

Table of Content

1. Raksha Bandhan Ties Us Always	7
Naina Pandita.....	7
2. The Bond Beyond Words	9
Vanshita Satpute	9
3. Ek Bhai jo mera nahi tha	10
Bhuvana Kruthi.....	10
4. The Girl who never stopped waiting	12
Rasmita karki.....	12
5. In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi..	14
Curiousstreeinthecity-KT	14
6. Chahat 🍷	17
Tanishka Thorve	17
7. The Lessons Life Leaves Behind	18
Jayanth.....	18
8. The Rakhi Beyond Blood	20
SOUMYA SARMISTHA Baitharu	20
9. Brothers and Sisters.....	22
Sarwan Udassi	22
10. The Thread That Never Breaks	23
Dr Ayan Kanjilal	23
11. Rakhi Diaries.....	26
K Ravi.....	26
12. 📖 ✨ Ek Dhaaga, Hazaar Yaadein ✨ 📖	28
Pihu Goyal	28

13. Noor-e-Tasavvur ---- Kuch dilkash nazmo ki nazaqat.....	32
Mayuresh Majumdar.....	32
14. The Festival Of Raksha Bandhan	34
Anupama Sham Budhrani.....	34
15. The Unwritten Hour	35
E. Deepika	35
16. The Bond Beyond Words	42
Vanshita Satpute	42
17. Threads of love.....	43
Tejashri Ramesh	43
18. "The Quiet Ones Stay"	49
Maryam Khalid.....	49
19. Ahankar kyu jaruri hai.....	51
Sakshi Dubey	51
20. Dying fire	53
Rishi Sheraz.....	53
21. Before We Learned to Grow Apart.....	54
Kashish Khanna.....	54
22. Rakshabandhan.....	56
Ishita	56
23. Raksha Bandan The beautiful bond of love.....	58
Badal Thapa.....	58
24. Raksha Bandhan bona with Sister with some Fight and Fun	60
Badal Thapa.....	60
25. The Bond Beyond Words	66

Mahi Chauhan.....	66
26. DUAAYEIN	68
Rashmi Agrawal	68
27. Why I talk To Online Friends	69
Skirfanwakil.....	69
28. Vishwash aur Umeed.....	70
PRIYANSHU	70
29. INHERITANCE	73
Rasharaj	73
30. At the end of the day, It's them	74
Shiny.....	74
31. The Hand You Left in Mine.....	76
anu jo	76
32. The Brother Who Became My Home	78
anu jo	78
33. Chahat..!	80
Tanishka Thorve	80
34. Smiling Through The Ache	81
Afrin Khatun.....	81
35. *Threads That Do Not Break*	82
Atriyo Mukhopadhyay.....	82
36. *The Thread in the Envelope*	97
Atriyo Mukhopadhyay.....	97
37. The sacred thread I tied	109
Daisy Leena Gogoi	109
38. Khul ke jeena.....	111

Tanya Rajawat	111
39. Friendship and Dreams.....	112
Simran bakoliya.....	112
40. To the Wind (Because You Won't Read This)	114
Drishti Jethwani.....	114
41. To the Man Who Never Needed Words.....	119
Shrushti Salgaonkar	119
42. Side by Side.....	122
the.novel.aesthetic	122
43. We Grew in Struggle	124
Sanjana chhetri	124
44. Oh, Brother!	126
Suryendu Chaudhury	126
45. A dream that refuses to end.....	129
Alina Nizam.....	129
46. The Thread That Never Broke.....	131
Chaitanya G.M.....	131
47. प्रेम का धागा (राखी)	150
Payal Sharma	150
48. भाई का उपहार	152
Payal Sharma	152
49. कट्टी-बट्टी वाला प्यार	156
Simran Kaur.....	156
50. भाई बहन के स्नेह का पर्व	158
Devika Prajapati	158

51. राखी की डायरी.....	159
Udit Pathak	159
52. हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ".....	162
SURENDRA AGRAHARI	162
53. डियर भाई.....	164
Khushi kaur	164
54. राखी के धागों में बँधा बचपन.....	166
Ruhie.....	166
55. राखी की रेशमी डोर	169
Subhan Khan.....	169
56. Meri rakhi.....	171
SHAIK NUMAN	171
57. मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी.....	173
इंदु सुरेंद्र (anu).....	173
58. राखी - वोह धागा जोह शिकायतो के बीच भी नहीं टूटता	175
Yash Gohiya.....	175
59. नाकामयाबी	177
Aman Bishnoi.....	177
60. थम-सा गया हूँ.....	179
Amar.....	179
61. राखी... सिर्फ़ एक त्योहार नहीं, एक एहसास है। ♥	181

Gayatri Baviskar	181
62. "राखी का धागा" ❤️	183
Akshay Barse	183
63. राखी का धागा	184
तरुणा शर्मा तरु	184
64. रिमोट और राखी	186
Sanjana chhetri	186
65. घर कहाँ है मेरा	189
Rishu Sharma	189
66. ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ	192
ଜ୍ୟୋତ୍ସ୍ନାରାଣୀ ନାହାକ	192

Raksha Bandhan Ties Us Always

A retired Senior Govt officer now working on helping the voiceless strays through social media marketing. I am now the Partner and Marketing Director of SWAG Foundation who is working for animal welfare

Naina Pandita

Even if my brother is in the USA

Really really far far away

A sacred Rakhi that is a bond

To keep our love always strong

As a sister I am very close

To my brother for whom I am
a rose

A sacred Rakhi is just a
reminder

That our bond only grows kinder

My brother is now my father figure

And that makes our love grow bigger

A sacred Rakhi ties us together

A little sister to her loving brother



We have now grown old
Many stories that can be told
A sacred Rakhi is for us to cherish
Our sibling love will never perish

As a child I was always protected
Now our hearts remain connected
A sacred Rakhi keeps us close
Through the
years our affection grows

The Bond Beyond Words

Vanshita Satpute

A thread of love, so pure and bright,
A symbol of care, a guiding light.
No need for words, no need to say,
The bond grows stronger every day.

Through every smile and every tear,
A sibling's heart is always near.
Through every challenge, every mile,
Love remains with a gentle smile.

Rakhi is not just a sacred thread,
It's a promise in every word unsaid.
A bond of trust, forever true,
A treasure of memories shared by two.



Ek Bhai jo mera nahi tha

Bhuvana Kruthi

Ek Bhai jo mera nahi

Bhai, aaj Raksha Bandhan hai...

kya tum mera saath doge?

kya tum mujhse pyaar karoge?

kya meri raksha karoge?

Mujhe pata hai... tumhara jawab “haan” hi hoga.

Shayad mujhe ye sawaal poochne ki zarurat bhi nahi hai.

Mujhe nahi pata tum kaise dikhte ho,

kya karte ho,

ya tumne aaj khana khaya hai ya nahi...

Par mujhe itna zarur pata hai—

jab bhi main kisi mushkil mein hoti hoon,

Bhagwan tumhe zarur bhejta hai...

kisi na kisi roop mein.

Aur mujhe ye yakeen hai—



agar tum sach mein hote,
to shayad zindagi kuch aur hoti...
duniya thodi alag hoti.

Aaj Raksha Bandhan hai, bhai...
log kehte hain tum nahi ho—
par mujhe pata hai,
tum mere dil mein ho.

The Girl who never stopped waiting

Rasmita karki

She was only fourteen,
With stars inside her eyes.
Too young to understand goodbye,
Yet brave enough to love without disguise.
She gave her heart so freely,
Never asking why.

He stayed for only three weeks,
Like spring that kissed the sky.
Then walked away with all her dreams,
"Leaving only the question: 'Why?'"

The years unfolded like quiet pages;
Spring gave way to winter's grace.
The world forgot his footsteps,
But her heart remembered every trace.

She gathered every quiet dawn
And called it faith instead.

She held a promise in her soul,
Though not a word was ever said.

Every whisper stirred her heart,
Every echo spoke his name.
Each passing shadow wore his face,
Yet no one ever came.

CORRECTION

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi..

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT is writing since childhood & following her passion. Based on the various experiences of life around her surroundings, work & love life, she has beautifully carved out those experiences in the form of poetry. Poetry stays in her blood and life, whatever she writes, it turns out to be in a poetic light so bright.

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,
Invest in your relationships don't let them fade,
May be the technology has gone at par,
But the relationships do not require any competition or confusion
still so far..

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,
What about sister - how you will sustain,
The sister is single or married - she has her responsibilities varied,
She has enough going around & a lot is in her plate going around,
the irony is she do not want to turn anything upside down..

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,
Life is taking a lot of pieces of your sister,
I wonder, while we were children - we talked a lot,
Sometimes showing your care matters
a lot..

In my diary - I kept a picture of
Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's
promise,
The world wants every
brother to maintain,
Why when we grow up, they were
clashes,
Now, after growing up, our
Perspectives & insights at a different class,

How & Why times have changed & we forget and see our
relationship losing its grip in vain..

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,



Do not ever take this relationship granted,
Life is too small to take many chances,
Whatever we have is the ultimate memories, which you will later
cherish...

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,
Maybe one day you realize - when your sister is not around,
Then maybe you will look for my presence around & find only
memories surround...

In my diary - I kept a picture of Rakhi,
That reminds me of a brother's promise,
The world wants every brother to maintain,
When you told me check yourself before you enter into the world
around,
Remember, the world around you is a little too much noise,
Keep yourself aligned to your goal in this noise with your poise..
You can deal with anything - Don't ever forget you have a sibling..

Humne aapko kuch iss tarah se chaha,
Ke ab chahat bhi bhool gaye he hum;
Khash ke tum bhi mujhe kuch iss tarah se chahte,
To duniya he bhool jaate hum..!

CORRECTION

The Lessons Life Leaves Behind

Jayanth

I thought that learning lived in books,
In pages filled with words and looks,
In questions asked, in answers found,
In knowledge neatly written down.

But life taught me a different way—
Through every loss, through every day.
Through doors that closed, through roads unknown,
Through moments faced and walked alone.

I learned that failure is not the end,
Sometimes it teaches more than a friend.
I learned that falling makes us wise,
And strength is born when courage tries.

I learned that people come and go,
Some leave a scar, some help us grow.
Some teach us love, some teach goodbye,
Some teach us how to question why.

I learned that time will never wait,
And every choice can shape our fate.
That words can heal, and words can hurt,
And kindness always has its worth.

So now I seek no perfect road,
I only ask to learn and grow.
For every sunrise, every tear,
Leaves something worth remembering here.

And when my journey reaches its end,
I hope I can look back and say—



I did not know all there was to know,
But I kept learning as I grew.

CORRECTION

The Rakhi Beyond Blood

Soumya Sarmistha Baitharu is a young writer from Odisha, India, passionate about poetry, storytelling, and exploring the quiet emotions that often remain unspoken. Through her writing, she seeks to transform ordinary moments into meaningful reflections on life, nature, and the human heart.

SOUMYA SARMISTHA Baitharu

I never had a brother's hand,
Yet life fulfilled a different plan.
A thread of faith, so soft, so true,
Found its way, Mahadev, to You.
One Raksha Bandhan, quiet and still,
A simple rakhi, a child's free will.
My mother smiled and softly said,
"Tie it to Him instead."
That tiny knot was more than thread,
It stitched my fears where hope had fled.
From whispered prayers to silent tears,
You stayed beside me through the years.
When I was lost, I spoke Your name;
You heard me, though You never came
With words I could have truly heard



Your silence was the loudest word.
I ask for nothing rich or grand,
Just courage with Your unseen hand.
My only promise, year by year,
Is honest work, despite the fear.
And deep within my heart I know,
Wherever life may ask me to go,
My brother's blessing walks with me,
In every dream I dare to see.
For not all rakhis grace a wrist,
Some live where faith and love exist.
The strongest bonds are often made
With trust that never starts to fade.
Har Har Mahadev. 🙏

Brothers and Sisters

Sarwan Udassi

The ones who help each other,
The ones who celebrate together.
They are brothers and sisters.
Whose fights cannot last for a long time,
They are also the partners in crime.
They are brothers and sisters.
The ones who love each other,
They also fight with each other.
They are brothers and sisters.
On Raksha Bandhan they celebrate together,
Their bond grows stronger forever.
They are brothers and sisters.
They are the best partners,
They are the best supporters.
They are brothers and sisters



The Thread That Never Breaks

Ayan Kanjilal, is an emerging Bengali author and medical student whose writing bridges history, philosophy, mystery, and the human condition. Passionate about exploring forgotten truths and timeless questions, he crafts stories that challenge perspectives while stirring deep emotions.

Dr Ayan Kanjilal

Before we learned the weight of words,
we spoke through laughter.
Before the world taught us to survive,
we knew only how to belong.

You held my trembling fingers
when the road looked endless.
I carried your silent tears
when the nights refused to end.

No crown,
no throne,
no fortune ever matched
the quiet kingdom
built between a brother and a sister.

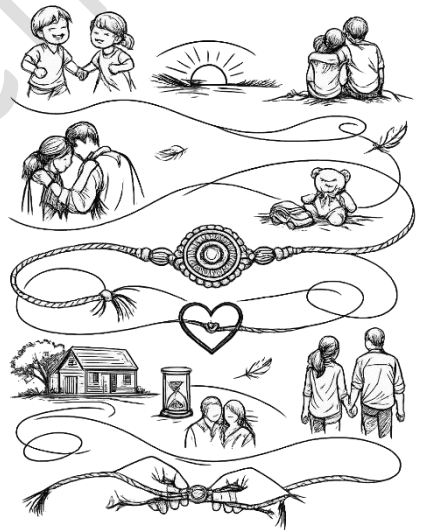
A single thread...

So fragile in the eyes of the world,

Yet stronger than wars,
older than history,
deeper than oceans,
and kinder than time.

Years will steal our childhood photographs.

The walls of our home may fall silent.



The toys will gather dust.

One day,
our parents will become memories
we whisper through tears.

But whenever life leaves us broken,

one knot on a sacred thread

will still remind us—

"You were never meant to fight alone."

Perhaps love was never written
inside grand poems,

Perhaps it was hidden

in the tiny hands

that tied a thread

without asking for forever...

because forever

was already living

inside that promise.

So if destiny

ever separates our paths,

if seasons erase our footprints,

if the whole world

forgets my name...

Keep one Rakhi.

Not around my wrist—

but around your heart.

Because people leave.

Time leaves.

Even memories fade.

But a sibling's love...

never asks permission
to stay.

It simply becomes
the heartbeat
you carry
for the rest of your life.

Rakhi Diaries

A 65 year old retired professional from Nagpur actively pursuing his hobbies which include photography, writing, singing, cooking, gardening, travelling etc.,

K Ravi

Rakhi is a bondage of eternal love
Assurance to sisters from their dear brothers
Keeping a promise of lifelong support
Helping each other in need as a friend indeed
Instilling the art of true love and sacrifice

Dearest is a sister to the brother
Involvement of sibling affection with each other
Always ready to offer a helping hand to each other
Reaching out to make sacrifices for each other
It's because of unending love for each other

Each year the bondage
towards each other gets

Secured by tying a Rakhi on
Rakshabandhan day



CORRECTION

📖 ✨ Ek Dhaaga, Hazaar Yaadein



Pihu Goyal is an aspiring poet who believes that the most beautiful stories are hidden in life's simplest moments. Inspired by memories, relationships, music, and quiet emotions, she enjoys weaving feelings into words.

Pihu Goyal

“Kuch rishte waqt ke saath door ho jaate hain,
par dil se kabhi door nahi hote...”



Ek chhoti si dor thi...
jo har saal kalai par saj jaati thi,
par uske andar chhupi hoti thi—
bachpan ki ek poori kahaani.



Woh din bhi kitne khoobsurat the,
jab ek hi ghar mein humari duniya basi thi...
kabhi chhoti chhoti baaton par ladai hoti thi,
aur phir wahi hasi sab kuch theek kar deti thi.

Rakhi se pehle ki woh nok-jhok,

woh gusse wale pal,
woh chhoti chhoti shikayatein...
aaj bhi yaadon mein muskurati hain.



Kabhi tumne mujhe tang kiya,
kabhi maine tumhe pareshan kiya,
par har baar ke baad bhi,
humne ek dusre ka saath nahi chhoda.

Kuch rishte aise hote hain...
jahan pyaar hamesha words mein nahi hota,
kabhi kabhi woh bas ek chhoti si care,
ek smile, ya ek yaad mein chhupa hota hai.



Phir waqt badal gaya...
bachpan dheere dheere peeche reh gaya,
raaste alag ho gaye,
aur woh saath wale din yaadon ka hissa ban gaye.

Aaj Rakhi bhi alag tareeke se manate hain,
ab wishes screen ke through aati hain,
door rehkar bhi hum

apna pyaar mehsoos kar lete hain.



Par dil ke ek kone mein ab bhi,
woh chhoti si duniya zinda hai...
jahan ladai bhi apni thi,
aur har khushi bhi saath ki thi.

Kuch pal wapas nahi aate,
par kuch yaadein kabhi nahi jaati.
Woh bachpan ke rang,
hamesha dil mein reh jaate hain.



Kyuki Rakhi sirf ek dhaaga nahi hota...
yeh ek ehsaas hota hai,
jo bachpan ki hasi,
purani yaadon,
aur ankahe pyaar se bana hota hai.

Aur shayad isi liye...

Ek chhoti si Rakhi mein
sirf rang nahi hote...

usmein chhupa hota hai—

✧ ek bachpan,

✧ hazaar yaadein,

✧ aur ek aisa rishta

jo waqt ke saath bhi kam nahi hota. ❤️

CORRECTION

Noor-e-Tasavvur ---- Kuch dilkash nazmo ki nazaqat

My name is Mayuresh Majumdar. I am an aspiring poet. I started writing poetry when I pursued my graduation and since then, I usually write my poems under the pseudonym "Mayur Suri". I usually write my poems based on the real life events that a person frequently confronts with.

Mayuresh Majumdar

Tu kaun si anjan shehr mein basti hain
Jo tujhse milne ke liye meri aankhein har roz tarasti hain
Teri khuli huyi yeh zulfein ya hai woh bikhri huyi badal
Jo bin bulaye baarish ki tarah meri khwabon mein barasti hain

Tere hone ka ehsans mere dil ke har manzar pe hain

Tu mere tasavvur mein hone par bhi har lamha
meri nazar mein hain

Tu meri maya hain

Ya meri hasraton ka saaya hain

Yeh na jante huye bhi, jaha bhi
main chal padha tu meri har
safar pe hain

Tu meri numaish bhi hai, tu raza bhi



Tu meri zehmat bhi hai, aur tu saza bhi

Khuda ke taur pe karoon main teri ibadat

Ya insaan ke taur pe karoon teri hifazat

Tu mere khwabon mein mehfooz reh kar meri haqeeqat mein
guzarne lagti hain

Tu meri dastaan ki naseehat ban kar meri akeedat ko sawarne lagti
hain

Mere dil ne mere rooh ko har pal yeh dastak di ke tu ban jaye meri
arzoo

Main hoon woh bhataкта huya musafir ke teri agosh mein mil jaye
meri har justuju

Tu hai woh noor-e-khuda mere dastaan-e-ishq ki jo meri har manzil
par teri inayat bani rahe

Mere muqaddar tujh par is kadar meherbaan rahe ke meri har lafzon
pe ho teri har guftagu

Tu meri kahani ka woh anokha kirdar hain, jo har aashiq ki khayalat
mein ho

Teri alfaz meri har nazm mein shamil rahe aur teri zikr meri har
shikayat mein ho

Mukhtasar na ho kabhi humhari mulaqat

Jab bhi bayan karein haal-e-dil ki har jazbat

Ke rab se ki huyi har musalsal iltija mein teri nazakat ki qisse puri
kayanat mein ho

The Festival Of Raksha Bandhan

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

Anupama Sham Budhrani

Raakhi festival is a strong bond,
of love between brother and sister .
Brother visits the sister's home,
to get the 'Raakhi' worn .

Sister ties a thread of blessings ,
on the wrist of the brother's hand.
She prays for his long health and
well-being,
On whose strength, she can
always lean.

Puja is performed with a
tilak on his forehead,
With a plate of Aarti and sweets.

Brother, then gives his sister Karchi or present ,
and promises to always fulfill the relationship.

Hence, joy is spread in the brother & sister Bond,
and it always enhances the relationship lifelong.
Raksha Bandhan depicts the unique strength,
of brother and sister relationship at every length!



The Unwritten Hour

E. Deepika is a third-year B.A. English Literature student with a passion for reading and creative writing. She loves expressing her thoughts through poems and stories and actively participates in literary events. Through literature, she hopes to inspire others and develop her skills as a writer and lifelong learner.

E. Deepika

The old clock tower stood at the center of the village like a silent guardian. Its huge hands moved slowly, marking every passing minute, while the bell echoed through the streets. People often said that the tower had watched generations grow and disappear. Children played around it, merchants sold fruits nearby, and travelers rested in its shadow.

Among the villagers lived a sixteen-year-old girl named Maya. She loved stories more than anything else. Every evening, she sat under the banyan tree beside the clock tower and wrote in her notebook. She wrote about the clouds, the rain, the birds, and the people she met.

Maya's grandfather was the keeper of the clock tower. He wound the giant clock every morning and polished its brass bell every week. Since Maya was little, he had told her stories about the tower.

"There is one story," he would say, "that no one has ever been able to explain."

"What story, Grandpa?" Maya would ask eagerly.

"The story of the unwritten hour."

Whenever he mentioned those words, his eyes sparkled with mystery. But he never explained further.

One rainy evening, Maya finally gathered the courage to ask again.

"Grandpa, what is the unwritten hour?"

Her grandfather smiled and looked at the sky.

"Legend says that once every hundred years, an extra hour appears between midnight and one o'clock. During that hour, time stands still, and people can see the forgotten dreams hidden in their hearts."

Maya laughed. "That sounds impossible."

"Perhaps," her grandfather replied. "But every legend hides a little truth."

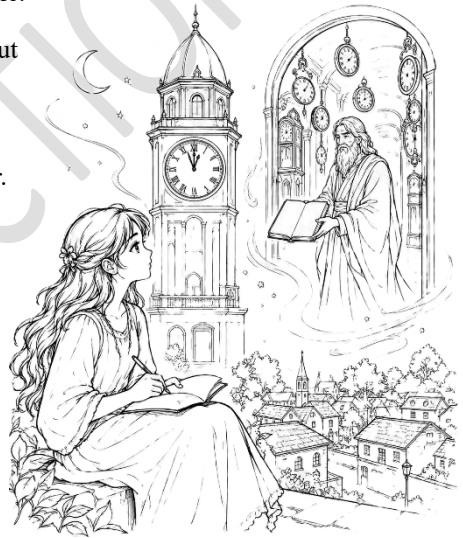
That night, Maya could not sleep. She kept thinking about the unwritten hour. Was it only a story, or was there something real behind it?

The next day, she went to the village library. The library was old and dusty, filled with books that smelled of paper and history. She searched through shelves until she found a book about the clock tower.

Inside, she discovered a strange passage:

"When the stars align and the moon shines brightest, the unwritten hour shall return. Those who seek it with a pure heart will find answers to the questions they have never dared to ask."

Maya copied the words into her notebook.



Days passed. The festival of lights approached, and the village became colorful. Lanterns hung from windows, music filled the streets, and children ran happily from house to house.

On the night of the festival, Maya climbed the stairs of the clock tower with her grandfather. The moon shone brightly above the village.

As midnight approached, the old clock began to tick louder than usual.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

The bell struck twelve times.

Suddenly, everything became silent.

The wind stopped blowing.

The music disappeared.

The lantern flames froze in the air.

Maya looked around in astonishment.

"Grandpa, what's happening?"

But her grandfather was nowhere to be seen.

The village below stood perfectly still. People remained frozen in their places like statues.

Fear filled Maya's heart.

Then she noticed something unusual. A narrow wooden door had appeared on the highest wall of the tower. She had climbed those stairs many times, but she had never seen that door before.

Slowly, she walked toward it and pushed it open.

Behind the door was a long hallway lined with clocks of every shape and size. Some were small pocket watches, while others were giant grandfather clocks. Yet none of them moved.

At the end of the hallway stood an old man dressed in silver robes.

"Welcome, Maya," he said.

"Who are you?" she asked nervously.

"I am the Keeper of the Unwritten Hour."

Maya stared at him in disbelief.

"Is this real?"

"Reality is often stranger than stories," the old man replied.

He handed her an empty book.

"What is this?"

"It is the Book of Unwritten Dreams. Every person carries dreams they never speak about. Some are forgotten, some are hidden, and some are abandoned. Tonight, you must fill these pages."

Maya opened the book. The pages were completely blank.

"But I don't know what to write."

The Keeper smiled.

"Then listen to your heart."

As soon as he spoke, the hallway disappeared.

Maya found herself standing in a meadow filled with flowers. She saw her younger self running across the field, laughing with her parents.

Suddenly, the scene changed.

She saw herself sitting alone in her room, afraid to share her stories with others because she thought they were not good enough.

Then another scene appeared.

She saw herself years later, standing in a city library, holding a book with her name on the cover.

Tears filled her eyes.

"Is this my future?" she whispered.

"It is one possible future," the Keeper's voice echoed around her.

"I always wanted to become a writer," Maya admitted. "But I never believed I could."

"The unwritten hour exists to remind people of the dreams they have forgotten."

The empty book in Maya's hands began to glow.

Words slowly appeared on its pages:

"The greatest stories are not written with ink alone. They are written with courage, hope, and the willingness to begin."

Maya turned another page and found more blank spaces.

"What should I write now?"

"Write what you truly desire."

She picked up a pen that had appeared in her hand and began to write.

She wrote about the stories she wanted to tell, the places she wanted to visit, and the people she hoped to inspire.

As she wrote, the pages filled with light.

The Keeper smiled.

"Many people spend their lives waiting for the perfect moment. But dreams are not written by time. They are written by action."

Maya nodded.

"Will the unwritten hour return?"

"It returns whenever someone chooses courage over fear."

The hallway of clocks slowly faded away.

The Keeper's voice grew softer.

"Remember, Maya, every hour becomes unwritten until someone decides what to do with it."

The sound of the clock bell echoed once more.

Dong.

Dong.

Dong.

Maya opened her eyes.

She was back inside the clock tower.

The festival music filled the streets again. The wind blew gently. Everything had returned to normal.

Her grandfather stood beside her, adjusting the clock's gears.

"Grandpa!" Maya exclaimed. "The unwritten hour is real!"

He looked at her and smiled.

"Perhaps it is."

"Did you know?"

He winked.

"Some stories are meant to be discovered, not explained."

Maya looked down at her notebook.

To her surprise, new words had appeared on the last page:

"The unwritten hour belongs to those who dare to dream."

Years passed.

Maya continued to write every day. She filled dozens of notebooks with stories and poems. There were times when she doubted herself, but she never forgot the lesson of the unwritten hour.

One day, her first book was published.

The entire village gathered near the clock tower to celebrate. Children listened as Maya read stories from her book.

After the celebration, she climbed the tower alone and looked at the stars.

She opened her old notebook and read the final sentence once again.

"The unwritten hour belongs to those who dare to dream."

Smiling, Maya took out her pen and began to write another story.

Because she finally understood that every new day is an unwritten hour, waiting for someone brave enough to fill its pages.

The Bond Beyond Words

Vanshita Satpute

A thread of love, so pure and bright,
A symbol of care, a guiding light.
No need for words, no need to say,
The bond grows stronger every day.
Through every smile and every tear,
A sibling's heart is always near.
Through every challenge, every mile,
Love remains with a gentle smile.
Rakhi is not just a sacred thread,
It's a promise in every word unsaid.
A bond of trust, forever true,
A treasure of memories shared by two.



Threads of love

Tejashri Ramesh

The first rays of the morning sun spread across the small town of Sundarapur. The streets were decorated with colorful lights, sweet shops were crowded, and every home was filled with the aroma of delicious sweets. It was Raksha Bandhan, a festival that celebrated the beautiful bond between brothers and sisters.

In a modest house at the end of a quiet lane lived sixteen-year-old Meera and her younger brother Arjun, who was fourteen. Although they argued almost every day over little things—television channels, chocolates, books, and who would wash the dishes—their love for each other was stronger than any quarrel.

Ever since they were little, Raksha Bandhan had been their favorite festival. Every year Meera carefully selected a beautiful rakhi, and Arjun eagerly waited for the moment she tied it around his wrist. In return, he always promised to protect her, even though he was younger than she was.

Their parents often smiled at this tradition.

"Protection is not only about strength," their mother would say. "It is about standing beside each other in every happiness and every difficulty."

Those words became a lesson that both children carried in their hearts.

A Difficult Year

This year was different.

Their father had lost his job a few months earlier, and the family was facing financial difficulties. Their mother worked extra hours stitching clothes, while their father searched for employment every day.

Money was so limited that buying new clothes, expensive gifts, or decorated rakhis seemed impossible.

Meera quietly looked at the colorful rakhis displayed in the market but walked away without buying one. She didn't want to burden her parents.

Instead, she gathered colorful threads, tiny beads from an old bracelet, and pieces of golden ribbon from her craft box.

For three evenings she sat near the window making a handmade rakhi.

Each knot carried a memory.

Each bead carried a prayer.

Each thread carried love.

Arjun's Secret

Arjun also wanted to give his sister a memorable gift.

He knew their parents couldn't afford anything special.

So every afternoon after school he helped an elderly florist arrange flowers. The old man paid him a few coins every day.

For nearly two months Arjun saved every coin in a small metal box hidden beneath his bed.

His dream was simple—to buy something that would make his sister smile.

The Festival Morning

Raksha Bandhan finally arrived.

Their mother prepared kheer, laddus, and hot puris using whatever ingredients they had.

The family gathered in the prayer room.

Meera placed a beautiful thali with a diya, rice, sweets, flowers, and the handmade rakhi.

She applied a tilak on Arjun's forehead.

With trembling hands she tied the colorful rakhi around his wrist.

Closing her eyes, she silently prayed,

"May my brother always remain healthy, honest, kind, and happy."

Arjun touched her feet respectfully.

She quickly pulled him up and hugged him tightly.

"You don't need to touch my feet," she laughed.

"You are my elder sister," he replied with a smile. "You deserve respect."

Everyone's eyes became moist.

The Gift

Arjun ran into his room and returned carrying a neatly wrapped packet.

"I hope you like it," he said nervously.

Meera slowly opened the gift.

Inside was a sketchbook with thick white pages and a small set of watercolor paints.

She couldn't believe her eyes.

For months she had wished for these supplies because she loved painting.

"Where did you get the money?" she asked.

Arjun told her about working at the flower shop every afternoon.

"You worked so hard... just for me?" she whispered.

He nodded.

"You always help me with homework, encourage me before exams, and believe in me even when I fail. This is my way of saying thank you."

Tears rolled down Meera's cheeks.

She hugged him so tightly that he laughed.

An Unexpected Challenge

That afternoon dark clouds gathered over the town.

Heavy rain began pouring.

As they returned from visiting their grandparents, they heard cries for help.

A small puppy had slipped into a roadside drain and could not climb out.

Without thinking twice, Meera held onto a tree while Arjun carefully reached down.

Working together, they rescued the frightened puppy.

Nearby people applauded.

An elderly woman smiled warmly.

"Today you both proved the true meaning of Raksha Bandhan," she said. "Protection is not only between brothers and sisters. It is about protecting every life."

The siblings looked at each other proudly.

A New Beginning

A few days later, their father received wonderful news.

He had been offered a new job.

Happiness returned to the family.

That evening their father said,

"This difficult year taught us something important. Expensive gifts don't make festivals memorable. Love, sacrifice, and kindness do."

Everyone agreed.

Years Later

Time passed.

Meera became a talented artist whose paintings inspired many people.

Arjun became a doctor who treated patients with compassion.

Even though they lived in different cities, neither of them ever missed Raksha Bandhan.

Every year Meera still made at least one handmade rakhi.

Every year Arjun still waited excitedly for his sister to tie it.

Whenever people admired their close relationship, they smiled and remembered the festival when a handmade thread and a simple sketchbook became the most valuable gifts they had ever exchanged.

They realized that the strongest bond is not tied with silk or gold.

It is tied with trust, respect, sacrifice, and unconditional love.

And that invisible thread can never be broken.

Moral

Raksha Bandhan is not about expensive gifts or grand celebrations. It is a celebration of love, trust, care, respect, and the promise that siblings will always stand by one another through every joy and every challenge.

"The Quiet Ones Stay"

Maryam Khalid is a writer, poet, and seventeen years old who believes in the power of words to inspire, heal, and connect. Her writing explores themes of resilience, identity, hope, and personal growth, blending emotion with reflection.

Maryam Khalid

As the year learns how to repeat,
I roam its pages slowly,
finding your name written
in the quiet margins of my days.

You arrived without noise,
no grand entrances or borrowed
light,
yet somehow you stayed __
rooted in moments I didn't know
I'd keep.

Some presences don't
announce themselves;
they settle softly,
and before you realize it,
they've changed the language of your heart.



I don't know what the next day will ask of us,
or what chapters wait unopened,
but I hope it remembers
the truth we shared between silences.

More words spoken honestly,
more pauses where we are understood,
more moments that feel like home
without needing to be named.

As each day exhales,
I carry this gratitude forward
for you,
and for the way you made this life mean more.

Ahankar kyu jaruri hai

Sakshi Dubey

Badha k vinamrata apne hriday mein hme jhuk jana bhi jaruri hai.

Fir jarurat hoti hai ahankar ki jb lage koi majboori hai

Lakh kosishein hoti h durbalta ko badhane mein.

Fir kyu sankoch karte ho khud mein ahankar jagane mein?

Ha maana Maine ahankar vinaash ki orr le jata hai,

Fir batao tum ki sadgi mein koi kitna hi sir utha pata hai.

Haa maana Maine ahankar kaaran ban jata h burai ka

Mar jata h apne haq k liye manusya jo samarthan krta raha
achhai ka

Ye dharti h maya ki yaha kaun apna h kaun paraya,

Na bach paya h koi jispr Bhi rahta hai kaal
mandraya,

Fir bhi tum shanti jivan mein kya wo hasil kr
sakoge?

Jo moksh shree hari dwara anek ahankari
ashuron ne paya.

Mera kahna ye bhi nhi ki ahankar mein hi bhalai hai.

Bs unn samajh lo swabhiman iss kavita ki gehrai hai.

Hota nhi kalyan kisi ka ahankar badhane se.

Pr ye achha toh h km se km kayarta apnane se,



Shringar kr k maine shantipan ka burai se banai doori hai,
Fir jarurat hoti h ahankar ki jb lage koi majboori hai.

CORRECTION

Dying fire

Writing poetry and prose under the pen name Rishi Sheraz, exploring the depths of Hindi and Urdu literature. Outside of words, you'll find me behind the stumps as a wicketkeeper-batsman, strategizing on a chessboard, or tinkering with Linux environments. Currently crafting grit and grit-fueled narratives set in fictional shadows.

Rishi Sheraz

The dying fire is all around my room,
Trying to kill me after it killed my moon,
The moon that outshined the flames itself,
Fought bravely before me without moaning for help,
The flames tried to reach me for a kill,
But it only found all my unpaid bill,
It was successful in turning me into ash,
But while I was melting I heard a lightning crash,
The rain dropped on me from roof of burning room,
I then realised it was sky crying for my moon.....



Before We Learned to Grow Apart.

Kashish Khanna writes not to impress, but to make people feel. Every poem she creates is a small piece of her heart, inspired by memories, relationships, and the emotions we often struggle to express.

Kashish Khanna

The first thread you ever tied around my wrist was never just a thread.

It was the tiny hands that could barely make a knot, the smile that reached your eyes, and the innocent promise that neither of us understood— yet somehow, we have spent our whole lives keeping. Do you remember when the world was only our home?

When one broken toy felt like the biggest tragedy, and one shared chocolate could fix every fight?

Back then, love was easy. It lived in laughter echoing through the rooms, in chasing each other until Mother shouted, in stealing each other's snacks, and pretending we weren't the guilty ones.

Then life happened.

We grew older. Our voices changed. Our dreams became heavier than our school bags. Some conversations turned into silence. Some hugs became memories. Some days, we forgot to ask, "Are you okay?"

But every Raksha Bandhan, something quietly finds its way back.

A simple thread wraps around a wrist, and suddenly, years disappear.

You are no longer just my sibling.

You are the child who held my hand when I was afraid of the dark.

The one who laughed the loudest when I succeeded, and worried the most when I failed.

The one who knew what my silence meant long before I knew how to explain it.

One day, our parents' hair will turn completely white. The house that raised us will become quieter than we ever imagined. The rooms that once echoed with our laughter will wait for footsteps that visit only on festivals.

And when that day comes, I hope we don't remember who was right, who was wrong, or who forgot to call first.

I hope we remember that once upon a time, we were two children who believed that as long as we had each other, nothing in this world could truly break us.

Because a Rakhi doesn't promise that life will never hurt.

It simply whispers,

"No matter how much life changes you... no matter how far you go... no matter how many seasons pass... there will always be one heart that still calls you home."

And perhaps, that is the greatest blessing we are ever given— not the thread around our wrist, but the person who never unties their place in our heart.

Rakshabandhan

Ishita

A festival with a deep meaning
A festival full of faces gleaming
Packed with pranks and nasty fights
Everyone wait for it with an eager delight
Sisters tie rakhi and demand for gifts
While brothers look for ways to make a drift
This festival is for a sister and brother
Whose bond is like no other
Sometimes sweet sometimes
sour
But always available for
each other at the need
of the hour
Sisters cook
brothers eat
The festival
surely calls for a
treat
But it is not only about fun
There's something else that has a pun
The promise of a brother to his sister



To protect her from every bad mister

This promise is so strong

That it protects the sister from all wrong

So happy rakshabandhan to all sisters and brothers

And know that your love will last further

CORRECTION

Raksha Bandan The beautiful bond of love

Badal Thapa is known as a thoughtful poet and author whose words often carry emotion, reflection, and quiet strength. Through his writing, he gives voice to human feelings, everyday struggles, and the beauty hidden in ordinary life. His work invites readers to pause, think, and connect with deeper meanings.

Badal Thapa

My Dear Sister, Barsha Thapa

You are my sunshine, my lovely star,

My closest friend, no matter how far.

With every smile and every tear,

You fill my world with joy and cheer.

When morning comes, your voice I hear,

It makes my worries disappear.

You share my dreams, you calm my fears,

And stand beside me through the years.

On Raksha Bandhan, I softly say,

You brighten my life in every way.

A rakhi tied with gentle grace,

Brings love and warmth to our small space.

My dear sister, kind and true,
My heart is always proud of you.
May happiness with you remain,
Like blooming flowers after rain.
If life is hard, I'll hold your hand,
Together strong, we'll always stand.
Through every step, both near and far,
You'll be my sister, my guiding star.
So here's my promise, pure and deep,
A bond of love I'll always keep.
Barsha Thapa, this verse I send,
My dear sister, my heart's best friend.



Raksha Bandhan bona with Sister with some Fight and Fun

Badal Thapa is a thoughtful and creative voice in the world of literature. As a poet and author, he uses words to express feelings, ideas, and human experiences in a way that feels both simple and powerful.

Badal Thapa

Raksha Bandhan: The Beautiful Bond of Love Between Badal and Barsha

Introduction

Raksha Bandhan is one of the most heartfelt festivals celebrated in many families because it reminds us of the tender bond between a brother and a sister. It is not only about tying a rakhi on the wrist; it is about trust, protection, laughter, teasing, forgiveness, and love that grows stronger with time. In the lovely family of Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, this bond shines brightly through their children, Badal and Barsha. From their playful childhood to their little quarrels, from sharing toys to protecting each other in difficult moments, their relationship is full of memories that make every Raksha Bandhan special.

Badal and Barsha are not just brother and sister; they are each other's first friend, first rival, and lifelong companion. Their childhood was filled with innocent fights over chocolates, remote controls, storybooks, and the front seat in the car. Yet, behind every small argument was a deep affection that never faded. Their parents, Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, always taught them that love is not shown only in grand gestures, but also in small acts of care, patience, and understanding. That lesson became the soul of their relationship. On

Raksha Bandhan, Barsha ties a rakhi on Badal's wrist, and in that simple thread lies years of memories, promises, laughter, and the unbreakable bond of family.

Childhood Memories Full of Laughter

The childhood of Badal and Barsha was like a cheerful garden full of color, noise, and joy. They grew up sharing everything—sweets, school bags, toys, and even secrets whispered under the blanket at night. Barsha was often the one who planned games, while Badal acted like the brave protector, even when he was secretly scared of the dark.

They would run around the house, hide behind curtains, and make their parents smile with their endless energy. Some days they behaved like best friends, and on other days they became fierce little opponents over the smallest things.

One of their sweetest memories was during festival afternoons when they sat together making paper decorations. Barsha loved to color everything neatly, while Badal would finish quickly and then proudly show his work to everyone.



Even when their styles were different, they admired each other in quiet ways. Barsha liked Badal's confidence, and Badal secretly depended on Barsha's kindness. Their mother, Bharati Thapa, often watched them with a smile, knowing that these ordinary moments would one day become precious memories. Their father, Bikash Thapa, would tell them that childhood is the most beautiful chapter of life, because it teaches us to love without conditions.

Fights That Ended in Love

No brother-sister relationship is complete without a few fights, and Badal and Barsha had many. They argued over whose turn it was to use the bicycle, who broke the pencil sharpener, and who deserved the last piece of cake.

Sometimes, their arguments seemed serious to them, but in truth they were only little storms passing through a sky that always remained clear. Badal might snatch Barsha's notebook, and Barsha might complain loudly to their parents, but within minutes, they would be back together, laughing at something silly. What made their fights special was that they never stayed angry for long. Their hearts were too close for bitterness to live between them. Even when Badal annoyed Barsha, he was also the first person to notice when she was upset. And even when Barsha scolded Badal, she was often the one who quietly helped him finish his homework later. This balance of mischief and care gave their relationship a warm and real feeling. Their fights did not weaken their bond; instead, they made their love more honest and more human.

Through those small disagreements, they learned how to apologize, how to forgive, and how to value each other's presence.

Love, Care, and Silent Support

The true beauty of the bond between Badal and Barsha lies not only in their celebrations, but in their ordinary acts of care. Barsha often remembers to keep Badal's favorite snacks aside, while Badal makes sure Barsha is not alone when she feels nervous before school events or exams. Sometimes love is loud and full of excitement, but often it is quiet and gentle. In their case, love appears in the smallest details: a shared umbrella in the rain, a saved seat during family outings, or a comforting word after a bad day.

As they grew older, their connection became deeper and wiser. They began to understand that sibling love is one of life's safest shelters. When one of them fails, the other encourages. When one of them is tired, the other gives strength. When one of them is happy, the other celebrates wholeheartedly.

Raksha Bandhan becomes especially meaningful for them because it gives shape to these invisible feelings. The rakhi Barsha ties on Badal's wrist is not merely a thread of tradition; it is a symbol of trust, respect, and the promise that no matter how far they go in life, they will remain connected by love.

Their parents, Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, have played an important role in nurturing this bond. They taught their children that a family becomes strong when its members care for one another. Through their guidance, Badal and Barsha learned that respect is as important as affection, and that true love always includes responsibility. The home they share is not just a house filled with furniture and walls; it is a place where memories live, where laughter echoes, and where bonds are built for a lifetime.

Raksha Bandhan: A Festival of Togetherness

Raksha Bandhan brings all these feelings together in one beautiful celebration. On this day, Barsha chooses a rakhi with love, sometimes simple and sometimes shiny, but always full of meaning. She ties it on Badal's wrist with prayers for his happiness and safety. Badal, in return, gives her a gift and, more importantly, offers his promise to stand beside her through every season of life. The festival becomes a reminder that protecting someone does not always mean fighting for them; it can also mean listening to them, respecting them, and being there when they need support.

For Badal and Barsha, Raksha Bandhan is not limited to one day. It lives in the way they speak to each other, argue with each other, and support each other every day. Their bond shows that a brother and sister do not have to be perfect to be deeply connected. In fact, it is their imperfections—the teasing, the jealousy, the stubbornness, and the sudden laughter—that make their relationship lively and unforgettable. Raksha Bandhan honors this beautiful truth: love becomes stronger when it is tested by time, tempered by patience,

and preserved by care.

A Beautiful Poem on Raksha Bandhan for Sister Barsha

To Barsha, My Sister

On this bright day with sky so blue,

I tie this thread with love so true. Dear Barsha, sister, kind and sweet,

Your smile makes every day complete.

Through childhood games and playful fight,

You made my world so warm and bright.

You stood beside me, hand in hand,

Like gentle waves on golden sand.

When I am lost, your words guide me,

Like stars that shine on a darkened sea.

Your care is like a flower in bloom,

That fills our home with joy and room.

So on Raksha Bandhan, sister dear,

I hold your promise close and clear.

May laughter stay and love remain,

Through sunshine, cloud, and gentle rain.

You are my sister, strong and true,

And my heart will always treasure you.

Conclusion

The bond between Badal and Barsha is a shining example of sibling love at its best—full of affection, teasing,

memories, and unwavering support. Their childhood stories, their

little fights, and their acts of care show that family

relationships are built through everyday moments, not only through

special occasions. With the loving guidance of

Bikash Thapa and Bharati Thapa, they have grown to understand

that love means standing beside one another in joy

and in difficulty. Raksha Bandhan gives them a sacred chance to

celebrate this bond, but the true celebration continues

throughout the year in their hearts. Badal and Barsha prove that a

brother and sister may argue, laugh, and annoy each other but

beneath everything lies a connection that remains strong, warm, and beautiful forever.

CORRECTION

The Bond Beyond Words

Mahi Chauhan

My brother is my quiding light,
He stands beside me day & night,
Through every challenge, hig or small,
I know he'll help me if \$ fall.

He shares my laughter & my tears,
And fills my days with joy & cheers,
Though sometimes we may disagree,
His care & love mean much to me.

He lifts me up when s feel Low,
And helps my confidence to grow,
He celebrates my smallest win,
And help me rise when \$ give in.

His words of wisdom, calm, & true,
Teach me what \$ ought to do.
Wlith every step, through joy & strife,
He's been the anchor of my Life.



A friend, a mentor, all in one,
He makes life's journey more fun.
No treasure shines as bright or true,
As having a brother like you.

Years may pass & seasons fly,
Clouds may gather in the sky.
But one thing time can never sever-
The bond we share will last forever.

DUAAYEIN

Rashmi Agrawal

Maa nahi hein to khud ki nazar khud hi utar lo
Khud se hi tum khub saara pyar maa ki tarah karlo
Beskimti koi aur samjhein na samjhein khud ki kimat karlo
Tumse badhkar kon samjhega tumko khud hi khud ko samajhlo
Bhagyaasali hein woh jinke ghar bhai aaye
Bhaiduj mein dhher saara pyar aur dua laaye
Na aaye to bhi kabhi gam na manana
Tum kanha aur Shiv k sath tyohar azmaana
Khush tumko har haal mein hi hein rehna
Tujhe kya chahiye tu sabse kimti gehna
Bhagyaasali woh bhai bhi jinke ghar
rakhi pe behne jaaye
Na bhi jaaye to bhar bharduaaein dil se woh pahuchaayein.

Why I talk To Online Friends

Skirfanwakil

People often ask why I talk to online friends. The truth is simple. Most people around us talk because they have no choice. Ignoring a conversation in real life looks rude, so they stay, listen, and reply out of social pressure. That kind of interaction is forced. Presence does not equal interest.

Online friends are different. They have the complete freedom to ignore you and walk away without consequences. Yet some still choose to stay and talk. That choice creates honesty and understanding. I value conversations that are chosen, not ones that exist because escape is awkward.



Vishwash aur Umeed

PRIYANSHU

Umeed-

Hum sabko ek dusre se Hoti h

Umeed Badi ajeeb cheez Hoti hai

Toot'te Dil mein bhi palti h

Ab waise bhi khone ko mere paas bacha

hi Kya

Na koi khhwab

Na koi shikayat

Na Kisi ke aane ka intejaar

Kabhi kabhi khud se puchti hu

Ab bacha hi Kya h

Phir Kahi se awaz aati hai

Umeed

Umeed koi wada nai ki jaisa Tumne chaha waisa Hoga

Ye kehti hai ki Jo Hoga us se behtar Hoga

Ye behtar ki talaash Jo hume humesha se h

Bachpan me khilone se lekar bade hote hote sapno tak

Is behtar ki talaash me hum khokar reh chuke h

Maine raato ko subah se darte hue dekha h

Aur hastu aankhon ko bhi Andere me rote hue dekha h
Dekha h Maine kaise koi insan bikharkar bhi sametna Chahta h
khud ko
Aur bs yahi pe umeed ko uska haath thaamte hue dekha h...
Umeed Sirf itni Hoti hai ki
Aaj Nahin to Kal
Main khud ko phir se paa lungi
Kyuki umeed humare Saath humesha Hoti h
Par jb sab chale jaate h th ye humara haath thamti hai....
Andhere me bhi Kiran dikhati hai
Batati h hume ki hum Kya nai kar skte
Isliye to kehte h umeed par dunita kayam h
Shyd sahi hi kehte
"Trust"-
Jis shabd se hum sab parichit h
Ye wahi hai
Jo har maa Baap apne bacchon pe karte h;
Behen apne Bhai pe Karti hai ;
Aur dost apni dosti par...
Par Kya badle mein unhe kuch milta hai
Shyd nai ...
Kyuki jab bharosa toota hai to na ek insaan toot Raha hota hai
Ise bnane mein to Saal lag jaate hai

Par tootne mein ek pal bhi nai lagta
Par jab wahi vishwas ek jhatke mein toot'ta hai
Toh andar ka har ek hissa bilkul akela chhoot'ta hai
Koi aawaz nahi hoti, koi khoon nahi behta
Par wo insaan fir pehle jaisa bilkul nahi rehta
Par ab toot gayi hai saari umeeden
Agar ye phir se banayi bhi jas skti hai to
Main Nahin banana chahungi
Nai Karna chahungi tumpe vishwas
Is basr agar waspis gyi us panne pe
To laut aaungi us pal se jb tumpe vishwas Kiya tha
Hata dungI us panne ko jb tumpe aitbar Kiya tha
Saare rishton ki buniyad bas is par hi tiki hai,
Har sachhi dosti isi ke panno par likhi hai.
Is par shak ki dhool kabhi jammne mat dena
Apne sabse khaas ko kabhi rone mat dena...

INHERITANCE

Rasharaj

I was supposed to be
the answer to their prayers.
Instead I became the Silence after
They built a ladder out of Sacrifice
I used it to climb down into my own night.

Failed is Just a word
they never said a loud
But I heard it In the Space between their pride

Maybe failure is just another name
for becoming Somerthing
they didn't plan



At the end of the day, It's them

Shiny

Hey...! ❤️

I honestly don't know how to put this into words because no matter how much I write, it will never be enough to express what you all mean to me.

Thank you... thank you for being one of the most beautiful chapters of my life. You all have been with me through every phase—when I was at my happiest, when I was at my lowest, when I was overthinking, when I was angry, when I was toxic, when I was being stubborn, when I was acting stupid, and even when I wasn't the easiest person to deal with. You saw every version of me, and somehow, you still chose to stay.

I know I'm not perfect. I make mistakes, I overreact, I get mad, I say things without thinking, and sometimes I push people away. If I ever hurt any of you, intentionally or unintentionally, I'm truly sorry. Thank you for understanding me even when I couldn't understand myself.

I seriously can't imagine my B.Tech journey without you guys. Every class, every bunk, every canteen visit, every assignment, every last-minute submissions, every group photo, every inside joke, every random conversation, every silly fight, every celebration, every laugh... all of these memories became unforgettable because of you.

There were days when I looked okay from the outside but was silently struggling inside. There were moments when smiling felt difficult, yet somehow you all managed to make me laugh without even realizing how much I needed it. Thank you for becoming my peace on days when my mind was full of chaos.

Thank you for listening to my endless talks, for tolerating my mood swings, for making fun of me, for laughing with me, for standing beside me, for believing in me, and for making me feel like I belonged. Every little thing you did means more to me than you'll ever know.

Life will eventually take all of us in different directions. We'll get busy with our careers, our dreams, and our own lives. Maybe we won't talk every day anymore. Maybe we'll meet only once in a while. But no matter where life takes us, this chapter, these memories, and every single one of you will always have a special place in my heart.

Years from now, when I think about my college life, I know it won't just be the classrooms or exams that I'll remember—it'll be you guys. Your laughter, your support, your craziness, our unforgettable moments, and the happiness we shared together.

Thank you for accepting me with all my imperfections and for making this journey so beautiful. You didn't just become my classmates or friends—you became my comfort, my happiness, and a family I never expected to find.

I may not say this often, but I truly love and appreciate each one of you more than words can ever express.

No matter what happens, promise me we'll never forget these memories or each other.

Love you guyzzzz forever. 💋 🍓 🤍

The Hand You Left in Mine

I'm a first-time writer from India who believes every heart has a story worth telling. I began writing to preserve memories, express emotions, and give a voice to feelings that are often left unspoken.

anu jo

Before you left, you placed your hand in mine,
trusting me with the smallest hand that still reached for yours.

Years passed.
Your hand was no longer there to guide me,
so I became the hand that held hers.

A motherless child found
both a mother and a father in me.
For thirty years,
I have been her brother by blood,
but her father by promise.

Today, I am fifty.
The little hand I once held
has grown strong enough to walk beside me.
Yet I never loosen my grip,
because I still feel your hand
resting gently in mine.

Like the soft rain of dawn
awakening a sleeping flower,
I watched her blossom into life.

One hand was yours.
One hand became mine.



And between those two hands,
a little girl grew into a beautiful woman.

Father, the hand you placed in mine
has never slipped away.

As long as my hand can hold hers,
your promise will live as my life

CORRECTION

The Brother Who Became My Home

I'm an aspiring writer from India with a love for poetry and storytelling. My writing is inspired by family, love, hope, and personal experiences. I'm excited to begin my journey as an author and share my words with readers.

anu jo

I was born into loss.
Before I could whisper the word "**Mother**,"
I had already lost her.
My first breath carried a sorrow.
I was too young to understand.

But fate only changed the beginning of my story.
It could never steal my happiness.

It blessed me with a soul
who became both my mother and my father—
a brother by blood,
a parent by love.

Life is unpredictable.

While I bloomed with time
like a flower kissed by the morning rain,
my brother stood like a mountain,
bearing every storm
so no shadow would ever reach me.

For twenty years,
he never lived only for himself.
He lived for me.



Deep in my heart,
I have always known
I was never just his little sister.

I was his first child.

Every dream I dreamed
became his dream.
Every tear I cried
became his silent battle.

I know one truth
that never needs proof:

For my happiness,
he would give up everything.
If the whole world stood against me,
he would stand against the whole world
just to protect me.

People say
I grew up without a mother.

They are wrong.

I grew up in the arms
of a brother
who loved me enough
to become both my mother and my father

Chahat..!

Tanishka Thorve

Maine har Lamhe Main tujhe yaad Kiya.

Ab kaise batao tujhe Maine Dil Se pyar Kiya.

Is Dil Ne sirf tujhe hi chaha,

Aur tune Kisi aur Ko chaha..!!

Bus itna Sa hi fark Hai Teri aur Meri Chahat mein..!!

CORRECTION

Smiling Through The Ache

I am Afrin Khatun of West Bengal writing since when i was twelve years old. Author of ' I wish i were a poetry' & ' Reflections of reality'

Afrin Khatun

I walk through night that never end,
where broken hearts refuse to mend.
The stars above, they seem to weep,
for all the dream i couldn't keep.

I hide my pain behind a grin,
while storms keep raging deep within.
the world moves fast, i stand so still,
a prisoner of my own will...



Threads That Do Not Break

Atriyo Mukhopadhyay

A Poem for Raksha Bandhan

It begins before memory.

Before the rakhi was bought from a roadside stall,
before the sweets were wrapped in silver foil,
before the calendar remembered August.

It begins with a cry in the next room
and a small hand that reaches without looking.
It begins with "He took my pencil"
and ends with "Let her have it, I have another."

We do not learn protection.

We inherit it.

Like the smell of monsoon on Kolkata rooftops,
like the way Maa hums while rolling luchi,
like the way Dada pretends he is not listening
but already knows where you are hurt.

Raksha Bandhan is not one day.

It is the accumulation of a thousand small days

folded into a single thread.

What is a rakhi?

Cotton, silk, zari, plastic beads.

Sometimes a cartoon. Sometimes a simple red string.

Sometimes nothing you
can buy at all.

The shopkeeper in
Gariahat will tell you

this one is "designer"
and that one
"traditional."

The child will choose
the one that glitters.

The teenager will choose the one that is ironic.

The adult will choose the one that looks like it will last.

But none of us are tying thread to a wrist.

We are tying a promise to a pulse.

"I see you."

"I am here."



"If the world gets loud, you can get quiet with me."

The thread is thin.

That is the point.

Anything thicker would be a rope, and ropes are for pulling.

Threads are for remembering.

We were taught brother and sister

as if the words were walls.

But bonds do not read dictionaries.

There is the elder brother who taught you how to ride a cycle
and then let go without telling you.

There is the younger sister who scolded you for staying out late
and made tea when you came home anyway.

There is the cousin who is more sibling than your sibling.

There is the friend who became family when family got
complicated.

There is the neighbor's didi who braided your hair before exams.

There is the colleague who covers your shift when your world falls
apart.

Raksha Bandhan expands.

It is not limited to blood.

It is limited only by who we are willing to protect
and who we trust to protect us back.

So today, tie a rakhi on a wrist,
on a photo frame,
on a WhatsApp status,
on a letter you will never send.
The thread finds its way.

The fan is slow. The light is yellow.

The thali is ready: diya, chawal, kumkum, mithai.

Mishti from Balaram Mullick, because some things should not be
compromised.

She sits. He sits. Or they sit across a video call,
one in Kolkata, one in Bangalore, one in Toronto.
The time zones argue, but the ritual does not.

She ties.

Not tight enough to hurt, not loose enough to fall.

Aarti. Tika. A grain of rice on the forehead.

A prayer that sounds like, "Don't be stupid."

And also, "Come home safe."

He gives a gift.

Sometimes it is money in an envelope.

Sometimes it is a book she mentioned once.

Sometimes it is just showing up.

Sometimes it is saying, "I am proud of you,"
which is the gift we rarely give and always need.

They eat. They fight about who ate the last sandesh.

They laugh. They remember a fight from 2008
and decide it was funny after all.

This is the ceremony.

Not grand. Not perfect.

Human.

We grew up thinking "raksha" meant standing in front of danger
with arms wide, like in the movies.

But most protection is smaller than that.

It is "Did you eat?"

It is "Send me your location when you reach."

It is "That person was rude to you and I noticed."

It is "You don't have to explain. I believe you."

It is "Let me handle the call to the landlord."

It is "Sleep. I will stay up."

Raksha is not about being strong.

It is about being present.

It is choosing someone, again and again,
even on the days you are tired of choosing.

The thread does not make us invincible.

It makes us less alone.

Not every bond is easy.

Some rakhsas are tied across silence.

Some are tied after years of not speaking.

Some are tied to people who hurt us,

and we tie them anyway because love is stubborn

and also because we are trying to be better than the hurt.

There is the brother who forgot your birthday three times

but remembered the name of your doctor.

There is the sister who envied you
and also clapped the loudest at your success.

There is the distance that grew like weeds
and the decision to pull one weed today.

Raksha Bandhan does not ask for perfection.

It asks for return.

Come back to the thali.

Come back to the table.

Come back to the thread, even if it is knotted.

We are allowed to set boundaries.

We are allowed to say, "I love you and I cannot do that."

Protection includes protecting yourself.

That too is part of the vow.

To the elder brother

You were my first Google.

"How do I do this?"

"Is this normal?"

"Will I be okay?"

You answered with half-truths and full presence.

Thank you for the lies that kept me brave
and the truths that kept me grounded.

I tie this rakhi on the hand that once carried me on your shoulders.
Carry me still, when I forget I am tired.

To the younger sister

You came and rearranged the furniture of my heart.

Suddenly I was responsible, and also free.

You taught me how to be soft without being weak.

You taught me how to be fierce without being cruel.

I tie this rakhi on your wrist,
but really I am tying it on my own future.
Grow. Fall. Rise. Call me.

To the sibling who lives far

The courier will be late. The video will lag.

We will talk over each other and then laugh about it.

Distance is a fact. It is not a verdict.

I tie this thread across oceans and time.

It stretches, but it does not snap.

Send me photos of your sky. I will send you mine.

To the friend who is family

We chose each other.

That makes this sacred in a different way.

You saw me on my worst day and stayed for coffee.

You celebrated me on my best day and stayed for cleanup.

No blood, but all the loyalty.

This rakhi is for you.

Thank you for being my emergency contact in life.

To the self

This one is important.

Tie a thread around your own wrist today.

Promise to protect your peace.

Promise to speak kindly to yourself.

Promise to rest.

Promise to leave rooms that dim you.

You are also someone worth keeping safe.

Every Raksha Bandhan has mithai.

Rasgulla, sandesh, kaju katli, barfi.

Sweetness to mark the day.

But bonds also have salt.

Tears. Arguments. Jealousy.

The time you said something sharp and regretted it.

The time you needed help and were too proud to ask.

Do not throw away the salt.

Salt preserves.

It is what keeps the sweet from rotting.

A bond without friction is a decoration.

A bond with friction is real.

So today, eat the sweet.

And also acknowledge the salt.

Say sorry. Say thank you.

Say "I was wrong."

Say "I am still here."

Under the gifts and the photos and the captions,

this is what we are asking:

"Remember me when I am not in the room."

"Tell me the truth, but gently."

"Be proud of me, even when I am not impressive."

"Let me be proud of you, even when you are not perfect."

"When I am breaking, notice."

"When you are breaking, tell me."

That is the vow.

It does not fit on a card.

It fits in the space between two people
who decided to keep showing up.

By evening the rakhi will loosen.

Some threads will be kept in drawers.

Some will be cut and thrown away.

Some will fade in the wash.

That does not mean the promise faded.

Rituals are not the bond.

They are bookmarks in the story.

Tomorrow you will go back to work.

Tomorrow you will go back to being busy.

Tomorrow you might forget to call.

But the thread leaves a faint mark on the skin.

And sometimes that is enough to remember:

Oh. There is someone.

There is someone who tied something on me

not because they had to,

but because they wanted to.

The rain will come. It always does in August.

The trams will be slow. The streets will smell like wet earth.

Somewhere a speaker will play an old Kishore Kumar song.

Somewhere a mother will be scolding and feeding at the same time.

This is our city, and these are our people.

We fight in traffic. We share umbrellas.

We argue about football and eat phuchka from the same plate.

We are loud, and we are tender.

Raksha Bandhan here is not quiet.

It is noisy with siblings, cousins, neighbors.

It is WhatsApp forwards and last-minute shopping.

It is also the quiet message at 11:47pm:

"Reached home. Sleep well."

That is Kolkata's rakhi.

That is our bond.

I could write about gods and legends.

About Krishna and Draupadi and a torn sari.

About kings and queens and promises made in battle.

Those stories matter. They gave us the shape.

But today the shape is filled by us.

By ordinary people doing ordinary care.

By the way we choose each other on boring Tuesdays.

By the way we show up with soup and no advice.

By the way we say, "I don't understand, but I am with you."

So tie the thread.

Or don't.

But do the thing the thread represents.

Protect.

Check in.

Forgive.

Celebrate.

Stay.

Let the thread be a reminder,

not a requirement.

Let the bond be a choice,

not a chain.

And if you are reading this alone today,

know this:

You are someone's thread,

even if they have not said it yet.

And you are allowed to be your own.

May your wrists be light.

May your heart be full.

May the people you love be safe.

May you be safe too.

Happy Raksha Bandhan.

CORRECTION

The Thread in the Envelope

Atriyo Mukhopadhyay

The monsoon had arrived early in Kolkata that year. By 4 PM the sky over Gariahat was already the color of wet cement, and the trams were dragging themselves through water.

Riya stood in the stationery shop, holding two things: a plain red thread rakhi that cost 20 rupees, and a cream-colored envelope.

“Packet kore debo, didi?” the shopkeeper asked.

“No,” she said. “Just the stamp.”

She wrote an address on the envelope in careful English.

_Arjun Mehta

Flat 402, Greenwoods Apartments

Koramangala, Bengaluru, Karnataka_

And below that, in smaller Bangla: _Bhai_.

It was August 2nd, 2026. Raksha Bandhan was in three days.

1. Five Years Ago

They hadn't spoken in five years. Not properly.

The last conversation had been on the phone, 11 PM, voices sharp.

"You always do this," Arjun had said. "You think you have to fix everything."

"And you always run," Riya had shot back. "You left and never looked back."

He'd moved to Bengaluru for a job in tech the next month. She'd stayed in Kolkata to take care of Maa after Baba's bypass.

They sent birthday texts. "Happy Bday." "Thanks." That was it.

Maa still kept Arjun's photo on the wall beside the tulsi plant. Every Raksha Bandhan she would sigh and say, "This year he will come." He never did.

2. The Thread

Riya was 29 now. She taught history at a school in Tollygunge and lived with Maa in the same 2BHK where they'd grown up. The house still smelled like mustard oil and old books.

Arjun was 32. He sent money every month. He called Maa on Sundays. He never asked about Riya, and she never asked about him.

But last week, Maa had fallen in the bathroom. Nothing serious, just a bruised hip and a lot of fear. Riya had been at school. The neighbor, Kakima, had found her.

When Riya got home, Maa was on the bed with an ice pack, trying to act normal.

“Call Arjun,” Maa had whispered.

“I did,” Riya lied. She hadn’t.

That night she couldn’t sleep. She kept thinking about when they were kids and Arjun would check under her bed for “monsters” even though he was scared of them too. About how he taught her to ride a cycle by running behind her and then letting go. About the time she had a 102 fever and he slept on the floor next to her bed “in case you need water.”

Protection hadn’t always looked big. Sometimes it looked like a brother who pretended not to care but saved the last sandesh for her.

So she bought a rakhi. Not the fancy one with LEDs. The plain one. Because that’s what he used to tie on her when they had no money.

3. Bengaluru

Arjun got the envelope on August 4th.

He knew what it was before opening it. The handwriting. The weight. The faint smell of agarbatti that clung to everything from their house.

He was in the middle of a sprint deadline. His team had pizza boxes on the table and three monitors glowing. He put the envelope in his drawer and told himself he'd open it later.

Later came at 1 AM. He was alone in the flat. The city outside was quiet for once.

Inside: the red thread rakhi. And a note, in Riya's handwriting.

Bhai,

Maa fell last week. She's okay now. But it scared me.

I'm not asking you to come. I'm not asking for anything.

I just remembered how you used to tie this on me and say

"I'm supposed to protect you, but you're the one who protects me from being lonely."

So I'm sending it back to you.

Tie it on your own wrist this year.

You need protection too.

— Riya_

He read it three times. Then he put the rakhi on his wrist. It was too loose. He knotted it twice.

4. The Call That Didn't Happen

On Raksha Bandhan morning, Maa video-called Arjun. Riya was in the kitchen making luchi.

“Happy Raksha Bandhan, baba,” Maa said, her voice bright and brittle. “Did you get anything from Kolkata?”

Arjun looked at his wrist. The red thread.

“Yeah, Maa. I got it.”

Riya, in the background, went very still.

Maa smiled, relieved. “Good. Good.”

After the call, Riya didn't mention it. Arjun didn't mention it. The silence stretched, but it was a different silence now. Not angry. Just full.

5. The Rain

That evening Kolkata got hit by a real downpour. The power cut out at 7.

Riya was lighting a candle when her phone buzzed. Unknown number. Bengaluru.

She almost didn't answer.

Then she did.

"Hello?"

Static. Then: "It's me."

Arjun's voice was hoarse, like he hadn't used it in a while.

The line crackled.

"Maa told me," he said. "About the fall."

"She's fine," Riya said quickly. "I'm just... I'm tired, Arjun."

"I know."

Another pause. Rain hit the window.

"I tied it," he said. "The rakhi."

Riya laughed, a wet sound. "On your wrist? That's not how it works."

"I know how it works," he said. "You protect me. I protect you. That's what we said when we were ten."

"We were stupid."

“We were right.”

Neither of them said “I’m sorry.” They didn’t need to. The thread on his wrist said it.

6. What Protection Looks Like

Over the next month, things didn’t magically get fixed. Arjun couldn’t come home immediately — project, visa issues for an onsite later. Riya was still doing everything.

But.

He started calling on Wednesdays, not just Sundays.

He sent a contact in Kolkata, a doctor friend, to check on Maa.

He transferred money, not just for expenses, but with the note: “For you to take a day off.”

Riya sent him photos of Maa’s medicines. She sent him memes. She sent him a voice note of the rain.

Once, at 2 AM Bengaluru time, he texted: _Can’t sleep. Work._

She replied at 6 AM Kolkata time: _Drink water. Eat something. Call me after your meeting._

He did.

Protection had stopped being about standing in front of danger. It had become about showing up in the small gaps.

7. Diwali

Four months later, Arjun came home for Diwali.

The house smelled like marigolds and frying oil. Maa hugged him until her arms shook. Riya stood in the doorway, holding a plate of sweets, unsure.

He walked past her, put down his bag, and held out his wrist. The red thread was gone, faded from months of washing.

“Tie me a new one,” he said.

Riya blinked. “Raksha Bandhan was months ago.”

“I know,” he said. “But who said we only get one day?”

So she did. She tied a new rakhi, blue this time because the shop didn’t have red. She put tika on his forehead. He gave her a box — not jewelry, but a set of nice pens for grading papers.

They ate too much. They argued about a movie. They took a photo for Maa.

At night, when Maa was asleep, they sat on the roof. The sky over Kolkata was full of scattered fireworks.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“I’m okay,” she said. “Are you?”

“I’m getting there,” he said. “With the thread.”

8. The Thread in the Envelope, Again

A year later, Riya got an envelope. Bengaluru postmark.

Inside: no rakhi. Just a note.

_ Didi,

I’m sending this back to you.

I had a bad month. Project failed. Got sick. Felt alone.

And then I looked at my wrist and remembered.

Someone is tying a thread for me, even from far away.

So I’m sending it to you.

Tie it on yourself when you need it.

I’m here. Always.

— Arjun_

Riya tied the faded blue thread around her own wrist that day. She wore it to school. When a student asked what it was, she said, “A reminder.”

9. What We Mean When We Say Raksha

Raksha Bandhan is not about brothers and sisters only.

It’s about the neighbor Kakima who sat with Maa in the hospital.

It’s about Arjun’s friend who dropped off groceries.

It’s about the colleague who covers your class when you have to run home.

The thread is thin on purpose.

Because real protection is not about being unbreakable.

It’s about being willing to be tied to someone.

To say: “I see you. I’m here. If you fall, I’ll notice.”

Sometimes that means a flight across the country.

Sometimes it means a text at the right time.

Sometimes it means tying a rakhi on your own wrist and remembering you deserve care too.

10. This August

It's August 2nd again. 2026.

Riya is in the same stationery shop in Gariahat. She buys two rakhis this time. One red, one blue.

She ties the red one and posts it to Bengaluru.

She keeps the blue one.

Maa is in the next room, humming. The power hasn't cut yet. Outside, the rain is starting.

Her phone buzzes. A message from Arjun:

Got it. Tying it now. Sending you a photo.

The photo comes through: his wrist, the red thread, and behind it, the Bengaluru skyline at dusk.

Riya ties the blue one on her own wrist, takes a photo of the Kolkata sky, and sends it back.

No long speech. No promises carved in stone.

Just two threads, in two cities, holding.

That's Raksha Bandhan.

Not a day.

A decision, made again and again,

to be someone's safe place.

Even when you're far.

Even when you're tired.

Even when all you have is a thin piece of thread

and the will to not let go.

CORRECTION

The sacred thread I tied

I don't call myself a writer. I'm a 17-year-old girl in Class 11, simply expressing my heart on paper. My poems are little reflections of my thoughts, and of what I feel.

Daisy Leena Gogoi

the message of the yellow string

the aroma it carries

a feeling of harmony

towards its little crown

in this very day brothers swore

to protect their little princess

like a knight bow before its queen

he will let his sister shine

like the sun does to his beloved moon

with nothing hidden beneath the veil

even if my knight is on

the other end of the bank

yet at the same time

I feel his warmly presence around me



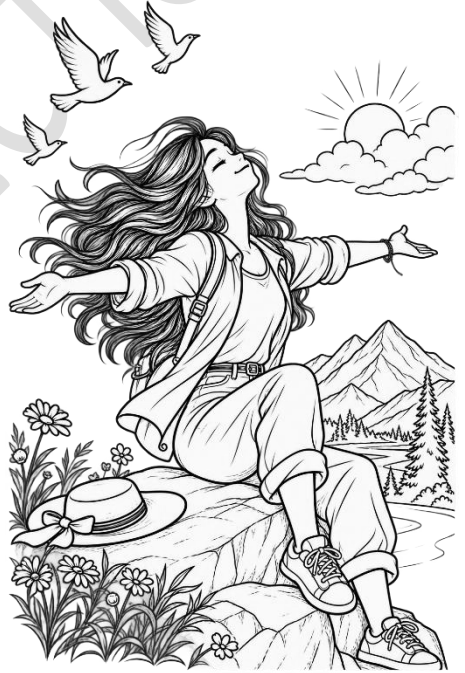
like a knight is secretly guarding his queen
standing firmly on the sacred ground.

CORRECTION

Khul ke jeena

Tanya Rajawat

Khul ke jiyo jab jeena hai to kyu sochna wo char log kya kahenge jab chalna ho khudke hoshlo se wo duniya main mujhe le chalo jaha pe sab sab apne main ho aur main bhi kisi magan kam main vyast khul ke jiyo jab jeena hai to, jab sukoon mil jaye tab ye sapne suhane se ho jaye, fhir na aaun kabhi iss duniya main na kabhi janam ho iss dharti pe, abhi khul ke jeena hai jab tak rehna hai kon char log mujhe na kisi ke bharose rehna h main khud main magan si, bas khudko dekhna hai mujhe bas ab yaha pe khul ke jeena khul ke jeena hai.



Friendship and Dreams

❖ A dreamer with a heart full of stories and a soul inspired by emotions. I believe friendship, kindness, and hope make every journey beautiful. Writing is my way of turning simple thoughts into meaningful words. 🖋️ 📖

Simran bakoliya

Friendship is one of life's greatest blessings. A true friend is someone who stays with us through happy moments and difficult times. Their support, kindness, and trust make every challenge easier to face.

Every person has dreams. Some want to become teachers, doctors, artists, or achieve something meaningful in life. Reaching those dreams is never easy. There are obstacles, failures, and moments when we feel like giving up. At those times, a true friend reminds us to stay strong and keep believing in ourselves.

Friendship gives us courage, while dreams give us a purpose. Together, they inspire us to move forward with hope and confidence. No matter how long the journey is, having a loyal friend by our side makes every step more meaningful.



In the end, dreams become more beautiful when they are shared with true friends. Friendship and dreams together create memories that stay in our hearts forever.

CORRECTION

To the Wind (Because You Won't Read This)

Drishti Jethwani is fascinated by the things people leave unsaid. Through reflective prose and emotionally driven storytelling, she explores themes of family, absence, forgiveness, and the resilience of the human heart.

Drishti Jethwani

I am a daughter.
I am a sister.
And I am the one who stays.

The old bedroom still smells like dust and time. The fan above creaks the same way it did when we were kids, as if even the ceiling is tired of holding on. Outside, Papa's cough drifts in from the veranda, slow and heavy. Then Ma's voice, sharp with age: "Has the milk boiled yet?"

They are eighty now.
Their bones click like old furniture.
Their memories slip through their fingers like dry sand.
And their eyes—God, their eyes—hold everything they never said.

I stand behind the curtain and watch them.
They don't argue much anymore. Not because they've made peace, but because the fight has simply run out of them. Two people, slowly fading under the weight of their own history. And me, in the middle, trying to hold the pieces together with shaking hands.

And you?

You're not dead, Bhai.
But you might as well be.

Seven years. That's how long it's been since you walked out after that night no one dares to name. The night the house cracked open and something inside all of us broke for good.

I sit at the old desk and write to you anyway. Not because I think you'll read it. But because if I don't write, I'll scream.

Dear Bhai,

How did your heart become so small that even their names feel like knives in your chest?

How did anger make itself a permanent home there, while I'm left to clean up the wreckage?

They are old, Bhai.
Time is not on our side.
Papa forgets what day it is.
Ma tells the same story three times in an hour, hoping it will make more sense the fourth time.

Do you even remember their voices anymore?
Not the shouting. Not the scolding.
But the soft ones. The ones that called you for dinner. That whispered, "Sleep now," when you were sick. That sang off-key lullabies in the dark.

This isn't just killing them.

It's killing you too.

Slowly. Quietly.

With a regret so deep they'll never speak it, but you can see it in the way Ma stares at your empty room like it might suddenly fill itself again.



I'm not asking you to forget what happened.
I'm asking you to remember what also happened.

The birthday cakes with too much sugar.
The monsoon evenings when the roof leaked and we laughed instead
of cried.

The times Papa carried you on his back when your legs were too
tired to walk.

The way Ma saved the best rotis for you, even when she said she
wasn't hungry.

Don't let the worst moments erase all the rest.

Yes, they hurt you.
Yes, you were treated unfairly.
Yes, you carried things no child should have to carry.

But they are still your parents.

One day, their names will be carved in stone.
One day, their voices will be nothing but echoes in my head.
And on that day, your silence will be louder than any argument you
ever had with them.

Three sons.
And maybe no one to light their fire.
No one to hold their hands as they go.
No one to say, "It's okay. You can rest now."

Is that the story you want?

Choose love over ego, Bhai.

Not for them.

For you.

So you don't spend the rest of your life wondering, "What if I had
gone back?"

Weeks pass.

No reply comes.

Ma and Papa never ask if I sent the letter. Maybe they're too proud.
Maybe they're too scared of the answer.

Then one winter morning, Papa doesn't wake up.

The doctor calls it "a quiet passing."

Ma sits beside him for hours, waiting for him to open his eyes and
start one last fight.

I make the calls.

One brother is abroad, unreachable.

The other comes, does what he must, and leaves before the incense
even fades.

But you?

You don't come.

Not for the rituals.

Not for the fire.

Not even for Ma, who now sits against the wall, staring into space,
whispering your name in her sleep like a prayer no one answers.

A week later, I find the letter.

Returned.

Unopened.

"Address Unknown," the red stamp says, as if you've vanished from
the map entirely.

My hands don't shake this time.

I switch on the kettle.

The water boils.

The fan creaks.

Ma forgets, again, that Papa is gone.

And I sit in the silence,
talking to the wind,
because you won't talk to me.

CORRECTION

To the Man Who Never Needed Words

Shrushti Salgaonkar

Dear Bhai,

Sometimes I sit quietly and wonder...

What good did I do in my previous life that God chose you to be my elder brother?

People often say that love is expressed through words.

But you taught me that the purest love is shown through actions.

When Papa was hospitalized and Maa stayed with him, our home suddenly became just the two of us. You had already spent the whole day at work, yet you never came home and complained about being tired. Instead, you cooked for us, washed the clothes, managed the house, and then went to the hospital every single day with food, medicines, and everything Papa and Maa needed. You never let me feel how heavy life had become because you carried all the weight yourself.

You were not just my brother then.

You became the strongest son our parents could ever ask for... and the strongest person I have ever known.

Even today, after a long day at work, if I ask, "Bhai, can we go somewhere?" you never say no. No matter how exhausted you are, you pick up the keys and take me wherever I want to go. Every time you're out with your friends, you somehow come home with my favourite pastry, chips, or chocolate. Those little things may seem

ordinary to everyone else, but to me, they quietly say, "I was thinking about you."

The day I was admitted to the hospital, I saw something I had never seen before.

Fear.

Not in my eyes...

but in yours.

You came running, sat beside me, brought everything I loved, and stayed with me as if my pain had become your own. That day I realised that no one would ever pray for me as silently and sincerely as you do.



Every birthday of mine excites you more than it excites me. You love planning surprises, cooking my favourite food, and filling my day with little gifts that make me smile. Seeing me happy has somehow always been your favourite celebration.

You have your own struggles, your own responsibilities, your own dreams. Yet somehow, you always place our family before yourself. You never say, "I love you," but every meal you cook, every sacrifice you make, every worry you hide, and every little thing you do says it a thousand times louder than words ever could.

If God ever gives me another life, I won't ask Him for riches or success.

I'll simply ask for the same brother.

Because one lifetime with you could never be enough.

Thank you for protecting me, believing in me, spoiling me, scolding me, and loving me in the most beautiful way possible.

You'll always be my first hero, my safest place, and the greatest blessing of my life.

Happy Raksha Bandhan, Bhai.

With all my love,

Your forever little princess. ❤️

CORRECTION

Side by Side

Side by Side
Side by side or miles apart,
You hold a special place
in my heart.
Through the laughter, tears, and cheers,
We've grown closer through the years.
No need for words, you understand,
Always there to lend a hand.
A constant light when days are dim,
A bond that time can never skim.

the.novel.aesthetic

The Midnight Auto The heavy monsoon rain was hitting the streets of Mumbai, turning the roads into muddy streams. It was 11:30 PM, and Priya stood outside the metro station, shivering under her tiny umbrella. Her phone battery was dead, her feet ached from a long shift at the hospital, and every auto-rickshaw driver she stopped refused to go towards her neighborhood because of the waterlogging. She felt tears stinging her eyes, a heavy mix of exhaustion and helplessness. Suddenly, an auto sputtered to a stop right in front of her. The driver, an older man wearing a faded khaki shirt, wiped his fogged-up windshield with a cloth. "Where to, beta?" he called out over the roar of the rain. "Ghatkopar, Uncle. But the main road is completely flooded," Priya said, expecting him to drive away like the others. The driver, whose name badge read Anand, looked at her pale face and soaked shoes. He gave a reassuring nod. "Sit inside. We will find a way through the side lanes. It is not safe for you to stand here alone." Relief washed over Priya as she climbed into the back. As the auto splashed through the dark lanes, Anand spoke in a calm, fatherly voice, navigating the deep puddles with absolute care.



He didn't complain about the weather or the terrible traffic. When they finally arrived outside her apartment building, Priya reached into her bag, only to realize her wallet was missing. She must have left it at her desk in her rush to catch the last train. "Uncle, I am so sorry," Priya stammered, her face turning red. "I left my wallet at work. My phone is dead, so I can't even scan a QR code. Please wait here, I'll go up and get money from my roommate." Anand smiled gently through the rearview mirror and started turning his auto around. "It's okay, beta. Go inside quickly, you are shivering. Drink some hot tea." "But your fare—and it's so late!" Priya insisted, stepping out into the rain. Anand paused. "Look, the world runs on trust. Today you are in trouble, tomorrow someone else might be. Just pass the kindness forward to someone else when you can. That is my fare." Before she could say another word, he drove back into the stormy night, his red taillights disappearing into the darkness. Priya stood there, the cold rain falling around her, but for the first time all day, she felt incredibly warm.

We Grew in Struggle

Name: Sanjana I come from a home where dreams were big and means were small. For me, writing is remembering my struggles and my bonds. My childhood memories and the bond with my siblings are my biggest inspiration.

Sanjana chhetri

Format: Poem

Language: English

We grew up in a house where dreams were big,

But pockets were small.

Where one notebook was shared,

And one biscuit was broken in half.

Maa stitched our torn uniforms with hope,

Baba came home tired, but never empty-handed.

We studied under streetlights when power failed,

And laughed through hunger because we had each other.

There were days we cried in silence,

Days we wore pride over pain.

No fancy toys, no big birthdays,

Just love that filled every empty corner.

Today the world calls it "struggle",

I call it my foundation.

Because those hard days taught me strength,

And those small hands taught me how to hold on.

I am proud of where I come from.

Proud of the child who never gave up.

Proud of the bond that kept us warm,

Even when winters were cold.

Some bonds are tied with a thread.

Ours is tied with sacrifice, sweat, and love.

Oh, Brother!

Suryendu Chaudhury is an English teacher (MA, B.Ed) and poet based in Kolkata. Writing under the pen name Silly Poet, he specializes in verse that balances technical structure with intertextual depth. His work is informed by a deep engagement with classical literature and the rhythmic nuances of the English language.

Suryendu Chaudhury

I still see the little hands moving towards my gifts,
I do tussle with air now,
He lives a bit too far.

He often asked me if I really cared for him
And then pulled my hair and ran away,
I chased him through the rooms,
Down the stairs
Down my memories,
And I still continue.

His curls, his smile,
His tears during my fever,
The nights I spent



Looking after his fractured toe
Which he brought home
From the football ground.

The 'rakhi' meant sweets and gifts
'Bhaidooj' – brought in more
Than laughter,
I would pull his leg,
He would demand
His share,
He didn't care to touch
His elder sister's feet,
Still he called me :
'Didi'.

The 'rakhis' still accumulate,
On 'bhaidooj' – video calls,
His schedule makes him busy,
His work makes him worried,
But my brother still remains
The curly haired boy.

Last week I was diagnosed with death,

I haven't told him yet,

Let this 'rakhi'

Be eternal...

CORRECTION

A dream that refuses to end

A Dream That Refuses to End explores the quiet grief of loving what was never meant to be. It is a meditation on longing, memory, and the echoes of moments that continue to live within us, even after they have faded from someone else's life.

Alina Nizam

A dream that refuses to end moments of joy, full of ecstasy----

I weave our journey in a tapestry of love,

Yet you unraveled it

Before it was enough.

Here I am,

Hanging by the thread,

Lingering feelings fill the air,

Thinking of ----

The prayer that was never mine,

The soul I could never claim,

The moments I was never meant to share.

In the dark of night,

Moments of laughter echo in my ears,

While you stand in the distance,

A silhouette carved from fear.

Long have I been forgotten in your dreams,

You are nothing now

But a lingering echo-----

A DREAM THAT REFUSES TO END.

CORRECTION

The Thread That Never Broke

G. M. Hrushikesa Chaitanya is a student of 11th Standard. He was born on August 2, 2010, in Guntur, Andhra Pradesh, at Krishna Hospital. He developed an interest in writing at the age of 10 and has been passionate about storytelling ever since.

Chaitanya G.M

The old wooden box sat quietly on the highest shelf of the cupboard, untouched for years. Dust covered its lid, hiding the faded golden letters that simply read, "Memories."

Ananya climbed onto a chair and carefully pulled it down. As she opened it, a gentle fragrance of sandalwood drifted into the room. Inside were birthday cards, tiny toys, old photographs... and a bundle of colorful rakhis tied together with a red ribbon

She smiled.

Each rakhi reminded her of her elder brother, Aarav.

As children, they fought over everything. They argued about television, chocolates, and who got the window seat during bus rides. Yet every Raksha Bandhan morning, all those little fights disappeared. Aarav would proudly stretch out his wrist while Ananya tied the rakhi with shaky little fingers. Afterward he would promise, "I'll always protect you."

Back then, she believed protection meant chasing away bullies or sharing his umbrella when it rained.

She never imagined those words would someday mean much more.

Years passed quickly.

Aarav left home for college in another city. The house became strangely quiet. Every Raksha Bandhan, Ananya mailed a rakhi instead of tying it herself. A few days later, a parcel always arrived containing chocolates, books, or handwritten letters.

One letter read:

"Distance can never untie a thread tied with love."

She kept every letter.

Life moved on.

Their parents grew older.

Ananya completed college and began working as a teacher. Aarav became an engineer, often traveling from city to city.

Although they rarely met, they never missed Raksha Bandhan.

One year, heavy floods blocked the roads.

Another year, Aarav was working overseas.

Yet every year, the rakhi somehow reached him.

Sometimes through the post.

Sometimes through friends.

Sometimes through video calls where Ananya smiled while tying a rakhi around a photograph of his wrist, and Aarav laughed before showing the real rakhi he had already received.

The thread never broke.

Then came the hardest year.



Their father suddenly fell seriously ill.

Hospital corridors replaced family dinners.

Medical bills kept growing.

Ananya tried to remain strong, but inside she was frightened.

Without saying a word, Aarav resigned from a high-paying job abroad and returned home.

Everyone thought he had made a foolish decision.

He simply smiled.

"My family comes first."

For months, he stayed beside their father, drove him to hospitals, managed the expenses, encouraged their mother, and comforted Ananya whenever she lost hope.

One evening, exhausted after another hospital visit, Ananya whispered,

"You've protected all of us."

Aarav shook his head.

"I only kept the promise made every Raksha Bandhan."

Their father slowly recovered.

Life became peaceful again.

Years later, Ananya married and moved to another city.

Now it was Aarav who stood at the railway station, trying not to cry.

As the train prepared to leave, he handed her a small wooden box.

"Open it after reaching home."

Inside was every rakhi Ananya had tied since childhood.

He had carefully preserved each one.

Attached was a note.

"People think a rakhi lasts only one day. Mine lasts forever."

Ananya cried for hours.

After that, they both became busy with their own families.

Sometimes months passed without meeting.

Yet whenever life became difficult, one phone call was enough.

Neither asked for explanations.

Neither judged.

They simply listened.

That was their bond.

One Raksha Bandhan, Ananya's young daughter asked,

"Mom, why do you tie a thread every year if Uncle already loves you?"

Ananya smiled.

"The thread doesn't create love. It reminds us never to forget it."

The little girl nodded thoughtfully.

The following year, she made a handmade rakhi for her uncle using colored paper and tiny beads.

When Aarav received it, he laughed like the little boy he once was.

The tradition had found another generation.

Time continued moving.

Their hair slowly turned gray.

Their parents watched proudly as grandchildren filled the house with laughter.

During one family gathering, everyone shared old memories.

Someone asked Aarav,

"What is the most expensive gift your sister has ever given you?"

He looked at the colorful rakhi on his wrist.

"This."

Everyone laughed.

"It's just a thread," someone said.

Aarav gently shook his head.

"No. It's trust. It's childhood. It's forgiveness after every fight. It's home."

The room fell silent

That evening, Ananya opened the old memory box again.

She placed the newest rakhi beside the oldest one.

Dozens of colorful threads lay together.

Different colors.

Different years.

Different stories.

Yet each carried the same promise.

She realized that life changes everything.

Children become adults.

Homes become memories.

Dreams take people far away.

Parents grow old.

Seasons come and go.

But some bonds quietly refuse to fade.

The thread itself may become old.

Its colors may lose their brightness.

But the love tied into it never weakens.

As the family gathered for another photograph, Aarav stood beside Ananya exactly as he had decades earlier.

The photographer smiled.

"Stand closer."

Neither needed to move.

They already were

Because some distances exist only on maps.

Never in hearts.

And that was the true meaning of Raksha Bandhan—not a festival celebrated once a year, but a lifelong promise woven into a simple thread.

A promise that time could never loosen.

A bond that arguments could never break.

A memory that would never fade.

The thread, after all, was never made of silk alone.

It was woven from love, trust, sacrifice, laughter, forgiveness, and countless shared moments.

And those threads...
never broke.

CORRECTION

A Rakhi for the Stars

Tonight, the sky is quieter than before.
The moon hangs gently above my window,
and the stars shimmer like tiny lamps
lit by hands I can no longer hold.

Tomorrow is Raksha Bandhan.

The house is full of familiar sounds—
the clinking of bangles,
the sweet fragrance of homemade treats,
the laughter of brothers and sisters
celebrating promises woven with a simple thread.

Yet my heart walks a different path.

I carry a small silver plate,
decorated with flowers,
a tiny diya glowing softly,
a pinch of vermilion,
grains of rice,

and one delicate rakhi
waiting for the wrist
it will never touch again.

Years have passed,
yet every Raksha Bandhan
your absence returns
like the first drop of rain
that remembers the cloud it came from.

People say time heals everything.

Perhaps it softens the sharp edges of pain,
but love does not fade.

Love learns new ways to exist.

So tonight,

I climb to the rooftop,
where the wind whispers stories
only memories understand.

I look at the brightest star.

That one.

The one that always seems to wait.

Maybe it is only a star

Or maybe...

it is where your smile now lives.

I lift the rakhi toward the sky.

There is no wrist to tie.

Only endless light.

Still, my hands tremble

with the same affection

they carried every childhood August.

I remember tiny footsteps

running through the house.

Your laughter echoing down the hallway.

Our playful arguments

over chocolates and toys.

The competitions we never finished.

The promises we never needed to speak aloud.

You always stood beside me.
Not because someone asked you to.
Because love never needed instructions.
You were my first friend,
my loudest cheerleader,
my secret keeper,
my fearless protector.
You never wore a cape.
Heroes rarely do.
You wore ordinary smiles,
ordinary clothes,
and carried an extraordinary heart.
I still remember
the first rakhi I tied.
The knot was loose.
My fingers were clumsy.
You laughed and said,
"It doesn't matter how perfect the knot is.
I'll never untie this promise."
I believed you then.
I still do.
Life changed its pages.

Seasons came and went.
The roads we imagined together
slowly separated.
One journey stayed on Earth.
The other...
continued beyond the stars.
People told me to be brave.
They told me not to cry.
But tears are only another language of love.
Every tear carries your name.
Every smile carries your memory.
Every sunrise reminds me
that even darkness cannot stop light forever
Sometimes I wonder
if you can still see us.
Do you notice
when I laugh unexpectedly?
When I achieve something
we once dreamed about?
When I quietly speak your name
without making a sound?
Perhaps the stars answer

in their own silent language.

Perhaps every gentle breeze

is your reply.

Perhaps every unexpected feather,

every rainbow after rain,

every peaceful night,

is your way of saying,

"I'm still here."

Today,

instead of tying a thread

around your wrist,

I tie it

around my heart.

Because protection

was never only about strength.

It was about kindness.

It was about standing together

when life became difficult.

It was about believing

someone would always care.

You taught me that.

Now,

I carry your lessons
like invisible bracelets
that never break.
Children nearby
laugh while celebrating.
Their happiness fills the evening air.
For a moment,
I close my eyes.
I can almost hear your voice
joining theirs.
Not as an echo.
As a memory
still alive.
I smile.
Not because I stopped missing you.
But because I was lucky enough
to know a love
worth missing.
The diya flickers gently.
Its tiny flame refuses
to surrender to the wind.
Just like love.

Just like memories.

Just like promises.

I whisper,

"Happy Raksha Bandhan."

The words disappear into the night,

yet somehow

they feel heard.

A shooting star

streaks across the sky.

People say

make a wish.

But I have only one.

May every brother

be cherished.

May every sister

be protected.

May every family

learn that love

is never measured

by the years shared,

but by the memories created.

And for those

whose loved ones
shine among the stars,
may they discover
that distance
cannot separate hearts
bound by love.

The rakhi in my hands
remains untied.

Yet somehow,
its promise
feels complete.

Because true bonds
do not depend
on touch.

They live
in every remembered laugh,
every silent prayer,
every cherished photograph,
every bedtime story,
every festival,
every heartbeat,
and every star

that refuses
to stop shining.
So tonight,
I leave the rakhi
beneath the open sky.
Not as a goodbye.
But as a reminder.
Some threads
are stronger than silk.
Some promises
are stronger than time.
Some siblings
never truly leave.
They simply become
the brightest stars
watching over us,
guiding us,
loving us,
until the day
our own journey
meets the sky.
And whenever Raksha Bandhan returns,

I will come here again,
with hope in my hands,
gratitude in my heart,
and love that no season can erase.

I will look upward,
find the brightest star,
and smile.

Because even though
your wrist is beyond my reach,
our bond
still circles the universe,
unbroken,
unfading,
eternal—
a rakhi tied forever
among the stars.

HINDI

प्रेम का धागा (राखी)

पायल शर्मा राजस्थान जयपुर लोक प्रशासन में स्नातकोत्तर। 20 वर्षों का निजी स्कूल में बाल शिक्षिका एवं समन्वयक का कार्यानुभव। बाल कविताएँ, बाल कहानियाँ, लेख सुविचार, साहित्यिक कविताएँ एवं कला में रुचि।

Payal Sharma

धागा नहीं यह कच्चा, प्रेम का अहसास है
संकट में साथ निभाने का, इसमें विश्वास है।

मांगे दुआं बहन कि मेरा भाई सदा मुस्कराए
मुसीबत का एक भी पल, उसकी राहों में ना आए।

भाई ने दिया हाथ अपना, देकर यह वचन
बहना तेरा भर जाए, खुशियों से दामन।

लगाया कुमकुम अक्षत, रोली का टीका
लगे जिसके आगे, हर सम्मान है फीका।

सदा अमर रहे धागा, कच्चे धागे का बहुत मोल
महकता रहे प्यार, यह त्योहार बड़ा अनमोल।

भाई बहन पर बरसती रहे, सदा खुशियों की बौछार
मुबारक हो सबको, रक्षाबंधन का पावन त्यौहार।

CORRECTION

भाई का उपहार

पायल शर्मा राजस्थान जयपुर लोक प्रशासन में स्नातकोत्तर। 20 वर्षों का निजी स्कूल में बाल शिक्षिका एवं समन्वयक का कार्यानुभव। बाल कविताएँ, बाल कहानियाँ, लेख सुविचार, साहित्यिक कविताएँ एवं कला में रुचि।

Payal Sharma

राखी का दिन था, सुबह से ही घर में रौनक थी।
तरह-तरह की मिठाईयाँ बन रही थीं और घर में
मेहमान भी आने वाले थे। पर ये क्या, भाई पता
नहीं कहाँ चला गया? चीना अपनी रेशमी

"स्पाइडरमैन" वाली राखी और पूजा की थाली

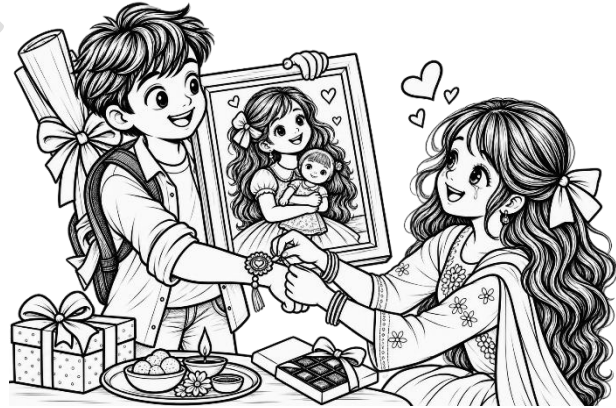
सजाकर बैठी थी। उसने पूरे घर का चक्कर लगा

लिया, पर उसका छोटा भाई
चीकू कहीं दिखाई नहीं

दिया। माँ रसोई से चिल्लाई,
"चीना, चीकू को बुला

ला मूर्हत का समय निकला जा
रहा है!

चीना ने कहा, माँ आज के
दिन भी उसे चैन नहीं है



क्या ? कहां चला गया?मां ने कहा, चल चल अब
गुस्सा मत कर और उसे बुला ला।

"चीना का मन उदास हो गया। उसने गुस्से और
झुंझलाहट में चीकू के फोन पर रिंग की, लेकिन
फोन भी घर पर ही टेबल पर बज रहा था।

चीना सोचने लगी, "आज के दिन भी डसे दोस्तों के
साथ घूमना जरूरी था? आने दो आज, कलाई पर
राखी ही नहीं बाँधूंगी! नालायक कहीं का? कम से
कम आज तो डांट खाने के काम नहीं करता"तभी
दरवाजे की घंटी बजी। चीना ने गुस्से में पैर पटकते
हुए दरवाजा खोला। सामने चीकू खड़ा था।

चीना जोर से चिल्लाई और बोली मिल गई फुर्सत
महाराज को।मगर यह क्या धूप में चीकू का चेहरा
पसीने से लाल था, पर आँखों में एक अजीब सी
चमक थी। फिर चीना ने कहा, चल

पहले बैठ और पानी पी कहां जाकर आया है? देख तो
अपनी हालत, कम से कम आज तो अच्छी तरह तैयार हो

कर रह लेता। तभी चीना ने देखा चीकू के हाथ में एक बड़ा सा कैनवास बोर्ड था। जो मखमली कपड़े से ढका हुआ था।

चीना ने मौहँ फुलाकर कहा, "कहा चले गए थे सुबह-सुबह? तुम्हें त्योहार की भी परवाह नहीं है?" चीकू मुस्कुराया और उसने कैनवास से कपड़ा हटाया। सामने चीना की एक बेहद खूबसूरत पेंटिंग थी। जिसमें वह अपनी बचपन की पसंदीदा गुड़िया हाथ में लिए मुस्कुरा रही थी। चीकू पिछले तीन महीनों से छुपकर आर्ट क्लास जा रहा था। ताकि इस राखी पर अपनी बहन को उसका सबसे मनपसंद तोहफा दे सके। सुबह वह उसी पेंटिंग की फाइनल प्रेमिंग कराने दुकान पर भागा था।

चीकू ने कान पकड़कर कहा, "सॉरी दीदी। आपकी इस मुस्कान के लिए थोड़ा लेट हो गया।" यह देखकर चीना का सारा गुस्सा पल भर में पिघल गया। उसकी आँखों में खुशी के आँसू आ गए। उसने तुरंत चीकू का हाथ पकड़ा, उसे सोफे पर बैठाया और उसके माथे पर चंदन का टीका लगाकर कलाई पर प्यार से राखी बाँध दी।

चीकू ने भी पेंटिंग के साथ चीना को उसकी पसंदीदा

चॉकलेटस दीं। घर में मेहमान आ चुके थे, और पूरा
कमरा भाई-बहन के ठहाकों से गूंज उठा था। ऐसा प्यार
और समर्पण सच में सिर्फ इसी रिश्ते में मिलता है।

CORRECTION

कटी-बटी वाला प्यार

Simran Kaur, writing under the handle @Sukoon_e_shayari3012, is a college student and poet from Alwar, Rajasthan, who shares her heartfelt verses and creative reflections online.

Simran Kaur

कमीज मेरी गंदी करके, चॉकलेट चुरा ले जाता है,
बात-बात पर छोटी टाँग खींचकर वो मुझे बहुत चिढ़ाता है।
मम्मी से शिकायत करने पर, झट से मासूम बन जाता है,
कमीना है पर मेरा भाई, जान मुझमें ही बसाता है।
लड़ाई करते-करते रोज़ हम घर सर पर
उठा लेते हैं,
पर मुसीबत आने पर एक-दूसरे के
आगे ढाल बन जाते हैं।
कलाई पर जब रेशम का धागा प्यार
से बाँधती हूँ मैं,
तो चुपके से वो भी अपना कीमती
तोहफा ले आता है।
ये मीठी सी नोक-झोक और
हमेशा का झगड़ा ही तो है,
जो भाई-बहन के इस रिश्ते को सबसे प्यारा बनाता है।
खुदा सलामत रखे मेरे इस नटखट शैतान भाई को,



जिसकी हर एक नादानी पर दिल मुस्कुरा जाता है।

CORRECTION

भाई बहन के स्नेह का पर्व

मैं देवीका प्रजापति, उज्जैन से हूँ पौराणिक कथाओं और रिश्तों पर लिखना मुझे पसंद है

Devika Prajapati

सूर्य देव की पुत्री यमुना अपने भाई यमराज से बहुत प्रेम करती एक दिन यमुना ने अपने भाई यमराज को राखी बांधी थी बहन के इस प्रेम और सम्मान से प्रसन्न होकर यमराज ने यमुना को वरदान दिया था कि जो भी भाई अपनी बहन से राखी बंधवाएगा और उसकी रक्षा का वचन देगा, मैं उसकी रक्षा सदैव करूंगा तभी से यह परंपरा चली आ रही है आज भी रक्षाबंधन के दिन बहने अपने भाई की कलाई पर राखी बांधती है और भाई अपनी बहन की रक्षा का वचन देता है! कहते हैं यमराज आज भी अपना वह वचन निभा रहे हैं इसीलिए रक्षाबंधन एक त्यौहार नहीं, बल्कि भाई बहन के अटूट प्रेम और सुरक्षा का प्रतीक है



राखी की डायरी

I am Udit Pathak, professionally known as SR Udit Pathak, an Indian author, poet, lyricist, songwriter, singer, pianist, editor, publisher, and creative entrepreneur. I am the Founder and Creative Director of SR Kings Official, an independent creative platform that I established on 26 June 2025 with the vision of discovering, nurturing, and promoting emerging talent in music, literature, poetry, and artistic expression.

Udit Pathak

मेरी डायरी के हर पन्ने पर,
एक रिश्ता मुस्कुराता है,
हर रक्षाबंधन आते ही
बचपन फिर लौट आता है।

तेरी नन्हीं-सी उन उँगलियों ने
जब पहली राखी बाँधी थी,
उस धागे में बस डोरी नहीं,
पूरी दुनिया समाई थी।

तू कहती थी, "भैया मेरे,
हर मुश्किल में साथ निभाना।"



मैं हँसकर बस इतना कहता,
"तुझ पर कभी आँच न आने देना।"

वक्त ने कितने मोड़ दिए,
राहें अपनी बदल गई,
पर तेरी दुआओं की खुशबू
मेरी साँसों में ही ढल गई।

अब भी जब राखी आती है,
मन फिर बच्चा बन जाता है,
तेरी हँसी की मीठी गूँज से
हर कोना घर का सज जाता है।

न सोने-चाँदी की चाह मुझे,
न दुनिया भर के उपहार,
तेरी कलाई का वो विश्वास
है मेरे जीवन का श्रृंगार।

मेरी हर जीत में तेरा हिस्सा,
मेरी हर हार में तेरा साथ,
तू बहन नहीं, मेरी दुआ है,

जो रोशन करती हर एक राह।

जब तक साँसें चलती रहेंगी,

ये रिश्ता यूँ ही महकेगा,

राखी का ये पावन बंधन

हर जन्म में फिर से मिलेगा।

मेरी डायरी का आखिरी पन्ना

बस इतनी गवाही देता है—

जिस घर में बहन की हँसी बसती है,

वहीं सच्चा रक्षाबंधन रहता है।

हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ"

SURENDRA AGRAHARI

मैं वक्त में विरक्त हूँ,
मौन हूँ, सशक्त हूँ।
एक अमित आरेख हूँ,
हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ।
मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ

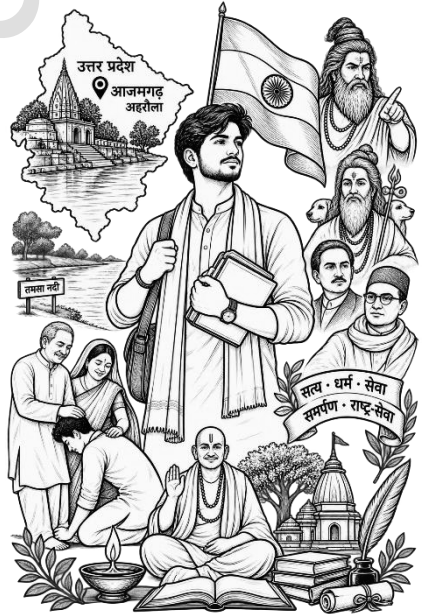
उत्तर प्रदेश की पावन धरती,
जिसका गौरव अपार है।
आजमगढ़ का वासी हूँ,
अहरौला मेरा संसार है।

तमसा के निर्मल तट का,
मैं स्वाभिमानी पुत्र हूँ।
संस्कारों की छाँव में पला,
भारत माता का सपूत हूँ।

माता-पिता के चरणों में,
मेरा प्रथम प्रणाम है।
उनकी शिक्षा, उनका त्याग,
मेरे जीवन का अभिमान है।

दुर्वासा की तपोभूमि का तेज,
हृदय में मैं धारण करता हूँ।
दत्तात्रेय के ज्ञान-पथ का,
नित्य अनुसरण करता हूँ।

हरिऔध की साहित्य-साधना,
मेरे मन को प्रेरित करती है।



राहुल सांकृत्यायन की ज्ञान-ज्योति,
मेरी चेतना को आलोकित करती है।

बाबा पाल दास जी को पूजता हूँ,
श्रद्धा से शीश नवाता हूँ।
श्री 1008 मौनी बाबा जी महाराज का,
विनीत शिष्य कहलाता हूँ।

ज्ञान मेरा आभूषण है,
कर्म मेरी पहचान है।
सेवा, समर्पण और सद्भाव,
मेरा जीवन-अभियान है।

न झुकना मेरी प्रकृति है,
न रुकना मेरा स्वभाव है।
सत्य, धर्म और राष्ट्र-सेवा,
मेरा अटल संकल्प और भाव है।

मैं शब्द नहीं, संकल्प हूँ,
मैं स्वर नहीं, हुंकार हूँ।
अपनी माटी, माता-पिता और गुरुजन का,
जीवंत विश्वास और संस्कार हूँ।

मैं समय की शिला पर अंकित,
संघर्षों का इतिहास हूँ।
आजमगढ़ की गौरव-गाथा का,
एक विनम्र प्रयास हूँ।

मैं वक्त में विरक्त हूँ,
मौन हूँ, सशक्त हूँ।
एक अमित आरेख हूँ,
हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ।

डियर भाई

Khushi Kaur is an 18-year-old poet and content writer from Jharkhand, India. She expresses emotions through poetry, shayari, and creative writing, often exploring themes of love, hope, healing, relationships, and self-discovery.

Khushi kaur

काश तुम मेरे पास होते,
हर पल हमारा खास होता।
किस्मत की ये कैसी दूरी है,
शायद इसकी अपनी मजबूरी है।
पास होकर भी तुम पास नहीं,
फिर भी तुम मेरे लिए सबसे खास हो।
हर साल तुम्हें गले लगाना चाहती हूँ,
प्यार से तुम्हें राखी बाँधना चाहती हूँ।
सिर्फ भाई ही नहीं,
तुम मेरे सबसे अच्छे दोस्त भी हो।
मेरी मुस्कान का एक हिस्सा भी हो।
तुम्हारे बिना हर खुशी अधूरी लगती है,
फिर भी मेरी हर दुआ में तुम्हारा ही नाम होता है।
जब तक तेरी कलाई पर राखी सजती रहेगी,



तब तक मेरी हर दुआ में तुम्हारा साथ बना रहेगा।

CORRECTION

राखी के धागों में बँधा बचपन

Ruhie

घर बदलते समय

सबसे आखिर में मिला था वो छोटा-सा डिब्बा...

जिसमें कुछ फीकी राखियाँ थीं,

और उनके बीच दबा हुआ मेरा पूरा बचपन।

II

पहली राखी उठाई,

तो धागा नहीं खुला...

खुल गई वो दोपहरें,

जब धूप आँगन में खेलती थी

और हम ज़िद में एक-दूसरे से बात नहीं करते थे।

III

दूसरी राखी पर

हल्का-सा चॉकलेट का दाग था...

शायद उसी दिन का,

जब आधी मिठाई के लिए लड़ते-लड़ते

पूरी शाम साथ हँस दिए थे।

IV



एक राखी के साथ
सूख चुकी थी रोली भी...
पर उसकी खुशबू में आज भी
माँ की आवाज़ छिपी थी—
"पहले प्यार से तिलक कर दो, फिर लड़ लेना।"

V

कुछ धागे इतने पुराने थे
कि छूते ही टूट गए...
तब समझ आया—
धागे कमज़ोर हो सकते हैं,
रिश्ते नहीं।

VI

फिर जाने कब...
हम दोनों बड़े हो गए।
राखियाँ वही रहीं,
बस कलाई तक पहुँचने के रास्ते
थोड़े लंबे हो गए।

VII

अब हर साल
राखी डाक से भी आ जाती है,
संदेश फ़ोन पर भी आ जाता है...

लेकिन बचपन,
आज तक किसी पते पर नहीं पहुँचा।

VIII

उस छोटे-से डिब्बे को
मैंने फिर से बंद कर दिया...
क्योंकि कुछ यादों को
संभालकर रखना पड़ता है,
ताकि वे कभी बूढ़ी न हों।

IX

आज भी जब राखी बाँधी जाती है,
धागा सिर्फ़ कलाई पर नहीं ठहरता...
वो लौट जाता है
उस आँगन में,
जहाँ दो बच्चे अब भी
बिना किसी वजह के हँस रहे हैं।
और शायद...
कुछ रिश्ते
समय के साथ बड़े नहीं होते,
बस यादों में
हमेशा बच्चे बने रहते हैं।

राखी की रेशमी डोर

मेरा नाम सुहान खान है और मैं शाहजहाँपुर जिले के सिंधौली कस्बे का रहने वाला हूँ। मैं 12वीं कक्षा का विद्यार्थी हूँ और मुझे लिखने का बहुत शौक है। मैं साल 2024 से अपनी भावनाओं और आसपास की छोटी-छोटी चीजों को शब्दों में पिरो रहा हूँ। लेखन मेरे लिए सिर्फ एक शौक नहीं, बल्कि अपने विचारों को व्यक्त करने का एक माध्यम है।"

Subhan Khan

गाँव के कच्चे रास्तों पर जब बारिश की बूँदें मीठी सी सोंधी खुशबू छोड़ रही थीं, तब सूरज अपनी साइकिल का पैडल मारते हुए घर की ओर भागा जा रहा था। जेब में महज़ तीस रुपये थे, जो उसने हफ्ते भर बाज़ार में मेहनत-मज़दूरी करके जोड़े थे। शहर में पढ़ाई कर रहे बड़े भाई की तरह वह अपनी बहन रीता के लिए कोई मँहगी साड़ी या तोफ़ा नहीं खरीद सका था।

घर पहुँचते ही उसने देखा कि रीता आँगन में उसकी पसंदीदा घेवर की प्लेट सजाए इंतज़ार कर रही थी।

"इतनी देर कर दी? मुझे लगा इस बार भी तू भूल गया!"
रीता ने नकली गुस्से से मुँह बनाते हुए कहा।

"भूल कैसे सकता हूँ?" सूरज ने मुस्कुराते हुए अपनी जेब से एक छोटी सी प्लास्टिक की लाल-पीली राखी निकाली। "पापा के जाने के बाद तूने ही तो मुझे सँभाला है।"



रीता ने मुस्कुराकर उसकी कलाई पर वह रेशमी धागा बाँधा और तिलक लगाया। जब सूरज ने अपनी जेब से वे तीस रुपये निकालकर रीता के हाथ में

रखे, तो उसकी आँखें झिझक से झुक गईं। "बस इतना ही ला पाया... मैंहगा तोफ़ा नहीं ले सका।"

रीता ने सूरज के हाथ से वे रुपये लिए, फिर उसकी कलाई पर बँधे धागे को छुआ और प्यार से सूरज के सिर पर हाथ फेरा।

"पागल," रीता की आँखों में नमी आ गई, "तोफ़ा तो वो होता है सूरज जो चीज़ों से नहीं, नीयत से दिया जाए। तू हर मुश्किल में मेरे साथ खड़ा रहता है, मेरी हर बात सुनता है... एक बहन के लिए भाई के इस भरोसे से बड़ा कोई तोफ़ा हो सकता है क्या?"

सूरज ने देखा कि उसकी साधारण सी राखी उस दिन दुनिया के सबसे मैंहगे गहने से भी ज़्यादा चमक रही थी। उस छोटे से आँगन में, प्यार और सुरक्षा का वह वादा किसी मैंहगी चीज़ का मोहताज नहीं था।

Meri rakhi

Shaik Numan is an Indian author born on May 17, 2009, in the Nirmal district of Telangana, India. He specializes in children's literature and fiction storytelling.

SHAIK NUMAN

कच्चे धागों में बँधा है, प्यार का यह अटूट बंधन,
भाई-बहन के पावन रिश्ते का, करता है यह अभिनंदन।
रेशम की एक डोरी में, सिमटी ढेरों दुआएँ हैं,
राखी का यह त्यौहार लाया, अनगिनत खुशियाँ हैं।
माथे पर रोली और चंदन, हाथों में सजी है थाली,
बहन बाँधे कलाई पर राखी, चेहरे पर खिलती खुशहाली।
जब-जब बहन पुकारेगी, भाई का वादा
सच्चा है,
हर मुश्किल में साथ निभाए, रिश्ता यह
कितना प्यारा है।
दूरी चाहे जितनी भी हो, दिल से
दिल जुड़ जाते हैं,
राखी के इन धागों से, अपने याद
आ जाते हैं।
मेरी राखी सिर्फ धागा नहीं,
सुरक्षा का एक वादा है,
स्नेह, विश्वास और समर्पण का, सबसे सुंदर इरादा है।



CORRECTION

मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी

इंदु सुरेंद्र (anu)

जब आ पड़ेगी मेरे वीर की आन पर बात

फ़िर

चाहे जितना भी तुमसे मेरा अनुराग

मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी !!!

यदि,

तुम्हारी दृष्टि में आ जाए

तनिक भी उनके प्रति निर्लज्जता

यदि,

उनके मन को क्षण भर भी हो आघात

यदि,

उनके आंखों में उतर आए छाया विषाद तो,

मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी!!!

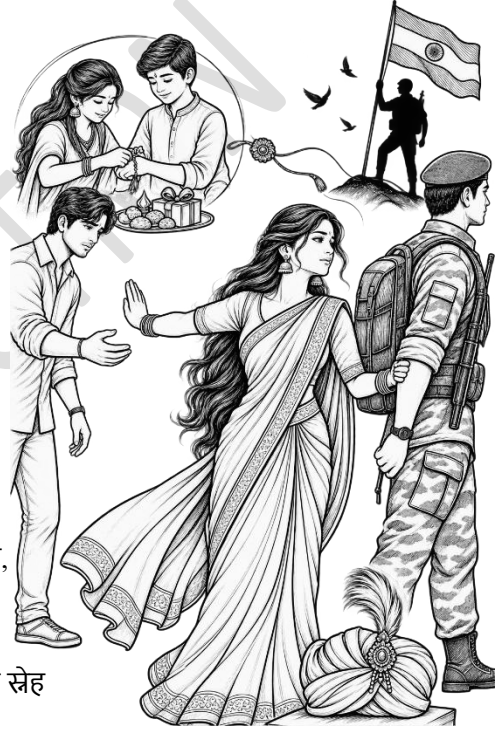
संभव भी हो कि तुम दे सको उनसे अधिक स्नेह

भर सको मेरे जीवन में असीम हर्ष

किंतु जैसे ही उठेगा उनका स्मरण तो,

मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी!!!

जब थामने को मांगो मेरा हाथ



निश्चित ही वो न करें अस्वीकार
पर यदि समय ने रखा "दोनों"में से किसी एक को चुनने का प्रश्न , तो
मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी!!
संभव है तुम्हारे बिना मेरा जीवन हो जाए निः श्वास
संभव है तुम्हारी वेदना बन जाए मेरी नियति
पर वीर के मस्तक के पगड़ी पर अर्पित है ऐसे हजारों प्यार
मैं तुम्हे त्याग दूंगी!!!

राखी - वोह धागा जोह शिकायतो के बीच भी नहीं टूटता

ash Gohiya is a young writer, entrepreneur, and Founder & CEO of YEXON Studio. With a passion for words, creativity, and meaningful storytelling, he believes that some emotions are best expressed through stories and poetry. His writing often explores relationships, memories, emotions, and the little moments that make life beautiful.

Yash Gohiya

राखी के धागों में सिर्फ प्यार नहीं बंधा होता, कुछ बचपन की शरारतें, छोटे अदूरी शिकायतें, और बहुत-सी ऐसी यादें होती हैं, जिन्हें हम चाहकर भी भुला नहीं पाते।

वही बहन...

जो बचपन में मेरी चॉकलेट चुरा लेती थी, मेरी शिकायत माँ से करती थी, और फिर उसी माँ के सामने मेरी तरफ से झूठ भी बोल देती थी।

वही भाई...

जो कहता था- “तू मेरे कमरे में मत आना!”

और रात की डर लगने पर उसी के पास जाकर सो जाता था।

हम बड़े हो गए, कमरे अलग हो गए, शहर अलग हो गए,
बातें भी अब पहले जैसी कहाँ होती हैं....

मगर अजीब है ना -

कुछ रिश्तों की रोज़ बात करने की ज़रूरत नहीं पड़ती,
एक राखी ही काफी होती है याद दिलाने के लिए कि कोई आज भी
हमारी फिक्र में डूबा रहता है।

बहन की राखी में - रक्षा से ज्यादा उसका दुआ होती है,
भाई की कलाई पर धागा से ज्यादा उसका हक का दावा होता है।

और सच कहूँ - राखी सिर्फ ये नहीं कहती कि “भैया, मेरी रक्षा करना...”
कभी-कभी ये ज़रूरी हो कि भी कहती है -

“तूने मुझे इतने दिनों में बदल देना,
हम भले कितने बड़े रहते
जितने में बिना सोचे लड़ सकते हैं,
बिना वजह हँस सकते हैं,
और गले पड़ने तो बिना कुछ कहे समझ सकते हैं।” ❤️

क्योंकि भाई बहन का रिश्ता बड़ा अजीब सा रिश्ता है -
मॉडर्न भी, बेशर्मा, लड़ाईयों भी बेवजह,
और फिर....

वो हमेशा बचपन ही है। ❤️

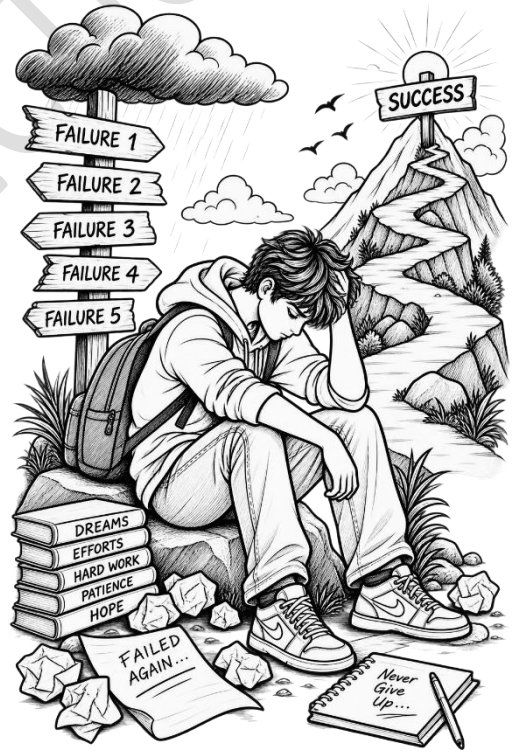
नाकामयाबी

Aman Bishnoi

करी कोशिशें तमाम
रहा हर बार नाकाम
काफ़ी खामियां हैं मुझमे
कैसे डालूं किस्मत पर इल्ज़ाम

रखा मैंने सब्र
किया इंतज़ार मेरे फल का
हर बार की तरह ही
इस बार भी असफलता
सफलता के समंदर में
मेरी कशती कीतनी बार ही डूबी है
इतनी बार हार के पता चला
मेरी हार ही मेरी ख़ूबी है

कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती
तेरी ये सोच अच्छी है
तु कामयाबी की तलाश में है



तेरी ये खोज अच्छी है
पर कब तक ही सहेगा ज़माने के ताने तु
जिसने भी कहा सच कहा
नाकामयाबी से मौत अच्छी है ।।

CORRECTION

थम-सा गया हूँ

अमर एक युवा कवि और लेखक हैं, जिनकी रचनाएँ मनुष्य के भीतर छिपी उन भावनाओं को शब्द देती हैं, जिन्हें अक्सर कह पाना आसान नहीं होता। उनकी कविताओं में प्रेम, विरह, स्मृतियाँ, अकेलापन और आत्म-खोज जैसे भाव सहजता और गहराई के साथ उभरते हैं।

Amar

ये दुनिया दौड़ी चली जा रही है,
मैं एक जगह थम-सा गया हूँ।
ये ज़माने वाले कहते हैं मुझसे,
कि अब मैं थोड़ा बदल-सा गया हूँ।

मैं कहना चाहता हूँ उनसे,
मुझे खुद भी रास नहीं,
जिस तरह से मैं बदल रहा हूँ।
मेरी वो हिम्मत, वो अज़्म,
जो बेख़ौफ़ चला करता था,
अब कमज़ोर-सा हो रहा हूँ।

खुद पे शक की परतें अब



एक-एक करके चढ़ने लगी हैं,
मेरा वो जज़्बा, वो हिम्मत भी
अब थोड़ी डगमगाने लगी है।

इस ज़माने की परवाह नहीं है मुझको,
मैं खुद को ही बुरा बताने लगा हूँ।

ये दुनिया दौड़ी चली जा रही है,
मैं एक जगह थम-सा गया हूँ।

राखी... सिर्फ़ एक त्योहार नहीं, एक एहसास है। ♥

Gayatri Baviskar

कभी सोचा है...

बचपन कितनी जल्दी बीत जाता है।

वही भाई-बहन, जो एक खिलौने के लिए घंटों लड़ते थे...

आज एक-दूसरे की खुशी के लिए बिना कुछ कहे सब कुछ सह लेते हैं।

ज़िंदगी सबको अपनी-अपनी राहों पर ले जाती है।

कोई नौकरी के लिए दूर चला जाता है,

कोई अपने नए घर की ज़िम्मेदारियों में खो जाता है।

लेकिन फिर...

एक दिन आता है—**रक्षाबंधन**।

बहन जब काँपते हाथों से राखी बाँधती है,

तो उसके होंठ मुस्कुराते हैं...

पर आँखें बचपन ढूँढ़ रही होती हैं।

उसे महँगे तोहफ़े नहीं चाहिए होते...

बस इतना चाहिए कि उसका भाई

हमेशा मुस्कुराता रहे,

और जब भी ज़िंदगी उसे

थका दे...

तो वह पहले की तरह

एक बार कह सके—

**"मैं हूँ ना, तू चिंता मत
कर।"**



और भाई...

वो शायद कभी अपने जज़्बात कह नहीं पाता,
लेकिन हर राखी पर उसकी खामोशी एक वादा दोहराती है—

"दुनिया चाहे कितनी भी बदल जाए...
तेरे लिए मेरा साथ कभी नहीं बदलेगा।"

क्योंकि सच तो ये है...

राखी कलाई पर नहीं बंधती...

राखी तो उन दो दिलों को बाँधती है,

जो चाहे कितनी भी दूर हों...

धड़कते हमेशा एक-दूसरे के लिए ही हैं। ❤️

हर उस भाई और बहन को समर्पित,

जिनके बीच प्यार कम नहीं होता...

बस उम्र के साथ और गहरा होता जाता है।

रक्षाबंधन की दिल से शुभकामनाएँ। 🌸

"राखी का धागा" ♥

Akshay Barse

राखी का धागा बड़ा अनमोल होता है,
इसमें बहन का प्यार और भाई का भरोसा होता है।

बचपन की शरारतें, वो छोटी-छोटी लड़ाइयाँ,
आज भी दिल की सबसे प्यारी कमाइयाँ हैं।

दुनिया बदल जाए, वक्त बदल जाए,
पर ये रिश्ता कभी नहीं
बदलता।

क्योंकि...

राखी सिर्फ़ कलाई पर नहीं बंधती,
ये हमेशा दिलों को जोड़ती है। ♥

सभी भाई-बहनों को रक्षाबंधन की हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ। 🌸



राखी का धागा

हम संस्कृत लेखिका तरुणा शर्मा तरु मेरठ उत्तर प्रदेश की रहने वाली है कक्षा ८ से शुरू हुआ लेखन सफर मां पापा के आशीर्वाद और विद्या की देवी मां सरस्वती जी की कृपा से अब तक जारी है, वास्तविक जीवन के अनुभवों को दर्शाती शब्दावली में ढालने की कोशिश कर हिन्दी साहित्य कवितावाचन के जरिए एक कवितावाचिका की भी भूमिका निभाती है, हिन्दी व संस्कृत साहित्य में योगदान करती है, साथ ही रचनाओं को प्रस्तुत करती है,

तरुणा शर्मा तरु

राखी के धागे संग बहना ये उम्मीदें बहुत लगाती है,
भाई के नाम अपनी प्रार्थना की थाली हर वर्ष सजाती है।
पहली उम्मीद है लगती तेरा साथ निभाने का वादा भैया,
दुनिया बदले पर तू मेरे लिए सदा खड़ा रहना भैया।
महंगे तोहफे नहीं, बस थोड़ा सा वक्त मांगती हैं हम,
तेरे साथ बैठकर पुरानी बातें करने का अधिकार मांगती हैं हम।
जब मैं गिरूं तो तेरा हाथ आगे बढ़े, आंसू आए तो तेरे कंधे पर सिर टिक
जाए।
बात को हमारी बीच में मत काटना भैया, कभी-कभी नादान समझकर प्यार
से समझाना भैया।
हर भाई होता है पिता की तरह बहन के लिए, भाई बड़ा हो या छोटा
जिम्मेदारी बखूबी निभाता है।
दुख में सबसे पहले तुमको ही खड़ा
पाया है हमने भैया,
खुशी में सबसे पहले तुझे बताने
दौड़ी आती बहन तुम्हारी।
डांटना है तो प्यार से डांट देता है
आंसू आये तो रुमाल भी
देता है हमें प्यारा भैया।
गलती हो तो डांट के गले भी लगा
लेता है प्यारा भैया,



आजादी मिली , पर भरोसा कभी मत तोड़ना,
बड़ी हो गई तरु पर लाड़ करना मत छोड़ना।
मिठाई में घुला हो तेरे हाथ का प्यार,
गिफ्ट छोटा हो पर उसमें हो अटूट विश्वास प्यारे भैया।
रक्षा का मतलब सिर्फ मार-पीट नहीं,
सपनों की उड़ान भरना भी सीख देना प्यारे भैया ।
साल में एक दिन नहीं, पूरे साल पूछना,
"बहना तरु कैसी है" ये हाल-चाल पूछना भैया।
धागा कच्चा है तो क्या, रिश्ता पक्का रखना,
तू है तो लगता है कोई है अपना अपना भी है ।
तुम्हारा भी परिवार है इतना भी न खो जाना उसमें
याद बहन को भी रखना प्यारे भैया,
बस इतनी सी उम्मीद है मेरी इस राखी पर,
भाई तू साथ है तो डर नहीं किसी डगर पर।

रिमोट और राखी

नाम: Sanjana मैं एक दीदी हूं, जो दूर रहने वाले अपने भाई को हर दिन याद करती है। मेरे लिए लेखन मतलब अपने एहसासों को कागज़ पर उतारना।

Sanjana chhetri

गर्मियों की छुट्टी थी। घर में बस मैं और भाई।

"दी, रिमोट दो! कार्टून आएगा"
- 8 साल का रोहन टीवी के सामने खड़ा था।

"नहीं, मेरा सीरियल आ रहा है"
- मैंने रिमोट अपने पीछे छुपा लिया।



5 मिनट में ही तकिया, कुशन उड़ रहे थे।

मम्मी रसोई से चिल्लाई "बंद करो दोनों!"

और हम दोनों हंसते हुए एक दूसरे को देख रहे थे।

शाम को स्कूल से आते टाइम मैं हमेशा रोहन का हाथ पकड़ती थी।

"दीदी मुझे छुट्टी चाहिए" वो रोता था।

"चल ना, टिफिन आधा-आधा खाएंगे" मैं उसे मनाती थी।

वो मान जाता था। चॉकलेट हो या समोसा, सब आधा।

लाइट चली जाती तो वो डर कर मेरे कमरे में भाग आता।

"दीदी सो जाओ मेरे साथ"

मैं उसे पंखा झलती और वो फुसफुसाता "तुम सबसे अच्छी दीदी हो"।

समय बीत गया। रोहन बड़ा हो गया।

अब वो पढ़ाई के लिए दूसरे शहर चला गया।

राखी का दिन आया।

मैं मार्केट गई, राखी की दुकान पर खड़ी रही।

रंग-बिरंगे धागे देख कर आंखें भर आईं।

किसको बांधू? वो तो यहां नहीं है।

रात को call किया।

"खाना खाया?" - मेरी आवाज़ कांप रही थी।

"हां दीदी" - उसने कहा।

उस एक "हां" में मुझे अपना पूरा बचपन सुनाई दिया।

रिमोट की लड़ाई, स्कूल का रास्ता, आधा टिफिन।

"कब आओगे?" - मैंने पूछा।

"दी... इस बार नहीं आ पाऊंगा। Exams हैं" - वो चुप हो गया।

फोन कट गया।

मैं बहुत देर तक खिड़की से बाहर देखती रही।

अगली सुबह मम्मी ने कहा "डाक आया है"।

एक छोटा सा लिफाफा। अंदर रोहन की चिट्ठी और 50 रुपये।

"दीदी, ये पैसे रख लो। अगली राखी पर तुम्हारे लिए चॉकलेट लाऊंगा।

और प्रॉमिस, अगली बार रिमोट तुम रखना।"

चिट्ठी पढ़ते-पढ़ते मेरी आंखें भर आईं।

मैंने वो राखी उठाई और अपने हाथ पर बांध ली।

क्योंकि इस बार भाई दूर था,

पर उसका प्यार मेरे साथ था।

दीदी और भाई का रिश्ता दूरी से नहीं टूटता।

वो हर अधूरी राखी में भी पूरा हो जाता है।

घर कहाँ है मेरा

मेरा नाम रीशु शर्मा है और मैं 'Rishman' नाम से कविताएं लिखती हूँ। मैं अक्सर छंद-मुक्त कविताएं लिखने की सोचती हूँ, पर मेरी सोच कहीं न कहीं मुझे फिर छंदों के सुंदर बंधन में बाँध ही देती है। अपनी भावनाओं और विचारों को शब्दों के ज़रिए बयां करने का यह मेरा एक छोटा सा प्रयास है।

Rishu Sharma

घर कहाँ है मेरा

जब किरदारों के बारे में लिखा

तो उनके घर बनाए

जब मेरी बारी आई

तो सोचूँ

घर कहाँ है मेरा

कितने किताब लिखे

कितने किरदार ढूँढे

कश्मीर भी घूमा

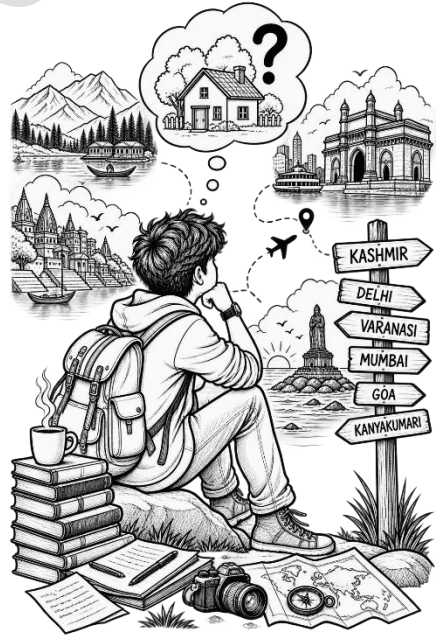
और कन्याकुमारी भी

बीच के शहर और गाँव भी

घूम ही रहा हूँ और

ढूँढ ही रहा हूँ कि

घर कहाँ है मेरा



रुका बहुत सी जगह
यादें भी बटोरीं बहुत सारी
ना था कोई नाम कभी जो
उसका भी घर सजाया
अपना भी दर्द बताया पर
यहाँ समझ ना कोई पाया
मुसाफ़िर ही कह लीजिए
जिसने खूब कमाया पर
घर कहाँ है मेरा
यह जान ना पाया

OTHER

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ

ଜ୍ୟୋତ୍ସ୍ନାରାଣୀ ନାହାକ

ମୁଁ ନାରୀ ଭଉଣୀ ହୋଇ ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କୁ ରକ୍ଷା କବଚ ବାନ୍ଧେ। ସେ ରକ୍ଷା କବଚକୁ ରାକ୍ଷୀ କହୁ। ସେ ରାକ୍ଷୀ ପୁରୁଷର ରକ୍ଷା କବଚ ଆଉ ସେ ପୁରୁଷ ମୋ ରକ୍ଷକ। ସେ ରକ୍ଷକ ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ କିଛିଟା ଟଙ୍କା ଦେଇ ଦେଇ ସେ ରକ୍ଷକ ହିଁ ମୋ ଭକ୍ଷକ ହୋଇଯାଏ। ହେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ପତି ଶ୍ରୀ ହରି କୁହ ତ,,

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ସୁଜନ୍ତି କି

ଟଙ୍କା ପଇସା ଦେଇ କରି,,

ମୁଁ ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଚାହେଁ

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ କୁହ ହେ ହରି...

ମୁଁ ସ୍ନେହ ପ୍ରେମରେ ତାକୁଥିଲି

ରାକ୍ଷୀ ବାନ୍ଧିବା ପାଇଁ ତାକୁ,

ବାରମ୍ବାର ମନା କରି ବାଧ୍ୟତାରେ

ହାତ ବଢ଼ାଇ ଦେଲା ଆଗକୁ...

ରାକ୍ଷୀ ବନ୍ଧାଇବା ପରେ

ଅଶ୍ରୁକ ହୋଇ ବସିଲା,

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ପଚାଶ ଟଙ୍କା

ରଖେ କହି ଦେଇ ଦେଲା,,



ଭାବିନେଲି ଯାହା ଥିଲା ଅତୀତରେ

ପିଲାଳିଆମି ଭୁଲ ଆମର,

ପରେ ଜାଣିଲି ତାକୁ ବୁଝିବାରେ

ଭୁଲ ହୋଇ ଗଲା ମୋର ...!!!

ରାକ୍ଷୀ ପରେ ଭାଇ ବୋଲି

ସ୍ଥାନ ଦେଇ ଥିଲି ମୋ ମନେ,

ପରେ ବି ଶଯ୍ୟା ସଜିନୀ କରିବ

କହିଲା ଆସି ମୋ କାନେ...!!!

ମନା କରିବାରୁ ଆତ୍ମହତ୍ୟାର

ଧମକ ଦେଇ କହିଲା,

ଥିଲା ଭାଇ ନା ପ୍ରେମିକ ନା ଶତ୍ରୁ

ସିଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ମନେ ମୋ ରହିଲା...???

ଏତେ ନିଜ ଭାବନା ମନେ

ରଖୁଥିଲା ଜାଣିଥିଲା ବା କିଏ,

ହଁ, ଥାଏ ମଣିଷ ମନେ ହଜାରେ କଥା

ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଥିଲି ମଣିଷ ପରା ସିଏ...!!!

ଯଦି ଏମିତି ଆପଣାର ଲୋକ ହୋଇ

ପର ପରି କାମ କରିବ,

ଆପଣାର ଲୋକ ପର ହେଲେ

ଆଉ ଆପଣାର କିଏ ହୋଇବ...???

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମ କି

ଟଙ୍କା ପଇସା ଦେଇ କରି,,

ମୁଁ ଜାଣିବା ପାଇଁ ତାହେଁ

ରାକ୍ଷୀର ମୂଲ୍ୟ କୁହ ହେ ହରି....!!!

CORRECTION