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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

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



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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GUEST OF THE MONTH

OBESITY AND ITS HOMOEOPATHIC MANAGEMENT



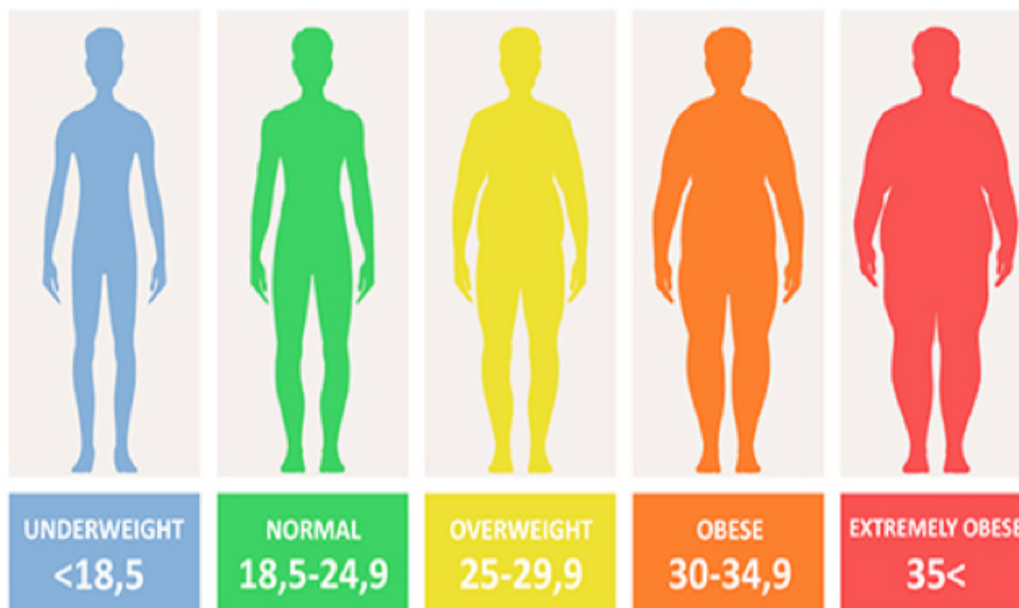
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INTRODUCTION: OBESITY AND OVERWEIGHT ARE DEFINED AS ABNORMAL OR EXCESSIVE FAT BUILDUP THAT IS HARMFUL TO ONE'S HEALTH. THE BODY MASS INDEX (BMI), WHICH IS EQUAL TO WEIGHT (IN KG) /HEIGHT (IN METERS SQUARE), IS THE MOST EXTENSIVELY USED METHOD FOR CLASSIFYING WEIGHT STATUS AND DISEASE RISK. OVERWEIGHT IS DEFINED AS A BMI OF 25 OR HIGHER, AND OBESITY IS DEFINED AS A BMI OF 30 OR HIGHER. OBESITY SHOULD NOT BE CHARACTERIZED SOLELY BY BODY WEIGHT; AS MUSCULAR PEOPLE CAN BE OBESE ACCORDING TO ARBITRARY STANDARDS WITHOUT HAVING INCREASED ADIPOSITY. OBESITY IS A MULTI-FACTORIAL CHRONIC CONDITION THAT RESULTS FROM A GENETIC AND ENVIRONMENTAL INTERACTION. ADULTS WHO ARE OVERWEIGHT OR OBESE AND HAVE A BMI OF 25 OR HIGHER ARE CONSIDERED TO BE AT RISK FOR HEART DISEASES.



CLASSIFICATION OF OBESITY:-

BODY MASS INDEX



CAUSES: OBESITY CAN BE CAUSED BY AN INCREASE IN CALORIE INTAKE AND DECREASE IN ENERGY EXPENDITURE, OR A COMBINATION OF BOTH. ENVIRONMENTAL AND GENETIC FACTORS CONTRIBUTE TO EXCESSIVE BODY FAT BUILDUP; SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC VARIABLES ALSO PLAY A ROLE. OBESITY HAS RECENTLY RISEN DUE TO A COMBINATION OF INCREASED CALORIE INTAKE AND DECREASED PHYSICAL EXERCISE. SLEEP DEPRIVATION AND AN UNFRIENDLY GUT FLORA HAVE ALSO BEEN PROPOSED AS POSSIBLE CAUSES FOR ENHANCED FOOD ASSIMILATION DUE TO DIETARY COMPOSITION. HYPOTHALAMIC DAMAGE, HYPOTHYROIDISM, CUSHING'S SYNDROME, AND HYPOGONADISM ARE ALL SECONDARY CAUSES OF OBESITY. ANTI-DIABETES MEDICATIONS ,GLUCOCORTICOIDS, PSYCHOTROPIC COMPOUNDS, MOOD STABILIZERS ANTIDEPRESSANTS OR ANTIEPILEPTIC DRUGS ARE ALL KNOWN TO CAUSE WEIGHT GAIN.

VARIOUS COMPLICATIONS ARE SEEN DUE TO



ISCHEMIC HEART DISEASE, MYOCARDIAL INFARCTION, CONGESTIVE HEART FAILURE, AND HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ARE ALL EXAMPLES OF CARDIOLOGICAL DISORDERS.

DIABETES MELLITUS, POLYCYSTIC OVARIAN DISEASE, INFERTILITY, BIRTH ABNORMALITIES, AND INTRAUTERINE FOETAL MORTALITY ARE ALL EXAMPLES OF ENDOCRINOLOGICAL AND REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM DISORDERS.

OBSTRUCTIVE SLEEP APNEA AND OBESITY HYPOVENTILATION SYNDROME ARE TWO RESPIRATORY CONDITIONS.

POOR MOBILITY, OSTEOARTHRITIS, LOW BACK PAIN, AND GOUT ARE ALL SYMPTOMS OF MUSCULOSKELETAL SYSTEM.

STROKE, MIGRAINES, CARPAL TUNNEL SYNDROME, DEMENTIA, AND IDIOPATHIC INTRACRANIAL HYPERTENSION ARE ALL NEUROLOGICAL CONDITIONS. MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS IS A DISEASE THAT AFFECTS A LARGE NUMBER OF PEOPLE.

DEPRESSION, SOCIAL STIGMA ARE PSYCHOSOCIAL CONDITIONS.

MANAGEMENT OF OBESITY:OBESITY WHICH ARE AS FOLLOWS:

DIETARY MANAGEMENT-DIET CONTROL- A WELL-BALANCED DIET SHOULD BE PROVIDED, WITH ENOUGH PROTEIN BUT LOW CARBOHYDRATE AND FAT CONTENT. ALCOHOL SHOULD BE MODERATELY USED.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE: IT IS NECESSARY TO PROMOTE PHYSICAL ACTIVITY.
INTERVENTIONS IN BEHAVIOR AND PSYCHOLOGICAL COUNSELLING.

THE HOMOEOPATHIC APPROACH TOWARDS OBESITY SHOULD BE SCIENTIFIC AND FEASIBLE. IN OUR MATERIA MEDICA MANY REMEDIES ARE GIVEN WHICH ACT WONDERFULLY IN CASES OF OBESITY AND OVERWEIGHT, BUT IT NEEDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE SPHERE OF ACTION OF THESE REMEDIES. HOMOEOPATHY HAS A VAST SCOPE TO OFFER INDIVIDUALS SUFFERING FROM OBESITY OR RELATED DISORDERS. LIKE OTHER SYSTEMS, HOMOEOPATHY HAS ITS OWN SCOPES AND LIMITATIONS.

CALCAREA CARBONICUM: CALCAREA CARBONICA IS PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE IN OVERWEIGHT AND FATTY, FLABBY PEOPLE WHO HAVE A PALE COMPLEXION, SWEAT A LOT, AND ARE COLD AND DAMP MOST OF THE TIME. THESE PEOPLE HAVE A SOUR TASTE IN THEIR MOUTH ALL OF THE TIME. THIS MEDICATION IS ESPECIALLY BENEFICIAL FOR OVERWEIGHT CHILDREN WITH A PALE COMPLEXION AND A HUGE BELLIES.

PHYTOLACCA BERRY: PATIENTS WITH DIFFICULTIES WALKING, SITTING, PALPITATION, DYSPNOEA WITH MINIMAL EXERTION, NAUSEA, AND ERUCTATIONS SHOULD TAKE THIS SUPPLEMENT. THYROID DYSFUNCTION CAUSES OBESITY. IT PRIMARILY AFFECTS GLANDS. THERE WAS A LOT OF FATIGUE AND A LOT OF PROSTRATION. OBESITY WITH RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.

GRAPHITES: OBESITY IN FEMALES WITH DELAYED MENSTRUATION. INDICATED FOR FAIR, FAT, CHILLY, CONSTIPATED PEOPLE WHO HAVE SKIN TROUBLE. OBESITY DUE TO HORMONAL IMBALANCE AT MENOPAUSE.

THYROIDINUM: IN EXCESSIVE OBESITY, IT ACTS BETTER IN PALE PATIENTS THAN THOSE OF DARK COLOR.

ANTIMONIUM CRUDUM: CHILDREN AND YOUNG PERSON WITH TENDENCY TO GROW FAT WITH COATED MOIST WHITE TONGUE. THE SUBJECT NEEDING THIS REMEDY MAY BELCH A GREAT DEAL, AND THE ERUCTATION MAY TASTE OF THE INGESTA, TENDENCY TO GROW FAT ASSOCIATED WITH GASTRIC AILMENTS. GOUT WITH GASTRIC SYMPTOMS.

FUCUS VESICULOSUS: OBESITY DUE TO NON-TOXIC GOITRE, AS WELL AS EXOPHTHALMIC GOITER.

CAYENNE PEPPER IS GOOD FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE LOOSE, FLABBY MUSCLES AND LACK OF ENERGY.

NATRUM MURIATICUM: NATRUM MUR IS ANOTHER IMPORTANT MEDICINE FOR WEIGHT LOSS. THIS MEDICINE RECOMMENDED WHEN THERE IS AN OVERABUNDANCE OF FAT IN THE THIGHS AND GLUTEAL REGION COMPARED TO OTHER PORTIONS OF THE BODY. THIS DRUG WORKS WELL FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE ACQUIRED WEIGHT AS A RESULT OF LONG-TERM GRIEF.

IGNATIA AMARA: WHEN CHANGEABLE MOOD, INTROSPECTIVE, SILENTLY, BROODING, MELANCHOLIC, SAD, TEARFUL IS THE CAUSE OF WEIGHT GAIN, IGNATIA WORKS WELL TO HELP AN OVERWEIGHT PERSON TO LOSE WEIGHT.

FERRUM METALLICUM: OBESITY WITH ANAEMIA, BLOATED FACE, AND PALENESS. BEST SUITED TO YOUNG, FRAIL PEOPLE WHO ARE ANAEMIC AND CHLOROTIC, HAVE PSEUDO-PLETHORA, BLUSH EASILY, HAVE COLD EXTREMITIES, AND SHOW SIGNS OF WEAKNESS EVEN WHEN SPEAKING OR WALKING. SKIN, MUCOUS MEMBRANES, AND FACE ARE ALL PALE.

AMMONIUM MURIATICUM: THIS HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE FOR WEIGHT LOSS IS PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE FOR THOSE WHO ARE OVERWEIGHT AND LETHARGIC, WITH HUGE DEPOSITION OF FAT IN GLUTEAL REGION AND AROUND THE ABDOMEN AND THIN LEGS.

CONCLUSION: THE HOMEOPATHIC CONSTITUTIONAL TREATMENT OF OBESITY TAKES CARE OF UNDERLYING MEDICAL, HORMONAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL CAUSES OF OBESITY AND CAN HELP IN PREVENTING COMPLICATIONS OF THE SAME. HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES CAN HELP YOU TO LOSE WEIGHT BY IMPROVING YOUR DIGESTION, METABOLISM & ELIMINATION. IN ADDITION, CERTAIN SPECIFIC HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES FOR WEIGHT-LOSS HELP TO BURN CALORIES FASTER THAN NORMAL. THUS WE CONCLUDE THAT HOMOEOPATHY IS EFFECTIVE IN THE CURE OF OBESITY PROVIDED THEY FOLLOW THE AUXILLIARY LINE OF TREATMENT (DIET AND REGIMEN) ADVISED.

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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. You can forget me

You can forget me, yes!
But your heart cannot be commanded, no!
Say yes when I come back to you
Say no when I decide to leave.

Even if the heart is shattered
Into thousands of pieces, because
You will still gather them, it's true
And my image will always be with you.

You can't forget me, no!
You can only love me, yes!
You appeared proud but had no heart
Weren't you unkind from the start?

Your beauty is ordinary,
You lived for yourself again
You can't forget me, no!
You can love me, yes!

I won't come to you anymore!
Live and cherish my image!

Translated from Russian to English by poet Santosh Kumar Pokharel.



Abdukakhor Kosim
Tajikistan

2. HOME

We find home in places, we find home in things. Sometimes home is within us, and sometimes home is without us. But what happens when home is not with us? This is a story of departure, a story of loss. What my mother didn't teach me before her departure: how not to cry when I hear the echoes of other mothers laughing. I cry, and I feel it in my heart. Tell me, how not to catch up to the clouds? How not to be sad when other mothers feed tales into the ears of their children? I swear I don't know how to ignore our home breeze because there is something about the breeze that reminds me of my mother. The breeze hits our walls, like how her voice plants in me the songs of melancholia. I mean to say, in these constellations of dark stars, I aim for light for an escape out of this darkness. But I'm a boy swimming in the shadow of grief, looking for home where the sun, moon, and stars bury the shadow. But what if the shadow was as innocent as a crescent moon?

This morning my brother came to my room with his face buried in his hands, and he saw me holding a box of chocolates that Mum misplaced. He was staring at me like a maniac, with tears running down his cheeks; tears that swallowed us in the room. I asked myself how to come out of this restless mind, screaming souls, and yelling body. Life presents us with gifts we were never taught, with grace and denies us rainbows. There is only one way to live as a hero, one way to chase these galaxies of darkness hitting our chest. I held his hand to navigate from this epicenter of grief like geographers plotting a Google map.



**Abdulquadir
Ibrahim Worubata
Poet
Kwara state
Nigeria**

3. Prisoner in a cage



Abu Al Farabi
Vet Microbiologist
Chittagong
Bangladesh

Prisoner in a cage,
A trapped bird
Flutters its wings
Trying to get out,
Wearing a gold chain
On its feet, the bird's
Golden past is lost.

Human life does just that
Over time, gets stuck
In the rules or the net of destiny.
Life is a turbulent sea,
Relationships are islands,
Yet people are confused
In the sea of ego.

The frothy waves of skepticism
Destroy the mind, soul, and brain,
But the heart finds the chamber of faith,
And the color of the world changes,
People's footprints change,
But the fight for survival
Never changes its type.

This is life, this is the world,
A mix of laughter, joy, and horrible truths,
So, do not give up,
Captive birds will be released one day,
Will fly in the sky,
Befriend the clouds.

4. Stabbed heart



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student and writer
Ibafo
Nigeria**

"Brrrrrrnnnggg", rang the alarm clock.
"You will be late for class, Dina! I will not be happy with you if the lecturer sends me out of his class again because of you and your sluggishness", said Kie.
Still feeling sleepy, she replied, "I've heard you little momma". Hurriedly, Dina took her bath and got dressed. She didn't bother to wear a makeup because it's almost 8am and her class starts by that time. "I made a scrambled egg and bread for you, it's on the table", said Kie. "I'll eat that when I'm back. Let's be on our way, we are almost late" said Dina.

As she hastily stepped out of the room, she bumped into her crush, Dave, who was also her neighbor. He is a tall, fair and handsome undergraduate; he is in same academic level as Dina; he speaks English and Spanish language fluently; he is every lady's crush.

"oh! I'm so sorry", Dina said, as she admires every part of him. "There is no problem, I am meant to apologize to a beautiful damsel like you, instead" Dave said as he smiled. On hearing that statement, Dina blushed.

They introduced each other and exchanged contact. They communicate every night and day. They became best friends. Then as their friendship went deeper, Dave fell in love with Dina but tried to hide it for long because he did not know what will happen to their friendship if he tells her. With the help of a friend's advice and encouragement, he opened up to her;

"Dina, the very first day I saw you, was the day I knew you are meant for me. I love you with my whole heart and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with you".

Speechless, Dina stared at him; she was dumbfounded.

"Dina, please say something", Dave said.

"Ok, I'll think about it and give you reply tomorrow", she replied.

The following day, which was a Saturday, Dave was eager to know the outcome

of the previous day. He was restless throughout the night and could not wait for the day to break. Suddenly, his phone rang and the caller was Dina. His heart almost jumped out and he picked the call out of anxiety;

"Hello! Beauty", he said

"Hi! Dave", she said.

"Uhhh, hope you slept well?", He said

"Yeah and my answer to your proposal is a yes. I love you Dave", she said joyfully. Dave could not control his happiness as he screamed with joy. They planned their first date and began their love life that day.

"You and that fine guy in our compound are now very close, hope it's not what I'm thinking?", Kie said teasingly as she cleared her throat.

"Amebo! Leave me jur. Dave is my boyfriend", Dina said shyly.

"Wow! You are a lucky lady. Do you know the number of ladies that wished he could date them? May your relationship last long", Kie said, jokingly.

"Amen oh, mummy G. O", Dina replied.

Dave and Dina continued their love life till they graduated. Afterwards, they planned to get married. Their wedding ceremony was the talk of the town. It was so elaborate. They had their honeymoon in cape town, South Africa. Dave bought an expensive house in Lekki.

After the wedding ceremony, everything was going on smoothly until after their second year anniversary, when they were unable to bear children. Dina was worried and scared that her husband would leave her due her inability to get pregnant. Her mother and mother-in-law were getting worried and anxious. Her mother-in-law does not fail to pressurize her and this made her felt bad more. Dave assured her that everything will be fine. His marriage changed totally when he met Kie at a supermarket.

"Wow! Nice to meet you again, Dave. How's my friend doing?", Kie greeted, happily.

"She is fine, thanks. You've forgotten us. You're still beautiful as before", he said, jokingly.

"Awnnn, thanks for the compliment. I misplaced my phone after your wedding ceremony and I lost my contacts. Nice to meet you again. My regards to your

wife ", she replied.

They exchanged contact to get in touch. When he got home, he told his wife about his encounter with Kie.

Kie and Dave chat a lot after they met. They became best of friends. They call each other everyday as well. One afternoon, Dave longed to see Kie and he requested they meet in a restaurant. Kie was so happy because she had been in love with Dave while they were in the university. During the meeting, she professed her love to him and Dave gave in too. Afterwards, they started their love.

While dating her, she got pregnant for him. Dave was so joyous because that was what he had longed for. He kept it a secret from his wife till Kie gave birth. He hardly go to his home but spent a lot of time with Kie.

A friend of Kie and Dina, told Dina about everything. Dina was heartbroken for months because those she trusted, had betrayed her.

"I can't stay here anymore", she said, as she sobbed and left her matrimonial home.

Akindipe Oluwafunmilola

5. Begum Hazrat Mahal



Akshita Maurya
Student
Lucknow
Uttar Pradesh

The revolution of 1857 was the great effort of the Indian people to free their country from the British rule.

It was a great effort to get it done.

Unlimited sacrifices were made in this Yagya.

Countless warriors were born in the soil of India, who fought for this freedom. By dedicating himself in the immortal yagya, they became immortal forever. The British Empire had established its roots in India. Day by day the British atrocities were crossing their limits.

The year of 1857 AD was the year of eruption of this fire. Revolts against the British had started all over India.

People stood up to free her mother from the shackles of slavery. Start of revolution happened from Meerut, then believe as if the whole India began to sing the song of liberation in one voice.

Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar was on the throne of Delhi. All the princely states took him as the head of the revolution, and started to spread the fire of the revolution in their own state.

Many provinces like Delhi, Meerut, Kanpur, Allahabad, Banaras, Agra, Jhansi etc. had started revolution on hearing the echo of freedom struggle.

How could Lucknow remain untouched by this freedom struggle? At that time Nawab Wajid Ali Shah was the Tajdar in Awadh.

Britishers sent him to Calcutta in the year 1856 on false charges of mismanagement. and tried to take over his kingdom but it was not that easy.

When the Nawab left for Calcutta from Lucknow, at that time many of his wives remained in

Lucknow.

Nine divorced wives also remained in Lucknow and one of them was the great heroine Begum Hazrat Mahal.

Begum Hazrat Mahal, born to a very simple Syed family of Faizabad in 1820 AD. Her childhood name was Mohammadi Khanum.

The condition of the family was not good, so her childhood was full of difficulties. At an early age, she was sold to the brokers of the royal houses as a tawaif.

There the people of the royal haram caught sight on her and inducted her into the royal haram of Nawab as Khbasin.

Mohammadi was self-respecting since childhood. Nawab admired her beauty and ability.

Being impressed by this, Nawab got include her in Pari group which was made up of his favorite dancers.

She was now named Mehak Pari.

Even in this profession, she maintained her self-respect and dignity.

Mehak Pari became Nawab's favorite pari and when Nawab realized that she was about to give birth to an heir, Nawab made her his wife and awarded with the name of Iftkhar-un-Nisa. She gave birth to a son named Birjis Kadra.

Now Begum Iftakhar-un-Nisa came to be known as Begum Hazrat Mahal. Begum Hazrat Mahal was a skilled politician and diplomat.

Her foresight and decision making ability was amazing. Begum knew the intentions of the Britishers and she used to warn Nawab about it. Nawab did not like this interference in political work. Slowly in their relationship cracks started and then the Nawab divorced Begum Hazrat Mahal.

While going to Calcutta, he did not take Begum Hazrat Mahal with him. Begum was lying alone, on one side Nawab's absence and on the other side the foresight of Britishers on the throne, in such hazardous situation, she decided to follow Rajdharma and went out of parda and declared war against the British in 1857 AD.

Begum Hazrat Mahal was fearless and respected in all religions. She never discriminated against her people in the name of religion.

Both Hindu and Muslims were considered equal and this was the reason that people fully supported the Begum in the war of independence.

On June 30, 1857, Begum's army faced the British in Chinhat and Dilkusha. Begum's commander, Ghamandi Singh, while the British's commander was Henry Lawrence. The army of 600 soldiers was faced with zealous

revolutionaries. There was a fierce fight, the feet of the British were uprooted. Henry Lawrence was badly wounded and he died on July 4, just two days after the battle. Begum achieved victory and on 5

July 1857 the minor Birjis Kadra was crowned on the deserted throne and Begum began to rule as her regent, which continued from July 1857 AD to March 1858 AD. She freed Bahraich, Salon, Sultanpur and Sitapur from the British and regained control over Lucknow. The British had to run away and hide in the Residency in Lucknow.

It was a matter of great pride for people of Awadh and Hazrat Mahal, but Begum was aware of the coming danger. She tried to organize her army and she also inspired women to participate in the freedom movement and also created a women's army. To boost their morale, Begum herself sometimes used to come to train them.

To keep Lucknow safe, she built a wall around it.

Now gradually it became difficult to bear the expenses of the laborers and the army. The royal treasury was getting empty, there were constant conflicts with the British.

In such condition, she even sold her jewelry to afford the expenses of the laborers and the army and also appealed to the rich to help the army.

She went also in public. Her people loved her so much that when Begum was among them, they gave their ornaments, jewelry and expensive utensils for the expenses of the army.

In this way Begum Hazrat Mahal continued the war. In the year 1858 AD in Alambagh

there was a fight between the Begum's army and the British. Begum Hazrat Mahal indomitable showed courage and at the same time she was fully supported by the general public, farmers and youth. And the result was that the British army had to face a crushing defeat.

Another terrible battle took place in Moosabagh. Begum herself took command of the army and the Britishers had to face a crushing defeat. It was becoming very difficult for the Britishers to stay in front of the bravery of Begum. They were defeated many times. By the extraordinary personality, she got the support of many big kings like Nanasaheb, Mansingh, Jailal Singh etc.

There was a war going on with the British, but even in such circumstances, Begum used to organize courts to listen to the problems of her people. She took special

care of religious harmony. When the Britishers on the pretext of building roads started demolishing temples and mosques, Begum protested against it as—

Scent made from the fat of pigs, eaten and drunk by pigs

On the pretext of building roads, destruction of temples and mosques, to build churches, to spread Christianity, to send chaplains to the streets to set up English institutes, to destroy Hindu and Muslim places of worship, and to learn English science for the work of paying monthly grants to the people, where is the religious freedom to destroy places of worship.

With all this, how can we be sure that religion will not be interfered with? She warned about the intentions of the Britishers.

On behalf of Birjis Kadra she also issued a decree that everyone should follow their religion and protect it.

There is complete freedom to do, she said that God is one, but He has Known different by names.

She established religious unity among the people and this was the reason why the people also supported her completely.

Britishers fled, the Residency, which was called the Fort of Vallegard, hid there. Begum laid siege to the valley guard and attacked it with cannons.

The walls of the fort were being breached and so were the morale of the British. many days the siege continued till Begum's army had kept the British in trouble. Begum wrote a letter to Emperor Zafar on behalf of Nawab Birjis Kadr and described the condition of Lucknow. The emperor was very pleased with her bravery and he also praised Birjis Kadar a lot and wrote in his reply letter that as much as

They will be rewarded much more area than they have.

Due to this message, the distance between Delhi and Lucknow regarding respect has now ended.

Thus the phrase of national unity was introduced. the war still continues

The British were not able to capture Lucknow. Henry Havelock and General Oram was sent to capture the Residency and drive back the Begum's army. But even they could not stand in front of the bravery of the revolutionaries. The condition of the British was getting worse, they had to capture Lucknow. It seemed difficult. The fire of revolution was raging all over India. meanwhile Captain Hudson imprisoned Emperor Bahadur Shah Zafar and sent him to

Rangoon. This news reached Lucknow and Begum presented an example of national unity. While doing this, she decided to take revenge.

Captain Hudson's spirits were high,

Hudson was sent to suppress the rebellion of Lucknow but Begum Hazrat Mahal, The army and people of the palace showed indomitable courage and Captain Hudson died. This voice resounded everywhere that "Lucknow had taken the revenge of Delhi."

The British were sweating, this was happening for the first time when they were repeatedly facing defeat.

Now cruel Colin Campbell was sent as the commander of Lucknow to quell the rebellion. He was a cruel person.

He brutally attacked the Begum in Sikandarbagh. In this battle, Begum suffered heavy losses and about 3000 soldiers were martyred.

Along with the Begum, her people were also fighting the British day and night, but gradually things were getting worse.

In Delhi, Allahabad, Banaras, Agra, Meerut etc. the front was also broken. But all these circumstances could not weaken the spirits of the Begum.

She kept on fighting a continuous battle. The British sent Begum with more army attacked. Now the Residency was slowly slipping out of the hands of Begum.

The English army had also arrived from Kanpur. Eventually the Begum had to back down and the capture of the fort could not be sustained.

The army that came from Kanpur attacked Kaiserbagh. Begum issued the order to close the gate and once again her army stood up for the war. Begum ride on an elephant boosting the morale of her army, she jumped into the battlefield with general people.

A terrible battle took place, the British were horrified to see their indomitable courage. The

English army was very large in number and there was no shortage of weapons. Begum's army started to weaken but they fought with the Britishers with the same bravery. She left Kaiserbagh with a huge convoy of women.

The British occupied most of the areas of Awadh. Begum's Kothi was also captured.

Despite so many difficulties, Begum lit the fire of revolution and did not let it slow down. She reached Hussainabad and once again prepared an army. Hindus and Muslims together supported Begum and she again attacked to the Britishers.

But due to the excess of the English army, she had to face defeat. Begum went to the countryside of Awadh and in the hearts of the people started fueling the fire of revolution. She tried to free not only Awadh but the whole of India from the clutches of the British. She had taken a great resolution to get it done. She did not give up and now had started the guerrilla fight against the British by living in the forests of Awadh. A revolutionary heroine of her own women's army Uda Devi also fought a guerilla war with the British army with great bravery. The British started trembling with their fear. Now in shahjanpur with Nanasaheb and Maulvi of Faizabad She started planning to attack the British once again. In October 1858, Queen Victoria took the reins of India in his hand and issued a decree that she is concerned for the Indians and will do justice to them. Whoever will patronize the British rule, all his crimes will be forgiven and prizes will also be given. In response to this decree, Begum issued a counter-decree that Don't get misled by the lies of the Britishers and stay loyal to your country. They were stunned to see this courage of Begum and it created a revolution in the minds of the people. The spark flared up even more. Staying at Bhundi fort in Bahraich, Begum continued revolutionary activities. Eventually the British vacated this fort as well. Begum was all alone now. Her heart was yearning for freedom, she traveled towards Nepal. The king of nepal welcomed her and now Begum started living in Nepal. many revolutionary and her son were also with them. All of them were taken care of by the Begum. She remained restless throughout her life to get freedom for the country. Begum used to write poems and she also expressed her pain in her poems –

ᄀ, d reUk Flh vkt kn oru gks t k |
ft l us t hus u fn; k pᄀ l se jus u fn; kA

t qZdh vkh/k k c<rh jghayEgk yEgk
fQj Hh ijpe dks vki ekal smrjus u fn; kA**

Self-respecting Begum Hazrat Mahal started living like an ordinary woman. Britishers were troubled by the fire of revolution she had kindled in the people. To end this war, Britishers offered a hefty pension and requested to come back but the self-respecting Begum refused to accept anything other than independence. Remembering her homeland in Kathmandu in 1879, this heroine sacrificed and took her last breath.

Dejs oru rjh feêh dh egd fey t krh
cgq l qdw l sfeêh eaegd fey t krhA**

In this way, by sacrificing herself in the immortal fire of independence, this great personality became immortal forever.

She was buried there in the Jama Masjid complex.

Begum Hazrat Mahal kept fighting for the freedom of her country.

No matter what the circumstances were, she faced them very well. She kindled the flame of revolution in the people and presented an example of national unity. She kept remembering her soil and with self-respect got sacrificed on her motherland. History can never forget such personality.

Her life will be an inspiration for future progeny. Lucknow based Victoria Park was renamed as Begum Hazrat Mahal Park in her memory where now both Hindu and Muslim celebrate their festivals with great enthusiasm and the efforts made by Begum for national unity seems to be fruitful.

Hundreds of salutes to such a glorious, fearless, courageous and self-respecting heroine

Begum Hazrat Mahal.

Thousands of salutes to such a glorious, fearless, courageous and self-respecting personality

Begum Hazrat Mahal.

By Akshita Maurya

6. NIGERIA IS A BLEEDING COUNTRY

Nigeria is a bleeding country,
Where blood is shed every day,
Citizens panic to move
After nightfall,
On every night of the year,
Bad things wear new garments.
Where we fear to move,
We can't pass in dark corners
Because of their armed weapons.

In our country, we don't have free and peaceful minds.
Every morning of the day,
We face a new incident.
Night comes with dread disease,
The truth is not allowed,
When we have legalized errors in our country.
Holistic politics.

Nigerians are claiming a democratic state,
Where the old night guards still bed wet.
It looks like the sun and the moon,
That do not come out in their time.
The sun smiles like a developing country,
A country claiming to be giant.
What are the characteristics of giants in them?
A country that celebrates 63 years on the earth
With nothing.

Nigeria's carbon dioxide no longer functions,
Nigerian leaders smell the aroma of killing in the state
On every night of the year.

What are the priorities of us?



Aladodo Yasir
Student, writer,
journalist
Ilorin
Nigeria

Nigerian noise was blood,
Bleeding with pain.

Nigeria is bleeding,
Nigeria is bleeding to death,
The consequences of which
Will be too grave to imagine.

Every day, Nigeria wears a new bad cloth,
In the night and day,
The cloth used to stain.

What is the symbolism of our country?
How can we compare our country?
Nigeria wears an incident cloth.

Nigeria is a prayer,
My country is an action-packed comedy,
My country is a movie.
But an elaborated theme of absurdity,
Here a country man is put
Antagonist and protagonist
Of his character.

My country is a fraction of positivity
And negativity,
Nigeria is an inside joke,
A caricature of itself,
The hullabaloo of opinions,
A transmission of confusion,
Cause my country is a gamble
between life and death.

Nigeria is a jungle,
Where dogs lead dogs,

And brothers cause their brothers to stumble.
Nigeria is unstable,
My country thrives on feeble promises
And shaky resolutions.
Nigeria is a giant sleeping
In its own clouds.

Nigeria is not entirely free,
My country is shallow,
Here you can buy anything,
Still, my country is hopeful,
My country is a desperate one,
On the lips of an honest-hearted countryman.
Nigeria is the collection of positive proclamations,
Nigeria is tears of supplication
From the tired eyes of a lovely mother,
My country is sweat
From the tired head of a caring father,
Nigeria is the doubt to belief of a better Nigeria.

By Aladodo Yasir

7. Life Is Not Short



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

Yes, I laugh out loud!
I care not for the deep wrinkles on my cheeks,
my double chin, or the drooping laughter lines.
Wait until I lie peacefully wrapped in the shroud.
Yes, I laugh out loud!

I sing the heartfelt song -
Judge not for my cracking voice,
trembling chords lost their melodious charm.
I pump in my strength so notes do not go wrong.
I sing the heartfelt song!

I dress to my heart's content!
Though the glitter on the gown has lost its sheen,
my tiara and necklace may seem outdated,
a frill here and a patchwork there.
Yes, I dress to my heart's content.

Mind you, I dance like a pro!
Floating around the floor with rhythmic beats.
Wobbly feet still carry me through.
The Twist, the Waltz, my favorite still.
My partner's hands around my waist.
Mind you, I dance like a pro.

Live it; you live just once!
Age, they say, is just a number.
When the heart is young, and joy surrounds,
every moment is a precious jewel.
Harp not on the beauty of days gone by.
Live it, you live just once.

8. MAGICAL KEGEL



**Amama Christabel
Maria
Student
Ikoyi
Nigeria**

Exercise strengthens the body and helps with blood circulation, also reducing the risk of heart diseases. Specifically, Kegel exercise is mostly performed by women to strengthen the pelvic floor muscles, especially after childbirth. It involves the voluntary contraction of the pelvic floor and is used for the treatment of urinary tract problems in both men and women. But before the commencement of the exercise, it is advisable to empty the bladder. For effective results, it is also expected to practice three times daily until the result is achieved.

Kegel exercise strengthens the uterus, bladder, small intestine, and the human rectum. Kegels help to avoid bladder leakages and passing out of gas from the vagina and anus by accident. The overall benefit of kegel is that it boosts orgasm in both men and women.

Pelvic Organ Prolapse (POP) is a condition that occurs when humans begin to age. The pelvic floor starts to weaken and pelvic organs start to drop. For women, the organs can even fall into or out of the vagina, especially when the woman has once had a hysterectomy. The vaginal tissue can start coming out of the body. Other factors that put humans at risk of pelvic organ prolapse include giving birth through the vagina, surgery in the pelvic area, genetics, pregnancy, frequent coughing and sneezing due to some health conditions.

Gynecologists often recommend kegels for people who are having complications with their pelvic floor muscles. Moreover, gynecologists usually recommend tips on how to do kegel properly, including tools that can help. These tools include vaginal cones that can be inserted into the vagina and held in place with pelvic muscle contraction. Secondly, biofeedback techniques for both men and women can be adopted. In this process, the doctor usually inserts a pressure sensor into the vagina or rectum. As the individual squeezes and relaxes their pelvic floor muscles, a monitor measures the activity.

Kegels are safe and not harmful, but precautions should be taken while performing the exercise. Participants should not do kegel while urinating because they'll likely contract urinary tract infection in the process. Overdoing kegel could also lead to straining when using the bathroom.

Kegels are not for everyone, but for those who already have pelvic organ prolapse. If someone's pelvic floor muscles are already tight, these exercises can likely do more harm than good because contracting muscles that are already tight won't be able to respond to the exercise.

The methodology for kegels is very simple but tricky. Participants should try to pee before the commencement. Once urine starts to flow, squeeze your muscles to hold it in. Participants should feel the muscles lift. Another way to squeeze the muscles is to start slowly by squeezing the pelvic floor for three seconds, then releasing for another three seconds. Do this three times or twice daily, depending on your work schedule.

In conclusion, watching YouTube videos on kegel exercises will teach interested and affected people the practical aspect of it more.

By Amama Christabel Maria

9. JUNIOR HUSBAND



Bobby Narayan
Ph. D Scholar
New Delhi
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Harikant alias Haria was walking around the inner circle of Connaught Place for fishing and suddenly stopped near a tri-paan shop to watch two ladies in mini skirt pumping smoke in the busy crowded area near an ice-cream vendor. Their white legs attracted him, and his eyes tried to penetrate the upskirts. Beautiful peoples moved around but he lingered on to focus on the two as if he would get the catch. Staring beauties are a part of males daily routine irrespective of age or marital status. Both were talking among themselves, and so, he came near the ice-cream vendor to hear their gossip.

- My gynaecologist recognised me at this showroom.
- You're gonna have to start wearing longer skirts.
- Skirts cannot control the smelly thing, you know.

Haria learnt English from a coaching centre, still couldn't understand but was trying to decode. He was watching their activity and they too stared at him and began to laugh. The village guy was again fooled, he felt guilty and began to walk. They followed him and he was then more scared but was stopped.

- Why were you staring at us?
- No... just. You are beautiful.
- Who is beautiful? She or me?
- Both
- Do you say like this to every girl?
- No. This is the first time.

One laughingly said, 'Oh! Whom do you like more?'

- I can't compare.
- Would you like to marry us?
- Both?... Not possible.
- Whom do you choose?
- Tomorrow... I will tell. I can't decide right now.
- Ok. But will you come tomorrow?

The other lady said, 'If you don't come? Better you give your mobile number.'

The taller lady snatched his mobile and said, 'Come tomorrow, we're here.' And both ran away. Haria could not imagine the aftermath and for a moment, a mountain fell over his head, and he began to feel dizziness, his heart stopped for few minutes. He sat down near a pillar and began to think, 'What have I done! I shouldn't have been over-smart.'

Suddenly one vendor said, 'Please leave this place, I am to place the books.' He moved few meters away and began to watch the people wandering for no reasons. Hardly anyone getting into the shops to purchase; most of them bargain with street vendors but don't buy. 'Life is bargaining; it may not always be gainful' he said as if he lost the gamble.

Late in the evening, he left for his room, where his roommate, Gajodhar, was waiting and eagerly asked, 'Where were you? You aren't picking the phone also?' He narrated the fortuity and sat on the floor, his roommate consoled him and said:

- Don't worry. Meet them tomorrow. Talk wisely.
- But they are insisting to marry.
- Be bold, once your phone is in your hand, fly away.
- If I can't?
- Develop friendship...things will be easy. At the worst, if you get trapped, marry one of them and then abandon...
- Abandon? You mean ditch ...
- But that's a sin.
- No sin, our god has also ditched his pregnant wife. Lots of famous people do so. There's nothing sacrament in leaving someone.

-2-

After office, the next evening, Haria hurried towards the destination - the tri-paan shop out of breath and waited near the ice-cream vendor. He was thinking to buy paan but from whom? There are three: Shukla Paan Bhandar, Rajput Paan Shop and the Gupta Paan. Just then a police-constable came near him. The paanwala handed over him a cigarette. While lighting the fig he was looking at Haria suspiciously and then without paying any money went to his jeep but made a constant watch at him. Haria got frightened; he thought to leave but the same moment, the two ladies from their BMW shouted, 'hello Mr...'. Haria looked at them and waived his hand, and he proceeded towards them as they were asking him to come along with them. He had no other choice but to jump

into the car. As the car began to move, he, in calm voice said, 'Please handover my phone, I have some urgent calls'.

There was no answer and in few minutes the car entered a bungalow. They got down and asked him to follow. He had never seen such a house in real life except in films and began to wander about the interior decoration. His head moved around wondering to search his fortune. He sat down in a sofa and began to compare the richness of such people and the life of the poor like him. 'How do these people earn so much? What do they do? We also do hard work but are limited to hand to mouth only!'

A servant came and knocked him, offered water and tea. On enquiry, the servant said, 'the taller lady is Racheal Sharma and the shorter one is Olga Singh. Their husbands are in Canada'. Olga came and said to him, 'Take a bath and change your clothes before dinner'. At dinner he was unable to consume even the main course due to excess of spirit. As he entered the bedroom, both the ladies stripped him. Being on tenterhooks, he felt shy but didn't stop them from further exploitation as the pleasure he was looking for since long finally arrived without any effort. The next morning, at the breakfast table, he was asked about his earning. He hesitated and put his head down. His good manners and social skills were very attractive even being a rustic fellow.

- Don't shy. You should be proud that you are at least earning.
- Nineteen Thousand after deduction.
- Ok. Here it is very difficult to earn even if someone is qualified. What if we pay you fifty thousand?
- Fifty? For what? What type of work?
- We will let you know in course of time.

Haria became glad, for it was a filthy life at meagre salary by which it was difficult to maintain a sober lifestyle. The burden of family at village and high cost at the capital had crushed down all the talent present in him. Before leaving for her work, Racheal said, 'The only condition is that you will spend Monday, Wednesday and Friday with me and other alternate days with Olga. Sunday is off. You will get food, clothing free of cost. There is gym, mini-theatre, swimming pool, playground for you. Ask Ramu Kaka for whatever your need is'.

Haria shouted, 'What a life! Like a king, two birds at a time. I am the king'.

-3-

In their absence, Haria roamed around the huge empire almost equal to two

villages. And it was very pleasing time to pass in the park, under the trees with no major work while pleasure at the peak. Next week, Racheal called out Haria and requested him to message her and it became frequent which irritated him. He decided to wander about at those places and meet all the acquaintances and specially his roommate with whom he was unable to contact since seizure of his phone. It was a tremendous urge to meet them; one Sunday, he dressed like a rich and approached the main gate. The guard stopped him:

- You can't go out.
- Why?
- Madam has ordered not to let you out.
- But why?
- Sorry...Please take permission from Madam.

Angrily, he went to Racheal. She said:

- Why do you want to go out? You are getting everything here.
- I just want to stroll, meet my friends.
- No way!

For the first time, Haria felt he had entered the hell. That day, he could not perform at night for which he was beaten profusely by the two women and other guards. It took a week to recover. The incident took an emotional breakdown as there developed a hatred. Though the ladies were deprived of libido, still he was not let outside the premises and in next few weeks, he also broke down as his salary was not in his hand. He could know that he was trespasser and could land in jail, if dissented.

Olga advised Racheal to accompany Haria to parties they were attending where he would be getting the opportunity to meet high dignitaries, drink costly wines, eatables and in course of time would forget his past. Haria, a simple man, also enjoyed the westernised Indian culture but had to return with them after the parties. There was no chance of flying away and slowly he began to be gloomy. Negative thoughts began to nest his head. He hatched many plans to kill Racheal as she was the dictator...persecutor. He said to himself:

- I can strangulate her while message... no! cable wire would be better, Kitchen knife? No! drowning in the swimming pool. But can I do anyone of them and the consequences?... I will be behind the bars and these luxuries? My entire salary is with her. How much? It had been how many months. It's eleven

months, next month it will be twelve and the total will be about six lakhs. How long can I remain inside? The witch is not giving me the phone also.

To his sadist state of mind, Haria found Olga nearby who soothed him. While Racheal was away on odd days, she consoled him, 'Everything will be alright'. That consolation made Haria closer to Olga and he decided to abandon Racheal and teach her lesson, he abstained from performing at night. This made Racheal furious at the extremity. She immediately conspired with Olga's husband and within two days Olga had to take flight to Canada.

In absence of Olga, Haria grew beard and pretended to be monk. Racheal asked him:

- What is the problem with you?
- I want to go home.
- Why?
- My sister has to be married. Last year we had planned for that but this year we must, or she will be overaged. If you allow, I can finalize her marriage if the groom consents.
- Where is your home?
- Bihar, Chapra District
- How will you go? By train?
- Yes, by train.
- Ok, I will book the ticket.

-4-

Haria was ready with bag & baggage with an expectation that he would be handed over his deposit but to his surprise Racheal handed over two bundles of hundred rupees and said:

- Fix the date and thereafter, come and take all your deposit.

There was a thunderbolt. Tears were about to roll down. Seeing his gloomy face, she handed over two gold rings and said:

- This one for the groom and this one for the bride. Now smile. Come soon. Haria took an auto rickshaw to the station. The sleeper class was not good enough, he felt. The entire journey was with mixed feelings. Some happy moments overshadowed his isolation. With not enough money, he reached home and completed the engagement ceremony. The groom didn't ask for dowry, which rescued him from being overburdened. 'But still, I need two-three lakhs for the marriage ceremony. That's not an issue. Six Lakhs are there' he smiled. The

faraway monotonous life at village too also began to itch him.

After almost fifteen days, he came back. The train was late, and he arrived at midnight at the bungalow. The guard did not allow him to enter. Haria asked, 'Why?'

The guard laughingly said, 'Madam's senior husband has come.'

By Bobby Narayan



10. Development through Education and Cultural Values



**Chitranjan Dayal
Singh Kaushal
Retired Associate
Professor, S.K.U.K.
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

Although many physical developments are happening all around us, there is an absence of peace. People are doing Karma, but that is not in accordance with what the Gita says. Working for one's own narrow interest is not Karmayoga. Our saints and rishis worked for the good of all. Expansion is life and contraction is death. This is our Indian cultural value system which is to be again adopted for real development and protection of all.

Whatever we perform, it should be in tune with svadharma i.e. duty. We all are interrelated and interconnected. We all are also interdependent. This oneness is fully expressed in Indian culture. We always pray for the wellbeing of all.

Sarve bhavantu sukhinah, Sarve santu niramayah.
Sarve bhadrani pashyant, Ma kashchid dukhabhag bhavet..

Our culture is expressed in our deep rooted thought process of Karma doctrine. We are eternal and that's why we are Sanatan.

Have faith in yourself. Relish every duty. Blame not others. The development through education and cultural values is the crux of all. There is no other way.

The first civilisation took root in the valleys of rivers. Our Vanvasi communities exemplify such a Nature-inspired lifestyle. They adhere to traditions and rituals. They pay obeisance to forest deity. But now, age old practices are being buffeted by forces of consumerism. To protect ourselves, we have to protect Nature. Protecting existing water bodies and natural vegetation across the valley of rivers is essential to reduce the risk of flooding in the adjoining areas. New plantation is required to curtail river bank erosion. The deep understanding about the surrounding environment provides many reliable sources for development. Some local communities must be involved in the fruitful cultural and economic

activities.

Shrimanta Shankardev's followers built Namghar in Assam. Followers of Sikh Gurus built Gurudwaras. There is no bar for anyone to enter Namghar and Gurudwaras and participate in its activities. Key role of Namghar as a disseminator of a wide range of cultural knowledge and practices has remained intact and recognised by all.

One should control the physical desires. Our tongue should be in control. If anyone causes harm, one has to maintain peace by controlling his or her speech. In this way, the world can be unified through the practice of Indian values i.e. atmavat sarvabhuteshu. It is the highest moral quality that begins within the family, relatives and friends. For overall development, growth in per capita income is also required.

Undoubtedly, development is an activity that brings in significant increase in per capita income in a given geographical area over a long period of time. One of the prerequisites for development is not uprooting people from their basic education and cultural values. Our Indian culture teaches us a lesson of Loksangrah.

Let noble thoughts come to us from all sides. Truth is one, different learned people present it in a different way.

Aa no bhadrah kratvo santu vishvatah.
Ekam sad viprah bahudha vadanti.

From time immemorial the concept of inclusiveness is ingrained in the collective consciousness of Bharat.

Vasudhaiva kutumbakam has been our heartfelt motto. The entire world is a family.

Coming together, working together and living together happily in complete harmony may be called varnashrama dharma vyavastha. The people engaged in the basic occupation of serving the society must be given due regard and their share in development. We should educate our youth to respect labour.

Not me, but you and love for labour: these are two mottoes of the National Service

Scheme. Persons involved in weaving cloths, making tools, skinning, sweeping and cleaning should be treated with respect and dignity. Bharat has created a unique sense of togetherness and co-operation among the people which is entrenched in our culture. Our social reformers awakened and guided people towards righteous path i.e. dharma. To create affinity and co-operation among people, we should respect all and provide equal opportunity to enjoy life fully.

To conclude, we must strengthen our rich Hindu culture and aspire to celebrate the motherland Bharat with overall development of all. The wisdom of Vedas could be kept alive through education to sustain a way of life that is really developed and peaceful.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

11. At My 20's

At my 20s, I am still not bold enough to seductively approach any woman.
Whenever I approach one, I am always looking down or up in the sky.
Whenever I look down, the ground is always dry or tarmacked, nowhere to hide my timid sweat.
And whenever I look up in the sky, the clouds are always clear without any clue.
Sometimes I wonder how nature is so selfish.
Whenever I look at the trees, the wind incites the birds to trigger amnesia in my mind.
I forget everything. What I can recall are the miracles by Jesus which are sealed in my heart, courtesy of beliefs.
But this courage that comes when I see you is a miracle I can testify in my diary.



Daniel Mudondo
Writer
Nairobi
Kenya

12. WHEN THE STARS FLY

Near the horizon, tired in dusk,
A star that is approaching is battling with obstacles.
Higher it can go,
Brighter it may look,
Each presented
In the sky's full galaxy.

Devolved in matriarchy,
Left in anarchy,
Now profound in misogyny.
When they fly,
The earth benefits,
They lead the shepherds,
This star is undoubtedly significant.



Dennis Ogola
Student
Nairobi
Kenya

13. My Mom

Who is shining on the moon?
Who is twinkling in the stars?
Who is torching in the sun?
Who is colouring Rainbow far?

Blooming flowers inspiring us.
Face the challenge with a smile.
Keep ambitions as mountain heights.
Conquer the top in short a while

One who created a beautiful world.
His existence is invisible to all.
One who gave us breath and life.
He's supper power, all in all.

Where are you, lovely mom?
You gave me birth with a painful cry.
And beautiful words on my lips
I saw this world with your eyes.

Today I'm sad and alone, need my mom.
You always live in my heart.
Oh, my mother! Where are you?
I want my life again to start.



**Dhan Singh
'Dhanendra'
Moradabad
Uttar Pradesh**

14. Talking shoes



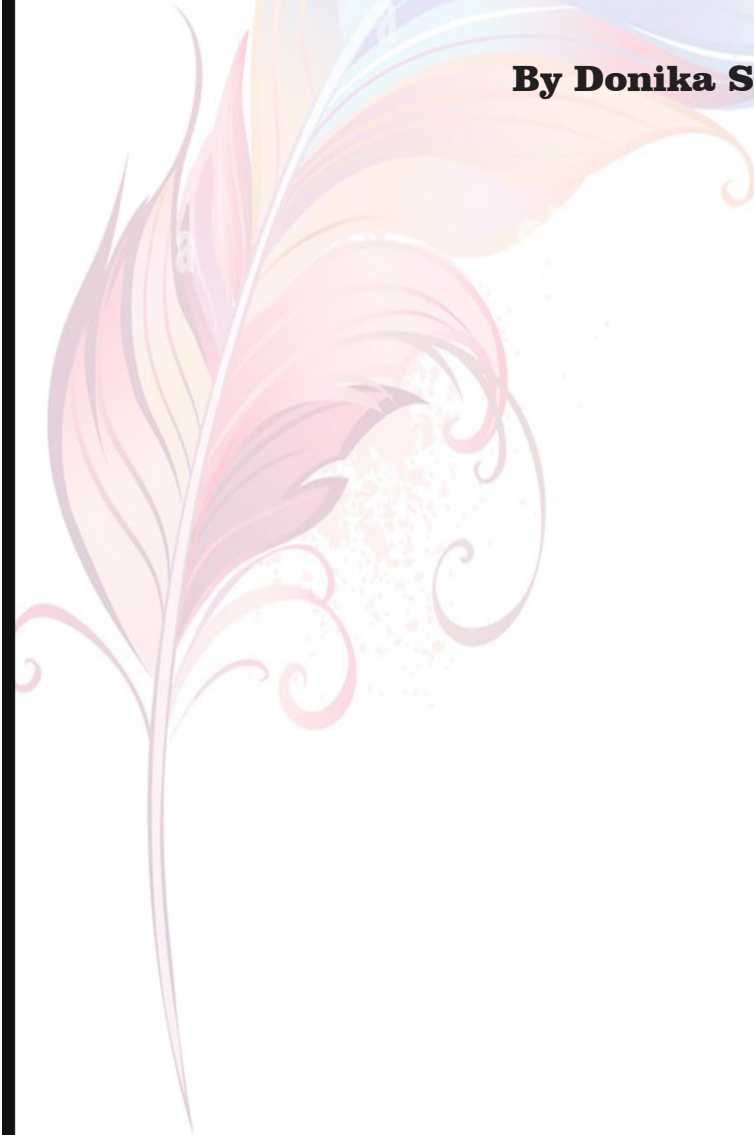
Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

A gigantic resonance petrified me! What turned out as a red belly and green slipper asked, but nothing, Red Belly started lamenting. 'What happened, why are you howling dear?' asked Orange Jaipuri Belles. 'Nothing, I am in too much twinge, but what exactly happened?' 'Dear, please tell us,' Sport Shoes said. 'Ya, stop hymning and tell us why are you marching,' said Leather Heels. 'Nothing,' Red Belly said, 'I am discerning that our life is of no custom. Neither someone loves us nor takes care of us. But why are you saying this, Belly? What essentially had transpired? Kindly let us know,' asked Shiny Black Boots. R. Belly said, 'You all tell me what we are not venturing for this egomania world, we are giving them our whole life and they don't have time to even virtuous our bracket, to take out dreadful sniffing socks from us (shoes). They don't even spotless us before keeping us in the bracket one upon one. Tell me if I am wrong.' 'No-No, R. Belly, you are precise,' Leather Heels said.

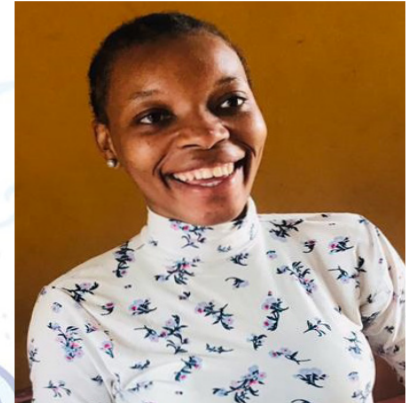
'R. Belly speaks auxiliary,' as per my familiarity, people are fond of amassing (collecting) shoes. They love keeping an inimitable pair of shoes. They love assembling shoes and daily they dress in a diverse pair of shoes, which praise their ensemble as well,' Leather Heels continued. 'R. Belly continues: We have a distinctive worth that we never grumble about anything. Whether we are being used or not by this disreputable world. Many times we face assortment and refutation on the basis of our color, size, quality, cost, brand, and many more. But look into the incongruity that we never rebuff this world on their weight more or less. We hail them with our untie heart, we never abscond them unaccompanied in their delight and grief moments. But they chuck us out in the compost after devastating us like anything with their slot on the sandstone. We feel agonizing pain at that time but we never grumble about the same. We have been treated like a dumb article, when we went through with some wound, we were sometimes repaired by the cobbler for more use. And then we went through with an operation without anesthesia. We never

put our feet up after being operated. We never get medicines to come out with our soreness. Rather, our lords start humiliating us on sandstones. Many times we have proven our duties towards our lords by pinching and biting them to make them aware that this particular pair of shoes is not made for them. Even in run, walk, fight; shoes are there day and night. They bear the bad sweating smell after being used by their lords but never ask for a spray of perfume. Rather they suck that bad smell and give a refreshing feel to their lords the next day. Sometimes we face a contrast among us, which comes out by this unethical world. We feel sad at that time but cannot show our dejection to anyone. Our character in their lives is not so vital; so, what even if we accompany them on their final voyage of life, when even the soul leaves them all alone. We show our gratitude towards them.

By Donika Sharma



15. HOW TIME FLIES



Elonu Annabel
Student
Ogun state
Nigeria

A time so precious and dear to me,
With memories unforgotten,
Birthed a princess, triumphed a queen,
Conquered an empress.

A day old, who foresees the future,
Never understands that it is not a smooth one,
Quick to start up the race,
Unsteady to strive on,
Time will tell!

Decades on earth yet still radiating,
Making out to be the best woman ever,
A journey filled with constant tears and smiles,
Starting with two lovely birds,
Halfway with just a strong love bird.

My life is a testimony for the past and present times.
Crushing me makes me strong again,
My tears are painless,
My battles were fought and won,
Victory was mine!

What a sumptuous timing,
When magnificent wonders occur,
The splendid time is now!
A time to advocate my testimonies,
Celebrate my victory!

Time has flown,
Yet stronger and braver,
The pain of a fatherless child cannot be felt by another,
But the colorful journey has to be celebrated in accord.
This is the best timing.
Indeed how time flies!

16. Pain

Why Is It So?
That You Think Only You Are in Pain!

No Dear, The Case All Over The World Is the Same.

No Need to Think,
Can You Get Fame By Giving Someone Pain?

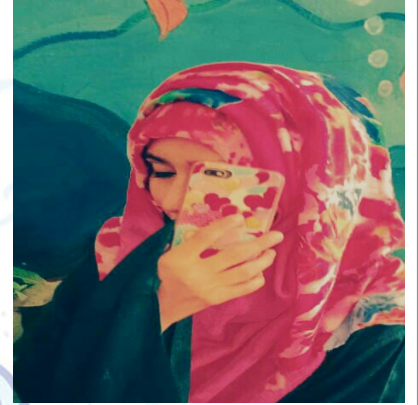
Alaaas! It's Not Fame, But a Great Shame!

Have You Ever Felt Someone's Pain?

A Matter Of Heart, Not Brain!

Of What Use Is It To Patrol in Vain?
When You Just Missed The Train!

After Going Through Pain,
A Happy Life Starts All Over Again,
Like a Beautiful Weather After a Heavy Rain!



Farah Aslam
Teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

17. I WRITE BECAUSE...

I write not because I have the words. I do so not to bore you with endless quotes. I do write because we're one piece of a puzzle. Trust me when I say growing up in an African home is not a walk in the park. There is no time for drama or throwing tantrums because you know the rod is somewhere waiting. This is the hardest part about it all, you have to be on the lookout. Opening up was not an option either. They wouldn't get you. You are a teen who is blossoming. Just like a wildflower, untamed. What does one do when they don't have a safe space for opening up? We let those feelings pile in the depths of our hearts. Like a plague, we allow them to spread yonder. One does not realize the situation getting out of hand. We feel like we got this. We smile like models on the runway. Then one night that gnawing feeling starts choking you. In the middle of the night, like a thirsty demon, it drains you, making you wake up exhausted. I was tired of this feeling creeping on me when no one was watching. I was simply done. So when my heart bled, my pen wrote the pain. I didn't have the words then, it's not like I ever do. My feelings just keep flowing like a river. My trail of thoughts keeps being refreshed by every full stop. Like a bird, I feel free and ravishing. So when I write it's not because I'm literate or stuff, it's just so that I share these endless thoughts with you all. My love language is not purely actions, but it's also hidden in the mysterious lines in my texts. I write because I'm that voiceless voice, that's fragile like glass struggling to be heard. I do all this not to quench my thirst but to touch a soul somewhere. Above all, I know one of you can relate and maybe feel they are not alone anymore. So when you see me writing let me be because writing saved my life.



Fareen Khabetsa
Mboya
Writer
Eldoret
Kenya

18. Solitude

Solitude changes our attitude.
The state of being alone is solitude.
Loneliness is a word similar to solitude,
But solitude sometimes deserves a salute.

Solitude is always positive,
While loneliness is mostly negative.
Solitude gives feelings of emptiness,
But it is not at all loneliness.

Solitude brings us to isolation,
And it is also synonymous with seclusion.
Solitude helps us to be in a state of balance,
And keeps us in touch with silence.

Solitude introduces us to ourselves,
Bringing us closer to ourselves.
Solitude keeps us away from attachment,
Helping us reach a stage of detachment.



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar pradesh**

19. Deja Vu



Husna Abbasi
Student/ writer
Pakistan

What is deja vu?

Deja vu means "already seen." It refers to the feeling of familiarity that one experiences during a present moment, despite having no specific recollection of having been in the same situation before. Deja vu is the result of memories that are stored in a part of the brain.

In Islam, in the knowledge of spirit and light, there is no concept of time. The past and the future have already been written, and light is constant and does not move, with no concept of time. Thus, this ancient book of light has already been written. This world is like a set of pages, and we are on one page today, another tomorrow, and so on. However, the soul is from the world of light. If Allah wants the soul to have intuition, then the soul can see the previous pages or the next pages. Allah shows this experience to the servant, and many people become spiritual through these experiences. In short, your spirit is timeless.

Now the question becomes, is deja vu a good thing? Think...

Deja vu is probably a good thing because it's a sign that the fact-checking brain regions are working well and preventing you from misremembering events. If you experience déjà vu, you might have experienced it before, but you just can't remember it.

If your past is really hurtful, you can deal with déjà vu by taking a few slow and deep breaths. Deep breathing helps you to slow your heart rate and also helps to control the physical tension in your body.

Types of deja vu include
telepathic,
obsessive,
clairvoyance,
and sixth sense.

In short, we are used to deja vu, but somehow, it's new. This is a gift from God, and we should accept it now.

20. WHAT ARE YOU SILENT POET MIDNIGHT



Inver Sheudzhen
Poet
Russia

What are you silent about, poet of midnight,
When the silent city sleeps?
About whom, at this hour,
Does the tired soul of yours, hurting, keep?

While leaning over the lines, tiredly,
What thoughts come to you?
Or is it a memory that bares a sting
Or are you devastated by anguish subdue?

Or maybe you tear apart with pain
As you remember in silence about her,
About the one you called Assolya,
Loving her in the days of youth infer...

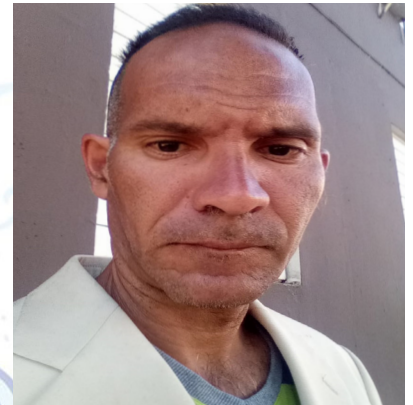
About the one who gifted happiness
And filled your heart with mad tenderness,
It's not even in God's power
To give back love days and instill...

Is it about this, at the wrong hour,
When the quiet city sleeps,
Hiding midnight-ones in reflections,
That your soul, the poet, keeps silent?

21. Tailoring in action!

I delicately thread the needle,
But it's not just any thread,
That thread is well-prepared for the mission,
The needle is in my hands for commendation,
I tie a knot... and that's it!
The patient is oblivious,
Having repeated his episode several times,
The seam will proceed,
Mending, mending,
Each interweave will fit together perfectly,
Zigzagging each end of the memory,
Uniting, uniting,
He is even taking on a new project,
Soon he glimpses excellent brilliance.

Patched to oblivion.
Any bond that goes out of the way expires,
But in my hands, it will be very good,
For I always wanted to be like smoke,
Coming here and... going with the wind.



Jose Luis Lopez
President
International
Chamber of Writers
and Artists Puerto
Rico
Puerto Rico
Mexico

22. TEACHING OF TIME

(Dear readers we pass a number of moments in our life and many of the seconds go unnoticed, time to time different feelings are there which keep us shaping and changing according to it. We keep on learning perpetually, it teaches us always. Hence this is to talk here now how is this 'time' running each and every thing of this world , in fact how is it maintaining the world and teaching the necessary lesson to the universe. Time is a great healer, Time is a great teacher. See how?)

Have you actually ever thought who actually governs the world - god, government or what? No, the time does it. The time directs us, no one can make it stable, and we must run under it.

Sometimes we think that we have a command over the time, we can do our own, we create a hypothesis sometime that we may challenge the time, this is useless to think so. We want always a rest on holidays but as soon as it becomes over the time charges us and we come into function. We hardly like to leave the bed in early morning as most of us are 'Rest lover' but the dawn makes switch on and we come on our track in the race of being punctual. This is truth that we prefer to be there in a favorable condition or environment, everyone like this but if it is same always the world will not go smooth , in order to teach us this time has to lead us towards some odd conditions or situations always. Many of the person; we may find around us who accepted not to become capable with some particular moments of the life to face and are haunted to face the minutes but the same body copes up with the same issue or problem and very easily and at the same time the person does not believe upon himself or herself that the moments could be faced by themselves successfully.

If it is Sunday, we make a rest, as soon as it becomes Monday we get charged and awakes early to become punctual for our daily chores. So who made us active, if it were still Sunday we would like to have the rest continue but the time made us



Kailash Rana
Ph.d scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand



so , it orders to do, so we are bind to it else perhaps we shall lag behind, we must follow this. Thus the time governs us. Similarly when the times comes we try our best to perform our mundane activity the whole world does so and somehow every action of the world done by a certain subject collectively runs the world, we all are doing the job to run the world and in fact the time is making us done so. Don't you think so that this time has already decided so to be done by all of us, that is why the world is going on or in spite of making the plan we become unable to do the same, for examples if we plan to go somewhere and it starts raining, the time had fixed the rain so we had to change the way of performance and we couldn't do exactly what we had thought we didn't make it done so, the time did it. This 'time' arranges its every things according to its own and we just run under it, from our birth to death everything has been pre decided if you think you shall come to know, we don't have a power to mould anything by ourselves we collectively perform the world and the world go on to meet its change as the changing is the rule of nature and we shape ourselves according to it and this gives us learning. When we are child the time makes us done childish activity similarly at our old age something like old are performed the time made us old and the old like work is done .So everything go same, every sector in the world is being commanded by the time and it is in each and every minor to major life. Hence, I would like to suggest you all at least think about the time what actually it wants with its respect and to go with its mood it will help you to go better in your life if we try to understand it, it will make us understand the world .

Thanks.....

By Kailash Rana

23. IN THE DEAD FIELDS

We are in the dead fields,
Yet short days ago we lived,
Felt dawn and sunset glow,
Throwing eyes in the cloudy sky,
And now we lie in the dead fields.

Below the thunders of the upper deep,
People cried in the abysmal sea,
And hurried in the slumbering green of water.
No souls roared and rescued in the arms of water,
Through the floods lie shadows of death.

The hearts beat under the soil,
Their souls enveloped in the dark cloud,
Lightning flung out on high over their heads.
At the end of their wings, come to death,
In the burst of eyes- we have lost souls,
In the dead fields.

There is a black sun around that base mountain,
We are in the mountain of sorrow,
In the thousand miles of dark clouds.
Yes, we are in the gold dum-dizzy complexion,
Untrimmed thousands have gone,
Their last breath was under the sniff of waters,
Dying slowly in the pyramid of cyclone.
Walking not in home-dress pillar,
To my cry of my heart in the dead fields.

Over the hill, across valleys,
Through the bush and scorching sun,
Through the fire and floods,
Without dewdrops from the east,



**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda
Malawi**

The double voice accorded,
In the tearing of faces,
And breaking up of their rings,
In the storming and thunders,
And with sorrow's wind and rains,
We are citizens of weeping and gnashing.

A Reverend man that grazed cattle in the bush,
Promised the charity of ages,
Upon his lips servant leadership,
Was heard but sweet wind,
Crooked the path in the death minded,
Instead of sowing paradise,
But hell has been sown for citizenry to swarthy.
We are in the dead fields.

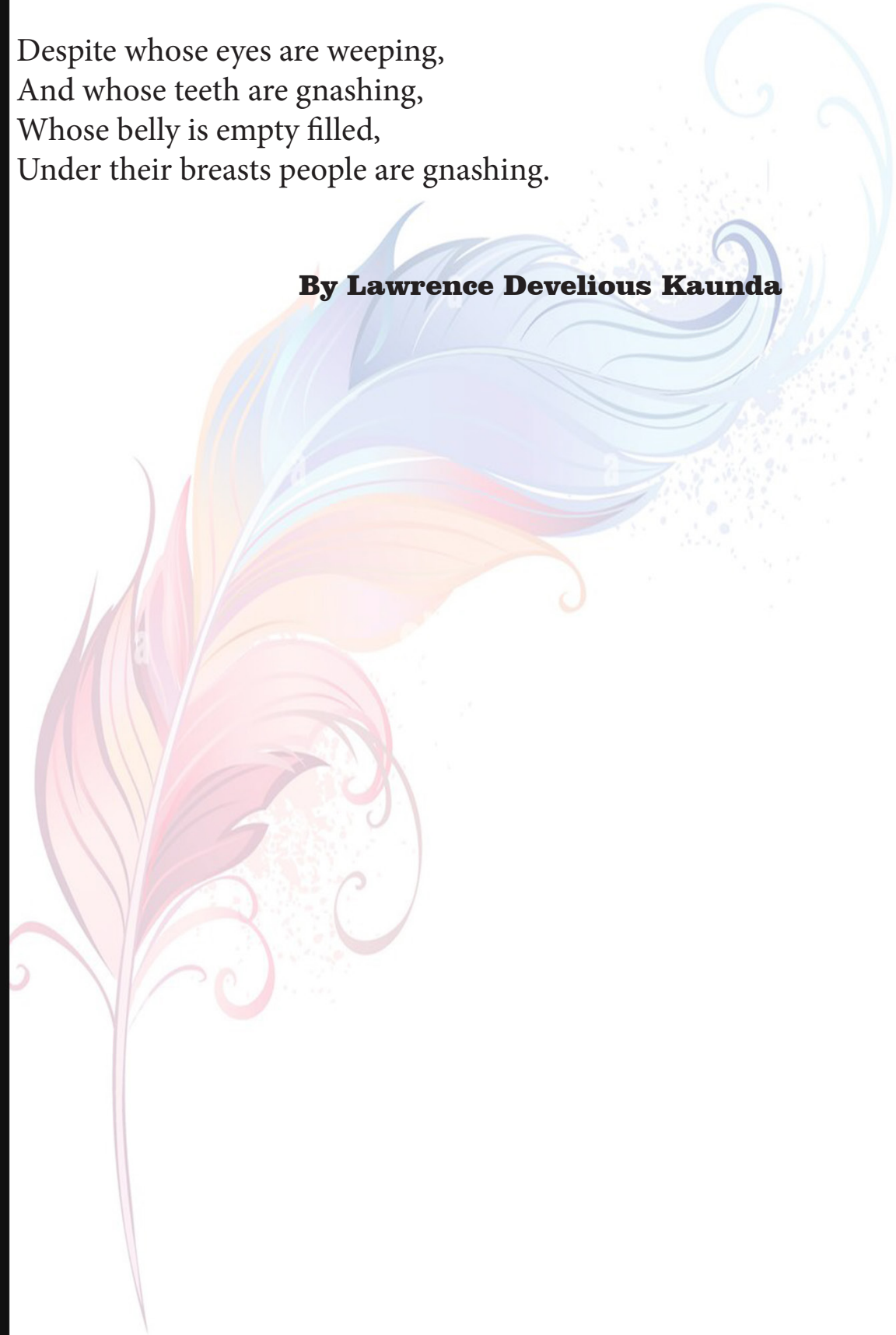
When the winds breathe sweet,
Sooner or later, rains come,
With tongues of thunder and lightnings,
That follow like a subject for the day.
Like fools in the bleeding and cries,
Smile in corruption is another defilement,
To the adulterate hearts, I'm sorry,
For we are in the dead fields.

When I throw my eyes higher in miles,
There is no garment of grace and mercy.
This is naked leadership ever had,
The throne of spectacles and dirty thoughts,
That pierced the moisture of our ages.
Blow-blow in the winter wind,
Hunger to hunger, wet to wet,
War to war, thirst to thirst,
Poverty to poverty, blood to blood,
Fire to fire, naked to naked,
Until folded floods of poison are perused by many.

We are in the dead fields.

Despite whose eyes are weeping,
And whose teeth are gnashing,
Whose belly is empty filled,
Under their breasts people are gnashing.

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda



24. THE PIERCED POT



Leonard Maero W
Author, poet, writer,
teacher
Kitale
Kenya

She celebrated when it was brought forth,
He walked with shoulders high among his peers.
That woman with sad, sunken eyes wiped away tears,
Tears that had formed a deep valley on her narrow face.

She erased the painful memories of all the pots,
The potter had gifted her many pots.
All had broken, grabbing joy from her,
That had made other women brand her wicked.

A joyful tear danced in her eyes as he named the pot,
He poured libation to ancestors for the blessing.
Beer was served in plenty, and everybody was full,
Women brought gifts, smiling and dancing.

Then, a voice from his father whispered into his ears
That he had to pierce the pot for it to earn respect,
To fetch many cattle when it was ready to carry water,
The pierce that would bond it to its ancestry.

The mother wasn't aware of the highly guarded secret,
When his sister visited, open arms received her.
The sister gave her special tea, sending her to a dreamland.
The young, innocent pot was picked from her bosom.

A look at the pierced pot made her break down,
Warm, saline fluid rolled from her dull eyes.
A well of pain and anguish overwhelmed her,
A cry of pain from the pot cut through her belly.

Then a beetle coughed blue smoke at the humble abode,
He and the aunt were hauled onto the beetle by strong arms.
Neighbors watched in awe as the beetle rolled away,
She wept thinking about that permanent scar on the pot.

25. OVERWHELMED!

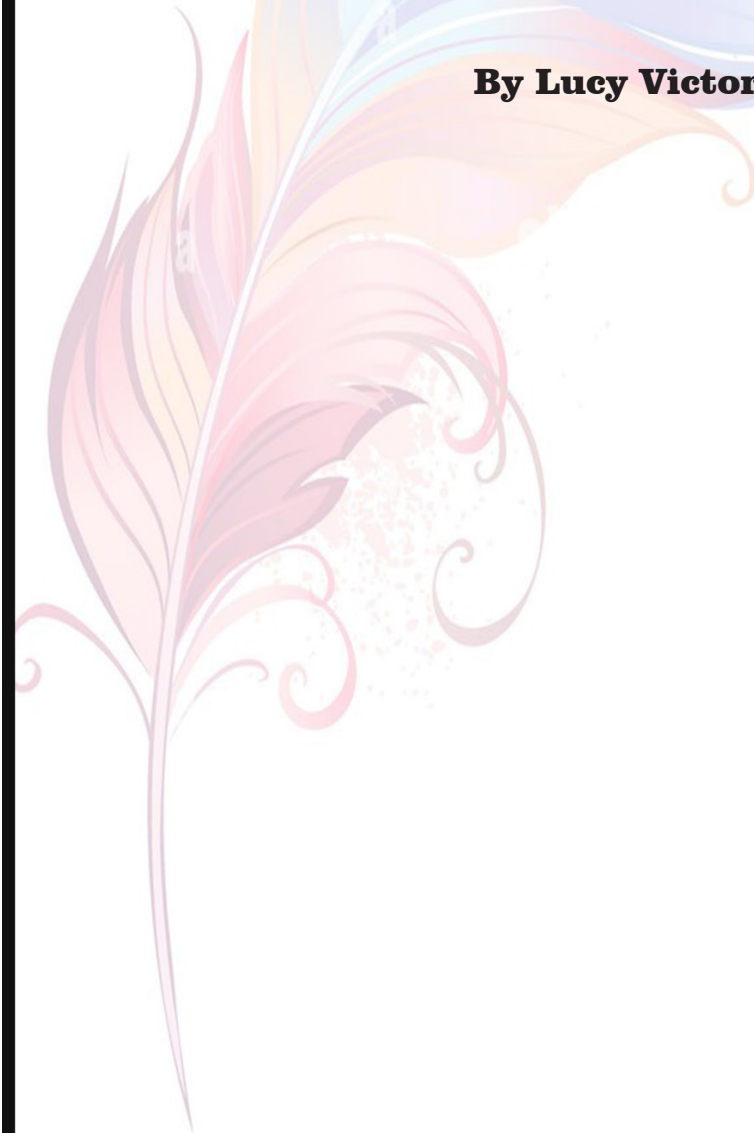
She rose early every morning, got ready for work, with handbag in hand, she left her home. She left behind the scent of her favorite perfume from the east. She was fastidious in all her doings, ensuring her plans for the day were methodically and skilfully executed. Her name was Alice, an astute small business owner. All of the community in the town in her day, knew her as "the lady in white"! White was her favorite color and she had an almost "white wardrobe of clothing". She walked and talked with great grace. Wisdom and compassion spilled out of her mouth when she met with people. Her gentle smile felt like a warm welcome hug. She was generous in her giving, never counting the cost. She was acutely confident and precise in business matters. It was no wonder she commanded respect wherever she went. The people she knew simply loved her. There was something about Alice! She raised her family of eight children, catering to all their needs. In my humble opinion, it was definitely no easy task. Some days business went well, these were bright colorful days. On other days things were gray, as there wasn't enough influx of work. We all know there are many risks that must be taken in business, however large or small. Still, she kept a cool head and hid her vulnerability and emotions well. No one in her family understood her struggles, except her eldest daughter. Donna worked alongside her mother, and was moved by her mother's heartache and pain. Oftentimes, she bore the brunt of her mother's sharp rebukes, especially when things didn't look good work wise. Would there be enough money at the end of the month to pay the rent, the bills and to feed the children? These were some of the questions raised almost every month. One day, long after Alice's demise, her youngest daughter, now a mother herself, asked Donna a pertinent question. "Why didn't our mother show us the love we all longed for, or find the time to converse with us like other mothers do, why was she always so busy?" The answer she received was simple, yet touched her innermost core. Donna started explaining to her youngest sister. "She started off as a young



Lucy Victoria David
Writer
Durban
South Africa

mother who had eight children. Our father worked as a tradesman, only when work was available. The weight of the home and all of its needs fell to our mum. She had huge responsibilities and she faced some pretty tough times. Paying the bills, caring for us, feeding us, and providing for our needs was difficult. Life was hard and sometimes played cruel mind games with her! She had to fight ferociously to survive, and move strategically forward in the game of life. You see she was a born survivor! Today all of us, live good lives because of the sacrifices she made. She was a strong woman! I've come to understand all this now, and what I can summarize from our mothers history, is that she did what she had to do at the time, coping as best as she could with whatever was handed to her. The fact is, she had a great deal to handle, and was completely overwhelmed"!!!

By Lucy Victoria David



26. O LEARNING PEOPLE

*O Learning people
Just, you think, here
What you're learning
For which profession you're learning ||*

*You learn something useful
You earn something to live
You live and lead life
Learn and earn for yourself ||*

*O my wife, I owe you a lot
You pray God each day morning
You care children's activities
You're great in your own way ||*

*God's blessing is with you
My support is with you
You're guide to me
Without you, there is no life ||*

*You're an Angel sent by the God
Children are the stars from the sky
The home is a heavenly place
Your heart is the God's power ||*

*Your strength is Nature's blessing
Your knowledge is gift of the Universe
You're great in the eyes of Society
Your honour is my honour ||*

*Greatness never told in public
You're my love in my heart
Boldness is your asset
Briskness is your kindness ||*

*The simplicity is your nature
Braveness is your courage
People admire for your deeds
I am honoured for all your properties ||*



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27. *SEA TO SKY THOUGHTS*

by

M Vinya

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



SEA TO SKY THOUGHTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.....

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28. IF DEATH LACKS MANNER

Death!
The inevitable guest.
An august visitor.
What can we offer as delicacy?
No one knows the recipes.

Grave!
If death lacks manners,
Must you...?
Why are you a glutton,
Craving for our bodies?



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

29. M MARKANDEYULU

'YES BUT NO' TECHNIQUE



'YES BUT NO' technique is similar to AGREE and DIS-AGREE.

In this case, when you are putting forth one proposal and the opposite person opposes it, do not react, take a few seconds, respond and very politely you say, what you said is correct, but, so & so person, who is very well renowned, quoted this way. "You can divert this topic" instead of immediately brushing the idea you can always say, you are right and you can put forth your agreement.

In most of the cases what happens, you have to pause for a few seconds when the other person has told you opposite of what you are thinking. Pause for a few seconds and give a deep thought and then you can say yes sir and then quote – if you have got an important point with some kind of evidence, you can show with evidence, yes sir, what you said was correct, but I have a paper quoted by a very famous person and then you can present that paper. It means,

what happens, you are not directly refuting the statement, but you brought somebody else who was very much respected and that is how you can pacify the situation. Then politely you bring him to your side.

All these techniques are very much useful and unconsciously we can lead the other person, our customers, or official boss to our way of thinking.

COMMUNICATION SKILLS

The next important pre-requisite to build up human relationship and to be highly successful in your personal and official life.

Communication skills are very important. More than 90 percent of misunderstandings are happening because of lack of communication or improper communication. Communication is a two way process and the communication happens between two or more than two persons. One will be sender and the other one will be the receiver. When you are communicating or informing about something to another person, let us call him as B, the B will mostly what exactly you are saying and when B communicates this information to another person let us call C, the B will filter the information and tells the message. Hence, the message will not be exactly the same as it was between A and B. While C communicates this information to D, he again filters this information and passes on this information to D, which will be totally different.

Like that, in communication, the exact message distorts to 5th, 6th, 7th person.

The human beings have the tendency of having interpreting the meaning of any message in his own way either he will add something from his side, or he will edit it or he will delete. The exact information will never be passed. That is why, lot of misunderstandings will take place with the lives of human beings.

As a Trainer, we used to play some very small and interesting psychological games relating to the communication skills. If there are 10 students, what I would do is that I will be whispering a short sentence only once in the year of person A or person B. The person B has to convey the same

message without any distortion only once to the person B. Similarly, B is to convey the message to C and then to the D, E etc. At the end, the 10th person after hearing the message, he had to go to the black board and write what exactly the message he has received from the 9th person. You will be shocked and surprised to see that what originally the person A had told, what the person had written would be completely opposite and irrelevant.

Hence, the communication is to be very short, very simple and very straight. The best thing is to repeat the message at least second time and followed by a letter in order to avoid communication gap and these communication gaps are very common and if we do not give any specific information, then there would be lot of confusion. The human beings have got the tendency of exaggerating and have their own opinions and that will make a very simple communication, a very much complicated and would create a very complicated situation in future.

Particularly, in our training programs, once we discuss particular topic, we again make everybody repeat what exactly they had understood. We also make sure that they had written the verbal message in the form of short notes. Hence, be very careful when you are communicating any important message. Make it very short and make it very straight and use very simple language and the message has to be very specific. Most of the successful people they have mastered this art of communication and they make sure that whatever message has been conveyed verbally was put in writing.

I would like to share a very interesting episode which happened at Tanzania. While sitting in the office, I called the Attender whose name was Peter. Peter came to me. I started giving instructions, Peter – you have to go to the Post Office. In the meantime, my telephone rang and it was a very important message from abroad. So, immediately, I shifted my entire attention to the telephonic conversation. After finishing my talk, I did not see Peter. I enquired where Peter had gone. It seems that Peter had gone to the Post Office according to your instructions. Then I was surprised. What Peter was going to the Post Office, when he had not heard my entire instruction? Then Peter came around 4.00 PM in the evening.

When I had called Mr. Peter and asked him, what he has done at the Post Office, why? He asked me in return with a little bit of surprise, Mr. Sairam, you had asked me to go to the Post Office. Okay. I told you to go to the Post Office, but why you did not tell me? Why I had to go to the Post Office and you told me that I should go to the Post Office, hence, I had gone to the Post Office. I had a shock and I was not able to reason out. Then, I gave instructions that in future, until and unless, I ask you to go now for any work then only you should go and you have to wait for my instructions. Later on, I gave instructions to the security people that they should not allow anybody to go outside without my permission.

Here, I realized my mistake. In the first instance itself, I should have told Mr. Peter that he had to wait till I complete my telephonic talk which I could not do. Because of this, Mr. Peer had gone to the Post Office, waited there, did nothing and returned back a 4.00 PM.

In real life situation also, the same thing happens. The human beings always tend to interrupt when somebody talking about some issues or when 2 or 3 persons are engaged in talking in general information, the 4th person enters and then immediately he will give his own interpretations without understanding what the earlier discussions were on. Because, basically, the human beings do not listen to the entire conversation even though, they are physically present there. When A & B were talking, at the end of the conversation, C will interfere unnecessarily and he will make you to repeat the whole process and would be giving his own advice generously. What a waste of time?

The human beings are also very curious to know each and every small detail, even though; they do nothing to do with those issues. They are always very curious and more than themselves, they show lot of interest in others that is the main problem. Lot of humorous situations happens, but, sometimes, initially there might be humorous, but we all end up in big problem.

Let me also share another experience. I am sure; most of us will be having the same experiences in our day to day life.

After my marriage, I was invited by one of my friends to their house. They prepared lot of dishes. That day unfortunately, we were not having a good appetite and were slow in eating. The mother, father and son were having their own discussions. One giving opinion may be their dishes were not the dishes and somebody commented that these people had food at their house and came to our place to have for lunch. Like that they were making comments without asking us, what was the reason. They have their own conclusions. Out of courtesy, I commented, that so and so curry was very tasty. Immediately they served me half-a-kilo curry. Half-a-kilo of curry I could not eat. At that time, my wife was very delicate to say No and before completing the food, my wife had vomited the whole thing out.

One simple and straight question they would have asked us and believed our statement. But, in India ethics are always different particularly at dinner or lunch time.

As a Training Manager, we used to device lot of psychological games on communication skills. But, in real life, I was indeed surprised to see that more than 90 percent people lack these communication skills. Secondly, the very bad habit is most of the human beings or people have unnecessarily interfered when 2 or 3 people conversing among themselves. Hence, what you need to do is that -

(1) When two people are conversing when it is not concerning you, please do not participate in the conversation and don't give your valuable advice.

(2) If you could not understand any message or conversation on any important matter or issue which you were to discuss or convey to 3rd or 4th person, you ask for more and more clarifications.

(3) Be honest when you are communicating the information to 3rd or 4th person.

Try your best to see that the exact information is more or less passed even the downwards are slightly different here and there. Be very honest.

Don't exaggerate, don't edit, don't delete and don't change the tone. Unnecessarily don't waste your time and energy in participating in the conversation of other people.

So, if you want to be highly successful and if you want to improve human relationship, try to develop your communication skills, because, it is one of the most important aspects in life. You need to use very specific words, don't generalize.



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30. Lovely Spring



My dear daughter, let us take a step along the expanse of the beautiful flower garden canyon.

Winter has passed, and life has awakened from its deep sleep.

The tree trunks have been faithfully waiting for the leaves to bloom again.

Let us follow the footsteps of spring, full of colorful flowers:

Purple, yellow, orange, and red bloom from mother earth,

Fragrant... fragrant... fragrant.

The tendrils of the leaves hug each other like longed-for lovers,
The fog of dawn embraces the soul, eternal lover.

Let us raise our hands above the heavens of God

While listening to the water gently flowing between the rocks, singing nature's melody.

The chirping of birds sings the joy of life,
Butterflies dance happily in a cool breeze.

Come here, my dear,

Let us drink the remaining winter tears from the cup of chrysanthemum petals,
It will calm the soul.

Let us sit on the green grass where we will feel the pulse of life,
Together with the eternity of love in the arms of longing love.

Mira Achiruddin
Jakarta
Indonesia

31. FEAR GOD AND STOP WAR SO YOU CAN LIVE IN PEACE



Mohamed Kerkoub
Writer
Algeria

By making a perpetual effort to build the other self and the conscious, balanced, mature, and optimal world pole in the world arena, through tolerance, upgrading minds, positive interaction, urbanization, understanding, reasoned dialogue, reconciliation, and true exchange of modern knowledge, you sons of the earth, wake up smart before it's too late. Otherwise, the mountains will disappear, the creatures will disappear from the earth and the universes, and man will not dwell under the earth but rather becomes dust. And it is only by the will of the Most Gracious, the Creator of all, according to the calculation and balance man struggles on earth with kindness and love in the horizons so that you do not become regretful for what your hands have gained from disobedience.

He fought with the golden pen, the origin of the original origin, to promote the spirits that are in the body in all walks of life because his writing is the ink of the honorable and the free. Not at the fences, not at headquarters, whenever circumstances become tight and intensified, and conditions become difficult and become a hurricane. One thing has become its opposite, you good people, know and be sure that it's a speech that comes from the origin of the heart, it's all truth and logic. Oh good guys find it, you'll find it in writing articles in alphabetical letters. The meaning of his words emanates from the sacred Books of the Lord of the universe and the universes, the Creator of creation, the human being, the plant, and the animal, the Lord of the servants of the Most Merciful, those who walk on the earth with humility because when the ignorant address them, they say, "PEACE". It is the word of truth, so that the individual increases his alertness, insight, and inspiration. They follow the example of the great greats to leave the imprint rooted in the compassion of memory and engraved on paintings and monuments as an effective creative model to accomplish the tasks and the noble mission for generations to follow, to the example of righteous ancestors, not masters. It is a crossroads of transcendence and transcendence over any despicable and infertile person who does not grow fat and sing of hunger. What

a reminder that removes thorns from the path, lifts the siege from people, and enlightens them to the path of righteousness.

As long as you are for truth equal to payment and safeguarding the consequences of things, that is the challenge in each country to fight against arbitrariness and corruption with the light of noble minds with the sober thought of guidance to achieve the goal of every wise man and leader who writes wonderful art in the style of a wise philosopher, by following valuable teachings, principles, and values in the millennium era of modernity, where the scales have turned and concepts have been reversed and the hallucinogens have become like vitamins and the truth has become a lie and the Lie is true. What concepts does the situation not last, O leader, and it will only be what my Lord, the Lord of the Great Creation, wanted. Be aware, my brother, and open your heart to Hearing, to Knowledge. Certainty, so consider what the ancient peoples deviated from the straight path, and they became among those who left behind, like Nimrod, Pharaoh, Haman, and Qarun... If you follow the example of the Gnostics and stick to the essence of peace on the ground, God will sustain you, the Lord of the universe and beings, and you will see miracles in waking, not in dreams, and this is the truth.

NB: Serious dialogue table for stability and security to achieve mutual respect of leaders to commit to establishing a peaceful world characterized by cooperation, equity, and justice for progress.

By Mohamed Kerkoub

32. That Girl From the Coastline

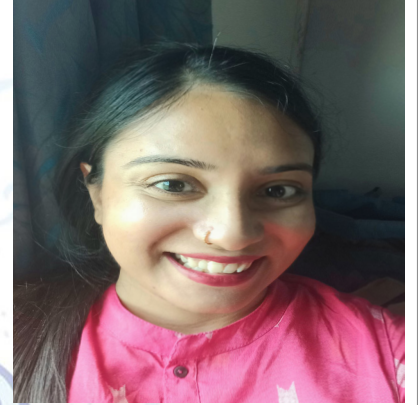
Pleasant like the fragrant morning breeze,
A gazelle stotting with so much ease,
Her stride elegant, her feet so light,
Her sweet dulcet voice fills with delight.
Happily, she sings a melody to the waves,
For the waves know what she craves.
Dark tresses hanging around her swan neck,
While she joyfully dances on the deck.
I think in wonder what mystery lies,
Beyond the hatch of those pensive eyes.
Her poetic musings and mystic dreams,
Stillness of the sea and the silent screams.
Perhaps her longing is for something divine,
That dusky, beautiful girl from the coastline.



**Mohamad Sadiq
Ganaie
Development Officer
Sopore
Jammu and
Kashmir**

33. Hey! How are you?

Hey! How are you?
It's been so many days since I last talked to you.
It's been so many days since I last saw you.
It's been so many days since I last touched you.
I want to see you, touch you, and feel you.
One thing, don't you miss me even for a second?
So many people come and go,
but then there are people like you who touch us so
deeply that my heart and soul want only you.
I know that one day we will meet, we will shake hands,
and our hands won't part from each other.



Monalisa Gayen
Writer
Bengaluru
Karnataka

34. DEATH



**Muhima Victor
Malawi**

Sorrow and pain, your admired melody
Separation, your unique lotion
Break silence to rise cries
You bathe innocent souls
Leaving guilt on faces, do you know justice?

Discomfort in comfort
You take for pleasure, wrapping
Young angels, so-called babies
Fate of dust and darkness
You prefer for us, so why democracy?

You caress our tears while busy
Chewing flesh of our loved ones
Buried underground to satisfy
Your hunger, giving them skull
And bones as their best costume

Graveyard's flowers are still fresh
Still, you think not enough
Every day it's the same melody
Of funeral and burial ceremony
Melting our existence on earth.

35. The Church Girl I Met in a Club

In a crowded club, I met a girl of rare beauty,
Her chocolate skin was glowing in the neon light.
Intelligence and confidence commanded the room;
She was the picture of grace, shining bright.

The music was loud, but her voice was clear,
As we talked, it became clear she was unique,
A heart of faith, a mind full of ideas,
A beauty and intelligence that made my knees weak.

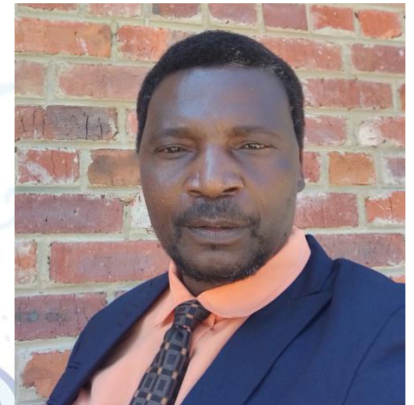
Her accent was smooth, her words like a song,
As conversation flowed, I felt mesmerized.
A church girl in a club seemed so wrong,
But her magnetism could not be denied.

In a sea of faces, she stood out with ease,
A vision of perfection, holy and true.
The church girl I met in a club, indeed,
A memory to treasure forever and anew.



Mungoma Anthony
Business man
Uganda

36. The Desolate Chapel



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

I wished it had been his suggestion to take the lonely path back home, only that when I made the suggestion to take it, his acquiescing response indicated that the routine gravel road back home had ceased to be exciting to him as it had become boring to me. So there was an element of collective responsibility. The afternoon sun behind us, we branched from the usual road back home to take the obscure, yet adventurous path back home. We would pass through pasturelands, hillocks, woodlands and ruins of abandoned homesteads, as we would go through a village that had been abandoned because of its proximity to the Save River, the rationale being the frequency of floods as a result of tropical storms and cyclones.

We rounded a small green hill, and the strange feeling that we had walked into an entirely new world intrigued me. I wanted to ask Manzwi if he was feeling the same, but thought it prudent to let him speak first if he was feeling the same. The silence that surrounded us after passing the hill seemed to demand our silence in return, no bird song, no cicada droning, only the rhythmical thump of our footfalls. I wanted Manzwi to say something, but he seemed to have left his speech organs in the familiar world we had left behind after passing the hill.

A black object meeting us head on was the first sign of life we encountered in our strange world apart from the lush green vegetation on both sides of the path. The object turned out to be a hornless cow, an observation that conveyed a brief sense of relief into my heart. But when I looked at its face as it passed us, its eyes looked so human, despite the size. The look of pain in the cow's eyes left me bewildered. I wanted to run, but where to? Had Manzwi seen the same thing in the cow's eyes?

Next we passed a spatially vegetated area, an indication that we were entering the old village, the girl in me missing home desperately, and I was afraid to ask how the boy in Manzwi was feeling. There were strange mounds of sand and

rocks on both sides of the path, most of which were weed grown. At this point I noticed that Manzwi and I had realised at the very same moment that we were walking past an old graveyard. I stole a glance at the sun behind me and realised that it would soon be sunset. We had not yet reached the old road that would lead us directly to our village to the north of this strange place.

A sudden shadow crossed our path, and I impulsively looked up in the sky. There was commotion in the endless space above us. Heavy, dark clouds were gathering above us like evil spirits getting ready for the devil's concert. "There is going to be a thunderstorm Yeukai," Manzwi spoke at last and a heavy squall began to pound our vulnerable bodies, a single breath after Manzwi had spoken.

"Let's move on, Manzwi. No looking back," I said rather ominously. It might have taken us twenty minutes to cross the graveyard, but with the torment of the heavy downpour, it felt like forever.

Finally, an old chapel loomed ahead of us, the roof still intact. We scrambled into the building, a second sense of relief I had ever felt since dismissal from school making me silently appreciate the warm presence of Manzwi, the only friend I had made after enrolling with Mukwasi Secondary School. We had left our satchels at school that day because we had no home study to do after writing our end of term examinations.

The heavy raindrops assaulted the roof of the dilapidated chapel with daemonic precision. I wondered if the implacable noise the roof was making was the same force causing the strange echoes that filled the dim place. I nearly collapsed in a faint when a flock of goats rushed into the chapel, to begin their rest after a long day in the pasturelands, I supposed. We were both on our feet, shivering in our dripping wetness. The fear of the goats reminded me of the black cow earlier on and I placed my arms around Manzwi for support and I realised that he needed my support too. I had never held him so close since our friendship had started on our way back home nearly four months before. I wondered how it would feel, as we stood face to face in the seemingly haunted chapel, to die in each other's arms.

"Don't worry Yeukai, we will find our way back to safety," his voice said from a distance, despite his face being very close to mine.

I began to imagine what the news headlines would be like in the electronic and print media on the following day, or the day after. -School Boy and School Girl Found Dead in an Old Chapel-? -A Private Teen Wedding Ends in Disaster-?. As the tropical storm's temper increased, I resigned myself to the certainty of death, especially as I was dying with the only person who had made my life meaningful after my parents had divorced.

But gradually, the tempestuous weather eased and there was a great calmness in the strange world in which I felt like we had turned out to be sacrificial animals for the spirits of the wild. Arm in arm we crept out of the chapel and resumed our journey home. Surprisingly, there were still traces of sunlight in the clearing sky. We finally found the road that would lead us back to our village, but it was as flooded as one would imagine after the severe downpour. We walked slowly along the damaged road, the water rising a few centimetres above our ankles. We had somehow lost our shoes, but that did not seem to matter as long as we had not lost the use of our feet.

We passed a countless ruined huts and houses whose crumbling walls seemed to be very much alive in the glow of the setting sun. As we drew nearer to our village, the wetness under our feet became less and less, until we were walking on dry ground. I began to fear that I had fallen asleep in the chapel, that I was dreaming of a safe arrival back home, but Manzwi's voice told me that I was very much awake, and we were half a kilometre away from his home.

On our arrival, I was full of apologies, I wanted to tell Manzwi's mother that it was all my fault. It had been my idea to take the strange path. But a tearful Mrs Mudziwesimbi held my drenched body in a tight embrace as we entered her kitchen hut. "Are you the angel who saved my only son from a very painful death. He would have been more than two hours dead had you not delayed him?"

I wondered what her words meant, but as we sat on warm stools before Mrs Mudziwesimbi's fireplace, she told us that although it had not rained in our village

there had been a violent wind, about two hours ago. A gigantic tree had fallen on Manzwi's single roomed structure, which he used as a library, study room and bedroom, where he always rested after school, before assisting his parents on anything that needed his hand, and it had collapsed, crushing everything within. Manzwi left the kitchen hut in horror to confirm the unbelievable catastrophe. We had not looked in the direction of the structure when we staggered arm in arm into Mrs Mudziwesimbi's yard.

Another storm was brewing in the sky, and my home was a kilometre away. All network was down and there was no way of informing my grandparents that I was safe. My body was becoming feverish and after supper, Mrs Mudziwesimbi led me into the main house by the hand, Manzwi following. I had a glimpse of the fallen tree and the rubble that lay under it. A sob deep inside me caused my heart to leap into my mouth. I would share Mrs Mudziwesimbi's bedroom since Mr Mudzi was away, and Manzwi would occupy his older bedroom, opposite his mother's. While in bed, my body temperature soared, but I could not get warm, until Mrs Mudzi held her body against mine to defuse the effect of my experience in the storm.

When I began to feel warm, I told her to go and check on Manzwi, and the good news she brought back lulled me to sleep.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

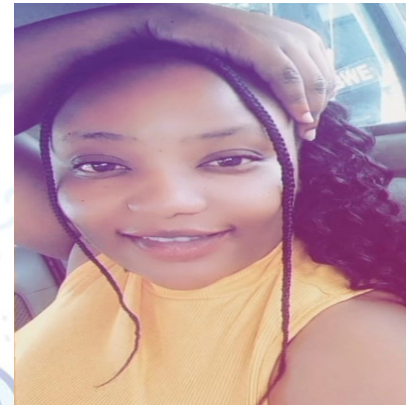
37. The importance of shared Values

It is important to have more shared values with your partner because values represent energy and objects of faith. They represent the drive and motive behind why your partner does the things they do and why they submit to one line of thought and belief over the other.

Values are the inspiration behind behaviors and the expectation of one end over the other. People don't just do what they do without some form of satisfaction and relief, and to ignore the satisfaction your partner is seeking out of their life is death to your soul.

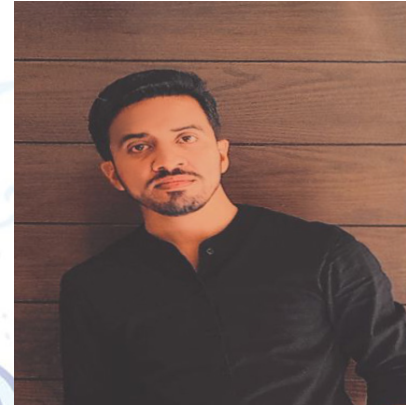
In every relationship, there is an energy or symbol of faith that submits to the other. In the event that your values are not common, one of you must be willing to disown their beliefs and make room for the other to reign.

In a toxic relationship, there is one dominant personality, while in a healthy relationship, there is a healthy exchange of roles and a true sense of agreeableness that will leave both parties satisfied with the state of their personal lives and collective efforts to develop a healthy relationship.



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
South Africa

38. May Be Our Ending Was Not Really An End



Own Abbas
Writer and Artist
Jhang
Pakistan

Maybe Our Ending Was Not Really an End,
But A New Beginning for Both of Us.
A Beginning That Will Lead Us in the Right Direction,
Even If It's Farther Away from Each Other.
Maybe We Need to Part Ways Because,
If We Hadn't,
Then Neither of Us Would've Gotten What We Deserved.
In Staying in Each Other's Lives, We Were Moving Away
from What Our Purpose Was.
And if Destiny Has Decided This,
Then We Need to Accept That This Is for the Best,
This Is What Will Bring Light into Our Lives
and Love Will Be Able to Fill the Cracks in Our Hearts in the Way It Couldn't
When We Were with Each Other.
Maybe I Was Too Soft for You,
Or Maybe Your Hands Were Too Hard to Carry.
All the Softness within Me, and This Is Where We Went Wrong.
And We Must Understand That Sometimes Things Need to End
Before New Beginnings Can Arise.
Sometimes People Need to Break So That They Can Truly Heal,
And Sometimes Love Needs to Leave.
Our Love Can Return in a Different Way,
And Maybe That's Why I Won't Call This an Ending for Us,
But a New Beginning,
A New Journey That We Both Must Take,
Without Comments, Without Regret, Without Bitterness,
Without Blaming Each Other.
We Have to Accept Our Fate,
That You Can't Forget Your Past and I Can't Forget You.
You Can't Leave Him and I Can't Leave You.
You Don't Love Me but Him, Even If He Has No Love for You.
How Lucky You Are That Only I Am Yours, How Unlucky You Will Be,
That You Didn't Accept Me Even After Accepting It.

39. Blind to Truth?

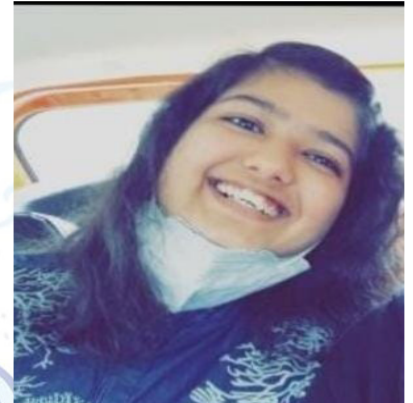
Sometimes, you may feel numb and the world may perceive you as incapable, but they are simply seeing your cons and not your pros. Are they blind or shamelessly ignoring the truth?

When you let go of a situation with a smile, they start gossiping about the clarity of it, but they cannot see the tears shed behind closed doors. Are they blind or shamelessly ignoring your pain?

When you bow your head and look down, they think you are ignoring them, but they cannot see the effort it takes to hold yourself up and give them a gentle nod. This small gesture may come off as an attitude for them, but it takes thousands of efforts to maintain composure. Why can't they see that? Are they blind or are they IGNORING?

They do not know the struggles we face to present ourselves in front of them, only to have everything shaken out of us. Are they blind or are they ignoring the strength it takes to carry on?

Or are they simply the same as us...



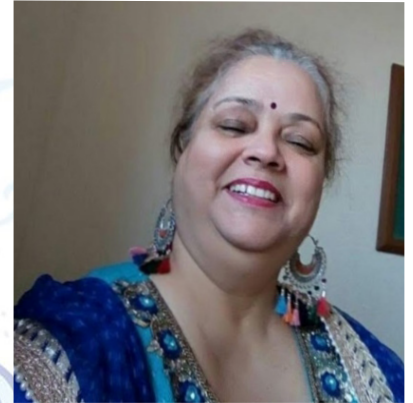
Pavni Sharma
Student
Bareilly

40. Life Is Precious

Butterfly, Oh Butterfly,
You crawl and crawl from your egg,
Having colors all the way,
Cocoons are yellow,
Caterpillars are green,
You have painted wings,
And fly from flower to flower,
To collect pollen and sip nectar,
With curled tongues and legs,
Butterfly, Oh Butterfly,

You enjoy every moment,
From birth to death,
Make life precious and worthwhile,
Spread your fluttering wings,
Sitting on my thumb,
Your soft touch makes me cheer,
Dancing on the flowers,
Flying high in the sky,
Butterfly, Oh Butterfly,

Children run after you,
Giggling and laughing,
Loved by all,
You teach us to be happy and cheerful,
With no worries, ego, or anger,
Live like you,
The beauty of the butterfly shines like a star,
The world will see the wonder,
A masterpiece of nature's heart,
Butterfly, Oh Butterfly...



Punam Bhu
Writer
Udaipur
Rajasthan

41. Earth for All

Existence of living beings,
On the planet blue,
All the birth givings,
Attach here as glue.

Later, much human,
Taken birth here,
Several living beings,
Adorned earlier Earth.

Right on all things,
Visible by humans,
Fight on all things,
Divisible by a few men.

Other creatures left deprived,
Treasures of Earth men archived,
Don't they have anything on Earth?
Don't they have anything to mirth?

Country and continent,
State and district,
Men measured land,
Left creatures mystic.

Monopoly on all, fully wild,
Know know! Folly, hey men, silly child,
Rest beings deserve love and care,
Best one men rarely dare.

This intellect, this super greed,
This reflect will surely lead,
Man's disastrous, ruining deeds,
Including entire living seeds.



**Pushendra Pratap
Singh
Teacher
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh**

42. Spring

April's blossom, fluffy tulip
In the cheerful breeze of spring,
As the sun drenches the earth,
In the warm wind.

April Showers fling,
Under clouds gathering

Birds chirping on the trees,
Flying like humble bees.

The walkway shattered soon,
As the kids make running pool
Filled with excitement, all singing,
Arc-en-ciel, the sun is shining.

Butterflies, caterpillars, ladybugs,
Grasshoppers play and hug.

Crocuses, daisies, buttercups,
Glow after the rain, they suck.

All blooming and buzzing,
Together, we welcome spring!



Raja Noor-ul-Iman
Writer
Azad Kashmir
Pakistan

43. THE TRAIN

Life is a journey; passengers we are,
Don't know how far we'll go or how far,
There is an announcement,
Train to depart with many compartments,
How great it is, the train!
Blame it not, nor tease,
Takes you from here to there with so much ease,
Making your journey safe.
The sound of the train's whistle,
Calling and inviting you all, its aim to entice,
Its life is day and night to run,
Be it cold moon or hot sun.
Ahead, a dreadful storm may loom,
But harm to none, the train does not assume.
Behind, there is the rain,
To take you safe, it's the train's aim.
Lightning among thunderous clouds,
In the heart of the train, pride is not allowed.
See how great the train is,
Fire in the chest, yet it bears the pain,
Makes no difference between good and bad,
To see all as equal, it feels glad.
All are friends, even the foes,
See it coming, and it will go.
Passengers come and go,
Like water that's flowing, they ebb and flow,
On the journey, there are ups and downs, bends, turns, and curves,
Young and old, rich and poor,
Life is a journey with a final destination,
God decides; we are His creation.



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

44. Society and Police Force

Responsibilities of a police officer his duties and the law binds him. Without it he has no livelihood for example any accident. So it will say that the FIR has not been registered. Now there will be any FIR against him, then we will take action no it is not like that. Apart from this a police officer has many responsibilities to establish peace in the society and to protect people. They should create a comfortable environment for them because they have laws and agencies. Who plays a good role in the society by which people's lives and properties are protected. The job of a police officer is to give a pleasant environment to people. It is the responsibility of every police officer to make the society available and to establish a peaceful environment there. If you asked what is the responsibility of a police officer? So it would come to your mind that yes, if someone commits a crime, they are arrested, locked up in the police station and brought to court. Finally, the accused gets punished no there are many other responsibilities besides that. And they can establish peace this will allow people to live in a prosperous and peaceful society. There is a problem or an incident in many places so many valuable things are lost. Or there is war and killings in many places. The job of a police officer is to prepare beforehand that saving people's lives is their primary responsibility. They will protect people's lives properties and any trouble and suffer of life . Any such animal, any such sea, river, road, buildings, any such thing that can kill a human life should be kept in their sight. It should not happen that some people are spreading fear in the area and the police officer will be a spectator and the law will be enforced. Don't in which the police officer is an equal participant. If we talk about liberty we all are free because we live in a free country. We can walk out of the house whenever we want go and come no one cares about our lives. This is a freedom that every citizen has the right to have. If someone interferes with this freedom then the police officer's right to protect people protect their liberty, which is his legal right. Because protecting people in the society and creating prosperity in the society is the responsibility of a brave and good police officer should kept in their sight .If a person is going to a mosque, a church, a temple, a college,



Sabir Khan Nasir
Police officer
Loralai
Pakistan

somewhere it is the job of the police officer to protect them all. Whoever is creating any kind of disturbance from a girl to children women and men the police officer should arrange them and enforce the law against them. It is the responsibility of the police officer to keep an eye. Whether you tell someone or not but their job is to keep an eye on the society how the situation is in the society what is happening or not and who is doing what who is not doing. It is the responsibility of the officer if we talk about the people living in the area of him it is to take care of their property. No one should occupy someone's property. Even if there is any damage or fire it is the duty of the police officer to play the role of a good law enforcer in this. By which the society will move on the path of happiness and success. It comes under the category of human rights. If a policeman arrests an accused and treats him like a human being and taking care of his rights he is indeed a prisoner but he also has rights. At the time of eating will have to eat and at the time of rest will have to rest. He will be brought before the judge in the court and the authorized officer of the law will decide the punishment. And it will be considered insulting the law. It is important that the police officer control the crimes in the society and establish peace in the society. If any crime is being stolen control it and take legal action against it. It is the job of every police officer whether there are any complaints registered or not FIR are registered or not but he has to prevent all kinds of crimes in the area. What are the people worried about the police officer should keep an eye on this thing. If he does not do it then it is against the law then legal action will be taken against him. Similarly it is also the responsibility of a police officer to do all kinds of things. They will be aware of the situation and events of the country. That is they will create an information source for themselves who will try to reach the crimes and intentions with the help of an agency. By collecting all this information you will access the officer above. He will keep an eye on every crowded place whether it is a mosque, a festival, a ceremony, or the coming and going of people on the way. Especially where the public use is high. It is the job of the police officer to facilitate the people at the places of visiting and entertainment. It is the duty of the police officer to protect especially the women and children so that no one harassment them. It is a responsibility to maintain to take care of the traffic system in the city and markets. Those who go to the precious places of human loved ones. If there is something lying on the road pick it up from the road and clean the road. Because the inheritor of the abandoned thing is a police officer.

Any abandoned dead body and belongings should be registered and listed that this thing is in my possession. There should be an entry along with the information that at what time it is how much stuff and whose body it is. The police officer will sign it and inform the officer above and according to the law he will find a solution. The most difficult thing is that the police officer arrested the criminal has to be caught. The criminal has been caught and the trial is going on in the court. It is the duty of the police officer to keep him in custody to investigate how the crime was committed. When police officer arrested the criminal informs his heirs and says that yes we have arrested your friend for some crime. Which is the responsibility of a police officer if not it will be considered as a kind of crime and illegal. The prisoner is indeed guilty but he has his own rights. The punishment for imprisonment is to be decided by the court. Along with police crimes it is the responsibility of the public to help people in all kinds of natural disasters which is a kind of human help in the society. Even here it becomes the responsibility of the police officer to face the problem. It is also the responsibility of the police officer to protect the people from the crazy people in the society and to protect them from the tortures of the crazy society people. It is also a duty bond if there is any kind of negligence. If he does, legal action will be taken against the police officer who is not performing his duties properly. It is also a very strict duty that if many drug and weapons and other gambling dens have been opened in such places the police. The officer is authorized to arrest without a warrant. If he does not do this legal action will be taken against him. If there is a road accident any FIR should be registered but he should go and help the people and take the injured to the hospital. It is the responsibility of the police officer to bring his blood to the grave and to report the dead bodies to the heirs. There are dozens of duties that are on the head of our police that will fulfill this. According to the order 2002 article 5 of the police rule if any disaster occurs the government of Pakistan has the authority to increase the responsibility of the police officer. If the officer says no to do so he will be legally guilty. Pray to Allah Almighty that our police officers can fulfill all these responsibilities to which we can establish a prosperous society. It is not the work of the police alone the public should prove to be a good citizen together with the police and the police officer has to maintain the trust of the public. Because cooperation is required from both sides a good society can be established.

By Sabir Khan Nasir

45.Path of paradise

When anxiety makes your eyes flow and your heart beats with despair, you start to wonder how you will bear such a huge problem and how you will overcome it and strengthen yourself.

But then immediately remind yourself that this thought will remove all your worries, despair will vanish and a new ray of hope will appear before you: Allah does not burden anyone with more than they can bear, nor does He burden them with more than His own burden. He loves His servants more than seventy mothers!

You are able to face this difficulty and overcome it only because Allah has put it on you, as He puts trials on His righteous servants. Hold on to patience and belief, and it will never let you fall; it will hold you and make you stronger. Indeed, the path of patience and trust is the path to paradise!"



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

46. Dear Pamela

Most misty, yet beautiful is life,
With you, O dear Pamela.

If life gives us a chance to become one,
Beyond the senses, except you, I feel none.

Traveling on the same boat, we are so close,
Yet so far away, our souls unable to kiss nose to nose.

Might is right, so why not our love?
We love each other more than our breath.
Still, I want to tell you, I pray,
Come closer so that I may take a little rest.

My soul wanders as a lonely spirit,
The journey of our love passed like a deceased soul.
For God's sake, come! Come again,
To let me sip thy sweetest breath.

O Pamela! My love be mine forever,
So that the journey of my life becomes better.
Lay on thy breast, I forget all my chatter,
And feel the sweetest fragrance of yours.

Accept my proposal, O my angry bird,
And be my loving wife until the last.
Oh dear! For once, if you believe,
I'll be the slave of thy hottest breath.



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

47. Clouds

Clouds

Vibrant neon crayons shaping you
as a rainbow of colors

Petals of newborn roses, rises behind, impetuous
shadows of Numen

Clouds

At times sun kissed, damp smudge
of orange, white as snow

Nuances of dawn reflecting each passing time

Clouds

Sometimes you transpire
shapes that mistify ones imagination

Clouds

Offering to Gods

Farmers are elated when they know you are grey

Gather together to welcome the rain

Clouds

Pitch black, darkening blue, dusk demesnes of night

Moon transcending to give light

Stars stutter to dazzle blinds

Clouds

Too much of secrets, as far away, notion of skies

Clouds

Coffee ?? just you and me

Don't forget to bring icing

sugary lumps & cotton candies.....



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

48. Courage is the secret of success



**Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

Courage is the cause of the yield of all virtues. He always keeps the secret of success hidden. It is a challenge to succeed in its examination. There is risk. Difficulties are its steps. The goal of strong will gives momentum.

Sacrifice and attachment are ego weapons. The obstacles are respectively the speed of the stairs. Continuity is the link to hope. Inadequacy is the challenge of resources. One should have the will to not give up.

All the functions of life are done with courage. They get spiritual power. The supreme power resides in the spiritual power. Shakespeare has aptly said, "As you like it," victory over the mind is the greatest victory. The dreams of the day blow away the senses, while the night dreams put to sleep. Indomitable courage was hidden in Florence Nightingale's sense of service. Courage is the driving force behind exploration from the physical world to the conscious.

If Veeranganna Lakshmibai had turned away from her goal, how would she have become an example of history today? Dream-inspired France had indomitable courage behind the inspiration of Joan of Arc, who succeeded in liberating her country. Courage is another name for life. Life without liveliness is worse than death. Difficulties test the spirit. Life welcomes it, and the destinations bow down and salute it. Contemplation paves the way to the goal, but worry eats up courage. Worrying is the biggest cause of unhappiness. "Quit worrying and live happily." ---Dale Carnegie.

49. Lost Change True Transformation

Transformation is a powerful word that carries with it a sense of change and evolution. It implies movement from one state to another, a shift in perspective, and growth in understanding.

Transformation can take many forms. It can be a personal journey of self-discovery where we learn more about ourselves and the world around us. It can be a societal shift as we challenge the status quo and work towards a more just and equitable world. It can even be a technological revolution as we embrace innovation and new ways of thinking.

No matter what form it takes, transformation always requires courage and a willingness to confront the unknown. It requires us to step outside of our comfort zones and embrace new possibilities even when they seem scary or uncertain.

In the midst of this uncertainty, there is also great hope. For transformation brings with it the promise of a brighter future, a world that is more compassionate, more just, and more connected.

So let us embrace transformation in our lives and the world around us. Let us be fearless in our pursuit of growth and change, knowing that the journey may be challenging but the rewards great. Let us work together, individually and as a global community, to build a better world for ourselves and for future generations. Let us not get lost in change but evolve in transformation.



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

50. When the Gulmohar Blooms

When these Gulmohar blooms,
with their sunny yellow or crimson red flowers,
there is vibrancy all around in the woods.
When their golden yellow flowers are blooming,
there exists a glorious and auspicious look all over.
When these vibrant blooms are in their scarlet red hues,
there is an undefinable sprightliness in the air.
No doubt that they literally live up to their name
as 'The Flames of the Forest!!'
When a cool breeze stealthily passes through,
their soft petals would be strewn on the earth below,
as if a flowery carpet is spread for the saunterers.
This flamboyant display of red and yellow flowers,
with their fern-like green foliage seeping through,
would be an enchanting and mesmerizing feast for our eyes.
Taking a walk through this empyreal stretch of woods
would be an experience as soothing as a lullaby for us.
Stopping here for a moment under the shades of these trees
would be as pleasing as humming a sweet melody for us.
It would be like a carnival in the green woods When these gulmohar blooms.



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

51. The little bird

The little bird is singing a song.
Oh, my mom, how beautiful is your song!

I learned your beautiful rhyme for a song.
I learned your rhythmic voice to sing a cuckoo song.

You gave me wings to fly.
You taught me to fly in the magnificent sky.

You showed me the path of the sky.
You gifted me with everything in this sky.

The little bird is singing a song.
Oh, my mom, how beautiful is your song!

I can't even say how grateful I am to you.
I can never be fruitful without you.

You created me by being born.
You taught me what was right and wrong.

You always wished me to grow above the sky.
You always nurtured me to fly high in the sky.

The little bird is singing a song.
Oh, my mom, how beautiful is your song!

You have contributed your whole life to mine.
May your health always shine.

My little pain has taken your full day and night.
My bit of fever attracted your serious eye.

You fed me food while you were hungry yourself.
You gave me water to drink while you were thirsty yourself.

The little bird is singing a song.
Oh, my mom, how beautiful is your song?



Utshaw Kumar
Writer
New Delhi
Delhi

52. Can a girl dream?

Can a girl dream to be herself today
In this modern day and age as they say?
Can a girl dream to be accepted as she is
And give the fake masks and the false identity a miss?

Can a girl to dream be comfortable at every stage
When it comes to her clothes and her body image?
Can a girl dream to reach the pinnacle of success,
No matter where her roots lie in life's game of chess?

Can a girl dream to talk freely
Without the fear of prejudice
Along with expressing her opinions
While breaking the cage of cowardice?

Can a girl dream to be treated as an equal to a boy
Even when she belongs to a community where she is a man's toy?
Can a girl dream to be different and have the oxygen of freedom to inhale
In this world that rates her according to the superficial beauty scale?

Can a girl dream to not fit into the 'Ideal Woman' mould
Including the angelic daughter, the perfect wife and the mother with a heart of
divine gold?

Can a girl dream to break the social barriers
And spread this virus of holy rebellion to other female carriers?

Can a girl dream to not follow in anyone's footsteps
Or not live in the shadows?
Leave the past in the history pages
And face a new set of arrows?

Can a girl dream of finding a man who values her to the end
who may be her father, brother, husband, son, relative or friend?



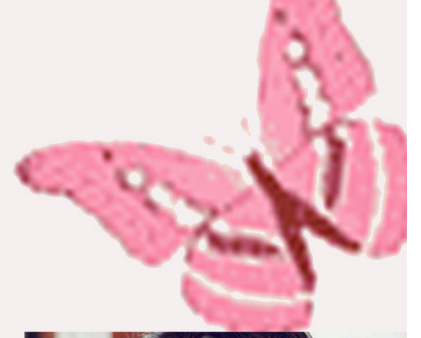
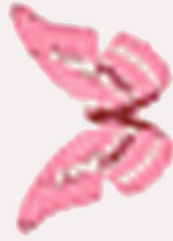
Vizzmaya Jalal
Student
Mumbai
Maharashtra

Can a girl dream to be better version of herself
And treat all men with the potions of love and forgiveness from her heart's
healing shelf?

Can a girl dream and make that dream come true?
Yes, she can and I know it's true;
It's time to draw our own map to find the treasure of our life's goal;
Let's support each other in this journey of turning into a woman, so pure and
whole.

By Vizzmaya Jalal

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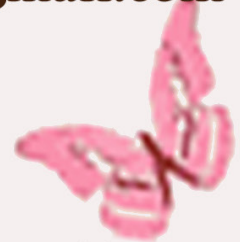
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