures are carved on the walls near the entrance gates of the main cave. Mahayogi Shiva, Natraj Shiva, Sadashiva, Ardhanarishvar Shiva, Gangadhar Shiva, Shiva Temple, Andhkasur Vadhamurti, Kalyan Shivasundar Murti, Ravan Anugrah Murti are very important sculptures to be seen carefully.

Ardhanarishvar Shiva is depicted very beautifully. It shows the concept of union of Shiva and Shakti as one identity. Without Shakti Shiva is Shava i.e. dead. Man is incomplete without woman and woman is incomplete without man. Both united can create and enjoy. This is the secret of Indian philosophy.

Panchmukha Parmeshvar is a symbol of universal grace and supreme support. This sculpture is also liked by all. Infact Shiva is Mahadev. Shivalinga is symbol of universe. Every thing comes out of it and every thing goes into it. All Devas reside in it. Just meditate and experience this truth. When you visit Elephanta, then you see and experience with your own eyes.

Akasham lingamityahuh
Prithivi tasya pithika.
Alayah sarvadevanam
Layanallingmuchyate.

Shiva and Shakti have been depicted in scene of marriage celebration. One can feel the bliss of solitude and meditation while visiting Elephanta caves. We did not see any painting there. In the month of February, a great fair of Music and Dance is organised every year. This is the great vibrant centre of creative activities for all lovers of Arts. Artists from all over India come here with full enthusiasm. Even foreigners also visit Elephanta caves with great curiosity. Elephanta cave is closed every Monday. The best period to visit Elephanta is between November to March. If you are lover of Art, then you must visit Elephanta caves.

By C.D.S.Kaushal

7. DAINTY REFLECTION

I look into the eyes in the mirror,
All I see is a face complete with a quiver.

Deep within my soul, I believe,
Speculations of various kinds that I see.

I break my silence in vain,
I lay dainty to avoid pain.

My reflection is all I see,
I imagine all the possibilities I could be.

Teardrops freeze with time,
Sparkling eyes dream of what is not mine.

I smile with my lips sealed,
Thinking of everything that I have revealed.

I look into the eyes of the mirror,
All I see is a face complete with a quiver.

Deep within my soul, I believe,
There are possibilities that I can still achieve.



Caroline Cabral
Lecturer
Vizag
Andhra Pradesh

8. THE RISE OF A SHAME PLANT



**Dannish Mudondo
Jnr
Writer
Nairobi
Kenya**

I, man of silent fire,
A pessimist in a plane,
Always ready with a parachute,
Today, I cry as man without beards and huge veins,
I smoke the engine,
My world is shut down,
The giant in me has been ripped off.

I, man of lazy furs,
I feel cold but I'm shy like mimosa plant,
I bear shame with irregular shapes,
Today, a rational man has been befallen,
He can't keep hope on a slow train...

I, man of roaring ego,
Has been humbled with pain,
He enjoys the rain under the torn umbrella,
The fire he breathes has been extinguished,
I feel battered by thick mud...
Creature of emotions, I suffer.

I, man of rigid wisdom,
My thunder has been muzzled,
My water no longer quench thirst,
I stoop by their bawl.

I, man of the innocent sun,
Today, I am low in the moon, easy it doesn't come.
I sink but I'll never drown.

9. PAIN(II)

I come as errand ready to trade in lands of worry and pain...but for this one, I request faith.

Faith that will lead me to light.

Faith that will believe in redemption of sins even when the temptations become overwhelming.

Faith that will keep me consulting in prayers even when the answers still awaits.

Faith that will allow me to distinguish good and bad, fake and real, love and hate, wise and fool, faith that is going keep me steadfast when the storms lasts long.

Faith that will make me move even in the battle of the spirits without worry.

Worry for the possibility of treasured seed germinating in the presence of growth inhibitors.

Worry about the imaginary sounds heard in mind, intuitions emanating spiritually when in sleep paralysis,

Now I'm in terror, but growing in an atmosphere of love.

Love for life and destiny, enclosed in challenges like those of rose flowers in thorns.

Love for existing as a contender not a spectator who may give up during teams' storms.

Love for having access to reality alongside fictional zones.

Love for all the blessings and grace, as evident in the taste of my fate.

Love for being real to the real ones and faking for allies of hate.

Hate masqueraded in different disguise for untimely fortunes,

Hate that awaits in jubilation over the tricked downfalls,

Hate for trading in pain and worry over the heralded convictions.



Denis Ogola
Student
Rongo university

10. Tricolour

Saffron, white and green
Colours of bravery, peace and prosperity,
My lovely national flag,
Makes us feel equality and sovereignty.

I salute National Flag,
Gives me always zeal n joy.
Encourage patriotism in young girls and boys
In Gandhi's country,
violence is zero.
Who sacrificed for Motherland.
I salute those heroes.

When an unfurl flag flies in the sky,
Keeps our morals up and high.
National days or festivals;
All over the world tricolour shine.
Our national flag gives pleasure n joy,
courage and smiles.

Holding arms in hands
with watchful eyes,
For dignity of tricolour
Soldiers are alert day and night.



Dhan Singh
"Dhanendra"
Moradabad
Uttar Pradesh

11. Stuck

Lemme take a moment
A moment to look back at my life
To assemble all the broken pieces
To mend all the holes
A moment to relive it all
I'm stuck
Stuck between so many things
The things in my life
The past
The present
The future
The insecurities
The flaws
The fear
The strengths
The opportunities I lost
The decisions I made
The memories
The unsaid dreams
The a million plus mistakes
The failing fighter spirit
Yes I'm stuck in it all
Where do I start ?
How do I handle it all?
I can't do it?
All my life I've been failing
Succumbing to circumstances
Apologizing for every wrong thing
Taking the blame for it all
Being afraid of even your very own family
Not knowing if your presence is valued
How can you not be stuck?
Huh?
Myriads of questions crossing your mind
Of how you wish you were never born



**Fareen Mboya
Khabetsa
Student
Eldoret
Kenya**

Of what if I was
How then can you not be stuck
When you are aiming for the very best
Putting your best foot forward
Doing it all despite the odds
Yet not having someone to cheer you on
How can you not be stuck
When the only person you knew believes in you
Is acting up
Being like a stranger
The person who made you feel loved for once
Is giving you the attitude
The only soul you knew had your back
Is currently deserting you
The only human you gave a half of your life to
Is changing you to be something you're not
How can you not be stuck
Tell me??
When you can no longer remember yourself
When you do not recognize the person you see in the mirror
When you don't know what inner peace is
When you've forgotten how to smile
When your heart can no longer take it
When it's all not worth living for
When you can no longer be you
When you know no happiness
When you are all alone
When you even hate being alone in the first place
When you can't take it anymore
When you are broken beyond repair
When you are tired of tears streaming down every night
When you are sick of your very own demons
How can you not be stuck!??
Tell me
How can you not be stuck!??

By Fareen Mboya Khabetsa

12. Ghazal

Suppress your desires, dilute your expectation.
Your brain now needs more motivation.

Fill your brain, with positive approach.
Your life shall find, a new dimension.

Feed your heart, with Nobel thoughts.
The heart doesn't go, beyond emotion.

You are here, to control your nerves.
I can declare it, without hesitation.

Your pride and ego, are your real foes.
Every problem, has a certain solution.

Your spiritual acts are, your real assets.
These acts shall, pave way to salvation.



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

13. The Road To Success

The road to success
Is never ever that easy;
There are stops along the way,
Where you'll almost go crazy.

But when you are with God,
There's nothing you can't carry;
Then just walk along,
Till you see the end clearly.

The road to success is never that ugly;
All you just need to do is to appreciate its beauty,
Even the problems, when we are through will make us Mighty;
Until suddenly we are strong and solid and stardy.



Gurjot Singh
Student
Amritsar
Punjab

14. Some Twenty Birds

In a bushy tree, there, some twenty birds nested,
Where each of the couple birds comfortably rested.
The he birds were so engrossed to their duties,
That they never left their workplaces before 4:30s.
4 pm, an indication to make the evening food ready,
Turned the she birds to the kitchens and made them
heady.

5 pm, to welcome their he birds, kept them busy.
Next day, while seeing the he birds off, they felt uneasy.
The he birds, for their jobs, flew away gladly.
And the she birds turned again to their works sadly.
As soon as, they could dispose their household jobs,
The she birds did and returned to the neighbouring hobnobs.
Full noon, they would sing, dance, laugh and crack jokes.
And even they indulged in clumsy and rough-talks.
Sometimes much friendly to their neighbouring birds,
And sometimes they became rival to their canards.
At times they would make such a furious noise,
As they had completely lost their mental poise.
Again at their husbands' arrival and to their sweet callins,
They feigned to be very busy, yet preened their wings.
Their husbands took them to be laborious wives,
For, they found them with tongs, rollers and knives,
So some poor husbands had to help in the kitchens,
And some, to get their food ready, had to lull their kittens.



Harvendra Singh
Lecturer
Lakhimpur Kheri
Uttar Pradesh

15. One smile Has the power to calm fears

J i Y A

HappyBDy

That girl With whom the Beautiful Moments of life
were spent

you deserve the Whole World,

you are perfect from inside

whenever I see you, I generally notice that you have a
tiny hole in your face.

I can still tell whether you're happy, sad, or
experiencing both emotions.

The cute dimple on your face won me over.

Smile; dimples are a divine gift

so,

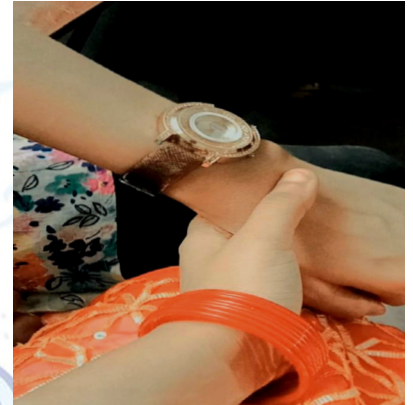
You have a divine role in this universe

smile miss dimple

Dimple there, on your cheek

it makes me weak

...shine More



Husna Abbasi
Student/ writer
Bahawalpur
Pakistan

16. PEN

The armour of writers
The novelists' dream
The galloping pen
The untiring ceaseless pen,
The impactful spontaneous pen.
It doesn't restrict
It doesn't shudder
The bold the brave,
The empowered pen!
People speak of bleeding pen,
Pen breathes too To compose,
Pen loves to delineate romance,
Pen laughs on a funny note,
A true friend, a stress reliever,
A healing magic for everybody
It fills up the crevices of heart.
An age miracle, wonder pen,
An embalming ointment
For the lacerated scars,
The heart throb of beloveds,
The sensation creator,
The talisman for good luck,
A caretaker of oldies,
A weapon of students
To show their worth,
Has the power to divide and unite nations;
By treaty, Ceasefire and peace accord,
Pen does have a lot of potentials.



Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Poet, writer, singer,
Research guide for
ph.D students
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

17. WORSHIP OF WORSHIPER

English has a life to change the life,
As its height give the light.
We worship the words,
So the world worships us.
Its Followers are richer,
So you can never be a poor.
The need only is that,
You must make yourself fat.
Not only with those and that,
But only by your wit of bright.
A numbers of words are there
Which shape your thoughts
When you think yourself blank and bare
Never fear and have a dare
Try always to make a layer
Thus you shall always be a fact of payer
Let us think and always have this prayer.



Kailash Rana
Ph.D Scholar
Ramgarh
Jharkhand

18. CHOLERA MUST GO

A newborn disease sound
The sounds all trembling in the air
Down the silent road
Up to the house darkness
When people are gathered in sorrow
In the life that fades quite
Fades quite to the sight of graveyard
A triumph of another revolution
Cholera has folds us alive

The fire of vibrio cholerae
Its flames stretch wider
People are slaughtered by its bullets
Through the silent sky where birds sing
After Covid-19 attack there comes another outbreak
A python spreading bursts of sun rays
Our hearts enthroned in the golden darkness
In the gold our eyes like crystal crowns
For your own information Cholera is here

Together we can fight the outbreak
Like eagles' flight in the strong wind
With lamps shining for breath of life
Through cleanliness and hygiene
We can all survive of this trap

Open your eyes the battle is here
Floating like a silver raft in space
But let's fight hard to win this battle
For you don't need to be a politician
To make it your mission to take care of your home
To protect what to eat and what to drink
But to dream a different reality
That Cholera must go.



**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda**
writer, poet,
business tutor,
Accountant
Malawi
Central Africa

Are you feeling acute watery diarrhoea
Are you struggling with renal failure
Walk to the therapist and get diagnosed
They are gifted ones technically and practically
Psychologically and methodically in hospital path
Have control flow in your heart
Flow to the country we dream
The country of free cholera
That's why we say cholera must go

Vibrio Cholerae has created
The immense sea of dehydration
The loss of electrolytes and hypovolemic shock
It has solidify the acute watery diarrhoea
It has satisfied the dirty abode of profuse vomiting
With rice watery stools and legs cramps
It has reconciled with contaminated drinking water
Through contaminated fruits and vegetables many are scolded

People are wounded and boiled of Cholerae
We are in terrifying desert because of poor sanitation
Lack of proper food for more than a day
Lack of proper hand washing practices
Not vaccinated with Oral Cholera Vaccines
Lack of safe water facilities and overcrowded
But we can bring new birth of life
We can grow health wise and touching the sky
Through convenient hand washing stations
Safe disposal of wastes, proper use of latrine and toilets
Protection of food and drinking stocks
Drink boiled and chlorinated water
Drink of Oral Rehydration Salts (ORS)
That Cholera Must Go

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda

19. YOU USED US

You came when we were hungry
You came when we were hopeless
You came when you needed help
You came in our makeshift home
You wanted our papers to soar high.

You told us we shouldn't suffer
You told us we'll be safe
You told us we'll get our share
When we cast for you papers
When we sing you're our person.

You ferried us near the forest
You said there, we do farming
You affirmed that we stay firm
You gave us packets of food
Your name stuck on them firmly.

Morning we came out to cast
Mother and all to queue a must
We saw you in big car at rest
The winner, you were declared
Then you forgot our desires.

You never came here again
You voted the settlement motion against
We were told to leave our barley
We were kicked with heavy boots
We saw our houses got burnt.

My brother's head got a bullet
My sister, like snake was beaten
Prince why did you cheat us?
Why, after polls dump us?
Why, you crown wearer torment us?



Leonard Maero W
Writer
Kitale
Kenya

20. "AU REVOIR, MY LOVE...UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN"!



Lucy Victoria David
Durban
South Africa

The walk was invigorating. The cold french breeze was so refreshing. It was just what Claire needed after all the busyness of the week that passed so swiftly. She was a journalist for the local newspaper in her town back in England. Her editor needed her to cover an article on a famous French actor. This was the primary reason why she was in France. She needed first hand information about the actor and some good close-up photographs.

She decided to take a vacation while she was there, as soon as she completed her assignment. Her editor agreed on this, as Claire was a diligent writer, and it was time for her annual vacation. This meant she would have more time to see the place. Feeling relieved after her hard work, she walked into a café. She ordered her coffee and a "pain au chocolat", (a french croissant with chocolate filling) which she thoroughly enjoyed.

Then through the doorway, with the morning sun breaking forth in all its glory, after the heavy snow, it rested on the shoulders of a man who walked in very confidently. She couldn't help but stare at him.

He was tall and good looking. The red scarf around his neck accentuated his chiseled features and dimpled cheeks. His golden tresses framed his face like a Greek god.

Francois was well known to the waitresses in the café. He came there every morning for his hot coffee and freshly baked croissant.

He greeted the waitress, "bonjour Lizelle!", then sat at his favorite table awaiting his usual order. His eyes scanned the room and he caught sight of Claire. She was quite an attractive young lady. Their eyes locked and they smiled at each other, as though it was the most natural thing to do. He asked if he could join her and she consented.

Thus began a beautiful friendship. She learned that he was an artist who lived in a house that had a lake in front. In fair weather he would row across the lake in his much loved old boat, and enjoy the scenery. It was perfectly picturesque. There were tall trees on either side of the lake. Sometimes you could spot

squirrels, deer and other animals between the trees. Birds of the brightest colors would catch your eye, as they flew around and perched on the strong tree branches, chirping merrily! It was an extraordinary sound, one that he loved.

Claire's visits to the café became frequent as she looked forward to meeting with Francois. They would share the latest bits of interesting news. Some of it was serious and important, while some was quite hilarious which left them laughing!

The days seemed to go by so quickly ever since she met Francois. Now she dreaded the time when she would have to say goodbye to him. Over time their hearts were intricately woven together. They talked for hours about the silliest things and shared their deepest feelings. They knew that it will have to end at some point.

The day arrived for Claire to leave. They met at the café for their final goodbyes. By this time they could not deny that their friendship had turned to love, which made their parting even harder. Francois offered to take Claire to the airport.

The new year was not far away. Claire promised she would return. Holding each other tightly as tears flowed shamelessly, Francois whispered in her ear, "au revoir my love, until we meet again"! She walked away bravely, biting her lip to stop the hot tears that filled her eyes.

Francois stood watching as she walked away to board her plane. She turned around and waved goodbye reluctantly. There was a lump in his throat. Will she ever return? They didn't know what the days ahead would bring. All they knew is their hearts belonged to each other. She looked out her window as the plane soared above the clouds, taking her back to England. All Claire could hear above the roar of the planes engines, were the last words Francois had whispered so tenderly in her ear, "au revoir my love, until we meet again"! Her eyes lit up, she sat up straight and smiled. It dawned on her, without a shadow of a doubt that she had to return, as soon as possible to France, and to her Francois!

By Lucy Victoria David

21. **DONKEY IN LION'S SKIN**

M Aniket

**Class-III, Vikas School, Miyapur,
Hyderabad (TS) – India**



DONKEY IN LION'S SKIN

THEME:

One should not deceive.

If anybody deceives, such person or animal will have to confront so many problems.



For deceiving others, such person's/animals get punishments.

Deceiving people/animals never escape forever.

This is the one story pertaining to Deceiving.

This is the story of Donkey.

People or animals have to live and lead the life, as as per their own life, what the God directed.

Donkey has to live and lead the life on this mother Earth like Donkey only.

Lion has to live and lead the life like Lion.

**Fox has to live like Fox.
Elephant has to live like Elephant.
Snake has to live like Snake.
Monkey has to live like Monkey only.
Crocodile has to live like Crocodile only.
Tiger has to live like Tiger.
Wolf has to live like Wolf only.**



If people or animals deceive others, even such people or animals will get killed or even they are sent to far-away and unknown places including thick and dangerous forests.

This is the story of a Donkey which was beaten very badly by Villagers for deceiving the Villagers and other animals.

STORY:

Once upon a time, there lived a Farmer.
This Farmer was very much miser.
This Farmer used to live and lead the life by facing so many problems.
Even he used to beg the food for his survival.
This Farmer was having one small thin and weak Donkey.

The Farmer used to get the more work from this Donkey daily, without feeding sufficient food.

The Donkey was working very hard.
The Donkey used to carry more weight on its back.

This Donkey was given less Food and uses to work hard while carrying big weight on its back.

This DONKEY used to suffer a lot and was weeping a lot.
Nobody used to console this Donkey.
This Donkey was helpless.

Everyday this Donkey used to cry and weep.
The villagers and onlookers, used to pity on this Donkey.
The Donkey became very weak and thin.
At last, this Donkey was unable to work in the farm field.
The Donkey stopped working.
The Farmer was in dilemma.

The Farmer was very much in worry.
The Farmer thought that, if I want to buy another Donkey, I am not having money.
I don't have that much money to buy a Donkey, thought this Farmer.
The Farmer was in deep agony.
What to do? the Farmer thought.
The Farmer had given a deep thought.
The Farmer was thinking with a vision.
Few days passed.
The Farmer was in very big dilemma.
In one day, the Farmer was going to his Farm Field.

The Farmer while in his way to his Farm House, he saw a dead Lion on one side of a mud road.

The Farmer got a flash idea.

The Farmer thought that if I put the skin of this dead Lion to my weak Donkey, how it will be.

So, this Donkey can enter into the Village and can eat as it like, thought this Farmer.
This Donkey can eat well.

This Donkey can become strong enough to work in u Farm Field.
I can extract more work from this Donkey.
I can money from Donkeys feeding from myself, thought this Farmer
Moreover, I need not feed this Donkey daily, thought this miser and Farmer.
Immediately the Farmer cut the skin of this dead Lion and took to his house secretly.
Next day Morning, this Farmer has put the LION'S SKIN to the Weak Donkey.
This Donkey just looked like a Lion.
But, inside the LION'S skin, it was the Donkey.
All actions are Donkey's Actions.
All Donkey's Activities.
It's just a show only like a Lion.
Buy all other things are Donkey's movements.
The Farmer sent this Lion Skin covered Donkey into the Village.
All Villagers were afraid of this Donkey which was in Lions Skin.
All Villagers thought that a wild Lion entered in to their Village.



All the Villagers got worried.
All the Villagers were very much worried.

No Villager came outside from their houses because of Lion fear.
All Villagers mind blocked
All Villagers were unable to do NY of their work.
All Villagers were feared for Lion.
This Donkey with the LION'S skin entered the village and had good food.
This Donkey enjoyed a lot while eating all quality food.
No Villager dares enough to come near to this Donkey which was in Lion Skin.
In this process lot of farm houses got damaged.
Lot of Garden area also got damaged.
No Villager came near to this Donkey.
On one day this DONKEY came to his miser boss Farmer Farm House.
This Donkey became very healthy and strong.
This DONKEY became head strong.
This miser farmer used to get the work done from this Strong Donkey.

In the night's, this Donkey was let off by the miser Farmer, in the Lions Skin into the Village.

Few days passed.

This type of Donkeys Feed system, made the miser Farmer into a very happy mood and in happy thinking that his plan got a success.

This Donkey was also very much happy.
The Donkey thought that it was enjoying a lot at the cost of others.

On one day this Donkey thought that I should eat extremely well in somebody's house and sing a song happily.

This mindless Donkey got this mindless idea of singing and enjoying.

Immediately this Lion skin covered Donkey entered into a villager house, ate well and started singing in its own motherboard language.

This mindless DONKEY sang a song loudly.
This Donkey's loud voice was observed by all the Villagers
Villagers thought that this not a real Lion.
It's a Donkey covered in the Lion Skin.
Then see all the Villagers came together.
All the Villagers became very angry.
One will know how the Villagers are strong.

All the Villagers with iron rods, wood sticks and lathis bad broken this Donkey's four legs.

The Donkey was badly beaten on its back.
It was Villagers Laundry Hits.
The Lions Skin was removed from. The Donkey.
All Villagers told, You Donkey, you have deceived us all these days.
You are a deceiver.

You can't work from now on.
You can't enter into our Village again.
This Donkey wept and cried a lot.
Lot of Blood was oozing from Donkey's skin.
The Donkey fainted.
The Donkey was in unconscious state.
All Villagers took that DONKEY and thrown out from their Village.
Later this Donkey's died due to heavy injuries.
The miser farmer was informed about this Donkey subject.
This miser farmer was also sent out fr that Village as a punishment.
This miser farmer was also died in due course of time, because of not having food.
This is the story which says as follows:
One should not cheat or deceive others.
One should lead their own life.
One should not damage others property.
One should not make others cry or weep for nothing.
One should not fight with others.
One should not invite troubles from others.
One should not torture others.
One should not give any trouble or hardship to others.
One should not have more desire.



M Aniket
Class-III, Vikas School, Miyapur,
Hyderabad (TS) – India
Email: vasavi.ramya@gmail.com
+91-7702933395

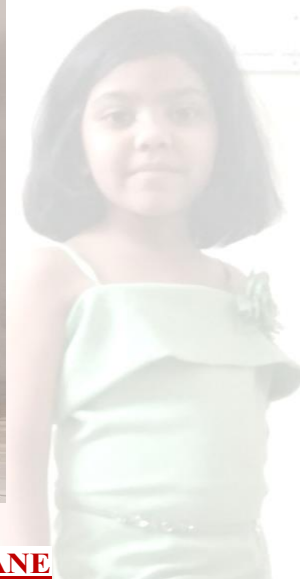
22. THE FOX AND THE CRANE

(Both are Intelligent)

by

M Vinya

Class-VI, Vikas School, Miyapur
Hyderabad (TS) – India



THE FOX AND THE CRANE
(Both are Intelligent)

THEME:

The Fox and The Crane Story.

Both are very talented and intelligent.

The Fox has terrific intelligence.

The Fox plays lot of gimmicks and tricks on other animals.

The Fox has full of sadism.

The Crane also has little bit of cunning nature.

The Crane does not know playing many tricks as like the Fox.

The Fox and The Crane are for friends.

If Fox treats the Crane badly, then the Crane also great the Fox badly.

Pity animals have presence of mind.

The Fox and Crane knows their daily routines for their own livelihood without combating any problem.

The Fox wanted to trouble the Crane.

The Crane also wanted to trouble the Fox.

The story is related to this gimmick play.



STORY:

There lived a sadistic Fox.
This Fox has all cruel minded thinking
This Fox has all types of dangerous ideas.
This Fox enjoys while others suffer.
Even this Fox received other animals for selfish ends.
This Fox has all sorts of colours.
Many animals fear to move with this Fox.
Many animals move away from this crooked and cruel Fox.
One day afternoon this sadistic Fox has seen a Crane.
This Crane has come other forest area.
This Crane has reached the place where this Fox was living.
This Fox has thought that this Crane is just like a guest and came like a relative.
The Fox had a flash idea.
The Fox wanted to play a trick on this Crane.
The Fox thought, "I will invite this Crane for a dinner".
The Fox has invited the Crane for dinner, after masking a friendship with the Crane.
The Fox told the Crane, Hi, Friend, you're my front guest today.
I will host a dinner to you today.
You please come to my house.
We will enjoy nice dish today.
You're my best friend, told the Fox to the Crane.
You're my guest too.



You're my related be too, said the sadistic Fox.

Hi Crane, I am living near that big Rock.
You can easily identify my house.
I will be waiting for you in the evening, said the Fox to this Crane.
Please come.
We will discuss many things.
Today is an auspicious day, said this Fox.
The Crane agreed to make friendship with this Fox.

This Crane has happily said, okay, my dear Fox brother, sure, I will come to the dinner to your house today evening.



We are friends from now on, said the Crane to this Fox.
Don't worry Fox, today I am attending the dinner at your house, said the Crane.
The Crane reached the Fox house in the evening.
Fox prepared a soup as a special dish.

Fox brought one place and poured the soup in the plate and offered the Crane to drink this Soup.

The Fox had its soup in a bowl.
The Fox had helpful Soup.
This Crane was unable to take the Soup which was in the plate.
The Crane mouth was too lengthy and could not consume the Soup.
The Fox enjoyed the Soup happily.
The Fox had a big laughter on seeing the Crane.

The Crane was very angry on this Fox.
The Crane controller it's anger on Fox.
The Crane immediately left the Fox house.
The Crane thought that this Fox is treated in the same way as Fox treated me.
The Fox had a very nice and sound sleep.
The Crane also slept nicely at its house.
As usual, the Fox and The Crane met on the next day.
This Crane has planned to give a good retreat to the Fox.



The Crane, as usual, in a friendly manner invited the Fox friend for a nice dinner in the evening.

The Crane said, dear Fox brother, let us enjoy this evening at my house.
I am hosting you a very beautiful and never before seen dinner.
Dear Fox, don't miss it.
We will discuss many things at the dinner time.

We will be friends for ever and ever.
The Fox immediately agreed in toto to attend to the dinner hosted by his Crane friend.
The Crane is also very intelligent.
The Crane is super-fast in its action plans.
The Crane wanted to give a very good and strong dose to the Fox friend.
The Crane thought that this Fox should not forget the treat.
The Crane's mind was burning.

The Crane's blood was boiling.
As usual, as agreed by the Fox, the Fox reached the Crane house for the dinner.
The Crane invited the Fox pleasantly with a warm welcome.
The Crane had a chit chat for some time.
The Fox was waiting for the dinner to be served because the Fox was hungry.
The Crane said, okay dear Fox, I am arranging the dishes here.

Please just wait for few minutes.
The Crane arrived the Soup dishes.
Two dishes in the Two jars.
One soup in the lengthy jar.
One soup or n another lengthy Jar for the Crane.
The big Jar soup kept at the Fox side.
Asked the Fox to start consuming the soup.
But the Fox was unable to take the is soup because the Fox could not keep its mouth into this lengthy Jar.

The Crane had its soup very nicely.
The Crane enjoyed consuming the Soup well.
But the Fox did not take any soup.
The Fox was angry.
Unable to tell anything to the Crane friend.
The Fox immediately left the Crane's house.

The Fox on its way to house, hunted one animal and ate.

The Crane was very happy for its treatment to factual minded Fox.
The Crane had the Soup which it was kept for the Fox.
The Crane had a nice dinner.
The Crane had slept happily.
The Crane had a big sigh of relief.
The Crane 's heart was cool.



The way the Fox treated the Crane in regard to dinner issue, the Crane also retreated the same way to this Fox.

The Fox did not sleep well on that night.
The Fox had thought that this Crane is also intelligent like me.
The Fox thought that I should not great badly other animals.
The Fox had a weeping face.

The Fox controlled its tricks playing on other animals.
The Fox was truly making friendship with other animals.
The Fox has changed its mindset.

The Fox stopped receiving other animals.
The Fox was friendly with all other friend animals.
The Fox stopped cruel mind and sadistic thinking.
The Fox changed its lifestyle.

We he Crane also observed this Fox mindset change.
Both the Fox and The Crane were very happy.
Both were never played tricks on any other animal.
Both these became very close friends.
Both lived happily in the forest.

.....



M Vinya
Class-VI, Vikas School, Miyapur
Hyderabad (TS) – India
Email: vasavi.ramya@gmail.com
+91-7702933395



23. Too Much Of A Good Thing

Unrealistic relationship goals that are being advertised on social media, movies and books, nowadays are really messing with people's minds.

Look! Hear me out. I am all for equal relationships with the guy fawning over the woman, going along with all her whims, wants and needs and vice versa.

But!

Anyone who has been in a relationship knows that is not what its like AT ALL!

Happily ever afters are all great but what happens after that!? Rarely anyone sees that.

Relationships are efforts and compromises. NO ONE gets the perfect deal, as it is depicted in movies/books.

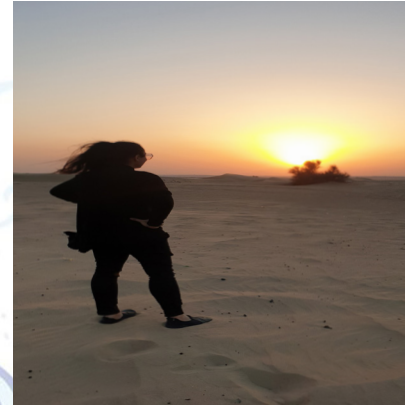
Everyone has to work on their bond with their significant other.

Nowadays social media is further ruining this perception. People post mostly how perfect their life is, how perfect their partner is, how perfect their kids are..... no one will show the fight they had the night before or even the minute before they posted the pic/video.

They show how their guy or girl is always listening to every little thing they say and want, how they are always going on vacations together, how they are sitting there holding hands etc.

But that is not the reality at all. And if you believe that then please snap out of it! You don't know what happens behind closed door. You don't know how posed, calculated, and rehearsed every picture or video is truly is!

Relationships constantly change as our responsibilities grow and as you grow. We change and our partners change too. We are constantly trying to understand the new face of it all. It's a lot of work and it has to be met half way from both ends. But seeing things online and setting unrealistic goals and expectations will end up in it all imploding. Your mental health will deteriorate and you



Madiha Khan
Author, Blogger,
Teacher
Dubai
UAE

will just be a unhappy person, always thinking you are never truly appreciated or treated right. It is important to look at the little things and gestures that are being done for you.

Be satisfied with what you have and work on your own relationships instead of trying to achieve what is only being PORTRAYED online or on general media. Trust meeee, your mental health will improve 10000 percent!

Don't ruin your good thing, you never know, how many people might want what you already have!

By Madiha Khan

24. A Murky welcome

O New year be shifted quietly
As quietly, as death
Don't be noisy like a cuckoo
As we still have unhealed wounds
The wounds of loosing parts of us are not healed yet
The pain of trees to be loosing their glory is not relief yet
The spark of thy eyes is passed over in the dust of the
prior one
The sigh which came at our lips did not get their way yet
O new year! Enter gently, in broken hearts
As we did not forget the previous damages
O you hard luck year, farewell
And let us push towards a new ray of hope



Mahnoor Mukhtar
Student
Sargodha
Pakistan

25. Excruciation

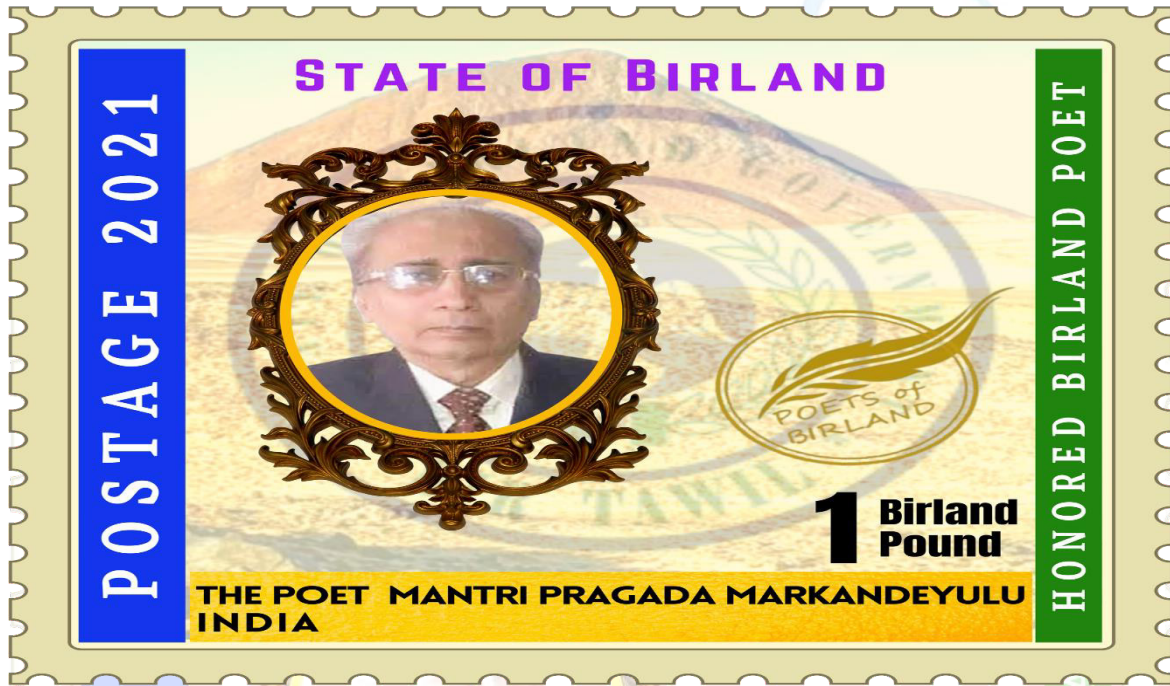


**Major Sir Adesoga
Jubril Asiwaju
Artist and Prolific
Writer
Ijebu-ode
Nigeria**

Can we just call it, a day?
Everyday, till I cross my carpet.
Happiness has given me the boot
Pain has now been a new boss
Living cat and dog life.
I can smell a rat
Lashes going to and fro
Behind the scene of pain.
Pain is a devil
With the longest spoon.
A good chef too, making me
To go from the frying pan into the fire.
Pain has been a burglar
Having access to my poor heart.
My body denies pressing the buzz.
While...about to kiss the dust
My body presses the buzz
At the eleventh hour.
I would have been lifeless.

Suicide!
Permit me to embrace happiness.
And give you a wide berth.
Just give me a chance
To pour oil on this trouble waters.

26. **NATURE AND FORESTS Article**



My Postage Stamp has been released officially by the State of Birland, as a Poet Honor amongst others. (www.birlandgov.org). I am very happy to be in the honors list of Birland Government. Great Honor for every pioneering poet of Birland State. I express profound gratitude and abundance of thanks to the King and the President HRH Emir A Haiyawati, the Prime Minister Dr. Prof. HRH Queen Eden Soriano Trinidad (Camp: Philippines) of the State of Birland.



"You are not accidental. Existence needs us. Without we, something would be missing in existence and nobody can replace it. That's what gives us dignity, that the whole existence will miss us. The stars and sun and moon, the trees and birds and earth – everything in this

universe shall feel a small place is vacant which cannot be filled by anybody except us. This gives us a tremendous joy, a fulfillment that we are related to existence, and existence cares for us. Once we are clean and clear, we can see tremendous love falling on us from all dimensions.”

It's My Nature, I feel like to enjoy my life, as I have only one life. I will preserve the Nature and the Forest for ever and ever for future generations, as it is my duty to up-keep this Nature.

LOVELY NATURE

*Feel happy at the natural sites
Pleasantness comes in life
Feel happy at river-flow site
One's ideas flow like water flow
Pray my Nature God for my birth
Godliness is beautiful nature
Nature belongs to living beings
Preserve my beauty land
I feel happy to adores my nature
My loving the nature, is my loving the Universe
My breathing the oxygen, is my living the life*

*I can't pack the air, but for my deeds
Beauty lies in the farm land
Waterfalls is the life-line
Life's happiness is the river flows
Not pollute the water and air
Am here in this glittering world*

*Nature has compositions
Nature knew its compositions well
Nature has hidden healing powers
Avoid and avoid, conflicts and combats
Minds vary from leader to leader
Hope to be optimistic for peace and tranquility*

*Don't suggest for gun and bomb battles
People in power, can't act fast
Power is not for combats and conflicts
Souls weep if lives are lost
Cursing can ruin the heredity's soon*

When Nature gets angry, one should know what will happen.

RAIN HAVOC

*It's a Thunderous Thunder, Rolling away Clouds.
Clash of black Clouds, Lightening & Thunders with Ice Stones*

*Rain with Darkened Clouds, its Natures Angry.
Thunders, down-pour with Terrorizing Sounds, Nature's angry
People indoors, fear for life,
No Power, searching for shelters.
Drainage Water everywhere, The Deadliest Rain, Standstill Life
Afraid with Sounds & Noise, Thunderous Sounds, fear gripped people.
Life became halt and No Activity, The Season with Natures cursing
Trees & Wireless Poles fell, Collapse of dilapidated buildings.
Over-flow of Lakes, Water Logged Streets, and people became helpless
What one can do, No Shelter and No Food.
No Drinking water, No Dine, People shout for help, No Missionary
City Tsunami, never heard so, People ran helter-skelter.
Lives Lost, Damages heavy, Loss, Everything Loss
No Schools, No Business, Traffic Jams, No Offices.
Wait for helping Hands, Helpless People Saw the Sky
Reliefs seen on War Speed; Paramilitary helped.
Municipal People swung, Government Missionary on Full Time Job
Damages and Loss Countless, Property damages are Irrevocable Loss.
People Lost Courage, Clash of Clouds, Rain Havoc seen
Hopes of People are Ray of Hopes, patiently waiting for normalcy.
Peoples' relief as sigh of relief, The God is great set to normal.*

I was at a village called Nakuru at Nairobi (Kenya – East Africa).
The village is around 150 KM from Nairobi.
Was on a visiting tourist Visa.
Arrived at Nairobi's Kenyatta's International Airport.



Stayed there at Nakuru village.
At Kisumu and at Nairobi for four months.
Beautiful places with pleasant weather.
It was a Hilly place.
One can enjoy lot of greenery.
Enjoyed wonderful health.
Pure weather and full oxygen.
Each hour it drizzles.
Each hour little sunny.
Was very cold round the year.
Horticulture farms seen everywhere.
Multi-color flowers grown.
Exported to European countries.
The cultivation of Javari is more.
Africans take Javari made chapatti or Javari made Upma like food.
Rice is costly at African countries.
Number of vegetables grown in places.
High breed crop.
Tomatoes in Orange sizes
Potatoes look like Coconuts.
Green chilies sizes like Banana.
Bananas in size of Papaya.
Cabbage is grown bigger size.
Vegetables are very big in size.
High breed produce.
At Subati Company at Nakuru.
The Company is famous for its flowery-culture.
This estate is located at Nakuru Town.
The main work is to develop flowery-culture.
All rose plants and flowers.
Have hired the technology and expertise from Israel.
They test the soil.
Find-out suitability of the rose plants.
Israelis have the special technology.
They develop a special chemical which will fill the weeds.
The grass is the main problem in the growth of the rose plants.
When the soil is treated with this chemical, it will kill all the seeds of the grass in the soil, in such a way that the new seeds will not germinate.
Use some micro-nutrients to make the soil fertile.
Conducive for the growth of the rose plants.
Rose plants flourish very fast.
Entire rose garden is covered by a special mesh-type-net.
Control the humidity.
Temperature and other factors which are favorable for rose plants.
The rose plants grow very fast.
World class rose flowers, healthy, strong and beautiful with fragrance.
These rose flowers are of different types.
Grown in different types of impressive colors.
Inspect all the rose flowers.
Cut the rose plants.

Grade them.
Weigh them according to the quality.
They cut the rose plant with rose flower and the stem.
The stem is put in the flower vase.
The flower remains very fresh up to 15 days.
Even more depending upon the climatic conditions.
All these rose plants with the flowers are packed very nicely.
Exported to Holland, in a refrigerated container.
Holland is the market for the flowers for the entire world.
From Holland these flowers are distributed to the entire world.
Subati is a very beautiful place with naturally formed lawns.
Tall trees.

Surrounded by the valleys and hills.
Temperature is less than 10 degrees Celsius.
Sometimes it is below zero degrees centigrade.
There are fewer places like Nakuru, Naiwasha, Kisumu and surrounding villages of Nairobi city.
Other remote villages where these flowery-culture activities, cultivation of vegetables are largely seen.

These activities are the lively-hood for the local residents.
More employment opportunities in these types of business.
Local African people are engaged for these activities.



Any asthma patient or heart patient will be recovered fast, if one stays at this place for 3-4 months.

We can see Equator line from Nakuru village or from even nearby villages.
The African people always cooperative, helping nature.

On arrival at Nairobi, Kenyatta International Airport from Air India flight during end of 1999 year, I just accompanied one of my relative who was working then at Nakuru village.

The driver one Mr. Simon, a young chap, who died later, drove the car at a speed of 120-140 KM per hour speed.

I was afraid of that speed.

It was a normal speed for them.

It was a road worthy Subaru car.

The roads also four-line ones each side.

No speed breakers foreseen.

All the vehicles, cars and very lengthy Trucks ply with indicators.

Even we just missed an accident i.e., collision with a parked Truck.

It was an efficiency and expertise of the car driver that saved us.

Most of the Africans drink dine and dance.

It is a common feature for them.

Lot of poverty, unemployment, poor education could be seen in the backward areas of African countries.

Lot of discipline is foreseen in African and many other countries.

They do not spit on roads.

They don't urinate on road sides.

They maintain cleanliness.

They speak freely with Indians.

Cooperate with Asians, Europeans.

More Casanovas could be seen at number of places at Nairobi.



At week-ends, many places are houseful.

Open air theatres are seen at a couple of places at Nairobi.

People watch movies by sitting from their parked cars.

Some Nakumatt where everything from small item to big item are available.

Available Electronic items, clothes, garments, consumer items, cosmetic items, leather items, gadgets, play tools, perfumes, mattresses, gold, silver, toys, furniture, electrical, consumer items, mats and what not.

On a holiday I had gone to Naiwasha. Naiwasha is on the way to Nakuru.

Kenya of East Africa is a very beautiful place, particularly, when the flamingoes, flamingo is a bird with a long red beak.

They migrate to Naiwasha Lake and that time it will be thrilling to watch these birds.

I was sitting alone on a beautiful lawn.

I was seeing and enjoying the scenery around appreciating the nature.

East Africa is very well known for the natural beauty with lot of wild life sanctuary and bird sanctuary.

The roads are very good, very neat, greenery everywhere, no speed breakers anywhere in the city and also in high way roads, very long trucks and carriers with length of 50 to 70 meters long.

Road discipline is seen everywhere.

The population is very thin and people are very hale & healthy.

On another holiday day, once on my way to Mombasa from Nairobi [East Africa], I heard about a very stranger mysterious place in Machacos District of Kenya and to satisfy my curiosity I had gone to that place.

It was at the outskirts of the Nairobi on the way to Mombasa, I enlisted the help of a young fellow at the Gasoline Station and according to the indication, I had gone to that place.

The place was very remote and located in a very thick forest, a very narrow and a steep road going upwards surrounded both sides by huge rocky structures and huge trees.

There I found, a mysterious thing happening, I took the car and moved upward road for about two to three hundred yards.

The road was very steep.

There at one place I slowly stopped the engine and put the gear in the neutral.

With some hesitation slowly, I got down from the car and an amazing thing happened instead of the car going backwards, it started climbing upwards slowly.

This was against the principle of gravitation.

For about 4 or 5 minutes the car moved upwards. I applied the car brakes.

After climbing down from the car, I placed a tennis ball which I carried from Nairobi and placed it on the steep road.

Surprisingly, the Tennis ball started climbing upwards instead of going down.

And third experiment I poured some water on the road and even the water moving upwards defying the gravitational law.

This was against kaloleni.

After sometime I gave some money to a little guy, that person went away.

I was really wondering about this mysterious unexplainable gravitational law.

However, this place is located at the equator and easily we can observe this equator place and the equator passes through this place.



MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU, Litt.D.,

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

*Birlan Government released my Postal Stamp 2021 year as an honor
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, 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 WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, India
- The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)
- Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)
- State of Birlan at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet
- RKMPII Nobility Award 2021
- RKMPII HEART OF GOLD NOBLES Honor Certificate 2021

Address: Plot No. 37, Anupuram, ECIL Post, Hyderabad-500062_Telangana State - India
+91-9951038802, +91-8186945103, Email: mrkndyl@gmail.com, Twitter: @mrkndyl68

27. MY WISH FOR YOU

If the Skylark could hear my words.
If the lightning of thunder could show my words.
If the thunder could repeat my words.
If the sky pregnancy could give birth to my words.
If the rain could scream my words.
If the land could reveal my words.
If the winds could wisper my words.
If the words from my mouth is not enough.
If my lips could not voice out my wish.
If the nature could not show my wish.
I hope my pen could cry it out.
I hope my paper could reveal it.
I hope the lines of my poem could show it.
I hope my everlasting wish with you could be seen in these fourteen lines.



Mudashir Busari
Writer
Ilorin
Nigeria

28. THE UNIQUE SMILE

Honesty it carries, Integrity it rises
smooth as kingdom of peace in
moon, statue of joy that can't be
sculptured, compassion and love
is its favorite diet it makes me feel so tight

A smile that revive dry bones of pharaoh of egypt to
life and ocean wave to calm
smile that taste like brazilian chocolates
Even the devil himself is jealous
A smile of miles to reach to seize

A smile that makes our world perfect,
With your roses there is no effect,
your smile stands for the weak as prefect,
with that rare smile in us we profect,
cause a kiss from that smile is a protect

Precious I call it, like treasure I value it
a smile that make a difference
That my emotions can easily tell it
No resistance on this smile

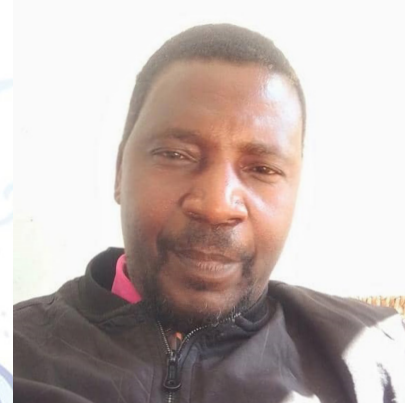
A smile that is full of wonders on it back
A smile I wish to see when I wake up
A smile that mom told me to follow
A smile that I was told on my day of brith
to search for, I have been looking for it
Now I think I found it.



Muhima Victor
Rwanda
Central Africa

29. High, Level and Deep

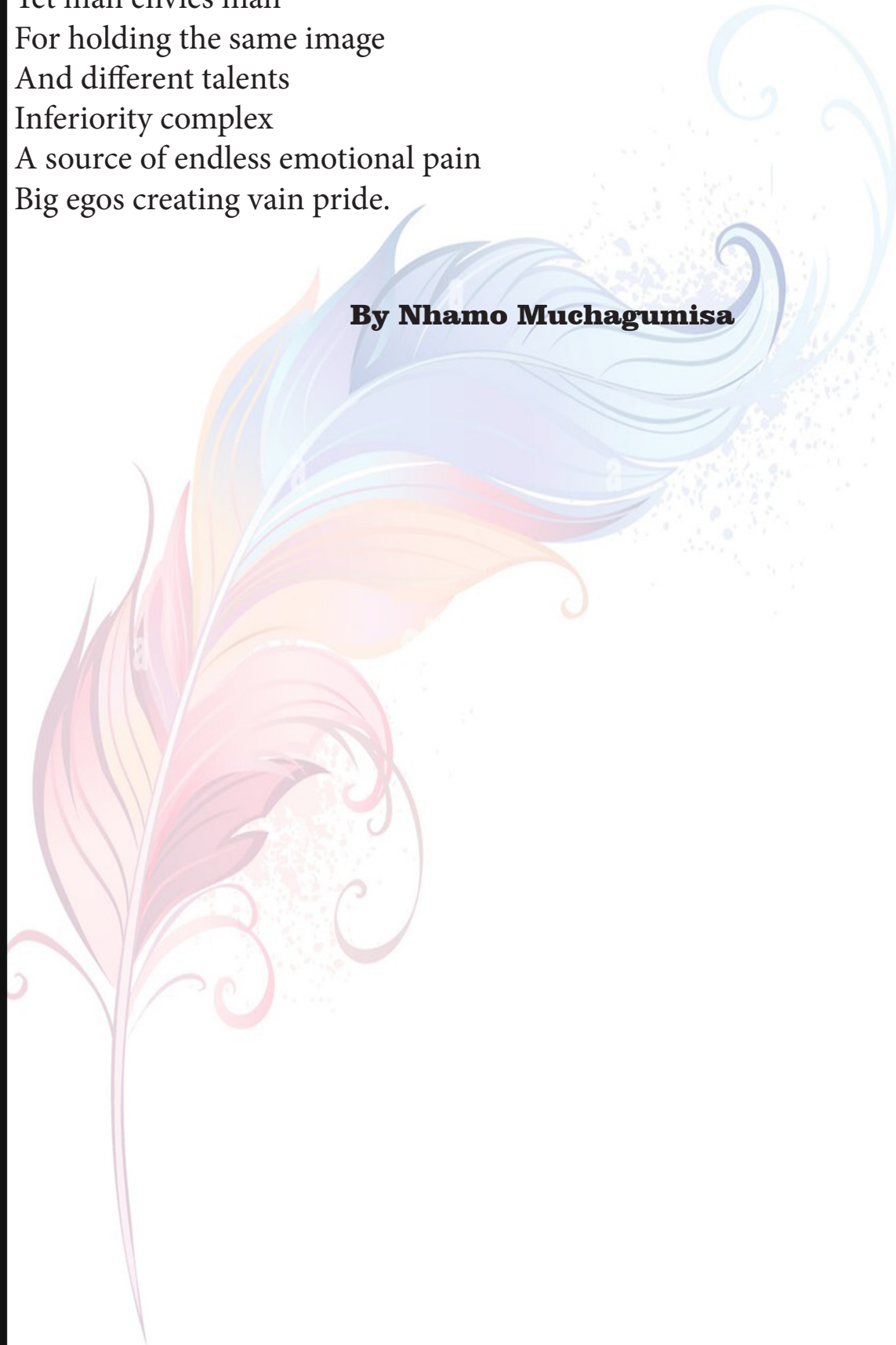
Day envies not the night
When the moon smiles
At the entire landscape
Peeping into gorges
And into the crevices
Cutting into walls of stone
When it makes shadows
Fall from mountain grandeurs
And trees stand tall
To kiss the coolness of higher skies
When it disperses layers
Of cloud cover with its silver magic
The moon envies not day
When day conveys blindness
On artificial lights hanging
From towers piercing into blue heavens
When day breathes life back
On the human landscape
When even behind the clouds
Day sees everything that stirs
And burns all idleness
From muscles willing to work
Land envies not sea
When sea hosts mountains
Under masses of liquid saltines
And plays home to communities
More sophisticated than races
When sea divides human space
Into continental masses
Sea envies not land
When land hails human ingenuity
Whose creativity spares not
The deep waters that churn the tsunami



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

And boil with the tempest
Yet man envies man
For holding the same image
And different talents
Inferiority complex
A source of endless emotional pain
Big egos creating vain pride.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa



30. Never lose Sight of what's important



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
Johannesburg
South Africa

Being home during this holiday with your supposedly family and friends can be triggering as you may be forced to cooperate and accommodate the people that have hurt you in the past and have done nothing to take responsibility for the pain they subjected you to, Don't lose sight of what's important which is your well being and healing

There will be those that are still financially abusing you and those emotionally violating you in the name of family. Remember, family labels don't translate in actual personalities unless one makes the decision to be an actual good family member.

Just because someone bears the label uncle or aunt doesn't necessarily mean they're going to respect you and be protective of you. It's your responsibility to observe the relationship. The relationships that are not honouring their labels, cut them off. Refuse to protect toxic family members and cultures at the expense of your emotional wellness. You are the priority

We can only change what we confront and address and sometimes it takes just one person to say, "it's enough." Labels only offer the illusion of love, support, family and safety until they're honoured. Happy Holidays

31. I Wanna Marry You

Wanna Marry You,
Not Because You Are the Person For Whom, I Count
Stars Every Night.
I Wanna Marry You Because I Want to Look At this
Face,
When I will Wake Up In Morning.
Because For the Very First Time, When I Saw these
Hands,
Getting Married was the Only thing Left To Do.
And thats How I Closed My Diary,
I Couldn't Imagine, That I Am Not Being Able To Hold
Your Hands,
For The First Time, When I Looked In Your Eyes,
I Thought, These Eyes Will Be My World Where I'll
Live.
You Know What? When You Love Someone ,
The Way You Feel Can't Be Explained.
But I Wrote These Words, Which I Never Said To Her.



Own Abbas
Writer,
Photogrpaer,
Graphic Designer,
Freelancer
Jhang
Pakistan

32. The Theme of Democracy

With the Infinite struggle Something has evolved,
Which could be a Solution for those who crawled.
Putting down the monarchy and the rule of military,
We call the best-known government as “Democracy”.

Of the people, by the people and for the people is its
definition,
Which brings everyone there in function.
Equality and dignity of people are its central,
Which are enough to refer it as optimal.

Universal adult suffrage, is its known advantage.
As free and fair election, not on the basis of corruption.

Obviously everyone’s Consultation, makes delay in decision.
And less economic growth, is a criticism from South to North.

But as every coin has two faces,
So, we have in democratic cases,
And as everyone’s Satisfaction, gets the expansion.
Which is making the democracy, as a part of everyone’s territory.



Prashant Kumar
Student
Patratu
Jharkhand

33. Winding road

Ups and downs in life represent the winding roads .
Life's journey with it's turmoil effects are the winding roads .
From childhood to youth ,
From youth to middle age ,
And till death ,
Winding ways of worldly woods ,
always accede us with their awesome ways .
In the roller coaster of life itself we grown up with our
tiny hearts and large imaginations become gloomy.
Life is like that .
Anything can happen.
You just have to drive safely.
People come and go .
Parents also expire with age.
Children have their own ways.
That's all just a winding road .
Duty with love is just the formula.
Leave the rest .
Accept the best .
Life's a test .
Live with a zest .



**Rajinder Kaur
(Rashu)
Writer
Amritsar
Punjab**

34. SPICY GIRL



oh my dear spicy girl
A word from you has changed my world
I have found the true meaning of what I am
where do we go from here?
my turn has come to feel like that
the heart is dancing to the tune of your voice
spicy it sounds when heard softly from you
And flows through my mind with a ringing smile always.

The way you love me and the way you hug me
Reminds me of a last day
Seconds without hearing from you keeps me close to a
physician for proper checking,
Don't let my heart skip a beat
Because I won't let you go far away.

Days are seen like hours in a line light
Your love burns like a wild fire
And the impact keeps me strong on my toes
You are mine forever
That's what I want you to know now
And I don't want to tell you anything except my stay with you forever,
A little mile away from me sounds hot.

Oh my dear spicy girl
I have come to hold your hands and let's move
To the bed filled with red roses
I will be by your side saving you from thorns
I see you and me in everything I see
Come let's work down the aisle and begin
so, lets join hands and let's begin the journey of lifetime.

Ralph Lungu
Poet, Writer,
Student
Maiduguri
Nigeria

Spicy girl
Our hearts clue to each other
come let's drag the roses to become trees
And breath a fragrance of love under the shadows, dancing to the tunes from
the birds.

They might spy on us as they sing
But their eyes won't see when we fall
We are strongly glitched to each other
That is why they will keep wondering,
Asking if we were created on the eight day.

By Ralph Lungu

35. PLAT FORM

I am a mother of two sons and a daughter
At my last breath who pours water
Miles away from my home town
No use of property I own
On a deserted railway platform
I lie aimlessly, eagerly awaiting death
Deserted, abandoned now I am orphan
Many relatives, but of no use even children
Right hand and leg paralysed
Bed rest regular medicines doctor advised
My dependable soul, my husband died, left me alone
My reliable soul, my companion
Breathed his last, finally buried
My future bleak weak and worried
Hopefully asked children at burial ground
With whom I have to stay
All murmuring, shouting, big sound
All said no way, no way
On the pretext of better treatment, admission
They had a plan and mission
Boarded a train in the night
Midway alighted no movement of people
Carried and dumped on platform as I am crippled
Left me on deserted platform nowhere in the sight
Vanished in the air pitch dark a night mare my dwelling
Retired school teacher get monthly pension
Right hand and leg paralysed, only thumb impression
No dwelling place, deserted platform
Shared themselves flats and farm
Every month children visit
With bread snacks and sweet
Not with love, but to get thumb impression
To get and share my pension



S. Arunkumar
Writer and poet
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

Given birth from my womb
A bleak hope, some body may take me hope
But in vein no hopes only dream
Tears roll down on cheeks like stream
Now i am an often left alone Silently i mourn
When train arrives platform burst into activities
Some passengers offers leftover food
Some through coins offer fruits and bread
My cloths completely worn
A blanket here and there born
Health is deteriorating, No medicine
Left alone what is my sin
Eye wide open one day I die
Who is there to cry my life less body removed?
Silently i was buried
Life is not bed of roses.

By S.Arunkumar

36. The writer's message to humanity

The first question that arises is who is the writer?

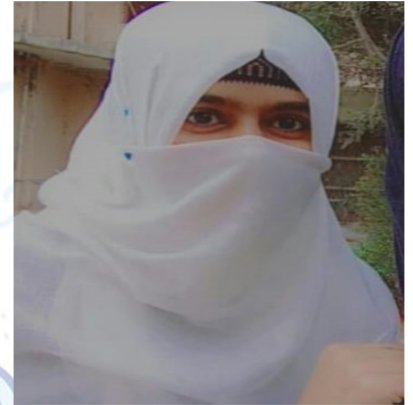
"A person who writes something that describes a real world reality that has lessons for humanity is called a writer".

Which includes poetry, fiction, novel, short story, essay, column, etc. through which a writer conveys his ideas to the public.

I always heard that poets or writers were very small-hearted. So I was forced to think why writers are called cowards.

I think that a writer is very brave because he puts the bitter realities of his life into words. So that if such a situation occurs in the life of others, they can face it and learn from this reality.

In short, how can a person who presents himself to people like an open book be a coward?



Saira Mubeen
Student, Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

37. THE TALE OF SPINACH

Low in calories, High in fibre, I am a leafy green one,
Full of nutrients which strengthens your bones & boosts
your immuno system.

Retinol is my good friend and so do magnesium,
I aid in digestion and sharpen your vision.

You can make a soup out of me or savour the dishes
made out of my pureed form,
And I guarantee that your face will glow and you will
get a blemish free skin as I am rich in antioxidant.

“Spinacia oleracea” is my scientific name,
But I am a super food who is called “Palak” in common parlance.



Shadabi Naz
Writer
Patna
Bihar

38. Mawsim Nights

Woman
Who adorned the eyes with lines
Teardrops falls savvy
Unbeknownst to the eyelashes
Unbeknownst to the eyelids
Flames of love burning inside of you
Unbeknownst to the dark
Unbeknownst to the pathway
Love searching from within
Morning in vain
Drenching in the rain
Unbeknownst to the dirt road
Unbeknownst to the muddy waters
For the hurt to endure
for all childish fallacies
Your rage is like Kali
Unbeknownst to your fury
Unbeknownst to your kindness
You cant win his heart
If comes take it and it goes let it
Sea of adenium poppies
Rise and be numbed
Unbeknownst to dreams
Unbeknownst to hopes
of sunnier climes and mawsim nights.



**Sheila Ann
Packirnathan
Writer
Ipoh
Malaysia**

39. VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN MUST STOP



**Shekkinah Glory
Odari**
Student writer
Kisumu
Kenya

Violence Against Women includes Rape, coerced sex, physical and sexual abuse as well as harmful traditional practices such as Female Genital Cutting and forced early marriages. This kind of violence increases women's risk of HIV infection both directly through forced sex and indirectly by instilling fear which limits women's inability to negotiate the circumstances in which sex takes place and the use of condoms.

Violence has negative impacts on physical, and social development it is an act that is extremely prevalent in both developing and developed countries, and in many areas close to 50% of women report having been the victims of violence. There is a strong relationship between violence against women and the lack of respect for women's rights such as the right to education, the right to express themselves, the right to own property, and the right to freedom of movement.

In 1999, the United Nations designated November 25th as the day of elimination of violence against women. When we talk about violence against women we signify fighting, rape, and the abuse of the rights of a woman by denying them the right to be educated at the right time, and the right of women to express themselves, their community, and their country.

Dear men, the best tool to fight against this virus is love. If we love our women who include our sisters and mothers, don't you think that we will stop fighting them in our homes? At work and in our markets? Don't you think we will stop raping them and denying them the right to education?

A community should act whenever there is violence against women by trying to intervene if we observe actions that we believe are abusive. Listen and respond without blaming abusive people and tell other people about the abuse of women. Remember that confidentiality is very important in sharing information about any kind of abuse and above all support the right of all women to live peacefully and trust fully in their communities.

40. Slavery of communalism



**Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

Sect is the feeder of power, whereas the human mind is unique. Everyone has the capacity for research. The ability to investigate has to be developed. The desire for new research remains strong. The speedy movement of the mind is from the universe to the inner consciousness. The mind has to go up to the limitless power. The eternal power is the root cause behind all the functions in the external world. The mind becomes an instrument. This is the reason that where great personalities did many inventions; This proves that the mind of every human being is unique. The genius of exploration is packed full of energy in every human mind. All he needs is the right direction. Because the power of consciousness is unlimited! The power of the mind is natural and not conscious. Because its arrival and incorporation area is from the natural world to the conscious. That's why it is called Kutastha. It is not natural either. The lobbies of sects and castes dominate the legislations. Gets the bill passed according to him. And this is also the basis of power. They dominate the society. They and the religious leader have an interdependent relationship with power. Instead of asking the questions of the public, the media is engrossed in telling the importance of power. And this becomes essential for leadership without movement.

41. Holy Trinity; You, I and Love

I fall more deeper in love with you everyday,
'To see you lying beside me' I do pray.
To love this life, you're the only reason,
To be away from you is nothing but a prison.
In me, everything is in love with you,
You may doubt but it is so true.
"Does true love really exist?" is a question,
If anyone asks, I say 'yes', your name I mention.
You're the true definition of true love,
Truly, I know because so truly you love.



Shoaib Mehmood
Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

42. The Bangle Set

Unable to look the other way round,
the fancy rows of shining bangles, at the Exhibition,
held my attention and my gaze, both !

It was a mesmerizing display !

Embellished with colorful beads and designs of varied sizes and styles,
their glitter allured not just women and girls but some men, too !

There was haggling with the quoted price.
Some buyers simply took what they liked !
Others turned, tested, tried, and let them be !

I took fancy to a red and green set,

Slipping it carefully through my fingers, I noticed it came to settle down, on to my arm, very peacefully !

Pleased, with my fashion assessory,
I opened my purse to pay to the girl behind the counter.
Her face lit up !



Sindhu Rana
Writer, poet
Jaladhar
Punjab

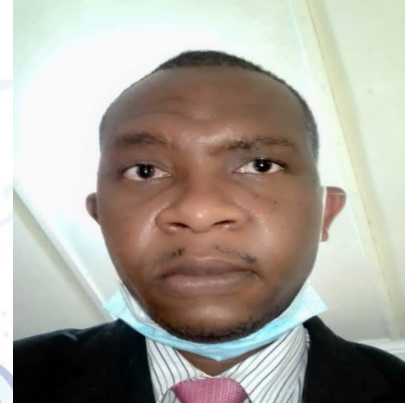
And so, did my husband's,
for (once back home), the
bangles kind of jingled and
made pleasing, merry sounds
for all the ears around.

My prized possession,
contributing to feminine charm;
considered auspicious for
married women, here;
an important part of our
Indian Culture,
made my day,
that day !!

By Sindhu Rana

43. HIS FRIENDS, HIS ENEMIES

They say dogs are a man's best friends
But not those mutinous bloodthirsty City of Kings
fiends
They inflicted upon their owner a cold, vicious attack
Having forgotten his gate keys at work
The animal-loving man arrived at his home in
Selbourne Park
Vaulted over the imposing black iron gate
To meet within the confines of the impressive pre-cast
walls so unimaginable a fate
Fast he went into the house to collect his tool box
coming out faster
To find the three big Boer bull crossed-breeds waiting for their master
Salivating and canines bared
They savagely pounced
Gnashing and biting
Ripping and tearing
Dragging his bloody mangled body all over the place
Until an alert undergraduate student peered through an open space
Together with the neighbours they helplessly watched the horrific incident
from a distance
For forty agonising minutes man fought with beasts for his very existence
Till a hoard of policemen swarmed the property to offer assistance
The man was rushed to a medical facility
Where he succumbed that evening due to injuries sustained in the hostility.



Stephen Linjesa
Writer, Poet,
Author
Harare
Zimbabwe

44. Dear self;

So I've finally broken my mirror today
I just can't recognize what's facing me back
Am Afraid of what I'll see
You can't understand but I just can't stand it!
You see the society has given me a name
"FAILURE" it's what am known by these days
Others have Even given it a first name;
"TOTAL FAILURE"

I've bought a rope today
The birds keep on singing good melodies
I think they feel it is my last
The strong m'bawa branches above are my Only escape
I hope you understand.....



**Steven Lombola
Blantyre
Malawi**

45. People Never Leave Us

They say,
"People can come and go,
But memories stay always".
I say,
"People never leave us.
They might leave us physically,
But they always reside in us;
In our heart and soul.
Because they never left us,
Their memories haunt us.
Or, their memories give us joys.
Every time their memories come to you,
You're actually thinking of that person;
Not just the event.
And that's how,
People never leave us."



Sumaiya Nawshin
Dhaka
Bangladesh

46. New Years Day

In the new year your heart has a new prayer...
It holds those you have close and dear...
Twenty and twenty three...
Your eyes see Victory...

Days of darkness may come...
Even then a light shines through...
It may or may not be a year of plenty...
Know this to be true...
This year will draw those who need to be near...
Closer to you...

Visions will be made...
Dreams will start...
Your goodness will set you apart...
Bridges burnt will be rebuilt...
Every situation makes you stronger still...

Each day that draws close...
No matter what happened in the day light...
Moments that gave you a fright...
Those which brought anger and your chest felt tight...
It too shall end as the new day brings the start of a new year from the next...
January first is just one day of firework light...

Joy peace and love...
Showered upon you my daughter, my son...
Remember lost battles lead to wars to be won...
Go forth and shimmer like diamonds in the light...
You may no longer wear torn Midnights on your sleeve...
Make your notes to self and reputation succeed...
Find life's playlist as you endure...
Future unwritten as the author's quill is refilled...



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

Be you...
Be true...
Accomplish all you can do...
Power of yet resounding in your head...
Life at dawn you shall earn your bread...

Happy New Year ...
Twenty and twenty three...
My wish to you...
Blessed be ...

By Tha Ono



47. Behind The Faucet

Behind the closed faucet
was a world too large,
and the diminutive child,
who still abode inside her heart.
Behind the closed faucet
was a walk in a boulevard
Of broken dreams.
Shattered shards
picked Life at a
standstill
No golden trophy atop the pedestal
Feeling the pain beating in her veins
Of an unlocked memory



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

48. Those sad moments

Those sad moments
When all hope was gone
Those sad moments
When tears well up the eyes
Those sad moments
When you commiserate yourself
Those sad moments
When the saver became the chaser
Those sad moments
When the crony became the antagonist
Those sad moments
When what I nestled against became the lion den
Those sad moments
When liberty turn to servitude



**Umar Maryam
Ayomide
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria**

49. In A Cross Walk

Dawned a day adorned with dewy smiles,
Spurring an urge in me to go some miles.
On pacing forth many steps with no qualms,
I had paused for a while at a Cross Walk.



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

Thrilled to be in the Crosswalk,
I looked around me whispering to myself so, “ here,
only it is here, this old city,
Basking in its past glory, is slowing down and stopping
for a while,
No matter however maddening the crowd would be.”

My mind said to me, “And it is here at this Crosswalk we can see
An acknowledgement of a brief accompaniment towards a common destination,
A passing glance of recognition, and an exchange of a friendly smile
With the joy of getting a few minutes of leisure, no matter how much ever short
it would be.”

The vision ahead was crystal clear, the signboard on the other side was so near,
The fellow pedestrians treated me with an attitude so fair and endearing.
No jostling around, no sneers and jeers, no hurrying and no warnings to speed
up
It was thus, a great experience for me to be there at the Cross walk!!

I enjoyed accepting the fact that those who were with me in this Cross walk,
And those who were crossing me from the other side,
Had generated in me an awareness of the reality that a short meeting
At a Crossroad in life is unavoidable how much ever we try to avoid it or ignore
it.

50. A Comely Partner

A Comely Partner in my life,
But She's really not my wife,
I play her always on my sweet tune,
Like a new radio and a global fune,
She obeys me politely
Like my real follower,
But ever pleads me just
Like a two- handed lawyer,
Her cheeks are rosy, lips red base,
curly coal hair, fairy like face,
I love her too much
And admire heartily her present,
At times, I shed tears of Singleness,
Whenever She remains absent.



Vinod Kumar Jha
Darbhanga
Bihar

51. Happy New Year

Happy new year to all of you,
May all your dreams come true.

You find the path of success in this year,
May your eyes not be wet with tear.

Your heart is always happiness stay,
keep the light shining on your way.

Draw attention to your actions,
Sensitively you give your reaction.

Stay strong in your confidence,
Health and wealth stay on your residence.

Always run away from evil,
Your life shouldn't being enters upheaval.

Soon you will reach your destination,
do write your own beautiful description.

May You get friends like the cold wind,
and an ocean of peace remains in your mind.

May it bring you lots of happiness,
You are always get parents bless.

God's blessings be with you always,
Let your work become your praise.



Vivek Sharma
Kullu
Himachal Pradesh

52. The Real Christmas Candle

Did I just hear the wind sing the jingle bells song?
Did the leaves just wish me Merry Christmas?
As I walk down the aisle of frozen humanity,
Even the waves seem to be caring but cautious.

I see statues walking into the markets of demons
To buy things that are as hollow as their mind;
Poor children begging for food outside,
While the rich celebrate inside with fake things of
every kind.

Santa seems to have forgotten
That he needs to bring gifts for the downtrodden;
They say that global warming is melting the North pole;
I think we can fix it with the cold hearts of humans without a soul.

Christmas was never about feasting on delicacies
Or adorning ourselves with every precious and pretty thing;
Children these days just know how to stuff their emptiness
With presents and the momentary joy they bring.

The real snow brings the message of Jesus
To love each other and help the ones in need;
But we have created artificial snow and plastic cribs
to let ignorance and superficiality breed.

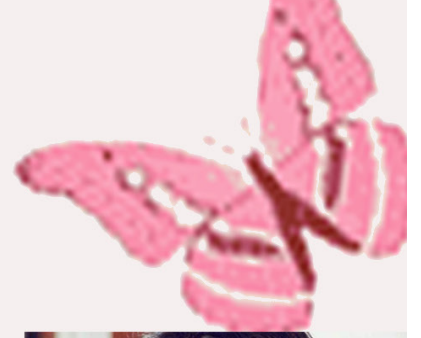
I am as guilty as you are
Though I try to change a little every day;
I pray all the time but I know it is incomplete
Unless I serve the divine cause at least once a day.

As you decorate your Christmas tree,
Hang not only accessories but your emotions too on it;
Maybe it will remind us what it means to be human
And only then will the real Christmas candle be truly lit.



Vizzmaya Jalal
Student
Mumbai
Maharashtra

**“Panache”
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PUBLISHER-CHIEF EDITOR

Name : Akanksha Shrivastava

Dob: 29-August

Place: Bhopal

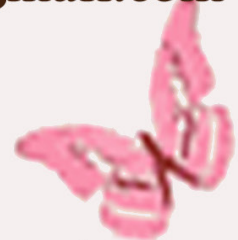
Education: B.E(computer science)
M.A(English Literature)

Achievements: Director “De telephone”
(Short Movie)

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

Email.id: aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com

Phone No.: 9424002558



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Designer



Name : **Lalit Kishore Gaur**

Dob: **21-July**

Place: **Bhopal**

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

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

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

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

Phone No.: **8109246305**



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Aadhya Publishing House

Vardhman City

Raisen Road Bhopal

Mobile: 9424002558

aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com

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