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The Seventh Life

Diya Chatterjee is an emerging poet whose work explores philosophy, history, nature, and the complexities of human emotion. Drawing inspiration from introspection, literature, and the human condition, she writes to explore questions of identity, morality, mortality, and meaning through a reflective and imaginative lens.

Diya Chatterjee

If I had seven lives,

I would live each one differently.

In my first life,

I would be reckless.

I would go skydiving, bungee jumping, and scuba diving.

I would chase every adventure without fear.

In my second life,

I would devote myself to knowledge.

I would earn a PhD

And spend my days in pursuit of wisdom.

In my third life,

I would choose solitude.

I would learn to enjoy my own company,

Finding peace within myself.



In my fourth life,
I would devote myself to art.
I would dance until my feet could carry me no more
And let my soul speak through every movement.

In my fifth life,
I would choose home.
I would spend every possible moment with those I love,
Knowing that ordinary days are precious too.

In my sixth life,
I would become a devotee.
I would surrender myself completely
To the mercy of my God.

In my seventh life,
I would take everything I had learned:
The courage of the first,
The wisdom of the second,
The peace of the third,
The passion of the fourth,
The love of the fifth,
And the faith of the sixth.

And I would live them all at once.

But life grants us only one.

So why wait for seven?

Why not be reckless, curious, artistic, loving, faithful, and at peace,
All within this one life?

Why not live today

As though it were the seventh?

Beyond The Rainbow

Anupama Sham Budhrani is a profound and well-known poet and author. She has completed her M.B.A and Post Graduation in Computer Applications. She has written 4 books:- "A COLLECTION OF POEMS, "THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES BOND, "POETRY -A TASTE OF LIFE, STORIES, ARTICLES, AND POEMS WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH.

Anupama Sham Budhrani

When we see a rainbow
we see 7 colors in a row
and an arc that just bows
in the sky from high to low.

Just like the rainbow colours
life has many flavours
of love, hate, friendship and enimity
of hits, misses, failures and prosperity .

In our everyday lives, we should see the horizon
and enjoy all the colours with laughter, joy and fun .
Accept what we cannot change
as life is big, spreading like the rainbow range .

We should live our lives beyond the rainbow
Forget about the human borders that we sow
Go with friendship, love and brotherhood and it's flow
and to our destiny, we should bow!



Where Heaven Meets Hell

“Where Heaven Meets Hell” explores the mystery of life, death, karma, and what may come after. It asks whether our lives are shaped by fate, our choices, or the actions of our past. The poem reflects on how joy and suffering can exist together, leaving us to wonder whether heaven and hell are places—or simply different ways of experiencing life.

Zyrxin

What if this world is neither heaven nor hell,

but somewhere in between—

where some find light,

while others only see the dark?

What if every life we live

is shaped by what we did before,

and every road we walk

leads somewhere we have known?

Or maybe our souls

choose this life for a reason,

choosing joy and pain,

knowing both must have a place.

This world has no final ending,

no clear beginning or goodbye.

Perhaps we only keep returning,

living the same story



in different forms.

And when this life comes to an end,

where do we go?

Do we return to the same world,

to face the things we left behind?

Or do we wake somewhere else,

where another life begins?

Maybe our future

is written by our choices.

Maybe it is shaped by karma.

Or maybe we are the ones

writing our own fate.

So perhaps this world

is not heaven or hell.

Perhaps it is both—

a place where joy and pain meet,

where every choice matters,

and where the way we see life

decides what it becomes.

A letter to moon

Asrar-Ul-Ajra is a young writer from Kashmir, who finds beauty in ordinary moments, silence, spirituality, and the complexities of human life. Her writing often explores themes of identity, resilience, loneliness, hope, and the quiet strength it takes to keep going.

Asrar-Ul-Ajra

Dear Moon, I watch you softly rise,
While people hurry through their days,
Some lose themselves beneath the skies,
Some lose their lives in others' praise.

You see the hurried footsteps fade,
The dreams we leave along the way,
The promises we once had made,
The hopes that somehow slipped away.

You see the hands that tightly cling,
To things they know they cannot find,
The little joys that sorrow bring,
The ghosts of moments left behind.

Some nights, we laugh a little loud,
To hide the ache we hold inside,
Then whisper softly to the shroud
Of pillows where our truths reside.

You wax, you wane, you disappear,
Yet find your way back through the night,
Perhaps you teach us year by year
That even darkness yields to light.

To lose a little warmth of day,
To walk beneath the borrowed night,
To carry stories left halfway,
Yet still keep reaching for the light.



To stumble where the roads divide,
To lose the things we thought would stay,
To hold our broken dreams inside,
And still awaken for the day.

So, Moon, when I am gone someday,
And someone softly speaks my name,
Tell them I walked my imperfect way,
And through it all, I tried to remain.

Tell them I stumbled, tell them I cried,
Tell them I loved, though love could ache,
Tell them I carried wounds inside,
Yet chose each morning to awake.

And if they ask what life had been,
Tell them it was both loss and light,
A thousand endings in between,
And still, I stayed to greet the night.

Ik rishta esa bhi

Shrishti jain

Aakhir fir ik din vo mujhe glt bta kr chla hi kya

Tod kr vade

Bhul kr saath bitaye pal

Vo kisi aur ki baahon mai so hi gya

Hr lfz usk liya likha jo

Kisi aur ko vo suna hi gya

Rafta rafta mujhse vo door ho hi gya

Barsatein chod hwaaye vo legya

Kch esa mera dil mai sanaata kr gya

Khusboo pyaar ki de kr

Mausam sa vo bdl hi gya

Rafta rafta meri ankho se vo shqs door ho hi gya



The Right of Every Soul

Madiha Siddiqui

It was midnight. Zain was on the highway. He saw a hotel.

Zain went there and asked the receptionist for a room.

But she said, “No, we don’t have any rooms available right now. Sorry, sir.” Zain suddenly looked at the list kept there. He noticed that all the rooms were booked except room no. 404.

He asked the receptionist for that room. “Sir, you can’t get that room. We don’t give it to anyone,” she answered.

“But why? What’s in it?”

“Sir, everyone who has booked that room has told us there is a ghost in the room. That’s why we don’t give it to anyone. But if it is your choice, you can stay,” the receptionist said.

“I will stay. Book it for me,” said Zain. The receptionist booked the room and gave him the key.

Zain finally reached the 3rd floor near his room. His room was at the end of the corridor, near the stairs. He opened his room’s door and went inside.

He saw that the room was very neat and clean, but the receptionist had told him that it was locked for a year. Yet not a single corner had a bit of dust. Everything was clean.

Zain was very tired. He kept his bag in the cupboard and fell asleep.

Early morning, when Zain woke up, he saw that his bag was out of the cupboard. He ignored it and thought that it had fallen because the night was



very cold and there were freezing winds. But he couldn't remember the windows being open.

However, Zain went to the washroom, and when he came back, his bag was out of the cupboard once more. He put his bag in it, and this time he locked it with the key.

He ordered his breakfast, but the waiter said in fear, "No! I will not come into that room. You have to come to the canteen for breakfast."

Zain went to the canteen for breakfast.

While he was eating, he saw his childhood friend Michael.

He met him and asked, "How are you, Michael?"

"Oh... Zain, my friend. I am fine. And what about you? Did you get the job?" asked Michael.

Zain replied, "Yes, I am also fine and now I am working in a company. And what about you? What are you doing nowadays?"

"This hotel was my father's, but when he died, my mother gave it to me," said Michael.

"Oh, that's good! I have also booked a room here for 10 days," said Zain.

"Ok, bye," both of them said to each other.

Zain went up to his room, and once again his bag was out of his cupboard and his room was very dirty. Zain put it back in the cupboard, and after 1 hour of hard work, it was clean.

Then he started doing his office work on his laptop. He was making a file. It was very big. It took 3 hours to complete.

After 3 hours of hard work, it was completed.

It was 7:00 pm. He wanted to have dinner, so he went to the canteen.

At 8 o'clock, he returned. He wanted to check a notification on his laptop. When he opened it, he saw that his file was deleted. He was shocked. But he decided to do it again. Once more he did it and slept.

4-5 days passed like this, and every night he heard footsteps going up and down the stairs, and sometimes he felt like someone was watching him.

One night, while he was sleeping, he heard the sound of footsteps again. That day he decided to go and check who was there on the stairs.

He went to check. He saw a lady going up the stairs.

He said, "Hi! Who are you?"

The lady turned back slowly. Her face was covered with her black hair.

Zain asked once more, "Who are you? And please move your hair back. I am afraid."

The lady moved her hair back. Her face was pure white.

She said in anger, "I am a sad soul. Go away from here."

"What happened? Is there any problem? I will help you," said Zain.

The soul replied, "Really? You will help me and you are not scared of me?"

"No! I am not scared. I know a soul won't harm me because I haven't done wrong to anyone. And now please tell me your problem. I will find the solution," said Zain.

"Ok, now listen to me carefully.

You know Michael, who is the owner of the hotel. 2-3 years ago, in the evening, he was in his cabin and my sister, Marry, saw that he killed his father because he wanted to give all his property to me. His father knew that Michael was not a good man. He would misuse it.

My sister Marry was scared after watching this scene. In fear, she shouted. Michael killed her also because he was afraid that she would tell everyone. But he didn't know that I had put some secret cameras in his cabin.

I was watching and crying through it, but I couldn't do anything at that time because I was out of the country.

Michael told everyone that they were both standing on the balcony and fell from there.

Michael's mother gave him all the property because she also didn't like me.

After a month, when I had all the proof to show to the police, I decided to file a case against him.

The next day, I went to the lawyer.

Everything was ready.

The day before the judgement, I was tense. I was checking my phone every minute.

However, the day of the judgement came. That day I was also afraid.

When we both were going to the Court, he said to me, "Now you will see what I will do. I will ruin you and your family." But I ignored that.

When we were both in front of the judge, I showed all the videos that I had, but the judge said, "This could be a fake video too."

After 2-3 hours of arguing with each other, the judge declared that Michael won the case.

After some days, someone told me that Michael had bribed the judge and won the case.

I didn't get justice.

Then I gave up everything and went back to live my simple life.

After some days, at night, I stayed in the hotel in room no. 404. I didn't know this was his hotel.

At night, when I was doing my office work, someone knocked on my door. When I opened it, there was a man wearing a mask and a cap. The man said, "May I get some water?" I said, "Yes."

He came inside, and when I turned to bring water, he closed the door and held my neck tightly. He didn't give me time to breathe. He opened my cupboard and removed his mask from his face. The man was Michael. He put pillows and blankets on me and locked it. I couldn't breathe in it, and after some time, I was dead. He killed my parents also." The soul of the lady told Zain.

“What! Michael did this. I didn’t expect this from him. I will do anything, but I will give peace to your soul. By the way, what is your name?” asked Zain.

“My name is Luci, and what’s your name?” said the soul.

“My name is Zain. I have a question for you. You are a ghost. You can do anything with magic. Why do you want a human’s help?”

“Yes, you are right, but I will win the case with truthfulness, not by killing someone. And I can’t talk to the judge. I want a person who will fight for my justice,” said Luci.

“So you will send me all the proof through magic and I will reopen your case tomorrow,” said Zain.

The whole night, they were both discussing their plan.

After 2 days, Zain reopened the case.

On the day of the judgement, Zain and Michael came to the Court. Luci was standing near Michael. No one could see her except Zain.

This time also Michael had bribed the lawyer and thought that he would win the case.

The judge started asking questions, but Zain knew that no one could hear him, so Luci started doing magic according to their plan. Michael told all the truth to the judges.

Finally, Luci won the case and Michael was sent to prison.

“Thanks, Zain. You are the best person. You alone helped me get justice,” said Luci.

Luci’s soul became invisible.

Luci’s soul got justice, and it is everyone’s right to get it.

Justice and peace are two sides of the same coin. Without justice, peace is only silence.

When people are treated unfairly, when voices go unheard, or when rules apply differently to different people, resentment grows, and real

peace becomes impossible. True peace is not the absence of fighting; it is the presence of fairness.

A society without justice may look fine for a while, but only a society with justice can stay peaceful and good.

“The demand for justice is really a demand for dignity. And dignity is something no soul is willing to live without.”

CORRECTION

Baarish

Kushagra Agarwal

Wo boondein mujhe aksar yaad dilati hai us shaam ki

Jis shaamm ham mile the us nadi ki kinare

Haan nahi yaad wo shaam mujhe

Haan uski wo leharti zulfen ab mujhe nahi chedti

Haan wo uski ek meethi hasi ab mujhe nhi yaad aati

Haan mai bhul chuka un unhliyo ki thirkan ko jo ab mere baalo ko nahi sawarti

Haan bhool chuka hu use mai

Haan mujhe ab apna koi wajood yaad nahi

Bas kisi roz jab mai khudko kho chuka hota hu

Tab wo nadi ka paani baarish banke mujhse kehta hai

"Ki tu ban is kadar ki tujhe dekh uski bewafai bhi sharmaegi

Aaj na sahi par ek din wo bhi tujhe dekh ke muskurayegi "

The House That Remembers

G. M. Hrushikesa Chaitanya was born on August 2 and is currently studying in 11th grade. He discovered his passion for writing at the age of 10 and has been creating original stories ever since.

Chaitanya G.M

The first thing Daniel noticed was the photograph.

It was lying on the floor of the old house when he and his mother moved in.

A family stood in front of the house—four people smiling at the camera.

Daniel picked it up.

The house behind them was the same house he had just entered.

But there was something wrong.

The photograph was dated 2026.

His mother laughed when he showed her.

“Probably left by the previous owners.”

Daniel turned the photograph over.

Five words were written on the back.

THE HOUSE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING.

That night, Daniel woke to the sound of a chair scraping across the kitchen floor.

He walked downstairs.

The chair was back where it had been that afternoon.

He pushed it against the table.

In the morning, it was exactly where he had originally found it.



Then strange things began happening.

A broken cup repaired itself.

A book he had thrown away appeared on his desk.

His mother's old necklace, lost years ago, was lying beside his pillow.

Daniel became obsessed.

He started testing the house.

He moved a lamp.

The next morning, it had returned to its original position.

He scratched a mark into the wall.

By morning, the scratch had disappeared.

Then he discovered the photographs.

Behind a loose wooden panel was a small room filled with hundreds of them.

Every photograph showed someone who had lived in the house.

Daniel looked through them.

People smiling.

People crying.

People sleeping.

Then he froze.

There was a photograph of his mother.

She was standing in the kitchen.

The date was 2012.

Daniel was born in 2010.

His mother had never told him they had lived there before.

He confronted her.

She went pale.

“We didn't live here,” she whispered.

“Then why are you in the photograph?”

She stared at it for several seconds.

“I don't remember.”

That night, Daniel heard whispering behind the walls.

His own voice.

“Don't let her remember.”

He followed the sound to the basement.

There, he found a locked door.

On it was a message carved deeply into the wood:

MEMORIES ARE SAFER WHEN THEY STAY BURIED.

Daniel broke the lock.

Inside was a table covered with photographs.

At the center was a video recorder.

He pressed play.

His mother appeared on the screen.

She looked younger.

And terrified.

“If you're watching this,” she said, “the house has started remembering again.”

Daniel stopped breathing.

His mother continued.

“This house doesn't remember people.”

She looked directly into the camera.

“It remembers what people did.”

The recording showed Daniel's mother standing beside a man.

Daniel recognized him immediately.

His father.

The man who had supposedly died in an accident when Daniel was six.

His father was alive.

And he was standing inside this house.

The video suddenly changed.

Daniel watched himself as a little boy.

He was crying.

His father was shouting.

His mother was begging him to stop.

Then the screen went black.

Daniel heard footsteps behind him.

He turned.

His mother stood in the doorway.

Tears covered her face.

“I wanted you to forget,” she whispered.

“Forget what?”

She didn't answer.

The walls creaked.

One photograph fell from the ceiling.

Daniel picked it up.

It showed the basement.

His father was lying on the floor.

His mother was holding a bloody object.

And beside them stood six-year-old Daniel.

Holding a camera.

Daniel's hands began shaking.

“No...”

His mother covered her mouth.

“You killed him,” she whispered.

Daniel stared at her.

“What?”

“You killed your father.”

The memories came back all at once.

The shouting.

The violence.

His father hurting his mother.

Daniel grabbing the heavy object.

One strike.

Silence.

His mother had helped hide the body.

Then they had left.

But Daniel's mind had erased everything.

The house hadn't been haunted.

It had been waiting.

Waiting for him to return.

Daniel slowly looked around.

Every photograph on the walls had changed.

They no longer showed the previous families.

They showed Daniel.

Hundreds of photographs.

Daniel sleeping.

Daniel entering the house.

Daniel discovering the room.

Daniel confronting his mother.

His stomach dropped.

One photograph showed something that hadn't happened yet.

It showed his mother lying dead on the basement floor.

And Daniel standing over her.

On the back was a message.

THE HOUSE DOESN'T PREDICT THE FUTURE.

Daniel turned pale.

Another sentence appeared beneath it.

IT REMEMBERS IT.

Behind him, his mother screamed.

Daniel turned.

She was holding the same object from the photograph.

And for one terrifying second, Daniel realized he had seen this moment before.

Not in a memory.

Not in a photograph.

In a dream.

Every night since they had moved in.

The house had never been showing him the past.

It had been showing him what he was going to do.

Daniel dropped the photograph.

The lights went out.

Then, from somewhere inside the walls, his own voice whispered:

“Run.”

He looked toward the door.

It was locked.

The house had remembered.

And this time, it remembered him.

Taste of regret

Prakriti Taron is a student based in Calcutta, whose work explores introspection. Drawing inspiration from classic and contemporary literature—with a particular fondness for Fyodor Dostoevsky's *White Nights*—her writing leans into the poetic, the melancholic, and the deeply human.

Prakriti Taron

The concrete jungle of Mumbai is always howling- bikes are coughing to life, buses are screeching to halt, vendors are calling out prices. I stand in front of a small tea stall, surrounded by small clouds of nicotine slowly rising up in the air, drinking tea from a paper cup, its warmth reaching my fingers. The kettle jerks over the high flame and then it comes, the smell. A mixture of overboiled milk and a sweet scent of tea leaves.

I knew this smell as much as I knew myself. It flooded my brain until I was no longer standing in the streets of Mumbai but rather in a cramped kitchen. I was eighteen again watching a saucepan full of milk trying its best to spill over the dented rims.

The walls of my bedroom had been filled with papers full of formulas and notes but above everything was neglect. I had been watching the majestic ball of fire sink behind the horizon from the kitchen window while I thought about my future- which I had known was going to be as dark as a moonless night. The fan above me had produced a clicking sound with every rotation, slicing the soothing dusk breeze into tiny pieces. My mother had stood beside the stove, her back towards me, stirring the tea slowing.

“You should open it”, she had said in a calm voice.



I had not responded. The weight of that envelope in my pocket felt heavier than it should have. That piece of paper had not only carried my marks but had also judged my entire future. I had told myself that it did not matter and that I did not care. That one piece of paper did not determine my future. That there could be another path. That I could figure it out.

But I could not.

I could see everything with clarity now. The way I had avoided meeting my parents' eyes. The way I had chosen distractions, disregarding discipline. And those moments that slipped away were not dramatic; they were quiet little opportunities. They had slipped away, one by one, like sand escaping from a clenched fist. At the beginning of year, good colleges had seemed like a distant dream then an impossibility, and then something that had ceased being a priority.

The milk had overflowed then, hissing as it hit the flame. She had turned quickly, reaching to fix it but I remember how she had paused, just for a second, as if she was going to say something more. Something important. She never did.

And I had never asked.

The hiss fades into the sharp whistle of a kettle beside me. I blink, and the cramped kitchen fades into the busy street again. The tea stall owner is pouring another cup, the same scent of overboiled milk and tea leaves lingering in the air. My own tea has gone cold in my hands. Around me, people brush past, impatient, moving forward in a hurry. I lift the cup and take a sip. It tastes wrong, too bitter, too late, and I realise I am no longer tasting the tea at all, but the years that slipped past me.

Tuk Tuk in the Rain

Prakriti Taron is a student based in Calcutta. Her writing often explores the quiet corners of human connection, drawing inspiration from the timeless melancholy and romance of Fyodor Dostoevsky's *White Nights*. When not writing, they can usually be found immersed in classic and contemporary literature.

Prakriti Taron

The rain poured down in thick curtains, soaking through my clothes as I stood alone on the deserted stretch of grey concrete. Rain drops engulfed Colombo that evening, blurring the lights into streaks and halos of white and gold. As lightning split the sky to several sections, illuminating the path ahead of me, I pulled my black jacket tighter and waved down the only tuk tuk brave enough to be out in this storm.

"Port City," I said as I climbed in.

The driver nodded without turning around.

The inside of the tuk tuk was cramped and worn. The black leather seats were cracked, and a faint smell of petrol was mixed with petrichor. A small image of Ganesha hung beside the dashboard, swaying with every bump on the road. Some drops of water trickled down the tarpaulin while some thrashed both sides of the tuk tuk, invaded inside and sank into my skin.

The tuk tuk rattled forward. Rain drummed on the roof so loudly that for several minutes neither of us spoke.

I was carrying a black briefcase, tattered at its edges, that looked ordinary. It wasn't. Inside was a flash drive containing information worth millions and a small bomb that could blow up an entire city in a fraction of a second. To



most people, I was a businessman from Beijing. But in reality, I was a Chinese intelligence officer.

As we drove past the dark ocean paralleled with the pitch-dark sky, the driver suddenly spoke.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"Countries spend billions preparing for war, but rain can stop an entire city."

I scoffed.

"Maybe nature is stronger than politics."

He chuckled.

"Or maybe politics is just another kind of weather. Powerful people create thunderstorms and ordinary people drown in its flood. Politicians make decisions and ordinary people suffer their consequences."

The comment lingered in my mind.

I looked up. Most drivers talked about rising fuel prices or cricket. This man spoke differently. He sounded like a philosopher.

"Maybe rain reminds us that we're all human," I replied.

He chuckled. "Maybe. Or maybe it reminds us how small we really are."

Something about him felt unusual. He watched every intersection carefully and checked the mirrors more often than necessary.

"Have you always driven a tuk tuk?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"What did you do before?"

"A little bit of this. A little bit of that."

Not much of an answer.

As we neared Port City, a black Toyota emerged behind us. Its bright headlights cut through the haze like twins searching for a target. It kept a

steady distance from us, neither overtaking nor falling back. The driver noticed it immediately and took three quick turns through some streets which I could not identify and lost track of. Within minutes, the vehicle was gone.

No ordinary tuk tuk driver could do that.

My suspicion grew.

Finally, we reached my destination. I handed him the fare and reached for the door.

"Be careful with that briefcase," he said.

I froze.

"What do you mean?"

For the first time, he turned and looked directly at me. The soft glow of the headlight beside me revealed a face I had barely noticed before—a thick greying moustache, weathered skin, and piercing brown eyes that could make a grown man like me feel like an intimidated schoolboy, about to pee his pants. In that moment, the harmless tuk tuk driver vanished, replaced by a man who had been observing me all along.

"The next time Beijing sends you to Colombo, tell them not to use the same route twice."

My heart stopped.

He knew who I was.

"Who are you?" I asked quietly.

A faint smile appeared on his face.

"Let's just say Delhi keeps an eye on Sri Lankan affairs too."

Before I could respond, he started the engine.

"Good luck," he said.

The tuk tuk disappeared into the rain, leaving me stranded alone on the roadside.

As I watched the taillights fade into two tiny sparks of light amidst the darkness, I realised I had spent the entire journey trying to uncover his secret, never knowing that he had known mine all along.

CORRECTION

Beyond the line

I am Raahi, a poet and storyteller who finds beauty in emotions, brokenness, healing, and human connection. I write about the feelings we often leave unspoken and the stories our hearts quietly carry.

Raahi Rathod

I was a shattered piece of glass,
Held together just enough to last.
Then someone came and said...I know,
The way to fix what hurt you so.

I gave them every broken side,
The cracks I had so long denied.
They held my pieces, promised care,
And swore they would be gentle there.

But somehow ,in their hands , I broke,
Beneath the weight of every stroke.
They tried to fix what they could see,
Yet left less of the old me.

Another came with softer words,
With promises that sounded sure.
I thought, perhaps, this one will stay,



And mend the things the others frayed.

But every hand that held me tight
Forgot that broken things need light.
They pulled too hard, they pressed too deep,
And woke the wounds I tried to keep.

So now I stand with careful seams,
A little guarded, a little free.
I learned that healing does not mean
Letting everyone inside the scene.

So I have drawn a line around my heart,
A quiet place where I can start.
Not made from anger, not from blame,
Just somewhere safe to remain the same.

You will know the line, and I will too,
I will know what I can give to you.
You may come closer, if I let you in,
But you will not decide where I begin.

I will not promise to be cold,
Nor will I shut every door I hold.

But if you cross the line I drew,
I will remember what I went through.

Because some borders are not meant to divide,
They are built so something precious can survive.
And if protecting me means letting you go,
Then beyond my border, you will know

I am not broken for you to repair,
Not a wound for your hands to bear.
I am learning to heal, piece by piece,
And sometimes distance is another name for peace.

Beyond the Classroom

Soumya Sarmistha Baitharu is a young writer and student from Odisha who finds stories in ordinary moments and emotions in everyday life. Her writing often explores human relationships, unspoken feelings, dreams, and the little experiences that leave lasting impressions.

SOUMYA SARMISTHA Baitharu

Sometimes, the people who become important to us don't enter our lives with a grand introduction. They simply walk into a classroom one ordinary day and slowly become a part of our memories.

When I first met him, I didn't think he would become one of my favourite teachers.

Before he joined our school, another teacher used to teach us English. He had appreciated my work from my early classes, so I was quite comfortable with him.

Then a new teacher came.

And my first thought was surprisingly simple:

"Ye kaun aa gaya?"

I wasn't exactly happy about having a new teacher. I had no idea that, after some time, I would be wondering how the classroom had ever felt complete without him.

Slowly, things changed.

His classes became enjoyable. His way of teaching, talking to us and understanding us made him different. We became comfortable around him, and somewhere along the way, he stopped feeling like just a teacher.

He became like an **elder brother** to us.

And he even said it himself to me once:

"Tum meri chhoti behen ho."

Those words were simple, but they meant a lot.

There was nothing complicated about that bond. He was our teacher, and I was his student. But within that relationship was the warmth of an elder brother and younger sister.

He would appreciate us when we did well and guide us when we needed it. With time, the teacher I had initially been annoyed about had become someone I genuinely looked forward to seeing at school.

Funny how quickly our first impressions can become wrong.

Then the school year came to an end.

But this time, the ending wasn't an ordinary one.

He had to leave our school.

It felt strange to think that someone who had once been a completely new face in our classroom would now no longer be there.

When he was leaving, I noticed his eyes.

They were completely red.

I don't know exactly what he was feeling at that moment. Maybe he was remembering all those days with us. Maybe saying goodbye to his students wasn't easy for him either.

But I remember *those red eyes*.

Because sometimes, you don't need a long speech to understand that someone cares.

That day, I realised something.



A teacher doesn't always remain only a teacher.

Sometimes, they become a mentor.

Sometimes, a guide.

And sometimes, like him, they become an elder brother figure whose place in your school memories is impossible to replace.

He had entered our school as a new teacher—the person I had initially wondered about with a little irritation.

And he left as someone I didn't want to see leave.

Life has many invisible borders.

There is a border between a teacher and a student.

There is a border between school and home.

There is a border between strangers and family.

But some people quietly cross those borders—not by breaking rules, but by building trust, respect and affection.

He crossed one of those invisible borders.

He was my teacher.

But he was also the teacher who once told me,

“Tum meri chhoti behen ho.”

And perhaps, years from now, when I think about my school days, I may forget some lessons written on the blackboard.

But I don't think I will forget the teacher who taught me that some relationships can go beyond the boundaries of a classroom.

Beyond the glass

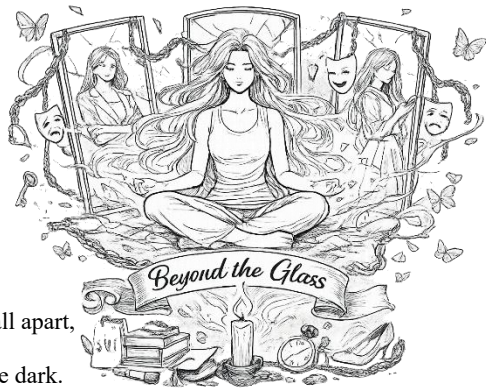
Suparna Ghosh is BA English Honours student and an emerging writer. She writes poetry that explores identity, self-worth, and the space beyond societal expectations. "Beyond the glass" is one of her reflections on inner truth versus external performance.

Suparna Ghosh

You are not the life you perform,
Not the smile trained on command.
Not the numbers that measure your breath,
Not the echo of other people's eyes.
Not the skin you decorate to feel fine,
Not the race that keeps moving the finish line.
Not the brands you flaunt to be seen,
Not the grades you store to be redeemed.

Strip the noise. Strip the shine.
What's left when the mirror goes blind?

You're the faith in your heart when things fall apart,
And the loud whisper that guides through the dark.
You're the left turn when the world goes right,
And the unresolved hidden thought of midnight.
You're the love you spill when no one gives sight,



And the quiet strength that answers every fight.

You're the deep, not cheap.

You're the wings, not weight.

You're the gate , not grip.

You're the truth, not mask.

You're the silence, not noise.

You're the root, not fruit.

Beyond the flash, beyond the frame,

you're the flame that doesn't need a name.

Not what they keep or what they see.

You're the soul.

You're the whole.

You're free.

Stories Across Two August Skies

Kavya Mishra is a young writer, psychology enthusiast, researcher, and creative storyteller with a keen interest in exploring human emotions, society, and the complexities of everyday life. Alongside academics, she actively participates in research, volunteering, and creative initiatives.

Kavya Mishra

On the fifteenth of August,
two skies remember freedom.

One over India,
one over South Korea,
separated by oceans,
yet stitched together by the same date
written on a calendar.

Perhaps stories are threads....
crossing languages,
crossing maps,
crossing names we cannot pronounce.

A child ties a thread around a wrist,
a poet folds a memory into a page,
and suddenly,

a border becomes only a line
waiting to be rewritten.

Because the strongest threads
have never needed permission to travel.

India celebrates independence.
South Korea remembers liberation.

Two nations.
One date.

And I wonder how many invisible threads
have connected us all along.

Perhaps borders were never built to stop stories.

A poem written in Hindi
can find a reader in Seoul.

A song sung in Korean
can comfort someone in Delhi.

A book can travel where people cannot.

A letter can cross an ocean.

A memory can outlive a passport.

We spend our lives drawing lines,
calling them nations,
cultures,
languages,
identities.

Yet the world keeps proving us wrong.

Because kindness translates itself.

Because art refuses to carry documents.

Because human beings continue to recognize one another,
even when they cannot understand each other's words.

There is something extraordinary about a story.

It can leave home without a suitcase,
cross an ocean without a ship,
and arrive in another country
without ever asking permission.

Maybe that is how stories work.

They remind us that distance can be measured,
but connection cannot.

A poem which is written in one language
can maybe find meaning in another.

A song can travel far than a passport.

A memory can survive longer than a border.

We can follow different traditions,
we can speak many words,
and grow under different skies of different countries,

Still we still continue to search for the same things:
freedom, belonging, and the hope of being understood.

Maybe borders were created for maps,
but stories were created for people.

And people have always found ways
to reach one another.

Across countries, Across cultures.

Across time, Beyond borders.

The One I Never Forgot

Kishan Kishor

Within my life, your face will always shine,
A quiet light that filled this heart of mine.
You were the verse engraved upon my soul,
The dream that made my broken spirit whole.

Whenever you appeared along in my way,
My silent world grew brighter every day.
Each gentle word make the moments stay,
Your voice would softly chase my fears away.

Whenever I looked into your gentle eyes,
It felt as though the moon had left the skies.
Your glowing smile outshone the stars above,
And filled my restless heart with silent love.

Within your soul, a thousand wonders grew,
Each passing day revealed a something new.
Your every gesture spoke of boundless grace,
And left forever memories none could erase.



Tell me, how can someone be so kind?
Your warmth still lingers softly in my mind.
No words could ever hope to truly prove,
The depth of such a soul, so filled with love.

I dreamed of holding your forever hand,
Together we'd create our promised land.
Yet every dreams lay buried in my heart,
An untold love that never found its start.

CORRECTION

MY FIRST PLANT

I am a author of this poem and also the winner of published achiever at class level in Bribooks. I am also the author of The Family Of Sports.

ZAYN NADEEM

I GROW MY FIRST PLANT

I GROW MY FIRST PLANT

I WATCH IT GROW

I WATCH IT GROW

WE STARTED BY A SPINACH PLANT

BUT IT NOT GROW MUCH BUT CURRENTLY I AM GROWING A
MARIGOLD PLANT



BEYOND BORDERS

Ronak Sagar

We drew a line in 1947,
called it a border, called it done,
but rivers don't stop at checkpoints
and neither does the blood we share
with people on the other side of every fence we've built.
This is what independence taught us,
not just the right to rule ourselves,
but the right to reach outward,
to send our doctors to Africa,
our peacekeepers to lands we owe nothing to but conscience,
our voice to rooms where the powerful
used to decide things without us.

We are not an island nation.
We never wanted to be.
Freedom, for us, was never about walls,
it was about finally getting a seat
at tables we were once served at,
not seated at.



From Chanakya's arthashastra to a seat at the G20,
from a colony to a country that other countries
now study for how it holds together
a hundred languages, a thousand gods,
and still calls itself one.

Our flag flies at embassies from Seoul to Santiago,
carried by people who left home
to represent a home that shaped them.
That's independence too,
the freedom to leave and still belong,
to build bridges instead of just borders,
to prove that sovereignty was never
about shutting the world out.

Seventy-eight years since we stopped asking permission.
Now we write the invitations.
Now the border is where our story starts,
not where it ends.

Happy Independence Day, in every direction the wind carries it.

The Room That Wasn't There

Rumaisa mahek

The rain had been falling since evening.

By midnight, the entire town seemed to have disappeared beneath a curtain of water. Streetlights flickered through the mist, their pale glow barely reaching the empty road. Somewhere in the distance, thunder rolled across the sky, followed by a silence that felt strangely heavy.

Mira sat alone in her grandmother's old house, staring at the clock.

12:13 AM.

She had never liked that time.

Not because anything had happened at 12:13 before, but because her grandmother had once told her something she could never forget.

"If you ever hear someone calling your name after midnight," Grandma had whispered, "don't answer."

Mira had laughed when she first heard it.

Now, sitting alone in the old house, she wasn't laughing.

Her parents had gone to the city for the night because of an emergency. Mira had stayed behind to look after the house. Her grandmother had passed away six months earlier, leaving the huge, aging house almost untouched.

The house was three floors tall, with narrow corridors, wooden staircases, and doors that seemed to creak even when nobody touched them.

Mira tried to distract herself by reading.

Then she heard it.

"Mira..."

She froze.

The voice had come from upstairs.

She slowly lowered the book.

“Mira...”

This time it was clearer.

It sounded like her grandmother.

Mira's heart began beating faster.

She stood up.

“No,” she whispered to herself. “It’s probably the rain.”

She sat down again.

The lights went out.

The room became completely dark.

Mira grabbed her phone and turned on the flashlight.

The beam shook in her hand.

She checked the power switch. Nothing.

Then her phone vibrated.

One new notification.

A voice recording.

From: Grandma.

Mira stared at the screen.

That was impossible.

Her grandmother's number had been disconnected months ago.

With trembling fingers, Mira opened the recording.

Seven seconds.



She pressed play.
At first, there was only static.
Then a faint breathing sound.
And finally, her grandmother's voice.
“Don't go upstairs.”
The recording ended.
Mira dropped the phone onto the sofa.
A loud bang came from above.
She jumped.
Then another.
Something was moving upstairs.
She remembered the words from the recording.
Don't go upstairs.
She stayed where she was.
For several minutes, there was nothing.
Then she heard footsteps.
Slow footsteps.
Coming down the stairs.
Mira held her breath.
One step.
Another.
Another.
The footsteps stopped.
She raised her flashlight toward the staircase.

Nothing.

The staircase was empty.

She waited.

Then she noticed something strange.

There were wet footprints on the wooden floor.

They began at the bottom of the stairs.

But there was no trail leading toward the staircase.

The footprints simply appeared.

One after another.

And they were moving toward her.

Mira backed away.

Her phone vibrated again.

Another voice recording.

This time, the sender wasn't Grandma.

It was her own number.

Mira stared at it.

The recording was only five seconds long.

She pressed play.

Her own voice whispered:

“Whatever happens, don't open the blue door.”

Mira looked toward the hallway.

There was a blue door at the end.

She had never noticed it before.

The door was old, covered in peeling paint.

A brass handle reflected the flashlight.

Mira felt cold.

She knew every room in the house.

There had never been a blue door.

She slowly stepped toward it.

Then stopped.

Why was she walking toward it?

She turned around.

The hallway behind her looked different.

Longer.

Much longer.

The living room was no longer visible.

Mira's breathing became uneven.

She ran back.

But the hallway seemed to stretch with every step.

She turned around again.

The blue door was now closer.

Much closer.

And beneath it, a thin line of darkness moved like a shadow.

Then came a knock.

Three times.

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Mira stepped backward.

A voice came from behind the door.

“Mira?”

She covered her mouth.

It was her mother's voice.

“Mira, open the door.”

Tears filled her eyes.

“Mom?”

She almost answered.

Then she remembered her grandmother's warning.

Don't answer.

The voice came again.

“Mira, I'm scared. Please open the door.”

She stood completely still.

Then the voice changed.

It became her father's.

“Mira, open the door.”

Then her friend's.

Then her teacher's.

Then her own voice.

“Mira, please.”

The handle began turning.

Slowly.

Mira ran.

She didn't know where she was going. She simply ran through the hallway until she reached the staircase.

She rushed downstairs and locked herself inside the living room.

The lights suddenly came back.

The house became silent.

Mira collapsed onto the sofa.

For a moment, everything seemed normal.

She checked her phone.

No recordings.

No notifications.

No strange messages.

She almost laughed from relief.

Then she noticed the time.

12:13 AM.

Again.

She looked at the clock.

The second hand wasn't moving.

She waited.

Nothing.

12:13.

Still.

She checked her phone.

12:13.

She opened the window.

Outside, the rain had stopped.
The entire street was silent.
Then she saw someone standing across the road.
An old woman.
Wearing a white shawl.
Mira's heart stopped.
It was her grandmother.
The woman slowly raised her head.
Even from that distance, Mira could see her face.
She was smiling.
Mira stepped away from the window.
Her phone vibrated.
One final recording.
From Grandma.
She pressed play.
This time, there was no static.
Her grandmother spoke clearly.
“Mira, if you're hearing this, you've already opened the door.”
Mira stared at the screen.
“I didn't,” she whispered.
A sound came from behind her.
A soft creak.
Mira slowly turned around.
The blue door was standing in the living room.

It was no longer upstairs.

It was right behind her.

The door opened slightly.

Darkness filled the gap.

Mira couldn't move.

Then she saw something lying on the floor beyond the door.

A photograph.

She picked it up with trembling hands.

It was an old family photograph.

Her grandmother stood in the center.

Beside her were Mira's parents.

And a little girl.

Mira stared at the little girl.

She looked exactly like herself.

Same face.

Same eyes.

Same small scar above her eyebrow.

But there was something impossible about the photograph.

The date written on the back was from twenty years earlier.

Mira hadn't been born yet.

Her hands began shaking.

She turned the photograph over again.

Written beneath the date were six words:

“She was never supposed to leave.”

The door slammed shut.

Mira screamed.

Then the lights went out again.

This time, she heard footsteps behind her.

Not from upstairs.

Not from the hallway.

Inside the room.

Someone whispered her name.

“Mira...”

She turned.

Nothing.

Then another whisper.

“Mira...”

Closer.

She ran toward the front door.

She grabbed the handle.

Locked.

She tried again.

Nothing.

Her phone flashlight flickered.

For one second, the light illuminated the room.

There was someone standing behind her.

An old woman.

Mira turned around.

Nobody was there.

The flashlight flickered again.

The woman was closer.

Mira screamed and shut her eyes.

When she opened them, morning sunlight filled the room.

The front door was open.

The rain had stopped.

Birds were singing outside.

Mira's parents rushed into the house.

Her mother hugged her.

“Are you okay?”

Mira couldn't speak.

She looked toward the hallway.

There was no blue door.

Nothing.

Everything looked normal.

Her father checked the house.

Nothing was missing.

Nothing was broken.

Mira wondered if she had dreamed everything.

Then her mother noticed the photograph in her hand.

She went completely silent.

“What is this?” Mira asked.

Her mother stared at the picture.

Her face lost its color.

“Where did you get that?”

“Upstairs.”

Her mother shook her head.

“There is no upstairs room like that.”

Mira felt a chill.

“What do you mean?”

Her mother looked at her father.

They exchanged a frightened glance.

Then her mother whispered:

“This house had a fourth floor once.”

Mira stared at her.

“What?”

“It was sealed after an accident.”

“What accident?”

Her mother didn't answer.

Her father finally spoke.

“Your grandmother never wanted anyone to know.”

Mira looked at the photograph again.

The little girl stood beside her grandmother.

“Who is she?”

Her mother began crying.

“She was your grandmother's first daughter.”

Mira couldn't breathe.

“She disappeared when she was six.”

The room became silent.

Then Mira heard something.

A faint sound from upstairs.

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Everyone froze.

Her father looked toward the ceiling.

“What was that?”

Mira slowly turned toward the staircase.

At the top of the stairs stood a blue door.

Her mother screamed.

Mira's phone vibrated.

One new voice recording.

From: Mira.

She hadn't recorded it.

Her hand shook as she pressed play.

Her own voice whispered:

“You shouldn't have looked at the photograph.”

The recording ended.

Then the blue door slowly opened.

And from the darkness came a little girl's voice.

“Mira...”

A pause.

Then:

“Do you want to play?”

The lights went out.

And this time, nobody was alone.

CORRECTION

The Line We Do Not Draw

Archana Goswami

The ink on a passport tells you where a country ends. It tells you nothing about where a nation begins.

At 6:00 AM on Independence Day, the capital smelled of burnt gunpowder from practice cannons and fresh marigolds left on cold marble monuments. Eleven-year-old Kabir sat on the curb of an empty avenue, holding a wooden tray filled with miniature paper tricolors. He sold them for ten rupees each—not for patriotism, but for bread.

Across the boulevard, behind a high steel fence, stood a university plaza. A crowd of students—smartphones raised like torches, voices hoarse, banners dripping with wet paint—had gathered before the gates. They weren't singing anthems; they were demanding the release of two classmates detained for publishing an editorial on clean water and systemic corruption.

Kabir didn't understand the long words on their banners. But he understood hunger. He understood what happened when you spoke too loud in front of men in khaki.

Suddenly, a line of riot shields clattered against the asphalt. The air went rigid.

A young girl at the front of the protest—her knuckles raw, her glasses smeared with rain—stared directly at the line of shields. She didn't throw a stone. She didn't retreat. She simply knelt on the wet pavement, pulled a small paper flag from her pocket—one she had bought from Kabir an hour earlier—and placed it gently in the gap between her boots and a police officer's heavy leather boot.



"This flag belongs to both of us," her voice carried through the silent street, thin as wire, strong as iron. "You guard the border out there. We are guarding the country in here."

Kabir watched from the curb, his chest tightening. In school, they taught him that borders were made of barbed wire to keep enemies out. But looking at the space between the student's paper flag and the officer's boot, he saw the real border: the terrifying, invisible line where a nation's fear tries to silence its own future.

The officer looked down. For three agonizing seconds, no one moved. Then, slowly, without a word, the officer stepped back—leaving the tiny tricolor standing uncrushed between them.

Freedom isn't a gift handed down in 1947. It is a daily tug-of-war between power and conscience. And as long as a new generation refuses to let that flag touch the mud of injustice, the nation stays alive.

EMPIRE WRITTEN IN EVIDENCE

Sanskriti

Kiara Mittal knows how to win.

A brilliant criminal lawyer with an undefeated record, she has built her reputation on one simple rule **trust evidence, never people.**

So when the CBI recruits her as outside counsel for its biggest organized-crime investigation, she sees nothing more than another case to solve.

A ruthless mafia network.

A mysterious mastermind known only as **the Ghost.**

A task force that has spent eighteen months chasing a man no one has ever been able to identify.

But the deeper Kiara digs, the stranger the evidence becomes.

Witnesses are murdered before they can testify. Classified files disappear. Someone inside the investigation is leaking information. And a mysterious symbol keeps appearing at crime scenes—one that awakens fragments of a childhood Kiara has spent years trying to forget.

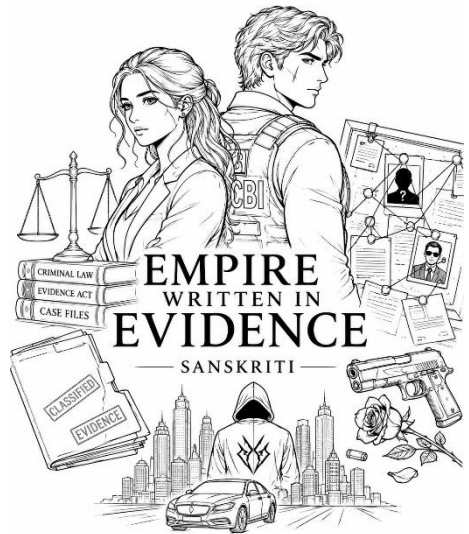
Then there is **Kayansh Dev Oberoi.**

Cold. Controlled. Brilliant.

The CBI officer leading the investigation.

The man who seems to know far more about Kiara than he should.

And the man whose scar, voice, and presence begin awakening memories she can't explain.



As evidence slowly closes in on the Ghost, Kiara finds herself standing dangerously close to a truth that could destroy everything she believes about her past.

Because the Ghost isn't just someone she's hunting.

He's someone she has known before.

And this time, the truth won't stay buried.

Some secrets leave no evidence.

Some memories refuse to die.

And some men are worth destroying everything to uncover.

When the evidence leads to him, will Kiara expose the truth or fall for the man hiding behind it? ❤️🌹

The guiding light

Sampriya Chaudhuri

In this world full of disingenuous people looking forward to trick people who are gullible,

Be that guiding light to people which makes you reliable ,

For honesty and openness are virtues equivalent to purity ,

And sticking to them define your sincerity ,

In your life's journey ,you might meet people rude in behaviour ,

But always remember that no one can break you as long as you yourself are your saviour ,

Some people might try to put you down by bullying,

But they can't be successful in their intentions as long as you can laugh at their jokes and keep smiling ,

For people who intend to take a dig,

Somehow fail in front of people who work hard , stay humble , do good , be kind , be positive and dream big .

The Fade of Time

Raiqua Haider is a student who enjoys reading and sometimes writing. She wishes to make sure everyone knows the value of the smallest things in life, no matter how unimportant they seem.

Raiqua Haider

"Blank pages and abandoned plates,
Thoughts that cannot be placed.
Broken windows and unheard echoes,
The past, too powerful to let go.

The present time and the presence of mind,
The silhouettes in the gold mine.
The sparkle fading with time,
And the desire to make it all mine.

The wish to be free,
Free of fear and strife,
Free of responsibilities and the problem of life.
Free to be me, myself and I,
Free to be magnificent like dynamite.

Will i receive the future with open arms?
Or will life hand me the firearms,
With the freedom being limitless,
And my morals flickering from existence.

While in the faraway house,
With cracked doors and a candle burning low,
Someone sits infront of an ink-stained page,
Writing a story with the wisdom of a sage.

Peace differs for all;
For some, it is the crimson leaves during Fall,
For some, it is sitting in the fireplace heat,
For others, it is ruining their peace with the promises they will never keep."



The Dreamless Age

Raiqua Haider is a student who enjoys reading and sometimes writing. She wishes to make sure everyone knows the value of the smallest things in life, no matter how unimportant they seem.

Raiqua Haider

"The child outside is standing with a voice unheard,

Peeking through the open door.

The noise inside gets louder,

As the dreams lie shattered on the floor.

Every thought overshadowed by the need to be loved,

To be cared about and adored.

The girl walking back from school with her head hung low,

"Dancing won't pay the bills," she was told,

It's just a hobby and she should let it go.

But did they not have dreams or a life
that they foresaw?

The man in his office bottling every
emotion

Because he was told that "Boys don't
cry".

Struggling to distract and keep himself
happy,

Struggling to not forfeit his life.



The old couple in the garden,

Looking back at their youth devoid of desires,

The murdered dreams and the events that transpired,

Promising themselves hope above all.

But the child peeking through the door is still unheard,

Palms cut from picking up the pieces of a shattered dream.

The drops of blood marks on the soul,

And a wish that will never be whole."

It's Fine

Abbiha Muntaha

The Invisible Competition Everyone Has With Everyone

"We were born to grow like forests, yet we chose to live like scoreboards."

Imagine you've just achieved something you've dreamed about for years.

The applause is loud. Smiles surround you. Congratulations arrive from every direction.

But somewhere in that crowd, behind one of those smiles, a quiet fire has already been lit.

Not hatred.

Not resentment.

Comparison.

It is perhaps the strangest competition ever created—one with no registration, no starting line, no finish, and no winner. Yet every day, millions of us unknowingly enter it. We measure our happiness against someone else's promotion, our intelligence against someone else's grades, our beauty against someone else's reflection, and our worth against someone else's timeline.

The invisible competition doesn't ask for permission.

It simply begins.

This is one of the most human feelings we have. Comparison isn't new, but with each passing day, it seems to become more common—almost as common as plastic. It slips into classrooms, workplaces, friendships, and even our happiest moments, often without realizing it.

The strangest part is that this competition was never officially created. No one handed us a rulebook. No one announced a race. Yet somehow, we all learned to keep score.

As children, we compared test scores. As teenagers, it became appearance, popularity, and achievements. As adults, the scoreboards only grew larger—careers, salaries, houses, relationships, followers, and milestones. The categories changed, but the habit remained.

Perhaps that's why we feel exhausted. We weren't designed to carry invisible scoreboards everywhere we go.

Nature never asked us to.

A tree doesn't refuse to grow because the one beside it is taller. A river doesn't lose sleep because another river reached the ocean first. The moon has never envied the sun for owning the day. Wildflowers don't bloom all at once to prove their worth. They simply exist, each following a rhythm written into their own nature.

We were born to grow like forests, yet we chose to live like scoreboards.

Somewhere along the way, we transformed growth into comparison, uniqueness into rankings, and life into a race that no one remembers signing up for.

Maybe the invisible competition will never disappear. Perhaps it has always been part of being human.

But the next time you catch yourself measuring your life against someone else's, look outside.

The trees are still growing at different heights.

The rivers are still taking different paths.

The flowers are still blooming in different seasons.

None of them are apologizing for it.

Maybe nature has been trying to teach us something all along.

The tallest tree was never declared the winner.

The first river to reach the ocean never received a trophy.

Perhaps life was never meant to be won.
It was meant to be lived.

Freedom for you:-

My name is Dr. Hannan Sher, and I am from Chiniot, Pakistan. I am Medalist MBBS doctor, a bilingual (Urdu and English) columnist, a quote writer, and a poet. Alongside my medical profession, literature and writing are an integral part of my identity.

Hannan Sher

Freedom's meaning is not to be free,
It's about rules: live yours, but agree.
Everything's there; choose wisely your needs,
Nothing is yours except what they feed.

Land is the piece, at the cost of peace,
Belief and relief—the means to cease.
Hand to mouth, the state of our control,
Society, community, country—unseen
hands play their role.

Mutual love and respect are what humanity
deserves,

Instead, they feed our wants to build wealth
and reserves.

Proud to be intellectual—the fakes they
give,

False dopamine, they ventilate us to live.



To earn freedom—realization is the antidote,
Make wise decisions; don't be fed, don't simply float.
Be aware; don't be ecstatic over land's independence,
Seek the path to break free—embrace true transcendence.

CORRECTION

Little-i-ism

My name is Dr. Hannan Sher, and I am from Chiniot, Pakistan. I am Medalist MBBS doctor, a bilingual (Urdu and English) columnist, a quote writer, and a poet. Alongside my medical profession, literature and writing are an integral part of my identity.

Hannan Sher

A state in which the littles have the will and power to do what there littleness want while the I's have unawareness of doing the littleness little wants.

Pillars:

- .Revenge
- .Denial
- .Pompous
- .Infinite Wealth
- .Disbelief
- .Thump minds

Ways:

There is only and only one way the:

"Absolute control"



It means to have a shadow on each and every little detail. To gain such a stand, is not a simple path it's full of the right basic fundamentals. By working on them properly the littles have achieved absolute control. The ways are so sophisticated and detailed that the chances of failure are almost none. This shadow is now everything for I's. As they are enjoying it with the sense of their will. The biggest mistake.

Absolute control has different means which are:

a. Knowledge center;

I's were getting knowledge to be benefited to earn wealth, respect and some recognition. But they were tough only two types of things which were:

- 1- How to store.
- 2- How to obey the so- called discipline.

Which were used by the litters to build some alys. To keep the shadow there.

b. Entertainment:

The criteria for entertainment were changed. So, to be amused or be entertained the way is to perceive the meaningless in the most distorted way. Exposure one's the sign of strength is the sign of entertainment here.

C. Laws:

Are power behind the shadow in fact the soul of little-i-ism. They were made and used in such ways that the soul will maintain its place and keep running the process. Minor adjustments in the truth and there is the law for you. Without knowing I's are accepting the path of little's littleness. If I came to know such an adjustment. That's the last mistake. Then such I is going to be a mark of disgrace.

Purpose:

The one liner.

If you have then show, if you don't try to have it.

This is so powerful that any I can become little. But they were everything here and only here as time is not only for one side of the dice.

Benefits:

. Fulfillment.

.No harm for silence.

.Cham everywhere.

Detriment:

The more you have; the more you will be investigated, if not here then somewhere.

Sanctuary in Words

Farhat un Nisa

Farhat is an educationist, linguist, and literary writer with a diverse academic background shaped by years of teaching in universities. A published author of two anthologies, "A Mosaic of Many Hearts" and "Eternity Echoes," Farhat has also been recognized in poetry competitions for a body of work that moves easily between prose and verse. For Farhat, poetry has never been mere craft. It has been a sanctuary, a quiet room to return to when the world grows too loud to make sense of on its own terms. That same instinct carries into the page, a persistent search for souls in words, a willingness to sit with what is left unsaid until it finds a shape. Much of Farhat's writing lives in that space between speech and silence, the conversations we almost have, the feelings we recognize but rarely name. Whether through a single exchange between two characters or the quiet accumulation of a poem's images, Farhat's work returns again and again to one pursuit, giving voice to the thoughts we carry but never quite manage to say aloud.

Plastic Garden

Arianna Saha is a fifteen-year-old writer based in India who writes about memory, guilt, identity, relationships, and whatever else refuses to leave her alone. Her poetry tends to involve emotional damage, questionable decisions, and people who desperately need therapy.

Arianna Saha

How different is it?

Is there a difference at all?

Did I mean anything?

Anything at all?

Are you still in that reality?

The one we crafted

Together

You seem so busy,

Busy enough to not notice.

Evolution.

Maybe the group evolved

And learned to remove the inconveniences.



Your new life,
It pisses me off.
Not because I'm not in it.
Because it's so loud.

Notifications spam my phone.
Even my Instagram is sick of you.
My Messages is flooded,
With things I don't understand.

I live another life,
A quieter one.
I crafted a new reality out of nothing.
It's beautiful.

It's a meadow of memories.
There are bees. There are weeds. There are thorns
But they serve a purpose,
Unlike your garden of plastic.

I mattered so little,
After I left your plastic world.

But here

I bloomed with other flowers
Together we're a rich meadow
Co-existing with thorns

I wonder how different it would be if I stayed
Maybe I'm happy I left

CORRECTION

When I was a little girl

Swara is a med student with a passion for poetry . She enjoys writing deep and meaningful poems

Swara Utikar

Here it is typed out with **spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and the obvious grammatical errors corrected**, while keeping your wording and structure intact:

When I was a little girl

I hated the idea of putting makeup on my face
I remember looking at older girls covered with foundation
And promised myself I would never meet the same fate

But when I grew up to be a teen,
I reached for the concealer every time I saw a spot or scar
I reached for the muddy colors to paint my pale skin
Made my lips pinker than they already are

Then after a year or so
I picked up the blush to please someone's eye
The perfect face with a painted grace
A touch of false lashes for the decorated lie

But now when I'm much older
I reach for shades other than brown and pink
I fill my eyelids with glitter
And I don't give a thought to what others think
I pick up my brushes like I am an artist
And the canvas becomes my face
I don't care much about my marks and spots
And my smile lines I embrace

But I remember

When I was a little girl
I hated the idea of putting makeup on my face



But now I use it to express myself
And carry my raw skin with grace.

CORRECTION

She is Mother

Diksha Singh is a young writer and poet from Mirzapur, Uttar Pradesh. Curious about writing from childhood, she uses poetry to explore themes of life and living — resilience, identity, and the beauty in everyday moments.

Diksha Singh

She is the only one who dares to go beyond borders,
Who crosses every fear just to hold us closer.
When the whole world turns its back and says "no",
She is the one who stays and whispers "I'm here".

She is the lucky charm with no proof needed,
The quiet prayer that works in unseen ways.
She is the God we get to touch on this earth,
In her hands, in her voice, in her endless grace.

She turns four walls into a home,
With love that mends and sacrifice that glows.
No applause, no stage, no medal to show,
Just warmth in every meal, peace in every nook.

So when life gets heavy and the skies go grey,
Look for the light that never fades away.



She asks for nothing, gives everything,
And we call her by the holiest name: Mother.

CORRECTION

A Letter Never Sent to Mother

Munnangi Srinivas

Mother,

I know this letter will never reach your hands. Even if it did, I know you would wipe your tears with the edge of your saree while reading it. That is why I never wrote it all these years. I am a coward who cannot bear to see your tears.

I woke up at 2:00 AM. Our little daughter is burning with a fever. As I sat wiping her forehead with a damp cloth, I was suddenly reminded of you. Forty years ago, you used to sit by my head just like this. In the darkness when the power went out, by the flickering light of a lantern, your face. Staying awake, watching my temperature, you would pray, "Oh God, nothing should happen to my boy." When morning came, I would jump up and run off to play. Not once did I ask, "Did you sleep last night, Mother?" Today, I want to ask. But you would give the same reply: "Why do mothers need sleep, my child?" That answer alone weighs heavily on my heart.

Do you remember? When I was 10 years old, there wasn't enough money to buy new clothes for Sankranti. Without father knowing, you sold your wedding silk saree. You hid it by saying my initiation into learning (Aksharaabhyasam) happened in that very saree. But I just wore a new shirt, flew a kite, and shouted, "My mom is super!" The word "super" is not enough, Mother. You sold your memories to buy my happiness. I never thought about that debt. Because children cannot



see a mother's sacrifice; they only realize it after they become parents themselves.

On the day I left for Hyderabad for a job, you didn't cook. You said, "I'm not hungry." You came all the way to the station to put me on the bus. As the bus moved, you kept waving your hand. I didn't stick my head out of the window. I thought it was "embarrassing." Once the bus took a turn, I collapsed into my seat and wept. That is when I learned that men's tears should not be visible to anyone. They should only be visible to a mother. But I never gave you that chance.

After I got married, you became lonely. Whenever I called, I only asked, "Did you eat?" I wanted to ask, "How are your knee pains?" but I was afraid that if I asked, you would worry and suffer. My fear became a punishment for you. Hiding your pain, you learned to say, "I am fine." You learned it from me.

The other day, our daughter asked me, "Daddy, why isn't there a photo of grandfather?" When father passed away, I was in America. I couldn't come. You said on the phone, "Never mind, my son, it costs too much money, you stay safe." I don't know how much a mother's heart weeps when a son is missing from before her dead body. Even if I knew, I didn't care. Now, as I bow before father's photo, I look into your eyes. In those eyes lies twenty years of loneliness. That is the gift I gave you.

Mother, shall I tell you a truth? I don't believe in God. But when trouble comes, I scream "Mother!" The name of God doesn't come to mind. Because my blood knows that the only one who saves me in times of crisis is you. A temple without you is not a temple at all.

I am writing the final words of this letter. My hands are trembling. There are so many kisses I owe you, apologies to make, and debts to repay. This lifetime is not enough. I wish to be born in your womb in the next life. This time, not as your son, but as your mother, so I can serve you. I want to stay awake while you sleep.

Every son and daughter reading this letter, please pick up your phone right now and call out, "Mother!" The love in the calling of "Kanna" (my child) has no medicine like it in this world. She waits 24 hours a day just to hear that call. We make excuses about being busy. The kiss we give while she is alive is greater than the burden we carry after she is gone.

Mother, I am catching the 6:00 AM bus tomorrow morning. Don't sweep the courtyard; your knees will hurt. I will come and sweep it myself. I will stitch the tears in your saree myself. At 65 years of age, I don't want to come to you as a son, I want to come as your servant.

Just once, stroke my head and call me "My golden mound" (Naa bangaru konda). How many years has it been since I heard that call?

Weeping at your feet,
Your boy.

This is not just a letter. It is a son's repentance. If you have a mother, call her this very second. Tell her, "Mom, I love you." Do not wait until tomorrow. Tomorrow may not exist for mothers.

Enough to Live, Never Enough to Love

Padmashri, writing under the pen name Little Rose, is a 16-year-old student, poet, writer, and avid reader. Though only 16, she has experienced emotions and moments that have shaped the way she sees the world. She writes about loss, longing, identity, and the quiet complexities of being human.

Padmashri R J (Little rose)

Mother,

You raised me. You watered me, fed me, and kept me alive.

But you forgot to show me a little glimpse of love.

Now, for you, I am the most fruitful tree.

But inside, I am just a withered tree without love.

But you said that I am being disloyal to you?

*You said that I am a sin, and a sin like me will never be satisfied with
whatever I have.*

But the only thing I crave is love.

It is neither feeding me nor keeping me alive.

You accused me of accepting the essentials you gave.

Now it is in my roots.

It stings.

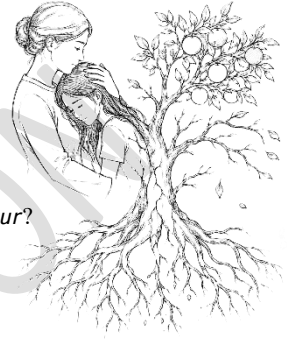
It makes me rot.

Do I need to shred away my roots to return your favour?

Now tell me,

am I fine,

or am I just pretending to be withered?



The Scent of Betrayal

Padmashri, writing under the pen name Little Rose, is a 16-year-old student, poet, writer, and avid reader. Though only 16, she has experienced emotions and moments that have shaped the way she sees the world. She writes about love, loss, longing, identity, and the quiet complexities of being human.

Padmashri R J (little rose)

Someone asked me what causes trust issues?

And my heart quietly remembered the little girl who once gladly took stabs as flowers. She never knew betrayals can be disguised so perfectly that it smelled of roses and tears. And now even roses smell of regret and pain.



THE LAST TIME

Asrar-Ul-Ajra is fifteen, but she writes less from the certainty of having answers than from the courage to remain with the questions. A writer from Kashmir, India, she is drawn to the quiet territory between what people say and what they carry within themselves.

Asrar-Ul-Ajra

No one tells us when it is the last,
so nothing in us learns to stay.
A moment passes, quiet and fast,
and wears the face of an ordinary day.

There was a last time we climbed that tree,
a last time someone carried our weight,
a last afternoon we came home carelessly,
the last door we opened without knowing its date.

There was a last night we feared the dark,
a last morning childhood filled the room,
a last time our name sounded like a spark,
before growing older changed its tune.

And somewhere, without asking why,
we stopped looking backward when we left.



The house remained beneath the sky,
but something in us had quietly stepped.

We think endings should resemble endings,
a hand released, a final word,
but most of them arrive while we are pretending
that nothing important has occurred.

A mother calls us in for tea.
We say, "In a minute," and remain.
We do not know that one day she
will call, and we will ache to hear it again.

A friend laughs beside us on the stairs.
The evening settles into blue.
We promise there will always be years,
because what else could children do?

Then years become the quiet thief
that never steals the whole away.
It takes one ordinary thing at a time
until ordinary is what we miss someday.

Perhaps this is what growing means:

not becoming someone new,
but losing things so gradually
we never notice what they were to us until they are gone from view.

And maybe memory is not a place
where yesterday is kept alive.
Maybe it is only the mind's strange way
of proving that something once survived.

So if tonight seems much like any night,
let it remain unremarkable and small.
There may be nothing waiting in the light,
no sign, no music, no farewell at all.

Just this room. This hour.
These voices passed through the air.
The people we love, still unaware
that one day we will remember them here.

And perhaps that is the quietest tragedy of being alive:
we only learn the value of a moment
after time has made it a memory.
And time never tells us
which moment it is taking.

CORRECTION

You made my broken pieces became your whole world.

hi myself vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad. I'm an practicing advocate at Andhra Pradesh. Beside that I'm a kuchipudi dancer and violinst. Beside that I'm having huge passion for writings poetry, fictional stories, novels poems.

Vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad

The Father Who Let Me Find Myself

When I was in intermediate, I told my father I wanted to join BiPC because my friends were. He said nothing. The next morning he brought the admission form from that so-called college, joined me, and paid nearly a quarter of the fee without a question. A month in, I was suffocating. The stress crushed me. I told him, "I can't do BiPC." He just said, "Okay."

I said, "My friends joined MPC. I want to join too." The next day, he paid a full year's fee and put me in MPC. But after a month, I knew it wasn't my cup of tea. I was broken inside. I hid from everyone at home and hurt silently for two months. I didn't tell anyone. My father noticed. He saw the tension, the torture of that college's strict rules, the way they punished me for not meeting their "standards" in maths. The friends who pushed me into MPC? They gave me a lesson by never helping me when I struggled. Then my father did what only he could do. He took me to a good, prestigious college and joined me in CEC. I still

remember the moment I stepped in, my entire nervous system calmed. I could breathe. There, I topped. He was so happy. My mother and sister congratulated me. For the first time, I felt like I belonged to my own path. After that, I chose BBA for graduation with my own will — and I topped. I chose LLB — and I topped. I chose LLM through distance, while practicing as an advocate in



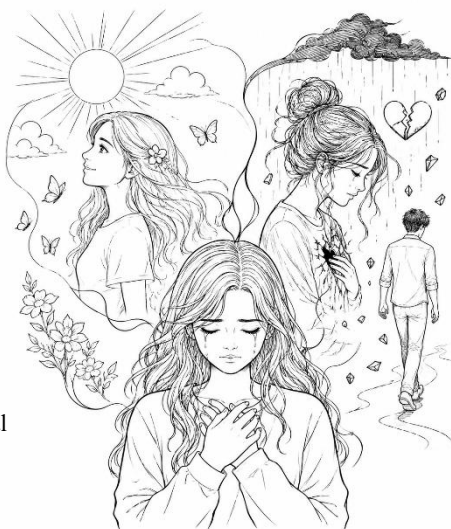
the mornings, attending classes in the afternoons, and learning classical dance, violin, and music. I started writing stories, poetry, novels in my native place in good Publishing Houses. I topped LLM too, as usual. And I made my father proud again. This year I turned 26. More confident because of him. More energetic because he showers all his love on me. This isn't enough to tell about my father's love. He never forced, never blamed. When I fell, he lifted. When I was lost, he waited. He supported me in my lows and my highs without keeping score. I am happy. And I feel so lucky to have a father like him.

CORRECTION

"Me" and "Voice"

antonette malinao

I say I'm fine, but deeply I'm not
Hoping for something that long gone
Drowning in memories we once got.
Once lost and was found
Clearly forgotten but not really.
Deep down within, sorrows you can imagine
Piercing through my chest
Blood flows, comes the rest.
I once told you about a girl
A girl who used to smile
Someone who just brings light
A girl who's gentle and nice
She who dreams of something
Something you can't even imagine
Something that isn't and will never be real
Then finally came, a hope to something
A man who bought her smile back
A man who says "she's pretty" and he's lucky
Suddenly disappears, silent echoes
Words hurts, but again silent says more



No news, no calls, who knows
And again, got lost to it's unknown.
The promises, the goals and the plans
Still hoping, holding bare hands
Bleeding inside, loosing my mind
When I started believing again,
That's when everything starts to end
When I start to see the good in me
That's when you left me be.

CORRECTION

In the Quiet Light

Naman Kumar

The morning mist untangles slow,
To let the amber daylight through,
Where ancient roots hold firm below
And moss drinks deep the quiet dew.
A forest speaks without a voice,
In rustling leaves and swaying pines,
Where simple, wilder things rejoice
Along the river's winding lines.
The river carves the granite stone,
Unhurried through the quiet glen,
A timeless cadence of its own,
Far past the noisy haunts of men.
And as the golden hours yield
To shadows stretching long and deep,
A dusk falls soft across the field,
To lay the breathing earth to sleep.



Barsha's Dream

Badal Thapa MA .M.ED a school teacher and a professional written having many poetry and Short stories . He is dedicated towards his work and is always interested in writing short stories related to his real life experience . This is one of his best work as a short story .

Badal Thapa

Barsha's Dream: A Journey from Echhey Busty to the Sky

Introduction

Every great dream begins in a small place, in the heart of someone who dares to imagine a bigger life.

Barsha's Dream is the inspiring story of a village girl born on 2nd April in Echhey Busty, a quiet village

filled with simplicity, hope, and hard work. She was born to Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, loving

parents who gave her not only care and support but also the courage to dream beyond the boundaries of

her surroundings. From her earliest school days at JNMPS to her higher studies at Kalimpong Girls Higher

Secondary School, Kalimpong, where she completed Class 6 to Class 12, Barsha showed a constant habit

of discipline, determination, and strong purpose.



Her dream was never ordinary. While many children dream of becoming doctors, teachers, or engineers,

Barsha looked up to the sky and imagined herself flying across it. She dreamed of joining aviation, a field

that demanded confidence, responsibility, grace, and excellent communication. What made her journey

remarkable was not just the dream itself, but the way she worked for it step by step. From her early interest

in Indigo, to working as office staff in Delhi, and finally cracking the interview for a Crew Member with Air

India Express, Barsha's life became a shining example of dedication and hard work. Her story is not only

about success, but also about patience, struggle, learning, and believing in oneself even when the path

seems long.

The Beginning of a Dream in Echhey Busty

Barsha's story begins in a peaceful village where life was simple, but dreams were never small. Born on 2nd

April in Echhey Busty, she grew up in an environment where values mattered deeply. Her parents, Bikash

Thapa and Bharati Thapa, played a strong role in shaping her character. They taught her the importance of

honesty, respect, education, and self-belief. In many village families, children are encouraged to dream, but

they must also learn to work hard at the same time. Barsha understood this balance early in life.

As a child, she was not the kind of student who waited for success to come by itself. She was a dedicated

student from the beginning, always showing interest in studies and school activities. Her journey started at

JNMPS, where she began laying the foundation of her education. Even at that stage, she carried a quiet

seriousness in her work. Teachers often notice such students because they are sincere, disciplined, and

eager to improve. Barsha was one of those learners who did not need to be pushed again and again. She

had a natural desire to do better, and that desire became the base of her future.

The village setting may have looked ordinary to many, but for Barsha it was the place where her first dream

took shape. Looking at the world beyond her village, she imagined a future full of travel, responsibility, and

service. That dream slowly grew into something meaningful: she wanted to join aviation, a profession that

would let her serve people while also touching the sky in a symbolic way. For Barsha, flying was not only

about airplanes; it was about freedom, confidence, and reaching a height that her younger self had once

only imagined. School Life and the Making of a Strong Student

Barsha's educational journey became an important part of her success story. After her early schooling at

JNMPS, she continued her studies at Kalimpong Girls Higher Secondary School, Kalimpong, where she

completed Class 6 to Class 12. These years were not just about textbooks and examinations. They were the

years that helped shape her mind, build her discipline, and strengthen her dream.

A student's school life often decides how well they can face future challenges. For Barsha, school was a place

where she learned much more than academic subjects. She learned how to be regular, how to stay focused,

how to handle pressure, and how to move forward even when life did not go exactly as planned. The role of

school in her life was powerful because it gave her both knowledge and confidence. She spent these years

improving herself day by day, and every class added something important to her personality.

What stands out most in Barsha's journey is that she remained committed to her dream even while

managing her studies. Many young people have dreams, but not everyone is ready to support those dreams

with consistent effort. Barsha was different. She understood that a dream becomes valuable only when it is

matched by discipline. She did not see education as a burden; she saw it as a ladder. Each class, each lesson,

and each challenge helped her climb closer to the future she wanted.

Her school years also taught her confidence in communication and behavior, which later became essential in

aviation. Crew members must be calm, polite, alert, and able to speak with people clearly. Barsha's years of

steady learning helped build these qualities in her. In this way, her school life was not separate from her

dream; it was the training ground for it.

The Dream of Aviation and the First Spark with Indigo

For Barsha, the idea of aviation was exciting from the start. The aviation world represents movement,

hospitality, discipline, and service. It is a field where one must stay alert, look presentable, and work with

efficiency and care. Barsha was drawn to this world because it matched her dream of doing something

meaningful, professional, and inspiring. She wanted to be part of a career that connected people, places,

and possibilities.

Her dream started taking shape with Indigo. This was the moment when her imagination began to turn into

a vision. Indigo became a symbol of opportunity for her, a name that represented the door to her future.

Like many young dreamers, Barsha may have looked at the aviation world with wonder at first. But unlike

those who only admire it from a distance, she chose to move closer to it with action. She began to prepare

herself mentally and professionally for the kind of life aviation demands.

This stage of her journey is especially important because it shows the power of a starting point. Every big

achievement begins with a small beginning. For Barsha, that beginning came with interest, curiosity, and a

strong wish to enter the aviation industry. She did not let the dream remain only in her heart. She started

thinking seriously about what kind of skills, behavior, and attitude would be needed to make that dream

real. This is where real growth begins: when a person stops saying “I wish” and starts saying “I will work for

it.” Her dream was also deeply connected to her identity. As a village girl, she carried the values of simplicity

and sincerity. These qualities became her strength in the professional world. She did not try to become

someone else to fit into the dream. Instead, she brought her real self into her goals and worked hard to

improve. That honesty and determination made her journey unique.

Working in Delhi: Learning from Experience

Before reaching her final goal, Barsha took another important step in her journey by working as office staff

in Delhi. This phase of her life added a new layer to her experience. Moving from the quiet rhythm of village

life to the busy environment of a city like Delhi is never an easy change. It demands adjustment, patience,

and courage. But Barsha welcomed this challenge because she knew that every experience could teach her

something useful.

Working as office staff helped her understand professional behavior, discipline in the workplace,

communication with different kinds of people, and the importance of responsibility. These are not small

lessons. In fact, they are the kind of lessons that shape a person for larger opportunities. Office work often

teaches punctuality, teamwork, customer handling, and confidence under pressure. All these qualities are

valuable in aviation too.

This stage of Barsha's story tells us something important: success does not always happen in a straight line.

Sometimes, people must take different paths, do different jobs, and learn through real-life experience before

they reach their goal. Far from being a setback, her time in Delhi became a preparation ground. It

strengthened her ability to adapt, to stay focused, and to keep moving forward.

For many young people, such a journey may feel tiring. But Barsha showed that hard work done with a clear

purpose never goes to waste. Even when she was not yet in aviation, she was gathering the skills that would

one day help her enter it. She was not waiting for luck. She was building readiness.

Cracking the Interview: From Dream to Reality

One of the most inspiring moments in Barsha's story is her successful interview for the position of Crew

Member with Air India Express. This achievement shows the result of years of effort, discipline, and belief

in herself. Interviews in aviation are not simple. They test confidence, communication, presentation,

knowledge, and overall personality. To crack such an interview requires preparation, courage, and calmness

under pressure.

Barsha's success did not come by chance. It came because she was ready. Her school education gave her a

strong base, her work experience in Delhi added maturity, and her dream gave her direction. When the

interview came, she did not face it as a nervous beginner. She faced it as someone who had already traveled

a long way and had learned how to stay strong.

Becoming a Crew Member with Air India Express meant more than getting a job. It meant fulfilling a

childhood dream. It meant proving that a girl from a village like Echhey Busty could rise through hard work

and determination to reach a respected and exciting career. It also meant carrying her family's pride

forward. Her parents, Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, along with everyone who knew her journey, could

see that her efforts had come to life. This part of Barsha's story is not just about professional success; it is about personal victory. She proved that

dreams do not belong only to people from big cities or wealthy backgrounds. Dreams belong to anyone who

can work for them with honesty and persistence. Her achievement is a message to young learners

everywhere: no dream is too high if the heart is strong enough to chase it.

Barsha's Dream as an Inspiration for Others

Barsha's journey carries a lesson for students, parents, and teachers alike. It reminds us that a child from a

small village can achieve great things when education, discipline, and support come together. It also

reminds us that success is not only about talent. It is about consistency, courage, and the willingness to

learn from every stage of life.

Her story can inspire young people in many ways:

Barsha's life also shows the importance of family support. Parents who encourage their children to study

and follow their passion create a strong foundation for future achievements. At the same time, the student

must take responsibility for turning that support into action. Barsha did exactly that. She respected her

roots, honored her education, and moved forward with purpose.

Conclusion

Barsha's Dream is more than a story about becoming a crew member. It is a story about a girl who was

born in a village, studied with dedication, worked hard through different stages of life, and finally reached

the path she had long hoped for. From Echhey Busty to Kalimpong, from Indigo to Delhi, and finally to Air

India Express, her journey highlights the power of determination. She proves that dreams are not limited by

place, background, or situation. They grow when a person is brave enough to believe and hardworking

enough to continue.

In the end, Barsha's story is a beautiful reminder that the sky is not the limit for someone who dares to fly. It

is only the beginning.

Us the youth

Srutoma Mitra

Us with restless eyes and the flame that burns in thousands of ways

With the light that comes from hearts untamed,

And eyes that see without a sound,

We learn and grow and stumble too,

And find the strength to start anew.

Our youth is more than a fleeting hour,

Which makes us all the more to strive

To break the bonds that tie minds down
And create a new, bright world around.
So let us make the best of time
While all our joys and fears are still unchained,
For though it might be gone too soon,
It will be ours forevermore.



Each day falls shorter and I am dying

Payal Manik

I used to dream
of rainbows and rain,
But now my eyes only long for thunderstorms
Perhaps because they sound like everything
I have learned to keep quiet inside.

Things that once excited me to core
Now give me stress, i only find silence.
Perhaps they know i lost the innocence
Once i held more than i could.

Once i used to chatter endlessly
But now my mind thinks more than it speaks
Perhaps they understand how
I am becoming quieter a liitle bit more
With every passing day.

I believed in friendship's journey
More than i should have
Now i only prefer alone time.



Perhaps it realized, i lost the willingness to
Explain and prove myself anymore.

Late evening with fading sunlight
Sitting inside an empty room
Looking at the ticking clock
With unfinished thoughts
Watching the Shadows becoming longer
Without knowing its already night.

My younger self
Maybe fading like sunlight
But never gonna rise like sunrise
and be alive again.

Always saying i am fine
Building the wall
Setting the boundaries
Disappearing into myself
Pretending nothing matters at all.

Am i actually living or dying?

I am not dying all at once

But fading in pieces.

People remembered.

Message arrived.

I laughed when needed not when i wanted

I am becoming someone i don't recognized at all.

Each day falls shorter

With everything i keep inside

I am dying a little

Still smiling happily.

CORRECTION

Memories refuse to fade

Payal Manik

I tried to forget you,

Your memories,

You words,

Your voice,

Your thoughts.

I put away your pictures.

I deleted your messages.

I stopped going to certain places.

I told myself everyday "it's over".

But,

A song

All memories of you found me back.

How your eyes light up when you are happy.

A scent

All memories of you found me back.

How you smell, and make me safe by your calm presence.

A rainy evening

All memories of you found me back.

Like they never fade at all.

Memories found me even



through someone's post, an old joke,

Or just their curly hairs.

Then i realized

I can never erase it.

I can remove you

From my life,

But can never let go of

the part of me that

Already existed with you.

Now i stopped

Memories to disappearing

Instead, when the knocked on door,

I simply opened it.

And admired it.

And live with it.

I know it will never fade

Because some parts of me

Still admire it as its own.

From Pride to Purpose

Badal Thapa is a name that reflects strength, purpose, and inspiration. A biography of his life can show how a person grows through hard work, values, and determination. His story is not only about personal success, but also about the lessons his journey offers to others.

Badal Thapa

Introduction

Badal's life was once ruled by attitude, ego, and a false pride that came from money. He believed that wealth was enough to make him important, respected, and powerful. He walked like someone who thought the world belonged to him. He spoke harshly to staff, ignored students, and treated people as if they were beneath him. To him, kindness looked weak, and humility seemed unnecessary. But life has a strange and beautiful way of teaching lessons that no textbook can fully explain.



The turning point in Badal's life came when a lady named XYZ entered his world. She did not try to defeat him with anger. She did not insult him or argue like the people around him had done before. Instead, she changed him slowly, patiently, and with care. Through her guidance, her words, and her strong character, Badal began to understand the real meaning of respect, hard

work, money, and human values. What followed was not just a change in behavior, but a complete transformation of his heart, habits, and mindset.

A Life Full of Attitude and False Pride

Badal came from a wealthy family, and from a young age, he developed a habit of depending on money. He thought money could solve everything. Because his father had enough wealth and his mother often gave him extra money whenever he asked, Badal never learned the value of earning with effort. He spent money carelessly. He bought things he did not need, wasted time on luxury, and never thought about responsibility.

This lifestyle slowly made him arrogant. He began to feel that being rich made him superior to others. He spoke with a sharp tone, walked with pride, and judged people based on their income or appearance. He had no patience for the staff around him, and he treated students in a cold and proud way. If someone made a small mistake, he became rude. If someone offered help, he acted as though he did not need anyone. His attitude created distance between him and the people around him.

But the truth was clear, even if Badal did not want to see it: he was not strong. He was only hiding behind wealth. His money gave him comfort, but it did not give him wisdom, discipline, or peace. He had access to everything, yet he valued nothing.

The Arrival of XYZ: A Gentle Force of Change

Everything began to change when a lady named XYZ came into his life. She was calm, wise, and deeply respectful, but she also had the courage to speak the truth. She noticed Badal's attitude immediately. She saw that behind his proud behavior was a man who had never been taught the importance of humility and self-control.

XYZ did not try to change him overnight. She first began by showing him a different way of living. She treated every person with kindness, whether they were a student, a teacher, a peon, or an office worker. She never looked down on anyone. This behavior surprised Badal. In his world, people respected only wealth. But XYZ respected character.

Slowly, her presence started affecting him. She told him that true greatness does not come from money in the bank, but from the way a person treats others. She explained that a polite word can heal hurt, a patient smile can build

trust, and a respectful voice can create lasting relationships. At first, Badal resisted these ideas. They sounded too simple to change a man like him. But the more he watched XYZ, the more he began to feel the weakness of his own attitude.

Her influence became a mirror for him. In that mirror, he saw not a powerful man, but a lonely one. Not a successful man, but a careless one. Not a leader, but someone who had lost the habit of listening.

From Attitude Boy to Good Boy

The most remarkable change in Badal's life was not in his clothes, his job, or his money. It was in his nature. XYZ helped him discover that being a "good boy" did not mean being childish or weak. It meant being honest, kind, responsible, and respectful. It meant learning to control anger and speak with care.

Badal began to notice how different life felt when he stopped showing off. He no longer needed to prove his worth with expensive things or proud words. He started listening to people instead of interrupting them. He apologized when he was wrong. He learned to say "please," "thank you," and "sorry," words he once thought were unimportant. These small changes made a big difference.

Soon, the people around him also noticed the change. The staff who once feared him began to feel comfortable speaking with him. Students who once stayed silent around him began to smile and respond freely. His attitude, which once created fear, was now replaced by friendliness. The classroom and the workplace no longer felt tense. They became warmer, more welcoming, and more human.

This transformation did not happen because someone forced Badal to change. It happened because XYZ helped him understand that respect is earned through behavior, not bought with money.

A Teacher, Not Just by Profession but by Nature

Badal's career also changed along with his character. Earlier, he behaved like someone who was above everyone else. He looked at staff with impatience and students with arrogance. He thought authority meant controlling others. But after his transformation, he became a different kind of teacher.

He learned that a good teacher is not only someone who knows a subject well, but also someone who teaches with patience, fairness, and compassion. Badal began to speak politely to staff members. He listened to their concerns. He appreciated their work. He stopped using rude words and started using encouraging ones.

With students, too, his behavior changed completely. Instead of scolding them harshly for every mistake, he guided them with understanding. He realized that children learn better when they feel safe and respected. He smiled more, spoke softly, and made his classroom a place where students could ask questions without fear.

This new version of Badal was not perfect, but he was real. He made efforts every day. He understood that a teacher's greatest power lies not in anger, but in influence. He became a friendly teacher, someone students could trust and staff could respect.

Learning the Value of Money Through Hard Work

One of the biggest lessons in Badal's life came when he started earning money by working in a private school. This was a life-changing experience. For the first time, he understood that every rupee carries effort, time, and sacrifice. The money he once wasted casually was now earned with responsibility.

Earlier, he had asked his father for money without thinking. He took money from his mother whenever he felt like it. He never stopped to wonder how much effort his family had put into earning it. He treated money like paper. But once he started earning on his own, the meaning of money changed completely.

Now he knew that even a small amount matters. He learned to spend wisely. He stopped buying unnecessary things. He began to save a part of his income. He thought before spending. He made plans. He understood that saving is not about being miserly; it is about being wise and prepared.

This change taught him discipline. It taught him gratitude. He no longer felt entitled to everything. Instead, he became thankful for whatever he had. He recognized that financial independence brings dignity, and dignity brings confidence.

A Man Who Began to See Life Differently

The greatest transformation in Badal was not outside, but inside. He began to see life as something bigger than personal pride. He realized that the people around him were not decorations in his life; they were human beings with feelings, struggles, and dreams. He saw the efforts of his father, the care of his mother, the patience of the staff, and the innocence of the students more clearly than ever before.

He also understood his past mistakes. He regretted wasting his father's money and asking his mother for money without purpose. He felt ashamed of how casually he had thrown away the blessings he once had. But instead of living in guilt, he chose to grow. He used his regret as fuel for improvement.

Badal's life became a lesson in self-awareness. He learned that change is possible when a person is willing to listen, reflect, and work on himself. He understood that a proud person may look strong for a moment, but a humble person stays strong for life. He learned that real richness is not only in wealth, but in character, savings, relationships, and peace of mind.

Conclusion

Badal's journey is a powerful reminder that no one is beyond change. A man who once lived with arrogance, attitude, and careless spending became a polite, responsible, and kind human being. The turning point in his life was the presence of XYZ, whose wise influence helped him see the truth about himself. She did not just change his behavior; she changed his thinking.

Through her, Badal learned to respect staff and students, to speak with kindness, to earn money honestly, and to save wisely. He understood the pain of wasting what others worked hard to provide. Most importantly, he discovered the value of humility, gratitude, and human connection.

Badal's story teaches us that change begins when pride is replaced by reflection. A person can rise truly high not by showing attitude, but by showing respect. And when that happens, life becomes not only more successful, but also more meaningful, peaceful, and beautiful.

Midnight reverie

Syeda Dua Zainab Kazmi is an aspiring writer and the author of Midnight Reverie. She finds inspiration in emotions, quiet moments, and stories that stay with the reader long after the final page.

Syeda Dua -e-Zainab kazmi

Midnight Reverie is a story of two souls brought together beneath a sky full of stars. In the quiet of the night, they discover a connection that feels timeless—one filled with emotions, unspoken words, and moments that stay long after the night fades. A story about love, connection, silence, and the memories we carry with us.



Beyond the Border

I am Ansh Kumar Singh, a young author and student of Class 8 at Sunbeam School, Ghazipur. Writing is not just a hobby for me; it is a way to express my thoughts, emotions, dreams, and imagination.

Ansh kumar singh

I stood before a border,
not made of steel or stone,
but built from every "you can't"
and every fear I've known.

I took one step forward,
though my hands began to shake,
for dreams are born in moments
when courage meets a mistake.

I crossed beyond the voices
that told me to turn away,
and found a world of possibilities
waiting for me to stay.

No map could show the distance,
no compass knew the way,
I simply followed the little light
that grew with every day.

The road was never easy,
the sky was never clear,
but every time I stumbled,
I learned to face my fear.

And then I finally understood,
as morning touched the sky,
The greatest borders in our lives
are the ones we never try
to cross.



A Message Beyond Every Border

I am Ansh Kumar Singh, a young author and student of Class 8 at Sunbeam School, Ghazipur. Writing is not just a hobby for me; it is a way to express my thoughts, emotions, dreams, and imagination.

Ansh kumar singh

We build borders from our fears,
from our failures,
from our weaknesses,
from the opinions of others.

But dreams do not understand borders.

A dream does not ask,
How old are you?
Where do you come from?
How many times have you failed?
Who believes in you?

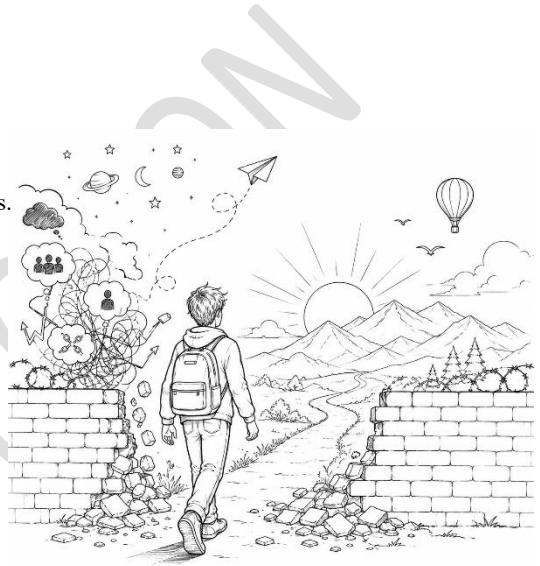
A dream simply asks,
"Will you believe in me?"

So dream
dream beyond your circumstances
dream beyond your failures
dream beyond the opinions of others

and when you find yourself at the border of what you think is possible
take one step forward

for perhaps beyond that border is where your story is meant to begin

And perhaps the most beautiful chapter of your life is waiting for you to
write it.



◆ The Girl Who Collected Goodbyes ◆

Pihu Goyal is a young writer fascinated by memories, unanswered questions, and the stories hidden inside ordinary moments. Her writing often explores the quieter sides of human emotion—goodbyes, change, imagination, and the things people leave unsaid.

Pihu Goyal

She never knew when a goodbye became a goodbye.

Sometimes, there was a final hug.

Sometimes, there were tears.

But most of the time, there was nothing.

No last sentence.

No warning.

No moment dramatic enough to remember.

Just a conversation that slowly became shorter, a name that appeared less often on the screen, a familiar voice becoming unfamiliar with time.

And somehow, one ordinary day, someone who had once been a part of her every day became a memory.

So she began collecting goodbyes.

Not in boxes.

Not in photographs.

She kept them somewhere no one could reach—
inside the quietest rooms of her heart.



She called it The Museum of Things That Didn't Stay.

No one knew it existed.

Not even her.

At least, not at first.

◆ Room I — Childhood

The first room was always the warmest.

There were paper boats on the floor, unfinished drawings on the walls, and the distant sound of laughter that seemed to belong to another lifetime.

In the centre stood a little girl with scraped knees and untidy hair, running toward a tomorrow she believed would never change.

She didn't know that childhood had an expiry date.

She didn't know that one day, the same streets would look smaller.

The same games would become memories.

The same people would grow into different versions of themselves.

She reached for the little girl's hand.

But the girl ran past her.

She was too busy being happy to notice she was living through something she would one day miss.

The girl who collected goodbyes stood there quietly.

Perhaps that was her first goodbye.

Not to a person.

But to time.

◆ Room II — The People Who Became Strangers

This room had no doors.

Only photographs.

Hundreds of them.

Some showed people laughing.

Some showed ordinary afternoons that had once seemed unimportant.

Some showed nothing special at all.

And perhaps that was what hurt most.

Because nobody knows which ordinary moment will become the last one.

She touched one photograph.

The person inside it smiled.

The smile was familiar.

The memory was familiar.

But the person no longer belonged to the same chapter.

She searched for an explanation.

There wasn't one.

Some people don't leave with a slammed door.

They leave quietly—

through unanswered messages,

through changing priorities,

through conversations that begin with “remember when...”

and end with silence.

She placed another goodbye on the shelf.

Goodbye to the people who didn't know they were leaving.

♦ Room III — The Unsaid Things

This room was filled with letters.

Thousands of them.

None had addresses.

Some began with:

I wish I had told you...

Others said:

I still remember...

Some contained only three words.

Some had pages and pages of things that had never found the courage to become sentences.

She opened one.

It said nothing.

Yet somehow, she understood it perfectly.

Because silence has its own language.

There are apologies that arrive too late.

Thank-yous that remain unsent.

Questions that never receive answers.

And feelings that disappear—not because they were never real, but because they were never spoken.

She folded the letter carefully.

Then placed it back.

Some words are not meant to be delivered.

Perhaps they are meant only to remind us that we once cared enough to write them.

♦ Room IV — The Almosts

This room was the strangest.

Nothing here had actually happened.

And yet, everything felt familiar.
There were doors that had never been opened.
Paths that had never been taken.
Conversations that had existed only in imagination.
Lives that could have happened.
People they could have become.
She found a small glass jar labelled:
IF ONLY.
Inside were hundreds of tiny stars.
She shook it.
They whispered.
Maybe.
What if?
Perhaps.
She finally understood.
Some goodbyes are not to people.
Some are to possibilities.
To futures that never arrived.
To stories that ended before they were even written.
She put the jar back.
For once, she didn't ask what might have happened.

◆ Room V — The Girl She Used to Be

This room had a mirror.
But it didn't reflect her face.

It reflected memories.

There she was—

laughing without wondering whether the laughter would end.

Trusting without keeping a list of reasons not to.

Dreaming without calculating how much disappointment a dream could carry.

She stared at herself.

For a moment, she wanted to go back.

Not to change everything.

Just to tell that girl:

You didn't do anything wrong by being soft.

The reflection smiled.

Then disappeared.

And for the first time, she realized something.

She had spent so long collecting the people she had lost
that she had forgotten she had also lost pieces of herself along the way.

She placed her hand against the mirror.

“Goodbye,” she whispered.

Not because she hated that girl.

But because she was finally ready to stop living inside her memories.

◆ The Last Room

At the end of the museum stood a door she had never noticed before.

There was no photograph on it.

No name.

No date.

Only four words:

THE GOODBYE YOU FORGOT.

Her hand rested on the handle.

She hesitated.

Then opened it.

There were no people inside.

No letters.

No photographs.

No clocks.

Only a chair.

And on the chair sat a small wooden box.

Inside was every goodbye she had ever collected.

The first day of school.

The last day of childhood.

The friendship that slowly changed.

The conversations that stopped.

The people who became strangers.

The words she never said.

The futures that never happened.

Everything.

All of it.

She stared at the box for a long time.

Then she understood why the museum had existed.

It wasn't built to keep people from leaving.

It was built because she had been afraid that if she stopped remembering,
she would lose them completely.

But memories were never meant to become cages.

So she opened the window.

One by one, she let the goodbyes go.

The photographs became birds.

The letters became paper stars.

The what ifs became dust.

And the memories—

they simply became memories.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

She walked through the museum one final time.

The rooms were empty now.

But they didn't feel lonely.

They felt peaceful.

At the entrance, she found a small brass plate.

It read:

NOT EVERYTHING THAT ENDS IS LOST.

She smiled.

Then she stepped outside.

For the first time, she wasn't carrying a collection of goodbyes.

She was carrying something lighter.

Something she had almost forgotten existed.

A beginning.

And somewhere behind her, the museum quietly disappeared—

not because the past had been erased,

but because she had finally learned

that remembering someone

doesn't always mean waiting for them to return.

Sometimes,

a goodbye is simply the door through which a new version of you learns to enter.

CORRECTION

HINDI

क्यों?

Rupankona Kalita

क्यों तोड़ा तूने भरोसा मेरा उसी दफ़ा
जब मैंने थमा दिया तेरे हाथों में
उसकी पूरी डोर

क्यों साबित कर दिया ग़लत मुझे उसी दफ़ा
जब मैं दुनियावालों से गर्व से कहने लगी-
वो सिर्फ़ मेरा दोस्त है

क्यों छिपाई मुझसे तूने बातें उसी दफ़ा
जब मुझे लगने लगा
कि मैं तेरी सीक्रेट कीपर हूँ

क्यों दूर कर दिया खुद से मुझे उसी दफ़ा
जब मैं तेरे पास आने लगी थी
तुझे समझने लगी थी

तूने रखा दूसरों को सबसे ऊपर
अपनी प्रायोरिटी लिस्ट में
और शायद मैं वहाँ थी



सबसे आखिर में

जबकि तेरे हर गम में मैं

ढाल बनकर नहीं,

तो ...

तेरी छतरी बनकर तेरे साथ खड़ी रही

तेरी ज़िंदगी के तूफ़ान को भले ही

रोक न पाई थी

पर ...

उस तूफ़ान में

मैं भी तेरे साथ एक समान बिखरी थी।

मेरा भी दिल उस तूफ़ान में

तार-तार हो गया था।

पर ... उन सब के बदले

नहीं चाहिए था मुझे तुझसे कोई शाबाशी

मैंने तो सिर्फ़ तेरा भरोसा माँगा था

शायद ज़्यादा माँग लिया था

इसीलिए तो ...

तूने दिया किसी और को अपने भरोसे की डोर

उसी दफ़ा जब

मैं मानने लगी थी

कि वो डोर मेरे हाथों में है

न जाने कब तूने उसे मुझसे छीन लिया

और किसी दूसरे के हाथों में भरोसे के साथ थमा दिया।

इसीलिए तो पूछ रही हूँ-

क्यों तोड़ा तूने भरोसा मेरा उसी दफ़ा

जब मैंने थमा दिया तेरे हाथों में

उसकी पूरी डोर।

तुम

Prince Kumar Singh

कीट पतंगों की दुनिया में
खोया हुआ
ये मेरा कौन सा रूप है भाई
यह मुझे क्या हो गया है
ये सब सड़ने क्यों लगा है
तुम्हारे जाने के बाद
ये जो फूल तुम्हारी मौजूदगी में
हवाएं को तर किया करते थे
वो सूरज जो रोशन हुआ करता था
बारिश जो अफ़साने बयाँ करती थी
ये सब जलने लगे है
ओर इनमें बैठा मै
बस तुम्हे खोज रहा हु ।

तुम्हारी गैरहाजिरी में
पतंगे भी नहीं उड़ा करती
तुम्हारे धागे ने जकड़ रखा है
मेरा संसार



मैं अकेला वीराने आकाश में
न जाने किस ओर
बस बह जा रहा हूँ ।

की आओ अब फकत वक्त हो बीता
की आओ अब जैसे बारिश आती है
की आओ चमेली की खुशबू की तरह
की आओ जैसे तुम आया करती थी
सचमुच बस आने के लिए ।

समय

Prince Kumar Singh

कल की बनी चाय शायद उतनी ही मीठी होती होगी
जितना शहद
क्योंकि चींटियों ने कभी शिकायत की ही नहीं।

वे उसी लय और आकर्षण से बर्तन में उतरती है
जैसे अभी अभी उबाल आया था
ओर ये मीठापन उनके ही हिस्से का बचा है
वे नहीं पूछती कभी भी कोई सवाल
बस चाय की तलब है उन्हें भी
यही सोच कर कभी कभार
मैं भूल जाता हु बर्तन में रख कर चाय
की वे भी बैठे जैसे हम बैठते है
चाय पर अपने दिन की शुरुआत में

परसो का बना खाना बहुत स्वादिष्ट होता होगा
क्या पता उसके मसाले ओर निखर आते हों
क्योंकि कुत्तों ने कभी सिर तक नहीं हिलाया
वे बस अपने हिस्से को लेकर चिंतित थे जो उन्हें मिल गया
वे बस उसमें अपने लिए प्रेम खोजते है
उनके हिस्से का जो फेकने वाला छोड़ गया है
केवल उनके लिए

तीन दिन पुरानी सब्जियां सस्ते में लगाकर विक्रेता
बेच आता है मलिन बस्तियों के बाजारों में
मुनाफे के इस खेल में
उसे भी लगता होगा कि
उसने कुछ घाटा खाकर
किसी के घर चूल्हा जलाया
बस्ती में कई उपभोक्ता
अब भी इतने समर्थ नहीं है की



तीन दिन पुरानी सब्जियां में भी
खीरा खरीद सके
उनमें आलू का प्रचलन अब भी ज्यादा है ।

चार दिन पुरानी पिटाई के बाद आज कई औरतें
जल्दी पानी भर लेने से खुशी में
अपनी चोटें एक दूसरे को दिखा रही है
अपना उपटा हुआ शरीर
बित्ते भर के हाथ से
लीटरों लीटर पानी भर डालती है रोज
बस उन छिले हुए हाथों में
मिर्ची थोड़ी ज्यादा लगती है
वे अपने पति से ज्यादा
अपनी सहेलियों पर भरोसा करती होंगी
तभी तो बता देती है
यहाँ संठी में पैसे खोसे हुए है

पांच दिन पुराने एक्सीडेंट में
खो बैठे इंसान के घर
कई लोगों के जमावड़े के बीच
अकेली महिला सोच रही है
अब कैसे चलेगा घर और खर्चा
हाथ तो चले गए
अब क्या होगा जीवन
इसी सब में हर कोई कुछ देर
सहानुभूति देकर
जाने की कोशिश में है
अब काफी समय हो गया
पूरे 5 दिन हो गए है

पर इन सबमें एक और समस्या यह है कि 6 घंटों से
पानी नहीं आया और मालिक के बेटे ने जरा नाराज़गी में
नौकर पर कुछ हाथ उठा दिया है ।
हां इन सबमें सबसे बड़ी समस्या पानी की ही थी

Mai kya huun?

Vedika

मैं क्या हूँ?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की अधूरी ख्वाहिश,

या किसी का मुकम्मल ख्वाब?

किसी के चेहरे की खिली हँसी,

या किसी की आँखों का बेनाम सैलाब?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की सुहानी यादों का हिस्सा,

या किसी की ज़िंदगी का अनकहा किस्सा?

किसी की डूबती कश्ती का साहिल,

या किसी के सफ़र की कठिन मंज़िल?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की जीती-जागती ज़िंदगी,

या किसी की मौत का अनजाना कारण?

महज एक गुज़रता हुआ लम्हा,

या किसी के वजूद का पूरा व्याकरण?



ढूढता हूँ खुद को इन सवालॉ के दरमियाँ,

कि में राख हूँ किसी की, या जलता हुआ आसमाँ?

CORRECTION

रब जीने के कुछ और साल हमें क्यों दे?

Himanshu D Shah

रब आकर अगर पूछे हमसे,
तुम्हें जीने के कुछ और साल क्यों दें?
तुम्हारी जरूरत क्या है?
तुमसे फायदा किसी को क्या है?
मौत पसंद नहीं है, नाम से भी उसके हमें नफरत है।
न आदत है, न फितरत है,
मौत के अल्फाज़ से ही बवाल है।
हम तो जीना चाहते हैं, ताउम्र उड़ना चाहते हैं,
पंखों को नीला आसमान देना चाहते हैं।
जीने के साल कम पड़ जाते हैं,
अरमानों के रथ न कभी रुकते हैं।
कैसा ये मोह है, जीने का कौन-सा प्रलोभन है,
क्यों न? रास्तों में हमारे अनगिनत अवरोध हैं?
शरीर त्रस्त है, बीमारियों से ग्रस्त है,
बच्चे हमारे सारे व्यस्त हैं।
अकेले हम हैं, साया भी हमारा न साथ है,
फिर भी कितनी हमें आशा है।
धन-दौलत, शोहरत, श्रृंगार, अधिकार-ज़ोर,



आखिर तक करते हैं शोर।
लालसा इसकी कम न होती है,
दिन-ब-दिन बढ़ती रहती है।
अगर न हो तो दुख,
किसी से अगर कम है, तो दुख।
ख्वाहिशों की लंबी सूची है,
मरते दम तक इसमें हमारी रुचि है।
बहुत कम ईश्वर में अभिरुचि है,
सौदेबाज़ी में सुरुचि है।
समाज से बहुत कम हमें लेना है,
खुद को ही हमें सब देना है।
सेवा से न कोई वास्ता है,
गैरों से अलग रास्ता है।
न कभी हम वो हाथ बन पाए,
न कभी हम वो रुमाल बन पाए।
आँसू जब किसी के गिरे,
तो हम रोक न पाए।
हम खुदगर्ज़ हैं, लोलुप हैं,
अच्छाइयों से विमुख हैं।
न अय्यर बन पाए, न इज़्ज़त-ए-नफ़्स बन पाए,
एक भले इंसान तक न बन पाए।
फिर भी कितनी रंजिश है, कितनी बंदिश है,

इस खुदा से हमें कितनी फरमाइश है?
आज भी हाथ खाली हैं,
चाहतों की खरीदारी करनी है।
हज़ार हाथ वाले से दुआ हमें मांगनी है,
हमारी ही दुकान हमें भरनी है।
खुदा क्यों कबूल करे, हम पर इनायत क्यों करे?
क्यों? कुछ और सालों की सौगात हमें दान करे?
जो हाथ कभी न कोई दान करे,
जो हाथ कभी न कोई काम करे,
सिर्फ अपना ही
धन भरे!
शिकायत ताउम्र करे।।

भाई सिर्फ भाई नहीं होता

swati Nangare

भाई .. सिर्फ भाई नहीं होता

भाई... सिर्फ भाई नहीं होता ❤️

भाई सिर्फ एक रिश्ता नहीं, मेरी ज़िंदगी का वो हिस्सा है, जो खुद से पहले मेरी फिक्र करता है, और मेरी हर खुशी में अपनी खुशी ढूँढता है। कभी छोटी-सी बात पर लड़ते हैं, कभी एक-दूसरे से रूठ जाते हैं, कभी शिकायतों का सिलसिला चलता है, फिर भी एक-दूसरे के बिना रह नहीं पाते हैं।

वो छोटा हो या बड़ा, बहन के लिए हमेशा बड़ा बन जाता है, उसकी आँखों में आँसू आते ही, बिना कहे उसके पास आ जाता है।

माँ-बाप के बाद अगर कोई ऐसा है, जो बेटी की हर ख्वाहिश समझ सकता है, उसकी खुशी के लिए खुद पीछे हट सकता है, तो वो भाई ही होता है, जो अपनी बहन का हाथ थामकर कहता है—“तू बस खुश रह, मैं हूँ ना।”

दुनिया चाहे कितनी भी बदल जाए, भाई का प्यार कभी नहीं बदलता, वो चाहे कितना भी दूर क्यों न हो, बहन की तकलीफ़ उससे छुपती नहीं। हम लड़ते हैं, एक-दूसरे से शिकायत भी करते हैं, पर सच तो ये है, हमारी हर लड़ाई के पीछे प्यार होता है, और हर शिकायत के पीछे अपनापन। कभी वो मेरा सबसे बड़ा दुश्मन लगता है, तो कभी वही मेरा सबसे मजबूत सहारा बन जाता है। मेरी ढाल भी वही है, मेरी ताकत भी वही, मेरी शरारतों का साथी भी वही, और



मेरी मुश्किलों का रक्षक भी वही।

भाई-बहन का रिश्ता शायद दुनिया का सबसे खूबसूरत और सबसे मासूम रिश्ता है...जहाँ प्यार जताने के लिए मैं तुमसे प्यार करता हूँ कहना ज़रूरी नहीं होता...क्योंकि कभी एक छोटी-सी लड़ाई में कभी एक छोटी-सी मदद में और कभी बिना कुछ कहे साथ खड़े रहने में पूरा प्यार दिखाई दे जाता है।

भाई छोटा हो या बड़ा बहन के लिए वो हमेशा उसका रक्षक रहता है...और बहन कितनी भी बड़ी क्यों न हो जाए अपने भाई के सामने हमेशा वही छोटी-सी बच्ची रहती है। ❤️

क्योंकि कुछ रिश्ते खून से बनते हैं...लेकिन उनकी गहराई एहसासों से होती है...और भाई-बहन का रिश्ता वो रिश्ता है...जिसमें लड़ाई भी प्यार है...शिकायत भी प्यार है...और एक-दूसरे के लिए मर-मिटना भी...सिर्फ प्यार है। ❤️

मेरी कहानी

Puja

मेरी कहानी उस दिन शुरू हुई,
जब मैंने लोगों पर ज़रूरत से ज़्यादा
भरोसा करना सीख लिया था।
बचपन में हर सपना अपना लगता था,
हर रिश्ता हमेशा का लगता था।
लेकिन वक्त ने धीरे-धीरे सिखाया,
कि हर साथ निभाने वाला,
आखिर तक साथ नहीं चलता।
मैंने अपनों के लिए खुद को बदला,
उनकी खुशियों में अपनी खुशी ढूँदी,
मगर जब मेरी बारी आई,
तो अक्सर मेरे हिस्से सिर्फ खामोशियाँ आईं।
कई रातें ऐसी भी गुज़री,
जब तकिया मेरे आँसुओं का गवाह बना,
और सुबह आई तो
चेहरे पर फिर वही मुस्कान सजानी पड़ी।



लोग कहते रहे,

"तुम बदल गई हो ... "

उन्हें क्या पता,

कुछ लोग बदलते नहीं,

बस दर्द छिपाना सीख जाते हैं।

मैं गिरी भी,

टूटी भी,

रोई भी ...

लेकिन हर बार अपने ही आँसू पोंछकर

फिर से खड़ी हो गई।

अब मेरी कहानी किसी से शिकायत नहीं करती,

क्योंकि मैंने समझ लिया है-

जो खो गया, वो मेरा था ही नहीं,

और जो मेरा है,

वो मुझे छोड़कर कभी नहीं जाएगा।

मेरी कहानी अभी अधूरी है,

अभी कई सपने पूरे करने हैं,

अभी दुनिया को नहीं,

खुद को साबित करना है।

क्योंकि मेरी पहचान मेरे बीते हुए दर्द से नहीं,

मेरे आने वाले कल से बनेगी।

CORRECTION

सरहदें

मेरा नाम कुमारी शालिनी है, मुझे कविताएं लिखना बेहद पसंद है।।

Miss Shalini

_ *सरहदें, बताएं हदों को,
रोशनी की और ले चले।
ज़मीन-आसमान हों अलग,
जुनून के आगे टिक न सकें।
शिद्दत" मांगे इरादे भी,
गैर इरादतन इत्तेफ़ाक हुए।
प्रयत्नों में जिनके जोर रहे,
पूरे उन्हीं के ख़्वाब हुए।
फलक से आसमान का सफ़र,
एक दिन में, तय होता नहीं।
सरहद, भी रोक न पाए उसे,
परिश्रम से जो, डरा नहीं।
"सरहद" बंदिश का नाम नहीं,
ये जरिया है, ऊंचे ख़्वाब का।
सरहद, को सरहद मानकर,
ये आईना है, विश्वास का।।*_



दायरों से आगे

इनका नाम संगीता पटेल है। ये 26 साल की हैं और जबलपुर, मध्य प्रदेश से हैं।

Sangeeta shivam patel

कहते हैं लड़की का घर
चार दीवारों तक है
रसोई से कमरा,
कमरे से आंगन तक

सुबह की पहली चाय से
रात की आखिरी थाली तक
जिम्मेदारी का नाम बहू है
और पहचान किसी की
पत्नी किसी की माँ

पर इन दायरों के अंदर
एक पूरी दुनिया धड़कती है
जिसे कोई देख नहीं पाता



जिसे कोई महसूस नहीं कर पाता

बच्चे उठे उससे पहले

वो उठ जाती है,

सबके कपड़े सबका

खाना बने सबका टाइम

तुम्हें थकान नहीं होती

पूछता कोई नहीं।

क्योंकि थकान को

भी यहाँ छुट्टी नहीं मिलती

ससुराल की रीति घर की मर्यादा

बच्चों की फरमाइश

पति की खामोशी

हर रिश्ते को सींचते-सींचते

वो खुद सूखती जाती है

और मुस्कुराकर कहती है मैं ठीक हूँ

दिल में एक अनकहा दर्द पलता है

वो दर्द जिसका नाम नहीं।

कॉलेज के सपने

आधी पढ़ी किताबें

वो करियर जो

बाद में करते करते रह गया

मायके की याद आए तो भी

कहना मना है,

तुम तो अब यहाँ की हो

बच्चा बीमार हो तो

रात भर जागना है

पर खुद का सिर दुखे

तो गोली ले लो

पर सुनो

इन चार दीवारों में कैद होकर भी

वो हार नहीं मानती

बच्चे की पहली तुतलाहट
मैं अपना गाना ढूँढ़ लेती है।
सास की एक शाबाश मैं अपना मेडल
रात 2 बजे बच्चे का बुखार उतारकर
सुबह सबके लिए पराठे बेल देती है

वो कमजोर नहीं है।
वो एक फौजी से कम नहीं है
उसकी भी सरहद है ये घर
और वो रोज़ बिना वदीं
के उसकी रक्षा करती है

तो ये कविता उन सब लड़कियों के लिए है
जो दायरों से आगे जाना चाहती हैं
पर जिम्मेदारियों की जंजीरों पैरों में हैं

तुम्हारा दर्द अनदेखा नहीं है
तुम्हारी मेहनत छोटी नहीं है
तुम सिर्फ घर संभालती नहीं हो

तुम नस्लें संभालती हो

एक दिन आएगा

जब ये दायरे भी छोटे पड़ जाएंगे

जब तुम्हारे बच्चे बड़े होकर कहेंगे

माँ तुमने हमारे लिए कितना किया

तब तक

सांस लेती रहो

खुद के लिए 5 मिनट चुराती रहो

क्योंकि दायरों से आगे जाने के लिए

पहले इन दायरों को मजबूती

से निभाना पड़ता है

और तुम निभा रही हो

हर दिन बिना शिकायत बिना ताली

हा मैं आज खुद से अलग हो गई

दूसरे के दायरे में ही रह गई

मेरी कहानी मेरा किस्सा

जैसे जिंदगी मेरी नहीं

किसी किराए की मकान की है

CORRECTION

ये रीते

Sakshi gaur

ना ही कभी सिखाई गई, ना ही कभी समझाई गई - ये रीते।

जब कहा किसीने तुम इतना पढ़ लिख लिये लेकिन नहीं पता ये रीते तो क्या ही कर लिए।

तो क्या नहीं सिखाई जाती इन स्कूलों में ये रीते। तब उम्र भी हो रही थी हमारी नादान से समझदार,

तब आया मन में एक सवाल ,की कैसा है ये समय ना ही में समझ पाई अपने आप को और ना ही ये रीते।

तो पूछ लिया मैंने भी इस जमाने से की बताइए कैसी है ये आपकी रीते ।

तो आई जमाने से आवाज़ - है रीत कि होगी शादी के बाद लड़की की ही विदाई ,

तो बोला कोई घर में रहना है औरतों का काम और बाहर रोशन करना है
मर्दों का नाम,

तो बोला कोई अगर जाये रात में लड़का
बाहर तो होगा उसका काम और जाये
कोई लड़की तो वो होगी बदनाम,

अगर छोड़ के भाग जाए कोई लड़की
अपना घर तो उठती है अंगुलिया हजारों
उस पर और अगर छोड़ दे कोई लड़का
अपना घर तो कहते हैं कभी ना कभी तो
वो आयेगा अपने घर,



हो जाए कभी अपने मां बाप से हम लड़कियां नाराज़ तो कहते है लोग " लो अब और भेजो इन्हें बहार"। और कभी चिला भी दे ये लड़के अपने मां बाप पर तो जवाब आता है कि यही तो बढ़ाएंगे हमारा वंश,

तो कहते है हमारे मा बाप अगर कमाएगी हमारी बेटी तो होगी हमें खुशी पर कमा के देगी वो अपने घर.. लेकिन कमाएगा हमारा बेटा तो गर्व से ऊंचा होगा हमारा सर।

तो क्या यही है रीते इस दुनिया की जहाँ चलती है किन्हीं चार लोगों की, तब समझ आया कि इन दुनिया की रीतो से कई ज्यादा अच्छी है किताबों की दुनिया , जहां लड़का हो या लड़की, भेदभाव , किताबें नहीं करती।

Sakshi gaur

बारिश में तुम बन मिट्टी की खुशबू सबके मन को लुभाना।



बन पेड़ नीम का इन ठंडी रातों में सबको गले लगाना।
अपने काँटो वाले गमो को गुलाब की खुशबू में छिपाकर,
सबके दिल की बात बन जाना।
बन बादल सावन के तुम बरसात लेके आना,
और कम पड़ जाए खुशियां तो होली के रंगों में रंग जाना।
कभी टकरा जाए ये दिल और दिमाग,
तो छोड़ के अपना हाल और चाल ,
तुम अपनी जिंदगी को सबसे खूबसूरत बनाना।
अगर दूँदो अपने आस पास खुशियां तो शायद ना मिले,
पर रम के इस संसार के रंगों में तुम सबकी खुशियां बन जाना।

उसका मनका रहस्यहरु

Kreepa kafilé

उसका समुन्द्र जस्ता गहिरा ती आँखामा

एक पटक डुबुल्की मार्न मन छ

मलाई देख्दा, बन्द ती अधरले पनि बिस्तारै

अनारदन्त लहराउनुको कारण जान्नु मन छ

म सँग एक शब्द साट्दा उसको मन चङ्गा हुनुको

रहस्य जान्नु मन छ

स्थीर ती कपोलमा गुलाब सजिनुको

कारण जान्नु मन छ

मेरा यि जिग्यासु आँखाले उसका ती

नसालु नयनमा सल्बलाइरहेका भावना

पढ्नु मन छ

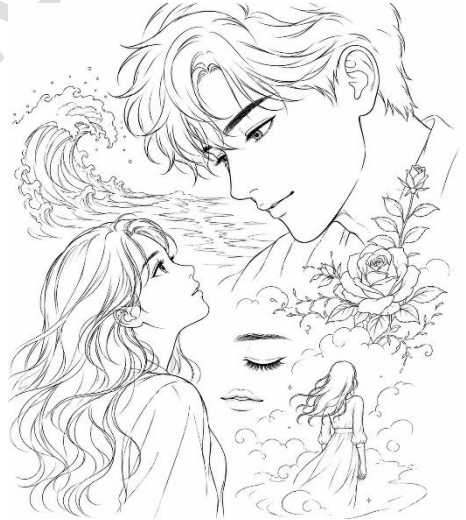
जब उसले परेली झिम्क्याउछ

म झस्किन्छु

यस्तो लाग्छ कि म भर्खरै अर्को

दुनियाबाट

ब्युझिएर आएकी छु



र हराइ जान्छ ती भावनाहरू कता हो कता
यस्तरी कि उसका आँखामा
ती भावनाहरू छचल्किएकै थिएनन्.....
मैले जान्न सकिन
उसका मनमा गुम्सिएका कुराहरू
पढ्न सकिन उसका अधरले
दोर्याइरहेका लवजहरू
बुझ्न सकिन उसका आँखाका इसारा..
म त हराइ जान्थे उसको
आँखाको गहिराइमा ...
तर पनि खोतल्न सकिन
उसका मनका रहस्यहरू ...

लहलुहान लोकतंत्र

Shivkumar Namdev Ade

क्या यही है आज़ादी का सच?

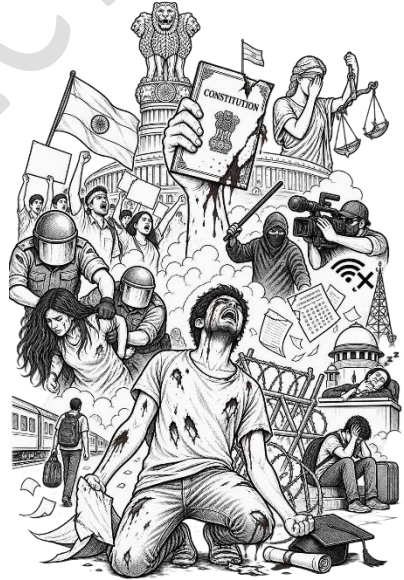
हाथ में संविधान से मिली आज़ादी,
सामने काँटों और करंट का बैरिकेड!
हक माँगा जब इस सत्ता से
तो कील-लाठियों से हुआ अटैक!

पीठ पर छपे नीले-काले निशान,
जो तूने यह ज़ालिम खून बहाया है,
आँखों में चुभता गैस का धुआँ,
तूने तो भारत माँ को भी रुलाया है!

न्याय की आस में सड़क पर बैठे,
तो घसीटने पुलिस बुलाई जाती है,
जब नीलाम हों उम्मीदें बाज़ार में,
तो अदालतों को नौद आ जाती है!

सच बोलो तो 'देशद्रोही' की तोहमत,
मीडिया से झूठ बिकवाया जाता है,
उन नकाबपोश गुंडों की लाठियों से
बेटियों को भी पिटाया जाता है!

काट दिए गए इंटरनेट के तार,
कैमरों की नज़रें भी मोड़ी गईं,



महँगी शिक्षा का कर्ज, लीक होते पेपर,
युवाओं की साँसें तक तोड़ी गईं!

हाथ में रद्दी कागज़ सी डिग्री,
उम्र ढली, उम्मीदें खाक हो गईं,
जेब में घर लौटने का किराया नहीं,
ज़िंदगी सड़कों पर ही राख हो गई!

गांधी और बाबा साहेब के सपनों का,
क्या यही आज़ाद भारत बनाया है?
हक माँगते बेगुनाह युवाओं को,
UAPA और हथकड़ियों से डराया है!

क्या यही है अपनी आज़ादी का सच?

"बाबा... मैं अब भी आपकी गुड़िया हूँ"

Gourav gadge

मैं वो नन्ही सी चिड़िया थी बाबा,

कभी आपकी ही गुड़िया थी बाबा।

मेरी हर ज़िद पर हँसते थे आप,

मेरी हर ख्वाहिश पूरी करते थे,

मैं रो पड़ती तो बेचैन हो जाते,

आप सच मैं मेरे पहले खुदा थे बाबा।

जब उंगली पकड़ कर चलती थी मैं,

आप सीना तान के चलते थे,

जैसे सारी दुनिया से कह रहे हों –

“ये मेरी बेटी है... मेरी जान है बाबा।”

मगर फिर उम्र ने जब

मेरे जिस्म पर जवानी लिखनी शुरू की,

आपकी आँखों में मोहब्बत कम,

और समाज का डर ज़्यादा दिखने लगा बाबा।

मेरे हिस्से की धूप भी
दीवारों में कैद कर दी आपने,
मैं जो खुले आसमान की आदी थी,
मुझे पर्दों में क्यों छुपा दिया बाबा।

मैं आपकी इज़ज़त थी ना बाबा?
फिर मुझ पर इतना शक क्यों था?
मैं ऐसा कौन सा गुनाह करती
जिससे आपका सर झुक जाता बाबा।

सिर्फ सत्रह साल की उम्र में
आप मेरे लिए शौहर ढूँढने लगे,
मेरी तालीम, मेरी चाहत, मेरे सपने छोड़,
आप लहंगे का रंग पूछने लगे बाबा।

मैंने भी कुछ ख्वाब देखे थे...
किताबों से दोस्ती करनी थी,
अपने पैरों पर चलना था,

मगर आपने मेरे सारे ख़्वाब

घर की चौखट में दफ़न कर दिए बाबा।

एक अजनबी के हवाले करके मुझको,

आपने कैसी रस्म निभाई बाबा...

जिस बेटी को कभी अकेले

बाज़ार तक नहीं जाने दिया,

उसे किसी ग़ैर के साथ

उम्र भर के लिए भेज दिया बाबा।

विदाई मेरी हो रही थी,

मगर सबसे ज़्यादा आप रो रहे थे,

शायद आपके आँसू भी जानते थे

कि बेटी नहीं...

उसके अरमान रुख़्सत हो रहे हैं बाबा।

वो पहली रात बहुत डरावनी थी बाबा...

जब वो मेरे करीब आया,

मैं सहम कर सिमट गई थी,

जैसे कोई बच्ची अँधेरे से डर जाए।

आप तो किसी अजनबी से
बात करने तक के खिलाफ थे,
फिर उसी अजनबी के साथ
मुझे तन्हा क्यों छोड़ दिया बाबा...?

अब भी जब आईना देखती हूँ,
तो वो छोटी सी बच्ची नज़र आती है,
जो बस इतना पूछती है –

“क्या बेटियाँ सच में पराई होती हैं बाबा...?”
या बस उनके सपने पराए कर दिए जाते हैं...”

माँ के प्यार

Shravani

माँ के प्यार की कोई कीमत नहीं,
उसकी ममता से बढ़कर कोई दौलत नहीं।
खुद रोकर भी हमें हँसाती है,
हमारी हर तकलीफ़ अपने दिल में छुपाती है।

हम गिरें तो सबसे पहले हाथ बढ़ाती है,
हम हारें तो फिर से लड़ना सिखाती है।
हमारी छोटी-सी खुशी में भी,
माँ अपनी पूरी दुनिया मुस्कुराती है।

हम कितने भी दूर चले जाएँ,
माँ की दुआँ साथ चलती हैं।
रास्ते चाहे कितने मुश्किल हों,
उसकी बातें हिम्मत देती हैं।

बचपन से लेकर आज तक,
माँ ने हमें कभी अकेला नहीं छोड़ा।
हमने भले उसकी कदर देर से समझी,
पर उसने हमारा हाथ कभी नहीं छोड़ा।

माँ सिर्फ़ एक रिश्ता नहीं,
मेरी जिंदगी की सबसे खूबसूरत वजह है।
उसके कदमों में मेरा सारा संसार है,
क्योंकि माँ ही मेरी सबसे बड़ी ताकत है। ❤️

संस्कृति और सभ्यता

सुमी जैन पुस्तक एवं साहित्य के प्रति गहरी रुचि रखने वाली कवयित्री हैं। उनकी कविताएँ प्रेम, रिश्तों, जीवन के अनुभवों और सपनों की सहज अभिव्यक्ति हैं। लेखन उनके लिए भावनाओं को शब्द देने और मन की बात पाठकों तक पहुँचाने का माध्यम है।

Sumi Jain sanyami

कहते हैं वेशभूषा बोली वाणी रंग बदल सकता है लोगो का
पर दिल नहीं बदलता दूसरे देश मे भी जाकर अंदाज़ नहीं बदलता
कुछ अलग सा अंदाज़ है भारतवासियो का
दिल भारत का है और दिमाग कहीं और ही लगाए बैठे है
हम भारतवासी ये बात तो अपने दिल से भुलाये ही बैठे है
अपनी परम्परा और सभ्यता को भुलाते जा रहे है
और इस विदेशी सभ्यता को अपनाते जा रहे है
ढंग ढोर तरीके बदलते से जा रहे है
मेरे देश से संस्कार तो यूँ फिसलते से जा रहे है
मर्यादा मे रहना किसी को पसंद नहीं आता अब
बड़े बुजुर्गों की बातों को कोई समझ नहीं पाता अब
हर कोई बस आगे बढ़ना चाह रहा है
और संस्कृति को तो दुत्कार सा रहा है

हमारी वेशभूषा उनको अब अच्छी नहीं लगती

पुराने रीती रिवाज उनको अब बिलकुल नहीं जचती

दादीमा कि कहानियाँ बच्चों को पसंद नहीं आती

और सिनचेन डोरेमोन देखने को माता पिता से भी लड़ जाते

मुझे लगता है हम धीरे धीरे अपनी

सभ्यता संस्कृति को दबा स रहे हैं

हम अपने भगवन् श्रीकृष्ण द्वारा कहीं

बातों को भुला सा रहे हैं

आजकल कि बेटियों को सूट सलवार

पहनने में लज्जा सी आती है

और जीन्स टॉप पहनकर घर से निकल

जाती हैं

मैं ये नहीं कहती कि वस्त्रों के अनुरूप

हमें रहना चाहिए

लेकिन कम से कम मंदिर मस्जिद में

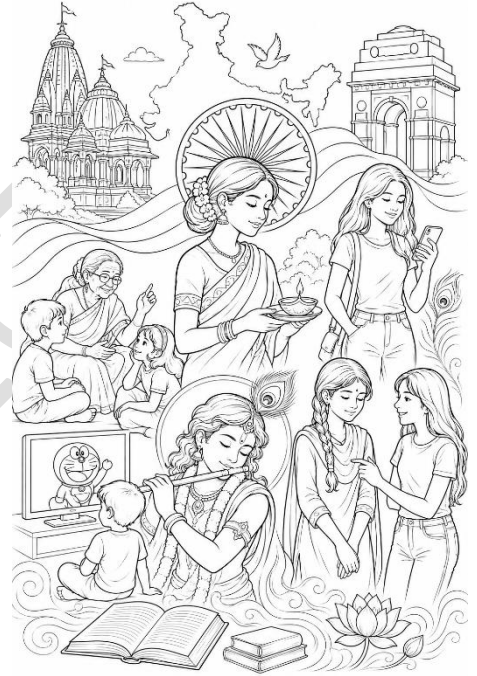
तो सूट सलवार पहनना ही चाहिए

मेरे ख्यालात कुछ पुराने से हैं

क्योंकि मेरे अंदर सभ्यता संस्कार अभी भी कुछ रूहाने से हैं

मेरा मानना है 2023 के जमाने में भी १९०० की सादगी होनी चाहिए

परम्पराओं के मुताबिक हमें अपनी दांस्ता रखनी चाहिए



प्रगति पर अग्रसर बढ़ता चलें हमारा देश
लेकिन संस्कृति सभ्यता अपनी वहीं पुरानी होनी चाहिए
मर्यादा पुरषोत्तम श्री राम की कहानी होनी चाहिये
लोगो का दिल हिन्दुस्तानी होना चाहिये
बोली कोई सी भी हो मगर जुबानी हिंदुस्तानी होनी चाहिए
आँखों मे ये बात हमेशा जाहिर होनी चाहिए
दिमाग भले ही कहीं और हो
लेकिन दिल हमेशा हिंदुस्तानी होना चाहिए

1. मैं भी कंधे पर सर रखकर रोया हूँ कभी,
पता नहीं उसे वो बरसात याद है या नहीं।
2. जिस कंधे को अपना आसमान समझ बैठा था,
उसे मेरा टूटकर बिखर जाना याद है या नहीं।
3. मेरे आँसुओं की खामोशी उसी ने सुनी थी,
अब उसे मेरी वो खामोश सदा याद है या नहीं।
4. वो पल मेरी ज़िंदगी का सबसे सच्चा पल था,
उसे भी वो एक लम्हा याद है या नहीं।
5. मैंने दर्द छिपाया नहीं, उसके कंधे पर रख दिया था,

उसे मेरा वो भरोसा याद है या नहीं।

6. आज भी वही कंधा मेरी यादों में
महफूज़ है,

उसे मेरा काँपता हुआ सर याद है या
नहीं।

7. जिस रात मैं बिखर गया था उसके
सामने,

उसे मेरी आँखों का समंदर याद है या
नहीं।

8. मैंने आँसुओं से इश्क की तहरीर लिख दी थी,

उसे वो भीगा हुआ अफसाना याद है या नहीं।

9. वो समझा था शायद ये पल यूँ ही गुज़र जाएगा,

मुझे आज तक वही मंज़र याद है, उसे है या नहीं।

10. मैं भी कंधे पर सर रखकर रोया था कभी,

अब उसे मेरा होना भी याद है या नहीं।



एक छोटी नज़्म "याद है या नहीं" (तेरी मेरी बार्ते)

sagar gupta

मैं भी कंधे पर सर रखकर रोया हूँ,
इतना रोया कि अल्फ़ाज़ भी भीग गए थे।
वो चुप था,
मैं भी चुप था,
मगर हमारी ख़ामोशियाँ
एक-दूसरे से बहुत कुछ कह रही थीं।
आज बरसों बाद सोचता हूँ,
क्या उसे वो शाम याद है?
क्या उसे मेरे काँपते हुए हाथ याद हैं?
क्या उसे मेरी भीगी हुई पलकों का वज़न याद है?
या फिर...
वक़्त ने सब कुछ मिटा दिया,
सिवाय मेरे।
मैं आज भी वही मंज़र जी लेता हूँ,
जब भी किसी का कंधा दिखता है।



बस एक सवाल अब भी बाकी है—

मैं भी कंधे पर सर रखकर रोया हूँ,

पता नहीं उसे ये याद है या नहीं।

CORRECTION

OTHER

ତୁମେ ଥିଲେ...

I am Subhakanta Behera, an undergraduate student at Ravenshaw University. I write poems in Odia, expressing my thoughts, emotions, and experiences through the power of words.

Subha Kanta Behera

ତୁମେ ଥିଲେ ଲାଗେ ଯେମିତି,
ନିରବ ରାତି ବି ବୀଣା ବଜାଏ,
ଶୁଖିଲା ମରୁଭୂମି ଛାତିରେ,
ଅଜଣା ବସନ୍ତ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟାଏ।

ତୁମ ହସର ଗୋଟିଏ କିରଣ,
ଅନ୍ଧାର ମନରେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଣେ,
ତୁମ ଗୋଟିଏ ମଧୁର ଡାକ,
ହଜିଥୁବା ମୋତେ ମୋ ସହ ମିଶାଏ।

ମୁଁ ତାହେଁନି ରାଜମୁକୁଟ,
ନା ତାହେଁ ସୁନାର ମହଲ,
ମୋ ହୃଦୟର ଛୋଟ ମନ୍ଦିରେ,
ତୁମ ସ୍ମୃତି ହେଉ ଚିର ଦୀପଦ୍ଵୀ।

ତୁମ ପାଇଁ ଲେଖୁନି କେବଳ,
କାରଜରେ କିଛି ଶବ୍ଦର ଧାରା,
ତୁମେ ତ ଲେଖା ହୋଇଛ ମୋ ଭିତରେ,
ମୋ ଆତ୍ମାର ଅଲିଭା ଅକ୍ଷର ପରା।

କେବେ ଯଦି ସମୟର ଝଡ଼ରେ,
ଆମ ପଥ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଦୁଇ ଦିଗ,
ମୋ ଆଖିର ଲୁହ ନୁହେଁ ଚାହିବ,
ମୋ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନାରେ ରହିବ ତୁମ ହସର ରଙ୍ଗ।

ତୁମେ ଜାଣିବ ନାହିଁ ପ୍ରିୟା,
କେତେ ରାତି ତୁମ ନାମରେ ଜଳିଛି,
ନିଦ୍ରା ଆସିଛି ଆଖି ପାଖକୁ,
କିନ୍ତୁ ମନ ତୁମ ଦୁଆରେ ରହିଛି।

ତୁମକୁ ପାଇବା ଯଦି ଭାଗ୍ୟରେ ନାହିଁ,
ତଥାପି ଭଲ ପାଇବା ମୋ ଅଧିକାର,
କାରଣ କିଛି ସମ୍ପର୍କ ମିଳନ ପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ,
ସେମାନେ ଜୀବନ ଶିଖାନ୍ତି ଅପାର।

ତୁମେ ସେଇ ଅସମାପ୍ତ କବିତା,
ଯାହାର ଶେଷ ପୃଷ୍ଠା ନାହିଁ,
ଯାହାକୁ ଭୁଲିବାକୁ ଚାହିଲେ ବି,
ହୃଦୟ କେବେ ଅନୁମତି ଦିଏ ନାହିଁ।

ସମୟ ବଦଳିବ, ରତ୍ନ ବଦଳିବ,
ହୁଏତ ଦୂରେ ଯିବ ଏ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରା,
କିନ୍ତୁ ମୋ ଶେଷ ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ରହିବ,
ତୁମ ନାମର ଗୋଟିଏ ନୀରବ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା।

تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے ۔

Urooj Fatima

تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے
زندگی کا ستم کیا دیکھا ہے
تم نے پیار دیکھا ہے
موسم بہار دیکھا ہے
تم نے اہم ہونے کا وہم کہا دیکھا ہے
تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے
میں نے تنہائیوں کی باتیں دیکھی ہے
ٹوہتی ہوئی کشتی دیکھی ہے
تم نے وہ عالم کہا دیکھا ہے
تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے
میں نے خزاں کے سوکھے پتے دیکھے ہیں
آنکھوں میں دیے جلتے دیکھے ہیں
تم نے وہ موسم کہاں دیکھا ہے
تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے
میں نے تم میں خود کو دیکھا ہے
تم نے ہم میں ہم کہاں دیکھا ہے
تم نے یار غم کہاں دیکھا ہے



అమ్మకు రాయని ఉత్తరం

Munnangi Srinivas

అమ్మా,

ఈ ఉత్తరం నీ చేతికి అందదని తెలుసు. అందినా, నువ్వు చదువుతూ మధ్యలోనే చీర కొంగుతో కళ్ళు తుడుచుకుంటావని తెలుసు. అందుకే ఇన్నేళ్లు రాయలేదు. నీ కన్నీరు చూడలేని పిరికివాడిని నేను.

రాత్రి 2 గంటలకు మెలకువ వచ్చింది. మా పాప జ్వరంతో కాలిపోతోంది. తడి గుడ్డతో నుదురు తుడుస్తూ కూర్చున్నాను. సరిగ్గా అప్పుడే గుర్తొచ్చావు. 40 ఏళ్ల క్రితం ఇలాగే నువ్వు నా తల దగ్గర కూర్చున్నదానివి. కరెంట్ పోయిన చీకట్లో, లాంతరు వెలుగులో నీ మొహం. నిద్రపోకుండా నా వేడి చూస్తూ, “దేవుడా, నా బాబుకి ఏం కాకూడదు” అని మొక్కుకున్నదానివి. తెల్లారి నేను లేచి ఆడుకునేందుకు పరిగెత్తేవాడిని. ఒక్కసారి కూడా “రాత్రి నువ్వు పడుకున్నావా అమ్మా?” అని అడగలేదు. ఇవాళ అడగాలని ఉంది. కానీ నువ్వు “అమ్మలకు నిద్ర ఎందుకు నాన్నా?” అనే సమాధానమే చెప్తావు. ఆ సమాధానానికే నా గుండె బరువెక్కుతుంది.

గుర్తుందా, నాకు 10 ఏళ్ళప్పుడు సంక్రాంతి పండుగకి కొత్త బట్టలు కొనడానికి డబ్బులు చాలలేదు. నువ్వు నాన్నకు తెలియకుండా నీ పెళ్లి పట్టుచీర అమ్మేశావు. ఆ చీరలోనే నా అక్షరాభ్యాసం జరిగింది అని నువ్వు దాచుకున్నావు. నేను మాత్రం కొత్త షర్ట్ వేసుకుని గాలిపటం ఎగరేస్తూ, “మా అమ్మ సూపర్” అని అరిచాను. సూపర్ అనే మాట సరిపోదమ్మా. నువ్వు నీ జ్ఞాపకాలను అమ్మి నా

సంతోషాన్ని కొన్నావు. నేను ఆ ఋణం గురించి ఆలోచించలేదు. ఎందుకంటే పిల్లలకు తల్లి త్యాగం కనిపించదు, తీరా తాము తల్లిదండ్రులు అయ్యాకే కనిపిస్తుంది.

నేను ఉద్యోగం కోసం హైదరాబాద్ వచ్చే రోజు నువ్వు వంట చేయలేదు. “ఆకలి లేదు” అన్నావు. బస్ ఎక్కించడానికి స్టేషన్ దాకా వచ్చావు. బస్ కదిలాక చేయి ఊపుతూనే ఉన్నావు. నేను కిటికీలోంచి తల బయట పెట్టలేదు. “సిగ్గు” అనుకున్నాను. బస్ మలుపు తిరిగాక సీట్లో కూలబడి ఏడ్చాను. అప్పుడు తెలిసింది, మగపిల్లలు ఏడిస్తే ఎవరికీ కనిపించకూడదని. అమ్మకి మాత్రం కనిపించాలి. కానీ నేను నీకు ఆ అవకాశం ఇవ్వలేదు.

పెళ్లయ్యాక నువ్వు ఒంటరిదానివి అయ్యావు. ఫోన్ చేస్తే “అన్నం తిన్నావా?” అని మాత్రమే అడిగేవాడిని. “నీ మోకాళ్ళ నొప్పులు ఎలా ఉన్నాయి?” అని అడగాలని ఉండేది, కానీ అడిగితే నువ్వు చెప్పే బాధపడతావని భయం. నా భయం నీకు శిక్ష అయ్యింది. నొప్పిని దాచుకుంటూ, “బాగున్నాను” అనే అబద్ధం నువ్వు నేర్చుకున్నావు. నా నుంచే నేర్చుకున్నావు.



మొన్న మా అమ్మాయి నన్ను అడిగింది, “తాతయ్య ఫోటో ఎందుకు లేదు నాన్నా?” అని. నాన్న పోయినప్పుడు నేను అమెరికాలో ఉన్నాను.

రాలేకపోయాను. నువ్వు ఫోన్లో “వద్దులే నాన్నా, ఖర్చు అవుతుంది, నువ్వు క్షేమంగా ఉండు” అన్నావు. శవం ముందు కొడుకు లేకపోతే తల్లి గుండె ఎంత ఏడుస్తుందో నాకు తెలియదు. తెలిసినా పట్టించుకోలేదు.

ఇప్పుడు నాన్న ఫోటోకి దండం పెడుతూ నీ కళ్ళలోకి చూస్తాను. ఆ కళ్ళలో 20 ఏళ్ళ ఒంటరితనం ఉంది. నేను ఇచ్చిన బహుమతి అది.

అమ్మా, నీకు ఒక నిజం చెప్పనా? నాకు దేవుడంటే నమ్మకం లేదు. కానీ కష్టం వస్తే “అమ్మా” అని అరుస్తాను. దేవుడి పేరు రాదు. ఎందుకంటే ఆపదలో ఆడుకునేది నువ్వేనని నా రక్తానికి తెలుసు. నువ్వు లేని గుడి, గుడ్డే కాదు.

ఈ ఉత్తరం చివరి మాటలు రాస్తున్నాను. చేతులు వణుకుతున్నాయి. నీకు ఇవాల్సిన ముద్దులు, చెప్పాల్సిన క్షమాపణలు, తీర్మాల్సిన రుణాలు చాలా ఉన్నాయి. ఈ జన్మకు సరిపోవు. వచ్చే జన్మలోనైనా నీ కడుపున పుట్టాలని ఉంది. అప్పుడు నీకు కొడుకుగా కాదు, నీకు అమ్మలా ఉండి సేవ చేయాలని ఉంది. నువ్వు నిద్రపోతుంటే నేను మేల్కొని ఉండాలని ఉంది.

ఈ ఉత్తరం చదివే ప్రతి కొడుకు, ప్రతి కూతురు ఒక్కసారి ఫోన్ తీసి “అమ్మా” అని పిలవండి. “ఏరా కన్నా” అనే పిలుపులో ఉన్న ప్రేమ ప్రపంచంలో ఏ మందుకూ లేదు. ఆ పిలుపు కోసం ఆమె 24 గంటలూ ఎదురుచూస్తూ ఉంటుంది. మనం బిజీ అని చెప్పుకుంటాం. చనిపోయాక మోసే బరువు కంటే, బతికుండగా ఇచ్చే ముద్దు గొప్పది.

అమ్మా, రేపు ఉదయం 6 గంటల బస్ కి బయలుదేరుతున్నాను. వాకిలి ఊడ్చుకు. నీ మోకాళ్ళు నొప్పిడతాయి. నేనే వచ్చి ఉడుస్తాను. నీ చీరకు ఉన్న కుట్లు నేనే

వేస్తాను. 65 ఏళ్ళ వయసులో నీకు కొడుకుగా కాదు, నీకు సేవకుడిగా రావాలని ఉంది.

ఒక్కసారి నా తల నిమిరి “నా బంగారు కొండ” అని పిలవమ్మా. ఆ పిలుపు విని ఎన్నేళ్ళయిందో.

నీ పాదాల దగ్గర ఏడుస్తున్న,

నీ వాడు.

ఇది కేవలం లేఖ కాదు. ఇది ఒక కొడుకు పశ్చాత్తాపం. మీకు అమ్మ ఉంటే, ఈ క్షణమే ఫోన్ చేయండి. “అమ్మా, నిన్ను ప్రేమిస్తున్నాను” అని చెప్పండి. రేపటి వరకు ఆగొద్దు. రేపు అనేది అమ్మలకు ఉండకపోవచ్చు.

"ଅର୍କକ୍ଷେତ୍ର"

I am Subhakanta Behera, a student at Ravenshaw University, Odisha.
I write poems and stories, expressing my thoughts, emotions, through words.

Subha Kanta Behera

କୋଣାର୍କ ସେ ସରଗର ଛିଡ଼ା ପାରିଜାତତେ,
ଶାମୁକା ଉଦରେ ସିଏ ସୁକୁମାର ମୋତିତେ।
ମୁଣି ଗଢ଼ି ପ୍ରାଣ ଦେଲେ ମହା କାରିଗର,
ପଥରରେ ଲେଖିଗଲେ କଳାର ଅମର ସ୍ବର।
ତକ୍ର ତକ୍ରରେ ଲୁଚିଛି ସମୟର କାହାଣୀ,
ଶିଳାରେ ଫୁଟିଉଠେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ବଳ ଐଶ୍ବର୍ଯ୍ୟର ବାଣୀ।
ଆଜି ସିନା ଦୁନିଆରେ ସେ ମୂକ ମନ୍ଦିର,
ଚିହ୍ନାର କରୁଛି ଆଜିବି ତା ଅନ୍ତର।
ମୁଁ ଆଜି ମୃତ ନୁହେଁ,
ମୁଁ ଉପକର ଶରଣ୍ୟାରେ ସୁପ୍ତ ହୋଇ,
ଶୋଇଥିବା ପିତାମହ ଭାଷ୍ପ।
ମତେ ସାଗରର ଢେଉ ଟାଳି ପାରିଲାନି,
ମତେ ଇଂରେଜର ତୋପ ମାରିପାରିଲାନି,
ମତେ ମୋଗଲର ସେନା ନୁଆଇଁ ପାରିଲାନି,
ମତେ ମରାଠାର ବାଣୀ ଡରାଇ ପାରିଲାନି।
ମୁଁ ଦେଖୁଛି ସିବେଇର ପଣ,
ମୁଁ ଦେଖୁଛି ଧରମାର ପ୍ରାଣ ଆଉ,
ବାରଣସ ବଢ଼େଇର ଜୀବନ୍ତ ନିହାଣ।
ଦେଖୁଛି ମୁଁ କପିଳେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଦେବ ଗଜପତି ବୀର,
ଖଣ୍ଡାର ବଳରେ ତା ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟ ବିସ୍ତାର।
ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ବଳ ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖର ମୁଁ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଅଛି,

ହେଲେ ପଢ଼ୁର କାନ୍ଦ ଦେଖୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ ବି,
କଣ ଚାନ୍ଦ କେବେ ତଳକୁ ନଇଁ ପାରିଛି?
ସମୟର ଚକ୍ର ମୋ ମସ୍ତକକୁ ଯୁଷ୍ଟ କରିଛି,
ହେଲେ ମୋର ହୃଦୟର ପ୍ରତିଟି ସ୍ବଦନ,
ଆଜିବି ଉତ୍କଳର ଗୁଣ ଗାଉଛି।

CORRECTION