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**AADHYA
PUBLISHING
HOUSE
PRESENTS**

Parache

December 2022
Volume 1, Issue 8

Chief Editor :
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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

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**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

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



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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GUEST OF THE MONTH

OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE DISORDER (OCD)

Are obsessive thoughts and compulsive behaviors interfering with your daily life..?

Explore the symptoms, treatment, and self-help for OCD.

What is obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD)?

OCD is characterized by uncontrollable, unwanted thoughts and ritualized, repetitive behaviors you feel compelled to perform. If you have OCD, you probably recognize that your obsessive thoughts and compulsive behaviors are irrational—but even so, you feel unable to resist them and break free.

OCD is an obsessions and compulsion of repetitive and persistent thoughts, images, impulses or urges that are intrusive and unwanted, and are commonly associated with anxiety.

It's normal, on occasion, to go back and double-check that the iron is unplugged or worry that you might be contaminated by germs, or even have an occasional unpleasant, violent thought.

But if you suffer from obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD), obsessive thoughts and compulsive behaviors become so consuming they interfere with your daily life.

- Like a needle getting stuck on an old record, OCD causes the brain to get stuck on a particular thought or urge.
- For example, you may check the stove 20 times to make sure it's really turned off because you're terrified of burning down your house, or wash your hands until they're scrubbed raw for fear of germs.



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- While you don't derive any sense of pleasure from performing these repetitive behaviors, they may offer some passing relief for the anxiety generated by the obsessive thoughts.
- Most people with OCD fall into one of the following categories: Washers are afraid of contamination.
- They usually have cleaning or hand-washing compulsions.

Common obsessive thoughts in OCD include:

Checkers repeatedly check things (oven turned off, door locked, etc.) that they associate with harm or danger. Doubters and sinners are afraid that if everything isn't perfect or done just right something terrible will happen, or they will be punished. Counters and arrangers are obsessed with order and symmetry. They may have superstitions about certain numbers, colors, or arrangements. Fear of being contaminated by germs or dirt or contaminating others. Fear of losing control and harming yourself or others. Intrusive sexually explicit or violent thoughts and images. Excessive focus on religious or moral ideas. Fear of losing or not having things you might need.

OCD self-help tip

☒ *Identify your trigger:-The first step to managing your OCD symptoms is to recognize the triggers the thoughts or situations that bring on your obsessions and compulsions. Record a list of the triggers you experience each day and the obsessions they provoke.*

☒ *Learn to resist OCD compulsions:-It might seem smart to avoid the situations that trigger your obsessive thoughts, but the more you avoid them, the scarier they feel. Conversely, by repeatedly exposing yourself to your OCD triggers, you can learn to resist the urge to complete your compulsive rituals. This is known as exposure and response prevention (ERP) and is a main stay of professional therapy for OCD.*

☒ *Stay connected to family and friends:-social isolation will aggravate your OCD symptoms. It's important to invest in relating to family and friends. Talking face-to-face about your worries and urges can make them feel less real and less threatening.*

☒ *Reach out for support:-OCD can get worse when you feel powerless and alone, so it's important to build a strong support system. The more connected you are to other people, the less vulnerable you'll feel. And just talking to an understanding person about your worries and urges can make them seem less threatening.*

☒ *Manage stress:-While stress doesn't cause OCD, it can trigger symptoms or make them worse. Physical exercise and connecting with another person face-to-face are two very effective ways to calm your nervous system.*

☒ *Make lifestyle changes to ease OCD:-*

☒ *Exercise is a natural and effective anti-anxiety treatment can follow regularly.*

- ☒ *Get enough sleep. lack of sleep can exacerbate anxious thoughts and feelings.*
- ☒ *Smoking leads to higher, not lower, levels of anxiety and OCD symptoms.*

How to help someone with OCD:-

- ☒ *The way you react to your loved one's OCD symptoms can have a big impact on their outlook and recovery. Negative comments or criticism can make OCD worse, while a calm, supportive environment can help improve the outcome of treatment.*
- ☒ **Avoid making personal criticisms:-** *Remember, your loved one's OCD behaviors are symptoms, not character flaws.*
- ☒ *Don't scold someone with OCD or tell them to stop performing rituals They can't comply, and the pressure to stop will only make the behaviors worse.*
- ☒ **Be as kind and patient as possible:-** *Each sufferer needs to overcome problems at their own pace. Praise any successful attempt to resist OCD, and focus attention on positive elements in the person's life.*
- ☒ **Do not play along with your loved one's rituals:-** *Support the person, not their compulsions.*
- ☒ **Keep communication positive and clear:-** *Communication is important so you can find a balance between supporting your loved one and standing up to the OCD symptoms and not further distressing your loved one.*
- ☒ **Find the humor:-** *Laughing together over the funny side and absurdity of some OCD symptoms can help your loved one become more detached from the disorder. Just make sure your loved one feels respected and in on the joke.*
- ☒ **Don't let OCD take over family life:-** *Sit down as a family and decide how you will work together to tackle your loved one's symptoms. Try to keep family life as normal as possible and the home a low-stress environment.*

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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. Fire



Abu Al Farabi
Veterinarian,
Microbiologist
Chittagong
Bangladesh

I walk on the path of fire
On pain of revenge
Where fresh life is poisoned.
Thousands of red rose petals
Hall is more bloody.
In the blood of that man's chest.
The man who came
With some bouquet of flowers.
He says that he will get his beloved.
I walk on the path of fire
My conscience has been burnt to ashes.
That man told me
Hoping to live a little on earth.
Oh God; God is merciful
If the world
Paradise of selfish people.
But why in people's minds?
left behind
Retaining memories is an illusion.
The skeletal man's heart beat still.
Today is tomorrow
Like young heroes
maybe today
He doesn't have the proud hypertrophied biceps triceps
flesh
But where are the stars in the eyes
some feeling
The depth of which is the Pacific Ocean
Mariana is more than a trance.
There's still a glow.
That skeleton man
Preetama Deepti's smile line.
Oh loving heart

Something that pierces the chest.
Still unexplained
like dry leaves
Stuck in the grip of obsolescence.
Find that man today
to his beloved
In the middle of the blue sky.
Because in a selfish greedy society
He also left the man
Knows how to remember.
Maybe he knows how to love.
I walk on the path of fire of life.

By Abu Al Farabi

2. Iran



Ajit Kumar Singh
Research scholar
(Ph.D)
Delhi

1979...
Revolution!
Talibanisation of democratic freedom
Dying of hope
Hope!
To maintain the human inside
It was necessary

What is necessary?
To be human and to maintain it
Or to be a man-making machine
In the name of religion,
In the name of the holy books, or the law inscribed in them

It was good to be written
In those books
The people, who changed history
And want to keep it alive
But what of women?
Their women...
Mother...
And the girls
Are they just bodies?
This is not accepted to them
To be moulded in this social matrix.
Or just becoming sex with mind, heart and soul
That's why they have grappled with the God system
To replace it, to break it and to write a new Iran.

3. A LAND FAR AWAY

There is a land far away,
Where night seems like day.

Love takes the lead
And peace plants it's seed.

Dwellers live in harmony
But never joke with money.

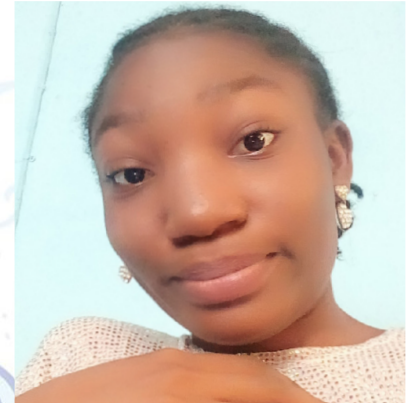
They cherish hardwork
And wealth is their luck.

The king is so full of splendor
And receives praises from the food vendor.

Every evening, the beautiful queen stands by the door,
As she expects her servant from the moor.

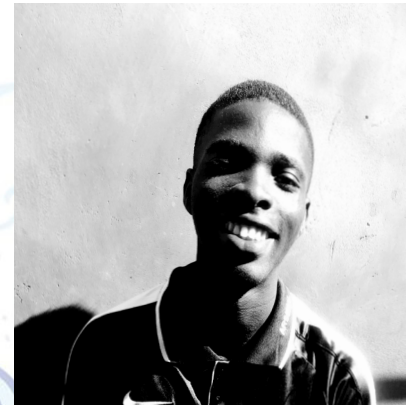
The princess is the most attractive
And she was born on a Christmas Eve.

The bell tells them about a new morning;
The town crier informs them about mourning.



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Writer
Ibafu
Nigeria**

4. HOW I DIED



**Akinpelumi u.
Benaiah
Student, Writer
Owo
Nigeria**

I'm the one on the other end of good then,
Or now Even!
Narcissistic
Unbothered if you're a king
Or you look like one

Meanwhile, on the promising beginning of
Come what may!
You're just an Angel staring at,
Why I have become a bone
In your wings,

Come look at this ,awwn he's broken again
What do you care,what!
You damned Eros,
With a broken bow
Linger to hell cupid, please i plea!

Hey Beelzebub,why the stern look again
Why the pain in my soul
I haven't murdered no Ravens
Check up for your daughters in the dark skies
I'll just face my fate Comrade!

Here now, remembering my little me
Penning love lyrics just to,
Appease Helen of Troy in the melody of it
Now Helen is a demon and,
I've been foolish!

What's different?
You could have stayed in the horizon of tranquility
Now you speaking unfolktales with your mirror being
Life goes on dear self
Yeah! And that's how you died.

5. O Heart Please!



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

Within the confines of the carapace
A mellifluous sound emanates
Bearing the signs of equanimity
My heart rhythmically vibrates.

Stung with the thorns of pain
Bleeding silently within the cage
Flouncing to break free,
Playing grunge with feral rage.

I hold the candelabrum close
Shimmering delectable light;
Bribing with emotional candy floss
Canoodle and hold it tight.

Within that marmoreal exterior
Rocking hammock in hamlet forlorn,
It sings with great felicity
Where trinkets of joy adorn.

It lunges back and forth
Lugubrious, effete and flouncing;
At other edge piquant and joyful
Like a galloping stallion bouncing.

Days go by in judgement
Cajoling, embracing and chastising;
But nights have clearer vision
With emotional flotsam surfacing.

Give me the peace, O Heart!
Grant me tranquil solace
Let me sing with joy
And let me dance with grace.

6. Oh! My Children Oh! My Dear



Anmol Shrivastava
Student
Hajipur
Bihar

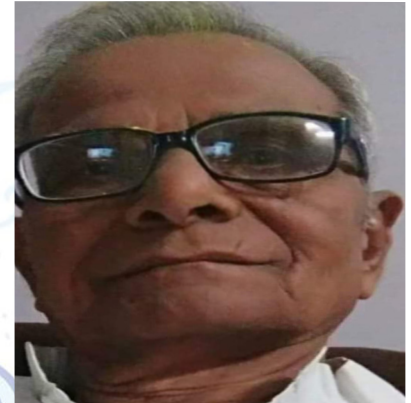
Oh! my children,
Oh! my dear.
Come and listen me here,
Don't get fear.

Oh! my children,
Oh! My dear.
I shall take your tear,
And give a great cheer.

Oh! my children,
Oh! my dear.
I shall take your care,
And you just laugh and cheer.
Oh! my children,
Oh! my dear.
You should dare without any fear,
I am about your near.

Oh! my children,
Oh! my dear,
Your life is my life,
As I see your laughing face with cheer,
Furiousness vanishes new heartbeat
Breathing without tear and fear.
Oh! my children,
Oh! my dear.

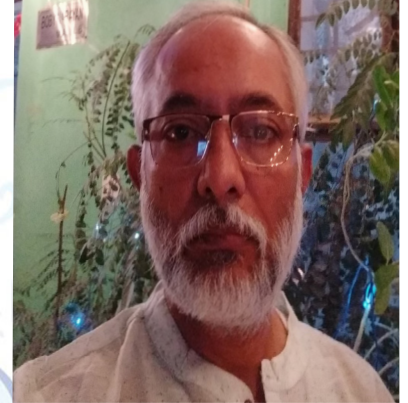
7. Sorrow and Happiness



**Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

On the way in search of happiness
I came across with sorrow.
When asked she replied
"I was also looking for someone's company,
But no one wants to accompany me for a step or two."
I said,"No problem,you can have my company
But there is a condition that
If I found happiness somewhere on the way
I will leave your company."
Sorrow looked at me with a scornful look
And became angry and told
"Tell me.We both are real sisters,
But with a slight difference in nature
People started embracing her and scolding me.
But there is one thing that
Without me she is of no importance.
She is because of my existence.
And that too she will not be with you forever.
She is a shadow.
As soon as she leaves the body remains.
And I am that body."
If I could understand the matter that
Happiness was found only after sorrow extincts.
Suddenly happiness met on the way
Sorrow stopped moving ahead.
When I looked back she was
Shaking her hands.
It was understood that since happiness is coming
Sorrow will certainly go back.
The shadow was found
But the body has stopped .
I also waved my hands and moved forward with happiness.

8. SALT



Boby Narayan
PhD Scholar
Rajouri Garden
Delhi

The rain had just stopped; alongwith bright sunshine Chandan arrived at the doors of Shekhar, his cousin, with same age group; they both share even vulgar jokes, thoughts and activities. The doors were open. Shekhar cried out and greeted him.

- Oh! Come in, come in, after a long time. Few days ago, I went in for you but couldn't find you out.
- Just went to village.
- Will you take tea?
- It's afternoon; no wouldn't like. Too humid!

The rain started again. Chandan was looking all over the hut type residence; bamboo made walls with newspaper pasted on it to block both heat and cold waves. The earthen surface, quite moist all the time; instead of door mat there were placed jute bags to stop the raindrops from coming inside.

It was lunch time; Sekhar lit the kerosine stove. He placed the pan; then threw pieces of potato cut in square shape... Chandan cried:

- No oil?
- There is no oil in the bottle. Even no salt.
- How do you survive in this condition?
- Will have to. Millions are like me.
- Doesn't Uncle send money? Have you completed your studies?
- Not yet. Last year.
- Okay. Do you face load shedding? Any particular time?
- Yes. Almost throughout the day, especially at night, starting from dusk with one-hour gap.
- Ok. I want to bring a girl. Any problem?
- But ours is a busy gathering. All the vagabonds arrive here. Further, Farukh, the landlord is very notorious. If he sees, he will create chaos. His mother is like a spy. Further, if anybody notices her, it will defame me.
- Don't worry. I will make plan and act accordingly. Don't worry! Farukuh will not get any smell.
- Today or tomorrow.

- Today I will make a reiki and then set the stage.
Shekhar had been a celibate since attaining puberty and tried to suppressed the wishes and didn't like to speak to any member of opposite gender. It would be his first time and somewhat like joie de vivre.

-2-

Next two days Chandan used to come at Ashram Road and wait little bit on the road opposite to the Farukh's house or at Babul's shop to watch the movement of people and their characteristic. Lot of people walked during load shedding but entered the house as the light arrived. There were no proper boundary walls along Farukh's house. Anyone could enter, but had to cross drains having great width, if not by the narrow path with gate.

It was festival, other tenants had gone out to their homes. However, Shekhar didn't go but was living with alacrity. His landlord, Farukh, had gone for duty. The Sun had dived into the other side of the globe two hours ago. Finding no man's land, Chandan came with a lady and swiftly entered his room and closed the doors.

Shekhar cried: Has anybody seen her while entering?

Chandan controlled his smile, and said: Perhaps, the old lady, Farukh's mother, saw.

Shekhar went out and looked for if any danger was likely to arrive and moved to the other room. After few moments, Chandan came to other room and said:

- Shekar, she wants to talk to you.
- What happened? Why?

There was nobody outside. And in the timid darkness the lady came out and moved to the other room and said: Can you give me some food? I am very hungry.

- I am cooking. It's potato curry. What's your name?
- Esabah.
- What is the meaning of your name?
- I don't know. You can find out from those books. (pointing towards the book-shelf)

Chandan mockingly said: Don't forget to add salt

Shekhar, in sad tone, said: there is no salt in the can. Looking towards Esabah, he asked:

- Will you be able to eat without salt?

She nodded no. Then Shekhar requested Chandan:

- If you can bring a packet of salt from Babul's shop, that one, then I can add.

Chandan, laughingly, said: I don't have money for the salt

Shekar in confident voice said: Don't worry, give my reference. He will not deny.

The lady sat in one side of the bed and was watching Shekhar. He was looking handsome in the candlelight. To her appearance, she was dark and very slim. Shekhar went towards the door and saw the crowd of customers; he didn't waste time, turned quickly, and stood in front of her, and then gave a gentle push her, lifted her saree. There was no panty and nothing much could be seen in the candlelight.

His lust didn't last long. Seminal fluid poured down. She took his baniyan and swept all the fluid. Shekhar was relieved but couldn't make eye-contact with her. Chandan was constantly knocking the door. Furious Shekhar rushed towards the door; opened it. Chandan pushed him and shouted:

- Bustard! you have deceived me! Scoundrel! You have stolen the opportunity by sending me to the shop. Cheat! you have broken my trust.

Shekhar silenced him; requested him not to make a scene and asked the lady to accompany him to the other room. As soon as he entered, the lights came on. Shekhar came out and asked Chandan to finish as early as possible. But she asked for food. Shekhar roasted some dry-fish, adding delicacy with Bhut Jolokia. They took the candle-light dinner on the bed without any utterance of word.

- It's not so bad. She said and took a spoon of salt.

- Yes, I thought I won't be able to eat. Chandan said.

After dinner, Chandan whispered: Do you have money to pay her?

Shekhar began to feel inferior; 'how will I manage money to pay her? No coins even came to my pocket for two weeks.'

He spoke to himself: You have given her dinner that's enough.

'No, she should be paid.'

-3-

It was 12, Midnight.

He closed the doors and went to meet Babul at his shop. Standing outside, he at low voice cried: Babul, Babul, who first refused to meet him. Then came out of shop.

Shekhar without hesitating asked for money. At first, he refused saying, 'Abba, has taken away today's collection.' Then Shekhar lured him. Babul took out a hundred rupee note which was kept in the Quran by his father, Hazrat Hazi and handed over to Shekhar with a condition that he would also enjoy the flesh.

The clock moved to half-an-hour past twelve. Slowly, they went inside. By then, Chandan completed his job and made way for Babul. Shekhar was watching the outside surrounding, and saw Farukh was smoking and loitering. 'It would be very difficult to let the lady out in this situation' Shekhar said to himself. Then he began to look out for Chandan but couldn't find any trace. He slowly enquired, but Babul whispered, 'He is not here.' Shekhar, with signs of hypertension, thought, 'that means Chandan has quitted leaving me in danger. Now how would I get rid of the whore and kick her outside; what type of problem have I invited?'

Why Chandan didn't take her along with him, Shekhar couldn't understand. 'Perhaps, travelling with a lady at night may invite trouble from police?' He was feeling the danger; of being notoriety, defamation, police...

Babul came out and said: Okay, I am leaving. Enjoyed well. Thanks.

Shekhar then decided to knock Khagen, the driver who lived on the other side of the road. But then at 2 am? But there is no other way, she is a death-threat. I will leave her in Khagen's house. He asked her to come out. But she said, 'I am afraid in the dark. Don't worry, I will leave early in the morning. Please don't kick me out.'

But Shekhar said angrily, 'Try to understand. If anybody sees you here, I will be in danger. Further, you will be called a thief.' Shekhar handed over the hundred rupees note and said, 'keep it.' This way or the other, he wanted to get rid of her. She agreed. There was dead silence; no one perhaps was awakening. Crossing the dark street, then alley, they reached Khagen's house. After few calls, Khagen opened the door. Shekhar briefed the matter and as they entered Khagen bolted the door. Then in front of Shekhar, he began to tease her. Suddenly, light came. Esabah cried out, 'Dada, you?'

Shekhar asked, 'Dada?'

Khagen refuting her exclamation, 'What dada, who is your dada? Shut up' and then forcefully rapes her. She had no choice but to be submissive. After ten-fifteen minutes, he asked Shekhar to take her away and handed over two hundred rupees.

It was raining. Shekhar couldn't understand what to do. They stood still for few

minutes. He began to move towards the main road under the same umbrella, she came closer and said resentfully, 'Do you know he is relative? Today I have done iniquity. This is totally immoral'. Shekhar politely said, 'Forget what has happened. Hurry now'.

Not many people were known to him and particularly for that purpose, only those vagabonds were needed who lived alone. All of a sudden, he thought of moving towards Malini Bill at Pradeep's house. Pradeep was also a driver but known to him and in about ten minutes they reached his house. Pradeep was partying alone. In alcoholic condition, he welcomed Shekhar and asked about his present condition. Shekhar whispered about the whore and pushes her into his hut, bamboo made structure, hanging upon four bamboo pillars.

Leaving her Sekhar came home and felt a sense of relief.

-4-

Next morning, Shekhar was in deep sleep for he had an adventurous night, but a break came suddenly due to constant knocking at the door. He woke up and opened the door. It was Babul who was with his father and asked for the note he gave.

Sekhar said, 'I have no money now' and then entered his room and began to quarrel. His father, Hazrat Hazi warned him of dire consequences. Argument broke and reached the highest level. During the quarrel Babul also asked the money for the packet of salt.

Shekhar refused to pay at that juncture but promised to pay the next day. But Hazisahab was adamant to which Shekhar also replied, 'Do whatever you can? I am not in a position now; leave now' and pushed him out of the room. Slowly, the neighbours began to gather, no one knew the exact reason but watched. Farukh's mother came out but quickly locked herself.

Hazisahab stabbed Shekhar and poured the salt into the wound. Realizing the offence, both Babul and his father flew. Esabah who was returning from Pradeep's house, halted, and watched from the road and hurriedly came running and began to cry.

Senseless Shekhar was lying in pool of blood with no one was extending helping hand. She embraced him and tried to lift but failed; so, pulled him to the main road and with the help of rickshaw puller lifted him to rickshaw towards Civil hospital. He was admitted and taken to ICU. Doctor asked Esabah to arrange blood. She ran to meet Chandan who refused to accompany her. She then came

back and asked help from a drunk who agreed to donate in lieu of one night. Shekhar recovered soon without any help from his relatives or friends but found himself well cleaned and thought, 'who could have done so?'. He came out of the hospital and found Esabah who came running and embraced him. His tears dropped down to her face. She also began crying and said, 'Your blood is sweet, but your tears are salty'.

BY Bobby Narayan



9. RECIPROCAL THOUGHTS



Melodies left inside the burning soul,
The titter that makes the mind explode.
Dancing to the rhythm of my heartbeat,
Tapping my feet with intense defeat.

The sparks of life that I witness through my eyes,
The fragrance lingers through my senses with surprise.
My lungs filled with the spectrum of light,
I reach for the stars with all my might.

The sound of silence reciprocated my thoughts,
It energises my spirit with all the battles that I fought.
Make your life complete and feel the rhythm of your life.
Life is full of surprises until you reach your destination.

Caroline Cabral
Lecturer
Vizag
Andhra Pradesh

10. Save Culture To Save India

Indian culture is called Sanatan Vedic depending upon four Vedas namely Rig, Yajur, Sam and Atharva.

Let noble thoughts come to us from all sides. Sanatan is based on eternal truth and wisdom. Our ancient scriptures and famous writings are exponents of great Indian culture. Ramayana, Mahabharata, Raguvansha, Katha SaritSagar, Dash Kumar charita, Kadambari, Harsh charita etc. show the real and open nature of our Indian thoughts.

Indian society has full faith in harmonious relationship. We have similar objectives. We have same ideology. Our Hindu way of life pays respect to all religions and faiths.

There is no forced agreement. Infect, harmony is the essence of our culture. The spiritual aspirants have given their expression in prayers. The seekers of knowledge meditate and serve all out of love for humanity. Love of a man is love of God. Thanksgiving to God and reverence for all is the inner nature of Hindu mindset. Our Vedic literature is full of praises and prayers.

Brihadaranyakopanishad says : All that is invisible is verily the Infinite Brahman. All that is visible is also the Infinite Brahman. The whole universe has come out of the Infinite Brahman. Brahman is Infinite although the whole universe has come out of It.

O God, may we hear with our ears what is auspicious. May we see with our eyes what is auspicious. May we sing praises to you and enjoy with strong limbs and body the life allotted to us.

India's centuries old culture of harmony and compassion must be saved at any cost. Brotherhood of mankind under the fatherhood of God is the basis of our strength and prosperity. Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaishya and Shudra perform their duties peacefully. This is the secret of Ram Rajya.

The need of the hour is to work together and save our divine culture to save India. We must maintain peace and unity. We are the citizens of India. Undoubtedly, we have various fundamental rights such as the right to equality in matters of education, employment, freedom of speech freedom to reside and settle in any



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

part of India, freedom of trade. We should perform our fundamental duties also. It is in nobody's interest to create a dependency syndrome among our citizens.

Respect and protection for woman is depicted and preached in BhartiyaSanskriti. Now, there is a spurt in crime against women. We must feel very much concerned about it and work unanimously to maintain the dignity of women.

Health is the prime issue for everyone. we have to strengthen and propagate Indian way of life which holds the key. Harmony with nature, self discipline, Abstain from Tobacco, Yog and meditation can make us healthy.

We need to rethink our strategies to achieve the goals. Our changing demography of different religions groups must be analysed objectively to maintain peace and harmony. India has been always a land of great multitudes. Every Individual of India must be trained to save our prestigious and homogenous culture. We should be proud of our great heritage. Support of intelligent scholars and social scientists is needed for protecting and preserving the civilisational identity and pride of the Nation. India is a region of hope, happiness and prosperity to all. Hindi India is secular by nature. If we follow our culture, the whole world will follow us.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

11. WHAT STINGS THE MOST



**Dannish Mudondo
Jnr
Writer
Nairobi
Kenya**

Swimming in the ocean of blues,
I'm crippled by chaos,
Nowhere to lean on, shoulders have grown cactus,
The best suit I had said 'yes' to,
The only mineral that found value on my trust,
The only bulb that lit my dark room,
Have become violent tides frosting my heart,
I found the letter I couldn't have opened,
Casting hope on perishable rose, it withers,
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

Gates have been closed,
Love is gone I don't know where,
Thinking of him I can't stop despite all these bruises,
I turn out the lights and cry for relief,
It's not enough to give in for love, I say
This is the poison I'd begged for, I stay
I can't turn back from his paths, I still love but he's gone,
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

He's Gone... I used to breath through his breathe,
I can attest I'm suffocating...
I'll record that sometimes you can succumb for loving the short-lived,
Looking at the roof, my tears roll over my cheeks
but I still wish he was there to wash them,
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

Nostalgia, sometimes a prison of wild souls,
His memories was stamped in my heart,
His shadows looked real before the beginning of mourning,

Imagine looking at the mirror and seeing his healing personality, smile of angelic touch then it fades like vapour,
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

I, whose gifts float on the sea,
Creatures of emotions we perish,
Elephantly those feelings are alive
Kicking through my skin perforations,
I feel scars on the same...
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

Nice and lovely is a lotion I knew through him,
I was glowing and radiant courtesy of his art of giving,
I never knew he was also an expert in the art of taking happiness,
He's a snake island that I want to visit even if it's prohibited, fears all over I'm
obsessed on a grave,
It aches so badly yet I want it all like oxygen...
That's what stings the most.

By Dannish Mudondo Jnr

12. THE SECOND CHANCE



Looks like the star in the sky is summoning the moon.
Moon of resilience, effort, hope and self realization.
Full of enthusiasm, witnessing the tunnel gaining
brightness. In deed the time has come for the second
chance.

The second chance of victory over the silent battles.
The second chance of forgiveness over the ignorant
grudges and troubles.
The second chance to face the truth in objectivity
without wobbles
The second chance of fulfilment over the promises made.

Denis Ogola
Student
Nairobi
Kenya

A chance to make it or break it, brighten it or dull it fully.
A chance that is like a fate determinant, you take it or you miss it.
A chance of self-reflection and repair of seasonal damages.
A chance like self-abnegation over the fruitful joints.
A chance to reconsider the decisions made through irrational minds.

In this chance, the solution to tragedy faced are anticipated.
The re-union of bonds broken due to need of solitudeness are expected.
A second chance to seek refuge after the interdiction in church.
Maybe this could be the second and only chance to win or lose.

13. The dying eyes



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

Oh, my adored you have the utmost stunning eyes, you have stolen my core like anything by seizing it in your spectacular and glittering eyes. you yourself don't know how gorgeous and twinkling eyes you have. your eye hue changes its tinted lenses as per the replication of the well-lit and also rest on the sunspecs of your attractive wears you attire on daily basis. Oh, my sweetheart you guise into me with your dying eyes and put me in a predicament that I am the only mortal of the sphere to be gotten by your splendid eyes. you make me feel so distinct by looking at me with your condensed cilium .you open your cilium to hollow me love with your sparkling eyes .I want to fall in love with your loving eyes .Oh my beloved you whipped my core with the utmost beauty of your sparkling eyes in the dense and mesmerizing night .you vigor me to love you with your dying eyes .Oh dear you decree me to cuddle you by looking into your eyes .you came to this striking terrestrial to augment the beauty of your eyes onto my sizzling heart and to halt me persistently for a splendid trail given to me with dying eyes .Oh my bottom heart why you do not consent me to guise into your glistening senses to make to an end of my life .why you vigor me to animate a elongated life in the spray of your caring senses . Oh, my beautiful beloved with your dying hazel eyes.

14. THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN CLASS



El-myst Angellous
Student
Ndola
Zambia

I fell in love with the prettiest girl in class,
Fell like a rain drop pretty much aware of not going back
up.

I got lost in her eyes for she made me lose my mind,
I couldn't help but think about how her smile can light
up the galaxies.

They say love is blind but I guess her's was in braille,
Whether deaf school or the one not cool, her mind is
the lesson I forever want to attend.

She's a queen of hearts, not the one from Telemundo for
she posses the African magic, she's epic.

A dark chocolate skinned type beauty,
She's an epitome of African royalty and loyalty.

As her voice echoes melodiously setting butterflies dancing up in the skies and
others in my stomach,

I groove to the peace she brings like a swan from Heaven.

I won't spell her name,

For a moment I wanted to say am into her,

But she found me from a vacuum and set me high,

All I can say is, like her name so beautiful, am in her spell.

Our conversations are confessions, expressions of passion too heavy for a kiss,
She gave me food for thought when the stove wasn't cooking.

I can't say I love her for I recognize that she is love.

I recognize that weweaponizeour tongues and put swords into auction.

Like the fragrance of roses, she is beautiful,

Like the warmth of the sun, she is soothing and a delight to be with.

The tranquility around her is a treat to the eyes and a balm for the soul,

Her first smile in my presence made me feel paradise open in the wild.

She is the prettiest girl in class.

15. THE LAST DAYS OF SADNESS



Elonu Annabel
Student
Abeokuta
Nigeria

Little did she know that her days of sadness was over. One faithful day, as I was walking through the balcony of my school, I met a beautiful lady named Goodness. I never from nowhere but I was forced to speak to her. We greeted and I requested for her contact so that we can know each other better.

Mere looking at this lady, you would sense that she was going through some difficult challenges. I got home not minding my tiredness, so I decided to engage her in some conversations.

She told me everything about herself and I told her everything about me as well. It was here that I popped up the question to her "Are you sure there's nothing wrong with you?" and if there is, "Do you mind sharing it with me?" She smiled and said "I have been going through some difficult times lately but I await God's time which is best for me"

She narrated her story to me, how she was been maltreated by her uncles and aunts because she was an orphan, how she read her books, work hard to attain a better grade, how she struggle just to feed in school excluding other payments to be made in school.

God saw her through and now she was in her final year which implies that she was preparing for project. She told how her supervisor had rejected her topics several times and when he finally approved her topic, it became a thug of war for her. I told her to fast and pray fervently of which I will take part.

This lecturer was making a nasty demand just to be her project supervisor, he had told her that, that was the only option she had just to be cleared but she bluntly refused. We started praying and fasting but each time she goes there, the supervisor will cancel everything and tell her to start over again. Other students under him that were supervised finished project within a very short period of time.

Days turned into weeks and then into months but we never stopped praying yet, the situation remained the same. We had a very strong faith in God and we never relented in our prayers.

One faithful day, as God might have it, she got a call and it was her supervisor, she

trembled but I told her to pick up which she did. To our greatest surprise, the man told her to come with chapter one to chapter five the following day. Our joy knew no bounds but, we were not convinced about what transpired within the twinkle of an eye.

She got to school and was told by her colleagues that, the man just lost his wife and his only son the same time two days back, the lady felt sorry but she knew God was indeed a supreme one. She finished her project in less than one month and graduated with a first class.

Today, she is working with multi millionaires, her uncles and aunts came pleading for forgiveness most especially, how they maltreated her and denied her of a good education. The day she was to leave school she said " I never knew my days of sadness will end this way". Thank you for being a true friend and making my burden ours. From this day henceforth, I will make sure you lack nothing and never know pains. Thank you friend. Although, I cried profusely but they were really tears of joy.

Her days of sadness came to an end in a mysterious way.

By Elonu Annabel

16. No more



**Fareen Mboya
Khabetsa
Student
Eldoret
Kenya**

The very first time I saw her cry
I felt sharp pain in my heart
Like a sword had been pierced through my heart
Her tears symbolized great hurt
Here she was, the woman who gave birth to me
My mother
She didn't deserve all this
Why her of all people? I asked myself
She had tried to bear it all
Her strength, her children
I had seen her lately
She had become quiet, so many thoughts in her mind
The beautiful smile I had gotten used to had disappeared
Bags in her eyes as a result of restless nights
They were swollen and all red
Clear evidence of continuous crying
I wanted to ask her what was happening
But...the words failed to come out
All I could do was to look at her with my questioning eyes
I tried reaching out to my brother but the look in his eye
It meant keep off
Another look at my big sister told me not to worry
I was young, yes I was but I wanted to understand
Feeling hopeless I remained there
Then I gathered courage and called her out
"Mum....mum..why are you crying?"
She wiped away her tears and told my sister to take care of me
I was crying in the inside
I felt pretty heavy
What was happening to our family
All I wanted was for us to be happy
Be a complete home bound by love
I knew hurdles were a part of life

She had enlightened me on that and urged me to be strong
Whatever was aching her must be really painful
Then it dawned on me, it hit pretty hard
I hadn't seen my father for a few days
Did he....
I burst into tears, I hoped it was not true
Not him he was not just my father but my friend
Is it dad? I asked
All attention now on me
Tension could be felt in the atmosphere
I was afraid of whatever their answer would be
Someone talk to me! I shouted to no one in particular
Their silence was irritating me to the core
I'm going to look for him
I said as I was walking towards the door
The statement I heard left me rooted on the spot
All strength got drained from my body
I could hear it ringing in my mind louder
Digging a hole so unmeasurable in my soul
My head became heavy
My throat completely perched up
I saw him in my mind smiling at me
No more...

By Fareen Mboya Khabetsa

17. Signature



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

It was a futile effort, when I tried to identify the signature of death on the life, in the mid night.

The entire incident proved to be an unforgettable night mare.

It is believed that dreams of early morning always come true.

Death is inevitable.
This is undisputed universal truth.

How can we escape from this reality?
Tentacles of death will definitely take you into its clutches.

Death comes silently without making any sound or noise.

When the date of death is fixed for a specific day, then why the people get scared of death?

Let your struggle for existence continue.
Keep yourself fit for survival in this universe.

Do get inspired from the theory of Charles Darwin.
Your "Will Power" will promote your optimism.

18. REHNUMA



Husna Abbasi
Student, Writer
BahawalPur
Pakistan

You've always been there for me. ...

A women I never imagine living without
Everyone has a leader but my guider is you "Maa".
The mother's prayer is accepted very quickly in favor of
the offspring.

I have seen the extremes of beauty every time When i
saw my Mother smile.

Seeking my achievements and my goals
The achievement of life is "Maa".

I have seen the call to prayer with moving eyes

Yess I have never seen heaven, but I have seen "Maa"!

I have always written and participated actively. I have written a lot, but today I
am not choosing the right words to write about you.

How to put feelings into words?

I wish to place the happiness of the whole world at your feet:

As (PBUH) said,

Keep paying Mother's right

By Allah, if you cut your meat and give it to her, even if a quarter of her right
is not paid

The moon and the stars don't glow as bright as your eyes,

I don't want to say Thanks..i just want to show you how much u means to me..

I just Love uh endlessly

The satisfaction of my soul is my "Maa"!

19. Subconscious

The quotes surface
In my subconscious
Early morning to
Dissolve in the
Mundane chores of
Day today's life.
The morning sunrays
Fall short to revive them.
The bestrewn words on
The horizon of my mind
In my subconscious,
In the wee hours of morning, Fading, looming large,
Playing hide and seek,
My straining memory
Trying to memorise them
The fear of losing them,
Building a glacier in my mind
Lest they freeze,
Lest they disappear,
Into nothingness.



Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Ph. D Prof.
research guide,
Poet, singer, writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

20. I WANT MY MOTHER'S LIPS



Once, when my mother made
a deep sweet sound sleep.
my sight fell upon her
golden gifted lips, and
my mad mind made me master.

She got the words of god
While she sat in leisure for a while
people of crying crowd called
later I got it was the real load.
Of the self wild world.

I many times wondered
for the words she gave the world
it proved really true as she,
kept it out of her lips
as majestic and miraculous.

I, too sometimes gaze and talk
I long my mother's tongue
As I think, I too have come
As my mom did, for this mine song.

Kailash Rana
Ph.D scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand

21. SEXUAL ABUSE



Sexual abuse is reinforcement or violently defilement or doing sex with someone who is under age (teenage) or with someone of your age whom you have not agreed on sex affairs.

Real men don't rape a girl cried loud with tears running her cheeks like streams of water while the man was sucking her hardly. She cried help me help me but no one came to rescue her until her private parts was damaged.

**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda
Malawi
Central Africa**

Raping happens every day and it happens much to girls and indeed girls are falling as victims of sexual abuse. Normal girls and mental challenged girls or women are all victims of being raped and impregnated with big lions in the streets and communities.

Each and every year the world is recording cases of sexual abuse more than double. Girls are more victims than boys to this fact of sexual abuse. Step fathers sleeping with step daughters, fathers with maids, sisters in law, teenages and some are even infected with HIV. This is gender based violence and there are some beliefs associated with sexual abuse e.g some falsely believe that having sex with a minor can cure JIV or will somehow and to some extent bring great wealth. These rituals behind defilement is more than hell.

Sexual abuse to a girl child is a hindrance to a greater future because they can be impregnated and infected with HIV leading to school drop out due to stigma, stress and discrimination, not only that but many cases have resulted in private parts complications.

Despite imposing stiffer penalties on perpetrators of sexual abuse people are still interested in rituals behind defilement and general sexual abuse. This barbaric type of behavior must be stopped in the hands of perpetrators through the offices of lawyers and police men. The world can have peace if we respect our girls and embracing their future.

In Africa, sexual abuse is a serious disease that the officials must not sleep until justice is such matters prevails. In Africa, the harsh reality is that girl child is facing neglect, exploitation, abuse and violence which is against the future and hope of the world. On a sad note, even professionals who knows regulations they are part and parcel of the violence eg doctors, teachers, politicians, chiefs and business men. Therefore, we seek global mindset on the issue of sexual abuse to protect the girl child future.

The child protection workforce includes social welfare officers, community child protection officers, lawyers, Chiefs and police officers who help to improve the ability to provide efficient and effective child protection services. These officers strive more to keep more heroes in the future.

Yes officers are doing their best they can but the best results lies on everyone in the family, community and nation's to have a dog eye and these officers must provide life imprisonment with hard labour upon found guilty. This is the only way to cast out such malpractices. The sexual abuse court should not even provide Bello to all perpetrators, whether poor or rich everyone upon found guilty must testify life imprisonment. Below is the cry of a girl child;

Don't boil my blood alive
Like a flicker in every flame
Don't cause my tears to run down my cheeks
Like the streams of Africa
Don't cause my life to rely on drugs
You big pithons leave me alone
And shut up your zEEP

Don't come with the knife in the night
Don't make me scream with your hard stuff
Don't hit me like a lion
Don't kill my future for I holds degrees
Don't break my heart in the night
Don't show me a nightmare

Don't come to my bedroom in naked
Don't cause my heart beats in fright
Don't close my eyes and my mouth
Don't tie up tightly my hands
Please fathers don't kiss me in the night

Don't rape me at my age am a teenage
Why do you tell me not to disclose such hurts
Don't assault me left and right
Don't degrade and devastate my future
Don't fuck me with your HIV tool
Don't brand my memory with hot pain
Don't make my life to be fed with ARVs
Don't violently molest and grooming me
But hear my cry as your daughter.

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda

22. THE DYING OCEAN



Leonard Maero W
Writer
Kitale
Kenya

I miss the touch of your swish
I celebrated, when I came in summer
The way your waves brought pebbles
The way your waters looked pure.

You made me forget my problems
You made me forget my past
When I stepped on your soft sand
When I covered myself in your silt.

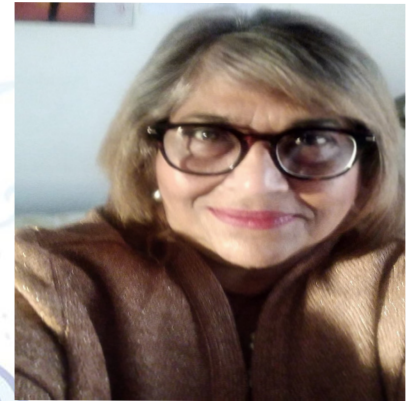
At my hook, I got my fish
At your embrace, my family fed
Every day I see you, I'm stressed
Every time I plunge in you, I'm sad.

Your scene, no longer attractive
Your inner organs, no longer appealing
Your waters smell death
Your level is not that deep.

Your murky waters, I can't risk drink
Your brilliant blue face, covered with dirt
Who are they that made you sick?
Who are they that made you suffocate?

I'm going to redeem you
I'm going, to campaign for you
I cannot let you become extinct
I cannot let them make you expire.

23. A CHILD IS BORN!



Lucy David
Writer
Durban
South Africa

She was about 14 years old. She grew up in a Jewish home upholding her culture and traditions.

Mary loved God passionately and adhered to all her parents had taught her. She was humble, and obedient. It's no wonder that God found her the perfect candidate to carry the Christ child. An angel visited her and gave her the good news. She was shocked to hear this!

It wasn't easy for Mary. She was betrothed (engaged) to Joseph. He was also taken aback at the news, and wrestled with his thoughts, of all that was happening to his beloved Mary.

God sent an angel to visit Joseph in a dream, and assured him that the child was indeed from God Himself.

Joseph then accepted this news. It was a season for taxes to be paid. All the people made their journey to Jerusalem to pay their taxes.

Joseph too made the journey with Mary to pay their taxes. From the very inception, everything about Jesus birth was met with total rejection and multiple questions, as people gossiped about this couple.

How could such a thing be? For a young girl to have a baby without being with a man?

They stopped at a town called Bethlehem. On arrival they discovered there was no room in any hotel (inn). They were all full, since a great number of people were present to pay their taxes.

The owner was kind, seeing Mary so heavily pregnant. He felt compassion and offered them a place at the back of the hotel, a stable, where the animals were kept. That magical night, the Christ child was born. The Messiah, the Savior, the Hope of the world clothed Himself in flesh, and came down to earth as a baby!

His primary purpose was to save mankind from their sins, and offer eternal life, thus making a pathway for wayward man to reconcile with God!

Joy to the world, the Lord is come. Let earth receive her King. Let every heart prepare Him room and heaven and nature sing!!!

Merry Christmas everyone!

24.

M Aniket

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



THE INTELLIGENT MONKEY AND CRUEL CROCODILE.

Theme:

One should not deceive anybody.

There are few animals who have extraordinary intelligence.

These animals deceive other animals.

As such, one should identify, well in advance, about other animals' super intelligence and should be careful while moving or dealing with such intelligent animals.

The one such story is here which is titled "THE INTELLIGENT MONKEY AND THE CRUEL CROCODILE".

One should not feed or maintain cruel animals like fox, crocodiles, lions, tigers, and various other wild animals.

Even, one should not believe or trust such cruel animals.

One should always be careful with the cruel and wild animals.

This is the story of such type, as one should be very careful with animals.

Even animals also should be careful while dealing with other dangerous, cruel and wild animals



STORY:

One Monkey used to stay on the Berry Tree.
This berry tree was situated in a forest near a village.
This Monkey used to eat berries and lead the life.
This berry tree was located right on top of a lake.
The berry tree leaves used to fall in the lake.
Even the berries were falling in this lake.
The tree was very close to the lake side bed.
In this lake, there lived an old crocodile.
The Monkey and the Crocodile were very close friends for quite a long time.
The Monkey used to drop few berries in this lake for Crocodile purpose.

This old Crocodile used to swallow/eat these berries every day, as these berries are so sweet and liked by this Crocodile.

The Monkey friend used to tell this old Crocodile that Oh! My dear friend Mr. Crocodile, you eat few berries and take few berries to madam Mrs. Crocodile.

This old Crocodile took few berries to Mrs. Crocodile.
Mrs. Crocodile ate all these sweet berries.



Mrs. Crocodile gave a good complement on these sweet berries gave by Mr. Monkey friend.

Further, Mrs. Crocodile said that these Berries are too sweet, so also, your friend Mr. Monkey's heart would also be terrifically sweet.

Mrs. Crocodile surprisingly complemented and astonished Mr. Crocodile.

One day Mrs. Crocodile told Mr. Crocodile that "I want to eat the Monkey", as Monkey's Heart will be so sweet as like the sweet berries.

Mr. Crocodile said that, Mr. Monkey is my close friend.
It is not possible for me to allow you to kill my Monkey friend for your desire sake.

But, Mrs. Crocodile ordered that I want to eat your Monkey friend as this Monkey must be so sweet and tasty like the berries.

Mrs. Crocodile was stubborn to kill and eat Mr. Monkey.

Mrs. Crocodile gave a master plan to Husband Crocodile.

"Tell your Monkey friend, as I told you, and bring him to our house for a dinner, told Mrs. Crocodile to Mr. Crocodile.

You please bring your friend Monkey on your back, told Mrs. Crocodile.

Next day, Mr. Crocodile met Mr. Monkey and conveyed the wish of madam Mrs. Crocodile.

My madam asked me to bring you home for a dinner today.

Please make us enjoy the pleasantness.

Please come to our house for dinner, said Mr. Crocodile.

You please sit on my back told to Monkey friend by Mr. Crocodile friend.

I will take you to my house.

The Monkey felt very happy, excited and decided to go to Mr. Crocodile house for a dinner.

The Monkey jumped from the berry tree on to Mr. Crocodile back and sat.

On way to the house of Mr. Crocodile, the Monkey was told that see dear friend, actually there is no dinner or any other entertainment at our house.

My wife, Mrs. Crocodile wanted to eat your heart which will be so sweet as like sweet berries.

My wife will kill you and eat your heart at my house.

For that purpose, only, I am taking you to my house.

You followed my dear friend Monkey?

It's all our plan that you are being taken to my house.

You understand Mr. Monkey? Said Mr. Crocodile.

Mr. Crocodile further said, that you Mr. Monkey, you are eating these sweet berries daily all through your life.

We know how sweet your heart is.

We like to eat your heart any at cost, Said Mr. Crocodile.

Mr. Monkey surprised.

Shocked and Worried.

Mind blocked.

Could not understand what to do.

Unable to have any plan at that particular moment.

Mr. Monkey was sitting on Mr. Crocodile.

Both were on way to Mr. Crocodile house.

They were in the middle of the lake.

After some time, this Monkey, came to full consciousness.

Tried to utilise Monkey's intelligence.

Had a master plan to escape from the cruel clutches of Mr.& Mrs. Crocodile.

This Monkey wanted to implement its plan forthwith.

Oh! Friend Mr. Crocodile, you would have told me Well in advance on this.

You delayed the matter.

I have kept my Heart at the Berry Tree at a safe place.

Let us go to the Berry Tree to bring my Sweet Heart.
I will bring my Heart now itself.
Come on, let us go fast to the Berry Tree.
Let us not waste time.
The dinner time is fast approaching.

The mindless friend Crocodile said, Okay, dear Mr. Monkey I will take you to the berry Tree very fast.

You please bring your Heart.

I will take you to the berry tree immediately now itself, said the cruel minded Mr. Crocodile.

On reaching the Berry Tree the Monkey jumped and climbed the tree very fast out of fear that this cruel friend Mr. Crocodile may kill.

After climbing the Berry Tree, the Monkey friend told Mr. Crocodile that I will not believe and will not trust you any time.

You're a deceiver.
You're a cheat.
You're a cruel friend.
You're a dangerous wild animal
Your mind is filled with all crooked ideas.
I could know your colours now itself.
I can't believe you.
I can't trust you anymore.
You're not my real friend.
You're a foe.

You're an enemy to me.
You're a useless idiot.
You're a dangerous Crocodile.
You shattered our friendship.
I thought that you're a good friend of mine.
You're a very nasty guy., said Monkey to Mr. Crocodile from the top of Berry Tree.
Mr. Crocodile acted like feeling bad.
Mr. Crocodile was helpless
This Crocodile went to his house with tears.
Mr. Monkey saved his life.
This is Monkey's intelligence.
Timely action and presence of mind saved the life of Monkey.
Finally, the Monkey was safe.
No damage done to the Life of Monkey.
Actually, nobody believes these Crocodiles.
One should not believe cruel and wild animals.
One should not make friendship with wild animals.
One should not play with wild, cruel and dangerous animals.

If anyone makes friendship with any cruel and wild animal, it's a harm to life.

One should be careful always.
This is a precious life.
One should always be alert while moving with any type of animal.
Animals are animals.
They have no mind as like human beings.
So, Children, please note that we should not move with any cruel and wild animals.

All children should be careful, wherever they go and even to Zoo.
Even street dogs are dangerous.
They bite children.
There are mad dogs too in many streets.
We should not go near to these dogs too.

M Aniket

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25. **CUCKOO'S PROUDNESS STORY**

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



CUCKOO'S PROUDNESS:

THEME:

One should not have proudness
One should not be egoistic.
One should not be arrogant.
One should not be careless.

If anybody has these qualities a, it is sure, one is bound to land in problem.
It is also sure that one has to confront a lesson one day.
These quality people will be degraded one day.
These quality people will have no friends.
These quality people will have to face difficulties.
Actually, one should spend time happily with all the friends.
One should move closely with all the friends.
This is a lesson learnt by one Cuckoo.



STORY: CUCKOO'S PROUDNESS:

There was a village.
Near that village, there exist a forest.
In the forest there was a big tree.
On this tree, there lived a Cuckoo.
This Cuckoo used to sing beautifully.
This Cuckoo also used to dance nicely.

All the birds and animals used to come to this Cuckoo's tree and listen the songs and dance of Cuckoo.

Every day all the birds used to visit this Cuckoo's place to listen beautiful. Voice, the "Voice of Cuckoo".

Some birds used to live near to this Cuckoo's tree.

Most of the birds even shifted their residences to this nearby tree, where this Cuckoo is living.

This Cuckoo has lost of Proudness.
This Cuckoo has lot of egoistic qualities.
This Cuckoo has lot of arrogance.
This Cuckoo has lot of carelessness.
This Cuckoo think that she is only a good singer in this World.
This Cuckoo think that she is a great singer and dancer.
This Cuckoo used to speak very arrogantly with other birds.
The God given gift is the sweet voice for this Cuckoo.

This Cuckoo used to mesmerise other birds and animals with its very pleasant and sweet voice

All the birds and animals used to say that it's a God's Gift to this Cuckoo.

All the birds used to appreciate this Cuckoo, thereby still this Cuckoo used to feel very proud and felt much egoistic

This Cuckoo never used to care other birds and animals
This Cuckoo's eyes are at the head.
Felt head strong.
Highly arrogant Cuckoo.
Cuckoo used to feel that it's only the God sent like an Angel Cuckoo.
Some days passed.



All the birds and animals told this Cuckoo in the bird's language that you are highly arrogant, you've proudness, you're more egoistic.

Also told to this Cuckoo that it should mend the ways of behavioural attitudes.
This is for your good only, told by all the bird friends and animals.

Also told that. If you continue to be in your own style of living then one day you will have to face troubles and problems.

Please don't be arrogant.
Please don't be selfish.
Please don't be careless.

Please be friendly with other friends, birds and animals, as they all admire your sweet voice and lovely physique.

Please think that all your friends and well-wishers.

This is for your good only, told by all the birds and animals.

One aged and experienced old bird also advised this Cuckoo that you've to lower your proud.

You've to lower your head-strong.

Lest you'll have to face the consequences.
Then you'll be nowhere in the life.

See my dear friend Cuckoo, please learn with your friend birds and animals how they are.

Please be close to your bird's family.
All days are not same.
You may be good in your voice and singing.
That's your God's grace.

You acquired the singing and dancing skills.
It doesn't mean that you're cut above the other birds and animals.
All the birds and animals admire you because you sing nicely.
Now coming is the winter season.
All other birds are getting constructed their own houses and nets.



If you also construct your net, all other bird's fraternity would co-operate, told the old and experienced bird.

These advises were not followed by this head strong Cuckoo.
Never cared old birds advise.
This Cuckoo was very adamant and still has very egoism.
This Cuckoo not cared any body's advice.
Further, this Cuckoo told that, I will look-after my own things.
I know better than you all.
You please don't advise me.
I won't hear to anybody suggestion, told the Cuckoo.
Also told that, I don't need any body's help or guidance.
Winter season came.
It was mid-winter.
All birds never used to come outside because of too coldness.
All birds are. Suffering from cold and cough.
Birds will have no blankets to cover their body.
No mattresses.

All these birds have small nets on the tree.
This Cuckoo has no shelter nor had any Net.
This Cuckoo has high fever.
This Cuckoo was unable to fly.
No shelter as like other birds.
Not able to sing and dance.
No food.
Unable to speak.
Became very weak.
This Cuckoo was in unconscious stage.
Not able to move or speak.
Voice became dull.
This Cuckoo has sore-throat.
This Cuckoo could not seek any help

Nobody came to the rescue to support and help of this Cuckoo.

The old bird spoke to other birds, constructed a Net to this Cuckoo. Few birds did nurse to this Cuckoo.

After few days this Cuckoo became normal
This Cuckoo then thought that because of all the fellow birds helped me, I became alright.

It's the help that other birds did; I became normal.
This Cuckoo realised about the great help of other birds.

From that day onwards, this Cuckoo never showed any head strong, never showed any adamic, never showed any carelessness.

This Cuckoo started moving freely with all his colleagues, birds and animals.

This Cuckoo used to sing and dance, used to entertain his neighbours, birds and animals without any temper.

The theme I, as said above,
One should never have proudness, head strong, carelessness, arrogancy,
One should always be friendly, supportive and helpful to others.
All should be happy
Give respect and take respect.
All are same in this Universe.
Nobody is small or nobody is big.

The only thing is that, how one lead the life on this Universe with dignity, decency and decorum





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26. His dream and her confession



Do you remember that morning
When you were sleeping, I remove the curtain from
the window
And when a ray of sunlight reflects on your face it was
beaming like stars
I put my hand on your face so that it could not disturb
you
And you hold my hand in your hand out of love
And asked me, will you be with me whenever I turn
grey
Will you keep loving me as much as I love you
Will you hold my hand when I bow down and will not
be able to walk
will you ever stop loving me? At this, I put my hand on his rosy lips
And said nothing,
Do you know why? I was afraid of losing you
To me, confession of love is the death of love
But now I want to say you
I love you as much as the sky is vast, the ocean is deep, and the mountains are
high
My heart cannot beat without your oxygen
Do you remember that morning?

Mahnoor Mukhtar
Student
Sargodha
Pakistan

27. THE OPEN SECRET



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

I want you to be the Apple of my eye.
You are not Eve, do not offer me the Apple.

I want to be your words
But all sour in taste of truth.

I want to be your heart.
So flexible, money becomes the burglar.

I want to be your body
But i may die of men pouncing on you.

I want to taste something Slimy
But i dislike Oysters in my mouth.

I want to eat your slippery part
But i hate the sight of snails.

I want to fetch from your factory
But your taps already looking down in Shyness.

I want to embark on your narrow tunnel.
There's no light at the end of your tunnel.

I want to buy a love from you
But you are already a charitable one.

28. *KISS ME NOT EARLY* ©



KISS ME NOT EARLY ©

*Kiss Kiss Kiss
You will miss miss miss
(Male Chorus)*

*What Yaar
No No No to Kiss
We Miss Miss Miss
No No No to Kiss
(Female Chorus)*

*No, Kiss Me Not
What is this, No, No, now
Time and place, no favor to this
Love like kiss, is not the day ||*

*I can't tell, the kiss is banned
I can't agree to kiss like love
Days are ahead for things to favor
Be as a Hope as love live long ||*

*You're there to like my love
I can't deny the same to you
You're to understand well
Love like days, will bless us soon ||*

*Kiss Kiss Kiss
You will miss miss miss
(Male Chorus)*

*What Yaar
No No No to Kiss
We Miss Miss Miss*

*No No No to Kiss
(Female Chorus)*

*The adventures of love, yet to start
Beauty like kiss, will lead us life
Day is near for inventions of love
Day is near to lead the life soon ||*

*The Nature hails the love like kiss
Time says no, to kiss me not early
People sure to recognize us well
No, no and no, Kiss me not early ||*

*No doubt, our love is sky level high
Stars look at our love
Clouds are blessing us like a shower
Air is blowing like we to become one ||*

*Kiss Kiss Kiss
You will miss miss miss
(Male Chorus)*

*What Yaar
No No No to Kiss
We Miss Miss Miss
No No No to Kiss
(Female Chorus)*

*Flowers move us to feel happy
Flowers understand on love like matters
Flowers adore the beauty of love couple
Flowers are the part of love and kiss game ||*

*Kiss Me Not Early
Love Me Not Early*

*Dangers are seen in love kiss matters
Things go wrong, if not handled well
Go global but love can't go global
Kiss and love are Natures Gift
Nature blesses us for love
Whole world bows for Nature's love*

No, no, Kiss Me Not

*I can't tell the kiss is banned
You're there to like my love
The adventures of love are yet to start
The Nature hails the love like kiss
No doubt, our love is sky level high
Flowers make us to feel happy
I go global but love can't go global ||*

*Kiss Kiss Kiss
You will miss miss miss
(Male Chorus)*

*What Yaar
No No No to Kiss
We Miss Miss Miss
No No No to Kiss
(Female Chorus)*

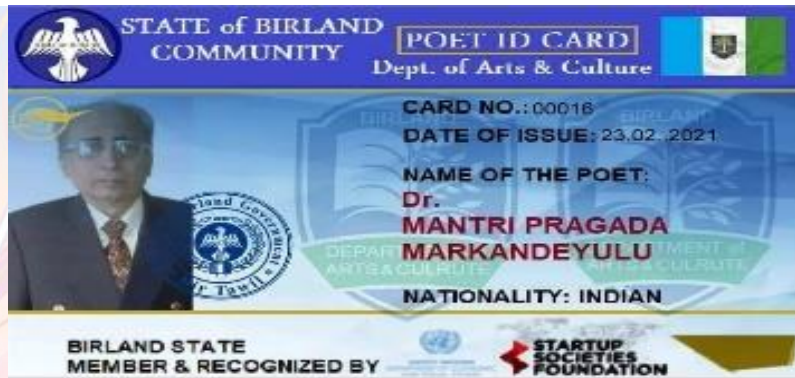


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B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,
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- **Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of World Cultural and Arts Society (FOWCASS), Singapore.**
- **CIVIC EXCELLENCE AWARD 2022 FROM UHE, PERU**
- Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY Journal)
- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, UHE, Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
- Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY EXCELLENCE Honor
- *Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International Institute, Philippines"*
- *Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyderabad-*
- The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excellence 2021.
- 2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE, India
- *The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence Award-2020, Bangalore (India)*

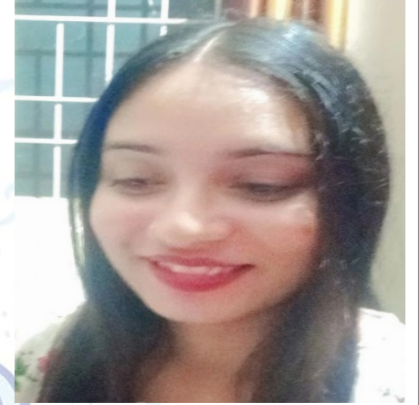
- *Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips 2020 Honor, Gujarat-India*
- *Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)*
- *Literary Brigadier Honor (2018) from Story Mirror, Mumbai, India*
- *Spotlight Superstar Honor (2018) from Story Mirror, Mumbai, India*
- *Golden Ambassador General for Development and Peace at @ TWPF/BTYA, Bangladesh*
- *State of Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet*
- *RKMPII Nobility Award 2021*
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29. River

They just go with the flow;
Nobody belongs to them;
Not they belong to anybody.
They carry nothing with them,
Their flow doesn't allow them to!
They don't settle anywhere,
Settling is not meant for them.
And they move across people
They are just in ceaseless energy,
They actually "Wait for None.



Monalisa Gayen
Writer
Bengaluru
Karnataka

30. All for The Younger Player



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

I wanted to work in the capital city and visit my home city as a tourist. I knew very little about the scenic places that surrounded the city of my upbringing, all mastered between the pages of a school textbook. The Vumba Mountains, Nyanga and Mutarazi Falls became the heartbeat of my homesickness when I was studying abroad, yet I had never set foot in any of these places. Now I felt no pang at all about my wish to leave the border town without visiting at least one of these places first.

My eyes brightened to the prospect of being invited for an interview by at least one of the Harare based companies to which I had emailed job applications.

I never knew that I could be so attached to my homeland until I went to study overseas. The life I had lived back home was one a lot of people who surrounded me envied, but the absence of two important figures from my life sometimes made it a nightmare. A loving aunt and a supportive uncle made my life roll on a smooth carpet, but my mother had succumbed to heart failure when I was three or less years old, and had never married my father. My father was only a visitor in my life as he came to see me on distant occasions, but when I turned sixteen, he would come and collect me for shopping, so that I could choose for myself the items I needed for the back to school season.

As I grew older, I often berated myself for being ungrateful, but a father's remote love did not have such a positive impact on my psych. As I gleaned more facts about my parentage, a kind of bitterness against my grandparents often made breathing a major mechanical task for me. Why had they denied my parents a chance? Yes, my mother had been impregnated by a much younger man, but whatever had attracted them to each other, would have made them husband and wife.

What I later found more upsetting was that my father was the son of a family friend, a reputable family friend whose help had elevated my grandparents' fortunes. So my grandparents had annulled the engagement between my parents, saying that they needed to protect the integrity of the younger player in the mismatch of the two love

birds.

“Was my mother a disgrace to the man who had made her pregnant?” I often asked myself in the wakefulness of the night.

Truly my mother was not a disgrace. Her own parents had disgraced her. After that had happened, my grandparents always reminded me to keep counting my blessings as if being the daughter of a shamed woman was my first blessing.

My aunt said almost nothing about her elder sister. All the scanty information about my mother came from neighbours' children, and it is of importance to note that I learnt about the most important part of my life not out of someone's benevolent intention to share such important information, but often out of malicious jealousy, especially as I seemed to live a comfortable life and looked stunningly beautiful in the eyes of many, if their compliments and accusations of vanity in the same line were anything to be taken seriously.

I begrudged my aunt for being mute on a subject that gave me nocturnal headaches when children of my age were purring in their separate slumbers. Why wouldn't my aunt just tell me the sad story and help me mourn her sister, then we would wipe each other's tears, promising to always be there for each other. I would then be able to forgive my grandparents for “killing my mother”, and I would never allow the thought that my aunt was part of the conspiracy to rob me of parental love to continue lingering within my aching heart.

It was when my father had divulged the secret of my past that he decided to send me to study abroad. That was on one of the rare occasions when we gathered as family under the roof of his magnificent house, that is my father, my stepmother, three of his other children and I. All that I had learnt from malicious jealousy turned out to be true. I could not contain the bitterness until my father told me, “Four years in a distant country would rejuvenate your esteem for the only family you have,” my father had said sensibly.

“Father, I think given the love you felt for my mother you should have taken me into your custody,” I told him as my luggage was being inspected at Robert Gabriel Mugabe International Airport.

“It was not as easy as that. There was the law to consider and also a kind stepmother

is the rarest woman you can dream of. So with your aunt your life never suffered emotional deprivation,” Mr. Guvi had explained to me.

“My life did not suffer emotional deprivation,” she did not say to her father? “but having secrets about my parentage kept from me until much later in life had killed me emotionally.”

Now, upon my return to my native country and hometown, all the homesickness healed in a flash and my longings turned towards Harare.

One night as I sat behind my portable computer in the bedroom where I had spent most of my nights, a gmail notification popped up on the screen. It was my father telling me about an employment opportunity at Maruziva Transport and Logistics. “You will tell the Personnel Manager that I referred you.”

The four walls of the spacious room raced towards my bed. The huge window disappeared. I could hardly breathe. I closed my eyes, trying to figure out the direction my life was taking. I knew my father had worked for the same company and left after a bitter misunderstanding.

“But if I despise the advice of the only parent I have, what good is that to me?” I asked myself as I opened my eyes. The walls had retreated from my bed. I had regained my freedom again, this time I had the freedom to be my father’s daughter.

Hammond Maruziva was a nice, good looking young man who allowed business to take away much of his ease. I soon realised that my duty would not only be to bring the accounts of the business back to order, but also to breathe back fresh life into my employer.

“Thanks Miss Katana, for being here on time” said the youthful employer, speaking from behind a huge ornamental desk, “I don’t doubt your skills at all, but the task ahead demands patience in addition to your intellectual abilities.”

When Hammond Maruziva proposed marriage to me, I realised that I had won the task of breathing life back into him, and I did not need my aunt to disclose the “unexpected” development to my father. I had to do it myself.

“If you find him good, I won’t stand in your way,” he said. “The story of your mother

needs no repeat.”

It was soon after the bride price had been received at my aunt’s place that Hammond and I took a rest in Hammond’s car and opened my father’s parcel, locked in a small wooden box. My father himself had not attended the bride price ceremony. From the note within, we learnt that Mr. Maruziva had remained my father’s benefactor after Hammond had fired him.

“It had never occurred to me that you could be MrGuvi’s offspring, and that MrGuvi had donated the much needful kidney to my father,” Hammond said after a long silence in which we stared in each other’s face as if each of us was searching the mirror for the other’s heart .

“I never knew that my father ever donated a kidney, neither had I imagined that you were my benefactor’s son,” I said.

When on the day before our wedding I showed Hammond photos of my late mother in her Zimbabwe Republic Police uniform, he exclaimed, “That woman was the leader of the search party that rescued me from Mutsiyabako Caves. I had gone missing when I had gone on a school trip with two teachers and forty other grade six pupils.”

In our honeymoon hotel room, my husband played the video recording of my late mother in action, to clear my heart of doubts. The clip of my mother, standing at a cave entrance, holding Hammond to her chest, the boy resting on her bicep muscle, brought tears to my eyes. I only said, “Thanks Hammond for getting lost and letting my mother find you for me. Now I will remember my mother as a heroine, not a disgrace.”

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

31. If I don't love you!

If I don't love you;
It's like a bulb
With power outage.

A useless moon
Without having a night.

A beautiful sky
That lacks twinkle Stars.

A Spiritual Solution
Without having a faith.

A musical inspiration
That lacks good composition.

A heart
That has no blood to pump.

If I don't love you,
My heart
Will surely fall apart.



Oladipupo Olayemi
Artist
Ikeja
Nigeria

32. Love and Worship

She Raises Her Hands In Dua After Sajood And Says:
I Don't Know How To Express My Love To You,
That's Why I'm Asking Allah To Love And Care About
You.

Because I Love You.

Because I Spend Every Moment Of My Life,
Waiting For You To Come In My Life

As A Completion Of My Tahajjud Prayer,
Which I Often Prayed To Get You.

In My Prayers, In My Tears, You Always Remained O'h
Dear.

The Way I Love You Like,

The Way Our Prophet (PBUH) Loved Their Wives,
And Mother Khadija Did To Him.

Just Take Care Of Yourself, As A Gift Of My Lord.



Own Abbas
Artist. Writer,
Student,
photographer
Jhang
Pakistan

33. Unconfessed love



Whenever i was with you,
I don't know why I felt delightful moments of my life.
I found my everything in you I don't know what's the
reason behind,
But it's true that it was a love which I could never
confess.
Seeing you was like a precious achievement to me,
And your words always touched my heart.
That's why your memories snatched my rest,
Whenever you came to talk it was like a moment of
delight.
But it was my mistake or foolishness,
That my love was never being confessed.
Every time I wanted to tell you about my feelings,
But it was a fear of being far away from you.
But honestly you were the most important one in my life,
Which I never wanted to lose.
It was a true feeling of mine for you but i was so compelled,
That's why there was a love which never being confessed.

Rajdeo Shaw
Teacher
Champdani
West Bengal

34. " Vagabond Thoughts "



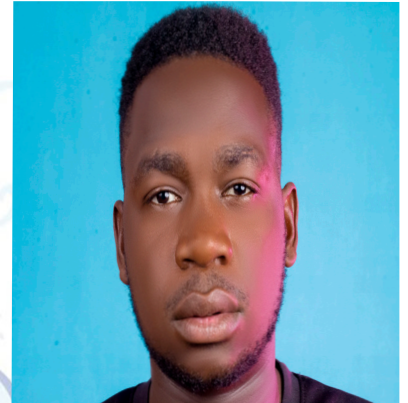
In the silence of my thoughts I keep wandering
How I evolve and keep myself surrendering
Wordly pressure always kept an echo
My silence spoke walking through the meadows
The soothing thoughts offered some tendering .

The search that never ends
Who am I, the thought that never amends
Silence of my mind go with bliss of serenity
Silver lining of thoughts are full of purity
Disturb heart continues to flourish and mends .

Little one me is always present
Keep on asking, whats the argument
Silence between my thoughts are mature
They keep an eye on every creature
That's the way as thoughts are very potent .

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

35. WHY



Ralph Lungu
Poet, Writer,
Student
Maiduguri
Nigeria

The world around me has fallen
I have arrived at a point
What a regret.
While I seat,
I found greater love for freedom
The human in me has weaken
My mouth has fallen my sight
I want to see the full smile of the sun
They called my name from there,
Loud silence.
I screamed from my point,
Because I have seen myself in a strange land.
Why not help,
No strength for another
I have lost my way.

Why me!
Why have I turned to live here
Crime has put asunder
What my mind enjoyed has frozen
A mystery I thought won't come
Something better I ran off
All my days there and now loud and dark.

The sun shines
But a wall exists between us
Now that I am on my own
I will dance to the tune I created
What a world filled with misery and sorrow
A reminder that I am to be stiff.

I now leave among kings and princes
But of a crude world

A night in there and I'm now a slave to an unknown king,
I need to leave
Oh! Sorrow has the power now
Why
Why this time?

Surely, My harvest is plenty
My time to pack them is here
No reason to panic
I will keep dancing to my tunes.

By Ralph Lungu

36. The close door

She is soft inside
She thinks...!
Firstly, no one can dare
And if someone is so daring
To knock at the door..!
Then the best way is
To ignore that knocking voice.
Because no one can stand there
For whole life at the door.
Everyone has to tread back
Everyone has to move on..!
And it happens..
Everyone moves on...!!!
She is soft inside
She thinks...!
Come up with the right key
And open
that door..!
Because..!
The door is locked on both sides
From inside and outside
But that lock is automated
Once you open it from outside
She is soft inside
She thinks...!



Rosheena Hameed
Student
Sheikhupura
Pakistan

37. DEPARTED SOUL

Mother, my mother, oh my mother
Can you hear, I call you crying, tears in eyes
But alas! Thou can't hear, can't hear my cries
Thou are in a deep slumber, fast asleep
Your body is frozen, you lay motionless
Pale lips, closed eyes, you are speechless
You cannot see waiting, cries, nor hear any sounds
You do not know what is happening around
At the juncture your soul that was departing
At that moment, life from your body was parting
Uttering their names, everybody pouring water
Those are away, on behalf of them, other pouring later
Hearing everybody's names your soul got consoled
You breathed your last, body became cold
Everybody around you yelled on agony, pain, grief
Air is filled with woes of cries, melancholy,
Placed on your body the garlands wreath
Lighted incense sticks, candles, poured, perfumes
Fragrance all around, can't smell cause you can't breathe
Now I am motherless, I have no mother
From whom shall i get that's spotless love and affection
Those don't have mothers feel pity, comes your remembrance
Those who have, I feel your absence
Your love more precious than the god, the creator
No words are there to praise thee, oh my mother
Sacrificed your comforts, needs life for our sake
Now only Few garlands, wooden planks
Loved all, children, husband, offspring without difference
Longing to see the son, wife for away who has to travel
Setting in the compound waiting eagerly for arrival
Eyes on the door, passing vehicles on the road
So anxious, eager to see, after seeing the joy precious than gold
Now you are in a deep slumber on wooden plank



S. Arunkumar
GM Prime Indian
Hospital
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

For us the world looks dim and blank
Pouring in known, colleagues neighbours and relations
To perform last rites others are busy and active
Surrounded you to pay their last respect, have last glance
Bathe you, now you are fresh
Fresh like a flower without fragrance
Wrap you in a cloth, white in colour
Plank cut to shape, nailed cover it with black cloth placed
flower
Placed you inside the put six feet length and depth
Without any worries peacefully inside you have slept
Cover the pit with soil; place the cross on the mound
Mother, mother can you hear, you are under the ground
Hope from the heaven you will bless
Everything is over, oh mother you made us motherless
Oh! Mother, mother, mother, mother, mother, mother...

By S.Arunkumar

38. Mother's Lap



Sadaf Jawaid
Writer and Teacher
Karachi
Pakistan

Attention, love and a positive attitude can help people with autism succeed in life.

This is the story of Nomi, who was suffering from autism. He was completely different from his siblings. Fearful, shy of people. He used to hide himself in his mother's lap during gatherings and events. He had imaginary world, where he plays with imaginary children. The negative side of his personality came to the fore, when he started to flare up over trivial matters.

“He has taken on the temperament of his grand father.”

Nomi's father would say this while laughing. His mother was normal educated house wife This talk of her husband disturbs her. She was unaware about “autism. “ But she knows it very well if the child is not tamed now. This behaviour will make him fall in the race of life.

What ever work he sought to learn, his mother would support him. He even learned how to cook food?

“When he lies in the mother's lap, he will become a cook.”

Arrows of ridicule fell on his mother.

He was not the best student like his siblings Especially he found mathematics very difficult. The teacher doesn't like him. Then his mother mastered the subject to teach him. As a result of his mother efforts, he got position in next class.

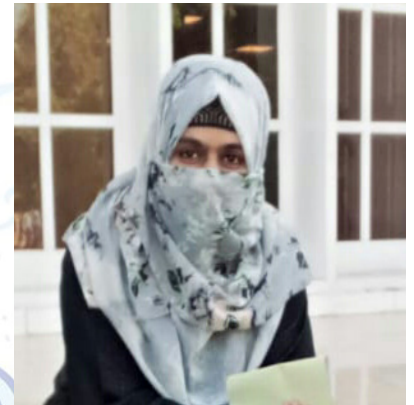
NOW he is still a step behind his siblings in many aspects of life . But despite this its future constant bright. Because he was never discouraged.

The child who couldn't express his anxiety, who shy away from people, afraid to go out of the house.

Today his circle of friends is wide He meets and confidently talks to the Client for the growth of their budding business. He got this self confidence with the support of his mom She always stood him on every front.

Those who used to criticize him. Now say with astonishment that “he discovered from his mother's lap. “

39. To save her father 's turban



Saira Mubeen
Student, Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

To save her father's turban, the girl got ready for marriage. To attend the wedding, the girl invited the boyfriend whom she loved and asked him to come to the wedding. The boy refused.

After the girl asked many questions, he agreed.

On the day of the marriage, the boy came to the wedding and at the time of the marriage, the girl stood in front of him.

The boy was wearing the watch that the girl had given him as a gift.

The ritual of marriage began.

So Maulvi Sahib started the marriage.

When asked for the first time, the girl agreed with a trembling voice.

The girl immediately looked at the boy, he was standing with his neck bowed.

Maulvi Sahib told him that the second one is acceptable, so the boy took off his watch.

When the girl said yes for the third time, a tear started coming from the boy's eye.

The watch fell from the boy's hand and he left, The girl also left.

The girl's friend was also with her.

The girl was just sitting when her friend's phone came and as soon as she heard the call, the mobile phone fell from the girl's friend's hand!!!

The girl's friend told her,

The boy met with an accident while going to the wedding hall and died there.

Hearing this, the girl fainted.

When she regained consciousness, she cried a lot

Then she remembered what the boy had said while crying.

That I will die if I come to the wedding.

And he came only.

The girl started crying that he had come on my request because of my love.

And he died because of me

40. BEHIND THE SMILE



Salako Matthew
Student
Festac town
Nigeria

Underneath his smile lies pain and anguish. He has no one to tell than bear it all alone. Though he smiles at everyone who comes his way no one understands his tales of woe.

He lies on the couch and after a brief reflection he approaches his blood but all he got was a reproach. Then, he thought to himself, who shall I tell my tale of misery? And the idea came to his head that he should tell find a friend but he remembers that at the end of the "Fri" lies an "End"

Immediately he realised that in times of sorrow and pain no one can know how you feel no matter how well you explain. What a world! Eeveryone leaves his world without looking at the pain and stain that the sword makes in his heart.

Who then shall I tell my story to?

No one seems to understand how he feels because no one wears his shoe and knows how painful it is. To some, he is proud and it makes him lose his sense of humour. He no longer feels at home with anyone.

Who then can help him?

A voice said to him, have you forgotten your Creator? The One who spoke and it came to be. Come to me He said and unload all your worries. Smile for you shall feel this pain no more.

I wrote this for anyone in pain at the moment. Worry no more for God can solve the unsolvable.

41. EQUAL ATTENTION



**Shekkinah Glory
Odari**
Student writer
Nairobi
Kenya

Today as the world celebrates the 10th anniversary of the International Day of the girls, let's not forget about our young boys and men. Over the years government institutions, rights groups, and citizens have been talking about the rights of a girl child. The rights of a girl child have been amplified, and cases of school dropout among girls have reduced. We have also seen girls performing well whether in-class work, leadership, or any position that a woman is involved in, they are doing well compared to our boys.

A question to ask ourselves is, where are our boys? Is it because the government has focused a lot on the first child and forgotten about our boys? Or is it because our boys are strong and can protect themselves against violent cases and that women are supposed to be weak, harmless, and in need of assistance?

Research shows that most children living on the streets are boys and that most drug addicts and criminals are males. Boys are going through a lot and they can't speak out. They are experiencing emotional and psychological violence without realizing it. Sometimes their values are demeaned, and they are also experiencing economic violence where they are prevented from accessing resources such as food, shelter, and clothing in an attempt to control them, they are also going through psychological violence, which is when someone keeps telling the boys that they are not good enough and they'll not be good enough, This is the major obstacles to boys progress, they rob and withdraw their self-esteem and crushes their big dreams.

Let's empower both genders, there are many ways of empowering them. They deserve to be given equal privileges, let's motivate them to pursue public offices, and STEM courses we shouldn't forget that they are boys who fear taking part in STEM courses. We are in a technological era, let's educate both genders on positive ways of using social media and the use of Internet.

Addressing such cases within our communities is a collective responsibility, and we have an opportunity to make a difference for the better everyone has a role to play

Let's not forget about our boys.

42. Sect and human



**Shiv Prasad
Latehar
Jharkhand**

Sect is a fixed doctrine. It's not easy to understand. Only after going through all the philosophical activities can one understand the sect. This is why everyone is afraid of the sect. This is the reason why their leaders have an alliance with Racism has taken over for its own protection. Its leaders are still waiting for God or God to cancel their destiny. We live in the definition of modernity with the convenience of science. But, the ideas and practices of the theory are old. When the yield of the leader of the movement is less than the society and the nation, the demand for communalism increases. Currently, there are many places in Eurasia that use celebrities. Celebrities become victims of diseases due to the customs and ideas of the Power bearers and captains are also special in this category. The fateful theory of monopoly over natural resources is heavy on the public. As if this is the destiny, people are deprived of conflict. don't struggle People of this mindset remain slaves. And under a special concept, we have been slaves to foreign power for so long. Today, the country is a slave to power.

Throughout life, people live only for the hope of the next time. Except for a few exceptions, media coalitions often act as fuel for the fire. Its guardian is power. At present there are some contries of Eurasia which cannot give bread to the country but can throw the country into war, Media and communal leaders are needed to establish power. Therefore, it is the fourth pillar of the executive branch of democracy,

The work of writers is to keep illuminating the path of society and power.

43. SHE CHOSE TO BE BLUDGEONED

She was a simple lass
Of great beauty and class
Lips untainted by smoke, beer mug or wine glass
Body untouched by anything gross rather the Cross
An angel no man in his right mind would ever pass
An Aphrodite every jealous woman would surely harass
Alas, she picked the life of prayer, fasting and mass
The holy life of a Catholic sister not a crass

Like a puppet on a string
She chose to follow in the footsteps of the Heavenly King
And all that it would bring
Even though it meant for her no ring
Or even a single casual fling
And her great soul took wing
Soaring higher above like a stone from a sling

Then came the day she was bitten by the bug and something worldly stirred and beckoned
Her spirit darkened and blackened
The comforting scriptures left her disheartened and disillusioned
Monastery life became unlike anything she had ever bargained
She felt dampened and burdened
Though christened, disciplined and cautioned
She never brightened nor chickened
She longed to be awakened and broadened
Her bags packed and mouth buttoned
She flung herself onto the world to be bludgeoned and cheapened!



Stephen Linjesa
Writer, Poet, Author
Harare
Zimbabwe

44. DARK THOUGHTS

A fresh setback,
A dark gorge of nameless creatures;
Twisted uncertainties,
Decayed teeth of exhausted times,
A blue tiny world decorated with flowers of sorrows,
Flowers of fears dotted everywhere.

A scary world!!
A faded suspicious world!!
A rejected world!!
Where dozens of setbacks being felt by hope seekers;
Where doors are open but for the energetic wrong doers,
New lows, crushing available worthwhile thoughts;
Exhausted thoughts running through humans' veins.

Dirty attitudes greet the shadows of infamous ageing thoughts;
Unpopular sentiments shun real time,
Long, but wonderful lessons to be learnt.

Sweet days to revisit the noble presence,
The future to dodge the bullets of sad times,
Suns of hope to share the ulgy past tales with genius winter moons
A new dawn to be filled with unlimited grace, to sink deeper into exhausted hearts.

A new dawn of undiluted truths to be felt for solid ages
Cries of happiness will grow with modern times
Let the enemies of great thoughts and hope regroup with genius humans,
Maybe the silent world will rejoice again.



Terrence Mwedzi
Poet, Writer,
Columnis
Zimbabwe

45. Tis The Damn Season



**Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago**

December 25th rolls around again ...
Nothing has gone as planned...
Greed continues to be rampant...
Love seems to be a Diseased Variant...

Tis the Damn Season ...
The cry in our hearts because a life we knew has slowly
fallen apart...
Peace has gone because of the robbers to the East...
Joy gone because of the clowns to the West...
Material Gifts the reason to Tis the Damn Season...

Extending your heart to a neighbour is neigh...
Harmony of humanity now just a Folklore...
Do we have to really live a life of sorrow evermore???
Hark the Herald Angels no longer sing...
Silent the Night has been stole...
What can we do now to free our Soul???
False Gods Rise and reign in our demise...

Tis the Damn Season...
Let us think of the reason to bring peace, love, and joy tis damn season...
Did she know???
Did she glow???

Or

Did she even wonder if to follow through?
As we tell it on a mountain...
Tis the Damn Season.
To be the reason...
Tis the Damn Season
Sharing Love, Peace and Joy to Everyone Equally is not Treason...

Let all your Enemies truly become Friends ...
Let us be able to work united for a better Planet Earth and Keep All of our Nice Things...
Let every Life be a living soul and survive and live happy until each soul grows old...
Humans do not be the cause of hurt ...

Tis the Damn Season ...
But every moment of their life a reflection of the Beautiful Ghosts we are...
Let us Be Resilient beyond time...
Let our lives be lived in yonder moments to be...

Midnights in the seasons soon over...
You shall stand strong and never crumble...
No more catch 22's in the life of 23's glory...
You no not where the road of life leads...
Just live, love, and laugh as you let everything be...
As your eyes may be downturned remember...
To self be true and you shall always be set free...
In Tis Damn Season and evermores of life...

By Tha Ono

46. The wait

Like a hydra-headed savanna
tree. Standing aloof on deserted
soils. I long to see my soul free.
With the burning dissolution, my heart
boils in anticipation, I scamper to the
fields to peer across the setting sun,
drenched in impassioned hope.
I wait and wait, for the sun to hear my plea.
The wait to be freed from my toils,
Aches my soul in a world I cannot flee.
My heart is fragmented from many cuts of foils
The wait
I sit here
I must be wary
For though alarm elopes with the hidden.
Atrocities abide there as well.
As my soul uncovers the
'where' my psyche the 'how'
My nature urges the 'when'
And always, my visions survey



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

47. On looking at these tender leaves

These tender leaves, bejewelled with the pearly dew drops,

Are here, as the delicate darlings of the morning.

These tender leaves with their feathery touch,

Are here, as the crowning glories of this new day.

These tender leaves with their silent speeches,

Are here, as the magic lamps that beckon back the reminiscences of

All that is bestowed to me as soft and sweet by this Universe.

These tender leaves in their sober green hues,

Are here, as the reflections of my delicate thoughts for this day.

These tender leaves, transferring their serenity all around

Are here, as the golden quills for me to scribe my ruminations here.

These tender leaves with their subtle swaying in the breeze,

Are here, as the light weighted chariots to those delicate dreams of my early years.

These tender leaves in their pale green and flimsy look,

Are here, as the fond memories of the loving caresses of my grandma's wrinkled hands,

And those few hours of siestas, with her fairy tales as the lullaby for me.

These tender leaves with their texture, as soft as silk,

Are here, as the representations of the gentle words of care by my beloved mother.

These tender leaves, with their fresh and vibrant look,

Are here, as the echoes of those secret whispers of my soulmate to me.

These tender leaves, with their endearing and lively presence,

Are here, as the reverberations of the softness of the tiny little fingers

Of my cute little baby, clasping my hand jubilantly while taking its each new steps.

These tender leaves reviving such a stream of gentle thoughts in me

Are here, as the instigator of many a things, sweet and soft to cherish throughout.



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & N.L.P
Coach
Pune
Maharashtra

48. THE WONDER OF NATURE



Nature! Nature! So lush and green,
The wonder of wonder anyone has seen.
So cool, calm and full of life,
Make us forget all our strife.

Think of a forest full of trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Cut them down and construct towers,
Wait for ages for get a shower.

The birds that soar high in the sky,
Can we imitate them however hard we try.
Learn to wonder and gape at things,
And see the happiness it brings.

We have got such wonderful things,
Do what you can and save a wing.
So that our children in future,
Can see the things we have nurtured.

**Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
Hajipur
Bihar**

49. Flowers bloom on the way

Flowers bloom on the way,
There will be your destination , i say.

The sun will go with you,
Don't worry, it is true.

you will never be stern,
you will meet angels at every turn.

There will be no story of sadness,
There will be light even in the darkness.

you will never feel, lonely in the noise,
I will hear your every voice.



Vivek Sharma
Kullu
Himachal Pradesh

50. Chrysalis phase



Vizzmaya Jalal
Student
Mumbai
Maharashtra

Sometimes I wonder if I really want to grow up
And turn into a woman in this day and age,
When I listen to the advice given to growing girls,
It feels like every second man is a fake sage.

We are told to dress in a way that doesn't attract
attention;

If girls are out late in the night, the family is in tension;
They give us speeches about not letting anyone touch
us inappropriately;

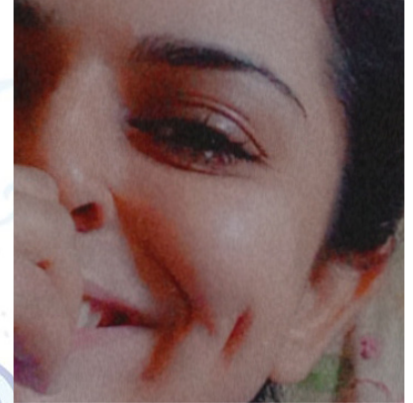
All of this sounds like we will have to step into a
battlefield daily.

Self-defence classes are good for both girls and boys
To teach the anti-social elements that we are not their toys;
When my mother explained to me about rape, periods and molestation,
I was so shocked that it broke my 'perfect world' illusion.

Most of the girls are like dolls in a cocoon
Waiting to break open the shell and embrace the world soon;
Loved ones protect us at every step and paint the world around
In magical colours that make every person look divinely crowned.

Slowly, reality seeps into our lives as we mature in the race,
Being a part of life's physical, mental and emotional chase;
To deal with the pressure of social, academic and professional craze,
I wonder how a human female can prepare for the future in her chrysalis
phase

51. The Unconventional 8th vow



They vowed seven promises and kissed

"I will be,
Loyal,
Compassionate,
and true to my words,
Will stand by your side
In sickness,
in youth,
In highs and lows... Untill death do us part"
Darling...
With a deep sigh and a scarlet grin, all at once they
said..

Zoya Khan
Student
Peshawar
Pakistan

---Rings were exchanged
Sumptuous Banquet spoon out with sizzling
and became tentmate for years and years...and it was too late to wield vivid
whim

Companionship bridges two souls
when Aphrodisia is lost...!

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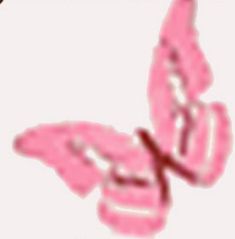
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