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The love I learnt too Late

Guduru Sri Poojitha is a student from Telangana with a passion for writing, journaling, and creative expression. She enjoys transforming personal experiences into meaningful stories and poems that explore relationships, emotions, and personal growth.

GUDURU SRI POOJITHA

We fought over little things each day,
And thought those moments would never fade away.
You were just my brother, nothing more,
Until life led you beyond our door.
The house grew quiet after you left,
And slowly I felt your absence's depth.
The laughs, the fights, the everyday noise,
Were replaced by silence and distant joys.
You started working, chasing your dreams,
Life wasn't as easy as it sometimes seems.
Yet somehow, through every struggle you knew,
You always made sure I never went through.
You saved your wishes and spent on mine,
Turning your sacrifices into sunshine.
Not once did you tell me what you gave,

Your love was quiet, humble, and brave.
Now night shifts steal the time we share,
And words often fail to show how much I care.
But if there's one thing I want you to see,
It's the person you've helped me become and be.
One day I'll make you proud, somehow,
For every promise hidden in the now.
Because beyond all words I can say or do,
My greatest blessing is having a brother like you.



A love hidden in actions

G. Sri Poojitha is a student from Telangana who enjoys writing personal memoirs and poetry based on real-life experiences. Her work focuses on family, emotions, gratitude, and personal growth.

GUDURU SRI POOJITHA

Growing up, my elder brother and I were like any other siblings. We argued over small things, annoyed each other, and competed for attention. Back then, I never imagined how much he meant to me. It was only after he left home after his 12th grade that I began to understand the emptiness his absence created.

The house felt quieter without him. The person who used to tease me, argue with me, and make everyday life more interesting was suddenly gone. At first, I thought I simply missed having someone around. But as the years passed, I realized I missed much more than that—I missed my brother.

When he started working, life was not easy for him. He was still young and had only just begun earning. Yet, despite having limited money, he always made sure I had what I needed. Whether it was something for my studies, a small gift, or something I casually mentioned wanting, he would somehow find a way to get it for me.

What touched me most was that he never spoke about his sacrifices. He never told me how much he struggled or how much he saved. I learned about those things from my parents. They told me that even when money was tight, he would set some aside for me because he never wanted me to face difficulties.

Hearing that changed the way I saw him.

For the first time, I understood that love is not always expressed through words. Sometimes, it is hidden in sacrifices nobody sees. Sometimes, it is found in the things people quietly do for us without expecting anything in return.

Today, my brother works night shifts, and we rarely get the chance to talk. Even when we do, I often struggle to express everything I feel. There are so many things I want to thank him for, yet the words never seem enough.

What I do know is this: no matter where life takes me, I want to make him proud. Just as he has always supported me, I hope one day I can support him too. I want him to know that every sacrifice he made, every dream he postponed, and every effort he put in for me has never gone unnoticed.

People often say that as you grow older, you become closer to your siblings. I never understood that when I was younger. Now I do.

My brother may not say much, but his actions have always spoken for him. And through them, he has taught me one of life's greatest lessons: the purest love is often the love that asks for nothing in return.



Some goodbyes never leave

Devraj shah

Some goodbyes never truly end,
They simply learn to breathe in silence,
Time teaches the heart to smile again,
Yet memories still wishper your name

CORRECTION

Born Rockstar Official trouble maker- BRO

Pravallika GSL is a communication coach, educator, and voice enabler dedicated to helping individuals rise beyond self-doubt and speak with confidence. With over eight years of experience in teaching, training, and mentoring, she has guided countless learners to transform fear into expression and hesitation into impact.

Satya Laxmi Pravallika Ganti

A brother...
is a poem written in chaos,
a rhythm of laughter
mixed with a little madness.

He is the keeper of secrets,
the breaker of silence,
the one who knows your story—
and still chooses to tease you about it.

A pillar so strong,
yet the same hands
that steady you...
are the ones that pushed you first.

A friend wrapped in mischief,
a smile hiding in trouble,
a laugh that begins with you
and somehow ends on you.

He is your favorite enemy—
where battles are fought
over the smallest things,



yet peace returns
without a single apology.

Like an umbrella in storms,
he stands above you,
quietly shielding,
even if he was the one
who caused the rain.

A pocketful of surprises,
sometimes coins,
sometimes excuses,
but always a way
to say “yes” in disguise.

Behind him, you hide—
from scoldings,
from fears,
from a world that feels
a little too loud.

With him, you are free—
to be loud,
to be wrong,
to be wild and imperfect,
and still completely loved.

He understands—
not through words,
but through moments,
through glances,
through the unspoken language of “I know.”

He mocks, he mimics,
turns your seriousness into laughter,
your pride into jokes,
your dignity into stories.

Yet in a heartbeat,
he transforms—

When danger whispers your name,
he becomes your shield,
your storm,
your unbreakable wall.

To the world,
he is careless chaos,
a wandering smile,
a boy full of noise.

But for his sister,
he is quiet strength,
a silent promise,
a love that protects without asking.

He will never say it right—
those simple words of love.

Instead, he says—
“Be careful.”
“Call me when you reach.”
“Don’t argue.”

And somehow,
those imperfect words
carry the purest affection.

A brother is not a perfect verse,
he is a beautiful mess of lines—
unfinished, uneven,
yet deeply meaningful.

He is laughter in arguments,
warmth in chaos,
comfort in disguise.

He is the one
who annoys you endlessly,
yet stands for you fearlessly.

A brother...
is not just a bond,
but a feeling—

A little wild,
a little loud,
a little imperfect—

Yet the most beautiful poem
life ever writes.

CORRECTION

To the thread that never breaks

Neha Aadesh is a poet and prose writer passionate about crafting emotionally resonant narratives. Her work celebrates memory, belonging, and the subtle moments that connect people across time, leaving readers with a sense of warmth, reflection, and hope.

Neha Aadesh

Dear Bro,

Every year, Rakhi arrives wrapped in colours, sweets, and celebrations. People tie a thread around a wrist, exchange smiles, take photographs, and move on. But to me, Rakhi has never been just a festival. It has always been a quiet reminder that some bonds are too deep to be measured by distance, time, or words.

When we were children, I believed your hand could protect me from the entire world. Today, life has changed. We have grown older, chosen different paths, and carry responsibilities we never imagined. Yet whenever life feels uncertain, I still find comfort in the thought that somewhere in this world, there is someone who has always stood beside me without asking for anything in return.

The thread I tie is not a request for protection; it is a promise of faith. It says, *no matter how far life takes us, there will always be a place where we belong, in each other's prayers, memories, and unwavering support.*

This Rakhi, I do not wish for gifts. I wish for your peace. I hope your smile survives the weight of your responsibilities, your kindness remains untouched by the world's harshness, and your dreams never lose the courage to bloom.

And if there ever comes a day when life feels unbearably heavy,
look at the thread on your wrist. Remember that it carries more than
a sister's love, it carries silent prayers, endless hope, and the
certainty that you will never have to face the storms of life alone.

Because Rakhi is not merely a thread tied around a wrist.

It is love choosing to stay.

It is trust refusing to fade.

It is a promise that no matter how
many seasons pass, some hearts
will always find their way back to
each other.

With all my love,

Your Sister



In every knot, a memory

Neha Aadesh is a poet and prose writer passionate about crafting emotionally resonant narratives. Her work celebrates memory, belonging, and the subtle moments that connect people across time, leaving readers with a sense of warmth, reflection, and hope.

Neha Aadesh

There are threads that decorate.

There are threads that mend.

And then there is a thread that remembers.

It remembers scraped knees and untied shoelaces, shared laughter echoing through quiet afternoons, arguments that lasted only until sunset, and promises too innocent to be spoken aloud.

The world calls it Rakhi.

I call it home.

Once, we believed the distance between two hearts could be measured by the length of a corridor, the width of a courtyard, or the few steps between two rooms.

We were wrong.

Distance was never counted in miles.

It was counted in festivals celebrated apart, in birthdays marked by phone calls, in empty chairs at family dinners, and in the silence after saying, "I'll talk to you later."

Yet somehow, the thread never loosened.

It learned what we were still learning,
that love does not survive because people stay together.
It survives because they never stop choosing one another.
You were never my shield because life never promised that storms
would not come.
You were my courage,
the quiet certainty that somewhere, beyond every difficult day, there
existed one person who would always remember the version of me
the world had forgotten.
Perhaps that is the true
meaning of Rakhi.
Not protection.
Presence.
A promise that even when
years change our voices,
our addresses, our dreams,
and the rhythm of our lives,
there will remain one thread untouched by time.
Every knot upon it holds a memory.
A shared secret.
A forgiven mistake.
A childish victory celebrated as though the entire universe had
paused to applaud.
How extraordinary that something so delicate can carry the weight
of an entire lifetime.
Today, our conversations are shorter.



Responsibilities are longer.

Calendars are fuller.

And childhood has quietly folded itself into old photographs and fading afternoons.

Yet every Raksha Bandhan,

time performs its gentlest miracle.

For one beautiful moment,

we are no longer the people life demanded us to become.

We are simply a brother and a sister,

standing once again at the doorway of yesterday,

smiling without needing an explanation.

The thread circles the wrist.

The heart circles home.

No jewel has ever carried such quiet wealth.

No celebration has ever spoken so softly.

No promise has ever asked for so little while offering so much.

So this year,

I will not ask life to make our paths easier.

I will not ask for endless happiness or perfect days.

Instead,

I will ask that kindness always find you,

that hope always recognize your footsteps,

that even in your loneliest battles, you never forget how deeply you
are loved,

and that whenever the world becomes unbearably loud,

this simple thread may remind you

that somewhere, beyond success and failure, beyond distance and
time,

there exists a bond that asks for nothing,

expects nothing,

proves nothing

yet quietly becomes

the strongest thing

we will ever hold.

Because Rakhi was never merely tied around a wrist.

It was woven, patiently,

into two hearts

that chose,

again and again,

to remain

family.

The Resistance

Michael Okoth is a young innovator, writer, and technology enthusiast passionate about using creativity and storytelling to inspire change. As the Founder & CEO of NIRA AI Tech, he explores the intersection between technology, education, and human potential.

Michael Okoth

A Story About Courage, Identity, and the Battle to Stand Alone

In a world where fitting in often feels easier than standing out, **“The Resistance”** tells the powerful story of young people caught between the desire to belong and the courage to remain true to themselves.

The story explores the invisible battles faced by teenagers as they navigate friendships, expectations, and the constant pressure to follow the crowd. From the choices they make in school corridors to the decisions that shape their futures, every moment becomes a test of character.

At the heart of the story is a simple question:

How far will you go to be accepted, and how much are you willing to sacrifice to stay who you are?

Through friendships, conflicts, failures, and moments of self-discovery, the characters experience the reality of peer pressure — the temptation to compromise their values, chase approval, and become someone they are not. But as they encounter the consequences of their choices, they discover that true strength does not come from being accepted by everyone; it comes from having the courage to choose what is right.

The Resistance represents more than a fight against others — it represents the internal battle within every person. The battle between fear and confidence, influence and independence, silence and speaking up.

It is a story for every young person who has ever felt pressured to change themselves just to fit in.

A story that reminds us:

“The greatest resistance is not fighting the world around you; it is finding the strength to remain yourself when the world wants you to become someone else.”



Haar Nahi, Ek Sabak Hoon

EKRA BANO

Zindagi ka sabse bada dhokha yeh hai ki hum jeet ko hi apni pehchaan samajh baithte hain. Bachpan se humein sikhaya jaata hai ki pehla aana hi kaamyabi hai, medal jeetna hi izzat hai, aur kabhi na haarna hi asli taqat hai.

Lekin zindagi kitaabon ke qawaid se nahi chalti. Woh apne usool khud likhti hai.

Kabhi tum poori mehnat karte ho aur phir bhi nakaam ho jaate ho. Kabhi tum sach bolte ho aur log jhooth par yaqeen kar lete hain. Kabhi tum kisi ka dil nahi dukhate, phir bhi tumhara dil toot jaata hai.

Us waqt lagta hai ki shayad sab khatam ho gaya.

Lekin asal mein wahi lamha ek naye safar ki shuruaat hota hai.

Haar kabhi insaan ki qeemat tay nahi karti. Haar sirf uski taiyaari ko mazboot karti hai. Jo insaan girne ke baad uthna seekh leta hai, use duniya ki koi taqat der tak rok nahi sakti.

Socho, agar beej zameen ke andar na dabta, toh darakht kaise banta? Agar sona aag mein na tapta, toh uski chamak kaise nikalti? Agar samandar ki lehren se kashti na takraye, toh maahir maajhi kaise paida hota?

Isi tarah insaan bhi mushkilon se guzarta hai, toot-ta hai, sambhalta hai aur phir ek nayi shakl mein ubharta hai.

Tumhari har nakaami tumhe kuch na kuch sikha kar jaati hai. Kabhi sabr, kabhi himmat, kabhi logon ki pehchaan, aur kabhi khud ki asli taqat.

Isliye jab agli baar zindagi tumhe giraaye, toh apne aap se ek sawaal poochna:

"Kya main waqai haar gayi hoon, ya zindagi mujhe kuch sikha rahi hai?"

Jis din tum is sawaal ka sachcha jawab dhoondh logi, us din tum samajh jaogi ki haar tumhari manzil nahi thi. Woh tumhari taleem thi.

Aur yaad rakhna...

Har girna sharm ki baat nahi hota.

Har aansu kamzori ki nishani nahi hota.

Har nakaami aakhri faisla nahi hoti.

Kabhi-kabhi Rab tumhe us raaste se hata deta hai jahan tum chalna chahti thi, kyunki woh tumhare liye usse behtar raasta tayyar kar raha hota hai.

Isliye apni haar se nafrat mat karo. Uska shukriya ada karo. Kyunki aaj jis dard se tum guzar rahi ho, kal wahi tumhari sabse badi taqat ban sakta hai.



Aur jab tum ek din apni manzil par pahunchogi, log tumhari jeet dekhenge. Lekin tum jaanogi ki us jeet ki buniyad tumhari har us haar ne rakhi thi, jise kabhi tum badnaseebi samajhti thi.

Tum haar nahi ho.

Tum ek sabak ho.

Aur duniya ki har badi jeet, kisi na kisi haar se hi shuru hoti hai.

Jab Zindagi Imtihaan Leti Hai

EKRA BANO

Har insaan apni zindagi mein ek aise mod se zaroor guzarta hai jahan use lagta hai ki sab kuch uske khilaaf ho gaya hai. Mehnat uski hoti hai, lekin kamyabi kisi aur ke hissa mein chali jaati hai. Sach uske paas hota hai, lekin log jhooth par yaqeen kar lete hain. Dil uska saaf hota hai, phir bhi usi ko dard milta hai.

Isi mod ko hum aksar "badnaseebi" ka naam de dete hain.

Magar zindagi ki nazar se dekho, toh yahi waqt insaan ka sabse bada imtihaan hota hai.

Imtihaan ka maqsad tumhe giraana nahi hota. Imtihaan ka maqsad yeh dekhna hota hai ki tum girkar kitni baar uth sakti ho.

Socho, agar har khwahish pehli hi koshish mein poori ho jaaye, toh mehnat ki qeemat kaun samjhega?

Agar har raasta aasaan ho, toh himmat ka matlab kaun jaane?

Zindagi kabhi bhi kisi ko uski taqat se zyada bojh nahi deti. Haan, us waqt zaroor lagta hai ki saansein bhaari ho gayi hain aur qadam ruk gaye hain. Lekin waqt guzarne ke baad wahi insaan mudkar dekhti hai aur kehti hai:

"Shukr hai, main us mushkil se guzri. Warna main aaj itni mazboot kabhi na banti."

Mushkilein do tarah ki ladkiyan paida karti hain.

Ek woh, jo haalaat ke saamne hathihaar daal deti hain.

Aur doosri woh, jo har thokar ko apni nayi taqat bana leti hain.

Faisla hamesha tumhare haath mein hota hai.

Ya toh tum apni kahaani ki dukhi kirdar ban jao.

Ya phir us kahaani ki heroine, jo har mushkil ke baad aur mazboot
hokar ubharti hai.

Yaad rakhna...

Toofan kabhi hamesha nahi rehte.

Andhera kabhi hamesha nahi rehta.

Dard bhi ek din guzar jaata hai.

Lekin un sab se jo insaan nikal
kar aati hai, woh pehle wali
insaan kabhi nahi rehti.

Uski soch badal jaati hai.

Uska nazariya badal jaata hai.

Aur sabse zaroori baat...

Uska khud par yaqeen pehle se
kahin zyada mazboot ho jaata
hai.

Isliye jab bhi zindagi tumhara
imtihaan le, ghabrana mat.

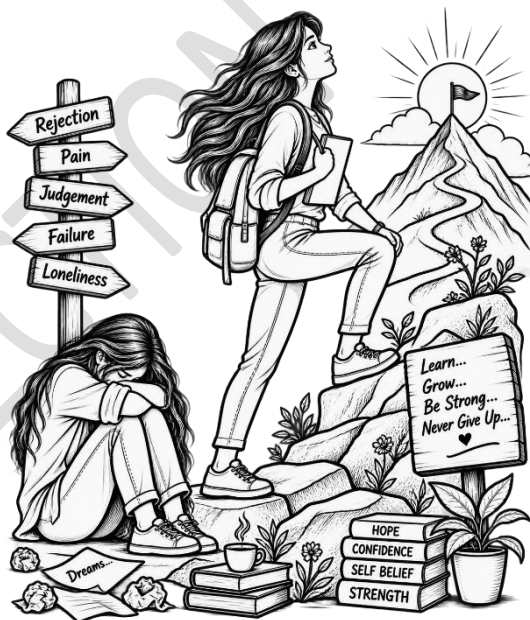
Muskurakar usse kehna—
"Main tootne nahi aayi.

Main seekhne aayi hoon.

Main rukne nahi aayi.

Main badalne aayi hoon."

Kyunki jo insaan imtihaan se bhaagti nahi, ek din wahi misaal ban
jaati hai.



Aur uski kahaani duniya ko yeh sikhati hai ki jeet sirf manzil ka naam nahi.

Jeet toh woh hausla hai jo har haar ke baad bhi zinda rehta hai.

CORRECTION

The Promise Beneath the Old Banyan Tree

Biswarup Bhattacharjee is an emerging writer from West Bengal, India, with a deep passion for literature and creative expression. He writes poetry, short stories, and essays that explore human emotions, resilience, hope, and the beauty of everyday life.

Biswarup Bhattacharjee

The Promise Beneath the Old Banyan Tree

The first promise Aarav ever made was when he was only ten years old.

It was the kind of promise children made without understanding its weight, spoken beneath the giant banyan tree that stood at the edge of Sundarpur village. The tree had witnessed generations of laughter, tears, festivals, and farewells. To the villagers, it was more than a tree—it was a silent guardian of memories.

That summer evening, Aarav and his younger sister Meera sat beneath its wide branches, watching the golden sun disappear behind the rice fields. Fireflies had begun to dance in the warm air while the scent of jasmine drifted from a nearby garden.

Meera looked unusually quiet.

"Aarav," she whispered, "do you think people always keep their promises?"

He smiled confidently.

"Of course they do."

She shook her head.

"Father promised he would come home before my birthday last year."

Aarav lowered his eyes.

Their father was a soldier stationed far away. He had intended to return, but a border conflict had delayed him for months. Meera never complained, yet the disappointment had remained in her heart.

Trying to comfort her, Aarav picked up a smooth white pebble and handed it to her.

"Then I'll make you a promise instead."

She looked at him with hopeful eyes.

"What promise?"

"No matter where life takes us, every Raksha Bandhan I'll come back here—to this banyan tree—and tie a thread on your wrist myself. No excuse. No distance. No forgotten letters."

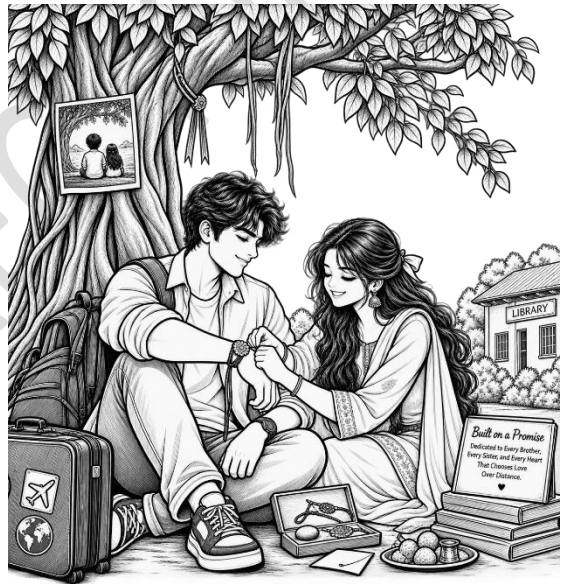
Meera smiled for the first time that day.

"Promise?"

"Promise."

She wrapped a simple red thread around his wrist.

"And I promise I'll always wait."



The old banyan tree swayed gently as though blessing the words spoken beneath its shade.

Years passed like pages turning in the wind.

Life scattered them in different directions.

Their father retired, but illness soon claimed both parents within a few years. Aarav earned a scholarship to study engineering in London, while Meera remained in India, becoming a teacher in the village school.

At first, keeping the promise was easy.

Every Raksha Bandhan, Aarav booked the earliest flight home. No matter how busy his career became, he would arrive smiling beneath the banyan tree before sunrise. Meera would already be waiting with a handmade rakhi, sweets, and the same white pebble she had kept since childhood.

The villagers admired them.

"They remind us that promises still matter," the elders would say.

But time is patient.

It tests every promise.

One year, Aarav's company appointed him lead engineer for an international rescue project after a devastating earthquake. Hundreds of families depended on the bridges his team was building.

The project deadline fell on the exact week of Raksha Bandhan.

His manager spoke gently.

"If you leave now, the project could fail."

His heart was torn.

Duty pulled him one way.

Promise pulled him the other.

He stared at the airline ticket glowing on his laptop screen, remembering a little girl beneath a banyan tree saying, "I'll always wait."

For the first time in fifteen years...

Aarav wasn't sure he could keep his promise.

Aarav spent the entire night staring at the ticket on his desk. Every memory of his childhood came rushing back—the banyan tree, Meera's laughter, the handmade rakhi, and the promise he had made with complete innocence.

The next morning, he called Meera.

She answered on the second ring.

"You're coming, aren't you?" she asked cheerfully.

For a moment, Aarav couldn't speak.

Finally, he whispered, "Meera... I don't think I can come this year."

Silence.

Not the silence of anger, but the silence of a heart trying not to break.

"I understand," she said softly after a long pause. "People grow up. Responsibilities change."

"But I promised."

"You also promised to help people whenever you could. Right now, hundreds of families need you more than I do."

Her words brought him no comfort.

On Raksha Bandhan morning, the village celebrated as always. Children laughed, sisters tied colourful rakhis, and families gathered around festive meals.

Meera walked alone to the old banyan tree.

She carried the same small box she had carried every year. Inside it lay a handmade rakhi, a few sweets, and the smooth white pebble Aarav had given her when they were children.

She tied the rakhi gently around one of the tree's hanging roots.

"If my brother cannot be here," she whispered, "let this tree wear it until he comes home."

An old woman from the village watched from a distance.

"You still believe he'll return?" she asked.

Meera smiled through moist eyes.

"He has never broken a promise willingly. Sometimes life simply asks us to wait a little longer."

Thousands of miles away, Aarav worked day and night.

The rescue bridge was finally completed, allowing trapped families to cross the river safely. News channels praised the engineers whose dedication had saved countless lives.

Yet while everyone celebrated, Aarav felt only emptiness.

Late that evening, his phone buzzed.

It was a video sent by one of the village children.

The video showed the ancient banyan tree.

A lonely rakhi fluttered in the evening breeze.

No brother stood beside it.

Only Meera, smiling gently despite the tears in her eyes.

At that moment, Aarav realized something.

A promise is not measured only by whether we arrive on time.

It is measured by how deeply we carry it in our hearts—and how sincerely we return to fulfill it.

Without wasting another minute, he booked the first available flight to India.

He knew Raksha Bandhan had already passed.

But he also knew one thing with absolute certainty.

Some promises deserve every mile it takes to keep them.

Three days later, Aarav finally reached Sundarpur.

The village looked exactly as he remembered. Children ran through the narrow lanes, elders chatted under shaded porches, and the evening breeze carried the familiar fragrance of jasmine. Yet to Aarav, everything felt different. He wasn't returning as a successful engineer. He was returning as a brother who feared he had failed the most important promise of his life.

Without going home, he walked straight to the old banyan tree.

There sat Meera, correcting her students' notebooks beneath its vast branches. She looked up as she heard footsteps.

For a second, neither of them spoke.

Then Aarav whispered, "I'm late."

Meera smiled gently.

"Yes," she replied. "But you're here."

He knelt before her, unable to hold back his tears.

"I broke my promise."

She shook her head.

"No, Aarav."

"I wasn't here on Raksha Bandhan."

"You weren't here because you chose to save strangers instead of choosing comfort. A promise is not broken when love remains true."

Her words lifted a weight he had carried across oceans.

From his pocket, Aarav took out a simple silk rakhi he had bought at the airport.

"I know the festival is over," he said, "but will you still tie this?"

Meera laughed through her tears.

"A bond between a brother and sister doesn't follow the calendar."

She tied the rakhi around his wrist just as she had done every year since childhood.

The villagers, who had quietly gathered nearby, applauded.

An elderly schoolteacher stepped forward.

"I've lived in this village for seventy years," he said. "Many people make promises. Few understand what they truly mean."

He pointed toward the banyan tree.

"This tree has taught us something. A promise isn't proved by never facing difficulties. It's proved by choosing to return, no matter how hard the journey becomes."

That evening, Aarav announced that he would build a free library beside the village school in memory of their parents. A year later, the library opened with a plaque that read:

"Built on a Promise. Dedicated to Every Brother, Every Sister, and Every Heart That Chooses Love Over Distance."

On the next Raksha Bandhan, the banyan tree was surrounded by families celebrating together.

Meera tied another rakhi on Aarav's wrist and smiled.

"So... will you come again next year?"

Aarav held her hand and replied,

"I won't promise because it's easy. I promise because you're my family. And family is the promise we choose to keep for a lifetime."

The morning sunlight filtered through the banyan leaves as the siblings smiled at one another.

Some promises are written on paper.

Some are spoken aloud.

But the strongest promises are carried quietly in the heart—through time, through distance, and through every storm life brings.

The Bench That Remembered

Biswarup Bhattacharjee is an emerging writer from West Bengal, India, with a deep passion for literature and creative expression. He writes poetry, short stories, and essays that explore human emotions, resilience, hope, and the beauty of everyday life.

Biswarup Bhattacharjee

The old wooden bench in Maple Park had no name carved into it, no plaque to explain its history, and no flowers placed beside it. To most people, it was simply a place to rest after a long walk. But to seventy-two-year-old Eleanor Hayes, it was a place where an entire lifetime still lived.

Every Sunday morning, just before the park filled with joggers and children, Eleanor would arrive with a small notebook and a cup of hot tea. She would sit on the same side of the bench, gently touch its weathered surface, and smile as if greeting an old friend.

Twenty-five years earlier, the bench had been where she first met her husband, Daniel.

It had been raining that afternoon. Eleanor had forgotten her umbrella and was trying to protect herself beneath the branches of a large oak tree. Daniel, carrying a faded blue umbrella, noticed her from across the path.



"You'll catch a cold if you stay there," he had said with a warm smile.

She hesitated before accepting his offer to share the umbrella.

What began as a five-minute walk ended in a five-hour conversation. They talked about books, music, dreams, and the places they hoped to visit one day. Before leaving, Daniel pointed at the bench.

"If life ever becomes too busy," he said, "meet me here. No matter what happens, this bench will remind us who we are."

It became their tradition.

Every Sunday, they met on that very bench.

Sometimes they laughed until sunset.

Sometimes they argued over small things and made peace before going home.

Sometimes they simply sat in silence, watching birds fly across the lake.

Years passed.

The bench witnessed every chapter of their lives.

It saw Daniel nervously ask Eleanor to marry him.

It watched them celebrate the birth of their daughter, Lily.

It quietly listened as they planned birthdays, anniversaries, family holidays, and dreams for the future.

Then life changed.

Daniel was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease.

At first, the signs were small.

He misplaced his glasses.

He forgot familiar names.

He repeated the same stories again and again.

Doctors warned that his memories would slowly disappear.

Daniel accepted the news with surprising calm.

"If my memories leave me," he told Eleanor one evening, "bring me back to our bench. Maybe it will remember what I no longer can."

Those words stayed with her.

Every Sunday, even after the illness grew worse, Eleanor brought Daniel to the park.

Some days he recognized her.

Some days he called her by someone else's name.

Some days he looked at her with the eyes of a stranger.

But something extraordinary always happened whenever they sat on the old wooden bench.

Daniel would become quiet.

He would gently run his fingers across the wood.

Then a faint smile would appear.

"I know this place," he would whisper.

"I don't remember why...

...but it feels like home."

Eleanor would squeeze his hand, holding back tears.

For a few precious minutes, it was as though the bench carried the memories his mind could no longer hold.

One cold autumn morning, Daniel never woke up.

The world suddenly became unbearably silent.

Months passed, but Eleanor continued visiting the bench every Sunday.

People wondered why.

They didn't know she wasn't waiting for a person anymore.

She was waiting for her memories.

One bright spring morning, as she sat quietly with her notebook, a little girl of about eight years old approached her.

"Excuse me," the girl asked shyly.

"May I sit here?"

Eleanor smiled and moved aside.

"Of course."

Neither of them knew that this simple conversation would change both of their lives forever.

The little girl's name was Sophie. She came to the park every Sunday with her grandfather, who usually sat on another bench nearby, quietly reading the newspaper.

"I see you here every week," Sophie said with innocent curiosity.

"Are you waiting for someone?"

Eleanor looked at the empty space beside her.

"I suppose I am."

"Who?"

"My best friend."

"Is he late?"

Eleanor smiled softly.

"No. He's just somewhere I can't visit yet."

Sophie didn't fully understand, but she nodded politely.

"My grandmother died last year," she whispered. "Grandpa says memories are like stars. We can't always see them, but they're always there."

Eleanor felt her eyes fill with tears.

"Your grandfather is a wise man."

From that Sunday onward, Sophie began sitting with Eleanor every week. They talked about school, books, dreams, and the changing seasons. Eleanor told stories about Daniel—not as a man who had become ill, but as the cheerful young stranger who once shared an umbrella on a rainy afternoon.

One day, Sophie asked, "What made your husband so special?"

Eleanor looked at the lake.

"He noticed ordinary moments that everyone else ignored."

"What do you mean?"

"He celebrated little victories. He remembered birthdays, listened carefully, and believed every person deserved kindness. He taught me that a happy life isn't built from grand adventures alone. It's built from small moments we choose to remember."

Sophie smiled.

"I want to remember things like that."

Weeks turned into months.

The friendship between the old woman and the little girl became the heart of the park.

Visitors often smiled as they watched them laughing together on the weathered bench.

One afternoon, Sophie brought Eleanor a small wooden box.

"What's this?" Eleanor asked.

"A memory box," Sophie replied proudly.

"My teacher said memories become stronger when we write them down."

Inside the box were folded pieces of colorful paper.

Each paper held a memory.

"My first bicycle."

"The day Grandpa taught me chess."

"The bird we rescued."

"The rainbow after the storm."

Eleanor quietly added her own note.

"The day Daniel shared his umbrella."

Soon the box filled with dozens of memories.

Some joyful.

Some painful.

All precious.

Then one Sunday, Sophie didn't come.

Neither did the next Sunday.

Concerned, Eleanor visited the address Sophie had once written inside her notebook.

She learned that Sophie's grandfather had suffered a stroke, and the family had moved to another city so he could receive better treatment.

Before leaving, Sophie had left a letter.

It read:

"Dear Eleanor, thank you for teaching me that memories never grow old when we share them with someone else. Whenever I sit on a bench, I'll think of you. Love, Sophie."

Eleanor folded the letter carefully and placed it inside the memory box.

For the first time since Daniel's passing, she realized that memories were not chains holding her to the past.

They were bridges eading her toward new friendships.

The years passed quietly.

Maple Park changed with every season, but the old wooden bench remained exactly where it had always been.

Its paint faded.

Its wood cracked.

Yet it continued welcoming strangers who carried invisible stories in their hearts.

Eleanor became known as "the lady on the bench."

Visitors often stopped to speak with her.

Some shared happy memories.

Others shared grief they had never spoken aloud.

She listened to every story with patience.

One spring morning, the city announced that the park would be renovated.

Several old benches—including Eleanor's favorite one—would be replaced.

When Eleanor heard the news, her heart sank.

She knew the bench was only wood.

Yet to her, it had become a silent witness to love, laughter, hope, loss, and healing.

The local newspaper published an article about her visits.

Soon, hundreds of people wrote letters asking the city to preserve the bench.

Many included stories of their own.

One couple had become engaged there.

A father had taught his son to read while sitting on it.

A young artist had painted her first sketch from that very spot.

The city council listened.

Instead of removing the bench, they restored it carefully.

Beside it, they placed a small bronze plaque.

Dedicated to everyone who believes that love lives on through memory."

On the day of the unveiling, Eleanor returned one last time carrying the memory box.

Inside were hundreds of handwritten memories collected over the years.

Children.

Parents.

Grandparents.

Friends.

Complete strangers.

Each note proved the same simple truth:

People may leave.

Time may change everything.

But love survives in the memories we choose to keep alive.

Eleanor placed one final note into the box.

It simply read:

"Thank you, Daniel, for teaching me that the most beautiful memories are not the ones we remember alone, but the ones we pass on to others."

As the evening sunlight spread across the park, a gentle breeze rustled through the oak trees.

For a brief moment, Eleanor closed her eyes.

She could almost hear Daniel laughing beside her once again.

Not because he had returned.

But because love had never truly left.

She smiled peacefully.

The bench had never possessed magic.

It had done something far greater.

It had reminded people that memories are not meant to keep us trapped in yesterday.

They are meant to give us the strength to live beautifully today and the courage to welcome tomorrow.

And perhaps that is the greatest gift any memory can ever give.

CORRECTION

The Thread Between Two Souls

Bhavini Vipani Parekh

The first thing Meera noticed every Raksha Bandhan morning was the silence.

Years ago, the house would wake up before sunrise. The fragrance of freshly made sweets would fill the rooms, her mother would decorate the prayer area with flowers, and her younger brother Arjun would pretend to be uninterested while secretly waiting for the rakhi she had chosen for him.

“Why do you buy such simple rakhis every year?” he would complain.

“Because the thread matters, not the decoration,” Meera would reply.



Back then, he would laugh.

Today, the house was quiet.

The same walls stood there, the same memories lived there, but the laughter had become a beautiful echo of the past.

Arjun now lived in another country. A successful architect, he was busy building skyscrapers while slowly becoming distant from the little world he had once belonged to.

Meera looked at the rakhi in her hand.

It was simple.

Just like the ones she had tied every year.

But this time, she wondered if a thread could really connect two people separated not just by distance, but by time.

Their childhood had been ordinary, yet precious.

Arjun was the mischievous younger brother who would hide Meera's books before exams, finish the sweets meant for guests, and then stand in front of her whenever their parents scolded her.

"I am her younger brother," he would proudly say. "But I can still protect her."

Meera would smile.

She knew his small shoulders carried a big heart.

As they grew older, life changed.

Responsibilities increased.

Conversations became shorter.

Festivals became quick phone calls between busy schedules.

Neither of them stopped loving each other.

They simply forgot to express it.

That year, Meera did not expect Arjun to come home.

She knew his work was important.

She knew his life was far away.

She understood.

At least, she told herself she did.

The doorbell rang in the afternoon.

She opened the door and froze.

Arjun stood there, holding a small box of sweets.

“Happy Raksha Bandhan, Didi.”

For a few seconds, neither of them spoke.

Then Meera smiled.

“You came?” Arjun looked down.

“I almost didn’t.” The honesty surprised her.

“I thought sending a gift was enough,” he continued. “A video call. A message. Maybe a few words.”

He paused. “But I realized something. Relationships don’t survive on reminders. They survive on presence.” Meera’s eyes filled with tears.

She tied the rakhi around his wrist.

The same way she had done for years. But this time, the moment felt different. It was not about a brother promising to protect his sister.

It was about two souls promising never to let life make them strangers.

After the ritual, Arjun handed her a small envelope. Inside was an old photograph. It was a picture from their childhood—Meera sitting with a bandage on her knee and Arjun standing beside her with a serious expression. On the back, something was written in a child’s handwriting:

“I will always take care of my sister.”

Meera smiled. “You still remember this?” Arjun nodded. “I forgot many things while growing up. But I never forgot this promise.”

Years later, when people asked Arjun why he returned home every Raksha Bandhan despite his busy schedule, he always smiled.

“Because my sister never tied a rakhi on my wrist,” he would say.

“She tied a reminder around my heart.”

A reminder that success means little if we lose the people who celebrated our first steps. A reminder that protection is not always about fighting someone else's battles.

Sometimes, it is about showing up.

Listening, Caring, And saying, “I am here.” Because the strongest bonds are not held together by threads.

They are held together by love, respect, and the quiet promises we keep throughout life.

Ek Dhaage Pavitra Bandhan

Purva Shah

*Sawan ka pavitra mahina tha. Anya ne apne bhai Aarav ke liye bazaar ki nahi, apne haathon se ek khaas Rakhi banayi. Pista green dhage me usne chote mote aur apni saari duayein piro di thi.

Rakhi ke din Aarav jab ghar aaya, toh Anya ne muskura kar uski kalai par woh Rakhi baandhi. Usne kaha, "Bhaiya, ye mehngi nahi hai, par mere dil se bani hai."

Aarav ki aankhein bhar aayi. Usne behan ko gale lagaya aur ek chhota sa tohfa diya, ek pyari jhumki.

Usne wada kiya, "Is dhage ki kasam, mai hamesha teri raksha karunga. Tu jab bhi bulaegi, mai daud kar aaunga."

Dono ne milkar kheer khai. Uss din samajh aaya, Rakshabandhan sirf ek tyohar nahi, bhai-behan ke pyaar aur bharose ka sabse sundar bandhan hai.



A Thread of Love

Pari Meena is a rising Indian author whose words shimmer with emotion, mystery, and quiet power. Her writing drifts between lyrical stillness and inner storms, weaving heartfelt fiction that lingers long after the last page is turned.

Pari Meena

A thread so small, so soft, so light,
Still fills two hearts with endless light...

She ties it with a silent prayer,
He wears it with a promise there...

They laughed a lot, they fought a few,
Yet love stayed strong, forever true...

He knew her tears before they fell,
She knew his silent heart so well...

No perfect words, no grand display,
Just little acts, day after day...



The years may change, the roads may bend,

But this sweet bond will never end...

When life gets hard and hope feels far,
They become each other's brightest star...

Raksha Bandhan is more than a thread,
It's love in every word unsaid...

A sister's prayer, a brother's care,
A bond no time can wear away...

Some gifts will fade, some flowers fall,
But this one love outlives them all..!!

Love you brother.. 

A Sister's Love:

Rathin Bhattacharjee from Kolkata, India, graduated from Calcutta University. He joined the BCSC (Bhutan Civil Service Commission) as an English Teacher in 1990 and retired as the Principal of St. Xavier's Public School, Joypur. Awarded His Majesty's Gold Medal for Lifetime Achievement in Teaching in 2018, he has been published and anthologised extensively.

Rathin Bhattacharjee

Tanushree hurried through the chores like - making tiffin for her hubby, keeping it in his bag, leaving her daughter, Piu's school dress, neatly arranged, on top of the wardrobe, serving her lunch before taking her to school once Amal left for office and so on and so forth - kept her busy throughout the day. Once she was done with the chores, when the rest of her household was resting in the afternoon, she decided to get the rakhis from the Maniktala Market. The next day was Raksha Bandhan Day, a day when the sisters put rakhis on their brother's hand, signifying the deep bond, love, trust and responsibility between them. So, she had to go to her ancestral home to put the rakhis on the wrists of her brothers.

Amal, a banker, left the money for the purchase of the rakhis in the drawer no doubt but even if he had not she would have bought the rakhis for her brothers with her own savings. All her life she had this idea that just like Bhatri Dwitiya when a Sister puts a tika on the forehead of her brother for his long life and well-being, putting a *rakhi* on the brother's hand ensured a continual bonding of love, trust and responsibility between brothers and the sisters.

She found the flowery rakhis in the market charming and asked the seller:

"How much are those rakhis, Bro?"

"The prices vary. Which ones do you want exactly?"

Tanushree pointed to the flowery rakhis on the top row.

"These cost 150 each." He replied, sweeping his hand across the rakhis on the top.

"Will they be all right by the time I put them on my brothers' hands tomorrow?"

The rakhi-seller asked her not to worry. The rakhis made of colourful flowers arranged in a circular pattern with a red rose in the centre and silvery fringes all around, were just the things she had in mind as she started plodding her way home.

It was almost time to pick Piu up from her school at Beadon Street.

After Amal was back home at around 7.30 in the evening and Tanushree served him tea and biscuits, he found the rakhis spread over the top of the wardrobe, he couldn't let go of the opportunity to tease his spouse:

"You are turning out to be the right life-partner for a banker. Buying these rakhis for your brothers and earning some handsome financial rewards from them in the process, the rakhis are turning out to be a good investment, aren't they?"

"You are right, my dear. Getting money from them in exchange for the rakhis is the sole reason for me to buy them in the first place." She replied ironically with a smile on her face.

**

As the next day was a Saturday, she left for her ancestral home right after lunch, having informed her mother-in-law. How she managed the time from doing all those chores, looking after Amal, Piu and all - was something beyond her.

The bus ride from Maniktala to her ancestral home in Central Kolkata took another thirty minutes. Luckily for her, the bus was not as crowded as they were on every other day.

No sooner had she entered her Ma's room, than the octogenarian woman got into her complaining mode:

"So finally you could find some time to visit your ailing Mother, ha?"

"Ma, when will you understand? I'm a married woman with responsibilities. If I could come earlier, I'd have!"

"I see. You'll understand the day I'm gone.." She loved teasing her daughter. Just then Debashish, her brother returned home from his school. He was the Head Master of a school in College Street.

Tanushree, who was sitting beside her Ma, swung her feet off the bed and touched her brother, Naresh's feet. He enquired after her well-being as he stretched out his hand for the rakhi, put his hand over Tanushree's head before taking a five hundred note out of his front pocket.

"What a lovely rakhi! How do you find such rakhis!" Naresh exclaimed, lifting his hand for a close look at the rakhi.

"Please don't make me greedy, Mejda. Amal keeps telling me that I put the rakhis on my brothers' hands for the money you give me.." Tanushree told her brother in a complaining manner.

"Let him. We all know what a gem of a Sis we all have."

Later, Tanu put the rakhis in the hands of the other brothers.

Each Raksha Bandhan Day the ties between the sister and her brother were believed to be strengthened with this strikingly significant gesture from Tanushree.

Years passed and the tradition of putting the rakhis on the Raksha Bandhan Day continued. In the meantime, Tanushree's Ma passed away. Her visits to her ancestral home grew few and far between.

That year, Amal fell sick a few days before the Raksha Bandhan Day and had to be hospitalized. Tanushree was so busy with Amal on that day that she had no time to go to her ancestral home to tie the rakhis.

At around 11 in the morning, her sister-in-law, Amita, came to the hospital to meet her brother. While Tanushree was putting Amal's trousers and banyan into a bag, Amita, standing near the cot, put a gorgeous rakhi on her brother's hand. A pang for her brothers shot through Tanushree. This is the first time she wouldn't be able to make it to her ancestral home. Amal needed her badly. Taking his clothes, bringing the home-cooked food for him, getting the medicine from the chemist's at times in addition to performing the other daily chores, kept her busy.

She had called her brothers though and informed them about Amal's condition.

It was evening time, Tanushree was standing near Amal, collecting his stuff and all in a plastic bag, when Debashish turned up at the door of Amal's room.

Tanushree nearly cried seeing her brother there.

"So, Amal. How do you feel now?" He walked up to his cot to enquire.

"I'm better, Dada. Why did you take the trouble?" Amal, who sat up on the bed at the sight of his brother-in-law, queried.

"This is nothing Amal, considering what you do for all of us." Debashish told him. "Besides, today is Raksha Bandhan Day and we brothers were missing our sister."

Having said this, he fished out a simple yet attractive rakhi from his bag. "Tanu, I knew you couldn't go to the market for the rakhi, so I bought it for you on the way to the hospital?"

"You shouldn't have taken the trouble, Mejda." Tanushree looked crestfallen.

"Why not? I can't recall a year when you failed in your sisterly duties to your brothers. This is the least I could do to show our love for the only sister..."

Tanu had tears in her eyes as she put the rakhi on her brother's hand and bent down to touch his feet.

"You know it better than I do, Amal, that ours is the most selfless sister in the whole universe and she never expects anything from anybody in return. I know I'm not doing anything extraordinary but this gift.." he stopped as he took out a five-hundred note from his pocket, "is just a token of love, admiration and even respect from a brother to the sister.."

He forced it in Tanushree's hand as both the brother and her husband broke into a laugh.

The end

THE THREAD THAT NEVER BREAKS

I am Emavorine Dotni, a poet and the author of the poetry collection Holding On to Tomorrow. Through my writing, I explore themes of hope, healing, love, resilience, and self-discovery.

Emavorine Dotni

A thread so small, yet strong enough to stay,
Holding love that time can't wash away.
Not woven with silk or touched by gold,
But with silent promises the heart can hold.
We fought over little things every day,
Yet stood together when skies turned grey.
Your laughter filled my darkest nights,
Your faith became my guiding light.
Distance may stretch the roads we know,
But never the love that continues to grow.
No season, no storm, no passing year
Can make your presence disappear.
A Rakhi is more than a festive thread,
It's every comforting word you've said.
It's every prayer whispered in the night,
Every sacrifice hidden from sight.

If one day my courage begins to fade,
I'll remember the promises we made.
That no matter where life leads us to,
I'll always find a home in you.
So today I tie no ordinary string,
But gratitude for everything.
For blood may begin our family story,
But love is what writes its lasting glory.
Happy Raksha Bandhan.
Some threads are tied on the wrist. The strongest ones are tied to the
soul.

Brother-Sister's Fight-Love Bond

Sampriya Chaudhuri

The bond between a brother and a sister is worth to be cherished ,
Even though there are times when one of us gets punished ,
For a fight that might seem small ,
But it's the love between us that stands tall ,
Even though both of us intend to be always innocuous ,
For the punishment to be given ,we both are always curious ,
Even though he likes to be querulous ,
He is the one I can always count on because he is unperilous ,
Days go by, seasons change, we change, our places change, but one
thing remains constant,
And that's the same bond that we share even though being distant.

The Brother Fate Chose

Snehamayee Srichandan is an author and engineering student who believes that the deepest emotions are often the ones left unspoken. Her writing reflects themes of silence, resilience, love, healing, and personal growth. She is the author of *Introvert, Not Invisible* and an international co-author of *Rise Beyond Limits*.

Snehamayee Srichandan

Not every bond is written by blood,
Some are written quietly by destiny.
A stranger walks into your life one day,
And somehow begins to feel like family.

I never asked life for another brother,
Yet it placed one beside my journey.
The one I simply call “Bhau,”
Not by relation, but by the truth of his heart.

No shared surname,
No family tree,
Yet every care, every silent support,
Feels as real as any bond could ever be.

Some people arrive without a reason,
But become the reason we smile again.
They listen when words fall short,
They protect without asking for praise,
And they stay when the world walks away.

This Rakhi is not only for those
Connected by the same blood.
It is for every soul
Who chooses love over distance,
Respect over pride,
And loyalty over convenience.

To the world, I want to say
Respect every pure bond you
receive.

Do not wait until it is lost
To realize its worth.

If someone truly loves you,
Love them back.
If someone stands beside you,



Stand beside them too.

Because caring for those who care for us

Is not just kindness

It is our responsibility.

Some bonds need no label,

No explanation, no proof.

They simply become home.

And if fate has gifted you

A brother in an unexpected way,

Hold that bond with gratitude.

Because the best people in life

Are often the ones

We never saw coming.

The Thread Across the Border

Sudha Kerketta

I grew up with an empty wrist beside me,
never knowing the simple joy of a brother's teasing,
or the yearly ritual of tying a silken thread around a familiar hand
close to home.
My Rakhi always sat quiet in its velvet box,
waiting for a wrist it could not find.

But this year, I turn my eyes toward the distant ridges,

where the winds are fierce
and the snow never melts.

To the guardians of the
mountain passes,

the sleepless sentinels
watching over our
peace,

I weave my prayers
into a different kind
of thread-

one spun from absolute gratitude and profound pride.

You leave your own sisters behind in faraway villages



to stand as a shield for millions of families you have never met.

So let this be my sacred promise across the miles:

Though we share no blood, you are the brothers of my heart.

Every prayer I breathe is a knot tied tight for your safety.

May this invisible thread of love keep you safe in the line of fire,
and bring you back securely to the soil you so fiercely protect.

CORRECTION

The Unbroken Flame: Kokh Se Kayanat Tak

Vishesh Jain

Kokhon se lekar maut talak bas dard ka pehra hota hai,
Ek beti ke aane par yeh sara zamana gehra hota hai.
Pehle hi khaan mein saansein ghot ke ise mita dete hain,
Khwahishon ke panno par bas aansu hi baha dete hain.

Sati ne agni pariksha dekar apna ishq nibhaaya tha,
Sita ko bhi ravan ki chal aur vanvaas ne sataya tha.
Dwapar mein Radha-Gopiyo ne woh birah ka zeher piya tha,
Hastinapur ki Bhari sabha mein, Draupadi ko bas apmaan hi
mila tha.

Waqt badla par zulm ka yeh daur wahi ka wahi hai,
Gaon-dehaat mein aaj bhi beti ki sunwai nahi hai.
Bal-vivah ki bediyon mein unka bachpan ghot diya jata hai,
Har mod par haq chheen kar unko tod diya jata hai.

Par ab khamoshi ke is parde ko cheer kar woh aage aati hain,
Mardon ke kandhe se kandha milakar apni kismat banati

hain.

Zulm, darr aur har bhedbhaav se lad kar woh uthti hain,

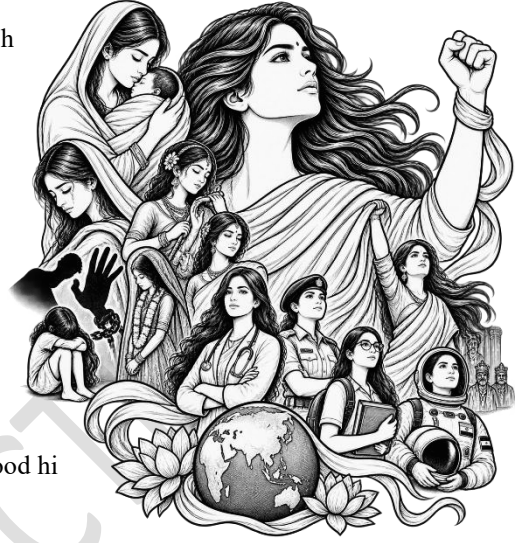
Har kathinai mein reh kar bhi woh
apni manzil chunti hain.

Agar sabr ki baat chale toh ye
kayanat bhi haar jayegi,

Ek naari ke tap ke aage yeh
poori duniya jhuk jayegi.

Wahi hai is srishti ki shakti,
wahi sabse mahan hai,

Bina uske is poori duniya ka vajood hi
sunsaan hai!



Not every family has this

Samu Khillare

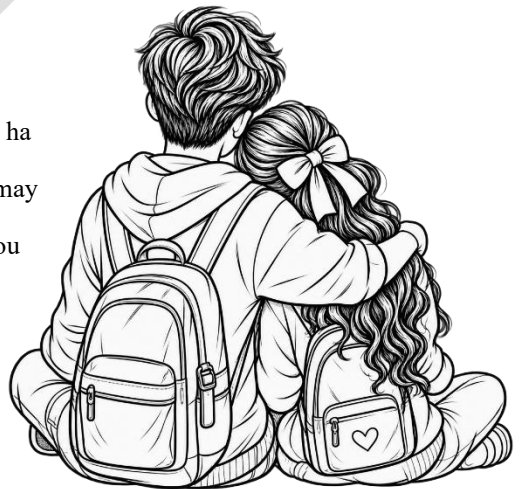
Not every brother and sister
grows up and still stays close.

Some drift apart with time.
while others hold on to each other
no matter how life changes

when siblings protect one another,
Support each other, and celebrate
each other without jealousy, that kind
of love is rare.

because one day, when parents are no
longer there, the only family left may
be the ones who grew up beside you

money will come and go
Success will rise and fall
But siblings who stand together
are a blessing that lasts a lifetime



To my Siblings

Samu Khillare

The most beautiful gift our parents
gave us was each other.

Through every stage of life, you
have stood by me as my constant.

No matter how far life leads us,
our roots remain the same.

With you beside me, I never feel
alone.

We may have differences, but our
bond stays strong.

I am thankful every day to have
you in my life.

I love you – always and forever ∞

The Thread That Found My Heart

Meharpreet kaur

Every year the morning of Raksha Bandhan
arrived wrapped in golden sunlight.
The streets filled with laughter,
the markets bloomed with colorful rakhis,
and every little sister walked beside her brother
with sparkling eyes and endless smiles.
I smiled too,
but my smile carried a quiet wish
that no one could hear.
I wondered what it felt like
to have a brother waiting at
the door,
teasing me before I tied the
thread,
stealing sweets from the
plate,
pretending not to care,
yet secretly protecting me from every storm.
I wished for that laughter,
that playful argument,



that comforting voice saying,
"Don't worry. I'm here."
Life wrote a different story for me.
My uncle's son became the brother
destiny softly placed beside me.
We argued over tiny things.
Sometimes we refused to speak.
Sometimes pride built walls between us.
Yet whenever I felt alone,
he somehow appeared with a smile
that quietly repaired everything
without asking for thanks.
Slowly I understood
that love does not always arrive
the way we imagine it.
Some bonds are born by blood.
Some are born by kindness.
Some are born by choosing
to stand beside someone
even after misunderstandings.
Then came another Raksha Bandhan.
I held a simple thread in my hands.

It wasn't decorated with diamonds.
It wasn't expensive.
It carried no price tag.
Yet it held thousands of silent promises—
to care,
to forgive,
to laugh again after every fight,
and to remain family
through every changing season of life.
As I tied the rakhi,
I realized that the strongest threads
are never made of silk alone.
They are woven from memories,
shared laughter,
childhood mistakes,
forgiven words,
and countless moments
that quietly become love.
People often believe
that precious gifts make celebrations beautiful.
But hearts cannot be purchased.
Money fades.

Fancy boxes are forgotten.

Even sweets disappear by evening.

Love stays.

A hand that lifts you when you fall

is worth more than gold.

A smile that wipes away your tears

is richer than any treasure.

A brother who stands beside you

without expecting anything in return

is life's greatest blessing.

Today my wrist feels complete,

not because of the thread tied around it,

but because my heart has learned

that family is not measured

by wealth, distance, or perfection.

Family is the place

where forgiveness is stronger than anger,

where every goodbye hides another hello,

where every fight makes room

for another reason to smile.

So this Raksha Bandhan

I tie not only a thread,

but gratitude.

Gratitude for finding a brother
where I once thought there was only emptiness.

Gratitude for learning
that love chooses its own path.

Gratitude for every memory
that turned strangers into family
and ordinary moments into forever.

May every sister find a hand
that never lets hers go.

May every brother protect
not only with strength,
but with kindness.

For in the end,
the most beautiful rakhi
is not the one shining on the wrist—
it is the invisible thread
that forever ties two hearts together.

Raksha Bandhan Ties Us Always

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

CORRECTION

The Power of Small Acts of Kindness

Sowmiya Rameshwaran

Introduction

In today's busy world, people often think that only big actions can make a difference. We admire people who donate large amounts of money, build schools, or help thousands of people. While these actions are truly wonderful, we sometimes forget that even the smallest act of kindness can change someone's day or even their life. Kindness is one of the simplest gifts that every person can share. It does not cost money, require special skills, or take a lot of time. A warm smile, a kind word, a helping hand, or a simple "thank you" can make someone feel valued and respected. These small actions may seem ordinary, but they create a positive impact that spreads from one person to another. Kindness is like a light in the darkness. Even the smallest light can brighten a room. In the same way, even the smallest act of kindness can bring hope, comfort, and happiness to someone who needs it.

What Is Kindness?

Kindness means treating others with care, respect, and compassion. It is about understanding another person's feelings and trying to make their life a little better. Kindness is not limited to family members or close friends. It can be shown to strangers, neighbours, classmates, teachers, workers, and even animals. Kindness is not always about giving expensive gifts. Sometimes, the best gift we can give is our time, attention, or support. Listening patiently to a friend, helping someone carry heavy bags, or encouraging a person who feels sad are all examples of kindness. Every person has the ability to be kind. We do not need to be rich or famous. We only need a caring heart.

Why Small Acts Matter?

Many people believe that small actions do not matter because they seem too simple. However, every big change begins with one small step. A tiny seed grows into a huge tree. A single drop of rain becomes part of a river. In the same way, one small act of kindness can start a chain of goodness.

Imagine a student who feels nervous on the first day of school. Another student smiles and offers to sit with them. This small gesture may help the new student feel welcome and confident. Think about an elderly person struggling to cross the road. A stranger offers a helping hand. The act takes only a few minutes, but it gives the elderly person safety and comfort. These moments may seem small to the person giving help, but they can mean everything to the person receiving it.

Kindness in Daily Life

Every day gives us many opportunities to be kind. We often do not notice them because we are busy with our own lives. At home, kindness can be helping parents with household work without being asked. It can be spending time with grandparents, playing with younger siblings, or thanking family members for everything they do.



At school or college, kindness can be sharing notes with a classmate who missed a lesson, encouraging someone before an examination, or including a lonely student in group activities. At work, kindness can be appreciating a colleague's efforts, helping someone complete a difficult task, or simply greeting everyone with respect. Even in public places, small actions matter. Holding the door open for someone, standing in a queue patiently, speaking politely, and respecting others are all acts of kindness.

Kindness Creates Happiness

One beautiful thing about kindness is that it brings happiness to both the giver and the receiver. When we help someone, we feel satisfied because we know we have made a positive difference. Scientists have also found that doing kind things can improve our mood and reduce stress. When people help others, they often feel more peaceful and connected with those around them.

Similarly, the person receiving kindness feels cared for and appreciated. They are more likely to show kindness to someone else. This creates a cycle where goodness continues to spread.

For example, if someone pays for another person's meal during a difficult time, the person who receives help may later help another person when they are able. One kind action leads to another, creating a chain of compassion.

Kindness During Difficult Times

Life is not always easy. Everyone experiences sadness, failure, illness, or disappointment at some point. During these moments, small acts of kindness become even more meaningful. A comforting message, a phone call, or simply sitting quietly with someone who is feeling lonely can provide emotional support. We may not be able to solve every problem, but our presence can make people feel less alone.

During natural disasters or emergencies, communities often come together to help one another. People donate food, clothes, medicine, and money. Volunteers work day and night to support those in need. These acts remind us that kindness becomes even stronger when people stand together.

Kindness Needs No Reward

True kindness does not expect anything in return. People who are genuinely kind help because they care, not because they want praise or recognition. Sometimes, the person we help may never thank us. Sometimes, nobody else may even notice our good deeds. Yet kindness always has value because it reflects our character.

A kind person understands that making someone smile is a reward in itself. They believe that every good action, no matter how small, helps make the world a better place. As the saying goes, “No act of kindness is ever wasted.” Even when we cannot see its effect immediately, kindness leaves a lasting mark on someone’s heart.

Kindness in the Digital World

Today, people spend a lot of time on the internet. We use social media to share photos, express our thoughts, and connect with others. However, the online world is not always a kind place. Many people face rude comments, bullying, and negative messages that hurt their feelings. This is why kindness is just as important online as it is in real life.

Before posting a comment, we should think about how our words might affect someone else. A kind message can brighten a person’s day, while a harsh one can leave them feeling sad. We can also use social media to spread positivity. Congratulating a friend on their success, encouraging someone who is struggling, or sharing inspiring stories are all examples of digital kindness. Even a simple message asking, “How are you?” can mean a lot to someone who feels lonely.

Kindness Towards Nature and Animals

Kindness is not only about helping people. It also includes caring for animals and protecting nature. Every living being deserves love and respect. We can feed birds during hot summers, give clean water to stray animals, or support animal shelters. We should never hurt animals for fun or ignore them when they are in need.

Showing kindness to nature is equally important. Planting trees, saving water, reducing plastic use, and keeping our surroundings clean are simple ways to care for the environment. These small actions help protect the Earth for future generations. When we respect nature, nature also takes care of us by providing clean air, water, food, and a healthy environment.

The Ripple Effect of Kindness

Kindness spreads like ripples in water. When we throw a small stone into a pond, circles spread farther and farther. In the same way, one kind act often inspires many others.

Imagine a teacher encouraging a student who lacks confidence. The student works harder, succeeds, and later becomes a teacher who encourages hundreds of children. One kind word has now touched many lives. Or think of a person who receives help during a difficult time. Years later, they may remember that kindness and help someone else facing similar problems. This is the true power of kindness. We may never know how far our small actions travel, but they continue to influence people in positive ways.

Why Some People Forget to Be Kind?

Although kindness is simple, many people forget to practise it. Busy schedules, stress, competition, and personal problems often make people focus only on themselves. Sometimes people believe that being kind is a sign of weakness. In reality, kindness requires courage, patience, and understanding. It is easy to be rude when we are angry, but it takes strength to remain calm and respectful.

Some people also think that one person's actions cannot change the world. However, every positive change begins with individuals making good choices. A better society is created when ordinary people choose kindness every day.

How We Can Make Kindness a Habit?

Kindness becomes easier when we practise it regularly. We do not have to wait for a special occasion. Every day offers a chance to help someone. We can begin by smiling at others, speaking politely, thanking people for their efforts, and apologising when we make mistakes.

We can volunteer in our community, donate books or clothes, or spend time with someone who feels lonely. Another important habit is listening carefully. Many people simply need someone who will listen without judging them. Giving our attention is one of the greatest gifts we can offer. Parents and teachers also play an important role by teaching children the value of kindness from a young age. Children often learn by watching the adults around them.

Kindness Builds Strong Relationships

Every healthy relationship is built on kindness. Whether it is between family members, friends, neighbours, or colleagues, kindness creates trust and understanding. People feel comfortable around those who are patient, respectful, and caring. Small actions like remembering birthdays, asking about someone's health, or offering help during difficult times make relationships stronger.

Even when disagreements happen, kindness helps people solve problems peacefully. Speaking with respect instead of anger allows people to understand each other better. Strong relationships make life happier, and kindness is the foundation of those relationships.

Conclusion

The world does not always need grand achievements to become a better place. Sometimes, it only needs ordinary people performing

extraordinary acts of kindness through simple daily actions. A smile, a kind word, a helping hand, or a moment of patience may seem small, but together they create a kinder and happier society.

Kindness has the power to heal emotional pain, build friendships, strengthen families, and bring hope to those who are struggling. It costs nothing, yet its value is beyond measure. Every act of kindness reminds us that humanity is built on compassion, respect, and love. Each one of us has the ability to make a difference. We do not need to wait until we become rich, powerful, or famous. We can begin today by choosing kindness in our homes, schools, workplaces, and communities.

In the end, people may not remember every word we say or every achievement we earn, but they will always remember how we made them feel. A single act of kindness can remain in someone's heart for years and may even inspire them to pass that kindness on to others. Let kindness become a part of our daily lives. If every person performs even one small act of kindness each day, the world will slowly become a place filled with more hope, understanding, and happiness. Small acts may appear ordinary, but together they have the extraordinary power to change lives and make the world brighter for everyone.

A Sister's Prayer, A Brother's Courage

Prerna Jha is a source of inspiration in her creative journey. She excels as a graphic designer and illustrator while pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) degree in Animation from Amity University, Kolkata. Her creative milestones include completing her BFA Animation course and contributing to social causes through volunteering with 'Bhumi', an NGO.

PrernaJha♥

She never asked the sky
to make him perfect.

She only whispered,

"Give him strength
when life forgets to be kind.
Give him hope
when his smile grows tired.
And if he ever feels alone,
let my prayers find him first."

Every Raksha Bandhan,
she tied a simple thread



not because he needed protection,
but because love
always wishes to protect
what it cannot control.

He smiled,
laughed,
and teased her
for making every knot
so tight.

She laughed too.

Neither of them knew
that one day
life would test those knots
far beyond childhood.

The roads became longer.

The phone calls shorter.

The responsibilities heavier.

He learned
that courage
wasn't always loud.

Sometimes,
it was waking up
with a heavy heart
and choosing to keep going.

Sometimes,
it was hiding his tears
so their parents
could sleep peacefully.

Sometimes,
it was carrying
everyone else's worries
while quietly
forgetting his own.

And somewhere,
without asking for praise,

his sister
kept praying.

Not for success.

Not for wealth.

Only this

"When the world becomes too heavy,
let him remember
that someone believes in him,
even on the days
he forgets to believe in himself."

She could not fight
his battles.

She could not erase

his pain.

But every prayer
became an invisible hand
resting gently
upon his shoulder.

Every Rakhi
became a silent promise

"If you ever fall,
my faith will stand beside you."

Years changed them.

Their voices grew older.

Their lives moved
in different directions.

Yet every August,
one sacred thread

still found its way home.

Not because tradition demanded it

but because hearts

remember

what calendars cannot.

For courage

is not born

from fearlessness.

It is born

from knowing

that somewhere,

someone folds their hands,

closes their eyes,

and whispers your name

into every prayer.

And perhaps,

that is the true meaning

of Raksha Bandhan

Not that a brother
protects a sister alone,

but that a sister's love
guards his spirit,

her prayers
become his unseen shield,

and his courage
becomes the answer
to every prayer
she ever made.

For a thread may fade,
flowers may wither,
and years may pass

but a sister's prayer
and a brother's courage

remain tied forever,

where no hand

can untie them

inside the heart.

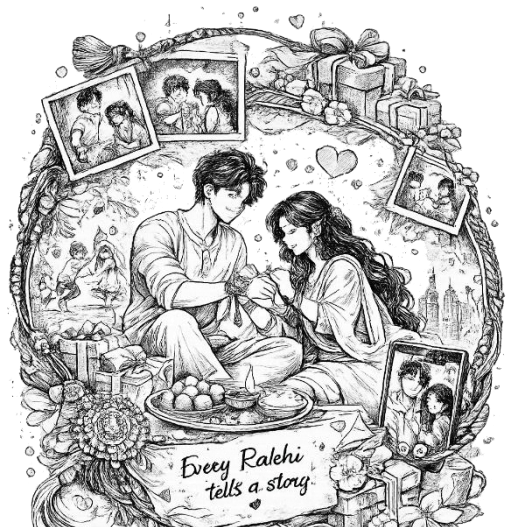
Every Rakhi Tells a Story

Prerna Jha is a source of inspiration in her creative journey. She excels as a graphic designer and illustrator while pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) degree in Animation from Amity University, Kolkata. Her creative milestones include completing her BFA Animation course and contributing to social causes through volunteering with 'Bhumi', an NGO.

PrernaJha♡

Every Rakhi tells a story,
not written in ink,
but in tiny moments
our hearts never forgot.

It remembers
the little hands
that fought over toys,
then reached for each other
before the tears had even dried.



It remembers
shared laughter
echoing through old hallways,
the secret promises,
the stolen chocolates,
and the dreams
we believed would never grow old.

A simple thread
so light,
so quiet
yet stronger
than every storm
life could ever send.

Years pass.

Childhood folds itself
into old photographs.
The house grows quieter.
The roads between us
grow longer.

But every August,
that thread
finds its way back home.

It ties together
all the words
we forgot to say.

"I'm proud of you."

"I missed you."

"I'm still here."

Sometimes,
a Rakhi is tied
on a wrist nearby.

Sometimes,
it is tied
through a phone screen,
a letter,
or a silent prayer
whispered into the evening sky.

And sometimes...

there is no wrist left to hold.

Only memories,
carefully wrapped
around a heart
that still waits
for one more smile,
one more laugh,
one more "Take care."

Even then,
the thread does not break.

Because love
doesn't disappear
when people do.

It simply learns
to live
inside remembrance.

Every Rakhi
is more than a celebration.

It is an apology
without shame.

A thank you
without conditions.

A promise
without an ending.

It says,

"No matter where life takes us,
you will always have a place
in my heart."

So when the thread
rests gently
around a wrist,

it carries
every childhood memory,
every silent sacrifice,
every unspoken prayer,
and every hope
for tomorrow.

Because every Rakhi
tells a story

of love
that never asked for anything,
of protection
that expected nothing in return,

and of a bond
that even time
could never untie.

A Rakhi in Time*

Prerona das

When trees get diseased,

Nature prays for their survival — gives them light, water, and caring winds.

Despite all that, the tree dies.

When a brother falls sick, his sister prays for his good health.

I never tied a Rakhi to this brother.

Despite everything, my responsible brother didn't survive.

He's my brother from another mother.

We weren't in the same city.

As cousins we couldn't make enough memories.

His financial responsibilities and busy schedules didn't let us spend much time together,

But he has a separate place in my heart.

He couldn't complete his studies, but he encouraged me to study.

He could have lived more.

He could have had the life he wanted.

This Raksha Bandhan, I'm wishing him again —



Happy Raksha Bandhan.

This Thread for Myself

I'm Navya Wadhwa, a student from Delhi with a keen interest in poetry writing.

Navya Wadhwa

This year, a child
stood before the morning light
with a decorated plate
a diya, a sweet, a bright thread
and silence all around her.

No brother's protection
ran through the halls.
No sister's cuddles
reached across the distance.
Only her own solitude
sat beside her.

For a moment
the single child wondered
whether a festival can bloom

with only one heartbeat.

Until the gusts
lifted the thread, letting it
lie against the sunlight
like fireflies dancing in the night.

She smiled
tied it gently around her own wrist
and vowed
'To protect the kind within her
strengthen her mind
and nurture her passions.'

And the thread transformed
like a cocoon becoming a butterfly
into something more than silk
no longer waiting for another hand.
It became the quiet courage
wrapped around her wrist.

For there are battles

that she'd need to win within
the battle against
despair and doubt
in a world that would sometimes
mistake her hardness for strength.

For she would learn to
embrace the child
who longs to be sheltered
and develop the warrior
who is waiting to be awakened
All within her.

THE THREAD KNOWS~

Humna Fatima is a young poet whose writing explores the emotions hidden within ordinary moments. Drawn to themes of memory, silence, longing, and unspoken truths, she writes with a reflective contemporary voice.

Humna Fatima

Every year,
a little thread arrives
carrying more than colour—
it carries the fingerprints
of all the years we have survived together.

It remembers
the child who stole the bigger piece of cake,
the arguments over nothing,
the slammed doors,
the words we wished we could take back.

It remembers
how we could spend an entire afternoon
fighting over a television remote
and, by evening,

sit beside each other
as if the war had never happened.

Perhaps that is what makes a bond—

not the absence of
storms,

but knowing

which hand will still
reach for yours

when the storm arrives.

We grew up.



The toys disappeared into boxes.

The walls learned new pencil marks.

Our voices changed.

Our dreams became too large

to fit inside the little rooms

where we once planned our futures.

And somewhere between

“Don’t touch my things”

and “Take care of yourself,”

childhood quietly became memory.

Yet every Rakhi,
when that thread circles a wrist,
I realise—

some things do not grow distant
with distance.

Some promises
do not need to be spoken aloud.

Like the promise
that I will remember
the version of you
who made me laugh
when I was angry.

The promise
that I will keep a place for you
in every chapter
life hasn't written yet.

The promise
that if the world ever becomes
too loud,
you will not have to explain
your silence to me.

And perhaps
you will never know
how much those ordinary days meant—

the shared secrets,
the unfinished conversations,
the footsteps outside my door,
the casual “I’m here,”
which sounded so small then
and means so much now.

So today,
I don't tie this thread
because I believe
you can protect me from everything.

I tie it because
I know neither of us
can protect each other
from every storm.

But perhaps we can promise
something more honest:

When life changes us,
let it never make us strangers.

Let success not make us proud.
Let distance not make us absent.
Let time not make us forget
the language of home.

Because one day,
these wrists may become older,
these hands may become tired,
and our childhood photographs
may begin to look like stories

about two children we barely recognise.

But the thread will remember.

It will remember

that before we became

the people the world expected us to be,

we were simply

two children—

laughing too loudly,

fighting too often,

forgiving too easily,

and believing, without knowing why,

that somehow,

we would always find our way

back to each other.

And maybe

that is what Rakhi really is:

not a thread around a wrist,

but a little piece of yesterday

tied gently

to tomorrow.

Rakhi Poem for My Sister Barsha Rani

Barsha Rani, lovingly named by her elder brother Rashmi Ranjan, was born on 3rd March 2003 at CHC Adapada, Ganjam District. That day, the skies opened with heavy rain, and her brother, returning from Saraswati Sishu Vidyamandir, ran anxiously to the hospital after hearing the news.

Rashmi Ranjan Prusty

March rains in Adapada fell,

A sister's cry the clouds did tell,

Running from school with heart so fast,

To CHC's doors, the bond was cast.

Barsha — the rain, her name divine,

Rasmita — a gift from brother's mind,

From Saraswati's gate to mother's eyes,

A sister's birth, the sweetest surprise.

Years rolled on, the tides did flow,
In 2023 to Mumbai she'd go,
With Chandan, sailor of the sea,
Her Rakhi love still reached to me.

A courier came with gifts so dear,
A pen, a bottle, her presence near,
Though distance kept our hands apart,
Her Rakhi tied around my heart.

Then little Pranav, joy
anew,

March 28th, 2026 —
dreams came true,

His laughter bright, his
smile so sweet,

A nephew's love makes
life complete.



From Dhenkanal's lanes I write today,
Missing you in every way,
Barsha, Rasmita, sister mine,
Our bond eternal, forever divine.

CORRECTION

The Thread Between Four Skies

Ashratulain Malik, known as Ain Malik in the literary world, is a writer from Mumbai, Maharashtra, with an endless love for novels and storytelling. A dreamer between pages, she collects little moments, quiet emotions, and untold stories, turning them into words that linger beyond the last line.

Ain Malik

The cursor blinked once.

Then again

Mehmal leaned back from her laptop and pressed her fingers against the ache at the back of her neck. The last paragraph of her Urdu novel waited on the screen.

She read it once

Changed a word

Removed another

Then saved the file.

Enough for today

She closed the laptop



Outside, Mumbai had disappeared behind rain. From the ninth floor, buildings dissolved into grey, traffic lights floated like blurred colours, and headlights moved across the wet roads.

The kettle clicked

Mehmal poured tea into her favourite mug and stood beside the balcony door.

The day had been long.

A morning local train. Crowded platforms. Another train home.
Hospital corridors.

Her psychology internship had taught her something no textbook could.

Pain did not always announce itself.

Sometimes it smiled politely.

Sometimes it searched for a sentence and stopped halfway.

Sometimes all a person left behind was a look that stayed with you long after they had gone.

Mehmal carried those fragments home.

That was when she wrote

Not to escape reality

To return to herself.

Her Urdu novel was the one place where thoughts did not have to defend themselves.

She took a sip

Too hot

She glanced at the closed laptop.

Psychologist by morning...

Then at the ink stain on her oversized hoodie.

Writer by night.

A tired laugh escaped her.

Tonight, she wanted nothing complicated.

Just tea, rain and a room where nobody needed an answer from her.

She picked up her phone.

Instagram notifications waited.

The first message was from Saad Bhai.

She opened it.

Shehzadi

One word

She replied without thinking twice and moved back to her inbox.

Friends. Readers. People she had met somewhere along the way.

Her thumb stopped.

Ishu

Abii

Nain

She opened Ishu's chat.

Ishu: Aapi...?

Mehmal typed.

Mehmal: I'm here, Ishu

The reply came immediately.

Ishu: I knew you would be.

Mehmal: How?

Three dots appeared.

**Ishu: Because whenever it rains, you disappear into writing
before you disappear into sleep.**

Mehmal looked towards the laptop.

Mehmal: You notice too much.

Ishu: Occupational hazard.

Mehmal: Since when?

A few seconds.

Ishu: Since I became your sister.

She read it again.

They had never shared a childhood. No old photographs. No family stories beginning with *remember when we were little?*

Yet the word *sister* had stopped sounding strange when it came from Ishu.

Her phone vibrated.

Ishu: Tea?

Mehmal looked at her mug.

Cold

She photographed it.

Ishu: Exactly what I expected.

Mehmal: I was drinking it.

Ishu: Your tea would disagree.

She laughed

Another message arrived.

Ishu: Did your neck hurt again today?

Her fingers stopped over the screen.

She had not told her.

Mehmal: A little

Ishu: Your a little usually has a whole story behind it.

Mehmal sent a smile emoji.

Ishu: Don't do that

Mehmal: Do what?

Ishu: Pretend a smile answers every question.

Mehmal looked through the balcony glass.

Then typed

Mehmal: Bossy

Ishu: Experienced

She shook her head.

Before leaving, Ishu sent one final message.

Ishu: Sleep before sunrise today, Aapi.

The phone went dark in Mehmal's hand.

She moved to the next name.

Abii

No new message

She opened the conversation.

Old jokes

Old arguments

A ridiculous debate about something neither of them would remember now.

Then one message caught her eye.

Abii: Aapi, you are overthinking again.

She almost laughed.

Her thumb reached the bottom of the chat.

The message box stared back.

Abii...

Delete

Hope you're doing well.

Delete

I was just thinking...

Delete

She put the phone down.

There had been a time when talking to him required no preparation.
A random thought became a message; a message became an hour.

Now *How are you?* felt strangely heavy.

She picked up the phone again.

Not to write.

Just to look.

Then she closed the chat.

A notification appeared.

Nain

She opened it

Mehmal: Aapi is disturbing you again.

Nain: You're not disturbing me.

Mehmal: What are you doing?

Nain: Nothing much.

She laughed

Mehmal: This answer tells me absolutely nothing.

Nain: I know

Of course you do.

She typed again

Mehmal: Did you eat?

Nain: Yes

Mehmal: Properly?

Nain: Haanji

Mehmal: You're sure?

This time, only one word came.

Nain: Aapi

She could almost hear the patience in it.

Mehmal: What?

Nain: Interrogation again?

She laughed under her breath.

Mehmal: Maybe

No reply

She knew he was smiling at the other end.

That was enough to make her stop asking.

She closed the chat and opened a blank note.

Her fingers hovered over the keyboard.

Then she wrote:

The Thread Between Four Skies

She stared at the title

Ishu came to mind first: *Since I became your sister.*

Then Nain, with his economical replies and that one word that could end an entire interrogation.

And Abii

She opened his chat again.

No explanation came to her.

So she stopped searching for one.

She typed:

Mehmal: Aapi remembered you today.

Her thumb stayed above the screen.

Then she pressed send.

No reply

She did not send another message.

Instead, she carried her empty mug to the kitchen, washed it, and returned to the desk.

The rain had thinned to a few drops.

She opened the note again.

The title waited.

She added three lines beneath it.

Ishu remembers what I forget to say.

Nain says little and somehow says enough.

Abii still lives in sentences I delete.

She read them.

That was closer to the truth.

She saved the note.

Tomorrow would begin with another train, another hospital corridor,
another set of stories she would carry home.

She closed the laptop.

The apartment had settled into its late-night stillness.

Her gaze moved to the old diary beside the laptop.

She picked it up.

The cover had faded at the edges. Inside were dates, unfinished
thoughts, lines she had written on nights she no longer remembered.

She turned to a fresh page.

At the top, she wrote:

08/08/26

Saturday

Time: 12:23 a.m.

She rested the pen between her fingers.

There was no need to explain tonight.

She only wanted to keep it.

So she wrote...

Four distant windows held their glow
Four quiet currents learned to flow
Through sleepless hours and skies unknown
They made a place they called their own

A name would cross the midnight air
A little laughter lingered there
A question asked, a worry shared
And somehow made the distance fair

The years may turn, the seasons fly
Old words may fade beneath the sky
Yet some small echoes will remain
Like silver traces after rain

And when the final pages close
And life takes roads nobody knows
What once was written, loved, and true
May keep a little light in you

She read the last line once

A soft smile touched her face.

Then she closed the diary.

Outside, Mumbai rested beneath a clear, rain-washed sky.

And somewhere beyond the night, three people continued living
their own hours.

Mehmal switched off the lamp.

The diary remained beside her laptop, holding eight lines she had
decided not to explain.

Only to remember

Unsaid August

Ashratulain Malik, known as Ain Malik in the literary world, is a writer from Mumbai, Maharashtra, with an endless love for novels and storytelling. A dreamer between pages, she collects little moments, quiet emotions, and untold stories, turning them into words that linger beyond the last line.

Ain Malik

Some souls do not enter our lives through footsteps.

They arrive like a quiet season, like a melody carried by the wind,
like a small ray of warmth finding its way into a heart that never
expected to hold such a precious feeling.

You are one of those rare souls.

Someone I have never met beneath the same sky, never walked
beside through ordinary days, never collected countless memories
with, yet somehow became a beautiful part of my own story.

Perhaps the heart has its own language.

A language that does not need closeness to exist.

A language that does not count oceans, countries, or miles.

Because some bonds are not created by years spent together.

They are created by care.

By the quiet comfort of knowing that somewhere in this enormous
world, there is someone whose smile matters to you.

My Nain,

Today is a page written only for you.

Not a page filled with ordinary wishes that disappear with time, but a little universe of affection, hopes, and unspoken words sent across every distance between us.

I hope life always meets you with gentleness.

I hope your dreams find skies wide enough to carry them.

I hope every difficult road becomes a story you will one day tell with pride.

To me, you will always remain my little one.

The child whose happiness feels precious.

The soul whose laughter feels worth protecting.

Some people become special not because of grand gestures, but because their existence itself brings a certain peace.

And you have always carried that rare softness.

The kind that never demands attention.

The kind that quietly finds a home in someone's heart.

I know the way you look towards your Baba, the respect and admiration you hold for him.

There is something beautiful about watching someone find strength in the person who guided them.



May you always carry the kindness, courage, and wisdom you
admire in him.

And perhaps that is why you hold such a special place in his heart
too.

Because some bonds between a father and his child are never
announced.

They are felt.

In silent pride.

In little moments.

In the way a father sees a part of himself living in his child.

But Nain, there is something I never want the world to
misunderstand.

You are not just someone I admire from a distance.

You are my little brother.

The kind of brother whose presence quietly became a comfort in my
life.

Maybe we were not given endless ordinary days together.

No childhood rooms filled with arguments and laughter.

No shared roads beneath the same sky.

No old photographs holding years of memories.

Yet somehow, my heart still found a place for you.

A place where you are not just someone I care about.

You are someone I have a right to care for.

A right to ask if you ate.

A right to know when you are tired.

A right to hear the little details of your day, even the ones you think are too small to mention.

Because sometimes, the smallest moments are the ones that make hearts feel closest.

I want to know your happiness before it becomes a story.

I want to know your sadness before it becomes silence.

I want you to share your victories, your worries, your random thoughts, your little frustrations, and those moments when you simply need someone to listen.

Not because I want to hold your world in my hands.

But because that is what sisters do.

They keep a quiet corner of their heart reserved for their brothers.

They worry without being asked.

They care without needing a reason.

And sometimes, they scold with love.

So yes, Nain, I want you to annoy me sometimes.

I want you to argue with me.

I want you to remind me when I am wrong.

I want you to be the person who says, "Stop overthinking, everything will be fine," when my own heart forgets how to calm itself.

Be my brother who protects me.

Be my friend who understands me.

Be that beautiful little chaos that makes ordinary days feel less ordinary.

Maybe we are two opposite worlds that somehow learned how to belong together.

One who worries too much.

One who pretends not to worry at all.

One who explains everything.

One who answers with a few words and somehow still says enough.

One who gets irritated.

One who smiles and makes the irritation disappear.

A bond where teasing hides affection, arguments hide attachment, and silence never truly means distance.

That is the kind of bond I wish for us.

Not a perfect one

A real one

The kind where you can always return.

The kind where neither of us has to face everything alone.

My Nain, never forget that somewhere in this world, you have a sister who wants to protect your smile.

A sister who celebrates your happiness as if it were her own.

A sister who worries about you even when you tell her not to.

A sister who will always see the little boy inside the person you are becoming.

You may grow taller.

You may grow older.

You may walk towards dreams bigger than anything we can imagine today.

But for me, you will always remain my bacha.

My little brother whose place in my heart was never measured by distance, but by love.

There is another name that lives gently inside the story of your life.

Haider Ali

A friend who was never just a friend.

A person who gave a simple nickname the warmth of an unforgettable bond.

Hassu

A small name carrying a world of memories.

Some people leave this world, but they never truly leave the hearts they touched.

They remain in laughter remembered after years.

They remain in stories repeated with a smile.

They remain in the names they lovingly gave us.

And perhaps somewhere in the quiet corners of your heart, Haider will always remain a beautiful reminder that you were valued, understood, and deeply cared for.

My Nain, as life takes you towards new roads, I hope you never lose the beautiful person you are.

Never let the world make your heart hard.

Never let struggles steal your kindness.

Never let disappointment silence the warmth you carry.

Because the world does not only need people who achieve great things.

It needs people who make others feel seen.

People who remember.

People who care.

People whose presence makes another person's world a little brighter.

If I could place a gift inside your hands, I would not choose something wrapped in paper.

I would give you mornings where hope finds you easily.

Nights where your heart feels peaceful.

Dreams that slowly turn into reality.

And a life where you always know that your existence is valued beyond words.

Somewhere beyond oceans and unseen distances, there is a person named Hasnain Ali Behrani.

A person who may never fully understand how much happiness his existence has brought into another heart.

But perhaps that is the magic of certain souls.

They never realize the light they carry.

They simply become a reason for someone else's world to glow.

So keep smiling, my Nain.

Keep growing.

Keep protecting the kindness inside you.

Keep becoming the beautiful story only you can write.

And whenever life feels heavy, remember:

There is a heart somewhere in this world that quietly wishes to see you happy.

Always

And on the 24th of August, the world gets a reason to celebrate the beautiful soul you are.

August turns another page of light for you
I tie one quiet wish where years pass through
May every road remember how to bloom
And leave its gentlest dawn behind for you

I hope a day comes when your kindness, your smile, and your story are known and cherished far beyond every place you have ever imagined.

For you, my little one.

For you, my Nain.

HINDI

वो पहली राखी (memoir)

Ekta Dwivedi is an educator, school owner, content creator, and a mother. She finds inspiration in the simple moments of everyday life, family bonds, traditions, and the beautiful memories that connect generations.

Ekta Dwivedi

रक्षाबंधन... भाई-बहनों के लिए शायद साल का सबसे खूबसूरत त्योहार है। यह सिर्फ कलाई पर बंधा एक धागा नहीं, बल्कि बचपन की उन अनगिनत यादों का हिस्सा है, जो समय के साथ धुंधली तो हो जाती हैं, लेकिन कभी खत्म नहीं होतीं।

मुझे आज भी अपनी पहली राखी याद है, जब मैं छह साल की थी। मेरा भाई मुझसे छह साल छोटा है, इसलिए वह पहला रक्षाबंधन था जब मैंने अपने भाई की कलाई पर राखी बाँधी थी।

वैसे ऐसा नहीं था कि छह साल तक हमने राखी नहीं बाँधी थी। मेरी छोटी बहन और मैं एक-दूसरे को राखी बाँधा करती थीं। लेकिन अपने छोटे भाई की कलाई पर पहली बार राखी बाँधने का एहसास ही कुछ अलग था।

उस समय रक्षाबंधन की तैयारियाँ भी कितनी मासूम और खूबसूरत हुआ करती थीं। मम्मी हम बहनों के हाथों में हरी-हरी चूड़ियाँ पहनातीं, पैरों में पायल पहनातीं, हाथों पर मेहंदी लगातीं और फिर हमारे लिए अच्छे से कपड़े निकालतीं। हम तैयार होकर नानी के घर के पास वाली उस छोटी-सी दुकान पर जाते, जहाँ मोहल्ले की एक आंटी राखियाँ लगाया करती थीं।

राखियों की उस छोटी-सी दुकान में जाने का अपना ही उत्साह था। रंग-बिरंगी राखियों को देखकर हम घंटों सोचते कि भाई के लिए कौन-सी राखी सबसे अच्छी रहेगी। उन दिनों गजरों वाली बड़ी-बड़ी राखियों का खूब चलन

था। किसी पर फूल लगे होते, किसी पर चमकते सितारे और किसी पर बड़े-बड़े अक्षरों में लिखा होता—“मेरे भैया”।

हमने भी अपने भाई के लिए ऐसी ही एक राखी चुनी थी।

आज सोचती हूँ तो लगता है, उस राखी की कीमत शायद बहुत कम रही होगी, लेकिन हमारे लिए उसकी कीमत अनमोल थी। क्योंकि वह सिर्फ एक राखी नहीं थी—वह हमारे भाई के साथ हमारे रिश्ते की पहली खूबसूरत याद थी।

समय बीतता गया। हम बड़े होते गए। हर साल राखी आती रही और हम उसी प्यार से अपने भाई की कलाई पर राखी बाँधते रहे। और हम दोनों बहनें आज भी एक-दूसरे को राखी बाँधती हैं। बचपन की वह छोटी-सी परंपरा आज भी हमारे साथ चली आ रही है।

बस फर्क इतना है कि अब हम सब बड़े हो गए हैं। अपनी-अपनी जिंदगी, अपने-अपने घर और परिवार की जिम्मेदारियों में व्यस्त हैं। पहले जहाँ राखी के दिन साथ बैठकर हँसी-मजाक होता था, अब कभी समय कम पड़ जाता है, कभी दूरियाँ आ जाती हैं।

लेकिन रक्षाबंधन की एक खूबसूरती यह है कि यह हमें फिर से जोड़ देता है।

यह त्योहार हमें याद दिलाता है कि जिंदगी चाहे हमें कितनी भी दूर ले जाए, बचपन के रिश्ते हमारे भीतर हमेशा वैसे ही बने रहते हैं। भाई-बहनों के बीच छोटी-

मोटी तकरारें हो सकती हैं, कभी नाराज़गी भी हो सकती है, लेकिन दिल के किसी कोने में एक-दूसरे के लिए वह बचपन वाला प्यार हमेशा बचा रहता है।



मेरी बस यही प्रार्थना है कि हमारी कलाई पर बंधी ये राखियाँ हमेशा हमारे रिश्तों को उसी प्यार से बाँधे रखें।

हम सब जहाँ भी रहें, जैसे भी रहें, रक्षाबंधन हमारे जीवन में हर साल वही बचपन वाली खुशी लेकर आए। हमारे बीच कभी कोई ऐसा मनमुटाव न हो जो रिश्तों से बड़ा हो जाए।

और जब भी राखी का त्योहार आए, तो हमारी कलाई पर बंधा वह छोटा-सा धागा हमें फिर से उसी बचपन में ले जाए—जहाँ हरी चूड़ियाँ थीं, पैरों में पायल की छन-छन थी, हाथों पर मेहंदी थी और एक छोटी-सी बच्ची अपने छोटे भाई के लिए बड़े प्यार से अपनी पहली राखी चुन रही थी।

शायद यही तो रक्षाबंधन की असली खूबसूरती है—
रिश्ते बदलते हैं, जिंदगी बदलती है, लेकिन राखी का धागा हमें बार-बार अपने बचपन और अपने अपनों तक वापस ले आता है।

काश मैं होता।

Jeetendra Saini

काश मैं कोई किताब होता,
तो तुम्हारी बाँहों में होता,
काश मैं अधूरी तुम्हारी कोई ख्वाहिश होता,
तो तुम्हारी नींदों में होता,
काश मैं कोई लफ़्ज़ होता,
तो तुम्हारी बातों में होता,
काश मैं आवाज़ होता,
तो तुम्हारी चूड़ियों की खन-खन,
और पायलों की छन-छन में होता,
काश मैं काजल,
बिंदी और गालों की लाली भी होता,
तो मैं तुम्हारे श्रृंगार में होता,
काश मैं सादगी होता,
तो मैं तुम्हारी आत्मा में बसता,
काश मैं तुम्हारा प्यार होता,
तो तुम्हारी हर दुआ में मेरा ज़िक्र होता,
काश मैं मुस्कान होता,



तो तुम्हारे चेहरे पर खिलखिलाता,
और अगर मैं दुःख होता,
तो तुम्हारी आँखों से बह जाता,
काश मैं होता.....

CORRECTION

मुझे खुद में ही

Vani

मुझे मेरी खामोशियों के साथ ही रहने दो,
इस वीरान दिल को अपना आशियाना ही रहने दो।
ज़िंदगी ने जो लिख दिया, अब वही फ़साना सही,
मेरे हिस्से की रातों को अब बेगाना ही रहने दो।

मेरे सीने में जो सन्नाटा बरसों से पल रहा है,
उसकी गूँज को मेरी आखिरी सदा रहने दो।
हर ख़्वाब के क़ब्र पर अब चरागा नहीं जलते,
उन बुझे निशानों को यूँ ही धुआँ रहने दो।

मैंने रिश्तों की रौनक को बहुत
है,

हर मुस्कुराते चेहरे के पीछे एक
सौदा ही देखा है।

जो कहते थे, "हम हर मोड़ पर
तुम्हारे हैं,"

वक्त बदला ... तो उन्हीं लोगों को
रास्ता बदलते देखा है।

अब न कोई शिकावा है, न कोई
गिला है,

बस कुछ बिखरे लम्हे हैं और यादों का सिलसिला है।

मैंने खुद को समेटकर जीना सीख लिया है,

अब मेरी तन्हाई ही मेरी सबसे सच्ची हमनशीं है।

जो चला गया, उसे रोकने की आरजू नहीं है,

जो मिला नहीं, उसका अब इंतज़ार भी नहीं है।

अब इतना ही काफ़ी है कि आईना झूठ नहीं बोलता मेरा,

बाकी दुनिया क्या समझे ... उससे मुझे कोई सरोकार भी नहीं है।

क़रीब से देखा



भावनाओं की रेशमी डोर-रक्षाबंधन

Bhavini Vipani Parekh

जब शब्द प्रेम को व्यक्त करने में असमर्थ हो जाते हैं,
तब एक छोटा-सा धागा
संपूर्ण जीवन का अर्थ कह देता है।

यह धागा केवल रेशम का नहीं,
विश्वास की अमिट पहचान है।
यह रिश्तों का मौन संगीत,
प्रेम का सबसे सुंदर विधान है।

इसी धागे में बसी हुई,
बचपन की हर मुस्कान है।
रूठना, मनाना, हँसते-हँसते रो पड़ना,
यही तो जीवन की सच्ची उड़ान है।



कल तक जो आँगन साथ सजा था,
आज राहें अपनी-अपनी हैं।
पर स्मृतियों की उस चौखट पर,

दोनों की धड़कन अब भी एक-सी है।

समय ने दूरी लिख तो दी,
पर अपनापन कहाँ मिटा पाया?
हर सावन ने चुपके से आकर,
बिछड़ा बचपन फिर लौटाया।

जब बहन राखी बाँधती है,
तो केवल धागा नहीं सजाती।
अपने हर आशीष, हर विश्वास को,
उस एक गाँठ में समर्पित कर जाती।

और भाई भी केवल इतना नहीं कहता-
"मैं हर संकट से तुम्हें बचाऊँगा ... "
वह मुस्कराकर यह वचन निभाता है-
"हर खुशी में साथ चलूँगा, हर दुःख में पहले मैं आऊँगा।"

यही तो इस पर्व की गरिमा है,
न कोई बंधन, न कोई अधिकार।
बस निस्वार्थ प्रेम की वह ज्योति,
जो करती है हर रिश्ता साकार।

राखियाँ हर वर्ष बदली जाती हैं ...
पर उनमें बँधे वचन कभी नहीं बदलते।
क्योंकि धागे कलाई पर बँधते हैं,
और रिश्ते .. आत्मा पर।

CORRECTION

जीवनाचा रस्ता

Shubham Shete

मी पाहतोय चित्र आजच्या जगाचे

धावपळीचे आणि कष्टाचे

इथे तिथे सर्वभूती विकृती

सरफिर्या विकृते सैतानांचे

मुलगा दिसतोय एक गोड

भविष्याची घेऊन जोड

उतरलाय स्पर्धेत लाखोंच्या

यशाची त्याला ओढ



शेजारून जात आहे एक कॉलेजकुमार

मनात त्याचा विचार अपरंपार

येथील सर्व संकटे

पण मागे नाही हटणार

कोपन्यात् उभा आहे एक नोकरदार

शब्दांचे झेलून वार

विचार करत बसलाय

या महिन्याचा पगार कधी येणार

वृद्ध बोलतोय काहीतरी बाकावर बसता बसता

घेऊन मनात देवाची आस्था

कितीही मित्र जोडले तरी

एकटेच चालायचा आहे जीवनाचा रस्ता

CORRECTION

प्रश्न 'एका वेड्याचा'

Shubham Shete

रहदारीच्या जन पक्षात

उभारती एक उमदा तरुण

पाहतो आकाशी

तहानभूक हरून

शेजारी एक मंदिर

भक्तांची नित्य गर्दी

अरे हा तर वेडा आहे"

पोहोचली कानोकानी वर्दी

ना भिक मागतो

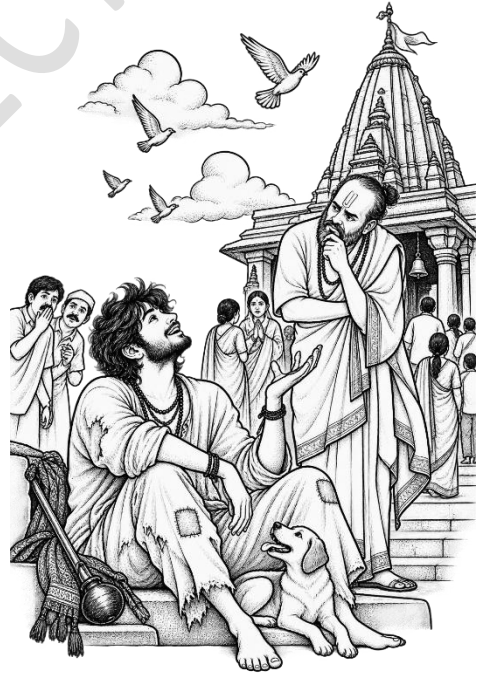
ना देतो त्रास

आकाशाशी बोलतो

भांडतो त्याच्याशी हमखास

एक दिवशी पुजारी विचारे

तू आकाशी बोलतो कुणाशी



आता तरी जा

आई वाट बघतेय घराशी

तो म्हणाला, माझी प्रिय आहे तेथे

आम्ही थाटला संसार

पुजाऱ्याला कळले आता

हा तर झाला वेडा नुसता ठार

उत्तरला तरुण पुजाऱ्याला

तुम्ही पुजता ज्या देवाला

कधी, कुठे, कोणी पाहिला?

सांगा वेडे म्हणावे कोणाला?

Uske Baad

I am an aspiring poet from India who finds meaning in ordinary moments and quiet emotions. My writing explores love, longing, silence, and the feelings that often remain unspoken. Through simple, heartfelt language, I hope to create poems that readers can see themselves in.

Amit kumar

सोचो अगर वो यूँ ही सामने आ जाए,
एक दफ़ा हल्का सा मुस्कुरा जाए,
न जाने कितनी नज़रें उस पर ठहर जाएँ,
कितने दिल उसके नाम हो जाएँ...

ये हवाएँ भी शायद उसका रास्ता पूछने लगें,
और चाँद भी उसे देखकर थोड़ा देर से निकले...

मैंने जब से उसे देखा है...
तब से दुनिया वही है,
बस हर खूबसूरती उसके बाद,
खूबसूरत सी नहीं लगती।

रक्षाबंधन ।

Himanshu D Shah

जितने भी रिश्ते-नाते बने, कम हैं

रिश्तों से ही तो ज़िंदगी में दम है

भाई, रक्षा के कवच में सुरक्षित होता है

सलाखों से भी मज़बूत धागा इसका होता है

राखी कोई धागा नहीं

जिसकी बहना न हो, उसके जैसा कोई अभागा नहीं

इतिहास गवाह है इनके प्यार का

महारानी कर्णावती और हुमायूं पर ऐतबार का

मेरी अंतिम सांस तक मैं बहना की रक्षा करूंगा

खुद की जान से ज़्यादा उसकी परवाह करूंगा

भाई भी करता है रब से ये फरमाइश

मेरी बहना की पूरी हो हर ख्वाहिश

दूर-दूर जब दोनों होते हैं

किस्मत को वे कोसते हैं

लहू के रिश्ते बनते हैं, वो अच्छी बात है

मगर कुछ लोग ये रिश्ते भी बनाते हैं, ये सच्ची बात है

अटूट प्यार का बंधन है ये

बहन का भाई पर यकीन है ये

CORRECTION

राखी : जब धागा प्रार्थना बन जाता है!

कृष्ण पाल

कहा जाता है,
राखी एक धागा है।
पर जिसने
बहन की आँखों में
अपने भाई के लिए
निःशब्द उतरती प्रार्थनाएँ देखी हों,
वह जानता है-
धागे कभी इतने पवित्र नहीं होते।
राखी तो वह क्षण है
जब समय
अपने सारे हिसाब भूलकर
बचपन की चौखट पर लौट आता है।
जहाँ मिट्टी से सने पाँव,
आम की डाल पर झूलते मौसम,
बरसात की पहली बूँदें,
और एक रोटी को
आधे-आधे हिस्सों में बाँट देने वाला स्नेह



आज भी साँस लेता है।
बहन जब रोली से
भाई का मस्तक सजाती है,
वह केवल तिलक नहीं करती—
वह उसके संघर्षों पर
अपने विश्वास का दीप जला देती है।
और भाई...
वह केवल यह नहीं कहता
कि "मैं तुम्हारी रक्षा करूँगा।"
वह यह भी कहता है-
जब दुनिया
तुम्हारी आवाज़ को अनसुना करेगी,
मैं तुम्हारे साथ खड़ा रहूँगा।
जब तुम्हारे सपनों पर
संशय की धूल जमेगी,
मैं विश्वास बनकर
उन्हें फिर चमका दूँगा।
जब जीवन
तुम्हें रुलाने की ज़िद करेगा,
मैं तुम्हारी मुस्कान का कारण बनूँगा।

यही तो है
राखी का सबसे बड़ा अर्थ-
रक्षा केवल शरीर की नहीं,
सम्मान की हो।
सपनों की हो।
आत्मविश्वास की हो।
और उस प्रेम की हो
जो किसी शर्त का मोहताज नहीं।
वर्षों बाद,
जब बालों में चाँदी उतर आएगी,
जब आँगन स्मृतियों में बदल जाएगा,
तब भी कलाई पर बँधा एक धागा
धीरे से याद दिलाएगा-
राखी धागे का उत्सव नहीं,
विश्वास का व्रत है।
जहाँ प्रेम निःस्वार्थ हो,
वहीं रक्षाबंधन
हर दिन जन्म लेता है।

राखी का आखिरी धागा

Aarav

हर साल राखी आती है,
हर आँगन फिर मुस्काता है,
माँ की आँखों में सपनों का,
एक दीप नया जल जाता है।
बहन थाली फिर सजाती है,
रोली, चावल, दीप जलाती है,
मुस्काकर भाई की कलाई पर,
दुआओं का धागा बाँध जाती है।
लोग कहते हैं,
राखी बस एक त्योहार है,
मैं कहता हूँ—
ये तो माँ की मन्त्रों का संसार है।
धागा कच्चा होता होगा,
पर रिश्ता कभी नहीं टूटता,
दूरी चाहे कितनी भी हो,
ये बंधन कभी नहीं छूटता।
जब भाई हँसकर कहता है—



"मैं हूँ ना..."

तब बहन की हर चिंता

चुपके से सो जाती है वहाँ।

न उसे सोने के कंगन चाहिए,

न चाँदी का कोई हार,

उसे बस इतना चाहिए—

मुसीबत में उसका भाई रहे तैयार।

और भाई भी कहाँ

हर बार शब्दों में प्यार जताता है,

कभी अपनी नींद बेच देता है,

कभी अपने सपनों को छुपाता है।

बहन की एक मुस्कान के लिए,

वो हर दर्द सह लेता है,

दुनिया चाहे जो कहे,

वो उसका सबसे पहला दोस्त रहता है।

वक्त बदल जाता है,

शहर बदल जाते हैं,

रास्ते भी अनजान हो जाते हैं,

पर राखी का वो धागा

हर साल ये याद दिलाता है—

कि कुछ रिश्ते
खून से नहीं,
दुआओं से जिए जाते हैं।
जिस दिन बहन की कलाई सूनी हो,
उस दिन त्योहार भी अधूरा लगता है,
और जिस घर में भाई की हँसी गूँजे,
वहीं सच में सावन उतरता है।
राखी का धागा
सिर्फ कलाई पर नहीं बँधता,
ये बचपन, भरोसा, यादें
और उम्रभर का साथ बाँधता है।
क्योंकि...
रिश्ते शब्दों से नहीं निभते,
विश्वास से निभाए जाते हैं।
और राखी के धागे,
सिर्फ बाँधे नहीं जाते...
ज़िंदगी भर दिल में बसाए जाते हैं। ❤️

ज़िंदगी...

Shravani

ज़िंदगी ने हर मोड़ पर कुछ छीन लिया,
और हर दर्द ने मुझे थोड़ा मज़बूत कर दिया।

जो अपने थे, वही कभी अजनबी बन गए,
जिन सपनों को सींचा था, वो अधूरे रह गए।

मुस्कुराना अब भी सीख लिया है मैंने,
पर हर मुस्कान के पीछे एक ख़ामोशी रहती है।

किस्मत से शिकायत अब नहीं करता,
क्योंकि हर गिरना मुझे संभलना सिखा गया।

शायद यही ज़िंदगी है—

कुछ खोकर, कुछ पाकर आगे बढ़ जाना,
आँखों में आँसू हों फिर भी,
दिल में उम्मीद का एक दीप जलाए रखना।



भाई बहन का बंधन

जयेश मेहता

भाई बहन का रिश्ता एक अलग किस्म का होता है,
चाहे वो खून का हो या मन का प्यार पुरा होता है;
लड़ाई - झगड़ा करना इस रिश्ते में स्वाभाविक होता है,
खुद ही लड़ाई करके खुद ही रोना होता है..

लड़ाई कितनी भी हो जाये फिर भी भाई के काम तो करेगी,
गुस्सा भी करेगी लेकिन Support भी
तो करेगी;
गलतियों पर डाँटेगी, कभी कभी
टोकेगी,
लेकिन ज़िंदगी के हर मौके पर
भाई के साथ रहेगी...



पहली मित्र भाई की और उसकी गलतियाँ भी छुपाती है,
मदत भी कर देगी लेकिन Blackmail भी करती है;
इस बंधन को निभाने का आज त्योहार है राखी का,
हम सब भाइयों की यह जिम्मेदारी है इस रिश्ते को निभाने का...

राखी का सबसे अनमोल धागा

MOHD NASIM

राखी डायरीज़

राखी का सबसे अनमोल धागा

"कुछ रिश्ते जन्म से मिलते हैं... और कुछ रिश्ते ईश्वर हमें इसलिए देता है, ताकि हमें यक़ीन रहे कि इस दुनिया में अपनापन अभी भी ज़िंदा है।"

रक्षाबंधन की सुबह थी।

खिड़की से आती सुनहरी धूप कमरे के फर्श पर धीरे-धीरे फैल रही थी। बाहर बच्चों की हँसी, राखी बेचने वालों की आवाज़ें और मिठाइयों की खुशबू पूरे माहौल को त्योहार बना रही थीं।

मैं अपनी मेज़ पर बैठा था।

सामने एक डायरी खुली थी...

और उसके बगल में एक खाली कप, जिसमें चाय कब की ठंडी हो चुकी थी।

मेरी नज़र बार-बार अपनी कलाई पर जा रही थी।

इस बार उस पर कोई राखी नहीं बँधी थी...

लेकिन न जाने क्यों...

दिल बिल्कुल खाली भी नहीं था।



इतने में मोबाइल की स्क्रीन रोशन हुई।

पहला संदेश आया—

"भैया... नाश्ता किए बिना घर से मत निकलना।"

कुछ ही सेकंड बाद दूसरा—

"आज काम थोड़ा कम करना... त्योहार है।"

तीसरा—

"हमेशा ऐसे ही मुस्कुराते रहना।"

और फिर चौथा...

"राखी मुबारक, भैया। अपना खयाल हमेशा रखना।"

मैंने चारों संदेश दोबारा पढ़े...

फिर तीसरी बार...

फिर चौथी बार।

पता ही नहीं चला...

कब होंठों पर मुस्कान आ गई...

और आँखों में हल्की-सी नमी उतर आई।

मैंने धीरे से अपनी कलाई को छुआ।

उस पर कोई धागा नहीं था...

लेकिन ऐसा लग रहा था...

जैसे विश्वास की चार राखियाँ पहले से बँधी हों।

मैंने आँखें बंद कीं...

और एक-एक चेहरा सामने आने लगा।

किसी ने मुश्किल समय में बिना शर्त मेरा साथ दिया...

किसी ने मेरे सपनों पर मुझसे ज़्यादा भरोसा किया...

किसी ने बिना पूछे मदद का हाथ बढ़ाया...

और किसी ने सिर्फ़ इतना पूछ लिया—

"भैया... आप ठीक हैं ना?"

उस दिन मुझे एहसास हुआ...

राखी रेशम का धागा नहीं है।

राखी...

किसी बहन की दुआ है...

जो दूर रहकर भी आपके साथ चलती है।

राखी...

वो भरोसा है...

जो कहता है—

"अगर पूरी दुनिया तुम्हारे खिलाफ़ हो जाए... तो भी तुम अकेले नहीं हो।"

मैंने अपनी डायरी खोली...

और उस दिन सिर्फ़ एक पन्ना लिखा।

उस पन्ने पर कोई कहानी नहीं थी...

कोई कविता नहीं थी...

बस कुछ नाम थे...

और हर नाम के सामने एक एहसास।

Aasu — जिसने हर मुश्किल में मुझे हिम्मत दी।

Naazu — जिसने मुझे याद दिलाया कि सपने बीच रास्ते में नहीं छोड़े जाते।

Saidu Aapa — जिन्होंने रिश्तों को शब्दों से नहीं, अपने व्यवहार से निभाया।

Jannu — जिसकी एक मुस्कान कई उदास दिनों को हल्का कर देती थी।

Koshu — जिसने सिखाया कि हालात चाहे जैसे हों, सीखना और आगे बढ़ना कभी नहीं रुकना चाहिए।

मैंने उन नामों के नीचे एक आखिरी पंक्ति लिखी—

"मेरी ज़िंदगी की सबसे बड़ी कमाई पैसा नहीं... बल्कि ऐसे रिश्ते हैं, जिन्हें पाने के लिए मैंने कभी ईश्वर से माँगा भी नहीं था।"

डायरी बंद करते समय...

मैंने आसमान की तरफ़ देखा।

मन ही मन एक छोटी-सी प्रार्थना की—

"हे ईश्वर... अगर अगले जन्म में मुझे फिर से रिश्ते चुनने का अवसर मिले... तो मैं कुछ भी नया नहीं माँगूँगा। बस इन्हीं लोगों को फिर से मेरी ज़िंदगी में भेज देना। क्योंकि हर इंसान को भाई बनने का सौभाग्य नहीं मिलता... और हर भाई को इतनी प्यारी बहनें नहीं मिलतीं।"

बाहर राखियों का त्योहार मनाया जा रहा था...

और मेरे भीतर...

रिश्तों का।

उस दिन मैंने समझा...

राखी कलाई पर एक दिन के लिए बँधती है...

लेकिन बहन का विश्वास पूरी ज़िंदगी के लिए।

CORRECTION

क्या यही रक्षाबंधन है?

Shanidev Tiwari is a final-year B.Sc. student with a deep passion for Hindi literature. Alongside his academic journey, he writes songs, poems, and articles that reflect social issues, human emotions, and cultural values. Hailing from Rewa district, Madhya Pradesh, a land known for its rich heritage and legendary personalities, he believes that words have the power to inspire, awaken, and bring positive change in society.

Shanidev Tiwari

क्या यही रक्षाबंधन है?

आज कुछ लड़के छुपते फिरते हैं,

कि कहीं कोई लड़की उन्हें भाई न बना दे।

हँसकर कहते हैं- "भाई नहीं बनना",

क्या यही आज की मर्दानगी है?

हर लड़की में सिर्फ माशूका ढूँढना,

हर रिश्ते को मोहब्बत से तौलना।

बहन का पवित्र रिश्ता भूल जाना,

क्या यही आधुनिक सोच है?

अच्छा लड़का कहलाने से लोग डरते हैं,

"बैड बॉय" बनना जैसे शान हो गया।

चरित्र पीछे छूट गया,



दिखावा ही सम्मान हो गया।

फिर हर दूसरे दिन किसी बहन की इज़्ज़त लुटती है,

किसी बेटी की चीख़ अख़बार बन जाती है।

और हम कलाई पर राखी बाँधकर कहते हैं-

"रक्षाबंधन मुबारक!"

मगर ज़रा दिल पर हाथ रखकर बताओ,

क्या सच में यही रक्षाबंधन है?

रक्षाबंधन धागे का त्योहार नहीं,

हर बहन के सम्मान का वचन है।

जिस दिन हर स्त्री को सुरक्षित नज़र मिलेगी,

उसी दिन यह पर्व सफल होगा।

क्योंकि ...

राखी कलाई पर नहीं,

सोच पर बाँधी जाती है।

जिस दिन हर लड़की में

माँ, बहन और बेटी का सम्मान दिखेगा,

उसी दिन सच्चा रक्षाबंधन मनाया जाएगा।

Dhage ka nahi dil ka rishta

Shiva Trivedi weaves heartfelt emotions into captivating poetry. Guided by a deep appreciation for meaningful relationships, her writing focuses on warmth, trust, and the quiet strength found in love and companionship.

Shiva Trivedi

खुश नसीब होती हे वह बहने
जिनके सिर पर भाई का हाथ होता हे
हर मुश्किल खुद ही हार मान लेती हे उनके सामने
जिनके नसीब में भाई का साथ होता हे
जब साथ खड़ा हो भाई
तो हर रास्ता आसान लगता हे
दुनिया चाहे लाख सवाल करे
पर भाई का भरोसा खास होता हे
जिन्दगी में मुश्किले आए या तूफान
भाई ढाल बनकर खड़ा होता हे
हर आंसू मुस्कान में बदल जाता हे
जब साथ साया भाई का पता हे
गिर कर उठना भी आसान लगता हे
जब भाई का भरोसा साथ होता हे
जिन्दगी के हर मोड़ पर
बहन के लिए भाई हमेशा तैयार होता हे
वक्त चाहे कितना भी बदल जाए
भाई बहन का प्यार अमर होता है
सिर्फ धागे का नहीं
भाई बहन का ये रिश्ता दिल का होता हे



खुशनसीब होती है वो बहने
जिनके सर पर भाई का हाथ होता है

CORRECTION

खयाली मुलाकात

Juee Khedekar

आज एक बात लिखूँगी..
तेरी मेरी एक खयाली मुलाकात लिखूँगी..
लम्हे याद मैं करती हूँ हमारे,
तेरे साथ बीती हुई एक खयाली बरसात लिखूँगी..
दुनिया ये कहती है,
यादों में पागल होती हूँ तुम्हारे,
उसी याद में रोई हुई हर एक रात लिखूँगी..
दिल की बातें बयाँ करती हूँ शब्दों के सहारे,
जो लफ़्ज़ों से ना बयाँ कर पाई, वो हर एक जज़्बात लिखूँगी..
आज यूँ ही सोच लिया..
बीते पलों को याद करती हूँ हमारे,
उसी बहाने,
तेरा मेरा वो गुज़रा साथ लिखूँगी..
तेरी मेरी एक खयाली मुलाकात लिखूँगी...



रक्षा का रिश्ता - रक्षाबंधन

Agrima Mishra

बहन की रक्षा करता भाई उसके लिए करता हर किसी से लड़ाई ,
भले ही अपनी जान जाए फिर भी बहन के ऊपर एक आंच न आने देता
भाई,
ऊपरवाला भी करता है इस रिश्ते की वाहवाही
भले ही कुछ भी हो जाए मेरे लिए तू सबसे खास है मेरे भाई..

राखी : भाई बहन का त्यौहार

सुमी जैन 'संयमी'

राखी

यह एक मात्र डोर नहीं है

बल्कि वादा है रिश्तो को निभाने का

जिंदगी भर साथ अपनाने का

ये मात्र एक धागा नहीं है

बल्कि बहन के चेहरे का गरूर है

भाई के द्वारा बहन को दिया गया नूर है

राखी अर्थात् रक्षाबंधन

भाई बहन की रक्षा के सूत्र का बंधन कर लेता है

अपनी बहन की पीड़ाओं और तकलीफों को चुटकियों में हर

लेता है

राखी पर्व है

भगिनी अग्रज अनुज के प्रियतम व्यवहार का

माता-पिता के असीम उपहार का

कलाई पर एक धागा को बाँध देने का

बदले में जिंदगी भर की सुरक्षा का हक माँग लेने का!

राखी त्यौहार है

जीवन को नई दिशा, नई उड़ान दिलाने का
भाई बहन के प्रेम में उत्साह का दीपक जलाने का॥

CORRECTION

मेरा भाई

Anshika kumari

मेरा एक भाई,
जो हर पल मेरा सहारा था।
कभी दोस्त बनकर हँसाता,
कभी पिता-सा दुलार देता था।

जब आँखों में आँसू आते,
वह मुस्कान बनकर मिल जाता।
अपने हिस्से की खुशियाँ देकर,
मेरा हर दर्द चुरा ले जाता।

मेरे हर छोटे-बड़े सपने में,
उसका ही साथ नज़र आता है।
भाई सिर्फ़ एक रिश्ता नहीं,
मेरे जीवन का सबसे खूबसूरत एहसास है।



A quiet light of bond

हम एक जैसे हैं, फिर भी थोड़े अलग; कोई हमें माँ की परछाई कहता है, तो कोई पिता की, लेकिन हम एक जैसे हैं क्योंकि हम भाई-बहन हैं। कोई हमें एक ही कागज़ के शब्द कहता है, तो कोई एक ही माँ की संतान; पर हम एक जैसे हैं क्योंकि हम भाई-बहन हैं। हम लड़ते हैं, रोते हैं, हँसते हैं और गुस्सा भी करते हैं, लेकिन हम एक हो जाते हैं क्योंकि हमारा बचपन आपस में जुड़ा है।

Bhoomika dixit

एक ही आँगन की धूप थे हम,
एक ही छत की शाम।
एक ने सपनों को पंख दिए,
एक ने थामा हर अंजाम।

कभी बातों से ज़्यादा चुपियाँ बोलीं,
कभी आँखों ने खत लिखे।
दुनिया ने रिश्तों को तौला होगा,
हमने तो बस अपनेपन के पल जिए।

तू मेरी जीत का शोर नहीं,
मेरे हौसले की खामोश वजह है।
मैं तेरी राह का दीप नहीं,
तेरी उम्मीद की सदा हूँ।



समय ने कितने मोड़ दिए,
रास्तों ने दूरियाँ भी लिखीं।
पर यादों की हथेली पर आज भी
हमारे बचपन की हँसी ठहरी हुई है।

न कोई वादा, न कोई शर्त,
फिर भी साथ उम्र भर का।
यही तो भाई-बहन का रिश्ता है—
जहाँ प्रेम बोलता कम है,
मगर हर धड़कन में सुनाई देता है।

अगर कभी ज़िंदगी थक जाए,
तो बस इतना याद रखना—
घर की सबसे सच्ची दुआ
अक्सर भाई या बहन के दिल से निकलती है।

रिश्तों की अनमोल डोर

रोहित महाजन | 🖋️ दिल से लिखता हूँ 💖 | भावनाओं को शब्दों में पिरोता हूँ 🌸 | यादें, रिश्ते और ज़िंदगी के एहसास मेरी कविताओं की पहचान हैं ✨

Rohit Mahajan

रिश्ता है वो अनमोल,
जिसे बाँधे कच्चे धागे की डोर।
सारे रिश्ते एक तरह,
और भाई-बहन का एक और।
जिनके होने से घर में गूँजता है एक प्यारा-सा शोर,
एक दिन चली जाती है वो ससुराल की ओर।
बचपन का वो संग,
कुछ दूरी, कुछ मजबूरी से हो जाता है कुछ और।
फ़िर भी अटूट है दिल के रिश्ते की ये डोर।
बहन का प्यार और आशीर्वाद
ले जाता है भाई को तरक्की
की ओर।
दुआ है रब से,
इस रिश्ते की डोर कभी न हो
कमज़ोर।



अनकहे धागे: एक बहन का दर्द

Anumahi

सावन की फुहारें, हाथों में रंग-बिरंगी राखियाँ और मन में ढेर सारी उम्मीदें—रक्षाबंधन का दिन हर बहन के लिए खास होता है। यह सिर्फ एक धागा नहीं, बल्कि भाई के प्रति बहन का अटूट विश्वास और सुरक्षा का वादा होता है। लेकिन, क्या हर साल यह त्योहार वैसा ही रहता है जैसा हम बचपन में देखते थे? क्या रिश्तों के बदलते समीकरणों में भाई-बहन के इस पवित्र बंधन पर भी असर पड़ता है? यह कहानी एक ऐसी ही बहन की है, जो हर साल अपने मायके के दरवाज़े पर उस उम्मीद के साथ खड़ी होती है, जिसे शायद अब उसके भाई समझ नहीं पा रहे।

अंजली के लिए रक्षाबंधन का मतलब केवल उपहार नहीं, बल्कि एक दिन का वह सुकून था, जो उसे अपने बचपन के घर में मिलता था। पिता के घर की चौखट पर कदम रखते ही उसे वह बचपन याद आ जाता, जहाँ भाई के साथ खेलौनों के लिए झगड़ा होता था। लेकिन पिछले कुछ सालों से सब कुछ बदल गया है। उसके भाई अब व्यस्त हैं—उनकी अपनी दुनिया है, उनकी अपनी प्राथमिकताएँ हैं।

सबसे बड़ी कड़वाहट तब शुरू होती है, जब घर में भाभी का आगमन होता है। एक स्त्री के रूप में भाभी का घर में आना खुशी का सबब होना चाहिए था, लेकिन अक्सर यह देखा गया है कि भाई-बहन के उस पुराने और पवित्र रिश्ते के बीच भाभी का प्यार इतना गहरा होता चला जाता है कि भाई अपनी उस जिम्मेदारी को भूल जाते हैं, जो उन्होंने बचपन में अपनी बहन के लिए महसूस की थी।

अंजली को याद है, कैसे पिछले कई सालों से उसे अपने ही घर में एक मेहमान की तरह महसूस कराया जाता है। वह मायके पहुँचती है, तो देखती है कि उसके भाई अपनी पत्नी के साथ कहीं बाहर जाने की तैयारी में हैं या घर के काम में इतने उलझे हैं कि बहन की राखी के लिए समय ही नहीं है।

“बहन तो अपनी ही है, कभी भी राखी बंधवा लेंगे,” यह सोचकर वे अपनी उस जिम्मेदारी को टाल देते हैं। लेकिन क्या वे यह समझ पाते हैं कि वह एक दिन साल भर का इंतजार होता है? उस एक दिन के लिए वह बहन न जाने कितने अरमान सजाकर आती है।

कभी-कभी तो स्थिति और भी चुनौतीपूर्ण हो जाती है। जब भाभी को यह लगने लगता है कि उनके पति अपनी बहन को ज्यादा समय दे या राखी के अवसर पर उसे विशेष उपहार दें, तो वह प्रत्यक्ष या अप्रत्यक्ष रूप से भाई-बहन की दूरी का कारण बन जाती हैं। अंजली ने कई बार देखा है कि उसकी भाभी अपनी ननद के आने पर असहज हो जाती हैं। बातचीत में वह अपनापन नहीं रहता। भाई भी अपनी पत्नी को खुश रखने के चक्कर में अनजाने में अपनी बहन को नज़रअंदाज़ करने लगते हैं।

अंजली के मन में एक ही सवाल कौंधता है—क्या शादी के बाद भाई के लिए बहन का महत्व सिर्फ एक रिश्तेदार जैसा रह जाता है? क्या वह बचपन के वादे, वो साथ मिलकर बिताई हुई हँसी-खुशी, वो रक्षा के संकल्प सब कुछ एक पत्नी के आ जाने के बाद धुंधले पड़ जाते हैं?

एक बार, रक्षाबंधन के दिन जब अंजली मायके पहुँची, तो उसने देखा कि घर का माहौल बहुत तनावपूर्ण है। भाई के चेहरे पर वह चमक नहीं थी जो हमेशा होती थी। पूछने पर पता चला कि सुबह ही किसी छोटी सी बात पर भाभी और भाई में बहस हो गई थी। उस दिन अंजली ने देखा कि उसका भाई अपनी ही बहन की कलाई पर राखी बंधवाने में झिझक रहा था। उस पल अंजली की आँखों में आँसू थे। उसने सोचा, “क्या मेरा भाई अब इतना बेबस है कि वह अपनी बहन के साथ दो पल शांति से नहीं बैठ सकता?”

उस दिन उसे एहसास हुआ कि शायद भाभी की गलती पूरी तरह से नहीं होती। हो सकता है उन्होंने अपने मायके में ऐसा ही माहौल देखा हो, जहाँ रिश्तों की अहमियत अलग हो। लेकिन भाइयों को तो थोड़ी बुद्धि होनी चाहिए। उन्हें यह समझना चाहिए कि वे अपनी बहन को खो रहे हैं। एक बहन कभी भी अपने भाई के सुख में बाधक नहीं बनना चाहती, वह तो बस अपना अधिकार चाहती है—वही पुराना प्यार, वही सम्मान।

अंजली अकेली नहीं है। ऐसी न जाने कितनी बहनें हैं जो हर साल इसी कश्मकश से गुजरती हैं। वे अपना दर्द किसी को बता नहीं पातीं। वे चुपचाप घर लौट आती हैं, एक अधूरी राखी के साथ, एक अधूरे वादे के साथ। उनके मन में यह कसक हमेशा रहती है कि जिसे उन्होंने अपना रक्षक माना था, वह खुद आज किसी और के प्रभाव में अपनी बहन की अहमियत को भूल गया है।

भाई का फर्ज सिर्फ उपहार देना या साल में एक बार मिल लेना नहीं है। भाई का फर्ज अपनी बहन के मान-सम्मान की रक्षा करना और उसे यह महसूस कराना है कि चाहे दुनिया में कुछ भी बदल जाए, उसका भाई उसके लिए हमेशा मौजूद है। रक्षाबंधन के दिन अपनी जिम्मेदारियों को भूल जाना, अपनी बहन को इंतज़ार करवाना या अपनी पत्नी की छोटी सोच के आगे झुक जाना, एक भाई के चरित्र पर सवालिया निशान खड़ा करता है।

ज़िंदगी की भागदौड़ में हम अक्सर वो चीज़ें खो देते हैं जो अनमोल हैं। भाई-बहन का रिश्ता निस्वार्थ होता है। इसमें लेन-देन का हिसाब नहीं होता। लेकिन जब इस रिश्ते में “अहंकार” और “प्राथमिकता” का मुद्दा आ जाता है, तो इसकी पवित्रता खोने लगती है। भाइयों को यह समझना होगा कि पत्नी का स्थान अपनी जगह है और बहन का अपनी। दोनों का प्यार अलग-अलग है और दोनों की अपनी-अपनी जगह है।

अंजली आज भी हर साल उम्मीद करती है कि इस बार सब कुछ ठीक होगा। वह उम्मीद करती है कि उसका भाई उसे फिर से उसी प्यार के साथ गले लगाएगा और कहेगा, “मेरी प्यारी बहन, मैं तेरे लिए हमेशा खड़ा हूँ।” यह उम्मीद ही उसे ज़िंदा रखती है। भले ही वह हर बार मायके से मायूस होकर लौटती हो, लेकिन उसके अंदर की बहन आज भी हार नहीं मानती।

अंत में, यह कहानी बस एक बहन की दास्तान नहीं, बल्कि एक चेतावनी भी है—उन भाइयों के लिए जो अपने सुखद दांपत्य जीवन के नशे में अपने खून के रिश्तों को भूल रहे हैं। अपनी ज़िंदगीसंगिनी को प्यार दें, लेकिन अपनी बहन का हाथ छोड़कर नहीं। रिश्तों को सहेजना ही सबसे बड़ी कला है। और जो भाई इस कला में माहिर है, वही सही मायने में भाग्यशाली है।

सावन बीत जाएगा, राखियाँ भी पुरानी पड़ जाएँगी, लेकिन वह दर्द और वह उम्मीद बनी रहेगी। शायद एक दिन भाइयों को यह समझ आ जाए कि बहन की राखी सिर्फ धागा नहीं, उसकी गौरव है। और इसे संभालकर रखना हर भाई का पहला कर्तव्य है।

CORRECTION

"भाई का प्यार "

Shazianizam , कानपुर उत्तर प्रदेश, विभिन्न पत्र-पत्रिकाओं में रचनाएँ प्रकाशित हुई, हिन्दी प्रेमी, साहित्य प्रेमी, लेखन पाठन में रुचि।

Shazia nizam

हर भाई अपने बहन की जान होते हैं
अपने घर के दोनों ही पहचान होते हैं,
बचपन में आपस में लड़ते झगड़ते है मगर
दोनों सदा एक दूसरे की जान होते हैं।
घर आँगन में खेलते कितने अच्छे लगते हैं
भाई बहन हर घर की शान होते हैं,
हार जाती है बहन गेंद बल्ला में जानबुझ कर
भाई की खुशी के लिए जान भी कुर्बान होता है।
रक्षा बंधन का पर्व में हर भाई संकल्प ले
बहन की तरह हर लड़की का सम्मान करे,

हर भाई अपना व्यक्तित्व ऐसा
बनाये कि

कोई लड़की उनसे डर कर
रास्ता न बदले।

किसी भी सार्वजनिक स्थान
पर खुद को

महफूज़ समझे, डरे नहीं।

इस रक्षा बंधन एक प्रण लीजिए कि

सभी का सम्मान करेंगे।



OTHER

ராக்கியின் அர்த்தம்

புஷ்பராஜ் கந்தசாமி

அனிதா ஒவ்வொரு ஆண்டும் ராக்கி நாளில் தன் அண்ணன் அருணின் கையில் ராக்கி கட்டுவாள். ஆனால் இந்த ஆண்டு அருண் எல்லைப் பாதுகாப்புப் பணியில் இருந்ததால் வீட்டிற்கு வர முடியவில்லை.

ராக்கி நாள் காலையில் அனிதா அமைதியாக அமர்ந்து ராக்கியைப் பார்த்துக்

கொண்டிருந்தாள்.

அம்மா மெதுவாக,

“இந்த வருடம்

ராக்கி கட்ட

முடியலையே...”

என்றார்.

அனிதா புன்னகைத்தாள்.

“அண்ணன் எங்கே இருந்தாலும் என் அன்பு அவரை அடையும்,” என்று சொல்லி, ஒரு கடிதத்துடன் ராக்கியைப் பாரசல் செய்தாள்.

சில நாட்களுக்குப் பிறகு அருணிமிருந்து ஒரு வீடியோ அழைப்பு வந்தது. அவரது கையில் அனிதா அனுப்பிய ராக்கி கட்டப்பட்டிருந்தது.

“இந்த ராக்கி எனக்கு ஒரு கயிறு இல்லை, என்



தங்கையின் நம்பிக்கையும் அன்பும்,” என்றார் அருண்.

அந்த நேரத்தில் எல்லைப் பகுதியில் திடீரென அவசர அழைப்பு வந்தது. செல்லும் முன் அருண் சிரித்தபடி, “நீ கட்டிய ராக்கி என்னை எப்போதும் தைரியமாக வைத்திருக்கும்,” என்றார்.

அழைப்பு முடிந்ததும் அனிதாவின் கண்களில் கண்ணீர் வழிந்தது. அது சோகத்தின் கண்ணீர் அல்ல; பெருமையின் கண்ணீர்.

சில வாரங்கள் கழித்து அருண் பாதுகாப்பாக வீடு திரும்பினார். வாசலில் நின்ற அனிதா மீண்டும் அவரது கையில் ஒரு ராக்கி கட்டினாள்.

“அண்ணா, இந்த ராக்கி உன்னைப் பாதுகாக்கட்டும்,” என்றாள்.

அருண் சிரித்தார். “என்னை பாதுகாப்பது இந்த ராக்கி இல்லை. இதைக் கட்டும் என் தங்கையின் அன்புதான்.”

அந்த நொடியில் வீட்டிலிருந்த அனைவரும் உணர்ந்தார்கள்—ராக்கி என்பது ஒரு நூல் அல்ல; தூரத்தையும், காலத்தையும் கடந்து அண்ணன்-தங்கை உறவை என்றும் இணைத்து நிற்கும் அன்பின் பந்தம்.