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“Ras Malai”

Marwa.R.F

I pass by a shop of ras malai,
The sweet fragrance pulling me
towards it.
In the lingering aroma, I remember someone.
He was part of our family
once,
An essential component,
A necessary pillar.
Now swallowed by a pit of shadows.

Despite his tough appearance, his kindness and love
showed in small actions.
On his way back home, he would
bring something for us.
Something sweet.
At times, he would laugh and say
eating ‘meetha’ after a ‘namkeen dish’
makes a perfect meal.
He brought ras malai for us often.
We would sit together and eat



Ras malai.

I still remember its taste,
The sweet taste of thickened milk
And soft cheese balls in it,
Which my mother would call 'pairay'.

Now standing in a shop of 'ras malai',
A bittersweet taste in my mouth
Which I don't know is brought by
The sweet aroma of ras malai or
The memory of him.

A dream

Marwa.R.F

I saw my mother
Somewhere between heaven
And earth
In a garden full of bliss.
She wore a colourful dress
A shade of blue and green
Blue of the skies
And green of lush grass
The beauty of all the garden
Blended in one heavenly flower.
She had the same umber eyes
Glowing like pearls
She looked at me with tenderness
Shadows beneath her eyes
I talked with her for a long time,
laughed, joked playfully
She scolded me the old way
And I laughed the same at that
When the day turned to night,
I told her to pray for me



Like I did always

I wanted to feel the warmth of

her skin

But when I reached out to hold her

hand, She was gone.

CORRECTION

SELF LOVE STARTS WITHIN

Alok Raj

Self-love ki shuruaat bahar se nahi, andar se hoti hai. Jab hum apni value ko sirf attention, praise ya approval se measure karte hain, toh mood bhi doosron ke reactions ke saath badalta rehta hai. Apne aap ko samajhna, mistakes ko accept karna aur growth ke liye khud ko space dena is journey ka first step hain

"Self-Love Starts Within - apne aap ko samajhne aur respect karne ki ek nayi direction."

WHY THIS MATTERS

Is topic ka real impact tab samajh aata hai jab hum ise daily decisions se connect karte hain. Apni daily language notice karo. Jab mind bole, "Mujhse kuch nahi hota," toh use badal kar bolo, "Mujhe is skill mein aur practice chahiye." Jab comparison aaye, apni kal ki progress dekho. Apne liye rest, privacy, healthy boundaries aur learning ka space banao. Self-love ka matlab perfect banna nahi; apne growth process mein khud ko abandon na karna hai. Isliye is chapter ka focus sirf positive line ya motivation par nahi, balki ek aise mindset par hai jise ordinary days mein bhi practice kiya ja sake. Self-respect aur self-love dono ka ek common point hai: tum apni life ko seriously lena start karte ho. Iska matlab har situation ko perfect banana nahi. Kabhi tumhe "no" kehna hoga, kabhi apology deni hogi, kabhi rest lena hoga aur kabhi ek difficult truth accept karna hoga. Healthy growth ka matlab hai situation ko honestly dekhna aur next useful step choose karna.

A REAL-LIFE MOMENT

Hum aksar apne friends ki mistakes ko maaf kar dete hain, lekin apni ek mistake ko lekar bahut harsh ho jaate hain. Socho, agar tumhara dost exam



mein expected marks na la paaye, toh tum use failure nahi kahoge. Tum kahoge ki result ek lesson hai aur next attempt mein better preparation ki ja sakti hai. Wahi kindness khud ko dena self-love ka practical form hai. Is situation se ek important lesson milta hai: Apni daily language notice karo. Jab hum problem ko label bana dete hain, options chhote lagne lagte hain. Jab hum problem ko situation samajhte hain, action possible hota hai. Isi difference ko notice karna self-growth ka powerful step hai.

TRY THIS IN REAL LIFE

Agli baar jab self-love starts within se related koi difficult moment aaye, turant final judgement mat do. Pehle pause karo aur teen questions poochho: "Main abhi kya feel kar raha/rahi hoon?", "Is situation mein mere control mein kya hai?", aur "Mera next respectful step kya ho sakta hai?"

SMALL ACTIONS

- Situation ko facts aur assumptions mein separate karo.
- Apni boundary, need ya goal ko ek simple sentence mein define karo.
- Ek small action choose karo jo tum aaj kar sakte ho.
- Result perfect na ho toh plan ko adjust karo, khud ko insult nahi.

"Growth ka matlab har baar strong feel karna nahi; kabhi-kabhi difficult moment mein bhi healthy choice karna hai."

KEY TAKEAWAYS

- Apni worth ko approval se alag rakho.
- Mistake ko identity mat banao.
- Khud se respectful language mein baat karo.
- Growth ko self-hate nahi, patience support karta hai.

REFLECTION

- Main is topic ko apni current life mein kahan notice karta/karti hoon?
- Meri sabse common unhelpful thought kya hoti hai?
- Main us thought ko more balanced sentence mein kaise badal sakta/sakti hoon?

Aaj main ek kaunsa small step le sakta/sakti hoon?

MY PROMISE TO MYSELF

Main apne aap ko samajhne ki koshish karunga/karungi. Main self-love starts within ke moments mein apni dignity, learning aur wellbeing ko importance dunga/dungi. Main perfect hone ka wait nahi karunga/karungi; main small, honest steps leta/leti rahunga/rahungi.

CLOSING THOUGHT

Self-Love Starts Within ka real meaning ek sentence mein capture nahi ho sakta. Ye daily choices ka part hai. Jab tum apni feelings ko sunte ho, apni boundaries ko respect karte ho aur mistakes ke baad bhi growth choose karte ho, tab tum apne saath ek healthier relationship build karte ho. Aaj ka goal perfect change nahi-sirf ek better choice hai.

"Choose yourself-not above everyone, but without abandoning yourself."

SELF WORTH MATTERS TOO

Alok Raj

Self Worth Matters Too

Self-worth ka matlab hai apni value ko samajhna, chahe situation tumhare favour mein ho ya nahi. Marks, money, looks, followers, popularity ya ek relationship tumhari poori identity nahi hain. Ye sab life ke parts ho sakte hain, lekin tumhari human value ka complete measurement nahi.

"Self-Worth Matters Too - apne aap ko samajhne aur respect karne ki ek nayi direction."

WHY THIS MATTERS

Is topic ka real impact tab samajh aata hai jab hum ise daily decisions se connect karte hain. Self-worth build karne ke liye apni qualities ki list banao jo result se independent hain-honesty, effort, kindness, learning, responsibility ya courage. Feedback ko use karo, lekin usse apni identity ka final verdict mat banao. Apne standards ko realistic rakho aur apni progress ko notice karo. Jab tum apni value ko stable rakhte ho, improvement bhi healthier ho jaati hai. Isiye is chapter ka focus sirf positive line ya motivation par nahi, balki ek aise mindset par hai jise ordinary days mein bhi practice kiya ja sake. Self-respect aur self-love dono ka ek common point hai: tum apni life ko seriously lena start karte ho. Iska matlab har situation ko perfect banana nahi. Kabhi tumhe "no" kehna hoga, kabhi apology deni hogi, kabhi rest lena hoga aur kabhi ek difficult truth accept karna hoga. Healthy growth ka matlab hai situation ko honestly dekhna aur next useful step choose karna.



A REAL-LIFE MOMENT

Kabhi kisi achievement ke baad confidence bahut high hota hai aur kisi failure ke baad suddenly low. Iska reason hota hai ki hum performance ko identity bana lete hain. Ek student test mein low score kar sakta hai aur phir bhi hardworking, curious aur capable ho sakta hai. Ek person ko rejection

mil sakta hai aur phir bhi woh respect aur healthy relations hips deserve karta hai. Is situation se ek important lesson milta hai: Self-worth build karne ke liye apni qualities ki list banao jo result se independent hain-honesty, effort, kindness, learning, responsibility ya courage. Jab hum problem ko label bana dete hain, options chhote lagne lagte hain. Jab hum problem ko situation samajhte hain, action possible hota hai. Isi difference ko notice karna self-growth ka powerful step hai.

TRY THIS IN REAL LIFE .

Agli baar jab self-worth matters too se related koi difficult moment aaye, turant final judgement mat do. Pehle pause karo aur teen questions poochho: "Main abhi kya feel kar raha/rahi hoon?", "Is situation mein mere control mein kya hai?", aur "Mera next respectful step kya ho sakta hai?"

SMALL ACTIONS.

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- Result perfect na ho toh plan ko adjust karo, khud ko insult nahi.

"Growth ka matlab har baar strong feel karna nahi; kabhi-kabhi difficult moment mein bhi healthy choice karna hai."

KEY TAKEAWAYS

- Performance aur worth alag cheezein hain.
- Feedback ko learning ke liye use karo.
- Apni strengths ko consciously notice karo.
- Rejection tumhari complete identity nahi hai.

REFLECTION

- Main is topic ko apni current life mein kahan notice karta/karti hoon?
- Meri sabse common unhelpful thought kya hoti hai?
- Main us thought ko more balanced sentence mein kaise badal sakta/sakti hoon?

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Main apne aap ko samajhne ki koshish karunga/karungi. Main self-worth matters too ke moments mein apni dignity, learning aur wellbeing ko importance dunga/dungi. Main perfect hone ka wait nahi karunga/karungi; main small, honest steps leta/leti rahunga/rahungi.

CLOSING THOUGHT

Self-Worth Matters Too ka real meaning ek sentence mein capture nahi ho sakta. Ye daily choices ka part hai. Jab tum apni feelings ko sunte ho, apni boundaries ko respect karte ho aur mistakes ke baad bhi growth choose karte ho, tab tum apne saath ek healthier relationship build karte ho. Aaj ka goal perfect change nahi-sirf ek better choice hai.

"Choose yourself-not above everyone, but without abandoning yourself."

The Red Balloon

I am a champion of the National Storytelling Competition for 2025-26 held in India by The Hindu. I am known for my emotional and gripping short stories. I wrote this story because history is something we take lightly. We don't tend to realize the deeper meaning, I wish to open to my readers not only the dates and the timeline of history but the feelings behind it too.

Dhara Bharanitharan

“Mom, Mom! Buy me that balloon. I want to show it off to my cousin’s brother!” I begged my mother for the red balloon dancing on the seller’s hand. It was the Baisakhi fair, and my family and I were going to visit my relatives at Jallianwala Bagh Garden.

“Stop whining, and don’t let go of my hand. I don’t have enough money to send you to school, and here you are asking me for a balloon,” my mother snapped at me.

My mother lifted me up and rushed through the crowd towards the garden. It was a narrow entrance, so not many people could enter at once. It was bustling with different colours and vibrant shades of people. I kept my eyes wide open, scared that I would miss something. My mother was scanning the crowd, and I realized she was looking for my relatives. At last, we found them. They were huddled in a corner, opening boxes of delicious sweets.

My mother and I rushed towards them, and they were pleased to see us. We exchanged greetings, and the place was filled with dresses of all types and sweets of all kinds. I turned around to face my brother, who, to my delight, had gotten me a balloon—the very balloon I had wished for. I was overjoyed.

I lay down on my brother’s lap because I was exhausted. In one corner, I saw people protesting, though I had no idea what they were protesting about. Suddenly, I heard some commotion, and my mother’s eyes filled with rising tension. Something was wrong; I could feel it.

Then I heard it—screams tearing through the air. There were hundreds of them, all coming from people facing us. Huge black machines had blocked the only entrance. Among them, I could see people like me holding guns... my people holding guns and facing their own people. One person among them was different, and he stood in the middle. He was white, certainly not one of my people. He had a smile on his face—an evil one.

My mother carried me in her arms, running towards the end of the garden. My brother was yelling at us all to climb into the one and only well. We rushed towards the well; everyone was jumping into it. My mother could not gather the strength to climb in. That was when I began to hear the shooting.

The Indians were shooting other Indians. My mother huddled in a corner. The balloon I had wished for was flying into the air, red splattered across it. Blood.

I spotted my brother. He had been shot.

My mother was clutching me tightly. I knew we were all going to meet the same fate. And so we did.

They did not have any mercy on us. They did not look at us, not even once, as their own children. They had no guilt.

But one thing I was sure of...

my people would, for sure, make them regret it.

Problematic distance

Lathrima Suvi

Differences that spoke apart,
Silences that clashed.

Miles of miseries,
Miles of mysteries.

Many wandering paths,
Many wondering away.

Spaces of the truth,
Gap that left words.

Words remain unspoken,
Boundaries set far apart.

Love remained a question,
And so was peace.

Distance was never the problem,
The problem was—

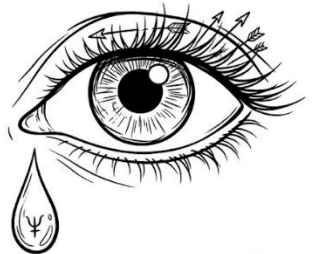
The distance that questioned,
Questioned the character.



Silence within the eyes

Numariq lone

The eyes that got the showering blink
From the bright spark within the shiny ink
And the crystal paths that had the stories untold
Yet got the silence shouted with the voice cold
The people got the pure stare of the stars
And had to talk within the lashes for wars
Sometimes the thoughts felled within the drop
That got captured under the hope to stop
And the talks one could gather from the walks
Got replaced from the sparkling eyes resembling hawks
Those eyes that once got punished for the goals
Yet rolled them away and the smile bought within the soul
And the chanting glare from the stare
Should have been kept under the cage for care
Then got told that the lies walked within the eyes
But never knewed the truth was brutally nice



A Monsoon Window

Tannu Kumari

The window glows with rain-lit grace,
A silver dream on glassy face.
Soft drops dance down in shining lines,
Like pearls unthreaded from the pines.

The sky bends low in misty blue,
And whispers drift across the view.
The trees sawy gently, dark and green,
In nature's quiet, wind-swept scene.

A distant thunder, deep and sweet,
keeps time with rain on the hurried street.
And through the pane, so still and bright,
The world feels wrapped in damp of light.

Inside, I sit in calm delight,
While monsoon sings through day to night.
The window frames a world anew,
A living poem made of dew.



The Question's Light

Tannu Kumari

Questions arise like dawn on ancient hills,
Softly revealing what night concealed.
They are the steady lamps of the wind,
burning where silence once reigned.

Some questions move like noble rivers,
Calm in form, yet deep in power.
They lead the soul through shadowed paths,
Towards fields of thought and light.

A question is a doorway to wisdom,
a gentle hand upon the veil of truth.
And in the noble imagination of questions,
the spirit learns to seek, so to grow.



Chalo Ek Kahani Sunata Hu Tumhe

Gokul Pandey is a young poet and writer from Jammu, India. His writing explores love, heartbreak, emotions, and the untold stories of the heart. Through raw and heartfelt poetry, he turns personal feelings into words that readers can relate to.

GOKUL PANDEY

Chalo Ek Kahani Sunata Hu Tumhe

Chalo Ek Kahani Sunata Hu Tumhe

Mere Haatho Bacha Nahi kuch Ab

Yeh Rishte Yeh Aansoo Yeh Mai

Sab Barbaad Kar Gaya hun

Mujhe Tadap Hai Yeh Pyaar Ki

Na Maangu Fhir Bhi Mil Jaaye

Mai Juth Bolu Meri Saanse Chle Jaaye

Mai Khawish Rakhu Mera Khuda Rooth Jaaye

Mai Dil Rakhu Mera Dil Toot Jaaye

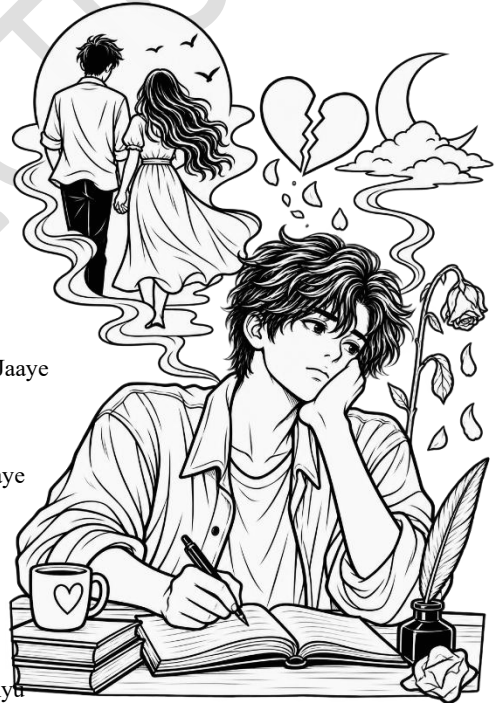
Mai pass ana chahu Mere Kadam Ruk Jaaye

Kismat Ya Taqdeer Mai Chunu Kise?

Yeh Dil Ki Baatien Mai Kahu Kise?

Mai Khush Rhna Chahu Par udaas Hun Kyu

Mere Dil Mein Baatien Kayi Mai Kahu Kise



Chalo Ek Kahani Sunata Hun Tumhe

Chalo Ek kahani Sunata Hun Tumhe

Jinhe Tum Kehte Ho Apne

Voh Tumhare Apne Nahi Hai

Mujhe Maalum Tera Dil Naadan

Tumhe Samjh Nahi Hai

Ab Mai Keh Diya Sab

Mujhe Bacha Sabar Nahi Hai

Mai Baat Karna Chahu

Par Mujhe Akal Nahi Hai

Mai Umeed Rakhu Sabse

Par Mera Koi Nahi Hai

Mai Tumhare Sath Rehna Chahu

Par Tu Khush He Nahi Hai

Chalo Ek Kahani Sunata Hun Tumhe

Chalo Ek kahani Sunata Hun Tumhe

RULE OF EQUALITY

I am a champion of the National Storytelling Competition which was held in India by The Hindu. I am known for my emotional and contemplating poems. I have won a wide range of awards for public speaking, essay writing and story telling. I am proud of what I've become and I cant wait to see how much I will grow.

Dhara Bharanitharan

I held my hand out to measure the palace in front of me
And brought it to measure the size of my five rupee note
that I had earned from a day's begging
The five rupee note although bigger—
was not enough to buy even a slice bread
I walked past another beggar like me —
Except he has no legs, perhaps my life is not that bad
I stare through the window of a diamond shop
A girl sits irritated with parents, aunts, uncles...
All hovering over her
pleasing her with
different designs
I sigh... why doesn't
god give stuff like that to
people like me,
I would have certainly
been pleased with the
first design they showed
me
No —



All the delights must be within the rich and all the pain must be within the poor

How many have fought for us poor?

How many promised change?

But perhaps some rules are easier to write

Than to live by

Even the simplest rule –

EQUALITY.

CORRECTION

"Love's Rhythmic Rhapsody"

kakali Bhowmik belongs to Tripura, Agartala, a govt employee and a creative writer. She won Pensmith -26 selection and many of her writings including poem, articles, stories, fiction have been published local, national and international magazine, newspaper and anthologies.

Kakali Bhowmik

A burst of sunlight applauds
as a bud blooms, weaving love's lore.
Birds chirp in rhythmic ululation through the boughs,
while your touch sparks
and holds the petals of my emotions.
I wondered and stood still as you just approached and proposed—"I love
thee."
Blue Sapphire Azure, seemingly a witness,
blesses us by painting a canvas of blue roses.
My eyelids cradle a supple, blushing eyeliner,
an evergreen pinkish spring nestled in the cascade of my smile.
An axis of the cosmos ignites my heart;
for a second, I still wonder as I think.



The Voice of Silence

Saugat Gelal is an M.Phil. Scholar, educator, and aspiring writer with more than a decade of experience in academia. He is a passionate literature lover who likes to explore the essence of words, read books, write poems, and teach literature to the new generation.

Saugat Gelal

Sometimes,

Silence...calmly tells me all those words,
I was not able to comprehend myself,
it talks, it questions, it persuades me to think, and it even makes me cry.

Sometimes,

Silence questions me, "Why are you angry with your own self?"
"Everything is wispy, but why are you so sad?
Your voice has such pain,
your forehead has a lot of wrinkles,
your mind is full of worries about your future,
there is no comic talk with your friends, there is no often meeting with them,
there is no desire, there is no guts,
though the dreams are fulfilled, there is no tranquility",

Sometimes, silence utters all these to me and asks, "Why are you being angry with your own self?"

Sometimes,

Silence asks me, "Why don't you interrogate anything to yourself?"
"Why don't you have any solutions to your deadlocks? If not solved, then why don't you have any complications?
Why don't you care about your dreams and the truths?
Though you can see the destination, why don't you have the way to reach there?
Why don't you realize your ability? Why don't you have a drop of trust in

yourself?"

Sometimes, silence asks me, "Why don't you ask all these to yourself?"

Then sometimes silence scolds me: "Why don't you understand everything yourself?"

Sometimes, it says, "...there is darkness even in the light, you have to wait for a while to get what you want, there are hundreds of questions with not a single answer, sometimes, there won't be even a question, you don't care about the broken relation, for you don't realize your mistakes, you don't identify yourself for it's not easy to find the self..."

Sometimes,

Silence teaches me,
I don't have control over everything; as a last resort, everybody will not be with me at all times,
I want to, but there will be no talks.

Conversely,

Sometimes,
Silence tells me, "There is no gap between dream and truth,
I won't have any incomplete story, the pace of dreams will accelerate, the happiness will have no boundaries, there will be no fear with the upcoming future,
and I will do everything right."

Silence tells me all these things that I was unable to make myself understood.



Artificial intelligence : Boon or Bane

Momina

Artificial Intelligence, commonly known as AI, is one of the greatest developments of modern technology. It enables machines and computer systems to perform tasks that normally require human intelligence, such as learning, solving problems, understanding language, and recognizing images. AI has many benefits in our daily lives. It helps doctors detect diseases, supports students in learning, assists people with disabilities, improves transportation, and makes many tasks faster and easier. However, AI can also have negative effects if it is misused. It may reduce some job opportunities, spread false information, invade privacy, and make people overly dependent on technology. Therefore, AI can be both a boon and a bane. The real challenge is to use it responsibly and wisely so that it benefits humanity without causing unnecessary harm.

"Love's Rhythmic Rhapsody"

Smt Kakali Bhowmik belongs to Agartala, Tripura, India is a state govt employee and a creative writer. She won Pensmith Award -26 amidst 100 esteemed personnel, many of her writings including poems, stories, fiction, quotes have been published by local, national and International magazine, platforms, newspaper, anthologies.

Kakali Bhowmik

A burst of sunlight applauds
as a bud blooms, weaving love's lore.
Birds chirp in rhythmic ululation through the boughs,
while your touch sparks
and holds the petals of my emotions.
I wondered and stood still as you just approached and proposed—"I love
thee."
Blue Sapphire Azure, seemingly a witness,
blesses us by painting a canvas of blue roses.
My eyelids cradle a supple, blushing eyeliner,
an evergreen pinkish spring nestled in the cascade of my smile.
An axis of the cosmos ignites my heart;
for a second, I still wonder as I think.



Silence within the eyes

Numariq lone

The eyes that got the showering blink
From the bright spark within the shiny ink
And the crystal paths that had the stories untold
Yet got the silence shouted with the voice cold
The people got the pure stare of the stars
And had to talk within the lashes for wars
Sometimes the thoughts felled within the drop
That got captured under the hope to stop
And the talks one could gather from the walks
Got replaced from the sparkling eyes resembling hawks
Those eyes that once got punished for the goals
Yet rolled them away and the smile bought within the souls
And the chanting glare from the stare
Should have been kept under the cage for care
Then got told that the lies walked within the eyes
But never knewed the truth was brutally nice



THE GIRL WHO MADE HER OWN PATH

Aiman Naik is a young doctor and emerging writer whose writing draws inspiration from real-life experiences, perseverance, and the quiet struggles behind success. Her work explores hope, self-discovery, ambition, and the human emotions that shape our journeys. With a background in medicine, she observes life through both a scientific and deeply human lens.

Dr Aiman Naik

Curiosity leads us to the doors of our past.

Sometimes we want to know where we came from; sometimes we want to understand how we became the people we are today.

This morning, when I put on my white coat, I did not see only a doctor in the mirror.

I saw a girl.

The same girl who once sat surrounded by piles of books, imagining her future. Her eyes were full of dreams, but the road leading toward those dreams was unclear. She might have looked confident to others, yet somewhere inside her, one question kept breathing:

"Will I really be able to do this?"

Today, one word has become part of my name.

Doctor.

The word is short, but the journey behind it was long.

And perhaps the strangest part is that after reaching the destination, I realized that the real struggle had never been simply about becoming a doctor.

The real struggle had been about not losing myself along the way.

If I could go back several years, I would probably see my old study table.

An ordinary table.

Books, notes, pens, a glass of water, and a girl who drew a new map of her future with every page she studied.

Sometimes she was full of hope.

Sometimes a small mistake was enough to break her confidence.

Sometimes she looked at someone else's success and felt that she was falling far behind.

She did not know then that life was not a race with one finish line for everyone.

She only knew that she had to keep moving.

But she did not yet understand what moving forward really meant.

To her, progress meant good marks, success in every examination, making the right decision every time, and never being afraid.

Life taught her very quickly that it did not work that way.

Some examinations take place outside books.

There is no syllabus for them, no guide, and no sample paper.

In those examinations, you have to learn to read yourself.

I faced many such examinations.

Sometimes time slipped through my hands.

Sometimes I failed to set my priorities correctly.

Sometimes I thought too much and acted too little.

Sometimes I allowed other people's opinions to become my own reality.



Sometimes I gave one small failure so much importance that I forgot all the things I had already achieved.

Some decisions were right. Some were not.

Some people stayed beside me throughout the journey, while others disappeared along the way.

Some dreams changed their shape.

Some wishes quietly faded with time.

But perhaps that is the beauty of life: not everything happens according to our plans.

Sometimes a closed door leads us toward a road where our real destination has been waiting for us.

I still remember the time when I first realized that hard work does not always put everything under our control.

The book was open in front of me, but my mind was scattered.

The examination was approaching.

The clock was moving faster than I wanted.

And fear was slowly filling me from within.

I closed the book and said to myself:

"Maybe I cannot do this."

The sentence was small, but it carried a great weight.

When we lose to others, perhaps we can compete again.

But when we defeat ourselves in our own minds, returning becomes much harder.

For a while, I too considered myself defeated.

Then one day I realized that fear is not reality.

Fear is only a feeling.

And feelings do not always tell the truth.

I opened the book again.

Perhaps that was the day something inside me began to change.

I stopped trying to become perfect and started trying to remain consistent.

It may sound like a small difference.

But it was enough to change my life.

Today, when I stand among patients in a hospital, I remember my student days.

Now my hands do not hold only books.

Sometimes they hold a medical report.

Sometimes a patient's pulse.

Sometimes someone's hope.

Sometimes the worried eyes of a mother.

Sometimes the silent concern of a father.

And then I understand that a white coat is not merely a symbol of achievement.

It is also a responsibility.

The coat taught me another lesson:

Knowledge does not make a person truly great if it is not accompanied by compassion.

I learned the names of diseases from books.

Life taught me how to read human pain.

Sometimes, after a long duty, I stand beside a hospital window.

Outside, the city continues at its own pace.

Cars, lights, people, noise.

And inside me, silence settles.

I wonder:

If I were given permission to return to the past for one day, what would I do?

Would I erase one of my failures?

Would I change a wrong decision?

Would I bring back the days when I did not believe in myself?

After thinking for a long time, my answer is:

No.

I would change nothing.

Because if I erased all my difficulties, perhaps I would also erase the strength those difficulties created inside me.

I would not take back my tears.

I would not erase the nights when I lay awake wondering about my future.

I would not remove my mistakes either.

They were certainly weaknesses, but they gave me understanding.

If I could truly stand before my younger self, perhaps she would not even recognize me.

I would sit beside her.

She might ask:

"Who are you?"

I would smile and say:

"I am your future."

She would look at me in disbelief.

"Will I really become a doctor?"

Perhaps I would not answer immediately.

I would hold her hand and say:

"Yes, but the road will be harder than you imagine."

She would become frightened.

"Will I fail?"

"Many times."

"Will I cry?"

"Yes."

"Will I ever feel that I cannot do it?"

"Many times."

She would become silent.

Then perhaps she would ask one final question:

"Then how will I become a doctor?"

I would smile and say:

"Because every time you fell, you chose to stand again."

Today, I have confidence.

But this confidence did not come from praise.

It was born the day I took a step despite my weakness.

It grew when I accepted my mistakes.

It became stronger when I stopped comparing myself with others.

Now I understand that every person has a different pace.

For some, the sun rises earlier; for others, it rises later.

That does not mean another person's sky will always be bright while ours remains dark.

It simply means that our timing is different.

I have also learned that success is not always applause.

Sometimes success is simply getting through a difficult day and still waking up the next morning.

Sometimes it means trying again after failure.

Sometimes it means standing by your principles despite a difficult decision.

Sometimes it means hiding your own tears long enough to bring a smile to someone else's face.

And sometimes it means allowing yourself to be tired without believing that you must stop.

That is why I no longer measure my destination simply by becoming a doctor.

My real achievement is that I have moved far beyond the girl who once needed permission from herself at every step.

Now I make decisions.

When I make a mistake, I accept it.

When necessary, I begin again.

And when I cannot see a path, I make one.

Sometimes I think that the most beautiful moment in life is not when a person reaches the destination.

Perhaps it is the moment when, for the first time, they look back and feel no anger toward their younger self.

Only love.

Today, I love the girl I used to be.

I love her uncertainty.

I love her mistakes.

I even love her fears.

Because she was not perfect.

But she did not stop.

Every morning, she tried again.

And perhaps that is one of the greatest qualities a human being can possess:

Not being perfect, but continuing to move forward while still imperfect.

If someone asked me today:

"If you were given the same life again, would you live it once more?"

I would answer without hesitation:

"Yes."

I would choose the same difficult road.

The same examinations.

The same uncertainty.

The same mistakes.

The same tears.

The same prayers.

Because that journey created the person I am today.

If I had to return to the beginning, I might not have a map in my hands.

But I would have one thing:

Faith.

Faith that every dark night is followed by morning.

Faith that one failure does not decide an entire life.

Faith that being behind someone else does not mean being far from your own destination.

And above all—

faith that every human being has the ability to discover a path toward their own destiny.

I am still learning.

I still make mistakes.

There are still difficult days.

The difference is that I am no longer afraid of difficult days.

Because I know I have already overcome so much.

The eyes in the mirror are still the same.

But now they carry more faith than fear.

The dreams are still there.

But now they are accompanied by experience.

The heart is still the same.

But now it knows its own strength.

I have become a doctor.

But perhaps this is not the end of my story.

It is simply proof that an ordinary girl, who once doubted her own steps, can keep moving until one day she becomes the strongest character in her own story.

And if life ever takes me back to the beginning, I will not step away.

I will put my hands into the pockets of my white coat, take a deep breath, look ahead, and start walking again.

Because now I know:

Destinations are not reached only by those whose roads are always easy.

They are reached by those who refuse to stop walking when the road becomes difficult.

And I—

am no longer afraid of the road.

CORRECTION

A Smile That Isn't Real

Ibne Raihan

I stay when someone cries
Seeing the pain behind their eyes,
I hear the words they can't say
And help them on their hardest day.

I don't hate them
For the things they do,
Perhaps something hurts them
Maybe they need someone too.

I thought kindness was enough
I thought patience made things fair.
But while I was carrying everyone
Who was carrying me there?

I gave people understanding
When they didn't understand themselves,
But I wonder—
Who will understand me,
When I'm the one
Who needs help?

I smile when I feel low
I say, "I'm fine" and go,
I hide what they don't know
But is there anywhere I can go?

Somehow all this kindness never reached the same,
So, when I need someone, will they even know my name?
Maybe my smile is fake, maybe it isn't true
And it's the only thing I learned to do.



Unmasked.

Marie Eugenie Ineza

What a life

Smiles painted like mask

Eyes that shine but never mean it

Moments rehearsed like scenes.

But Why?

Why pretend?

Wear the borrowed fillings

Care without warmth

Love without depth

Why? Tell me!

What if we lived in reality?

What if our hearts were not plastics?

What if our ears were not decorations?

What if we stopped playing a movie?

How would it feel?

To enjoy live that's true

To linger in a moment that breathes



To care with open heart

To hold a real love.

How fantastic would life be?

Overflowing with genuine love

Overflowing with real moments

Overflowing with real people

Life Would be wonderful.

CORRECTION

Educated or Merely Qualified? The Question We Often Forget to Ask

Bushra Qadir

One question that has crossed my mind repeatedly over the past few years simply through observing people, situations and life itself is: whether there is truly a difference between being qualified and being educated.

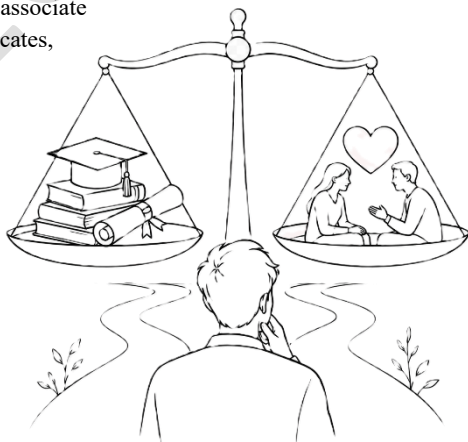
Over time, I have come across people who hold impressive degrees, possess expertise in their respective fields and occupy positions that command respect, yet somehow lack some of the qualities that education is meant to cultivate. At the same time, I have encountered people with modest academic qualifications whose behaviour reflects wisdom, humility, ethics, understanding and respect for others.

This contrast has often made me wonder: when did being qualified become synonymous with being educated?

Somewhere along the way, we began to associate education primarily with degrees, certificates, positions, specialisation, and academic achievements. We assume that once we have studied a subject, earned a degree, or reached a certain professional position, we have automatically become educated. Qualification has gradually become something we display, while education has become something we assume we possess.

But the two are not necessarily the same.

A qualification can tell us what a person has studied, where they have trained or what expertise they have acquired. Education, however, is much broader. It is reflected in the way a person thinks, behaves, responds to differences, treats others, and continues to grow.



A truly educated person understands that knowledge has no final destination. The more they learn, the more they realise how much remains unknown. They do not see themselves as perfect simply because they possess degrees or expertise. Instead, they retain the humility of a learner.

There is a certain quietness in genuine education. It does not constantly demand recognition or validation. A truly educated person does not need to prove their intelligence by making someone else feel unintelligent. They do not use another person's weaknesses as an opportunity to establish their own superiority. They understand that knowledge becomes meaningful only when it is accompanied by character. Education should make us more open to learning not more convinced that we already know everything.

It should teach us to listen to perspectives different from our own without immediately feeling threatened. It should give us the maturity to disagree without becoming disrespectful, and the wisdom to recognise that winning an argument is not always the same as understanding the truth.

Sometimes, being educated means knowing when to speak. At other times, it means knowing when silence is wiser.

It also means having the courage to admit, "I may be wrong." That sentence does not diminish a person's intelligence; it reflects intellectual honesty and maturity. Someone who is genuinely educated does not consider changing their opinion a sign of weakness. They understand that learning requires the willingness to reconsider, question, unlearn, and grow.

Most importantly, true education makes a person more humane. It teaches us that every individual deserves dignity, regardless of their academic background, profession, social position, or level of knowledge. It teaches us not to measure our worth by how far ahead we are of someone else. It reminds us that intelligence without empathy can become arrogance and knowledge without humility can become nothing more than a tool for superiority.

Perhaps this is where the real distinction between being qualified and being educated becomes visible.

A person may have several degrees and still lack basic courtesy. They may hold an important position and still be unable to respect those beneath them in hierarchy. They may possess extensive knowledge and yet remain unwilling to learn from anyone else. Conversely, someone without

impressive academic credentials may demonstrate a level of wisdom, kindness, humility, and emotional understanding that many highly qualified individuals struggle to develop.

This does not make academic qualifications unimportant. Degrees, expertise and professional achievements have immense value. They represent discipline, effort, knowledge, and competence. But they should be viewed as parts of education, not the complete definition of it.

The real measure of education lies beyond the certificate. It lies in what knowledge has done to a person's character.

Has it made them more humble or more arrogant? More compassionate or more judgmental? More willing to listen or more eager to dominate? More accepting of their limitations or more convinced of their own perfection?

Perhaps the purpose of education is not simply to fill our minds with information, but to transform the way we understand ourselves, others, and the world around us. So, before proudly calling ourselves educated, perhaps it is worth looking beyond our degrees and asking what they have actually taught us about being human.

Because qualification may tell the world what you have studied; true education tells the world what you have understood.

And perhaps the finest evidence of education is not the number of degrees a person carries, but the kind of person others experience in their presence—someone who listens without belittling, disagrees without disrespecting, learns without pretending to know everything, and leaves people feeling respected, heard, and valued. Let your education be visible not merely in the degrees you carry, but in the character you build and the people who become better, not smaller, in your presence.

Beautiful than the moon

ARYAN CHANDRAKAR

More Stunning Than the Moon

She has a special fondness for the moon.

The way it remains awake
when everyone else is asleep,
the way it shines brightest
in the darkest of times.

If she were to ask me
what I see through my eyes
every time I look at the moon,
the only thing I would smile and say is—

what is beautiful about that
when I have seen her?

Her smile alone emanates
a light far superior to that of the moon.

It is the cutest smile I can think of—

the one that makes difficult days
seem easier to bear.

And then there are her words...

And it's not just that I hear them.
I carry them with me wherever I go.

They haunt my mind
in her absence,
and her presence feels lighter,
as if she is always there.

She has no clue
how she has transformed me.

Normally, a person you love
becomes part of you—
but this is not the case here.

She has made me grow.

She has taught me

that being a man has got nothing
to do with never breaking,
never being afraid,
or acting like everything is all set

CORRECTION

Divine Nature

Bhargab Jyoti Kalita

We are blessed for our
ethereal nature
The flowers are blooming,
The trees are whispering ,
The leaves are rustling,
The far mountains are captivating me
The serene rivers are engrossing me
The endless looking seas and oceans are
refreshing my exhausted mind
Giving me a glimpse of greenery
far more far as my eyes could see.



But in today's artificial world
We are destroying our divine motherly nature
We are chopping one's own feet ,
Trimming our resilient trees
Contaminating our live-giver rivers
Slicing our gorgeous mount.

In the name of development

We are devastating every element of our innocent nature

Is development possible by torturing our pristine nature ?

The majestic nature gonna take revenge against us.

CORRECTION

" YES, THERE'S A DIFFERENCE "

Aditya

Be it day or midnight,
Every day we stay; every day we fight.
You are the reason
I wish to live—and to die.

My insecurities built the walls,
And in their shadows lies the reason for our hate:
The emotion you call a lack of trust.
Yet my heart cries,
"It's only love."

I tried to breathe for you.
My soul left the day
I was renamed
"A controlling psycho" by you.

I am not your desire.
Your eyes seek my strength,
While my truth speaks softly:
I only wish to stand beneath your shower of grace.

You look for differences;

I search for affinity.

You want to be unique;

I want to be yours.

You are not my moon.

You are the sun,

And I long to be your earth.

Maybe I am wrong.

Maybe I am the blade that cuts your wings,

The water that calms your flames,

The darkness that hides the light,

The nightmare that ruins your peace.

We are trapped in a sublime hell,

Where hatred urges our feet to walk away,

Yet love wraps itself around our hearts,

Refusing to let us go.

You sink because of my shouts;

I swim for your sake.

There is a difference—

What I call love,

You find to be hate.

CORRECTION

What's makes it?

My self kasturi pathak . And class 11 science student

Kasturi pathak

What makes it ?
The girl love to get everyone attention .
Is finding ways to hide .
What makes it?
A girl who cry infront of everyone .
Is facing the world without a drop of tear .
The person who is fond of making friends is alone now!
What makes it ?
The girl who hate to open books ,
now busy her self in books to move on from reality.
what makes its ?



The smile lifts the eyes

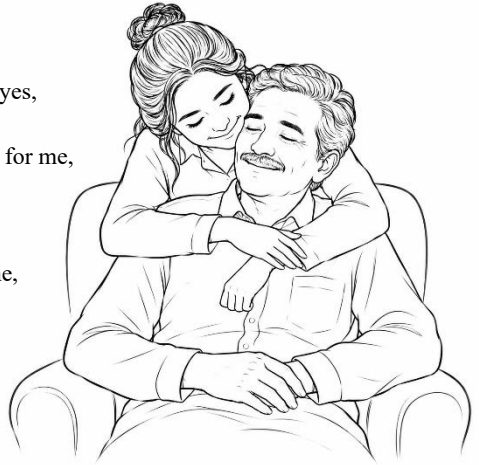
S Akshara is a budding writer who finds beauty in small moments and emotions. She loves to express her feelings through words and captures what is often left unsaid. For her, writing is not just words, it's magic with a little sparkle of stars.

S AKSHARA

A little gift from me
I see a man, sleeping like a baby,
He looked soothing for me
But, there was a time,
When I have seen him moved under,
Burdened with the leadership of the family.

Flashing back the memory
make me remember the day
When eyes were full and a pain in his eyes,
As I aid my injury,
He is the man who had been a bed rock for me,
Offering half of his life to me.

Now it my turn,
Easing his life and repaying his lost time,
Making him cherish the present
Making the time bring
The day back where
His smile used to reach his eyes.



An unending dream to stay little for lifelong

Kangana Singh

Holding Papa's little finger, frolicking, humming, laughing-a heart full of innocence, a heart too loved, a heart full of life, a heart never shoved.

My sky was pink...

oh, how I miss the purity of not knowing everything.

I remember drawing crooked lines on a paper as thin as my stress, impatient to fill them with the colours of my admiration for every little detail in this beautiful world, and when I was done, taking a sprightly swirl...

oh, how I miss the mind of a small one who loved to care.

I remember pretending to be ma in front of the mirror just to look like her, how desperately I wanted her beauty to be mine, and when caught, how ma smiled and adored just the way stars shine...

oh, how I miss the joy sparked soul who lit every room she walked into with her silly mischiefs.



I wish I could remain a child forever-the one who ran to Papa whenever she needed anything,

a simplicity now replaced by the ego that insists we need no one.

The one who rushed into Mom's arms when sadness struck, now replaced by isolation disguised as independence.

I miss the child who admired nature without the strain of proving to the world that she was a lover of it, when, in truth, she was only crafting a false image of a girl who looked like a naturalist.

The child who loved and cared without expecting anything in return.

The child who was fearless, lighthearted, stress-free-now replaced by nothing but shattered serenity.

CORRECTION

Where is Sacha?

I am Ammaz Farooqi, a Pakistani writer, storyteller, and media enthusiast passionate about literature, art, and the stories that shape society. I was awarded a World Top Distinction in Cambridge Global Perspectives & Research, reflecting my passion for critical thinking, research, and exploring complex global issues.

Qazi Ammaz Farooqi

Running through the maze of kiosks with cascading drapes which obscured my vision. The colors melted together under the summer sun inducing an almost seizure-like high but I only had one thing in mind, Sacha. I called out his name as loud as I could but to no response, the only thing stopping me from fainting was the rush of adrenaline pumping through my mind as my makeup began dissolving with my sweat. Out of breath, I ran back to our tent mouthing, "Have you seen Sacha?" to every single bird-headed, cat-eared, and elephant-trunked person I saw.

Right outside our tent I saw, Nagini practicing her routine and script, saying each word with determination as she looked at me with a face that could turn even the most rugged of men into stone. "Why aren't you ready?!" she said as she daggers shot out of her eyes. I froze and muttered that I was looking for Sacha, to which she let out a groan. "I knew he couldn't be trusted, how can he be so nonchalant". She prompted me to go inside and put on my costume, which I promptly did.

As I thought of where Sacha could've gone, Shiro burst into an anxious rampage, his hair standing up like that of a cat. "What if he doesn't want to be my dance partner, it's all my fault!!" His face was dejected and his eyes tearing up, not unlike a whimpering kitten. "What exactly did



you say to him?!" Nagini said in her usual snarky and sharp manner. Shiro only spiraled further muttering, "I can't go on that stage alone!".

"Both of you need to relax, remember how I didn't even practice for my first performance and it went well" Zephyr chimed in as he smoked a cigarette. "Oh please, you never practice!" Nagini snapped back while taking his cigarette and throwing it into his drink. "Sometimes I feel like I'm the only one who takes this seriously!" She continued as Zephyr only rolled his eyes. "Well don't ruffle my feathers" Zephyr provoked Nagini. Before she could say anything I suggested we send a text to everyone at the festival to look for Sacha. "We just need a picture...do we even have a picture of him?" We looked at each other in complete silence.

"We're never going to find him, he probably left because he hates me!" said Shiro, tears starting to pour down his face. "Wait what?" said Zephyr but before he could continue Nagini started going into a tirade on how Sacha must've joined a rival troupe. "I knew we couldn't trust him, that blathering idiot!" she said with such conviction one would think she hated him right down to his core. "Relax! He's still our friend there's no way he would do something like that, he's probably just in the washroom" Zephyr countered. "He must've drowned!" said Shiro in a fit of absolute confusion.

Nagini looked at him with disgust but completely ignored it, only to begin scolding Zephyr on how he hadn't even changed into his costume yet as Shiro sulked in between the two of them. All three of them were in their little worlds fueled by their anxieties as they threw their anger at the first thing they saw. "Everyone Stop!" I shouted almost as if right on time, as Leona entered to see Nagini and Zephyr quite literally at each other's throats. "Is everyone ready? We're on in five minutes." she said in her usual calm disposition almost as if the fact that two of her team members were actively out for each other's blood was nothing but a usual occurrence.

"Of course, everything is fine and dandy!" Zephyr replied as Leona left the tent. "Great! Now you're lying to the leader?" "Are we forgetting that this is the Summer-Sun Celebration and not some high school talent show?" Nagini said as she fixed her hair and makeup in the mirror. Seeing everyone so dejected prompted me to say that now wasn't the time for crude pessimism and that we would have to go on without him, much to Shiro's dismay who, at this point, had reached an all-time low and dug himself into his miserable hole.

“Everyone, let’s go,” Leona said as she burst into the room with a dim expression, which was more than enough for everyone to get into shape and start bolting towards the stage area. Leona did not often panic, quite a miracle considering she had to put up with our idiosyncratic ramblings at almost every performance; Nagini suggested we withdraw but Leona stood steadfast in her decision that we would perform whether it be with or without Sacha. The Sun had begun setting.

Within the sea of people, a band of blundering buffoons ran through; evading all flaming prop pieces, gigantic tower-like legs, and the symphony of fabrics which shimmered and swayed in the wind as the dancers paved a way through. Amidst the chaos of it all, I suggested we find a replacement, a suggestion falling on deaf ears for everyone rambling over each other as if they were animals in a zoo. Yer the one feeling that united us all in that moment was hopelessness.

Each of us screamed at the top of our lungs, except Zephyr who had just worn his costume, enflaming Nagini to the point the sweat on her face may even have evaporated. Leona, ignoring the two of them, looked right at Shiro and began asking him to please power through the performance while simultaneously questioning him about what he did; and I who was stuck at the very epicenter of pandemonium. Performers circled us in their elaborate costumes, each detail apparent stinging like daggers. Mythological creatures surrounded us; creatures of many sizes and colors which induced a feeling of absolute dread and despair despite the color.

Yet none of that mattered when we heard it:” Sunset Troupe, please make your way to the stage!”. We froze, having not an iota of a clue of how we would perform without our central member, without the “Sun” itself. Each step up that stage was like a decade, each beat of the drum synchronizing with the sweat dripping off our foreheads. Taking our positions on that stage, we were all but ready. As the curtain opened and the announcements spelled our demise we heard footsteps; footsteps which got louder and faster, that seemed all too familiar.

We looked towards the crowd as the music blared, and the Sun showed its brilliance as it descended over the horizon. Yet our “Sun” was but only rising. We looked towards the crowd one last time and were ready as ever to display the majestic splendor of... the Sun.

Premonition

Cecília Deulefeu is a psychologist working from a psychoanalytic perspective, as well as a poet, screenwriter and short fiction writer.

Cecília Deulefeu

Crosses mean nothing

Except when they form paths on the ground

Crossroads

Where our ancestors come to visit us

Borders don't bind us

They only tell us what accents we'll hear

What flavours we'll taste

Which enchanted beings will be watching over us

When girls bleed for the first time

There is no shame, no fear of a forced marriage

Just the rites of passage into womanhood

The celebration among the women around them

When conflicts or disputes arise

We don't search for answers by spilling each other's blood

Weapons collect dust as we sharpen only our words

Power doesn't come from stepping on someone's neck
But from the responsibility of care
Of taking care of everyone

We find new meanings
Dig ancient ones
Look forward by looking back

CORRECTION

The Sea and the Shore

I'm a student who enjoys writing poetry whenever I have something on my mind that I can't quite put into words normally. I like turning random thoughts, feelings, and little moments into poems. Writing is something I genuinely enjoy, and it gives me a way to express myself and see ordinary things a little differently.

Aratrika

Oh dear sea, I wait for you the whole day and everytime,

Sitting there looking at you, never being in your chime.

You come close, just to leave again,

Only your pebbles and rocks that then remain.

From a distance i admire the shine in your waves,

For your best blue, and the gold, I, the shore, still craves.

I loved the rain you sent, though
i know it was never for me only,

Yet it makes me smile in
my darkest time, and when
i was wistfully lonely.

Well i know it very well
you'll never fully be in my
fate.

But even the realization
didn't teach me how not to
wait.



Knowing you'll never stay, I still welcome you with all that delight,

Your arrival makes me admirable and like lively bright.

Your departure make me lifeless, now no one else will visit too,

As who would like to see a silent shore with a dried and empty view.

CORRECTION

Supernatural

I'm a student who enjoys writing poetry whenever I have something on my mind that I can't quite put into words normally. I like turning random thoughts, feelings, and little moments into poems. Writing is something I genuinely enjoy, and it gives me a way to express myself and see ordinary things a little differently.

Aratrika

With whole heart and firm faith, I have on you, my perpetual belief,

But there, also arises questions to steal our relief.

You are in everything I see, the morning sunlight,

In the darkness you appear as moonlight,

I even chant your name when scared at night,

So I believe you are here, right?

But then, why are some children not privileged enough?

Why did you make their life tough?

In the same world, I have an understanding family here,

And someone who hates to be around there's.

Why can't you end their problems? They, who have pure souls?

Why those people are fearless who play false roles?

Some are in power with disgusting mentality,

Why don't you stop them? Where is your morality?

The poor bleed for the corruption they never chose,

Innocence is drowning in fear, greed grows.

What wrong has any innocent girl done to deserve such pain,

Why should a young life end to another's lust
in vain?

In Your hands rests every hour,

So why deny justice, if in your power?

I hope, its just a myth, that you see our caste
before you bless,

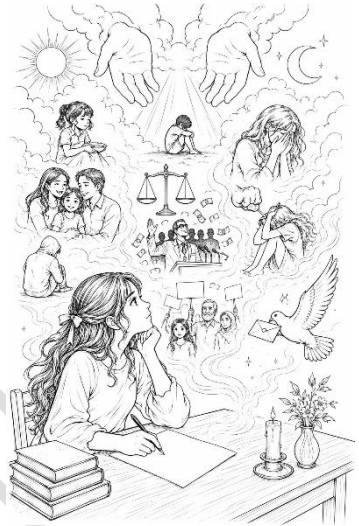
Even when a women bleeds, won't you still
clear her mess?

You are fond of true lovers, we've learned,

But lovers feel betrayed for the love they never
earned.

Too many questions, I must have been flawed,

But now please deliver this to heaven, its a letter to God.



BEYOND BORDERS - STORIES WITHOUT BOUNDARIES.

She is Soundarya Mohan from Mumbai. She is a freelance writer internationally and a school teacher also. She is a Certified Published Author of over 5000+Anthologies and record anthologies too. She has completed her B.A (honours) in English literature graduation from Mumbai University and she has also done a Diploma in Early Childhood Education from SIES INSTITUTE of Comprehensive Education.

SOUNDARYA MOHAN

Across every border, a heartbeat sounds,

Different paths, yet common ground.

A thousand languages, a million dreams,

Connected by hope and golden beams.

Beyond the borders, stories take flight,

Carrying courage through day and night.

A stranger's kindness, a friend's warm hand,

Can build a bridge where walls once stand.

Some stories bloom where cultures meet,

With unfamiliar rhythms, beautifully sweet.

They teach us that differences need not divide,

For humanity walks with us, side by side.



Let every journey become a tale,
Where understanding rises and fears grow pale.
No map can measure the dreams we share—
Beyond every border, compassion is there.

So let our stories cross every line,
Let every voice with another entwine.
For the world becomes brighter and free
When your story becomes part of me.

Beyond borders, beyond every name—
We are different stories, yet one human flame.

The Self in the Shards

Asratulain Malik, known as Ain Malik in the literary world, is a writer from Mumbai, India, with an endless love for novels, poems and storytelling. A dreamer between pages, she writes novels, poetry, and stories inspired by imagination, emotions, and the world around her.

Ain Malik (Asratulain Malik)

I stand before the broken glass,
Each shard returns the self I cast
The left one keeps my lowered eyes,
The smallest keeps my practiced lies

One catches half a sleepless face,
One cuts the room and marks its place
My phone lies dark beside the bed
Three messages are left unread

I type a word, then clear the screen,
Yet old words linger, sharp and keen
The room is quiet, walls stay near,
I hear the clock, then hear my fear

I wear the shirt I wore that day
The stain is gone; the cloth turns gray



My mother calls me from downstairs
I let the ringing climb the stairs

I hear my name, then close the door,
And count the cracks beside the floor
My books lie open, pages cold,
The words look small, the letters old

At home, they call my work a waste,
I write the dreams they would erase
My work receives no smile or praise,
Their silence fills the empty days

I read one line, then lose the thread,
And rest my cheek against the bed
Outside, a scooter cuts the rain,
Then fades beyond the darkened lane

I love the rain, but stay inside
The rain still calls from just outside
My feelings stretch beyond my reach,
They build a border I can't breach

I watch one window lose its light,

Then watch the next remain alight
I know the shape of what is missed
A loss I cannot yet dismiss

I keep my hands beneath the sheet,
The cold side keeps its vacant seat
Old words stay folded, thin and still,
I read them once against my will

I know that voice, its changing tone,
I know the lies I called my own
Yet somewhere in another mind,
The self I lost is left behind

They may recall my younger face
Before I learned to leave no trace
That person lives beyond my reach
In memories I cannot breach

I search the shards for what was mine
Each shard gives back a hidden sign
I gather none; they cut my hand
And leave me where I first did stand

CORRECTION

STAY DELULU

Asratulain Malik, known as Ain Malik in the literary world, is a writer from Mumbai, India, with an endless love for novels and storytelling. A dreamer between pages, she writes novels, poetry, and stories inspired by imagination, emotions, and the world around her.

Ain Malik

The basketball struck the concrete with a hard, hollow sound.

Wail caught it on the rebound, wiped his palm against his shirt and shot again.

The ball hit the rim.

You're a stereotype.

He caught it.



You're mean.

Another shot.

You only got that degree because everyone else was getting one.

The ball rolled around the rim and fell away.

You're rude.

Wail chased it.

You're an introvert.

Left hand. Right hand. Turn.

You're addicted to your phone.

His jaw tightened.

You're lazy.

He ran beneath the basket.

You're stubborn.

He shot.

You're arrogant.

Missed.

You're moody.

He grabbed the ball before it reached the fence.

You're careless.

His fingers tightened around the seams.

You're selfish.

He threw harder.

You're difficult.

The ball went cleanly through the hoop.

Wail stood beneath it, chest rising and falling, sweat slipping from his temples into the collar of his shirt.

The court was almost empty.

A dry leaf scraped along the fence. Beyond it, traffic moved in slow bursts, horns rising and fading into the evening.

Then the voices came back.

Why can't you be normal?

Always arguing.

Always on that phone.

You don't listen.

You don't care.

You care too much.

Too sensitive.

Too cold.

Too ambitious.

Not ambitious enough.

Wail shut his eyes.

Wail!

He didn't move.

Bro!

The voice came again, closer.

Wail, seriously, bro!

He opened his eyes.

Ayan stood by the gate, two bottles of water in one hand, his backpack hanging from the other shoulder.

For a second, Wail only stared at him.

I've been calling you.

Wail took the bottle.

I didn't hear.

I noticed.

He drank too quickly and coughed.

Ayan laughed.

Very athletic.

Shut up.

What were you doing?

Playing.

You've been shooting at that hoop like it personally offended you.

Wail smiled.

Maybe it did.

Ayan shook his head.

Come on.

They left the court.

At the corner, an older man sitting outside the chemist watched them pass.

His eyes moved from the basketball under Wail's arm to the phones in their hands.

Today's boys, he said loudly. Always phones. No patience. No manners. Our generation was different.

Ayan kept walking.

One step.

Two.

Three.

Then he leaned towards Wail.

Was that for us?

Wail laughed.

Keep walking.

He doesn't even know us.

He doesn't need to.

Ayan looked at the phone in his hand.

Apparently this thing has already introduced me.

Wail laughed.

They had barely reached the next lane when three schoolboys came running towards them, bags bouncing against their backs, shirts half untucked and ties stuffed into their pockets.

One spotted the basketball.

Bro! You guys play?

Sometimes, Ayan said.

Bro, that shot was clean.

You saw it?

Yeah.

The smallest boy looked Ayan up and down.

He pointed at his shoes.

Bro.

What?

Those are tragic.

His friends burst out laughing.

Ayan looked down.

These cost more than your bag.

That makes it worse, bro.

They ran.

Wail bent over laughing.

Don't.

I can't.

Bro called my shoes tragic.

You deserved it.

Ayan shoved him.

Wail shoved him back.

Halfway down the street, one of the boys turned around.

Don't be delulu, bro!

They disappeared around the corner.

Ayan stopped.

Wail stopped too.

They looked at each other.

What was that?

I don't know.

You're supposed to know.

I'm Gen Z, not a dictionary.

Ayan frowned towards the corner.

Was that an insult?

Probably.

Great.

They started walking again.

After a while, Wail's phone vibrated.

He didn't take it out.

Ayan glanced at him.

Home?

Probably.

Check.

I know what it says.

How?

Wail shrugged.

It always says the same thing.

He finally pulled out the phone.

Where are you?

Another message appeared.

Come soon. Uncle is here.

Wail locked the screen.

Ayan noticed his expression.

Bank exam?

Wail nodded.

You applying?

I don't know.

Do you want to?

I said I don't know.

Ayan didn't argue.

They kept walking.

At the crossing, Wail stopped.

Give me your hand.

Ayan looked at him.

Why?

Just.

Ayan held it out.

Wail turned his palm upward.

Near the base of Ayan's thumb was a faint blue stain.

You still have that.

Ayan looked down.

Pen ink?

Yeah.

I thought it washed off.

It didn't.

Wail rubbed the stain with his thumb.

Remember those exams?

Ayan groaned.

My hand used to hurt for two days.

You used to shake your wrist after every paper.

So did you.

Wail smiled.

I remember the smell of those pens.

The blue ones.

And ink all over the side of your hand.

Ayan laughed.

Wail looked at his own thumb.

The skin was clean.

He unlocked his phone.

His thumb moved across the glass without him thinking.

Funny.

What?

Nothing.

He locked it.

For a moment, traffic passed in front of them.

Then Ayan said, Remember keypad phones?

Wail smiled.

Pressing one button four times just to get an S.

And accidentally getting R.

Then deleting the whole thing.

They laughed.

My mother used to keep the landline near the kitchen, Wail said. Whenever it rang, everyone shouted for the person it was for.

Ayan nodded.

You had to be home to get a call.

And if you weren't?

You missed it.

That was it.

Wail looked at his phone.

Now everything reaches you.

Ayan glanced at him.

Even when you don't want it to.

Wail nodded.

Sometimes especially then.

His phone buzzed again.

He didn't look.

They passed a small shop where an old radio was playing inside. The signal broke for a second, turning the song into static.

Wail slowed.

Used to hate that.

What?

When your favourite song came on and the radio became static.

Ayan laughed.

Now you can play it whenever you want.

Yeah.

Wail looked at his phone.

Sometimes I think that's the problem.

What?

We stopped missing things.

Ayan didn't answer.

They walked on.

After a few steps, Wail said, Everyone keeps calling us addicted.

You are addicted.

Wail gave him a look.

Sometimes.

Most times.

Shut up.

Ayan grinned.

Wail kicked a pebble across the pavement.

But they don't see everything.

Like what?

They see me scrolling.

He looked ahead.

They don't see who I'm talking to.

Ayan's smile faded.

Or what I'm trying to finish.

He paused.

Or that sometimes the only person who answers is on the other side of this screen.

Ayan nodded.

Wail continued.

I'm not saying we're innocent. We waste time. We compare ourselves. We get impatient.

He looked at Ayan.

Sometimes we disappear from people and call it a boundary because that sounds better.

Ayan laughed softly.

That one was definitely about you.

Maybe.

They walked a little farther.

Wail's phone buzzed again.

This time he looked.

Uncle: We need to talk about your future.

He stared at the message.

Ayan waited.

Wail locked the screen.

He wants me to take the bank exam.

Do you?

Wail took a breath.

I don't know if I want the exam.

Ayan said nothing.

I don't know if I want what comes after it either.

They continued walking.

I've studied for it because everyone says it's sensible.

Ayan looked at him.

And?

And I keep wondering whether sensible is the same as right.

Ayan was quiet for a moment.

Do you want to take it?

Wail looked down.

I don't know.

Then say that.

Wail gave him a tired smile.

To my uncle?

To yourself first.

Wail looked away.

Ayan bumped his shoulder.

You keep trying to prove everybody wrong.

Wail sighed.

Here we go.

I'm serious.

What?

Maybe you don't have to prove anything tonight.

Wail looked at him.

Ayan shrugged.

Just don't lie about what you want.

Wail didn't answer.

His phone vibrated again.

He didn't check it.

At the next crossing, the schoolboys appeared again.

One spotted them.

Old school boys!

Ayan raised both hands.

Go away!

The boy grinned.

Your aura is better now!

Ayan stared.

My what?

The boys started laughing.

Never mind, bro!

They ran across the road.

Ayan watched them.

What did he say?

I have no idea.

You're useless.

You're older than them.

We're literally the same age.

Not to them.

One of the boys shouted from across the road.

Stay delulu!

Ayan shouted back.

YOU TOO!

The boys laughed.

Wail laughed harder.

Then he looked at them.

Three boys disappearing down the road, arguing over something neither of them understood.

For a moment, he remembered the man outside the chemist.

Same certainty.

Different words.

His phone buzzed again.

Uncle: Come home.

Wail looked at the screen.

He could already imagine the conversation.

The exam.

The job.

The questions.

The answers he was expected to have.

Ayan started crossing the road.

Bro!

Wail looked up.

Coming.

He slipped the phone into his pocket.

The voices returned.

Stereotype.

Arrogant.

Lazy.

Difficult.

He waited for the anger.

It didn't come.

He didn't agree with them.

He didn't fight them either.

Ayan was already halfway across.

Faster!

Wail ran.

I'm coming!

Behind them, the basketball court disappeared into the evening.

Ahead, the schoolboys were still laughing.

Wail didn't understand what they were saying.

He ran beside Ayan anyway.

CORRECTION

"The Heart that Stayed"

Maryam Khalid is a 17-year-old writer and poet who believes words can inspire, heal, and bring people together. Her work explores resilience, identity, hope, and growth, blending emotion with quiet reflection. Through every poem and piece of prose, she hopes to remind readers to trust in their strength, find beauty in their journey, and know that even the softest voice can leave a lasting mark.

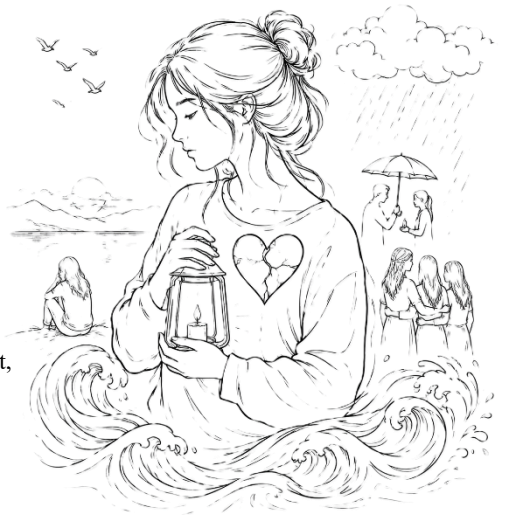
Maryam Khalid

Beneath a sky where silence grew,
I gathered words I never knew.
The lake embraced each secret tear,
While birds flew home—I lingered here.

I was the soul who chose to stay,
To hear what hidden sorrows say.
Behind each smile, behind "I'm fine,"
I read the cracks between each line.

I held their candles through the rain,
Shielding every fragile flame.
I kept them warm through wind and night,
Until I lost my own small light.

How strange it is, yet always true—



The hearts that heal are broken too.
The ones who build a place called home
Are often left to grieve alone.

When evening drapes the world in blue,
The buried echoes all break through.
The tears I hid, the fears I chained,
Return like rivers long restrained.

The deepest loneliness I've known
Is not the silence all alone;
It's loving with a boundless heart,
While no one sees it fall apart.

Still when tomorrow greets the skies,
Compassion wakes before my eyes.
I'll mend the hearts the world has torn,
As though my own were never worn.

For hearts like mine hold restless seas,
Not passing storms or gentle breeze.
We carry oceans, vast and wide,
Yet drown in tides we keep inside.

So if you pass a soul who smiles,
Who walks through storms with quiet style,
Remember this before you depart—
The softest hands may hide the hardest heart.

CORRECTION

Last

Annanya Chaudhary

There will be a last photo one day
I will have scrolled all the way
And all the moments we ever lived would have been captured
After all, there were only ever so many made
I would then never see a new you
'oh, I never saw that one' would be a phrase I would never use
Four eyes, two smiles will all be frozen in time
And one heart in exile
I think I saw it today, the one that would be our last
You held my hand firm and I stared at the screen careless
I wonder if I had known would I have looked at you longer?
Would I have had enough time to click photos that never end?
But all I can do is now wonder as I stare into our eyes through the screen
Terrified
This could, after all be
Our
one last photo



Ek tarfa mohbat

Mehar Luhana

Khuwabon mein uska dikh jana

Or phir nazon mein uska nazar. Ana

Najanay kesa fitoor hai yeh

usko samny dekh nzrein jhuk jana

Kahin voh mera na hua tou yeh soch

Ky nind mein bhi ghabra jana

Kitna khubsurat ahsaas hai naw usko

Khabar na ho or mera dil haar jana 😊

Phir uska mujhy chahana or hmari

Ek tarfa mohbat ka do tarfa hojana

Yeh khuwabon ka he toh hai afsana Hakeekat mein shayad mumkin nahin

Hmaray khayalon sy milta ho uska ashiyana

Hum dono ka ek din ekk hojana



Self Reliant India

Janvi Singh

From a drop of water to the marvels of genetic engineering, science has continually evolved through the centuries. Each era has brought new inventions — each with its own limitations, yet each pushing humanity closer to a better, more self-reliant future.

It all started with a drop of water, a curiosity that took us to an amazing world of microbiology, yes I am talking about Antonie Van Leeuwenhoek, a Dutch tailor, who used his homemade microscope to observe tiny living creatures in dental plaque and pond water. He called them “animalcules” — what we now know as microbes — and became known as the Father of Microbiology for revealing an unseen world that changed science forever.

In India, science has always been more than a subject — it has been a spirit of discovery, resilience, and innovation. From the ancient works of Aryabhata and Sushruta to modern achievements in space exploration and biotechnology, Indian science has carried the vision of self-reliance. Today, as we move toward Atmanirbhar Bharat — a Self-Reliant India — the role of science becomes not just vital, but inseparable from the nation’s progress.

Science empowers us to depend on our own knowledge, resources, and creativity. When the world faced the COVID-19 pandemic, India stood strong by developing its own vaccines — Covaxin and Covishield. This achievement was not just a scientific victory, but a symbol of confidence that India can create, innovate, and protect its people without depending entirely on foreign nations. Such success stories show how science turns vision into reality.



In agriculture, science has transformed India from a food-deficient nation to one of the largest producers of grains, fruits, and vegetables. The Green

Revolution, advanced irrigation, and the use of biofertilizers and biopesticides have made Indian farmers stronger and more independent. Modern biotechnology now focuses on eco-friendly techniques that protect both crops and the environment — building a sustainable and self-reliant future.

In the field of space and technology, the achievements of ISRO have made India shine on the global map. The successful Chandrayaan-3 mission proved that even with limited resources, Indian scientists could reach the moon's south pole where no other nation had landed before. The world watched with admiration as our scientists made the impossible possible — not through luxury, but through dedication and intelligence.

Scientific innovation is also helping in industries such as renewable energy, medicine, and digital technology. Solar energy projects, electric vehicles, and the Make in India initiative all reflect how science supports economic independence. Every laboratory discovery and student experiment carries the dream of a self-sustaining nation — one where knowledge is the greatest strength.

However, true self-reliance does not mean isolation. It means using our scientific knowledge to collaborate wisely, create locally, and contribute globally. It means empowering the youth with scientific education so that every idea born in a classroom can someday serve the country. As students, our curiosity, research, and innovation will decide how bright India's scientific future will be.

In conclusion, science is not just a tool — it is the heartbeat of a self-reliant India. Every invention, every discovery, and every spark of curiosity leads us toward independence in thought and innovation. With science as our guiding light, India will continue to grow — strong, confident, and self-reliant, inspiring the world with its progress. Moreover, by applying scientific innovation to the energy sector — developing solar power, wind energy, and other renewable sources — India can become truly self-reliant, not just in knowledge, but in the very power that fuels its growth. In this way, the spirit of science transforms into the energy of a self-reliant nation, lighting the path to a sustainable and independent India.

An unending dream to stay little for lifelong

The author namely Kangana Singh is a passionate teen poetess who carries an immense desire to always write and write better everyday. She expresses her experiences of life shaped in nocturnal elegies for the audience to always relate and appreciate. She dreams of becoming of successful writer/poetess in the near future taking little steps forward everyday.

Kangana Singh

Holding Papa's little finger, frolicking, humming,
laughing-a heart full of innocence, a heart too
loved, a heart full of life, a heart never shoved.

My sky was pink ...
oh, how I miss the purity of not knowing
everything.

I remember drawing crooked lines on a paper as
thin as my stress, impatient to fill them with the
colours of my admiration for every little detail
in

this beautiful world, and when I was
done, taking

a sprightly swirl ...

oh, how I miss the mind of a
small one who



loved to care.

I remember pretending to be ma in front of the
mirror just to look like her, how desperately I
wanted her beauty to be mine, and when caught,
lover of it, when, in truth, she was only crafting a
false image of a girl who looked like a naturalist.

The child who loved and cared without

expecting anything in return.

The child who was fearless, lighthearted,
stress-free-now replaced by nothing but
shattered serenity.

The lines we cross

I am Ayisha Fathima Syed, a final-year B.A. English Literature student at PSG College of Arts and Science, Coimbatore and an aspiring Professor of English Literature. I am passionate about literature, poetry, teaching, and creative writing. As an academic rank holder and published poet, I enjoy transforming ideas and emotions into meaningful words.

Ayisha Fathima .S

Everything in this world has limits,
they say.

But the universe doesn't.

And maybe, neither do words.

For what is the limit of a word
that never holds one meaning?

A smile is not always warmth,
sometimes it is sarcasm in disguise.

A tear is not always sorrow,
sometimes there is a serpent behind the weeping eyes.

People cross boundaries every minute,
no survey can measure it.

And why only people?

Even you, even I,



cannot hold our own boundaries.

You tell yourself,
do not believe, do not care,
draw a line, drag your fences higher.

But the kindest heart betrays you,
the softest soul pushes you again
towards people,making you care,
making you give them the love
you always wished for yourself.

You give what you wanted to receive,
but it never returns the same way.

The word boundary has meaning
only if it is followed.

And yet,things can change,
people can change,
even boundaries can change.

But let this one thing remain limitless -
who you are,what you love,
your self-respect,your passion.
Let it exceed itself,

day by day,

as the sun rises and falls,

but never stops rising again.

For what is beyond boundaries is precious,

and what is within boundaries is just precaution.

CORRECTION

Limitless

My name is Angel Rose (pen name) and I am 31 years old. I have been writing every since I was 11 years old. I have currently been published 6 times and I wrote my first manuscript when I was 21 years old. Writing is my passion and I just hope my words can touch people's hearts around the world .

Angel Rose

Breaking the mold,
No procrastination,
No distraction,
The finish line to every step is the goal.

To the ends of the Earth I'll go,
For a dream and pass God gave me,
To the ends of the Earth I'll go,
There is no limit.

For my Heavenly Father blessed me with something great,
Great and precious from Him and Him alone.



A naive child

Sana fatima

We used to jump so high..

One day, I sat down on the couch,

Wondering how I'm sitting as an adult now?

Just yesterday we promised to climb the trees.

So, Where did that tree go?

Where did the promise fly?

And us?

There was a time, we used to wait for the sun to rise...

So that we could run a mile.

Sometimes, the grass tricked us

we fell on the ground,

Crying...

Friends held out their hands to pull us up, laughing, smirking..

Chill bro,

It's not a big deal in games..

we are not a child...!!

And We laughed, with teary eyes.

Once it was a ground as far as we could see.

Now, buildings stand so high.



But the air still smells like home.

Sometimes, we try to cry,

But can't feel the same joy.

Reality hits—

maybe with time,

that joy just flew somewhere as we grew older.

Enjoying life as an adult

was a childhood dream.

Now we smile numb,

just to survive the day.

CORRECTION

The Unwritten Edge

Chinmay Jagtap is a young poet whose work explores the depths of emotion, identity, and the boundaries between who we are and who we become.

Chinmay Jagtap

There was a line between who I was
and who they wanted me to be,
a silent border drawn so deep
I mistook it for my identity.

I learned to walk where I was told,
to keep my questions in the cold,
to bury every restless dream
beneath the weight of what was “meant to be.”

But dreams have never known a border,
nor has the heart obeyed a sign;
the further I searched for my own horizon,
the less the old world felt like mine.

I lost some roads, I lost some faces,
I lost the person I used to know;
but sometimes losing what confines you



is the only way your roots can grow.

So let them draw their lines around me,

let them name the edge of the sea—

I have learned that every boundary

is only as strong as the soul that agrees.

And if tomorrow asks me

how far I dare to go,

I won't point towards the horizon—

I'll point beyond it,

where even my fear

has nowhere left to grow.

Shooting stars don't bring you back

Milisha Negi

To wish upon a shooting star, what a silly thing to do!
Then why do I find myself, gazing the stars wishing to see you?
Reminisce how you said we'd plant roses at your place?
Then why do I stand alone laying a wreath of roses on your grave
You said you loved the morning mist, with the accompanying earthy smell.
Now a part of nature's gift, alone in my memories you dwell.
In your last moments what expression was on your face?
Perhaps a sigh of relief or your fate you had embraced.
The calendar loses half it's months,
your roses wither and wilt.
A proper goodbye you never got is my greatest guilt.

The Boy who looked at the Stars

Syed Mohamed Abdul Kader

Aravind had just finished his engineering studies. But Aravind was different. He had always been fascinated by space—the stars, planets, galaxies, and mysterious signals traveling through the universe. And he believed something most people around him didn't. Aliens were real. People laughed whenever he said it. Aravind never argued. "I haven't seen them," he would simply say. "That doesn't mean they don't exist." His greatest dream was to become a scientist and contribute to the search for life beyond Earth. But another dream quietly lived inside him. He often heard news about children being abused and harassed. Those stories disturbed him deeply. He wanted children to have someone who would protect them, guide them, and make them feel safe. So he carried two dreams. One belonged to the stars. The other belonged to the people around him.

After graduation, Aravind began searching for work from home. He spent almost a month applying for jobs. There were rejections and unanswered applications, but he continued.

Then, finally, he got a job in Chennai.

It wasn't his dream job, but it was a beginning.

The job required night shifts. Aravind saw it as a chance to gain experience and move toward his goal. At the same time, he wanted to begin his second dream.

He contacted several kindergarten schools and explained that he wanted to mentor children and help take care of them.



He wasn't a trained teacher, and his engineering degree had nothing to do with education, but his interest was genuine.

One school discussed the matter with its principal and finally decided to give him a chance.

He would begin as a trainee teacher.

Aravind accepted immediately.

And so his strange double life began.

Night: employee.

Day: teacher.

On his first morning, Aravind decided to make a strong impression.

He wore sunglasses and walked through the corridor like a movie hero and dramatically stepped inside.

The children stared.

Their young teacher, Sathya, stared too.

Aravind slowly walked forward.

"Is this what you teach them?" he asked Sathya sternly. "Didn't you already tell them to stand when a teacher comes?"

Sathya sighed.

The children slowly stood.

"Good morning, sir..."

"Yeah, yeah. Good morning, sit... Down."

They sat.

Aravind noticed dust on the wall.

"I have a dust allergy," he announced.

"From now on, keep this classroom clean."

"If anyone forgets, I'll punish every one of you."

The children became nervous.

Then he shouted, "Class! Stand up!"

Everyone immediately stood.

"Who's the class leader?"

A little girl and a little boy stood. Another boy explained that they had separate leaders for boys and girls.

Aravind pointed toward the boy.

"You sit down."

The boy immediately obeyed.

He looked at the little girl.

"What is your name?"

"Akshitha..."

"Can't hear."

"Akshitha."

"Can't hear!"

She became nervous.

He struck the table.

"Say it loudly!"

"MY NAME IS AKSHITHA!"

Aravind smiled.

"That's the spirit! Sit down."

She sat.

Sathya finally spoke.

"Sir, I'm their class teacher. The principal said you're going to mentor them.

Please be nice to them."

"Don't worry," he replied. "I'll take care of them."

After Sathya left, Aravind removed his sunglasses.

He looked at Akshitha.

"You scared?"

She nodded.

He immediately softened.

"I'm sorry. I thought your teacher was beautiful, so I was trying to look cool in front of her."

The children laughed.

"I didn't mean to scare you."

He introduced himself properly.

"By the way, I'm your new class teacher. Don't be scared of me. I just wanted to flirt with your teacher."

The children giggled.

As the days passed, Aravind told the children about his life. He told them about engineering, his night-shift job, and his dreams.

"I want to become a scientist," he explained. "I want to explore space. I believe there is life somewhere beyond Earth."

"But people say aliens aren't real!"

"I know," Aravind smiled. "But I want to find out for myself."

He also explained his other dream.

"I want to protect people around me, especially children who need someone to care for them."

Akshitha was intelligent and responsible, often helping him manage the class.

One afternoon, Aravind stopped her.

"Akshitha, what's your previous teacher's name?"

"Sathya, sir."

He hesitated.

"Can you give me her number?"

Akshitha stared at him.

"Why?"

Aravind immediately became awkward.

"Leave it. I'm just kidding."

Akshitha smiled.

"I know, sir. You have a crush on Sathya mam."

Aravind froze.

"Sathya mam is very kind. Maybe try asking her yourself."

She walked away.

His feelings weren't one-sided either.

Sathya had begun noticing the kindness beneath his strange behavior.

Eventually, she decided to tell him how she felt.

She secretly asked Akshitha to bring him somewhere quiet.

When Aravind arrived, Sathya spoke honestly. She had watched him care for the children and chase his dreams.

Aravind told her his journey would not be easy.

"I don't know where my life will take me," he said. "Maybe I'll have to study again."

Maybe I'll have to leave this city. Maybe it'll take years to reach my dream."

Sathya smiled.

"I don't care."

She promised to stand beside him.

Aravind finally admitted that he loved her too.

Their relationship began.

Aravind continued his two lives. At night, he worked. During the day, he taught.

The school management noticed his talent and kindness and made him the official class teacher.

But they still worried about his health.

"You're working at night and teaching during the day," they warned him.

"You need rest."

Aravind smiled.

"Rest is for people who stand back. I'm always in the front."

Unfortunately, his body eventually forced him to stop.
He developed a severe fever and repeatedly fainted.
The school sent him to the hospital.
Doctors warned him that he had been under enormous physical and mental pressure and needed proper rest.
Sathya took care of him.
When Akshitha visited, she held his hand.
"Sir, don't worry. Mam will take care of us. You need to rest."
"I miss you, Akshitha."
"I miss you too, sir."
He finally fell asleep.
After recovering, Aravind returned to school.
The children rushed toward him and hugged him.
He hugged them back.
This time, he understood his mistake.
He continued both jobs, but he added rest to his schedule.
He couldn't protect others by destroying himself.
Soon, Sports Day preparations began.
The school was decorated with lights and banners.
Aravind looked around.
"Is this all for me?"

Akshitha laughed.
"No, sir! Sports Day!"
He immediately began preparing his students.
He wanted everyone to participate in football, running, jumping, chess, and other competitions.
Akshitha was particularly interested in chess.
Aravind trained her personally, teaching her tactics and strategy.
He brought another talented student to challenge her.
Akshitha played brilliantly.
Aravind smiled proudly.
"You have real talent."
But on Sports Day, everything suddenly changed.
His phone rang.
He answered.
His expression immediately became pale.
"What?"
He listened.

Then quietly said, "I'll come."
He rushed away without explaining.
Sathya called him repeatedly.
No answer.
Days passed.
No call.
No message.
Finally, Akshitha decided to find him.
She and her classmates asked the school and his friends for his address.
They learned that his home was in the far south of Tamil Nadu.
Despite their upcoming exams, they decided to go.
They collected their pocket money and travelled by train in the rain.
They continued by bus.
Eventually, they reached his street.
It was crowded.
Then they saw Aravind.

He was crying outside his house.
His mother had died.
Akshitha shouted, "SIR!"
He turned.
"Akshitha?"
"How are you all here?"
"Where's Sathya mam?"
"We didn't tell her."
Aravind became worried.
"Why did you come alone? I always told you not to travel alone."
Akshitha cried.
"Because we all love you, sir. We missed you."
He hugged her.
Then he told them what had happened.
"The call was about my mother."
"She passed away."
The children stood silently.

He took them inside to see her.
Afterward, he asked his brother to bring them juice.
Even while grieving, he was still thinking about his students.
Eventually, Sathya heard the news and travelled to his village.
"Sir, what happened to your mother? At least you should have told me."

"I'm sorry, Sathya. It happened suddenly."

He looked toward the children.

"They travelled all this way to see me. Their exams are coming too. I don't know what to do."

Sathya held him.

"Don't worry. Stay here. I'll take care of their exams."

Aravind broke down.

"I think I should leave my job."

"My mother was my only hope."

"Now she's gone. Who do I have?"

Sathya hugged him.

"Don't say that."

"I'll be with you."

"Our students are with you."

"Please don't leave them. You're the best teacher for them."

She kissed him.

He kissed her back.

His father told him,

"Your mother wanted you to become a good person. She wanted you to help people."

"Return to the city. I'll take care of everything here."

Aravind asked to stay for two days because his students had travelled so far.

His father agreed.

During those two days, Aravind taught the children at home beneath the moonlight.

Their exams were approaching, and they studied together.

Eventually, the children returned to school.

The examinations began.

When the results arrived, almost the entire class topped their respective subjects.

Akshitha was among the highest scorers.

The children ran to Aravind.

"Sir! We did it!"

He smiled.

"You didn't just pass. You proved that you could do it."

Years passed.

Aravind never abandoned his dream.

He continued studying science, astronomy, signal processing, and space

research.

Eventually, the dream he had carried since childhood became reality.

Aravind became a scientist.

He entered space research and the search for life beyond Earth.

He analyzed astronomical signals and searched for evidence of life.

People still laughed.

"Aliens aren't real."

"You're wasting your time."

Aravind simply smiled.

He didn't need everyone to believe him.

He remembered the children who had once traveled through the rain just to find him, and the mother who had taught him kindness. Those memories remained with him as he continued his research. His past gave him strength, and his curiosity kept his eyes fixed on the endless darkness above.

Maybe humanity was alone.

Maybe it wasn't.

Nobody knew.

But Aravind was going to keep searching.

He knew the search might take his lifetime.

One night, while studying distant signals, he looked through the window at the stars.

Sathya stood behind him.

"You still believe they're out there?"

"Of course."

"After all these years?"

"Especially after all these years."

He turned back toward his screen.

"The universe is too big for us to stop asking questions."

The boy who once sat at home dreaming about the stars had finally become the scientist who could search them.

He had achieved his dream.

He had protected and guided the children he cared about.

He had found someone who stood beside him.

And now, one mystery remained.

Are we truly alone?

Aravind didn't know the answer.

But he knew he would never stop looking.

Because some people spend their lives accepting the answers they're given.

And some people look at the stars and ask questions nobody else dares to

ask.

Aravind was one of them.

CORRECTION

The Thread Between Us

Himakshi is a young writer who finds inspiration in emotions, relationships, and the quiet moments that often go unnoticed.

Himakshi

They say a thread is fragile,
something that can break with a little force.
But ours was never just a thread.

It carries years of laughter,
little fights over the smallest things,
shared secrets whispered after everyone slept,
and memories that time could never erase.

You grew beside me,
sometimes ahead of me,
sometimes annoyingly far away—
yet somehow, never truly distant.

Between us, there were no borders.
Not of distance,
not of time,
not even of words left unsaid.

The Rakhi around my wrist
may last for only a few days,
but what it represents stays much longer—
a promise without a contract,
a bond without conditions,
a love without an expiry date.

Maybe that is what makes some bonds extraordinary.

They don't need to be held tightly
to remain close.



They simply exist—
quietly, stubbornly, beautifully—
beyond every border.

And if the world ever asks
what keeps two hearts connected
when everything else tries to pull them apart,

I'll point to this little thread
and say—

**this is the distance
love refuses to accept.**

CORRECTION

Oh my dream !

I am a student with a love for writing, poetry, and turning random thoughts into little stories. I enjoy finding poetry in ordinary moments and giving imagination a voice. My writing often blends emotions, creativity, humour, and a touch of the unexpected. “Ohh, My Dream” is one such playful journey born from a wild imagination and a crazy dream.

NEHA MALI

Ohh, my dream, oh, it's my dream,
I was in a jungle beside a stream.
The night was dark, the moon was low,
I heard a sound and froze in the snow.
I saw something dark behind a tree,
It looked so strange, it frightened me.
I screamed so loud, I lost my breath,
Then ran away as fast as death!
Ohh, my dream, oh, it's my dream,
Nothing was ever what it seemed.
I closed my eyes and wished to wake,
But suddenly, the whole ground shake!
Then I woke up and went to college,
Thinking I had escaped the jungle's knowledge.
But when I entered through the gate,
I saw some monsters—oh, too late!



They had big eyes and scary faces,
They were walking slowly through the places.
Ohh, my dream, oh, it's my dream,
I ran from the monsters, or so it seemed.
I opened a door and tried to hide,
But something was standing on the other side!
I saw one smile and heard it scream,
“Oh, welcome back! You're in a dream!”
I turned around and started to run,
The monsters chased me one by one.
I jumped through a window and started to fly,
I floated above the cloudy sky.
The stars were shining, the moon was bright,
For one small moment, everything felt right.
Then suddenly, I heard a sound,
A giant monster shook the ground!
I screamed again with all my might,
And woke up in my bed at night!
I looked around—the room was still,
No jungle, no monsters, no scary hill.
I smiled and thought, “At last, I'm free!”
Then something whispered, “Look behind thee...” 🗿
I slowly turned, too scared to see,
And there was someone standing silently.

I screamed and jumped right out of bed—

Then heard my mother say, “Go back to sleep instead!” 😊

Ohh, my dream, oh, it’s my dream,

A crazy nightmare with a funny theme.

Jungle, monsters, college, and fright—

I guess my dreams are wild tonight!

Ohh, my dream, oh, it’s my dream,

But now everything is more extreme!

I looked around and saw my bed,

Then a monster whispered, “You’re not dead!”

I screamed so loud, “What is going on?”

Then the monster smiled and switched the light on.

I looked at the clock—it was half past three,

And there was a strange shadow staring at me!

Ohh, my dream, oh, it’s my dream,

Or maybe this time it’s not what it seems... 👁️

The Cottage at Kalu Danda

Arnav Negi is a writer and poet from the hills of Uttarakhand, currently based in the small city of Dehradun, nestled in the lap of the Himalayas. Growing up surrounded by mountains and quiet forests has deeply shaped his voice as a writer, lending his work a sense of stillness, wonder, and connection to nature.

ARNAV NEGI

"You should have left.

I gave you a warning!

You can't run away.

Ha... ha... ha..."

The rocks at the cliff's shoulder came crashing down.

"Ah! Not again!"

Sam woke up screaming, drenched in sweat.

"Maa! I'm tired of all this stuff," he complained.

"Beta, just sleep. We have to meet Nan tomorrow morning... it might be the last time," his mother replied softly.

The next morning, Sam and his family set off to meet his Nan. It was so heartbreaking to see their beloved Nan at the verge of departing this world.

The family spent her final moments in quiet contentment.

"Just like every fragrant flower must shed one day," she whispered, *"it's my time too... But listen, never go to the cottage at Kalu Danda, NEVER...NEE...N."*

Clock struck 11:13, Nan took her last breath. She left for the heavenly abode — or so it seemed. But something about her death felt... unusual.

Months passed. But Sam, ever the curious explorer, couldn't resist breaking rules — especially his Nan's final one. He set out for a place he knew nothing about.

An explorer with no clear path.

A seeker with no destination and destiny indeed.

Kalu Danda — literally "*Mountain of Darkness*" — lived up to its name. A silent, beautiful hill station from the days of the British Raj, nestled in Garhwal. Since Lord Lansdowne named it, its silence echoed. The fog sang the deafened melodies.

The fog here was so thick it felt like the sun had never kissed the earth. You could only hear the young lads of the Garhwal regiment drilling... or nature softly singing. During off-season, the town felt as still as the Ganges exhausted in the Sundarbans. Even though in this silence, the place seemed habitable.

Sam finally reached Kalu Danda, where he met Malu, the helper assigned to care for the cottage. Locals called it Bungalow No. 18, Sinkim.

To Sam's surprise — and horror — it was the same place he'd seen in his dreams. A chill ran down his spine.

Malu refused to enter.

"What happened, Bha ji?" Sam asked.

Malu hesitated, then whispered, *"You'll experience it yourself."*

Sam laughed, brushing it off, but Malu's face was pale and still. His speechless eyes seemed to say, your laughter will soon turn to tears.

Sam had no idea what awaited him... but he was about to find out the unheard legends and hard to believe tale.

The moment he entered, crows and ravens gathered around the cottage. The fog began to sway unnaturally. Suddenly, a strange apparition flickered before his eyes — and vanished in a blink.

Something about this place felt deeply wrong. His instincts screamed at him to leave — but he ignored them, just like the rain doesn't choose where to fall.

The next day, he visited Sadar Bazar and the ancient Kaleshwar Temple. the natives had great faith in this 500-year-old Shiva temple. Indeed, sacred for some, merely a stone for others.

The local priest looked at Sam with knowing eyes, as if he'd been expecting him. He had premonition about something.

"Leave," the priest advised. *"As soon as possible."*

But like a high tide that doesn't retreat, Sam's decision was fixed.

That night, Sam returned to the cottage, brushing off the omens and whispers.

The clock struck 11:13.

He was drawn into a sweet, monstrous sleep that left him half-dead.

Suddenly — the main door burst wide open.

A hoarse voice echoed.

Thud... Thud... Thud...

The heavy steps of something unseen grew fainter by the second.

Clip clop clip clop clip clop.....

Sam told himself it was just a gust of wind. Or soldiers. It was an army area, after all.

Then—

A whisper in his ear.

"Leave..."



The temperature dropped to a freezing chill.

The taper burnt weakly.

The wind began to whistle.

A sharp pain stabbed his head—

And then he was standing...

At the edge of a cliff.

There he saw it —

A headless man riding a black horse.

“a..a.....w..h.....what!?!?”

The horse charged up the hill — with Sam caught in its path.

“Aaah!”

Sam woke up, gasping, his head pounding.

There was dust, dirt, and grass all over his bed.

This was too much to digest.

He ran to the priest.

“You believe me now?” the priest said, half-smiling.

He explained: a British soldier, once stationed there, had gone off to fight in World War I. He died a martyr. But his soul couldn’t rest. With love for Kalu Danda and hate for betrayal, he punished soldiers who abandoned duty.

Only the temple remained untouched — perhaps protected by divine energy as if purity wanted to be purer.

Still shaken, Sam was sent to Narendra, an old engineer and a man wise beyond books as advised by the priest. He had learnt so much from life that he can now teach life to mend its way.

"The body is just clothing for the soul," Narendra said. "But sometimes the soul clings to earthly things... unable to move on. Spiritual world sways around mortality just like eternal air."

As fog pierced their lungs and Bhulla Lake grew still-ready to witness another strange night soon, Sam and Narendra pieced it together — the cottage belonged to the soldier.

Sam rushed back, determined to end this and leave for-ever.

He opened the door — and found himself standing on a battlefield.

Before him, the soldier fought bravely, fearlessly with valor, riding his horse. Sam watched, stunned.

The soul whispered, *"I want respect."*

He had been forgotten. Neglected. Like yellowed lines in an old newspaper.

"I have to do something," Sam murmured.

He decided to build a statue to honor the soldier — in the very courtyard of the cottage — and then leave forever.

For the next few days, the banging doors, the galloping hooves... continued.

But the dreams began to fade.

On the last day, Sam shut the door gently. He bowed his head.

"May you rest in peace... and be remembered for your valor and love."

As the words left his lips—

The fog lifted.

The mist cleared.

And sunlight poured through the clouds like never before.

Birds circled overhead, chirping joyously — as if the soul was finally free.

Sam threw the cottage keys into the Ganges.

"I'm finally home," he whispered.

And when he lay on his sweet bed that night — it was the first peaceful sleep in many days.

Until...

He found himself again on the edge of that mountain.

A whisper echoed in his ear:

“That wasn’t me.....”

Inspired by true events.....

CORRECTION

“A Naive child”

I believe the most honest words come from the places we least want to look. I am Sana Fatima, a poet and writer from Jamshedpur, India. My work explores the spaces between grief and growth—where memories linger and hearts learn to heal. When I am not writing, I spend my time watching the sky and reflecting on moments that shaped me.

Sana Fatima

We used to jump so high..

One day, I sat down on the couch,

Wondering how I'm sitting as an adult now?

Just yesterday we promised to climb the trees.

So, Where did that tree go?

Where did the promise fly?

And us?

There was a time, we used to wait for the sun to rise...

So that we could run a mile.

Sometimes, the grass tricked us

we fell on the ground,

Crying...

Friends held out their hands to pull us up, laughing, smirking..

Chill bro,



It's not a big deal in games..

we are not a child..!!

And We laughed, with teary eyes.

Once it was a ground as far as we could see.

Now, buildings stand so high.

But the air still smells like home.

Sometimes, we try to cry,

But can't feel the same joy.

Reality hits—

maybe with time,

that joy just flew somewhere as we grew older.

Enjoying life as an adult

was a childhood dream.

Now we smile numb,

just to survive the day.

HINDI

Man ka sangharsh -ek nayi rah

Ankita Pritam Kumbhar

अपना संघर्ष औरों को बताकर क्या हासिल कर पायेगा,
जिसकी जितनी मती वो उतनाही तुझे जान पायेगा..
उस चौखट पर क्यूँ माथा पटकना, जिस दरवाजे पर तेरी कोई सूनता नहीं,
खून निकलेगा अपना ही , माथा अपना ही फुटेगा..
कल को छोडकर, आज को गले लगाना हे,
हर दिन कोशिश करके अपनी नींव को मजबूत बनाना हे..
तुझे रोकनेवाले हात दुश्मन नहीं तेरे,
तुझे तो तेरे विचारों ने ही रोका हे..
लडना हे तो उन विचारोंसे लड, जिसने तुझे झिंझोडा हे..
सवारना खुद को ही, खुद को ही अपनाना हे,
गलतियां अपनी जान के खुद से ही सिखाना हे..
जो युद्ध छिडा हे मन में तेरे खुद के खिलाफ, उसे शांत ना करना,
जब तक जीत ना जाओ खुद से ही, तब तक हार ना मानना...

जितनी गेहराई है समंदर में, उतनीही मन के भितर है,
बस् काबू तो उस डर को करना हे जिसका तेरी सोच में बसेरा हे..
जिसने जाना विचारों का खेल , सफलता उसे मिलनी ही हे,,



दुसरोँकी आँखो में क्या झलकना,
तुझे अपनी ही आँखो में चमकना हे.....

CORRECTION

बटवारे का दर्द

Anshika kumari

सपना अखंडता का देखा,
पर देश को बाँट दिया।
धरती बाँटी, संसार बाँटा,
धर्म के नाम पर इंसानियत को बाँट दिया।

लोगों के डेरों पर,
किसी ने अपना घर बसाया।
कितनी माँओं ने अपना आँचल खोया,
कितनों ने अपना चिराग बुझाया।

शहीदों ने अपना जीवन दिया,
देश को सुरक्षित रखने के लिए।
अपनों का साथ छोड़ दिया,
मातृभूमि की रक्षा के लिए।

न जाने कितने वर्ष बीत गए,
अपनों को गले लगाए हुए।
सरहदें आज भी खड़ी हैं,
दिल मगर वहीं ठहरे हुए।



CORRECTION

ग़ालिब कहते हैं,

Himanshu

इश्क़ में प्रेमी बच्चा बन जाता है,
नादान और प्यारा...

अगर ये सच है,
तो तुम मुझे माँ जैसा प्यार करना,
माँ जैसे अपने साथ रखना,
खुद से दूर न जाने के हज़ार बहाने देना,
उदास होने पर पास बैठना,
नींद आने पर अपनी गोद में सिर रखकर सुला देना,
और अपने हाथ से ही खाना खिलाना...। ❤



अगर तुम मेरी माँ जैसी बन गई...

Himanshu

जो बन गई तुम मेरी माँ जैसी, तो...

ना ही तुमसे झूठ बोलूँगा,
ना ही तुम्हारी पसंद पर सवाल उठाऊँगा,
ना ही तुम्हारे काम को टालूँगा,
ना ही तुम पर गुस्सा करूँगा,
ना ही अपनी नाकामयाबी का दोष तुम पर डालूँगा।

ना ही किसी के डर से तुम्हें रोक्कूँगा-टोक्कूँगा,
ना ही तुम्हारी बातों को काटूँगा,
ना ही कभी तुम पर हाथ उठा पाऊँगा,
और ना ही कभी तुम्हें धोखा दे पाऊँगा।

और तुम्हारे लिए सबसे लड़ जाऊँगा,
तुम्हें सच की देवी की तरह सम्मान दूँगा।

और ना ही तुम पर कभी हाथ उठा पाऊँगा,
और ना ही तुम्हें कभी धोखा दे पाऊँगा।



ठहरा सा समंदर,

पतझड़ में झड़ता हुआ बरगद,

एक टूटी हुई झोपड़ी,

झोपड़ी में रहता अकेला फ़कीर।

नींद में उसके ख्वाब हैं,

ख्वाब में एक साथ है,

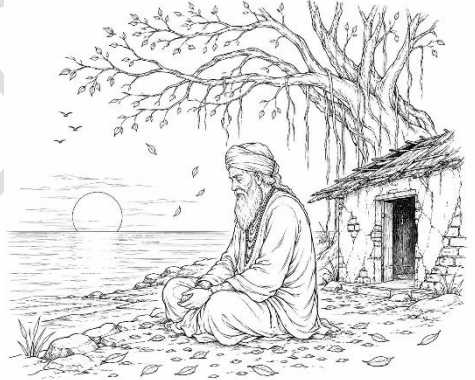
साथ किसका, जब खुद ही बेईमान है।

समंदर-सी धार है,

शांत जैसे बरगद की छाँव है,

आँखों में आग बेशुमार,

किसी के लिए तो प्यार है।



सीक्रेट्री साहब

Samarth mishra

आज की रात अजीब सी खामोशी लिए हुए थी, और इसी खामोशी के बीच अचानक मुझे अपने दादा जी की याद आ गई।

मेरे दादा जी गाँव में 'सीक्रेट्री साहब' के नाम से जाने जाते थे—यानी ग्राम विकास अधिकारी। उस दौर में वह केवल 10वीं कक्षा तक पढ़े थे। मैं महज़ पाँच वर्ष का रहा हूँगा जब उनका निधन हो गया था, इसलिए उनके साथ की यादें धुंधली थीं। मन में उत्सुकता जागी, तो मैंने अपने पिता जी के पास जाकर उनके बारे में पूछना शुरू किया।

पिता जी के चेहरे पर पुरानी यादों की एक हल्की सी मुस्कान तैर गई। उन्होंने बताना शुरू किया:

"बात तब की है जब तुम्हारे दादा जी ने अपनी 10वीं की परीक्षा पास की थी। उन दिनों चुनार के एक सज्जन हुआ करते थे—आर. एम. ओ. यादव जी। वह तुम्हारे दादा जी की लगन और पढ़ाई से बहुत प्रभावित थे। एक दिन वह उन्हें अपने साथ सोनभद्र के बी. डी. ओ. (BDO) साहब के दफ्तर ले गए।

यादव जी ने बी. डी. ओ. साहब के सामने तुम्हारे दादा जी को खड़ा किया और बड़े गर्व से बोले—'साहब! मिर्जापुर से एक बड़ा ही होशियार और काबिल लड़का लाया हूँ, 10वीं पास है!'

बस, इतना सुनना था कि बी. डी. ओ. साहब ने उनकी काबिलियत पर भरोसा जताया और तुरंत ही उन्हें सोनभद्र में 'ग्राम विकास अधिकारी' के पद पर नियुक्त कर दिया।"

आपको बता दूँ, उस दौर में 10वीं पास होना कोई छोटी बात नहीं थी; इसका मतलब बहुत ज्यादा पढ़ा-लिखा माना जाता था।

पिता जी ने बात आगे बढ़ाते हुए बताया:

"नौकरी की बात तय होते ही तुम्हारे दादा जी ने बी. डी. ओ. साहब के सामने एक छोटी सी शर्त—या पूँ कहें कि सिफारिश रखी। उन्होंने कहा कि वह महीने में 10 दिन घर पर रहेंगे और बाकी के 20 दिन काम संभालेंगे।

इस पर बी. डी. ओ. साहब मुस्कराए और बोले—'अरे, तुम 20 दिन घर पर रहो और सिर्फ 10 दिन ही काम पर आ जाओ, तब भी चलेगा! लेकिन तुम नौकरी ज्वाइन कर लो!'

दादा जी खुशी-खुशी राज़ी हो गए।"

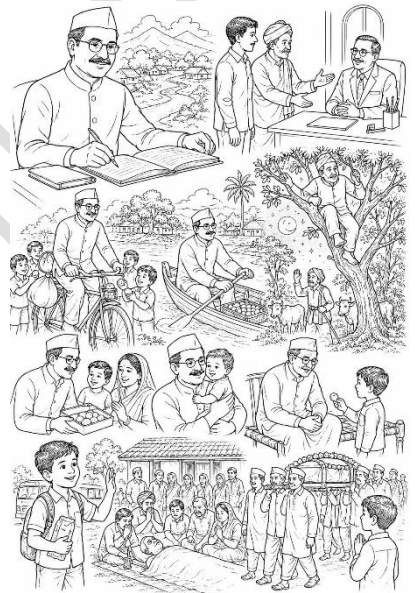
सरकारी नौकरी शुरू तो हो गई, लेकिन उन दिनों देहात का सफर जोखिम भरा होता था। पिता जी दादा जी का एक दिलचस्प और खौफनाक किस्सा सुनाने लगे:

"एक बार की बात है, तुम्हारे दादा जी घोरावल के घने जंगलों से होकर गुजर रहे थे। चलते-चलते अचानक रात गहरा गई और वह घने अंधियारे में रास्ता भटक गए। जंगली जानवरों का खतरा था, इसलिए उन्होंने समझदारी दिखाई और एक ऊँचे पेड़ पर चढ़कर बैठ गए। पूरी रात उन्होंने पेड़ की डालियों पर जागते हुए सुबह होने के इंतज़ार में काटी।

सुबह की पहली किरण फूटते ही अचानक उनके कानों में घंटी की ठन-ठन आवाज़ पड़ी। साथ ही किसी चरवाहे की 'हई-रे... हई!' करके मवेशियों को हाँकने की आवाज़ गूँजी।

दादा जी ने पेड़ से नीचे झाँककर देखा, तो पास ही गाँव का एक चरवाहा अपनी गायों को ले जा रहा था। दादा जी की जान में जान आई। उन्होंने नीचे उतरकर चरवाहे को आवाज़ दी और बोले—'भाई, मैं रास्ता भटक गया हूँ।'

चरवाहे ने जैसे ही ध्यान से देखा, वह तुरंत पहचान गया और देहाती लहजे में बोल पड़ा—'अरे! सेक्रेटरी साहब? रवा चिंता जनि करीं, आवा हम आपन साथे चलि के रास्ता दिखा देत बानी!'



पूरे इलाके में लोग उन्हें बड़े आदर और प्यार से 'सीक्रेट्री साहब' ही कहकर पुकारते थे, लेकिन उनका असली नाम पंडित श्रीनारायण मिश्रा था।"

पिता जी ने परिवार का जिक्र करते हुए बताया:

"तुम्हारे दादा जी कुल तीन भाई थे और वह बीच के थे। सबसे बड़े दादा जी—श्री हरि नारायण मिश्रा, जो घर की खेती-बाड़ी का पूरा काम संभालते थे। बीच में तुम्हारे दादा जी (पंडित श्रीनारायण मिश्रा) थे। और उनसे छोटे थे—श्री देवनारायण मिश्रा, जो अपने पूरे इलाके में एक जाने-माने और नामी पहलवान के रूप में मशहूर थे। तीनों भाइयों में बहुत प्रेम था।

तुम्हारे दादा जी के मिज़ाज की बात ही अलग थी! उन्हें 'गुलाब जामुन' खाने का बेहद शौक था। रोज़ शाम को वह अपनी साइकिल पर सवार होकर बाज़ार जाते। बाज़ार से लौटते वक्त वह न सिर्फ़ अपने घर के बच्चों के लिए, बल्कि पूरे गाँव के बच्चों के लिए ढेर सारी मिठाइयाँ और टॉफियाँ लेकर आते। इसी वजह से गाँव के नन्हे-मुन्ने बच्चे उन्हें प्यार से 'बाज़ार बाबा' कहकर बुलाते थे।

उनका जीवन बहुत ही आन-बान-शान और ठाठ-बाठ से गुज़रा..."

पिता जी ने पुरानी यादों के पिटारे से एक और दिलचस्प किस्सा निकालते हुए कहा:

"ऐसी ही एक बार की बात है, जब हमारे गाँव में भीषण बाढ़ आ गई थी। चारों तरफ़ पानी ही पानी भर गया और सारे रास्ते जलमग्न हो गए। बाढ़ के कारण रास्ते बंद होने से तुम्हारे दादा जी का शाम को बाज़ार जाना रुक गया। अब जिन्हें रोज़ बाज़ार जाने की आदत हो, वो भला घर पर कैसे बैठते?"

दादा जी ने इसका भी एक अनोखा तरीका निकाला—उन्होंने बाज़ार जाने के लिए सीधे एक पूरी नाव ही बुलवा ली और उसे अपने निजी उपयोग के लिए अपने दरवाज़े पर लगवा लिया!

तुम्हें बताऊँ, उस दौर में गाँव के 'ग्राम प्रधान' के कहने पर भी आसानी से नाव नहीं मिलती थी, लेकिन दादा जी का रसूख और रुतबा ऐसा था कि नाव तुरंत हाज़िर हो गई। जब तक बाढ़ का पानी रहा, वह नाव दादा जी के दुआरे पर ही बँधी रही। दादा जी ने उस नाविक को रोज़ की तय मज़दूरी और खर्चा अपनी जेब से देना शुरू किया।

लेकिन बात सिर्फ उनके बाज़ार जाने तक सीमित नहीं थी। दादा जी ने उस नाव को पूरे गाँव वालों के लिए बिल्कुल 'मुफ्त' कर दिया। गाँव का कोई भी व्यक्ति उस नाव से आ-जा सकता था और उसका सारा खर्चा दादा जी खुद उठाते थे।

उनकी इसी दरियादिली, रोब और खुले दिल की वजह से पूरा गाँव उनका बेहद सम्मान करता था।"

समय अपनी रफ्तार से बीतता रहा, और फिर वह दिन आया जब मेरा जन्म हुआ।

पिता जी अक्सर भावुक होकर बताते हैं कि जब दादा जी को मेरे जन्म की खबर मिली, तो उनकी आँखों से खुशी के आँसू छलक पड़े। वह इतने निहाल हो गए कि खुशी के मारे झूमकर नाचने लगे! यद्यपि मेरे जन्म से पहले ही वह अपनी सरकारी नौकरी से सेवानिवृत्त (रिटायर) हो चुके थे, लेकिन इलाके में उनका आदर और सम्मान वैसा ही बरकरार था। अपने पोते के आने की खुशी में उन्होंने पूरे गाँव में अपनी सबसे पसंदीदा मिठाई—'गुलाब जामुन' बटवाए। इतना ही नहीं, उन्होंने अपने सभी खास मित्रों और स्नेहीजनों को न्योता देकर घर बुलाया और बड़े चाव से सबको भोज कराया। वह मुझसे बेहद प्यार करते थे।

लेकिन वक्त का पहिया कभी नहीं रुकता। दिन तेज़ी से गुज़रते गए—एक तरफ मैं बड़ा हो रहा था, तो दूसरी तरफ दादा जी पर ढलती उम्र का असर दिखने लगा था।

जब मैं पाँच साल का हुआ, तब दादा जी 79 वर्ष के हो चुके थे। बढ़ती उम्र और शारीरिक कमजोरी के कारण अब उनका चलना-फिरना लगभग छूट सा गया था, वह एक ही जगह (खाट) पर सीमित होकर रह गए थे।

सच ही कहा गया है कि बुढ़ापा और बचपन बिल्कुल एक जैसे होते हैं—दोनों ही बेबस, निष्छल और दूसरों के सहारे के मोहताज। बुढ़ापे में इंसानी जीभ और ज्यादा चटोली हो जाती है। दादा जी का मन भी मीठा खाने को तरसता था, लेकिन सेहत की वजह से डॉक्टरों और घर वालों ने उन्हें मिठाइयाँ खाने से सख्त मना कर रखा था।

ऐसे में वह छुपके से मुझसे टॉफी माँगते! मैं भी अपने छोटे-छोटे हाथों से चुपचाप उनके लिए टॉफी और बिस्कुट का इंतज़ाम कर देता, और दादा-पोते का यह मीठा राज हम दोनों के बीच ही रहता।

पिता जी आगे मुस्कराते हुए उस दिन की याद दिलाते हैं:

"एक दिन की बात है, जब तुम सुबह-सुबह स्कूल जाने की तैयारी कर रहे थे। तुम्हें जेब खर्च के लिए घर से 5 रुपये मिले थे। उस दिन तुम्हारा स्कूल जाने का

बिल्कुल मन नहीं था, लेकिन पिता जी की डाँट के डर से तुम चुपचाप तैयार हो गए। जाने से पहले तुम दादा जी के पास गए, उनके पैर छूकर आशीर्वाद लिया और फिर स्कूल के लिए निकल गए।

पूरे दिन तुम्हारे दिमाग में दादा जी ही घूमते रहे। छुट्टी के वक्त जब बाकी बच्चे कैटीन से अपने लिए टॉफियाँ और समोसे खरीद रहे थे, तुमने अपने खाने के लिए एक पैसा भी खर्च नहीं किया। तुमने उन 5 रुपयों से अपनी पसंद की चीज़ लेने के बजाय दादा जी के लिए बिस्कुट का एक पैकेट खरीद लिया।

तुम हाथ में बिस्कुट का पैकेट थामे स्कूल बस में जा बैठे। पूरे रास्ते तुम्हारे चेहरे पर एक अलग ही खुशी थी—यह सोचकर कि घर पहुँचकर दादा जी को कितना बड़ा 'सरप्राइज' दूँगा..."

लेकिन जैसे ही मेरी बस गाँव पहुँची और मैं घर के करीब आया, मेरे कदम ठिठक गए। मैंने दूर से ही देखा कि हमारे घर के सामने लोगों की भारी भीड़ जमा थी। बाहर कई गाड़ियाँ और कारें खड़ी थीं, जिन्हें देखकर मेरा नन्हा दिल किसी अनहोनी की आशंका से धड़कने लगा।

मैंने घबराकर गाँव के एक भैया से पूछा कि—'क्या हुआ है?'

उन्होंने रोते हुए मेरी तरफ देखा और भारी आवाज़ में बोले—"**छोटे, तुम्हारे दादा जी अब नहीं रहे...**"

उनकी बात सुनकर मुझे बिल्कुल यकीन नहीं हुआ। एक पाँच साल के बच्चे के लिए 'न रहने' का मतलब समझना आसान नहीं था। मैं भागते हुए घर के अंदर गया। वहाँ का मंज़र देखकर मैं सुन्न पड़ गया—आँगन में दादा जी को ज़मीन पर लिटाया गया था और उनके ऊपर एक सफेद चादर ढकी हुई थी।

मुझे कुछ समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि आखिर यहाँ चल क्या रहा है। मेरे पिता जी, ताऊ जी (बड़े पिता जी) और घर के तमाम बड़े बुजुर्ग बिलख-बिलखकर रो रहे थे। मैं मन ही मन सोच रहा था कि—'**दादा जी तो बस सो रहे हैं, फिर ये सब लोग इस तरह रो क्यों रहे हैं?**'

मैं गुमसुम सा एक कोने में खड़ा होकर बस सबको देखे जा रहा था। तभी अचानक मेरा ध्यान अपने छोटे से हाथ पर गया, जिसमें मैं दादा जी के लिए बड़े चाव से खरीदा हुआ बिस्कुट का पैकेट भींचे हुए था। मैंने आगे बढ़कर वह बिस्कुट का पैकेट दादा जी के सिरहाने रख दिया।

उसी पल मेरी माता जी ने मुझे खींचकर अपने सीने से लगा लिया और फफक-फफक कर रोते हुए बताने लगीं कि—**"बेटा, तुम्हारे दादा जी अब इस दुनिया में नहीं रहे..."**

उस मासूम उम्र में मुझे मौत का मतलब समझ नहीं आ रहा था। मैं एकदम सुन्न और लफ़्ज़हीन होकर वहीं चुपचाप खड़ा रह गया।

थोड़ी देर बाद जब घर के बड़ों ने दादा जी की अर्थी उठाई, तो मेरे सब्र का बाँध टूट गया। मैं ज़ोर से चिल्ला पड़ा—**"कहाँ ले जा रहे हो सब लोग?"**

तभी मेरे बड़े पापा, जो फौज में (आर्मी में) थे—श्री गुलाब चंद्र मिश्रा, उन्होंने तुरंत मुझे अपनी गोद में उठाया। उन्होंने बड़े प्यार से मेरे छोटे से कंधे से दादा जी की अर्थी को स्पर्श कराया, और फिर मुझे नीचे उतार कर अर्थी के साथ आगे बढ़ गए।

मैं वहीं आँगन में खड़ा होकर अपनी नन्हीं आँखों से दादा जी को हमेशा-हमेशा के लिए दूर जाते हुए देखता रहा।

दादा जी तो इस दुनिया से चले गए, लेकिन जाते-जाते वह मेरे लिए अपना बेशकीमती प्यार, अपनी मीठी यादें, अपने दिए हुए संस्कार, अपना ज्ञान और अपना वह स्वाभिमानी नाम पीछे छोड़ गए।

आज भी उनका नाम पूरे इलाके में उतने ही आदर और सम्मान के साथ लिया जाता है तथा उनका सम्मान करने वाले लोग आज भी यहाँ मौजूद हैं। वे सब बच्चे, जिन्हें दादा जी कभी बाज़ार से ला-लाकर मिठाइयाँ दिया करते थे, उन्हें आज भी बड़ी आत्मीयता से **'बाज़ार बाबा'** कहकर याद करते हैं।

और आज भी जब मुझसे कोई मेरी पहचान पूछता है, तो मेरा सीना चौड़ा हो जाता है और मैं बड़े ही गर्व से मुस्कुराकर कहता हूँ—

"मैं सेक्रेटरी साहब का नाती हूँ!"

क्योंकि सिर्फ मैं एक लड़की हूँ

Nisha

मेरा जन्म होते ही खुशी नहीं दुख मनाया जाता है

मेरे उज्ज्वल भविष्य कि न सोच कर मेरे दहेज के पैसों के बारे में सोचा जाता है क्योंकि मैं एक लड़की हूँ

मुझे उड़ने से पहले मेरे कंधों पर जिम्मेदारी का बोझ याद दिलाया जाता है

मुझे मेरे सपनों पर नहीं घर के काम पर ध्यान देना सिखाया जाता है

क्योंकि मैं लड़की हूँ

मैं बाहर जाऊं तो सो सवाल पूछे जाते हैं

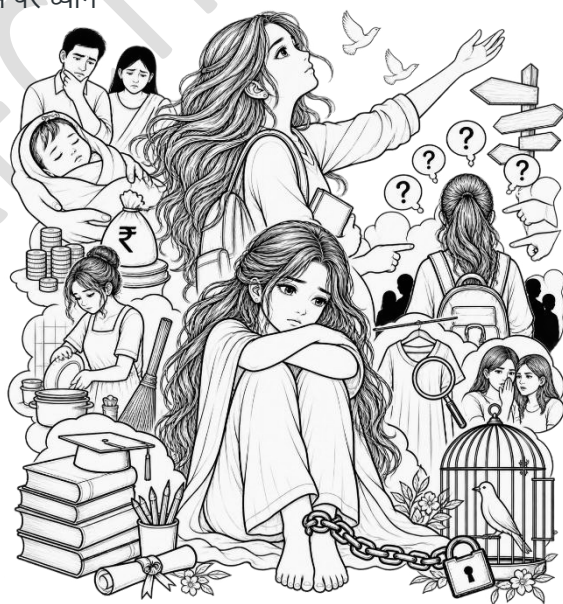
मेरे चरित्र से ज्यादा मेरे कपड़ों पर ध्यान दिया जाता है

क्योंकि मैं लड़की हूँ

यह सवाल नहीं

हर लड़कीके मन मे उठने वाला
दुख घुटन और अकेलापन है

हां मुझ पर रोक-टोक लगाई जाती है



क्योंकि मैं लड़की हूँ

CORRECTION

शिवोहम

Aparna Chaturvedi is a young writer, poet, speaker, and student from Goa, with a keen interest in law, politics, philosophy, and the complexities of human society. A passionate reader and dancer, she finds inspiration in nature, people, and the questions that often remain unspoken.

Aparna K. Chaturvedi

तुमने कभी देखा
कि जो तुम देख रहे हो,
वह देखना क्या है?
और देखने वाला कौन है?

तुम्हारे मस्तिष्क में एक विचार आया,
और चला गया।

पर तुम...

तुम तो रह गए।

कौन रह गया?

और यदि तुम रह गए,
तो वह विचार क्या था?

तुमने उस विचार को देखा,
उसे अनुभव किया।

पर किसने देखा?

तुमने?

हाँ, तुम्हारी आँखों ने...

या फिर —



साक्षी ने।

तुम्हारी साक्षी ने देखा।

तुम्हारा क्रोध,
तुम्हारा दुःख,
तुम्हारा सत्त्व, रजस् और तमस्,
तुम्हारा हर्ष,
तुम्हारा भय—

सबको आते-जाते देखा।

सब बदला...

पर क्या तुम बदले?

क्या तुम ही शिवतत्त्व हो?

शिव स्थायी हैं।

शिव अचल हैं।

शिव अपरिवर्तनीय हैं।

हर बदलते भाव में,

तुम तो स्थायी थे।

देह बदली।

बचपन गया।

जवानी गई।

बुढ़ापा भी चला जाएगा।

पर कुछ रह गया,

जिसे तुमने **चेतना** कहा।

वही चेतना शिव है।

वही चेतना तुम हो।
बस जानने की देर है...
शिव तुम्हारे ही भीतर है
और तुम ही शिव हो
ढूँढो...
जब ढूँढ लोगे,
तब किसी से पूछना नहीं पड़ेगा।
तब तुम स्वयं समझ जाओगे—
"शिवोऽहम्" — मैं शुद्ध चेतना हूँ।

लहू की पुकार - कश्मीर की सच्चाई

Rashi Gupta

मजहब के नाम पर
खूब दंगे होते हैं
धर्म के नाम पर
खून बहा करते हैं
पर ये किस तरह का लहू है
जो नसों में नहीं, आँखों में बहता है
जो दिल से नहीं प्रतिशोध से जाना जाता है
तुम हिंदू हो या मुसलमान
रोक-रोक कर पूछा जाता है
धर्म के नाम पर
गोलियों से उड़ाया जाता है
अरे धर्म तो केवल नाम है
पहचान तो हिंदुस्तान है
फिर क्यों खून बहा करते हैं
हिंदू-मुस्लिम के नाम पर
क्यों लोगों के मुँह बना करते हैं
क्या दोष था उन लोगों का
जो कश्मीर के नज़ारे लूटने गए थे
कोई नवयुवक युग्म था



तो कोई घूमने के इरादे से आए थे
पर इरादा तो महफूज़ था उनका
जो आतंकी बनकर आए थे
मजहब पूछकर तुम्हारा
लहू का स्वाद चखाने आए थे
क्या मजहब इंसानियत की बलि माँगता है
क्या स्वयं को श्रेष्ठ मानकर
दूसरे को कुचलना जानता है
अरे अपने धर्म पर गर्व करने वालों
ज़रा दूसरों की खैर किया करो
अपने कौल के खातिर
मासूमों से न लड़ा करो।
नमन है उन भारतीयों को
जो हिंदुस्तान की शान रखते हैं
आतंकियों के सामने भी स्वयं को
“हिन्दुस्तानी हैं हम” न्योछावर करते हैं।

वो लड़की मुझे याद आती है

Sweety Mittal

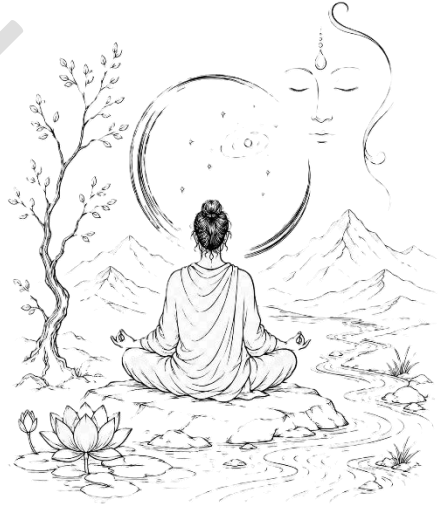
मेरे खफ़ा होने पर वो मुझको नहीं मनाती है,
बस स्टेटस लगा कर प्यार अपना जताती है।
छोटी-छोटी बातों को वो सीधे दिल से लगाती है,
और गुस्सा आने पर अचानक बिलकुल चुप हो जाती है।
ज़िद्द करके मुझसे अपनी हर एक बात मनवाती है,
और मेरे समझाने पर बड़ी-बड़ी आँखों से डराती है।
ज़ाहिर तो कभी अपने प्यार का समंदर नहीं कराती है,
पर मेरी ज़रा सी तकलीफ़ से वो बेइतहा घबराती है।
सामने कभी अपने दिल का हाल नहीं बताती है,
पर छुप-छुपकर मेरी तस्वीरों पर ही प्यार लुटाती है।
लाख अकड़ दिखाए मगर अपनी हँसी छुपा नहीं पाती है,
मेरी एक हलकी सी मुस्कान पर वो पिघलती चली जाती है।
अपनी हर एक दुआ और इबादत में सिर्फ़ मेरा नाम लाती है,
बिना कहे ही आँखों-आँखों में सब कुछ कह जाती है।
खुद ही झगड़ा करके फिर मासूम सा मुँह बनाती है,
और मेरे सीने से लगकर ही उसको राहत मिल पाती है।
दूरियों के साए में भी वो मेरी रूह को महकाती है,
उसकी हर एक नादानी मेरे दिल को बेहद भाती है।
लाख नखरे दिखाए पर वही मेरा जहाँ सजाती है,
अपने इस बेशर्त प्यार से वो मेरी ज़िंदगी मुकम्मल बनाती है।



.....परम शून्यता.....

Deepanshi

भय नहीं अब मुझे
स्वयं पे कुछ बीत जाने का
पीड़ाओ को अब मैं
साधन मानता हूँ
भय नहीं अब मुझे हृदय के दुःखी
या इंद्रियों के अकुलाने का
सभी है मन की कोरी कल्पनायें
ये मैं भली भाँति जानता हूँ
जो छूट गया है वो
मेरा कभी था ही नहीं
जो ठहर गया है भीतर
उसे ही अब मैं सत्य मानता हूँ
मिटते हुए भ्रम को देखकर
मुस्कुरा देता हूँ अब
इस शून्य बिन्दु मे स्वयं का
अनंत विस्तार चाहता हूँ
अब न कुछ पाने की ललक
न कुछ खो जाने का विलाप है
साक्षी भाव से बहती "जीवन धारा"



मे अपना मार्ग पहचानता हूँ
मौन की इस अगाध
गहराई में डूबकर ही
मैं अपनी आत्मा में उस
निराकार ईश्वर की छवि पहचानता हूँ.....

CORRECTION

OTHER

মরীচিকার অনুসন্ধানে

Riyaneeta Maity

মরীচিকা দেখার স্বপ্ন ছিলো বহুকালের!

সেই আশাতেই জীবনের সব ত্যাগ করে পাড়ি দিলাম মরুর দেশে।
চড়া, উত্তপ্ত বালিতে পা ফেলে এগোতে লাগলাম সামনে।

ঝড়-তুফান কিছু রই পরোয়া করিনি আমি। নাহলে জীবন ধ্বংস করে
যেতাম না নিজের ধ্বংসের কাছে। জীবনের একটা কথা আমি ভীষণ
মানি। সামনে তোমাকে এগোতেই হবে। ছুটতে হবে নিজের গন্তব্যের
নিকট। যদি ছুটতে না পারো তবে হাঁটো। হাঁটতে না পারলে হামাগুড়ি
দাও। তাও যদি না পারো মাটিকে সাহারা বানিয়ে সামনে এগিয়ে চলো।
মাথায় রাখবে থামা চলবে না কিছুতেই। তাই অনুসরণ করে পৌঁছে
গেলাম মরীচিকার ন্যায় বিভীষিকার সম্মুখে। চাওয়া পূরণের আনন্দে
চকচক করে উঠেছিলো অক্ষিজোড়া। হঠাৎ পা ফেলতেই আঁতকে
উঠলাম।

এতো জল না, এতো চড়া বালি! যা প্রাণী, জীবকে গ্রাস করে নিজের
মধ্যে। নিঃশেষ করে দেয় তাকে মুহূর্তে। আমার পা তখন হাঁটু সমান
বালিতে।

সেই সময় দেখা পেলাম নিজের জীবনে দেখা সবচেয়ে বড়ো
মরীচিকার। এক মহিনী! একপলক দেখে থমকে গেলাম আমি।

তাকে দেখেই প্রথম উপলব্ধি করেছিলাম।

ঈশ্বরের সৃষ্টি কত নিখুঁত!

মহিনী মহিত করেছিলো আমাকে— তাঁর কালো তীরের ন্যায়
আঁখিজোড়ার দ্বারা। এত পরিমান হারিয়ে ছিলাম 'তাতে'। সে আমাকে
সাহায্যের হাত বাড়িয়েছে দেখতে পাইনি কিছুতেই। তাঁর মধুর সম্বোধনে
ধ্যান ভাঙে। মুখ পানে চাইলাম সেই মহিনীর। আমার দিকেই সে চেয়ে
পিনপিন চোখে। বেশি অপেক্ষা করলাম না। তার নরম হাত ধরে উঠে
আসলাম চড়ে।

সে হাসলো আমার দেখে। বুকে ব্যথা উঠল তা দেখে। স্বতঃস্ফূর্ত
ভাবেই হাতটা চলে গেলো বুকের বাম পাশে।
মহিনীর চোখের ইশারায় বলে:

**“প্রিয়, তোমার ঠিকানা ঘরের এককোণে
বাক্সবন্দী বইয়ে। অযথা সময় খরচ
করছে কেনো মরীচিকা দেখার লোভে?
ফিরে যাও প্রিয় ঘরে। মরীচিকা তোমার
জন্য নহে।”**

তাঁর বলা শব্দগুলো মন্ত্র মুগ্ধের মতো
শুনছিলাম কান ভরে। পরে আর যদি না পাই
শুনতে। ভয় যে কাজ করছিলো মনে।

তাকে কিছু বলতেই যাবো...

হাসলেন তিনি।

হেলান দিয়ে বসলেম চেয়ারে। বলা শুরু করলেন।

উঠে দেখি আমি বালুঝড়ে। চারিদিকে চারকের ন্যায় অনুসন্ধানে মেতে
উঠেছিলাম। তবে পাইনি কাউকে খুঁজে। পেতাম কীভাবে? মরীচিকার
আঁধারে ছিলাম যে পড়ে। এসেছিলাম মরুতে মরীচিকার সন্ধানে অথচ
ক্রিয়াক্ষণের ব্যবধানে সেই মরীচিকা পরিণত হয়েছিলো আঁখিজোড়াতে।



পরে ফিরে এসেছিলাম ঘরে। সেই মহিনীর কথামত নিজেকে বন্দী
করলাম বইয়ে। এরপর থেকে মরীচিকার নাম শুনলেই মনে পরে যেত
মরীচিকার মহিনীকে। আজও তার ব্যতিক্রম না। তাঁর কথা সত্য
আমাকে মরীচিকার সন্ধানে নয় বরং এই শান্ত পরিবেশে বইয়েতেই
মানায় বেশ!

কীভাবে সে কয়েক সেকেন্ডে বদলে দিয়েছিলো আমার পুরো স্বত্বাকে?
আজও পেলাম না সেই উত্তর খুঁজে। আশায় আছি যদি পাই
কোনোদিন। তবে লিখবো নয় আরেকটি মরীচিকার কাহিনী। আজকের
মতো....

பறந்த தொப்பி

Sathieskumar Hogulan

தலை பாக்கெட்டில் சொருகியும்

பொறுமையற்ற தொப்பி

அடித்த குளிர்காற்றில் மோகம் கொண்டு

துள்ளிக் குதித்திட,

வகுப்பிற்கு மிச்சமுள்ள நேரமும் பறந்திட,

நடைபாதை மனிதர்களும் நகையிட,

சைக்கிளைத் திருப்பி நான் எடுத்த தொப்பி

அரும் புதையல்தான்.



நல்லகாலம்

Sathieskumar Hogulan

பெண்ணே,

உன்னைப் பார்க்க நான் வந்ததோ விடியற்காலம்.

சூரியன் உன் ஜன்னல் திறக்கத் தவம் கண்டது
என்னைப்போல்,

இதுவே போர்க்காலம் ..

உன் ஜன்னல் திறக்கும் நொடி

என் காதலின் பொற்காலம் ...

உன்னைக் காணக் காத்திருக்கும்

ஜன்னல் ரோஜாக்களைப் போல,

என் காதலை ரோஜாவால் வடிக்க

நான் வந்து ஆகிவிட்டது சாயங்காலம் ...

திறக்கும் வரை இதுவே என் ராகுகாலம் ..

கொஞ்சம் பொறு,

உங்கள் அப்பா கதவைத் திறக்கிறார்!



மாட்டினால் இனிமேல் என்காலம்

சிறைக்காலம் ...

நாளையாவது ஜன்னலைத் திற என நான்
பிரார்த்திப்பேன்,

இதுவே என் ஆயுள்காலம் ...

CORRECTION

"خود کو پہچاننے سے پہلے"

I am syedha isra a girl from Kashmir with too many thoughts, too many questions, and probably too many unfinished pieces of writing.

Syedha isra

یہ جو خود سے نظر نہیں ملاتے ہو
کہو نا، کس سے اتنا ڈرتے جاتے ہو
تمہیں لگتا ہے تم وہ نہیں رہے
مگر یہ بات خود کو کیوں سناتے ہو
جو پہلے تھے، وہ بھی تم ہی تھے
پھر اُس پر اتنی شرمندگی کیوں اٹھاتے ہو
تم ہر کسی کے بول کو سچ مان لیتے ہو
اپنی ہی بات پر یقین کیوں نہیں لاتے ہو
کوئی اگر کم کہہ دے تمہیں ایک لمحے
تم عمر بھر وہی لفظ دہراتے ہو
یہ جو آنکھوں میں ٹھہری سی ندامت ہے
کس گناہ کی سزا خود کو سناتے ہو
بدل جانا تو زندگی کی رسم ہے
پھر خود کو ہی کیوں چھوڑے جاتے ہو
اگر تھک گئے ہو تو ٹھہر بھی سکتے ہو
پر سانس کو جنگ کیوں بناتے ہو
میں جانتی ہوں، تم وہی ہو
بس خود کو پہچاننے سے گھبراتے ہو

