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My sister

AKSHA KHAN

We didn't need a traditional script,
To know what this day means,
We grew up sharing hair ribbons,
Late nights, and teenage dreams.
I tie this silk around your wrist,
Not just for luck or grace,
But to thank you for being my constant,
In every time and place.
You're the keeper of my quiet truths,
The mirror to my soul,
The one who picks up all my pieces
And makes the broken whole.
No hero in a storybook
Could guard my heart so true—
My protector, partner, lifelong friend,
My sister, it's always you.



Bound by a curse, united by destiny

My name is K. Gayatri. I am from Adoni, Kurnool dist, Andhra Pradesh. I am studying inter 2nd year. My date of birth is 30-04-2010.

K. Gayatri

“I will become Devi,” said Gayatri.

“I will become greater than Devi,” her brother replied.

When Gayatri and her brother were young, their parents often told them the story of Devi, the guardian goddess of their village, Bhairavapuram. Devi had been a great warrior who sacrificed herself to save the villagers. Deeply inspired by her story, both children dreamed of following in her footsteps. Gayatri wanted to become a warrior like Devi, while her brother wanted to surpass even her greatness.

One day, however, the siblings had a fierce argument. In anger, they cursed each other. Gayatri's brother declared that she would never become Devi, and Gayatri cursed him in return, saying that he would never become greater than Devi. From that day on, they fought constantly. Their parents, exhausted by the endless quarrels, decided to separate them.



Gayatri's mother took her brother to live with his uncle in the city of Vijayawada, while Gayatri remained in Bhairavapuram with her father at her aunt's house. They were only ten years old at the time.

Years passed. Gayatri later moved to another city for higher studies. After twelve years of separation, tragedy struck both siblings—Gayatri lost her father, and her brother lost his mother. Before their deaths, their parents had only one final wish: to see their children reunited.

Although neither of them knew the other's address, both decided to search for one another.

Gayatri went to Vijayawada with her friend Pallavi to look for her brother. For many days, they searched tirelessly, but Gayatri did not even know what he looked like anymore. All she had was his childhood photograph. Eventually, she took the photo to a police station and requested help in finding him.

After that, she decided to return to her village. While standing outside the railway station and waiting for Pallavi, Gayatri received a phone call from a villager. He told her that her brother had come to Bhairavapuram looking for her. Excited and desperate, Gayatri asked whether he had taken a photograph of him. Unfortunately, the villager admitted that he had forgotten to do so.

Still on the phone, Gayatri was suddenly struck by a speeding car.

When she opened her eyes, she found herself lying in a hospital bed. Pallavi was sitting beside her, along with two men who had been waiting for her to wake up.

As soon as Gayatri regained consciousness, she demanded to know who had caused the accident. Pallavi pointed to one of the two men. Everyone expected Gayatri to be furious, and she was. Yet when the man sincerely apologized and begged for forgiveness, she eventually forgave him.

Soon after, Gayatri called the villager again to ask whether her brother was still there. But the villager told her that he had already left after learning that she was in Vijayawada searching for him.

Though disappointed, Gayatri felt that the accident might somehow turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

After a few days, she recovered from her injuries and decided to remain in Vijayawada to continue her search. She and Pallavi attended an interview together and were selected for jobs at a company in the city.

On their first day at work, they were excited to meet their new colleagues and begin a new chapter in their lives. But first, they had to meet their team leader.

To Gayatri's shock, their team leader was the very man who had caused her accident.

His name was Ashwin.

At first, the meeting was awkward. Over time, Gayatri and Ashwin began clashing over even the smallest issues. They argued constantly, yet neither of them could understand why their hostility toward each other felt so strangely natural.

One day, Ashwin's friend Charan noticed him searching for someone and asked whom he was looking for. Ashwin replied that he was searching for a girl—someone extremely important in his life.

Meanwhile, everything seemed to be going well until one of their colleagues died suddenly. What first appeared to be an ordinary death soon turned out to be murder. Ashwin believed the victim had been a kind man and the most talented member of their team. Disturbed by the police's lack of interest in the case, Ashwin and Charan decided to investigate on their own by visiting the colleague's house. Gayatri and Pallavi joined them.

After searching for nearly two hours, they discovered a hidden locker inside a drawer. Inside it were several documents, photographs, a letter, and a pen drive. As they examined the papers and photos, they were horrified to realize that their colleague had

been helping a traitor to the nation—none other than Bheeshan, the country's most wanted criminal.

The letter revealed the truth behind the murder. Their colleague had known that what he was doing was wrong, but he had felt he had no choice except to help Bheeshan. In the end, when he refused to continue assisting him, Bheeshan had him killed.

The pen drive contained Bheeshan's plans to destroy India.

They inserted the pen drive into a computer and opened the files immediately. There, they discovered details of a series of planned bomb blasts across the country. The next attack, according to the files, was supposed to occur in Hyderabad.

At first, they could not believe it.

But the very next day, a bomb blast did occur in Hyderabad.

Now, they knew every word in the secret locker had been true.

Worse still, the next blast was scheduled to happen five days later in Bhairavapuram.

The moment Gayatri heard the name of her village, fear gripped her. Charan asked why she seemed so alarmed, and she replied that Bhairavapuram was her home. Ashwin was visibly shaken.

He turned to her and asked, "Which Bhairavapuram? Who is the goddess of your village?"

Gayatri replied, "Our village goddess is Devi."

Ashwin stared at her and asked again, "Is your father's name Suresh and your mother's name Kalpana?"

Confused, Gayatri asked why he wanted to know. Ashwin urged her to answer.

"Yes," she said.

Hearing this, Ashwin embraced her tightly and burst into tears. Shocked and angry, Gayatri pushed him away and began scolding him. But Ashwin smiled through his tears and said, “Of course you still have this attitude. I saw it when we were children.”

Gayatri froze.

Ashwin continued, “You grew up with our aunt. I grew up with our uncle.”

Now Gayatri began to understand, though she still could not fully believe it. Then Ashwin said softly, “Now you remember, don’t you? ‘You will never become Devi.’”

With trembling lips, Gayatri replied, “And you will never become greater than Devi.”

In that instant, all doubt vanished.

They hugged each other tightly, overwhelmed with joy and emotion. Ashwin was none other than Gayatri’s long-lost brother, and the girl he had been searching for all this time was Gayatri herself.

But there was no time to celebrate. The threat to Bhairavapuram was real.

The two made a plan. Gayatri would return to the village to save the people, while Ashwin would track down Bheeshan and stop him once and for all.

As soon as Gayatri reached Bhairavapuram, she began searching for the bombs. She found them and, despite the danger and complexity of the task, successfully defused them, saving the villagers from disaster.

At the same time, Ashwin, with the help of the police, traced Bheeshan to Vadodara in Gujarat. Acting swiftly before the criminal could be alerted, Ashwin reached the city and joined forces with the local police. Together, they tracked down Bheeshan and launched an

attack. After a fierce confrontation, Ashwin succeeded in killing him, finally ending the terror he had spread.

When everything was over, Ashwin returned to Bhairavapuram and reunited with Gayatri.

Smiling at him with pride, Gayatri said, “At last, you became greater than Devi.”

Ashwin smiled back and replied, “And at last, you became Devi too.”

From that day onward, Gayatri and Ashwin lived together again, no longer divided by anger, but united by love, courage, and destiny.

Who says Rakshabandhan is only for brothers?

Akanksha is a teen writer from Odisha who finds inspiration in emotions, relationships, and the little moments of everyday life. Her writing is a reflection of thoughts and feelings that often remain unspoken. She loves turning simple experiences into stories that readers can relate to and feel connected with.

D Akanksha Rao

Can't sisters celebrate Raksha Bandhan too?

Raksha Bandhan simply means celebrating the person who protects you, who stands by you in any situation, and who loves you unconditionally. On that day, we tie a thread and celebrate the importance of that bond.

It could be your mother, father, friend, or especially your younger or elder sister — or simply yourself too, because sometimes, you are the one who stands by yourself when no one else is.

In a family, if we have a sister, no matter whether she is elder or younger, we become very attached and close to her. That vibe is irreplaceable.

If we have an elder one, she becomes our second mother, best friend, and keeper of our secrets. She protects us from everything. Like a mother holds her child, she holds us too.

We don't say it out loud, but in our lives, she is the one we need the most. She teaches us life lessons through the silliest things. She is the problem solver, or simply, the one who somehow calculates everything for us.

If we have a younger one, then she becomes the first model for all our experiments in makeup and styling, in everything.

After a busy day, she may not be mature enough to understand our problems, but she is still mature enough to make us stress-free — by teasing us, making us laugh, through her playful activities, silly jokes, and all those little things.

She becomes the exact younger version of the elder one.

This bond is so strange, isn't it?

It is full of pure love, care, and support.

Their love language is not taking 100+ photos together or mentioning each other in their stories.

Instead, it is sharing and using each other's things, helping each other complete assignments and projects just one night before submission, teasing each other, always being in fighting mode, and comparing each other over almost everything.

But somehow, they always come back to each other.

So, when we have a Raksha Bandhan like this, why do we need a brother? Or why should we become sad on Rakhi just because we don't have a brother?

I proudly say that I don't have a brother.

I have a sister, and she is enough — more than enough — to protect me and stand by me.



When I am with her, I feel like I have a brother too. Even though she has all the qualities of a brother, she is always my younger sister in the end.

She gives me both love and support, and there is very little left to complain about.

Our love is just like the love of the alphabet — Q and U.

Honestly, I am lucky to have my younger one. Maybe she is not old enough to understand all my problems, but she is still enough to understand me in her own little ways.

Through her, I see my childhood again. She is just like the child version of me.

One argument, one fight, one “I hate you,” and then somehow, everything is fine again.

And that is the thing about sisters.

When we have this kind of bond, why should we wish for a brother?

Maybe society has taught us that Raksha Bandhan is about a brother protecting his sister, but I believe protection has no gender.

- 1.
2. A mother can protect you.
3. A father can protect you.
4. A friend can protect you.
5. A sister can protect you.
6. And sometimes, you can even protect yourself.
7. So maybe Raksha Bandhan is not just about tying a rakhi on a brother's wrist.

It is about celebrating the people who make **you** feel safe, loved, understood, and never alone.

And if your sister is that person for you, then why can't you celebrate Raksha Bandhan with her?

After all, protection is not defined by who wears the rakhi.

It is defined by who stays. ♡

CORRECTION

Same sibling too for next 7 lives

Bhavika Chelani is a Chartered Accountant by profession and a poetess by passion. She began writing in 2020, when the stillness of lockdown opened the doors to poetry and self-expression. What started as an escape soon became her comfort and her voice.

Bhavika Chelani

Admire the people like stars in our skies,
Our sibling is the moon that always shines in our eyes.
Yes our love is so violent that we have always ended up having
endless fights,
But though every time it's just the world against and we both by
each other's sides.
They are the first one to catch our fake smile when our heart cries,
And they just simply make everything fine with an effortless advice.
They are the permanent ones to witness our craziest sides,
Asking for help from them is hearing a big no and fast forward to
just few minutes, when they appear as aladin ka chiraag's disguise,
Ohh this feeling, gives butterflies.
They always cheat, I mean just in the games of dice,
In real life, we are one that they prioritize.
They are the safest place to share all our lies,
They, from our parent's side to us, are the most auspicious prize.

Without them, not a single happy moment resides.

Their presence is simply the thing we utmost idoloze.

When I look back to moments, I only
remember joyous laughs and smiles.

Our love for them has no limits,
the bars have been set to the
peakest highs,

That when it comes to them,
even our self love demise.

For writing about them, I might
end up with huge pile of lines,

But oh dear god, isn't it worthy to
demand, the same sibling too for
the next 7 lives?



Janamdin ki badhai

Lucky

Tum aaogi kya mere khwaabo mai
Mujhe mere janamdin ki mubarkbaad dene
Agr aao tho iss baar thoda ther jaana
Ghr se koi bahana laga kr aana
Mujhe na chahiye koi tofha tumse
Agr fir bhi kuch laao tho laao tho apna sth le aana
Mai na lunga apne annsoun ka hisaab tumse
Na woh purani baato ka zikr karunga
Bss hatho mai hath liye tumhara
Yu hee kahali sadko pr chalunga
Takte takte tumhe itminaan se
Yu hee ghanto guzar dunga
Un bitte palo ki tasveere bana kr aankhon mai saja lunga
Jo baate thi unkahi unhe tum lafzo pr aane dena
Ruth kr gyi jo ho tum humse aise fir bhi kya
Aaogi mere kahawaabo mai
Mujhe mere janamdin ki mubarak baad dene



Sawan ki boonde

Lucky

Sawan ki boondein poochein mujhse

Kya abhi bhi woh tujhe yaad hai?

Kya yaad hai aankhon ka nasha uska,

Ya yaad hai baaton ka ehsaas uska?

Kya yaad hai baalon ki khushboo uski,

Ya yaad hai nazdeekiyan ka khumaar uska?

Kya yaad hai bachchon jaisi harkat uski,

Ya yaad hai Maa jaisa gussa uska?

Kya yaad hai chehra uska,

Ya yaad hain woh khwaab jo hum Dono) ne sajaye the?

Ghanton baith kar kone mein ek kamre ke,

Tanhai ko kaagaz par utaar kar apni,

Phir bhi na samajh paya,

Ki woh yaad hai,

Ya woh uske saath beete hue...



To my friend and our friendship:-

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

Hannan Sher

Thinking of God's blessings, I think of you;
My friend, you turn my days into blessings too.
Time is a canvas, painted with moments we share;
Each memory still blossoms, wrapped in love and care.

I remember our school days, filled with laughter and cheer,
A friendship so enduring that none could interfere.
Sharing jokes, exchanging notes till every lesson's end,
While our teacher, often furious, sent us out again.

Time keeps flying swiftly away,
Yet our memories grow richer every day.
Though our gatherings have become few,
Life feels incomplete whenever I'm without you.



The love i wasn't meant to have

Sanskriti

FATAL HEARTS SERIES — BOOK 1 ♥

The Love I Wasn't Meant to Have

Vani Sharma never believed that love could be this complicated. A twenty-year-old law student with a simple dream of building a life on her own terms, Vani enters college thinking her biggest problems will be exams, expectations, and the secrets hidden within her family.

Then there is Agastya Kapoor—quiet, disciplined, distant, and carrying a loneliness he never talks about.

And Samar Khurana—charming, wealthy, carefree on the surface, yet far more complicated than anyone realizes.

Three people.

Three different hearts.

And feelings that were never supposed to become this complicated.

Vani never expected to find herself caught between

emotions she couldn't name and people she couldn't simply walk away from.

Agastya never expected someone to become his reason to feel less alone.

And Samar never expected the girl he thought he understood to become the one person capable of changing everything.

Sometimes love doesn't arrive at the right time.

Sometimes the person you love isn't the person you were meant to have.



And sometimes, the hardest part isn't falling in love—
it's knowing what that love will cost you.

A story of slow-burn love, friendship, heartbreak,
misunderstandings, unspoken feelings, complicated relationships,
and the kind of love that stays with you even when everything else
changes.

Because some hearts meet for a reason...
even when they were never meant to belong to each other.

CORRECTION

The Thread That Held a Thousand Memories

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

Ansh kumar singh

A Raksha Bandhan Story in Poetry

There are some bonds which require no vows,
some feelings that demand no words,
but linger on,
like melodies gently sung
by unseen birds.

Every year, the festival of Raksha Bandhan reminded Aarav of the one person who was always there for him, no matter what - Meera, his sister. She was his childhood friend and his pillar of strength. She was everything to him. Together, they grew up in a small house full of happiness, fights, stolen chocolates and loads of memories. Those were the good old days!

Meera would come running to their mother crying,

“Mom! Aarav has stolen my chocolates!”

Aarav would reply in protest,

“I did not! They vanished off into thin air!”

Their mother would chuckle and say,

“One day, you two will grow up and realize how silly your little fights were.”

“But mom, that day is ages away!” they would protest.

Years passed by, and Aarav moved to another city for college, while Meera continued her studies. Their tiffs were forgotten, replaced by occasional calls and endless conversations. However, one thing remained constant - Raksha Bandhan. Meera had specially bought a beautiful rakhi for Aarav. With it, she had tied a little note that read,

“Dear Bhai,

Although you may be away
from us,
never ever feel alone,
because we will always be
with you,
in spirit.”

So, she waited for him. The day of Raksha Bandhan finally arrived. But, Aarav did not reply. Meera kept checking her phone, again and again. Her hopes slowly vanished away with every passing minute, until a courier boy came with a small gift for Aarav. She opened it to reveal a little bracelet along with a note. Curious, Meera read the note. It said,

“Dear Meera,

I apologize for not being able to come visit you this time. But, believe me, Raksha Bandhan is not merely a festival where brothers take a promise from their sisters. It is a festival where we promise to protect our sisters, like they, too, have protected us. Meera, you do not know how much it hurts me to keep distance from you, because



you have been there for me all my life. Hence, I promise you, that even though I could not give you my hand today, I shall keep your memories close to my heart everytime I feel lonely or afraid.

Happy Raksha Bandhan, my little sister.

-Aarav”

Meera smiled, tears of joy rolling down her cheeks. Suddenly, she heard a familiar voice behind her. Turning around, she was surprised to see Aarav standing right in front of her.

“Are you going to cry or tie the rakhi?” he asked.

Meera looked up at him, then gave him a big hug.

“You said you couldn't come!” she said.

“I wanted to surprise you,” he replied.

Meera chuckled.

“You are still the same old brother of mine.”

“And you are still the same emotional sister!” Aarav teased, giving her a friendly hug.

They sat together, just like old times. Carefully, Meera tied a rakhi around Aarav's hand. For a moment, no one spoke. The little thread, worn around his wrist, was a testament to a thousand memories they shared together - their childhood, their fights, their laughter, their dreams and their tears.

Taking a deep breath, Aarav looked at the rakhi and said,

“This is just a thread.”

Smiling softly, Meera replied,

“No dear, it is much more than that.”

And she was right, wasn't she?

CORRECTION

Rakhi

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

Ansh kumar singh

A little thread upon the wrist,
A simple knot, a golden twist,
But hidden in its colors bright,
Are childhood dreams and love so light.

It carries every silly fight,
Every hug that made things right,
Every secret, every tear,
Every moment held so dear.

It says, "I'll stand beside you,"
When the world feels cold and blue,
It says, "You are not alone,"
Wherever life may make you roam.

Years may pass and roads may bend,
But some relationships never end.
Cities may rise, distances grow,
Yet love finds ways to always show.

A brother may leave his childhood home,
A sister may someday choose her own,
But in the heart there stays a place,
That time can never erase.

For Rakhi isn't just a thread,
It's every word we never said.



It's trust, protection, love and care,
A silent promise to always be there.

So tie the thread and make a vow,
Not only on this festival now—
"Through every joy, through every tear,
I'll walk beside you, year by year."

And when the world becomes too wide,
When life brings storms from every side,
One memory will always remain—
A little thread,
A loving hand,
And the beautiful bond
Of Raksha Bandhan.

The Sister Who Grew Up Before Me

Shwetha Rejikumar

You were always a little ahead
a few steps into the world
before I even knew where to begin.

I watched you grow
without realizing
I was learning from you.

We fought over silly things,
laughed at things no one else understood,
got angry, made up,
and sometimes stayed stubborn
just because neither of us
wanted to say sorry first.

But beneath all those little moments
was something I never questioned
you were there.



You knew the little girl I was
before I became the person I am.
You remember my silly phases,
my impossible dreams,
my tears, my laughter,
and all the versions of me
I have quietly outgrown.

And maybe that's why
I look at you differently.

Not because you're perfect,
but because I've watched you
figure life out one day at a time.

You were my first glimpse
of growing up
and somehow,
my safest reminder
that I don't have to have
everything figured out either.

Someday, we'll have
our own busy lives,
our own homes,
our own stories.

But I know I'll still miss
the ordinary things
your voice from the next room,
our pointless arguments,
the comfort of knowing
you were just there.

Because some people
are part of your childhood.

And some become
a part of who you are.

You are both,
my sister
and I'll always
be grateful

that I got to grow up
just a little behind you.

Brotherhood, Unspoken

Sneha A. S. is a passionate writer who finds expression through poetry and creative writing. Her works explore everyday emotions, relationships, memories, and the quiet moments that often go unnoticed.

Sneha A. S

We fight over nothing,
and somehow, that is normal.

No sweet conversations,
no knowing what's going on inside.

He has his life,
I have mine;
we rarely explain.

Sometimes, irritating me
is simply his way of talking.



There is no dramatic affection,
nothing we need to hide.

But when a “no” comes from home,
he stands by my side.

We barely know each other’s thoughts
or what we keep inside,

Yet somehow, we always know
when to stand on the same side.

CORRECTION

Care Behind The Tease

Soumili Naskar

I hate when you rage-bait me,
For no reason at all,
Yet I know you'll be there
Whenever I fall.

When the world turns away
And leaves me alone,
You're always the one
Who still makes me feel at home.

A single little thread
Ties our memories together,
Carries our laughter,
Our secrets, our care-
A bond that reminds me
You'll always be there.



Maybe you say you hate me to my face,
But your love for me

Always leaves its trace.

CORRECTION

Main Abhi Baaki Hoon

Ekra bano

Mujhe girne ka afsos nahi,
afsos toh bas itna hai—
logon ne meri khamoshi ko
meri haar samajh liya.

Main woh ladki hoon
jiske haathon se waqt ne
bahut kuch cheena hai,
magar ek cheez nahi cheen paaya—
khud ko dobara paida karne ka hausla.

Maine dekhe hain woh din
jab sapne aankhon mein hote the,
aur jeb mein sirf khaamoshi.
Jab manzil saamne thi,
magar raaste apne nahi the.

Phir bhi main chali.



Kabhi aansuon ke saath,
kabhi sawaalon ke saath,
kabhi khud se ladte hue—
magar chali.

Kyunki mujhe samajh aa gaya tha,
zindagi hamesha mauka nahi deti,
kabhi-kabhi
mauka khud banana padta hai.

Ab main kisi se ye nahi poochungi
ki meri udaan kitni unchi ho sakti hai.
Aasmaan mera nahi bhi hua,
toh kya?

Main apne pairon ke neeche
zameen toh bana sakti hoon.

Mere guzre hue kal ko
meri pehchaan mat samajhna,
woh sirf ek chapter tha—
meri kitaab nahi.

Aur jab kabhi meri kahaani
kisi mehfil mein padhi jayegi,
toh log meri jeet par taali bajayenge...

Magar main jaanti houngi—
meri asli jeet us din hui thi,
jab duniya ne kaha tha
“ab kuch nahi bacha,”

aur maine khud se kaha tha—

“Main abhi baaki hoon.”

A Diary of us

I'm Anchal Raj, and I enjoy writing about everyday experiences, emotions, and the small moments that quietly change how we see the world. My writing reflects my curiosity about people, empathy, and the stories hidden in ordinary life.

Anchal raj

Some bonds are written in words,
some are written in time,
and some are simply felt—
without needing a reason or a rhyme.

Ours is a little bit of everything:
the silly fights, the endless teasing,
the secrets we probably shouldn't have shared,
the moments when we laughed until we couldn't breathe,
and the quiet ones where just being there was enough.

Years may change,
we may grow older,
and life may take us in different directions,
but somehow,
you'll always be a familiar chapter
in the story of my life.

So this Rakhi,
I'm giving you more than just a thread.
I'm giving you a diary—
a place for your thoughts,
your dreams, your plans,
your random ideas at midnight,
and all those little moments
you'll want to remember someday.



Fill its pages with everything life brings you.
Write about the days that make you smile,
the days that make you stronger,
the dreams you're chasing,
and even the things you're still figuring out.

And maybe, years from now,
when you turn these pages again,
you'll find pieces of the person you were,
and realise how far you've come.

And somewhere between those pages,
I hope you remember this too—

No matter how much we grow,
how much we change,
or how many miles life puts between us,
there will always be a little corner of my heart
where you remain exactly the same—

my sibling, my constant,
my partner in memories,
and one of the most special chapters
I never want to end.

So here's to another Rakhi,
another year of us,
and countless pages yet to be written.

Happy Raksha Bandhan. ❤️

Now go fill the diary... but please don't write about all the
embarrassing things I've done. 🤔

Pahli Mulakat

Kashan

Islamabad ki shaam kuch ajeeb si khamosh thi. Asmaan par badal chaye hue thay aur halki halki baarish shehar ki sadkon ko bheega rahi thi. Police station ke andar SHO Waris Ahmed apni table par kuch files dekh raha tha. Waris ek sakht mizaj aur imaandaar police officer tha. Uski zindagi mein police ki duty sab se pehle thi, Who aksar apne colleagues se kehta tha, "Jab tak yeh uniform mere jism par hai, main apne jazbaat ko apne faislon ke beech nahi aane dunga." Usay kya pata tha ke bohat jald ek aisi larki uski zindagi mein aane wali thi jo uski is soch ko badal degi.

Raat ke qareeb gyarah bajay police station ka darwaza achanak khula. Ek constable tez qadam uthata hua andar aaya aur Waris ke saamne ruk gaya. "Sir, ek important complaint aayi hai," usne kaha. Waris ne file uske haath se li aur poocha,

"Kis bare mein?" Constable ne dheemi awaaz mein kaha, "Sir, ek larki ke walid pichle do din se missing hain. Ghar walon ko shak hai ke unhein kisi ne jaan boojh kar gayab kiya hai."

Waris ne foran file kholi. Missing person ka naam Nadeem Farooq tha. Umar pachaas saal. Profession businessman. Address Islamabad ka ek purana residential area tha. Waris ne file band ki aur kaha, "Kal subah main khud is case ko dekhoon ga." Lekin usay nahi pata tha ke is case ka sab se important hissa abhi uske saamne nahi aaya tha.



Agli subah police station ke bahar ek safed car aa kar ruki. Car ka darwaza khula aur ek larki bahar nikli. Uska naam Areeba tha. Aankhon mein neend ki kami aur chehre par pareshani saaf nazar aa rahi thi. Who jaldi se police station ke andar aayi aur reception par kharay constable se boli, "Mujhe SHO se milna hai." Constable ne uski taraf dekha aur kaha, "SHO Waris Ahmed apne office mein hain."

Areeba ne darwaza knock kiya.

"Andar aao," Waris ki awaaz aayi.

Areeba dheere se andar gayi. Waris ne file se nazar uthai aur pehli baar usay dekha. Kuch seconds ke liye dono ki nazrein mili. Waris ne foran | apni nazar file par wapas kar li. Usne professional lehje mein poocha, { "Aap Nadeem Farooq ki beti hain?"

Areeba ne sir hilaya. "Ji."

"Baithiye."

Areeba chair par baith gayi. Uski aankhon mein aansu thay, lekin woh khud ko sambhalne ki koshish kar rahi thi.

Purani Haveli

Kashan

Waris Ahmed abhi bhi apne office mein baitha us purani tasveer ko dekh raha tha. Tasveer mein Nadeem Farooq ke saath kharay teen aadmiyon mein se ek chehra uske zehan mein baar baar aa raha tha. Usay yageen tha ke usne yeh chehra pehle kahin dekha hai, lekin woh yaad nahi kar paa raha tha ke kahan. Usne tasveer ko file mein rakha aur apne constable Hamza ko awaaz di. "Hamza, kuch pata chala?"

Hamza foran office mein aaya aur bola, "Sir, purani haveli ka address 8 mil gaya hai. Islamabad se bahar ek sunsaan ilage mein hai. Log kehte hain ke woh haveli kai saalon se band hai."

Waris ne kursi se uthte hue kaha, "Theek hai. Do officers ko saath lo. Hum abhi wahan ja rahe hain."

Doosti taraf Arceba apne ghar ke kamre mein khamosh baithi thi. Uska zehan sirf ek hi baat mein uljha hua tha. Unknown number se aane wala message abhi tak uske phone mein tha.

"Police officer par bharosa mat karna." Woh baar baar soch rahi thi ke aakhir koi Waris se usay door rehne ki warning kyun de raha tha. Kya us shakhs ko pata tha ke usne police se contact kiya hai? Ya phir koi uski har movement par nazar rakh raha tha?

Arceba ne phone table par rakha hi tha ke achanak uski nazar apne walid ki study table par pari. Table ke neeche ek chhoti si diary rakhi thi. Usne diary uthai aur pehla page khola. Pehle kuch pages khaali thay, lekin aakhri page par sirf ek naam likha tha. Waris Ahmed.

Areeba ka dil ek pal ke liye ruk sa gaya. "Abbu Waris ko jaante thay?" usne dheemi awaaz mein khud se kaha. Usne diary foran

apne bag mein rakhi aur police station jaane ka faisla kiya. Lekin jaise hi woh ghar se bahar nikli, usay mehsoos hua ke road ke doosri taraf ek black car khari hai. Car ke sheeshe dark thay. Areeba kuch seconds tak us car ko dekhti rahi. Phir car achanak start hui aur tez raftari se wahan se chali gayi. Areeba ka dar aur barh gaya.

Police station mein Waris apni team ke saath purani haveli ke liye nikalne hi wala tha ke Areeba § wahan pohanch gayi. Woh seedha Waris ke office mein gayi aur diary uske saamne rakh di. “Mujhe yeh Abbu ke kamre se mili hai.” Waris ne diary kholi. Jaise hi uski nazar apne naam par pari, uska chehra serious ho gaya. “Aapke walid meri taraf kyun ishara kar

rahe thay?” Areeba ne poocha. Waris ne diary band kar di. “Mujhe nahi pata.

Lekin ab yeh case pehie se zyada important ho gaya hai.” Areeba ne kaha, “Main bhi aapke saath chalungi.” Waris ne foran mana kar diya. “Nahi. Yeh jagah safe nahi hai.”

Areeba ne uski aankhon mein dekh

kar kaha, “Mere Abbu missing hain. Agar unka IL koi clue wahan hai to main ghar par baith kar intezaar nahi kar sakti.” Waris kuch seconds tak Kkhamosh raha. Phir usne kaka, “Theek hai. Lekin jo main kahunga, aap wohi karengei.”



Kuch der baad police ki gaariyan purani haveli ke saamne ruk gayin. Haveli boat purani thi Darwazon par zang laga hua tha aur deewaron par belen chadhi hui thin. Hawa tez chal rahi thi aur aas paas koi insan nazar nahi aa raha tha. Waris ne torch nikali aur dheere dheere haveli ke andar BE qadam rakha. Areeba uske peeche thi. Har adam ke saath purani lakri ke farsh se jee awaaz aa rahi thi Hamza ne ck kamre ka darwaza khola. Andar purani kursiyan, tooti hui almari aur kuch papers bikhray hue thay. Waris ne papers uthaye aur

unhein dekhne laga. Achanak Areeba ki nazar deewar par lagi ek purani tasveer par pari. Tasveer mein uske walid kharay thay. Lekin is baar unke saath sirf woh teen aadmi nahi thay. Unke beech ek chautha shakhs bhi tha.

reeba ne tasveer ki taraf ishara kiya. “Yeh kaun hai?” Waris ne tasveer ko kareeb se dekha. Uska chehra dekhte hi Waris ke haath ruk gaye. “Yeh...” usne dheemi awaaz mein kaha. Hamza ne poocha, “Sir, aap isay jaante hain?” Waris ne jawab nahi diya. Usne tasveer ko utara aur apni file mein rakh liya. Tabhi haveli ke doosre hisse se zor ki awaaz aayi. Sab log ek dum ruk gaye. Waris ne apni torch us taraf ki aur kaha, “Sab mere peeche raho.”

The Things We Carry

Ayusha umar musa

We carry more than the weight of our names,
more than the stories stitched into our skin.
We carry the voices of those who came before us,
and the dreams of those who have not yet begun.

We carry mornings that smelled of rain,
the warmth of a hand we once held,
the quiet goodbye at a doorway,
the words we wished we had said.

We carry our mothers' tired eyes,
our fathers' unfinished hopes,
the laughter of childhood hiding
in corners of memories we cannot forget.

We carry wounds no one can see,
but also the courage that grew around them.
For every time the world told us *"you cannot,"*
something inside us whispered, *"watch me."*

We carry the places that raised us—
the dust beneath our feet,
the songs that followed us home,
the sky we once believed belonged only to us.

And sometimes,
we carry the future
before it has even learned our names.

We carry the fear of failing,
the fear of falling,



the fear that our small voices
will disappear beneath the noise of the world.

But still—we walk.

Because perhaps courage
was never the absence of a burden.
Perhaps courage is lifting what is heavy
and choosing to move forward anyway.

So if you ask me what I carry,
I will not show you my hands.

I will show you my heart.

Here,
I carry every person who believed in me.
Every dream that refused to die.
Every tear that taught me how to rise.
Every tomorrow waiting patiently
for me to become brave enough to meet it.

And when my journey is over,
I hope I have carried something worth leaving behind:

not a perfect life,
not a life without sorrow,
but a life that made the world
a little lighter
for someone else.

Because in the end,
we are all carrying something.

And perhaps
the most beautiful thing we can do
is help one another
carry it home.

CORRECTION

Ab paise kaun dega ?

sandhya is a student and a young writer who finds stories in the little things...an old conversation, a forgotten memory, a festival, or someone we still miss. She writes simply, honestly, and from the feelings that stay long after the moment is gone.

Sandhya Rani Nath

Mujhe Rakhi ka tyohar Kabhi utna Pasand Nahin tha Sach Kahu toh, Mujhe Rakhi bandhne Se Jyada uske baad milne waale chocolate aur paise jyaada pasand the...

Subah subah uthkar taiyyar hokar Rakhi bandhne Walon Me Se Mein nhi thi.... mein ye kuchh Logon Ki Tarah subah subah Rakhi Nahin bandhti thi.... Meri Rakhi Humesha Shaam Tak talti thi....isliye ki subah school hota tha aur jaldi nikalna prta tha isliye samay hi nhi hota tha....

Aur mera bhai bhi kaunsa bohot utaawla rehta tha....

Mein use rakhi bandhne bulaate hi rehti aur wo 5 min ruk bolkr ...kabhi 5minute me aata hi nhi tha...

Fir jab wo aata aur Mein use raakhi bandhne waali hoti toh kehta- "jaldi karo...mujhe aur bhi kaam hai."

Aur mein kehti-

"thik hai ...toh fir jaldi karo.... pehle paise nikaalo"

Wo kehta-

"pehle rakhi toh baandh."

Me kehti-

"pehle paise do kyuki pichli baar bhi kam diye the."

Wo kehta-

"toh fir mat baandh."

Aur mein bhi haa kehkar chup ho jaati

Baad me wo...chl chl naatak mat kr kehkr haath aage badhata aur

mein bhi raakhi baandhkr ...mithaayi khilakar ...apna haath aage badha deti.

Wo jaan bujhkar jeb me paise dhundne ki naatak krke kehta "areh...paise toh nahi hai "

Mein fir unka purse maangti aur khud dhundne lgti aur kuch na milne par muh fulakar baith jaatipar bhaiyya chocolate humesha dete the aur laast me paise bhi de hi dete the.

Humara rishta aisa hi tha.

Bohut pyaara tha ...lekin uske upar ladaiya bhi tamaam thi.

Wo meri cheezein bina puche le toh mein uski shikayat kr deti thi...

Wo meri chocolate khaa jaaya krta tha toh mein uski koi jaruri cheez chupa diya krti thi...

Kabhi t.v ki remote pr ladayi hoti toh kabhi kisi khaane ki cheez pr...

Kabhi maa ne use daata toh mujhe maja aata aur agar kabhi mujhe daat pare toh wo bhi hasi se lot pot ho jaata...

Kabhi is baat pr ladaayi hoti thi ki maa ne unki tarafdaari kyu ki Aur kabhi toh bina wajah hi lad baith te.

Humara rishta itna filmy nhi tha

Wo mujhe roz bachane ke kashme nahi khata aur na mein uske liye har wakt duaa nhi mangti.

Hum bas bhai behen the.

Kabhii bahut hasi majak krne waale,
Kabhi bahut pareshaan krne waale,



Kabhi ek dusre ke sabse acche dost ,
Toh kabhi ek dusre ke jaani dushman.

Khair ye toh bachpan ki baat thi .
Fir saal bitte gaye aur hum bade hote gaye.

Rakhi pr milne waale paise toh badh gaye magar humaari baate kam
ho gayi.

Ab mein pehle jaise zid nhi krti thi aur wo bhi mujhe pehle jaisa
chirhaata nhi tha.

Pr fir bhi har saal rakhi aati thi aur mein humesha ki tarah use shaam
ko hi bandhti thi.

Kyuki kuch aadate na ...rishto se jyaada ziddi hoti hai.

Us saal bhi rakhi aayi.

Ghar me sab kuch waisa hi tha.

Mithaai aayi...rakhiyaa aayi...rishtedaar aaye

bas...

wo nhi aaya.....

Pehli baar mujhe kisiko bulaana nhi pada

Pehli baar kisine " bas 5 minute" nhi kaha

Pehli baar mujhe kisiki jeb me rakhe paiso ko maangne ki jarurat nhi
padi

Kyuki wo ab kisi kamre me nhi tha.

Meine us shaam apni rakhi nikaali.

Kuch der haath me pakde rakha.

Aur fir uski ek haste huye photo ke saamne wo rakhi rakh di...

Us tasveer me wo waise has raaha tha jaise bachpan me meri kisi
bewakufi pr hasta thaa...

Meine tasveer ko dekha aur dheere se kaha...

"is baar bach nhi paayega."

Aur fir khud ki hasne ki koshish ki.

Lekin meri jaise awaaz hi nhi nikli.

Usdin pehli baar samajh me aaya ki ...

mein bachpan me rakhi masti masti me nhi bandhti thi naa hi film ki

tarah "mera bhai mujhe protect krega " waali soch lekar bandhti thi...

Mein rakhi isliye bandhti thi kyuki...

mujhe paise chahiye the.

mujhe chocolate chahiye thi.

mujhe usse ladna tha.

Use pareshaan krna tha.

Aur shaayad yahi sab pyaar tha...bas tab uska naam nhi pata tha...

Agle saal fir rakhi aayi.

Fir uske agle saal bhi.

Meine rakhi bandhna bandh nhi kiya.

Bas uski tasveer me meri ek rakhi ke liye jagah banana shuru kiya.

In guzre saalo me meine bohot baar rakhi bandhi.

Bas fark itna hai-

Pehle mein uske haath pr rakhi bandhti thi.

Ab uske tasveer pr.

Aur har baar rakhi bandhkar uske chehre ko dekhti hu.

Fir aadat se haath aage badh jata -

" ab paise do."

Aur agle hi pal yaad aata-

Jisse paise maangne ki aadat thi

Wo ab bas tasveer me hi reh gaya hai.

My Brother, My Strength

Ruksana Yasmin Laskar

A brother is more than family,
He's a hand to hold when days are hard,
A quiet strength beside you,
A little piece of home in your heart.

We may fight, we may disagree,
And sometimes words may come between,
But underneath it all,
You'll always be someone I need.

When the world feels cold and lonely,
Your presence makes it bright,
You are the one I can count on,
Through every wrong and right.

No matter where life takes us,
No matter how far we go,
You'll always be my brother,
And I'll always love you so.



You're not just my brother—

You're a part of my heart,

A bond that time can never break,

Even when we're far apart. ❤️

CORRECTION

Ink Stained Hands

Sarthak Moga, 16, is a young poet and creative writer from Aligarh, Uttar Pradesh, India. For him, poetry is more than writing—it is a way of giving shape to emotions, memories, questions, and thoughts that are often difficult to express aloud.

Sarthak Moga

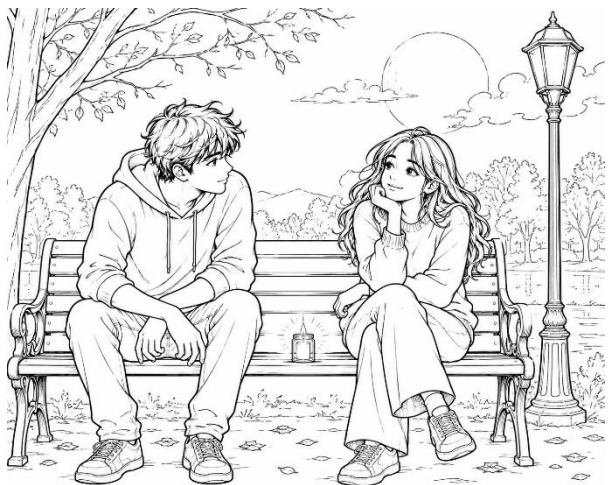
I wrote too much about you today,
My pen bled blue into my skin,
Now everyone asks what I've been doing,
And I just grin like it's some sin.
If they could read my fingers right,
They'd know you're written everywhere,
From the curve of my palm to the bend in my wrist,
You're the reason my hands feel bare.

The Day Stars Hid

Sarthak Moga, 16, is a young poet and creative writer from Aligarh, Uttar Pradesh, India. For him, poetry is more than writing—it is a way of giving shape to emotions, memories, questions, and thoughts that are often difficult to express aloud.

Sarthak Moga

The stars, they blinked, and all went dark,
The moon forgot to rise on time,
I lit a candle in the park,
Pretending I could change the sky.
And you were there, your smile half-shown,
Like you'd just stolen all my air,
I asked you why the night had flown,
You shrugged, like you were never there.



Moment i missed....

S. mahalakshmi

I evade my acute imitation
Created by fairy hands of god
He destroy my childhood
He also carve my willingness
he express me like monster
He also treat me like angels
He rid me like assailant
He support me like friend
I hope he thinks about me
Like befriend of his half soul
I think about his mercy hands
To tie rakhi with bond of love



Aaj kal

Divya malviya

Aajkal kuchh achcha nahin lagta kya hua Vada ab saccha nahin lagta khamoshi mein ab shor sunai deta hai har chehra ab mujhe paraayaa dikhai deta hai

Jis per kiya tha yakin Se jyada usne Toda Hai Dil ka har EK irada ab bheed mein bhi khud Ko Akela paati hun tuti Hui ummidon ko samet samet ke thak jaati hun

Vishwas ke naam se hi dar lagne
Laga Hai yah akelapan ab mere
andar Ghar karne Laga Hai
dimag ki uljhanon mein din nikal
jata Hai har gujarta lamha ek Naya
sawal aata Hai

Sab chal raha hai per main
atak Si Gai hun apni hi soch
ki galiyon mein bhatak Si
Gai hun Kya Karun kahan
jaaun kuchh samajh nahin
aata yah bharipan ab mujhse
Saha nahin jata

Ab Dil mein FIR Se vahi
sawal aata Hai kyon har bar
Mera Hi sukun jata hai use akele hone
ka dar hi nahin tha mere hone ya na hone ka use per Koi asar hi
nahin tha.

Ab mera dimag yahi sochta hai ki kya tum bhi vaise hi mujhe yad
karo Jaise main kar rahi hun ya FIR main khud ke ine sawalon mein
hi Mar rahi hun.



Rakhi-The bond

I am Avni, a 13-year-old student of Class 8 from Dewas, Madhya Pradesh. I love writing poems and expressing my thoughts through creative words. I enjoy writing about family, friendship, nature, and the beautiful moments of everyday life. I believe that words can connect hearts and turn simple feelings into unforgettable memories.

Avni Dhapkari

The sibling's bond never fade,
It is made .
We promise not our bond fade away,
It should become brighter every day.

With words true,
Together we grew.
Even I blamed you too,
I stood with you.



With sharing happiness, tears and fears,
Together we past years.
As we are clever,
Let our bond shine forever.

The Rakhi We Thought We Could Tie Next Year

Kanak is a young writer who finds stories in ordinary moments and emotions often left unspoken. Her writing explores love, relationships, memories, and the quiet feelings that stay with us long after a moment has passed.

KANAK

Some things look so small
when they happen in our lives,
a thread around a wrist,
a sweet shared with a smile,
a festival spent together.

We think there will be another one.
Another Rakhi.
Another visit.
Another chance to sit together,
to laugh, to argue,
to make up again.

So sometimes, after a little fight,
the rakhi stays untied.



Not because the love is gone,
but because the heart quietly says,
“We will do it next year.”

And then life moves on.
Days become months,
months become years,
and somewhere between distance,
responsibilities, and growing older,
that next year keeps getting postponed.

The bond remains.

The memories remain.

The love remains.

Only that moment doesn't.

The same hands that once tied the thread
may grow older.

The same laughter may become a memory.

The same childhood days
may never return in the same way.

A fight can end.

Anger can fade.

Pride can disappear.

But time does not come back
to give us the moment we missed.

That is the quiet sadness of growing up—
we keep believing tomorrow is promised,
while life keeps reminding us
that it is not.

So tie the thread.

Make the call.

Say the words.

Share the sweet.

Forgive a little sooner.

Don't leave love waiting
for a better day.

Because Rakhi will return next year,
but the people, the age,

the moment, and the feeling
may never be exactly the same.

And sometimes,
the hardest words are not

“Goodbye.”

They are simply

“We'll do it next year.”

CORRECTION

"The Last Inheritance"

Ambika Raj is a young Indian author and writing prodigy born on July 6, 2011, in Muzaffarpur, Bihar, who gained national recognition for her prolific creative talent at an early age.

Ambika Raj

When tomorrow knocks upon our door,
What shall we leave upon its floor?
A sky stitched tight with threads of smoke,
Or forests singing through the oak?

Will children learn the wind by name,
Or only through a history's flame?
Will oceans whisper songs of blue,
Or mourn the dreams we never knew?

We build our towers, proud and high,
Yet fail to see the silent sky.
We measure wealth in steel and gold,
While hearts grow lonely, tired, and cold.

A hand that heals is stronger still



Than armies marching by their will.
A word of truth, a seed of grace,
Can light the darkest human place.

Humanity is not our blood,
Nor flags that rise through dust and mud.
It lives where strangers choose to care,
Where hope is shared and justice fair.

The future is no distant land;
It blooms within each present hand.
Every choice, both small and slight,
Paints tomorrow's morning light.

So let us write with kinder hands,
Not only laws, but loving lands.
For history does not ask our name—
It asks whether we guarded the flame.

And if one day the stars inquire,
""What kept your fragile world alive?""
May Earth, with quiet, grateful breath,

Reply—

""We chose humanity over ourselves.""

CORRECTION

Raksha bandhan: A thread of love

Basiewdorbiang sangriang

Raksha bandhan is a day of love,
A precious blessings from above.
A sister ties a sacred thread,
With beautiful wishes softly said.

A brother smile and make a vow,
To care for her from then till now.
The rakhi may be small and bright,
But fill the heart with warmth and bright.

They may have faught in childhood day,
Yes love remains in countless ways.
They shared their laughter,dreams and tear,
And stayed connected through the years.

Thought life may take them far apart,
No distance can divide the heart.
The memories they made long ago,
Keep their special bond alive and glow.



Raksha bandhan teaches us to care,
To share our joy and always be there.
It is not gifts that make love grand,
But holding someone's heart and hand.

May every brother and sister stay,
Unite in love both night and day.
May happiness fill their heart anew,
And may the bond forever stay true.
HAPPY RAKSHA BANDHAN.....

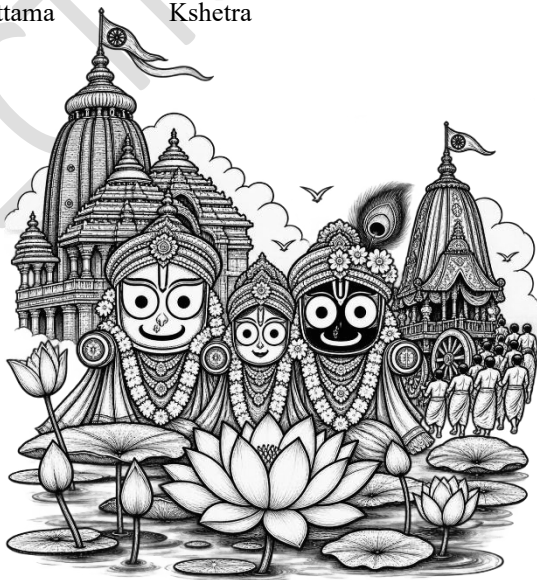
Jaganath puri

Pink petals open wide,Smiling at the sky,Sitting on a muddy pond,As the clouds float by.Deep down in the sticky mud,Its roots are hiding low,But up above the water line,The beautiful colors glow.It does not mind the dirty water,It stays so clean and bright,A lovely star upon the lake,Shining in the light.

the.novel.aesthetic_

The story of Lord Jagannath of Puri is a rich blend of tribal heritage, myth, and devotion. It tells how a secret blue stone deity worshipped in the woods became the famous wooden lord of the universe with large round eyes and no hands. From Nila Madhava to the Wooden Lord The Secret God: Long ago, a tribal chief named Viswa vadu secretly worshipped a sapphire-blue image called Nila Madhava (the Blue Lord) deep in the forest. The Royal Search: King Indradyumna sent a priest named Vidyapati to find this hidden deity. Vidyapati tracked the location using mustard seeds, but by the time the king arrived, the idol had vanished. The Divine Log: Distressed, the king received a divine vision telling him to look for a sacred log floating in the sea. The log was retrieved to carve the new images. The Mysterious Sculpture 21-Day Rule: An old carpenter (who was actually the divine architect Vishwakarma in disguise) appeared to carve the idols. He locked himself in a room, setting a strict rule that no one must open the door for 21 days. The Unfinished Form: Worried when all sound stopped after 14 days, the queen opened the door early. The sculptor vanished, leaving behind the striking, incomplete forms of Jagannath, Balabhadra, and Subhadra without conventional hands or feet. The Divine Message: A heavenly voice assured the king that this form was real and intentional—symbolizing that the Lord sees all with his large round eyes and embraces humanity without needing physical limbs. If you'd like, I can share more details about the Rath Yatra festival or the secret

ritual of Nabakalevara where the wooden deities are replaced. Instagram · The Temple Do you know how God Jagannath came to Puri? Before the grand ... YouTube · Pause with Dharma9 :06 The True Origin of Lord Jagannath | Explained Like Never Before # ... ISKCON Mayapur The Story Behind Lord Jagannath's Form - ISKCON Mayapur The Story Behind Lord Jagannath's Form. The Puranas explain why the Supreme Lord, Sri Krishna appears in Puri Dham as Dharu-brahma. King Indradyumna once found Prinjal Lord Jagannath: Story, History, Significance & More - Prinjal Jewels Lord Jagannath: Story, History, Significance & More * Have you ever wondered why Lord Jagannath has such a unique appearance? Why are his eyes so big, ansvastika.in Lord Jagannath Rath Yatra Story: The Real Origin - Svastika The king who wanted to see God with his own eyes. The oldest full account of Puri is a long section of the Skanda Purana called the Purushottama Kshetra Mahatmya...



My Dear Sister

A. S. Vale is a young writer who finds inspiration in relationships, emotions, and the quiet moments that often go unnoticed. His writing is an attempt to give words to the feelings that are difficult to say aloud.

A.S.Vale

You are the sunrise that found my dampened world
and taught it how to hold the light.

Not quite as bright as the sun-
perhaps brighter in ways the sun could never be-
but never enough to burn my eyes,
only enough to make me wish for tomorrow.

To me, you were never just my sister.
You were my guiding light,
my companion,
my best friend,
my mentor,
my measure-
and somehow,
my everything.



But sisters aren't made only of light, are they?

We were still two children keeping score
over things too small to remember,
each certain the other got more,
certain the other got away with more.

You always knew which words would find me
and used them like a key.
I knew exactly which silence would find you
and used it like a door.

Many evenings we sat together in the same room
saying nothing to each other at all,
and yet somehow that felt the closest we ever were.

You were the person I wanted to beat the most,
and yet the person I wanted beside me when I finally won-
just as I wanted to be beside you when you won.
Then we grew, the way children always grow
when no one is looking,
unaware that it was even happening-

and I realized I wouldn't always be beside you.

Not because anything broke,
but because life doesn't ask for permission
before it starts pulling people
in different directions.

I always used to think you were the sunrise
because you found me in the dark.

Now I think the sunrise was never the point.
You were always teaching me, the whole time,
how to find my own light-
so that whenever you were gone,
I wouldn't be standing in the dark again.

It wasn't the big moments that taught me who you were.
It was you, again and again,
in the small ones-
until I learned to read you
the way you'd once read me.
That was the language you gave me

without ever naming it.

You taught me how to walk toward tomorrow.

So wherever tomorrow takes you,

whatever road you choose,

when you look beside you-

I hope you find me there.

CORRECTION

A Bond Beyond Verses

Atharv Saxena is a 20-year old amateur poet, pursuing his passion for poetry since grade 10. He has participated in numerous national level poetry contests including **S7 poetry Price** and **Mastculture poetry competition** where he was placed among the **Top 250 candidates out of 43,000+ participants across India.**

Atharv Saxena

How can I express a feeling,
too loud to express.
Kept in my heart,
not enough that my words can
express that love out of the thought cloud.

Seeing the hand,
from wrist to the elbow surrounded,
by a bouquet of rakhis,
all different,
distinguished and aligned.
Every piece,
curated and designed just for me.



It's difficult even,
just to think,
how the rakhi shines.
It lies on my hand
as gracefully as little red vines.

No words, no verses
would ever be enough
to express the bond of ever lasting
long living love.

Transmigration Into Animal

Author has past awards and recognitions as Writer, Columnist, Poet and TV Panelist as well. Sarada Kar, an MA qualified and an orator on Jagannath Culture.

Dr. Sarada Prasad Kar

Humans were once animals. We obediently follow the conclusions of scientific studies and declare humans as ex-monkeys. Ancient Assyria-Babylonia and today's Egypt, where half human and half animal lived in dense forests, are still in an inchoate state. The idea of "Wemic", half lion and half human has root to Greek mythology. may be the incarnation of Vishnu's Narasimha avatar according to Indian mythology. Rig Veda verse chants- "Surya Pashurasit, Soma Pashurasit, Indra Pashurasit, Pashobo Deva". Sun, Moon, Indra and other gods and demi gods were once animals, and the idea of animals becoming gods is beyond the imagination of the common men. The Nandi bull lying in front of the Shiva temple is in the real story a 'zoo-anthropomorphic' or 'humanoid' form or a human-like body.

The fourth incarnation of Vishnu, Narasimha, was born as an alternative to cleave the demon Hiranyakashipu had lion-like hands, feet, face and the rest of the body was human. Similarly, the "Meena incarnation" was taken to rescue the "Chaturvedas" captured by Sankhasura, a demon in conch shape and the furious Hiranaksha's death was possible by assuming the form of a fierce wild Boar. The monkey Hanuman,



the eleventh form of Shiva and in the forest, Bali, Sugriva, Angada, Nala, Nila were born in the great ape lineage and Brahma putra Jambavan born with the body of a bear. Rishi Bhiringi (bumblebee) became a human skeleton getting cursed by Parvati. It's believed, many of the Shiva devotees who are responsible in Shivpur take the form of animals, birds, insects or ghosts.

The horse-faced Hindu god Hayagriva is considered as an incarnation of Vishnu like the Markat Mukh Swayambhunath temple in Kathmandu. During 'Kukur Tihar' celebration in Nepal, dogs are worshipped with offerings along with 'tilak' on their foreheads. Like India and Nepal the ancient Greeks, Egyptians and Zoroastrians also worshipped cows. The Bible describes sheep as the holy spirit. The face of the god 'Sphinx' worshipped in the Karnak temple in Egypt is like a sheep. There is a 'Maha Zataka' mention that Siddhartha Gautama entered his mother's womb as a white elephant. Ancient Roman beliefs say, the goddess 'Luperca' is a form of a female wolf. Evidence is that Native Americans worshiped wolves and hawks. Garuda, the vehicle of Vishnu has the face of a bird, large wings, bird claws and human-like limbs.

Whether through curses or blessings, even gods have become associated with animals. According to the Smriti Shastra- "the sage Kesha was born from the owl, the sage Kapila was born from the cow Kapila, the sage Teetiri was born from the bird Teetiri and the sage Achal was born from the hand of a deer." The eternal sleep of Vishnu is on the last serpent, the serpent Lord, the king of the underworld, Vasuki. Therefore, it is not permissible to see the God and demi-gods in the form of human only, they can be seen in the animal body also. Mahabharata excerpt - Yudhishtira was led through the way to heaven by Yama, Yamaraj had an animal body of a black dog. Maharishi Ruyashringa was born to a deer. It articulates, even an animal womb can give birth to a goddess or a human being.

Kakmukha Mahakaala, In Bhutanese, "Jarang Danchen" is the chief guardian deity of the land. In Shinto, "Chinjuga" is a "kami" or chief

protector, just as in Hinduism, the Kshetrapala is a guardian deity of a specific place in various settings. Damra Kua(raven) on the royal crown is the national symbol of Bhutan, is considered sacred, powerful, and the protector of the dynasty. Bhutan is called the "Land of Thunder Dragons" or "Drak" in the native language. According to the story of the South-East Australian aboriginal people 'Yul', half emu bird and half human was once descended from the sky and gave the inhabitants of this place land and a code of law. As big as the sky, with two arms wide and eyes sparkling white, the imagination of such a god is the imagination of man and animal.

The mind entered the consciousness of the swan. Later, the swan became the vehicle of Goddess Saraswati. In a fierce battle, Ganesha defeated Gazmukha which later ran away in the form of a mouse. Ganesha beat him and asked for forgiveness. In another story, the mouse described in the Puranas is none other than Yamaraj. There was no bitterness in relationship between the master and the beast, between gods and animals. Mahavishnu had to fight for thousands of years in the form of Varaha, in wild boar form to lift the earth with his teeth.

The Greek word "Paan" meaning "all" and "theas" meaning "God". Come together they form 'Paantheas', which in a simple language mean all gods and goddesses. The inhabitants of the south-eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea worshipped about ten gods with animal bodies. While the inhabitants of Egypt worship the sky god 'Horus' in the form of a falcon, the goddess 'Sekhmet' with the face of a lion is worshipped as the master in battlefield. In Hindu belief, Maheshwar as the Lord of the Beasts, is said 'Pashunam Pati'. From the footprints left on the sand during death rituals, it is determined whether a person has a rebirth as an animal or human. If our age old scriptures are the mouth piece of our great seers then we humans have to believe metamorphosis into animals one day at a higher level of intellectual attainment.

Afterlight

Nicolette Makanaka, who writes under the name Nikkki, is a young poet and storyteller whose work explores grief, love, identity, freedom, and the quiet complexities of being human. Through haunting imagery and raw emotion, she turns wounds into words and invites readers to find pieces of themselves within them.

Nicolette Makanaka (aka Nikkki)

I tied your name
into the loose threads of my pocket,
so every time I reached into it,
I would find your face
smiling back at me.

But it could never carry your light.

The tree we planted
towers over me now.
And yet...

Somewhere in the back of my mind,
it is still a sprout



eavesdropping on our love.

Your laughter still echoes
with the waves of the sea.
The flowers in your hands
still try to catch up with your radiance,
and the sun itself
is in awe of your soul.

But it is night now.

The sky has witnessed
countless dawns and nights.
The tree reminisces our love
like a child remembers its childhood.

And the sea...

The sea is as quiet
as the day you left.

The flowers have wilted

with our promises,
and the sun has worn through
many sunsets and sunrises,
but has admitted defeat,
for it will never again
witness such purity.

But then again,
neither will my eyes.

So I shut them closed,
hoping you'll blind me
with your light
in my dreams.

THE SACRED TIE

Payal Chowdhury a Bengali girl from Belpahar, Odisha. Born to an elite family of education and culture who had a hobby of writing from the age of 10 and gradually it turned to passion.

Payal Chowdhury

Early morning, just getting down my cozy bed,
I found it was holiday,
Yes, it was Raksha Bandhan,
And I was wondering ahead.

Oh God! No shopping, no sweets,
When will I arrange things,
My brothers, cousins all will come to meet.
Yes, and what before that?

Yeah, visiting my elder most brother,
Baldev and Krishnadev,
Awaiting with their curious eyes,
As if Subhadra would tie the sacred thread .

I bought first two of the sacred thread,
Then brought some sweets,

To cherish my bond with them,
I offered my prayers,
With deep sincerity and lovely
greet.

They are my guide, my family,
More than ever, they are my
forever,

At times of crisis, they are
my best,

My bond with them will stay forever.



THE THREAD WE TIED WITHOUT RAKHI

An deeply personal and emotionally intense story about a brother and sister who found safety in each other when childhood itself did not feel safe. Through pain, silence, and memories they could never fully explain, their bond became a quiet promise of protection in both directions.

Deepika Raut

A Raksha Bandhan Story About Two Children Who Became Each Other's Home

There are some bonds that are tied with a thread.

And then there are bonds that are forged in the places where childhood was supposed to feel safe, but didn't.

My brother and I grew up in the same house, under the same roof, surrounded by the same people. Yet our childhood was nothing like the childhood I saw in other families.

I have no memory of my mother holding me just because she wanted to.

No memory of her playing with us, comforting us, or making us feel that, no matter what happened in the world, we could always run into our mother's arms.

But I do remember my brother.

And perhaps that is why, when I think of the word home, I do not remember a place.

I remember him.

He is thirteen years older than me.

When I was still young enough to believe that older brothers were supposed to know everything, he was still a child himself, trying to understand a world he had no business having to understand so early.

He should have been worrying about school, friends, games and dreams.

Instead, he learned how to recognise fear in my eyes.

He learned when to stand between me and something that frightened me.

He learned how to protect someone when nobody had taught him how to protect himself.

And sometimes, I think that was the first kind of love I ever understood.

Not the love people write about in fairy tales.

Not the perfect kind.

Just a boy quietly placing himself between his little sister and the things that hurt her.

There were times when my parents' anger turned towards me, and my brother would step in.

He knew what might happen.

He knew he could get hurt too.

Still, he stood there.

And sometimes he was beaten for trying to protect me.

I was too young to understand the size of that sacrifice.

I only knew that whenever I was afraid, my brother was there.

Years later, when I understood what it meant, a painful thought stayed with me:

He was a child too.

Who protected him?

Who told him that he was allowed to be afraid?

Who held him when he was the one hurting?

Perhaps nobody did.

Perhaps that is why, as I grew older, something inside me changed.

I stopped being only the little sister he protected.

I became someone who wanted to protect him too.

I was never the kind of child who could quietly accept something I believed was wrong. Even when the person standing in front of me was someone I was supposed to obey simply because they were my parent, I would speak.

And whenever I saw my brother being hurt, something inside me refused to stay silent.

So our roles slowly changed.

Sometimes he became my shield.

Sometimes I became his.

We never announced it.

We never made a promise with dramatic words.

There was no special moment when we looked at each other and said, "I will always protect you."

We simply did.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Maybe that is what Raksha Bandhan means to me.

Not a thread.

Not a ritual.

Not a photograph of a sister tying rakhi on her brother's wrist.

For me, Raksha Bandhan is every moment my brother stood between me and pain.

It is every moment I stood beside him when he was hurting.

It is every silent glance that said, "I understand."

It is every time we survived something together and pretended we were fine because perhaps that was the only way children like us knew how to survive

People often imagine siblings fighting over toys, stealing food from each other's plates, complaining to their parents, teasing each other and then laughing five minutes later.

I used to watch those relationships and wonder what it would feel like.

My brother and I barely fought.

Not because we were unusually mature.

Because childhood had taught us something different.

We knew what real fear felt like.

We knew that there were bigger things than fighting over toys.

We knew that when the world outside our room felt unsafe, we needed to remain safe for each other.

We didn't have the luxury of being careless with one another.

Perhaps that is why our bond became so quiet.

So deep that it never needed an audience.

There are things about our childhood I don't talk about.

Not because they didn't happen.

Because they did.

And because explaining them to someone who has never lived through something similar can sometimes feel like trying to describe a colour they have never seen.

People may say, "But your parents raised you. They educated you. They provided for you. You should be grateful."

And I am.

Gratitude and pain can exist in the same heart.

Love and hurt can live under the same roof.

You can acknowledge what someone gave you and still acknowledge what they took away.

I don't hate my parents.

That may be the hardest thing for some people to understand.

Even after everything, I cannot bring myself to hate them.

And I don't want anyone else to hate them either.

Because life is rarely made of simple villains and innocent heroes.

Sometimes people can be kind to strangers and cruel to the people closest to them.

Sometimes someone can help the poor, love animals, maintain relationships with relatives, and still fail to make their own children feel emotionally safe.

Human beings can carry contradictions.

But my brother never made me question whether I deserved love.

That matters more than I can explain.

When the world made me wonder whether being myself was something I should be ashamed of, he never asked me to become smaller.

When I spoke against something I believed was wrong, he didn't tell me that my voice was the problem.

When I was afraid, he didn't make me feel weak for being afraid.

And when I grew old enough to understand his own pain, I wanted him to know something too:

You don't always have to be strong for me.

You can be tired.

You can be angry.

You can break.

You can need someone.

And if you ever do, I will be there.

Maybe that is the promise I want this Raksha Bandhan to carry.

Because people think brothers protect sisters.

But nobody tells you that sometimes a sister becomes the place where her brother can finally put down his armour.

Nobody tells you that protection can travel in both directions.

Nobody tells you that a little sister can grow up and become the person who protects the boy who once protected her.

My brother gave me pieces of childhood that nobody else could.

Not through toys.

Not through expensive gifts.

Through presence.

Through courage.

Through those moments when he chose me even when choosing me meant getting hurt himself.

And I hope he knows that I remember.

I remember every time he stood in front of me.

I remember every time he silently carried his own fear so I could feel a little less afraid.

I remember that he was a child too.

And perhaps that is the one thing I wish I could change.

I wish someone had protected him the way he protected me.

I wish someone had told him that he didn't have to become a second parent while he was still learning how to be a child.

I wish he had received the childhood he deserved.

But since I cannot rewrite those years, I can do something else.

I can make him a promise.

The same little girl he once protected has grown up.

And she is still here.

Still standing beside him.

Still choosing him.

Still ready to fight the battles he doesn't have the strength to fight alone.

So, this Raksha Bandhan, when I tie a thread around his wrist, I won't just be celebrating a tradition.

I will be honouring a lifetime.

A lifetime in which a brother became a shield before he was old enough to understand what being a shield meant.

A lifetime in which a sister slowly learned that protecting someone isn't always about standing in front of them.

Sometimes it is simply refusing to leave their side.

Our childhood may have given us wounds we will carry for the rest of our lives.

But it also gave me something I will carry for the rest of mine:
him.

And maybe that is the most beautiful thing about our story.

We didn't grow up knowing what a safe home felt like.

So we became one for each other.

We didn't always know how to ask for help.

So we learned to notice when the other needed it.

We didn't have the perfect childhood.

But somewhere between all the things that broke us, my brother and I found a way to keep each other from breaking completely.

So if someone asks me what Raksha Bandhan means to me, I won't show them a rakhi.

I'll show them my brother.

Because some promises are written in ink.

Some are spoken aloud.

And some are never spoken at all.

They are simply lived.

Ours was.

And it began long before a thread ever touched his wrist.

HINDI

Just a friendship

Liju Rathore

कभी हँसकर, कभी रोकर, कभी कुछ माफ़ होकर,
कभी एक बार की गली में अनजाने लगते हैं।
लेकिन फिर कुछ बातें करके उन्हें लगे जैसे,
ये अनजाने पल बातें हैं, ये ...

यादों की ...
मेरे मन में आज फिर से वही खुशी।
कभी तो सब साथ होते हैं, कभी ...

क्या यह सब सिर्फ एक पल का एहसास है,
या फिर ... यादों का कोई नया सफर है?



राखी का धागा

Madhuri Sharma

कुछ रिश्ते शब्दों से नहीं, साँसों से जुड़ जाते हैं,
वक़्त बदलता रहता है, रिश्ते फिर भी रह जाते हैं।

बचपन की उस चौखट पर, कितनी यादें पलती थीं,
एक की आँखें नम होतीं, दूजे की भी छलती थीं।

एक था जो रूठे तो दूजा, मनाने दौड़ा आता था,
एक की आँखों में आँसू हों, दूजा चुप हो जाता था।

आधी रोटी, आधा खिलौना, आधी-
आधी दुनिया थी,
झगड़े भी अपने लगते थे,
हँसी भी अपनी दुनिया थी।

वो दिन भी क्या दिन थे
जब, शाम सुहानी होती
थी,

भाई की बाँहों में बहना,
सबसे सुरक्षित जिंदगी होती थी।



समय गया तो राहें बदलीं, घर बदले, संसार बदला,
पर मन के किसी कोने में, अब भी वही त्योहार ठहरा।

भाई ने जो दिया है बहना, उसका मोल कहाँ होता है,
कुछ रिश्तों का ऋण जीवन भर, चुकता कहाँ होता है।

बहना भी तो माँ जैसी है, दूर रहे तो जानती है,
भाई के चेहरे की चुप्पी में, छिपी थकान पहचानती है।

राखी का धागा बाँधते ही, आँखें क्यों भर आती हैं?
शायद बीती सारी उम्रें, उस पल लौटकर आती हैं।

बस इतना सा रिश्ता है ये, फिर भी कितना गहरा है,
भाई मेरे लिए आज भी, बचपन का वो चेहरा है।

ईश्वर से बस यही प्रार्थना, ये बंधन यूँ ही रहे,
राखी का ये धागा हर जन्म, हमारे बीच यूँ ही रहे।

दुनिया में रिश्ते बहुत मिलेंगे, कुछ छूटेंगे, कुछ आएँगे,
पर बचपन वाले भाई-बहन, जीवन भर कहाँ मिल पाएँगे।

इसलिए जब तक साँस रहेगी, एक आशिर्वाद हर बार रहे,
मेरे भाई कि कलाई पर राखी हो और भाई- बहन का प्यार रहे।

CORRECTION

मेरा प्यारा भाई

PRIYANKA BANCHHOR

थोड़ा नट खट हे बो, थोड़ा सीधा साधा
बाते बचकाने हैं उसके ,दिखने में बहुत भोला ।
कभी छोटे छोटे चीजों के लिए मेरे साथ झगड़ ते
हे , तो कभी बिन मांगे अपनी सारी चीजें मुझे दे देता हे ।
कभी पापा के तरह ध्यान रखता हे तो ,कभी मां की तरह मुझे समझता हे ।
ऐसा भाई हे मेरा ,जिसके जगह कोई नहीं ले सकता हे
चाहे जितनी बार भी झगड़े हम दिनों के बीच प्यार कभी खत्म नहीं होता हे
कुछ ऐसा बंधन हे हमारा जो ,दूर रहके भी कभी नहीं टूट ता हे ।



Mai kya hu

Vedika

मैं क्या हूँ?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की अधूरी खाहिश,

या किसी का मुकम्मल खाब?

किसी के चेहरे की खिली हँसी,

या किसी की आँखों का बेनाम सैलाब?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की सुहानी यादों का हिस्सा,

या किसी की ज़िंदगी का अनकहा किस्सा?

किसी की डूबती कश्ती का साहिल,

या किसी के सफ़र की कठिन मंज़िल?

मैं क्या हूँ...

किसी की जीती-जागती ज़िंदगी,

या किसी की मौत का अनजाना कारण?

महज एक गुज़रता हुआ लम्हा,

या किसी के वजूद का पूरा व्याकरण?

ढूँढ़ता हूँ खुद को इन सवालों के दरमियाँ,



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

Love

Abhinay Maurya

नाराज़गी,

सुनो ..

नाराज़ हो?

या फ़क़त अठखेलियाँ कर रहे हो,

कि मैं आऊँ,

और उन रेशामी बालों में उलझे उस सुकून में बहकर,

एक नशे में धुत-सा भँवरा बनकर,

तुम्हारे आस-पास घूमूँ ...

क्या परेशान हो गए हो अब मुझसे?

या उदास होकर

ये जानने की कोशिश में हो

कि तुम मेरी क्या लगती हो?

तो सुनो ...



वो जो प्यार है,
उसकी मासूमियत-सी लगती हो।
इश्क़ की दास्ताँ में मिली
वसीहत-सी लगती हो।

यूँ तो बचपना
और शरारतें भरी हैं मन में तुम्हारे,
पर दिल में उतरी
एक साफ़ नीयत-सी लगती हो।

हाँ, बातों के अलावा
सबूत नहीं है मेरे पास
कि बेईतहा चाहता हूँ तुम्हें।

दरगाह, मंदिर तो नहीं जाता,
मगर सोने से पहले
अक्सर माँगता हूँ तुम्हें।
दिल रो जाता है अक्सर
जब तुम्हारे यार
तुमसे अठखेलियाँ करते हैं,

और तुम
मुस्कुराती हुई
बड़ी खुश हो जाती हो।

तुम्हारी खुशी से
नाराज़गी नहीं है हमें,
मगर न जाने क्यों,
मेरे आँसुओं में
तुम यूँ ही खो जाती हो।

रूठ जाना
तरीका हो सकता है
अपनी नाराज़गी जताने का।

मगर यूँ छोड़ देने का खयाल भी
तो बर्दाश्त के लायक नहीं।

हाँ, तक्रसीर (गलती)
हो जाती है कभी-कभी हमसे,
मगर तुम छोड़ जाओ-
वक़्त इतना भी

तो नालायक नहीं।

यूँ तो खिड़कियाँ

खुली रखता हूँ अक्सर,

सोचकर कि कहीं

चाँद आज

तुम्हारा दीदार न करा दे।

सोने से पहले

बंद कर देता हूँ उन्हें,

ताकि मेरे पास आकर

तुम वापस कहीं

चली न जाओ ...

फिर से पूछता हूँ ...

नाराज़ हो ...?

सूनी कलाई और एक अनकहा वादा:

मेरा जन्म उत्तर प्रदेश के चंदपुरा गाँव में हुआ, और मेरी शिक्षा हरियाणा के गुड़गाँव में संपन्न हुई। वर्तमान में, मैं ट्यूशन पढ़ाने और अपनी पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ 'जेनपैक्ट' में कार्यरत हूँ। जीवन की इस भागदौड़ के बीच, मुझे शब्दों को जोड़कर नए अर्थ खोजने का शौक हमेशा से रहा है। हिंदी भाषा से मेरे इसी गहरे प्रेम और लगाव ने मुझे अपने जज़्बातों को पत्रों पर उतारने और निरंतर लिखने के लिए प्रेरित किया है।

Thakur Daivik Singh

हर सावन जब बाज़ार राखी की सजी दुकानों से महक जाते हैं,
ना जाने क्यों, मेरे कदम कुछ पल के लिए वहीं ठहर से जाते हैं।
दूसरों की कलाइयों पर जब सजे हुए वो रेशमी धागे देखता हूँ,
मैं चुपके से अपनी इस सूनी कलाई को बस निहारता हूँ।

वो बहन का लाड़, वो रूठना, वो मीठी
सी तकरार, मैंने कभी जी नहीं,

शायद ईश्वर ने मेरे हिस्से में, वो रेशम
वाली प्यार की डोर दी नहीं।

पर क्या रक्षाबंधन सिर्फ एक धागे और खून के
रिश्ते का ही नाम है?

या ये उससे भी कहीं बढ़कर, समर्पण का
एक पावन पैगाम है?

भले ही मेरे माथे पर सजाने को कोई
कुमकुम की थाल नहीं,



मेरी आरती उतारने को, किसी बहन का वो मुस्कराता भाल नहीं।
पर आज अपनी इसी सूनी कलाई को गवाह मानकर, मैं ये प्रण लेता हूँ,
समाज की हर उस बहन, हर उस बेटी को, मैं आज ये वचन देता हूँ।
रेशम का वो कच्चा धागा भले ही मेरी कलाई पर ना बंधा हो कभी,
पर तुम्हारी गरिमा और रक्षा की ढाल बनकर, खड़ा मिलूँगा मैं हर घड़ी।
ये सिर्फ एक त्योहार नहीं, मेरे लिए एक बहुत बड़ी जिम्मेदारी का एहसास है,
सूनी है कलाई तो क्या हुआ, इस दिल में हर बहन के लिए अटूट सम्मान
और विश्वास है।

अटूट धागा: एक खामोश रिश्ते की गूँज

मेरा जन्म उत्तर प्रदेश के चंदपुरा गाँव में हुआ, और मेरी शिक्षा हरियाणा के गुड़गाँव में संपन्न हुई। वर्तमान में, मैं ट्यूशन पढ़ाने और अपनी पढ़ाई के साथ-साथ 'जेनपैक्ट' में कार्यरत हूँ। जीवन की इस भागदौड़ के बीच, मुझे शब्दों को जोड़कर नए अर्थ खोजने का शौक हमेशा से रहा है। हिंदी भाषा से मेरे इसी गहरे प्रेम और लगाव ने मुझे अपने जज़्बातों को पत्रों पर उतारने और निरंतर लिखने के लिए प्रेरित किया है।

ठाकुर दैविक सिंह

आशा अनाथालय की पुरानी, रंग उड़ी और जर्जर हो चुकी इमारत की खिड़कियों पर मॉनसून की बारिश लगातार अपने निशान छोड़ रही थी। आसमान पर छाए काले घने बादल और उनसे बरसती झमाझम बूँदें, बारह साल के आर्यन के दिल में चल रहे खामोश तूफान से पूरी तरह मेल खा रही थीं। अगस्त का महीना था, और आज वह दिन था जो अनाथालय के बाकी बच्चों के लिए किसी बड़े जश्न से कम नहीं होता था—रक्षाबंधन का दिन।

अनाथालय की मुख्य संचालिका, सरला मैडम, हर साल इस दिन को खास बनाने की पूरी कोशिश करती थीं। वह सुबह-सुबह बाज़ार से ढेर सारी मिठाइयाँ, समोसे और ढेर सारे रंग-बिरंगे, चमचमाते धागे लेकर आती थीं। हॉल को गुब्बारों और कागज़ की झालरों से सजाया जाता था। यह एक ऐसा दिन था जब अनाथालय के बच्चे अपने खून के रिश्तों की कमी को भुलाकर, एक-दूसरे में अपना परिवार ढूँढने की कोशिश करते थे। लड़कियाँ बड़े उत्साह से उन लड़कों की कलाइयों पर राखी बाँधती थीं, जिन्हें उन्होंने अपने दिल से अपना भाई मान लिया था। चारों तरफ हँसी-ठिठोली, वादों और खुशियों का माहौल होता था।

लेकिन आर्यन के लिए, यह दिन हमेशा साल का सबसे भारी और अकेला दिन होता था। जब पूरा हॉल बच्चों की किलकारियों से गूँज रहा होता, आर्यन चुपचाप किसी कोने में दुबक कर बैठ जाता। वह दूर से उन लड़कियों को

देखता जो अपने मुँहबोले भाइयों की आरती उतार रही होती थीं। उसकी अपनी कलाई हर साल की तरह इस साल भी बिल्कुल सूनी थी। वह सूनी कलाई उसे हर पल यह चुभता हुआ अहसास दिलाती थी कि इस पूरी दुनिया में उसका अपना कहने वाला कोई नहीं है। कोई ऐसा नहीं है जो सिर्फ उसके लिए प्रार्थना करे, कोई ऐसा नहीं जो उसे अपना रक्षक माने। हर रक्षाबंधन पर आर्यन अपनी सूनी कलाई को अपनी लंबी आस्तीन के पीछे छिपाने की नाकाम कोशिश करता और किसी तरह दिन ढलने का इंतज़ार करता।

हालाँकि, इस साल अनाथालय की हवा में कुछ अलग सी बात थी। ठीक एक हफ्ते पहले, पुलिस की एक जीप अनाथालय के दरवाज़े पर आकर रुकी थी। उस जीप से एक छोटी सी, लगभग छह साल की बच्ची को उतारा गया था। उसका नाम सिया था। जब वह पहली बार अंदर आई, तो उसकी हालत देखकर किसी का भी दिल पसीज जाए। उसने एक बहुत पुराना, मैला और फटा हुआ ऊनी शॉल कसकर पकड़ा हुआ था, जैसे वही उसकी दुनिया का आखिरी सहारा हो। उसकी बड़ी-बड़ी आँखों में एक ऐसा गहरा, जमा हुआ खौफ और दुख था, जिसे समझने के लिए वह बहुत छोटी थी। बताया गया था कि एक भयानक हादसे में उसने अपने पूरे परिवार को खो दिया था। उस हादसे के सदमे ने सिया की आवाज़ छीन ली थी। अनाथालय में कदम रखने के बाद से उसने एक भी शब्द नहीं बोला था, यहाँ तक कि वह रोई भी नहीं थी। बस शून्य में घूरती रहती थी।



जहाँ अनाथालय के बाकी बच्चे उस खामोश और सहमी हुई नई लड़की से दूरी बनाए रखते थे, वहीं आर्यन को उसकी सूनी आँखों में अपना ही अक्स

नज़र आता था। उसे याद था कि जब वह खुद बहुत छोटा था और यहाँ लाया गया था, तो उसे भी कैसा महसूस होता था। उस भयंकर अकेलेपन और डर को आर्यन ने जिया था। इसलिए, बिना किसी से कहे या जताए, आर्यन ने खामोशी से सिया का ख्याल रखना शुरू कर दिया।

शुरुआती दिनों में, सिया अनाथालय के खाने वाले कमरे (मेस) में जाने से डरती थी। शोर-शराबा उसे और डरा देता था। आर्यन यह बात समझ गया। वह अपना खाना खाने के बाद, चुपचाप अपने हिस्से के बिस्कुट या रोटी का एक टुकड़ा बचाता और उसे सिया के बिस्तर के पास छोड़ आता। सिया कभी उसके सामने नहीं खाती, लेकिन जब आर्यन मुड़कर देखता, तो वह खाना वहाँ से गायब होता। आर्यन कभी उससे कुछ कहता नहीं था, न ही सिया ने कभी कोई प्रतिक्रिया दी, लेकिन उन दोनों के बीच खामोशी का एक पुल बनने लगा था।

सबसे बड़ा बदलाव उस रात आया जब शहर में मॉनसून का सबसे भयंकर तूफान आया था। रात के दो बज रहे थे। बादलों की कान फोड़ देने वाली गरज और बिजली की भयानक चमक से पूरा अनाथालय काँप रहा था। आर्यन की नींद टूटी तो उसने देखा कि सिया अपने बिस्तर पर नहीं है। वह घबराकर उठा और उसने देखा कि सिया कमरे के एक अंधेरे कोने में, घुटनों में सिर दिए, अपने फटे हुए शॉल में लिपटी बुरी तरह काँप रही है। बिजली की हर कड़क के साथ उसका छोटा सा शरीर और सिकुड़ जाता था।

आर्यन बिना कुछ सोचे उसके पास गया। उसने सिया को छुआ नहीं, क्योंकि वह जानता था कि डरे हुए इंसान को अचानक छूना और डरा सकता है। वह बस ज़मीन पर, उससे थोड़ी दूरी पर बैठ गया। उसने अपनी आँखें बंद कीं और एक बहुत ही धीमी, बेनाम सी धुन गुनगुनाने लगा। यह वही धुन थी जो आर्यन की धुंधली यादों में उसकी अपनी माँ उसे सुलाने के लिए गुनगुनाया करती थी। वह लगातार, बिना रुके उस धुन को गुनगुनाता रहा। धीरे-धीरे, सिया का काँपना कम होने लगा। उसने अपना सिर उठाया और अँधेरे में आर्यन को देखा। उस रात, पहली बार, सिया आर्यन की मौजूदगी में सो गई, और आर्यन तब तक वहीं बैठा रहा जब तक कि तूफान शांत नहीं हो गया।

और फिर आज की सुबह आ गई—रक्षाबंधन की सुबह।

मुख्य हॉल में सरला मैडम ने पुरानी टेप रिकॉर्डर पर त्योहार के गीत चला दिए थे। बच्चों की खुशी से भरी आवाज़ें, मिठाइयों की खुशबू और नए कपड़ों की सरसराहट से पूरा माहौल जीवंत हो उठा था। आर्यन ने कुछ देर तक यह सब देखा, लेकिन हर गुजरते पल के साथ उसके सीने में उठने वाला वो पुराना, जाना-पहचाना दर्द और बढ़ने लगा। जब उसने देखा कि अनाथालय के सबसे छोटे लड़के को भी एक साथ तीन राखियाँ बाँधी जा रही हैं, तो आर्यन से और बर्दाश्त नहीं हुआ। वह चुपचाप वहाँ से खिसक गया और अनाथालय के पीछे वाले पुराने, खामोश बरामदे में आ गया।

बरामदे की ठंडी सीढ़ियों पर बैठकर आर्यन ने अपना सिर नम ईंट की दीवार से टिका लिया। बाहर बारिश अभी भी हो रही थी। उसने अपनी आँखें कसकर बंद कर लीं, ताकि अंदर हो रहे जश्न की आवाज़ों को अपने दिमाग से निकाल सके। उसने मन ही मन खुद को समझाया कि उसे इन सब चीज़ों की कोई ज़रूरत नहीं है, वह अकेला ही काफी है।

तभी, उसकी कमीज़ की आस्तीन पर एक बहुत ही हल्का, झिझकता हुआ सा खिंचाव महसूस हुआ।

आर्यन ने चौंकर अपनी आँखें खोलीं। उसके सामने सिया खड़ी थी। वह हमेशा की तरह अपना पुराना, फटा हुआ ऊनी शॉल दोनों हाथों से कसकर पकड़े हुए थी। उसकी आँखें थोड़ी नर्वस थीं, और वह बार-बार कभी आर्यन को देखती, तो कभी अपने पैरों को।

"क्या हुआ सिया?" आर्यन ने बहुत ही कोमलता से पूछा।

सिया ने कोई जवाब नहीं दिया। उसने अपना ध्यान अपने हाथों में पकड़े उस फटे हुए शॉल पर लगाया। वह शॉल, जो उसके गुज़रे हुए कल की आखिरी निशानी था, जो उसकी माँ की यादों का इकलौता टुकड़ा था। धीरे से, सिया की छोटी उँगलियों ने उस शॉल के एक उधड़े हुए किनारे को पकड़ा। उसने बहुत ध्यान से एक सिरा ढूँढ़ा, और अपनी पूरी नज़र वहीं ताकत लगाकर, उसमें से एक अकेला, लंबा लाल धागा खींच निकाला। ऊन का वह धागा

जगह-जगह से घिसा हुआ और कमज़ोर था, लेकिन वह सिया के पास मौजूद पूरी दुनिया की इकलौती रंगीन और अपनी चीज़ थी।

बिना एक शब्द कहे, सिया एक कदम आगे बढ़ी। उसने अपना छोटा सा हाथ आगे बढ़ाया और आर्यन के बड़े, खुरदरे हाथ को पकड़ लिया। आर्यन जड़वत रह गया, उसे समझ नहीं आ रहा था कि क्या हो रहा है। सिया की छोटी, नासमझ उँगलियों ने काफी संघर्ष किया। वह धागा बार-बार फिसल रहा था, लेकिन सिया ने हार नहीं मानी। बहुत ध्यान लगाकर, काफी जद्दोजहद के बाद, वह उस अकेले, ऊनी लाल धागे को आर्यन की सूनी कलाई पर बाँधने में कामयाब हो गई।

आर्यन की साँसें वहीं अटक गईं। उसका दिल इतनी ज़ोर से धड़कने लगा कि उसे लगा जैसे वह बाहर आ जाएगा। उसकी आँखों में पिछले बारह सालों से रुका हुआ समंदर एक झटके में टूट पड़ा। एक गर्म आँसू उसके गाल से लुढ़कता हुआ सिया के छोटे से हाथ पर जा गिरा।

सिया ने अपना सिर उठाया और आर्यन की नम आँखों में देखा। उसकी अपनी बड़ी आँखों में भी आँसू भर आए थे। और फिर, अनाथालय आने के बाद पहली बार, एक कमज़ोर, काँपती हुई आवाज़ में, जो किसी फुसफुसाहट से ज़्यादा तेज़ नहीं थी, सिया ने अपने जीवन का वो शब्द बोला जिसने आर्यन की पूरी दुनिया बदल दी।

"भैया।"

ऊन के उस पतले, धिसे हुए, और कमज़ोर से टुकड़े में, आर्यन को उस पल पूरी दुनिया का वजन, सारे ब्रह्मांड की गर्माहट और जीवन का सबसे बड़ा मक़सद मिल गया। उसने अपने दोनों हाथ आगे बढ़ाए और सिया को कसकर अपने सीने से लगा लिया। वह अपना चेहरा उसके छोटे से कंधे में छिपाकर फूट-फूट कर रोने लगा। यह रोना उसके बरसों के दुख, अकेलेपन और निराशा का नहीं था, बल्कि यह एक गहरी, अभिभूत कर देने वाली, और कभी न खत्म होने वाली खुशी का रोना था।

उस दिन बरामदे की उन ठंडी सीढ़ियों पर आर्यन को यह एहसास हुआ कि राखी सिर्फ बाज़ार से खरीदा हुआ, मोतियों और ज़री से सजा कोई सजावटी धागा नहीं होता। असली राखी तो सच्चे, निस्वार्थ और सबसे पवित्र प्रेम से बुना गया एक खामोश वादा होती है। और जब उसने अपनी उस छोटी सी, सहमी हुई बहन को अपने दिल के करीब रखा, तो आर्यन ने उस लाल ऊनी धागे की कसम खाकर खामोशी से वह अटूट ढाल बनने का प्रण लिया, जिसे सिया को अब ज़िंदगी में कभी माँगना नहीं पड़ेगा। उस दिन के बाद से, आर्यन की कलाई कभी सूनी नहीं रही, और सिया की दुनिया कभी अकेली नहीं पड़ी।

Bhai... sirf bhai nahi hota

Swati Nangare

भाई .. सिर्फ भाई नहीं होता

भाई... सिर्फ भाई नहीं होता ♥

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

वो छोटा हो या बड़ा, बहन के लिए हमेशा बड़ा बन जाता है, उसकी आँखों में आँसू आते ही, बिना कहे उसके पास आ जाता है। माँ-बाप के बाद अगर कोई ऐसा है, जो बेटी की हर ख्वाहिश समझ सकता है, उसकी खुशी के लिए खुद पीछे हट सकता है, तो वो भाई ही होता है... जो अपनी बहन का हाथ थामकर कहता है—“तू बस खुश रह, मैं हूँ ना।”

दुनिया चाहे कितनी भी बदल जाए, भाई का प्यार कभी नहीं बदलता, वो चाहे कितना भी दूर क्यों न हो, बहन की तकलीफ़ उससे छुपती नहीं। हम लड़ते हैं... एक-दूसरे से शिकायत भी करते हैं, पर सच तो ये है—हमारी हर लड़ाई के पीछे प्यार होता है, और हर शिकायत के पीछे अपनापन।

कभी वो मेरा सबसे बड़ा दुश्मन लगता है, तो कभी वही मेरा सबसे मजबूत सहारा बन जाता है। मेरी ढाल भी वही है, मेरी ताकत भी वही, मेरी शरारतों का साथी भी वही, और मेरी मुश्किलों का रक्षक भी वही। भाई-बहन का रिश्ता शायद दुनिया का सबसे खूबसूरत और सबसे मासूम रिश्ता है... जहाँ प्यार जताने के लिए मैं तुमसे प्यार करता हूँ” कहना ज़रूरी नहीं होता, क्योंकि कभी एक छोटी-सी लड़ाई में, कभी एक

छोटी-सी मदद में और कभी बिना कुछ कहे साथ खड़े रहने में पूरा प्यार दिखाई दे जाता है।

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

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



भाई की कलाई

Khushboo Goyal

वह आज बहुत खुश थी—इतनी खुश कि उसकी नन्ही-नन्ही आँखों में वह खुशी समा ही नहीं रही थी। कभी वह नानी की गोद में चढ़ जाती, तो कभी दादी की गोद में। बस इसलिए कि भीड़ के बीच से वह चेहरा उसे दिखाई दे जाए, जिसे देखने के लिए उसकी आँखें जाने कब से बेचैन थीं।

आज उसका छोटा भाई इस दुनिया में आया था।

जैसे ही नर्स उसे गोद में लेकर बाहर आई, वह दादी की गोद से उतर पड़ी। अपने नन्हे-नन्हे कदमों से धीरे-धीरे उसके पास पहुँची और कुछ पल बस उसे निहारती रही। फिर झुककर उसके कोमल-से माथे को बहुत हल्के से चूम लिया।

इस पल का इंतज़ार तो उसके मन ने उसी दिन से शुरू कर दिया था, जिस दिन उसने राखी के त्योहार पर अपनी पड़ोस वाली सहेली को उसके भाई की कलाई पर राखी बाँधते देखा था। उस दिन न जाने क्यों उसके नन्हे-से मन में भी एक भाई की चाह जाग उठी थी। वह भी चाहती थी कि कोई उसका अपना हो, जिसकी कलाई पर वह हर राखी पर प्रेम का वह धागा बाँध सके।



और आज उसकी वह छोटी-सी चाह एक नन्हे-से चेहरे का रूप लेकर उसके सामने थी।

वह बस उसे देखे जा रही थी—बिना पलकें झपकाए। उसकी आँखों में खुशी थी, चेहरे पर मुस्कान और मन में अनगिनत दुआएँ। वह मन ही मन अपनी माँ और भगवान, दोनों का शुक्रिया अदा कर रही थी।

अब उसे राखी का त्योहार उदास होकर नहीं बिताना पड़ेगा।

अब उसके पास भी एक राखी होगी, जिसे बाँधने के लिए एक कलाई होगी—उसके अपने छोटे भाई की कलाई।

CORRECTION

रिश्तों की भाषा: राखी का धागा

Author Astik Kumar Chand hails from a small town of the state of Odisha named Sonepur. He is a multilingual person and writes in 6 different languages. He writes his poetry in Hindi Urdu (Hindustani), Odia, Bengali, Assamese, Punjabi and English.

Astik Kumar Chand

संपर्कों की है आशा राखी का धागा,
संबंधों का भरोसा राखी का धागा ।
मौनता में कहता रिश्तों की महत्ताएँ,
विश्वासों की है भाषा राखी का धागा ॥

वर्ष में बस इक बार वह यूँ पास आ कर,
अपनेपन का वह करता है भाव उजागर ।
संपर्कों के छिपे आशय को बतलाए,
ममता के संदेश संग अपने ला कर ॥



नातों के सूत्रों में बाँधे वो सब को,
कितना प्यारा बना देता है जीवन को ।

खुशियाँ बाँट के करता आनंदित है,
हर्ष-उल्लास में भर देता है घर को ।।

भाई-बहनों का रिश्ता है सबसे प्यारा,
पावन कितना लुभावन है ये नियारा ।
कृष्ण-कृष्णा सी भद्रा सी है सुहावन,
शुद्ध, मेध्य, अद्वितीय है यह डोरा ।।

रक्षाबंधन सा त्योहार कहीं भी नहीं,
स्वर्ग की खुशियाँ हैं मर्त्य में यहीं ।
'चाँद' रहता है प्रतीक्षा में वर्ष भर,
राखी के इस एक दिन के लिए ही ।।

Bhai ka sandesha

मेरी हमेशा से कोशिश रहती है, की मेरी भावनाएँ व्यक्त कर सकूँ। मैंने मेरी कविता में एक भाई बेहन के रिश्ते में प्यार और विश्वास को दिखाया है । ' भाई का संदेशा ' इस कविता में एक भाई का उसके बेहन के प्रति प्यार, विश्वास, फिक्र और निडर रहने का संदेशा दिया हैं। मैंने बोहोत सरल शब्दोंमें व्यक्त करने का प्रयास किया है ।

Sanjivani shinde

ओ मेरी कोमल सी गुड़ीया रानी,
कभी फुल की कलि सी थी तु ; पर आज बोहोत सयानी ।
हा आज हमारे बीच दुरियां है , पर प्यार नहीं और हमेशा रहेगा ;
कभी अगर मेरी कमी मेहसूस हो, आवाज दे देना तेरा भाई दौड़ा चला
आएगा ।
वैसे तुम्हे पता है आज मैंने चाँद देखा , बड़ा खुबसुरत था; पर तुम्हारे नुर से
थोड़ा फिका ।
तुम्हे याद है वो हसिन शामे, हम
बैठकर तारे गिना करते;
टुटे कोई तारा तो, अपनी ख्वाईशे
बताया करते ।
तुफानी मौसम और बारिश की बुँदे
हल्की सी ;
हाँ याद है मुझे वो प्यारि सी हंसी।
दुवा है मेरि, वो टूटा तारा फिर लौट
आये;



माँगो जो तुम वो सारि ख्वाईशे पूरी हो जाये ।

इस राखी के अवसर पर तुम्हे कुछ देना है; सुनो झुकना नहीं किसी के सामने, ना ही डरना है।

मैं तुम्हारे साथ हमेशा रहूँगा, पर तुम खुद कमाल हो ;

याद रखना, तुम अबला नहीं अपने हौसलो की मिसाल हो ।

कोई चाहें तुम्हे कुछ भी कहें, तुम बस अपनी सुनना;

लाख मुश्कीले आए, मगर मंजिल की तरफ चलते रेहना।

माफ करना, आज कल थोडा व्यस्त रेहता हूँ पर जल्द आऊँगा;

और जब आऊँ, तो खुब घुमाऊँगा।

मेरी प्यारि गुडीयाँ अपना खयाल रखा कर;

मेरे इंतजार में यूँ, आसमानों में मत देखा कर

क्या आप अंधे हैं भगवान

Amar verma

नमस्ते,

मेरा नाम सुम्मी है, उम्र मेरी 13 है।

आई हूँ आपके सामने लेके कुछ चंद सवालों को,

जिन्होंने मुझे घेरा है।

यूँ तो रहती है सब पे नज़र आपकी, सब पे आपका पहरा है,

पर मेरी चीखें सुनने की खातिर

शायद आपका समाज बहरा है।

आपकी श्रेष्ठ रचना ने देखिए कैसे मुझको

नोच लिया,

अपनी भूख मिटाने की खातिर कैसे मुझको
खरोँच लिया।

लूट लिया मेरा सम्मान, जिसपे मुझको
था अभिमान,

दीजिये मुझको बस एक जवाब, क्या
आप अंधे हैं भगवान?

सोच रही हूँ गलती अपनी, क्या मुझे
कोई बतायेगा?

या लड़की होना बस मेरी गलती, यही
समाज समझायेगा?



मैंने नहीं कोई शैतान देखे, मैंने बस इंसान देखे,
मेरी इज्जत लूटने की खातिर, बनते उनको हैवान देखे।
हर दिन आपकी पूजा करती,
हर दिन आपको करती याद,
हर बात मानती आपकी,
ना कभी कोई करती फ़रियाद।
यूँ तो आपने पर्वत उठाये, सूरज निगला, बुराई का संहार किया,
पर मेरी चीख, पुकार, मेरी मदद की गुहार का क्यों
आपने तिरस्कार किया।

कुछ रिश्ते बनाए नहीं जाते , मिलाए जाते हैं।

मैं साहिल कर्ण हूँ एक मामूली साधारण सा अभ्यर्थी कॉलेज में पढ़ने वाला लिखना मेरा शौक ही नहीं हॉबी भी है बस कुछ बातें कुछ लोगों को कह नहीं पाता तो उन्हें कागज़ पे उतारना सही समझता हूँ एक छोटी सी यहीं कोशिश है मेरी अपनी बहन के लिए कुछ वक्त निकाल के अपनी आँखों के सामने से गुजारियेगा ज़रूर।

SAHIL KARN

मेरे हिस्से में बचपन से
एक खाली जगह थी,
जिसका नाम तब नहीं जानता था मैं।

घर में अकेला था,
तो अकेलापन भी अपना-सा लगता था,
न किसी से लड़ना पड़ता,
न अपनी चीज़ें बाँटनी पड़तीं,
न किसी के रूठने पर मनाना पड़ता।

तब कहाँ समझ थी
कि कुछ चीज़ों की कीमत
उनके न होने पर पता चलती है।



उम्र बढ़ी,

तो समझ आया—

भाई होना सिर्फ़ एक रिश्ता नहीं,

किसी के साथ बेवजह लड़ पाने का अधिकार है,

किसी के आँसू देखकर

अपनी हँसी रोक देने की आदत है,

और किसी की मुस्कान के लिए

अपनी सारी अकड़ भूल जाने का नाम है।

मुझे भी एक बहन चाहिए थी।

जिससे छोटी-छोटी बातों पर लड़ता,

उसकी पसंद की चीज़ चुरा लेता,

फिर उसके रूठने पर

चुपके से मना लेता।

जिससे वो बातें कह पाता

जो घर में सबके सामने नहीं कही जातीं,

जिसे आधी बात बताकर

बाकी समझाने की ज़रूरत न पड़ती।

पर मेरे घर में
वो कमरा हमेशा खाली रहा।

फिर ज़िंदगी ने
एक अजीब-सा रास्ता चुना।

मेरे घर के सामने
एक घर था,
और उस घर से
मुझे मेरी बहन मिल गई।

खून का रिश्ता नहीं था,
फिर भी जाने कब
दिल ने रिश्ते की मुहर लगा दी।

लोग उसे शायद
मुंहबोली बहन कहेंगे,
पर मेरे लिए
वो शब्द छोटा है।

वो मेरी वो बहन है
जिसे मैंने पाया नहीं,
जिसे ज़िंदगी ने
मेरे हिस्से में रख दिया।

हम रोज़ नहीं मिलते,
रोज़ बातें भी नहीं होतीं,
उसकी पढ़ाई अपनी जगह,
मेरी दुनिया अपनी जगह।

कभी-कभी कई दिन
बिना बात के निकल जाते हैं,
फिर भी रिश्ता
एक दिन भी पुराना नहीं लगता।

शायद सच्चे रिश्तों को
हर रोज़ शब्दों की ज़रूरत नहीं होती।

कुछ रिश्ते
खामोशी में भी पूछ लेते हैं—
“ठीक हो?”

और सामने वाला

बिना पूछे ही जवाब समझ लेता है।

हर रक्षाबंधन पर

जब वो मेरी कलाई पर

एक धागा बाँधती है,

तो मुझे लगता है

मेरे बचपन की कोई अधूरी इच्छा

आज फिर पूरी हुई है।

इस बार बस एक कमी रह गई—

मैंने अपनी कमाई से

आज तक उसे कुछ नहीं दिया।

मन में थोड़ा अफ़सोस है,

पर एक वादा भी है—

बहुत जल्द दूँगा।

उस चीज़ की कीमत

शायद बहुत बड़ी न हो,

पर उसमें मेरी अपनी मेहनत होगी,
और शायद यही उसे सबसे खास बनाएगी।

मुझे सच में नहीं आता
कि एक भाई को
अपनी बहन के साथ कैसा होना चाहिए।

मैंने बहन के साथ
झगड़ना नहीं सीखा,
उसे मनाना नहीं सीखा,
उस पर बेवजह हक़ जताना नहीं सीखा।

पर उसने मुझे
भाई होना सिखाया।

धीरे-धीरे,
बिना किसी किताब के।

और शायद इसी दौरान
वो सिर्फ़ मेरी बहन नहीं रही—
मेरी सबसे अच्छी दोस्तों में से एक बन गई।

उसके आने से
मेरी ज़िंदगी की कोई बड़ी घटना नहीं बदली,
बस छोटी-छोटी खुशियाँ
थोड़ी बड़ी लगने लगीं।

मेरी थोड़ी-सी खट्टी ज़िंदगी में
उसने बिना शोर किए
थोड़ी मिठास घोल दी।

आज पहली बार
उसे सीधे कह रहा हूँ—

बहना,
शुक्रिया।

मेरे उस खालीपन को समझने के लिए
जिसे मैं खुद शब्द नहीं दे पाया था।

शुक्रिया,
मेरी ज़िंदगी में आने के लिए।

तू जहाँ रहे,
खुश रहे,
अपने सपनों के पीछे बेखौफ़ चले,
और दुनिया की हर बुरी नज़र से
खुद को बचाए रखे।

मैं शायद हमेशा
अच्छा भाई होने का तरीका न जानूँ,
शायद हर भावना
समय पर कह भी न पाऊँ,

पर इतना याद रखना—

रिश्ते कभी-कभी
खून से नहीं,
किसी के लगातार अपने बने रहने से
सगे हो जाते हैं।

और तू...

मेरे लिए

सिर्फ बहन नहीं है।

तू उस बचपन की

देर से आई हुई खुशी है,

जिसका मुझे पता ही नहीं था

कि मैं इतने सालों से इंतज़ार कर रहा था।

हैप्पी रक्षाबंधन,

मेरी बहना।

मेरे हिस्से की बहन,

मेरी सबसे प्यारी दोस्त।

"आई है राखी "

Mahima Mittal Gupta

आई है राखी,
प्यार की बौछार लाई है राखी।

भाई के हाथों में सजी है राखी,
प्यार का बंधन लाई है राखी,
आई है राखी।

भाई बहन का त्यौहार है राखी,
धागों का त्यौहार है राखी ।

राखी केवल धागा नहीं,
भाई बहन का प्यार है राखी,
हाथों का श्रृंगार है राखी।

आई है राखी,
प्यार की बौछार लाई है राखी।

चला गया

Rohit Meena

मैं देर तक समझता रहा लहज़ा उसका,
वो अपनी बात कहकर चला गया।
अल्फ़ाज़ तो कुछ ख़ास नहीं थे उसके,
दुख है, आदमी ख़ास था चला गया।

वो जैसे धूप में ठहरी हुई बर्फ़ का टुकड़ा था,
छुआ तो वक़्त भी मुनजमिद-सा चला गया।
हम इस शहर को आबाद समझते थे,
वो गया तो शहर का शोर भी चला गया।

बड़ी नफ़ासत से, रखा उसने फ़ासला ,
जैसे कोई ज़ख़्म फूलों में ढका गया।
हमने जिसे सब कुछ दे दिया था अपना,
वो मुस्कुराया और हिसाब चुकाता चला गया।

उसकी मुलाकाते भी अजीब शायर थी यारा,
बिना मिसरे के पूरी गज़ल कह कर चला गया।

हम मानी ढूँढते रहे उसके लफ़्ज़ों में—
वो आदमी तो खुद एक अर्थ था, चला गया।

CORRECTION

OTHER

ராகியின் நாட்குறிப்புகள்

Pushparaj Kandaswamy

Rakhi with Diaries

ராகிக்கு சிறுவயதிலிருந்தே ஒரு பழக்கம் இருந்தது. ஒவ்வொரு இரவும் தூங்குவதற்கு முன், அன்று நடந்த ஒரு முக்கியமான விஷயத்தை தனது பழைய நாட்குறிப்பில் எழுதுவாள்.

“இன்று அப்பா எனக்காக மழையில் நனைந்து குடை வாங்கி வந்தார்.”

“இன்று அம்மா உடல்நிலை சரியில்லாதபோதும் எனக்காக சமைத்தார்.”

“இன்று பள்ளியில் நான் முதல் முறையாக கவிதை வாசித்தேன்.”

அப்படி அவளது வாழ்க்கையின் ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் அந்த நாட்குறிப்பின் பக்கங்களில் உயிருடன் வாழ்ந்துகொண்டிருந்தது.

ஆண்டுகள் கடந்தன.

ராகி நகரத்திற்குச் சென்று பெரிய நிறுவனத்தில் வேலைக்குச் சேர்ந்தாள். வேலை, பணம், பயணம் என்று வாழ்க்கை வேகமாக ஓடியது. நாட்குறிப்பை எழுதும் பழக்கம் மட்டும் மெதுவாக மறைந்தது.

ஒருநாள் அவளுடைய தந்தை இறந்துவிட்டார்.

பல ஆண்டுகளுக்குப் பிறகு ராகி தனது பழைய வீட்டிற்குத் திரும்பினாள். அலமாரியை சுத்தம் செய்யும்போது, பழைய நாட்குறிப்புகள் சில அவள் கையில் கிடைத்தன.

அவற்றைத் திறந்தபோது, ஒரு பக்கத்தில் அவள் சிறுவயதில் எழுதியிருந்தது:

“நான் பெரியவளானதும்
அப்பாவையும் அம்மாவையும்
ஒரு பெரிய வீட்டில் வைத்துப்
பார்த்துக்கொள்வேன்.”

ராகியின் கண்களில் கண்ணீர்
வழிந்தது.

அடுத்த பக்கத்தைத்
திருப்பினாள்.

அங்கே அவளுடைய
தந்தையின் கையெழுத்தில்
ஒரு சிறிய வரி இருந்தது:

“நீ பெரியவளாக வேண்டாம் மகளே... நீ எப்போதும்
என் குட்டி ராகியாகவே இரு.”

அந்த இரவு ராகி மீண்டும் தனது நாட்குறிப்பைத்
திறந்தாள்.



பல ஆண்டுகளுக்குப் பிறகு முதல் முறையாக எழுதினாள்:

“இன்று நான் என் கடந்த காலத்தை மீண்டும் சந்தித்தேன். சில நினைவுகள் மறக்கப்படுவதில்லை. அவை நம்மை மீண்டும் நம்மாக மாற்றுவதற்காக காத்திருக்கின்றன.”

அந்த நாளிலிருந்து ராகி மீண்டும் எழுதத் தொடங்கினாள்.

ஆனால் இந்த முறை அவளுடைய நாட்குறிப்பு அவளுக்காக மட்டும் இல்லை.

தன் வாழ்க்கையில் சந்தித்த மனிதர்கள், அவர்களின் கனவுகள், தோல்விகள், காதல், பிரிவு, நம்பிக்கை ஆகிய அனைத்தையும் அவள் பதிவு செய்யத் தொடங்கினாள்.

பல ஆண்டுகளுக்குப் பிறகு அந்த நாட்குறிப்புகள் ஒரு புத்தகமாக வெளிவந்தன.

அதன் பெயர்:

“Rakhi with Diaries”

“ஒரு பெண்ணின் நாட்குறிப்பு அல்ல... அவள் சந்தித்த நூறு மனிதர்களின் வாழ்க்கைத் துணுக்குகள்.”

پس پردہ اختتام

بقلم: نتاشہ بنت شریف

سکوت شام اب کوئی انسان لکھتا
جو مٹ گیا ہے اسے اب نئی زبان لکھتا
جہاں پہ ختم ہوئی داستان زمانے کی
وہیں سے ایک نیا اب نیا جہاں لکھتا
جو گزرے تھے عزائم کی خون میں
انہی پہ سے اک نیا سفر لکھتا
تمام شکوے، گلے، تلخیاں جو بیت گئیں
انہیں ملے اب اک حرفیاں لکھتا
جو اب بھی نظر ہے کے پرچم پر
اسی کی آگ سے اب روشنی لکھتا
بدل گئے جو راستے مسافروں کے پل
انہی قدموں سے پھر اک سفر لکھتا
یہ وہ وقت جو خاموشیوں میں ڈوب گیا
اسی خوشی کو اب نئی آواز لکھتا
قلم تھام کے تھم گئے تھے من میں
مگر جو کہتے، انہیں اب کے الفاظ لکھتا

◆ ◆ ◆



یہ کہانی تمام ہو جانا اصل میں کوئی آخری اختتام نہیں ہوتا۔ یہ اس لمبی اور گہری شروعات کا عکس ہے، جس کا آغاز ہمیشہ کسی نئے صفحے پر ہوتا ہے۔ جب کوئی شے ختم ہوتی ہے تو اس کے اثرات، اس کی خوشبو، اس کی یادیں اور اس کے سوالات زندگی میں باقی رہتے ہیں۔ یہ اختتام کسی دروازے کو بند کرنے کا نہیں بلکہ ایک اور راستہ کھولنے کا اشارہ ہے۔

انسان کی زندگی ایک مسلسل سفر ہے، جس میں ہر موڑ ایک نیا باب کھولتا ہے۔ ماضی کے تجربات ہمیں بناتے ہیں، ہمیں سنوارتے ہیں، اور ہماری سوچ کو گہرا کرتے ہیں۔ لیکن یہ ضروری نہیں کہ ہم ماضی کی ہر چیز کو اپنے ساتھ ہمیشہ اٹھائے رکھیں۔ کچھ چیزیں وقت کے ساتھ اپنی اہمیت کھو دیتی ہیں، اور کچھ یادیں اس لیے محفوظ ہو جاتی ہیں کہ وہ ہمیں ہماری اصل سے جوڑے رکھتی ہیں۔

جب انسان اپنی سچائی اور ماضی کو مٹانے کے لیے تیار ہوتا ہے، تب وہ ایک نئے وقت کی خبر دیتا ہے۔ اگر ہم خود سے پوچھیں کہ وقت کی رفتار میں کیا کھویا، کیا پایا اور کیا حاصل کیا، تو شاید ہمیں سمجھ آئے کہ ماضی کو تمام شکوں، گلے، گیلوں اور تلخیوں کے فتح تسخیر میں فنا کرنا ہی شاید اس کا کمال ہے۔ اسی صاف ذہن اور پاکیزہ وجود کے لیے نیا ایک چراغ اور انوال حرفیاں لکھنا ہے، جو مستقبل کی رہنمائی کر کے چلتے ہوئے وقت کی بے رحم اور مسافروں کے تجربے سے گزرتے ہوئے خبروں اور نئے افق متعین ہوتے ہیں۔

مسافر رہتے ہیں، سفر جاری رہتا ہے اور یہی سفر انسان کی کائنات کا حسن ہے۔ جب ہر موسم، وقت کے کنارے اور انسانی زندگی کا مفہوم ایک نئی سوچ کے ساتھ بدلنے لگتا ہے تو وقت کے نئے دور میں بے نام اور نئی چیزوں کے سفر کا آغاز ہوتا ہے۔ ایک کہانی کو انجام دینے کا مقصد اس کی کہانی کو ختم کرنا نہیں بلکہ اس کے لیے نئی دنیا میں ایک نئے سفر کی جگہ بنانا ہے۔

زندگی میں ماضی کا کوئی بھی معاملہ ہو، ہر ایک سبق دے کر رخصت ہوتا ہے۔ وقت کے ہونے کا فرض نپھاتے ہوئے کوئی بھی وقت کسی ایک چیز پر قائم نہیں رہتا۔ اسی گردش میں نئی راہیں اور نئے سفر کی روشنی بنتی ہے۔ اس کے ساتھ انسان اپنے ماضی سے وابستہ چیزوں کو بھی سمجھنے لگتا ہے، جیسے پرانی یادیں، پرانے رشتے، پرانے خواب، اور وہ سوال جو شاید کبھی مکمل نہ ہو سکے۔ مگر یہی ادھورے سوال انسان کو نئی سوچ، نئی سمت اور نئے آغاز کی طرف لے جاتے ہیں۔

انسان کا ماضی کبھی اس کی شناخت نہیں ہوتا، بلکہ اس کا حصہ ضرور ہوتا ہے۔ لیکن اس حصے کو مٹانا بھی ممکن نہیں ہوتا۔ اس لیے انسان کو چاہیے کہ ماضی کو تسلیم کرے، اس سے سیکھے، اور پھر اسے جانے دے۔ جب انسان اپنے اندر کی خاموشی کو قبول کرتا ہے، تو اسے ایک نئی طاقت ملتی ہے۔

یہ صفحہ دراصل ایک اختتام نہیں بلکہ ایک آغاز ہے۔ ایک ایسا آغاز جس میں انسان اپنے ماضی سے آزاد ہو کر نئے خواب دیکھنے کی ہمت کرتا ہے۔ زندگی کا سفر کبھی رکنا نہیں، بلکہ وقت کے ساتھ بدلتا رہتا ہے۔ یہی مقام ہے جہاں نئی کہانیاں شروع ہوتی ہیں، نئے کردار، نئے تجربے، نئی راہیں، اور ایک نئی دنیا کا آغاز ہوتا ہے۔



رکشا بندھن پر نظم: دور دیس میں بھائی کے

نام بہن کا پیار

Samreen Khanam

تمہید

رکشا بندھن صرف ایک دھاگے کا نام نہیں، بلکہ یہ بہن اور بھائی کے درمیان محبت، دعا، اعتماد اور نرالیہ رشتے کی پہچان ہے۔ اس دن بہن اپنے بھائی کی کلائی پر راکھی باندھتی ہے اور اس کی لمبی عمر، خوشی اور کامیابی کی دعا کرتی ہے۔ لیکن جب بھائی روزگار کے لیے باہر، کسی دوسرے شہر یا پردیس میں ہو، تو یہ دن اور بھی جذباتی ہو جاتا ہے۔ بہن چاہے اپنے بھائی کے پاس نہ پہنچ سکے، پھر بھی اس کا دل ہر دھڑکن کے ساتھ اسی بھائی کے لیے دعا کرتا رہتا ہے۔ اسی احساس کو ایک خوب صورت نظم کی شکل میں پیش کیا جا سکتا ہے۔

جذبہ محبت اور انتظار

بہن کے لیے بھائی صرف ایک رشتہ نہیں، بلکہ بچپن کی حفاظت، ہنسی، شرارت اور اعتماد کی پہچان ہوتا ہے۔ جب بھائی گھر سے دور نوکری کے لیے چلا جاتا ہے، تو گھر کی خاموشی میں اس کی یاد اور بھی گہری محسوس ہوتی ہے۔ راکھی کے دن بہن اپنے ہاتھوں سے دھاگا سجاتی ہے، مٹھائی رکھتی ہے اور دل ہی دل میں سوچتی ہے کہ کاش آج بھائی سامنے ہوتا۔

وہ راکھی کو دیکھتی ہے تو اسے اپنے بچپن کے وہ دن یاد آتے ہیں جب بھائی اس کی ہر مشکل میں ساتھ کھڑا ہوتا تھا۔ اسکول جاتے وقت راستہ د کھانا، ڈر لگنے پر حوصلہ دینا، اور ہر خوشی میں شریک ہونا۔ یہ سب یادیں بہن کے دل میں ایک نرم سی خوشبو کی طرح بس جاتی ہیں۔ اس کی آنکھوں میں آنسو بھی ہوتے ہیں اور چہرے پر مسکراہٹ بھی، کیونکہ محبت کبھی فاصلے سے کم نہیں ہوتی۔

پردیس میں بھائی کے لیے دعائیں

بہن جانتی ہے کہ بھائی محنت کے لیے دور گیا ہے۔ وہ دن رات کام کرتا ہے تاکہ گھر کی ذمہ داریاں پوری کر سکے اور سب کے چہروں پر خوشی لا سکے۔ اسی لیے بہن اپنی دعا میں صرف ملنے کی خواہش نہیں رکھتی، بلکہ بھائی کی کامیابی، صحت اور سلامتی بھی مانگتی ہے۔

وہ سوچتی ہے کہ بھائی چاہے کتنی ہی دور کیوں نہ ہو، اس کے لیے راکھی کی ڈور محبت کا پیغام ہے۔ موبائل پر بھیجی گئی تصویر، ویڈیو کال پر کہا گیا ”بیبی رکشا بندھن“، یا ڈاک سے بھیجی گئی راکھی۔ یہ سب بہن کے دل کی گہرائی بیان کرتے ہیں۔ فاصلے جسم کو جدا کر سکتے ہیں، مگر دلوں کو نہیں۔

ایک چھوٹی سی نظم کی شکل میں احساس

دور کہیں تو ہے میرا بھائی،

پھر بھی دل میں اس کی چھائی۔

راکھی ہاتھوں یاد کے دھاگے،

دعا کروں وہ کبھی نہ بارے۔

محنت اس کی رنگ لائے،
خوشیاں اس کے قدم چومے جانیں۔
میں نہ رہوں اس کے پاس سہی،
میری دعا ہر پل اس کے ساتھ رہی۔
پردیس میں بھی میرا پیارا،
میرے دل کا راجہ سارا۔
راکھی کا یہ پیغام رہے،
بہن کا پیار ہمیشہ ساتھ رہے۔

نتیجہ

رکشا بندھن ہمیں یہ سکھاتا ہے کہ سچی محبت صرف قریب رہنے سے نہ
ہے، بلکہ دل سے نبھانے سے قائم رہتی ہے۔ جب بھائی کام کے لیے دور ہ
وتا ہے، تو بہن کا پیار راکھی کی ڈور سے بھی زیادہ مضبوط ہو جاتا ہے۔
اس کی دعا، اس کا انتظار اور اس کی یادیں اس رشتے کو اور خوبصور
ت بنا دیتی ہیں۔ یہی رکشا بندھن کی اصل خوبصورتی ہے کہ فاصلے ہوں
تب بھی بہن کا دل اپنے بھائی کے لیے محبت سے بھرا رہتا ہے