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Fasaana Banunga

Qaus

Mujhko nahi lagta tha, main deewana banunga,
Bemisaal, ba-kamaal parwaana banunga.

Supurd-e-khaak karo to mujhe murda na samajhna,
Chola chhoote bhi duniya mein afsaana banunga.

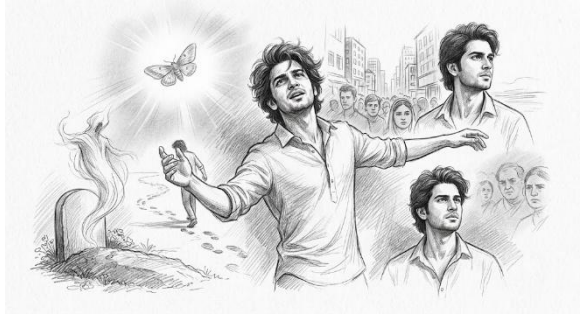
Chalta na tha main kabhi duniya ke naqsh-e-paa par,
Isse ba-khabar tha main zamaana banunga.

Duniya ki fikr tum karo, tumko hi mubaarak,
Main khilkhilaata, naach kar mastaana banunga.

Phir kabhi duniya mein gar
bheje Tu mujhe,
Fariyaad ye karunga, main
shaidaana banunga.

Duniya ke raaston se ukta
gaya tha main,

Mujhko dil-e-yaqeen tha, main
yagaana banunga.



Nafrat ka shauq hai jinhein Qaus se ab bhi,
Main unki poori hasti mein fasaana banunga.

Tum kya ho

I am kumari Naincy and I am student in Bundelkhand University. This is my first published poetry .

Kumari Naincy

Haa khwab ho tum, ahsaas ho tum
Quis ki laila si khas ho tum
Ganga si paak ho tum , kashturi swaad ho tum.
Ibaadat mein hamaare jo chupa
wo, naam ho tum.
Ghungroo ki jhankaar, jeevan geet
ka saar ho tum.
Vasant si bahaar, patjhad sa
intezaar ho tum.
Har marz ki mukti, mere pranay ko prapt ho tum .
Kissi shaant nadi ki nischal
muskana ho tum.
Tum mere saubhagya, mera aarahay mere maan ho tum.



Fear

Vibha Patel

The sun was in the west,
Almost tired, ready to set.
The wind was almost whispering to me
I hadn't shed a tear, but somehow it could see.

I closed my eyes just to find darkness,
And worst of all, to whisper my thoughts —
a tangled mess.

I told the wind to carry all the love,
I whispered to the wind that it's tough.

It's tough for him to fight alone with his fear.
It's tough for him to shed even a single tear.
It's tough to shut the noise that makes him bleed.
It's tough for him to be his own shield.

I whispered everything —
everything I wanted to shed as words.
I opened my heart to the wind,
even though it hurt.



And then I opened my eyes again —

words had left with the wind,

and now only pain remained.

But now my heart wasn't loud.

I looked back to the sky —

the sun had settled down,

like my

thoughts behind the clouds.

blue waffles

aditya verma

We slipped.
I lost you somewhere in that messy space between
all my rushed, stupid words
and the quiet things I didn't actually mean.

Funny, isn't it?
Every single damn road I walk down alone
just circles right back around
to the only place I ever called home.

I get it.
It's over.
I'm not getting you back again.

Guess some things just snap,
no fix,
no chance to mend.

Still...
if this whole love thing
is a stubborn ache you can't hide,
I guess that explains why I'm staring at the ceiling,
wishing for you
every single night.

I walked past that cafe today.
Remembered your weird obsession
with that specific waffle.

God, it's the microscopic, random stuff like that
making everything so beautiful.

Now?
Even a regular sunset
getting painted up in that exact, soft shade of blue
wrecks me.



I stop dead in my tracks,
just for a second,
and think about you.

Why couldn't I just open my mouth
when you were begging for the truth?

It kills me.
The things staring me in the face back then
that I only barely understand now.

I should've learned,
back when it mattered,
how to actually hold something dear,
instead of just watching my own clumsy hands
make it disappear.

Forever was the plan,
but I panicked.
I acted so desperately afraid.

Took a wrecking ball to something rare
that was never supposed to fade.

Honestly?
If the universe let me rewind
just a fraction of the things I do,
I'd rip myself apart and rebuild.

Just to become someone better for you.

Look, I'm not begging.
I'm not asking you to magically appear at my side.

The door slammed shut.
I know that.
It rusts over with time.

But hypothetically,
if there was some impossible button
I could press to undo...

I'd spend every miserable, breathing day
figuring out how to be better for you.

So, yeah.

If you ever catch the smell of waffles
beneath a stupidly perfect sky of blue,
just know there's a ghost of a thought in my head.

A little part
that thinks of you.

No strings attached.
Not asking for love,
and definitely not asking you to stay.

Just me,
sitting here,
wishing to God
I had loved you the right way.

Everything They Write about LOVE

Swagata Ghosh is a B.Sc. Molecular Biology & Biotechnology student, and poet—ambitious about academics, passionate about writing and creativity, and determined to become independent, skilled, and successful on her own terms. Basically A brilliant mind who knows how to love deeply.

Swagata Ghosh

I want to stare at the moon
every evening with you.

I want to walk
every road on your wishlist
My hand finding yours,
as though it has always
belonged there!

I want to gather the stars,
scatter them across
every street you'll ever wander,
So the universe remember
where you have been.

I want to do
everything they write about



in books-
everything people do
when they are hopelessly
beautifully in LOVE.

And then
I want to LOVE you
in all those ways
no book
has ever found word for !

Ashique & Nilopher\'s Love Story

Rathin Bhattacharjee from Kolkata, India, graduated from the C.U.in 1983. He joined BCSC, Bhutan as an English Teacher in 1990. Awarded HM\'s Gold Medal in 2018, he resigned from the post of the Principal of SXPS, Joypur, India in March, 2024.

Rathin Bhattacharjee

Ashique & Nilopher\'s "Love Story"

Ashique\'s a poet, a charmer without a care.

Dedicating captivating lyrics to maidens fair.

One night, having composed one for Rhea,

He winged his way to her house, he\'d no fear.

She was the same, he\'d left earlier in the day,

The same shameless girl, be it June or May!

He caught her dancing with her new boyfriend

Lost in his arms she moved about, quite vain.

Ashique stood there with tears
down his cheeks,

Before dashing in to raise hell,
for everyone\'s meek.

Feeling Betrayed, broken, he left
her in the darkness,

Convinced, their paths would
never cross in fairness.



For him, that summer 'to have loved and lost' was
Like he was not meant to love and love was a curse.

Flirting became a way of life as, "Love you, Honey."
He'd countless flings and ditched dames many.
He chartered a path he'd tried avoiding in all sanity.
Of a drunkard, drug-dealer, deflowering ashique.

One summer night, having flirted with a damsel
He found himself quietly withdrawing into shell.
He didn't bother not knowing his partner anymore
He stepped into the slushes, out of the Club door.

A shivering child, in torn clothes, ran towards him,
Fear writ large, he hid his face in Ashique's knees.
He tried leading Ashique to where he came from
Though the skies thundered, there raged a storm.

Ashique rescued the damsel from her tormentors,
That's the night Cupid struck, he fell flat for her.
Sitting all by herself, on a bench not very far,
She made a picture of a gorgeous, ill-fated star.

The goons couldn't destroy someone

Who had nothing to fear, loose or fret
Her flawless character, beauty and grace
Taught him never to cower in distress.

Nilopher taught him the divine power of Love.
That's the story of Ashique and Nilopher, the dove.
They got married in a church a couple years later.
Thank The Almighty for their lives to prosper.

"Beti ko Bss Sapne Jeene Do ...!!

Soniya Singh

Beti ko beta bnane ki zrurt nhii
Use bss apne sapne jeene do,
Jis aasmaan ko dkh rh h
Use apni udaan khud chunne do,
Use mt smjhao ki tum ye nhii kr skti
Bss inna keh do koshish kr hum tmhare
sath h,
us k hatho me chudiya ho ya kitabo ka
bhaar
Uski pehechaan us k rishte se nhii,
Us apne sapno se hone do
Vo Dr. Bn na chahe ya kalakaar,
Use raasta khud chunne do
Hr mod pr rokna mt,
Beti ko kisi se km smjho aur kisi k jaisa bn
ne ki mt bolo,
Vo jaisi h vaisi hii khoobsurt h
Bss use apne hone pr garv hone do,
Beti ko beta bnane ki zrurt nhii h
Use bss beti bn kr apne sapne jeene do!!



CORRECTION

Is It Love?

Rahul Joshi

It was the end of May—the kind of summer when stepping outside for even five minutes was enough to make you regret it. Hot, dry winds swept through the streets, carrying dust and brittle leaves. And in the middle of all that scorching heat, we had a wedding to attend.

A typical Indian wedding: loud music, aunties gossiping, uncles hunting for whiskey, and children running around in search of food. And there I was, sitting alone in a corner, bored out of my mind.

I was Khem, and this was my cousin Vikram's wedding. I hated weddings. More than that, I hated the very idea of marriage. How could anyone willingly spend their entire life with just one person?

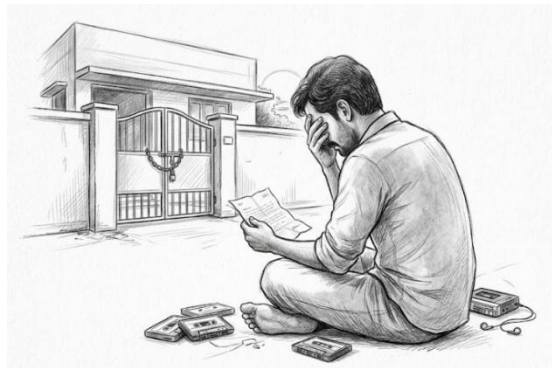
The venue had its own charm. Water had been sprinkled over the ground to keep the dust down, releasing the comforting smell of wet soil. It mingled with the aroma of food and the fragrance of flowers.

But then, amidst all those familiar scents, I caught another fragrance—one that seemed to overpower everything else. Without realizing it, I followed it.

And that was when I saw her.

Himanshi.

Seeing her felt like discovering an oasis in a vast desert. She was the daughter of a family friend, dressed in an orange suit adorned with white patchwork. Her presence seemed to brighten the entire place, as if the scorching summer evening had suddenly turned into a cool autumn evening.



I had always laughed at the idea of love at first sight, believing it belonged only in films and romantic novels. But standing there, looking at her, I began to wonder if I had been wrong all along.

For the first time in my life, I wanted to walk up to a stranger and start a conversation—not because I had anything clever to say, but simply because I wanted to hear her voice and feel her laughter melt into my heart.

Unfortunately, I wasn't the only one who had noticed her. Before I could gather the courage to approach her, a group of guys had already surrounded her, eager to catch her attention.

And just like that, she was out of reach.

That night, long after the wedding celebrations had ended, I lay awake, staring at the moon and stars, replaying the same moment in my mind. Her face. Her orange suit. And above all, her smile.

I had gone to the wedding believing love was a foolish idea. I returned home wondering if a single smile could change everything.

The next day was my first day of Class 11 at St. Peter's Inter College. I was sitting in my classroom when she walked in, wearing a white shirt and a blue skirt. Almost every boy in our Maths section turned to look at her. Our school was famous for producing IITians, but not for having beautiful girls. Himanshi defied that completely.

Before I could process it, she waved at me.

"Pehchana mujhe?" she asked, walking over. "You're Singh Uncle's son, right? I'm Himanshi."

I apologized for not recognizing her at the wedding. She asked if she could sit next to me since she was new. Inside, I was dancing on cloud nine.

"Yeah, sure."

By the time the teacher's booming "GOOD MORNING!" shattered the room, I had already imagined us getting into IIT together.

We quickly became inseparable. Studying together became the best part of our day. We pushed each other, competed fiercely, and both topped the class in the midterm results.

Best of all was my Walkman. We brought mixed cassettes to school, filled with songs we loved and songs that secretly expressed my feelings. During lunch breaks, we would sit away from everyone, sharing a pair of earphones. One in my ear, one in hers.

Sometimes, she would look at me, smile, and say, "Nothing."

Those tapes were the secret diaries of my feelings.

I thought life couldn't get any better until the day she casually mentioned that she was dating Varun, a boy from her old school whose parents had transferred her to St. Xavier's.

My chest tightened. I excused myself to the bathroom and sat on the floor for two straight lectures, crying. I went home feeling sick and stayed in my room for a week. I wasn't just angry that she loved someone else; I was furious that she had kept it from me. Everyone knew I loved her—how could she not have noticed?

When I returned, I hid behind a shield of bitter sarcasm, and we slowly became strangers.

One afternoon during recess, her handkerchief fell. A few boys grabbed it and started playing keep-away with it. Normally, I would have intervened. Instead, I sat there, laughing.

She approached me desperately. "Help me."

"Why don't you call Varun?" I sneered.

She blushed slightly and playfully slapped my arm. But I had heard rumours from her old school that she and Varun had been intimate on his sixteenth birthday. When you're hurt, you believe whatever hurts you the most.

Something inside me snapped.

I stood up and slapped her. Hard.

The moment my hand landed on her cheek, horror set in, but my anger drowned out the guilt. She stared at me in shock, then burst into tears. She cried for the rest of the day, yet didn't tell a single teacher.

She didn't come to school the next day or the day after. As time passed, my anger faded, leaving behind a suffocating sense of guilt. That Sunday, I bought a card and went to her house to apologize and confess everything.

The gate was locked. A neighbour informed me that her father had been transferred to Delhi and that the family had left. Seeing my face, the neighbour handed me a letter Himanshi had left behind.

With shaking hands, I opened it.

Dear K,

If you are reading this, it means you came back to look for me. I was going to tell you everything that day on our walk home, but before I could, you slapped me. Please believe me now.

Thank you for the wonderful moments, the laughs, and for being my friend. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about Varun earlier. I was scared of losing you. Somewhere along the way, I had started loving you too—I just didn't realize it until Varun's birthday. When he tried to get close to me, I stopped him. That was when I realized what you meant to me. The rumours aren't true; he said those things because he was angry.

I never wanted us to end like this. But if God wants us apart, we can only hope to meet again someday—and that we will still love each other when we do.

Do you remember all those cassettes? Every song reminds me of you. If you ever listen to them again, listen to them for me. Consider every one of them dedicated to you, especially the one you always played. It said what I was too scared to say.

Thank you for everything. I love you more than I can explain.

Yours,

H.

I stood outside the empty house as tears streamed down my face. In my head, that familiar melody began to play: *Ye mera pehla pehla pyaar hai...*

Suddenly, I was back in the classroom on a quiet afternoon. One earphone in my ear, one in hers, watching her smile as the music played.

She had been telling me the truth all along. The girl I had blamed for breaking my heart had been carrying her own heartbreak. My anger felt foolish. I had been so consumed by my own pain that I had never stopped to think about hers.

"We will..." I tried to say aloud, but my voice broke.

I couldn't finish the thought. Maybe we would cross paths again; maybe we wouldn't. We loved each other—we just didn't know it at the same time. Perhaps that was why she would often play *Pyaar Ke Liye Chahr Pal Kam Nahin The, Kabhi Hum Nahin The, Kabhi Tum Nahin The*.

She left me with so many maybes. I still don't know where we stand today. I only know that sometimes you realize someone's importance when it is already too late to tell them.

Maybe that was our story. We loved each other. We just didn't know it at the same time.

Maybe that is why some songs never really grow old. They wait. They wait for years. And then, one day, when you hear them again, they take you back to someone you thought you had forgotten.

Is it love? I don't know.

Maybe it was. Maybe it still is.

I deserve a better good bye

Nishtha

Aaj kal ki love stories kisi cafe ya college campus se nahi, balki Instagram ke 3 AM group chats se shuru hoti hain. Jahan hazaron messages ke shor mein bhi do log ek doosre ki khamoshi padhna sikh jaate hain.

Baat January ki thi, jab thand ki raaton mein ek Instagram Group Chat (GC) ke zariye 10th standard ka Aakib aur 9th standard ki Riddhi pehli baar mile. Shuruat ke ek mahine mein Aakib ne Riddhi ko itni attention di ki Riddhi ko uski aadat si ho gayi. Har minute message ka reply, late-night calls par baatein aur sweet gestures—Riddhi ke liye Aakib uski duniya ka sabse khaas hissa ban gaya tha.

Lekin jaise hi February aaya, Aakib ke 10th Board Exams sar par aa gaye.

Aakib ne achanak se doori bana li. Riddhi ke DMs Aakib ke chatbox mein 12-14 ghante tak unread pade rehte the. Riddhi din bhar phone dekhti, notification tone ka intezaar karti, aur raat ko takiye mein munh chupakar roti.



Riddhi aisi ladki thi jo kabhi bhagwan par vishwas nahi karti thi—woh ek nastik thi. Lekin Aakib ke pyaar aur uski badalti doori ne use itna tod diya tha ki woh sab thik karne ke liye har haadd paar karne ko taiyar thi. Ramzan ka mahina aaya, aur Aakib Muslim tha. Riddhi ne nastik hote hue bhi Aakib ke naam ka Roza rakha. Sham ko Mandir ke kone mein baith kar, aankhon mein aanso liye woh us bhagwan ke aage haath jod kar royi jise usne kabhi nahi mana tha.

"Bas Aakib ko wapas pehle jaisa kar do... hamare beech sab thik kar do," woh bilakh-bilakh kar dua maangti rahi.

Lekin Aakib? Use koi fark nahi padhta tha. Usne Riddhi ko direct block kar diya. Block hone ke baad Riddhi ko heavy panic attacks aane lage. Uski chhati mein tez dard hota, saans nahi aati thi. Riddhi GC mein jaakar sabke samne unblock karne ke liye gidgidati, par Aakib use ignore karke doosri ladkiyon se baat karta rehta. Baaki ladkiyan mazaak udati aur screenshots bhejti.

Isi beech Aakib ki ex-girlfriend wapas aayi. Dono matching DPs lagane lage, reels par flirtatious comments karne lage. Emotional validation Aakib kisi aur ko deta tha, par physical projection aur lust ke liye woh Riddhi ko dekhta tha.

Waqt guzra. Riddhi 10th mein aayi aur Aakib 11th mein.

Isi tarah yeh zahar bhara silsila pure derh saal (1.5 years) tak chalta raha. Riddhi hi akeli is rishte ko khinch rahi thi. Uski self-respect roz tut-ti, woh roz roti, par woh Aakib ko chhod hi nahi pa rahi thi. Yeh pyaar nahi, ek zanjeer ban chuka tha—ek aisi aadat aur attachment jisse chahte hue bhi Riddhi nikal nahi pa rahi thi.

Jab Aakib ka mood hota, woh Riddhi se do meethe bol bol leta—aur Riddhi itni bholi thi ki bas un do shabdon se hi uska poora din khushiyon se bhar jata. Lekin agle hi pal Aakib ka wahi cold aur toxic roop wapas aa jata.

Ek din jab Riddhi ne Aakib ke ek dost se casually baat kar li, toh Aakib ne apni galti samajhne ke bajaye Riddhi par charitra-heen hone ka ilzam laga diya. Usne Riddhi ko kaha—"Tumhara dil toh bazaar hai! Tum aisi ho, tum waisi ho..."

Aakib ki is gaslighting ne Riddhi ke andar bache hue aakhri vishwas ko tod diya. Us 1.5 saal ke andar Riddhi ne apna har ek aanso, apna sukoon, apni padhai aur apni izzat sab kuch khoya tha. Us raat zameen par baith kar jab use phir se panic attack aaya, toh usne shishe mein khud ko dekha aur hamesha ke liye Aakib se apna naata tod diya.

Aakib ko kabhi koi regret nahi hua. Uske andar aisi koi sharmindagi ya pachtava nahi aaya, kyunki kuch log itne egoistic hote hain ki unhe apni galtiyan kabhi dikhti hi nahi.

Waqt ke saath Riddhi ki life mein uska ek purana dost, jo kisi wajah se usse naraz tha, wapas aa gaya. Uske wapas aane se Riddhi ke chehre par ek baar phir khushi lautii. Riddhi ne apne us dost ko Aakib ya pichle 1.5 saal ke

zeher ke baare mein kabhi kuch nahi bataya, bas chupchap aage badhne ki koshish karti rahi.

Lekin us 1.5 saal ke zahar ne Riddhi ke andar ek gehra PTSD (Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder) chhod diya tha.

Aaj bhi, jab sab kuch thik hota hai aur Riddhi khush hoti hai, tabhi achanak koi purani baat, koi notification ya Aakib ke kahe hue zehrele alfaaz uske dimag mein ghoom jaate hain. Aur wahi muskuraati hui Riddhi achanak se ekdum shant ho jaati hai... khamoshi ke us gahre kuye mein chali jaati hai jahan sirf uske maazi (past) ke zakhm bolte hain.

Aakib toh aage badh gaya bina kisi regrets ke, par Riddhi ko yeh samajh aa gaya tha ki kuch attachments khatam hone ke baad bhi unke nishan dil par hamesha ke liye chhut jaate hain.

The rose arrived first—

Dhikshita mohta

of course it did.

Draped in crimson arrogance,
wearing passion like expensive perfume,
every poet's favorite liar.

A velvet bloom of devotion, they said.

A symbol of love.

Of desire.

Of forever.

But nobody speaks enough
about the stem.

About the bitterness hidden beneath petals
soft enough to make loneliness feel romantic.

Nobody warns you
how roses teach love with bleeding hands.

Its thorns are not accidents—
they are memories sharpened into survival.



Tiny punishments growing beside beauty,
as if the flower itself learned
that to be adored
is to eventually be destroyed.

And isn't that PAINFULLY HUMAN ?

People gift roses during confessions,
anniversaries, apologies—
funny how the same flower survives
both “I love you”
and “I’m sorry I ruined you.”

The rose is beautiful
in the way storms are beautiful from windows.
Untouchable until you hold them.

And then—
there are tulips.

Not loud.

Not desperate to be worshipped.

No dramatic thorns guarding their existence.

Just quiet elegance

standing on slender green stems
like they have nothing to prove.

Tulips do not scream love—
they understand it.

They bloom like soft-spoken promises after harsh winters,
like hands that stay
instead of mouths that swear forever.
A chalice-shaped heartbeat of spring,
painted in colors too alive
to belong to sadness.

Where roses romanticize suffering,
tulips romanticize healing.

The rose says:
“Love will hurt you beautifully.”

The tulip whispers:
“But it will also let you begin again.”

And maybe that is why
I could never fully belong to roses.

I have met too many people
who looked like them—
beautiful, intoxicating, admired by everyone,
yet carrying hidden sharpness
beneath every act of affection.

Tulips feel different.
They feel like the kind of love
that does not leave scars
just to prove it existed.

Even when cut and placed in vases,
tulips continue to grow toward light.
Imagine that

A flower still believing in the sun
after being severed from its roots.

That is not romance.
That is resilience pretending to be delicate.

And perhaps the deepest tragedy of all—
the world still chooses roses first.

Because people are addicted
to love that hurts poetically.

While tulips stand quietly in spring fields,
offering softer versions of survival
that nobody writes enough about.

Until spring finds me again

Sofiya

I stood out of nowhere,
The night fell, thee
Curtains of sorrow enveloped me ,
I searched for the moon ,
Just like i did for you.
The bitter cold feeling
Is it from the night ,
Or from my empty heart now,
I heard the cry of the wolves ,
Just like I heard them within me now ,
Merely surviving ,
Deeply drowning ,
Memories of you
Swallowing me in .



Day light scorched my skin ,
But there was no brightness from the sun ,
A soft mellifluous feeling
As if I am under the sea ,
Just a faint glimmer ,
I see from underneath,
Is it hope ?,
Hope that you will come back to me
Hope that you will Yearn for me as I do ,
hope that you will fall in love with me in the upcoming spring
And stay forever ,
so does the winter never come,
Even if it does we will warm up each other ,
Like heat from the furnaces that doesn't hurt ,
When will you come
Spring of my life .

“Everything We Never Said”

Jugnu

Every morning, she boarded the 8:15 train. He boarded the same one. She sat by the window, left side, third row — always. He stood by the door, always, hand on the cold metal rail, body swaying with the rhythm of the tracks.

Four years.

She noticed him the very first week. He noticed her the very first day.

But neither said a word.

It wasn't fear, exactly. It was something softer than fear — something quieter. It was the weight of a moment that felt too heavy to lift. It was the way the heart races not toward something, but away from it. It was the breath before a hello that never came — held, held, held — until the moment passed, and the breath released, and the day moved on.



She wondered what his voice sounded like. Deep? Gentle? Would it crack when he laughed? Would it soften when he was tired?

He imagined what she was reading — always a different book, always with a worn cover, always held like it mattered. He wondered if she underlined sentences. If she cried at sad chapters. If she ever looked up from the page and thought of him the way he thought of her.

She once caught him smiling at her choice of title. A small, quiet smile — the kind you give when you recognize something in someone else that you recognize in yourself.

She looked away too fast.

He looked down too quickly.

And the moment folded itself up and disappeared into the space between them, like it always did.

The story between them wasn't written in conversations.

It was written in glances — the kind that last half a second too long. In almosts — the kind that live forever in the imagination. In the breath before a hello that never came — the kind that haunts you not because it was painful, but because it was *possible*.

It was written in the way she tucked her hair behind her ear on rainy days. In the way he shifted his weight when the train turned a corner. In the way their eyes met — accidentally, briefly — and then scattered like startled birds.

Four years of that.

Four years of standing three feet apart and a lifetime away.

Four years of "tomorrow."

Then one day, she didn't board the train.

He stood by the door as always, hand on the rail, eyes on the platform. He scanned the crowd — the same faces, the same coats, the same tired eyes. But not hers.

He told himself she was late. She was never late.

The next day, same.

The next week, same.

The next month — he stopped counting. But he never stopped looking.

He never learned her name.

He never learned why she stopped coming. Was it a new job? A new city? A new life? Or something darker — something he would never know, something he had no right to know, because he had never asked, never spoken, never crossed the three feet of silence that separated them for four years.

He never learned any of it.

But for the rest of his life, every time he stood by that door — every single morning — he felt the weight of everything that never happened.

Not what *did* happen. That was nothing.

What *didn't* happen.

The conversations they never had. The coffee they never shared. The laughs, the arguments, the small irritations, the quiet comforts. The life that could have grown between them — slowly, awkwardly, beautifully — if only one of them had been brave enough to say *hello*.

The bookshop was small, tucked between a bakery and an old cinema. He wandered in by accident — escaping rain, escaping memory. She stood at the end of the aisle, holding a worn book with a familiar cover. Twelve years collapsed into three feet of silence. She looked up. He looked up. "*It's you,*" she whispered. He nodded, unable to speak. They sat by the window, tea growing cold, and finally — finally — they talked. Not about what happened. About what didn't. About the four years of alms. About the breath before the hello that never came. And when the bookshop closed, they walked out together into the rain — no umbrella, no plan, no promises. Just two people who had spent twelve years standing three feet apart, finally standing side by side. "*Where do we go from here?*" she asked. "*Anywhere,*" he said. "*As long as we're not standing still.*"

THE OCTOBER THEORY 🍁 ✨

Ananya Patra

“They say October is when stories begin, when someone unexpected finds their way into your life. They say the right person arrives when you finally stop waiting. But somehow, October had never worked for me.”

Ayra paused, her pen hovering above the page. Outside her window, October had turned the evening golden. The last sunlight rested on the buildings like someone had brushed them with honey. The air was cooler, the sky impossibly soft, and for a moment the whole world looked like a scene waiting for a background song. That was what Ayra loved about October. It always felt as though reality became slightly less ordinary. She had always wanted her life to be like a movie—not perfect, not dramatic every second, just full of those strange little moments that seemed too beautifully timed to be accidents. So every October, she waited.

She turned the pages of her diary.

October 2023:

Maybe this October, something will change.

October 2024:

I think I'm finally going to meet someone.

October 2025:

This has to be my October.

Ayra smiled at those old words. Three years of believing. Three years of waiting for the famous October magic. But this October had arrived with



something completely different. An ending.

Harsh had once been one of the people closest to her. Not romantically. He was simply someone whose presence had become woven into her ordinary days—someone she could talk to without rehearsing her words, someone whose existence had once felt permanent.

Until it didn't. There hadn't been a dramatic fight. No betrayal. No final scene worthy of a movie. Just distance. Messages became shorter. Conversations became fewer. Familiarity slowly turned into silence.

And then, on October 1st, Ayra's phone held the final proof that something had ended.

She opened his chat.

There was only one message at the bottom.

Harsh: Good bye

Ayra stared at it.

Two words.

Strangely small for something that made the room feel so empty.

She didn't reply.

She locked her phone and opened her diary again.

Maybe the October Theory was never real.

She wrote it beneath the date.

Then closed the diary.

No more waiting.

No more theories.

No more expecting her life to suddenly become a movie.

Instead, she picked up her camera.

Photography became her way of keeping things. She photographed everything.

Rain trembling against classroom windows. Sunlight slipping between library shelves. Her friends laughing in the corridor.

An abandoned notebook on a desk.

The evening sky turning pink. Little pieces of ordinary life before they disappeared.

Then, one evening, while going through her photographs, she noticed something.

A boy. In the background. Ayra zoomed in.

Ruhan!!!

She frowned.

She swiped.

Another photograph.

Ruhan again.

This time walking through a corridor.

Another.

Sitting near the library window.

Another.

Standing outside the classroom.

Ayra stared at the screen.

“What?”

She hadn't photographed him.

He had simply been there.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Suhani looked over her shoulder.

“You've got Ruhan in half your gallery.”

“I didn't take pictures of him.”

“Maybe he has a habit of entering your photographs.”

Ayra laughed, but later that night she opened the photographs again.

There was something unsettling about it.

Not frightening.

Just... strange.

Like an accidental character had wandered into the background of her story before she had even realized he belonged in it. And suddenly, she began noticing him everywhere. She would enter the library and her eyes would automatically find the window seat. She'd hear footsteps behind her and wonder if they were his. She'd see someone wearing a dark shirt and turn before realizing what she was doing. It irritated her. Because she wasn't looking for him. At least, she didn't think she was.

So why did her eyes keep finding him?

Ruhan was quiet.

Almost painfully so.

He didn't chase attention. He didn't talk unless he had something to say. He seemed perfectly comfortable standing at the edge of crowded rooms, watching everything without becoming part of the noise.

Ayra started learning his habits without meaning to.

The dark notebook he always carried.

The window seat. The library during breaks. The way he disappeared from crowded places. And sometimes, when she laughed with her friends, she caught him looking in their direction. She wasn't sure whether he was looking at her. That uncertainty was worse.

One afternoon, Ayra was photographing sunlight falling across the library floor.

“You photograph everything?”

She nearly dropped her camera.

Ruhan stood behind her.

She turned.

“Almost.”

“Why?”

Ayra looked at the photograph.

“Because I don't want to forget things.”

He looked at the screen.

Then at her.

“Some things don't need photographs to stay.”

He walked away. Ayra remained frozen.

Her heartbeat had suddenly become faster. Why? It was just a sentence.

Yet somehow it followed her out of the library. That evening, she remembered his voice. The next morning, his expression.

By afternoon, she was annoyed with herself.

What is happening to me?

After that, their little encounters became more frequent. Not dramatic. Just strangely timed. Once, Ayra struggled to reach a book from the upper shelf. Before she could find a chair, Ruhan reached above her and took it down.

“You could've asked.”

“I could do it myself.”

“I know.”

He handed it over and left.

Another afternoon, she found a pen on her desk.

“You dropped this.”

“I wasn't using it.”

“You were.”

He walked away before she could answer.

She stared at the pen.

How had he even noticed?

That was becoming the problem.

She was noticing him.

But perhaps—

he was noticing her too.

At the fair, October seemed to reveal its magic openly. Golden lights hung overhead like tiny stars that had fallen from the sky and forgotten how to return. Ayra and her friends wandered between stalls until they found a fortune-teller.

“Just for fun,” Ayra said.

The woman shuffled the cards. She looked at Ayra for a long moment.

“You're waiting for something.”

Ayra smiled.

“For what?”

“A story.”

Her smile faded.

The woman turned another card.

“You won't meet him.”

Ayra frowned.

“Then?”

“You've already crossed paths.”

For one brief second, Ruhan's face appeared in her mind.

Ayra immediately dismissed it. Impossible.

The woman smiled as though she'd heard the thought.

“Some people arrive loudly.”

She placed the card down.

“Others remain in the background until the day you finally learn how to see them.”

Ayra left the stall unsettled.

Outside, the fair seemed brighter.

And then she saw him.

Ruhan.

Standing beneath a string of golden lights.

Their eyes met.

One second. Two.

Someone walked between them. The moment vanished. But her heartbeat didn't.

Then he disappeared.

One day.

Nothing.

Two days.

Nothing.

Three days.

Ruhan wasn't anywhere.

Ayra told herself she didn't care.

But she kept looking toward the library window. Empty. She hated the strange disappointment that came with it. And then she realized something even stranger. She hadn't posted an Instagram note. For three days.

Ayra had a ridiculous habit of putting a song on her note every single day. The song was practically her diary.

Happy day? A happy song.

Bad day? Something sad.

Confused? Something painfully poetic.

But these three days, she couldn't choose anything. She didn't know why. Until the fourth day. She was walking past the library when she heard his voice.

"You stopped putting songs."

She turned.

Ruhan.

Her heart immediately betrayed her.

"What?"

"Your notes."

Ayra stared at him.

"You noticed?"

"You put one every day."

"You actually notice that?"

He shrugged.

"Apparently."

A tiny silence passed between them.

Then Ayra said,

"You disappeared for three days."

“So did you.”

“I was here.”

“I know.”

She frowned.

“How?”

He glanced toward the library.

“You always take pictures near the library.”

Ayra went still.

“You know that?”

“You're usually there.”

He looked at her camera.

“Your camera is normally there before you are.”

Something inside her went quiet.

All those little moments.

The photographs.

The songs.

The library.

The glances.

Maybe she hadn't been the only one paying attention. Ruhan had noticed her habits too. He had noticed her absence from his everyday world in the only way he could—through the tiny things she always did.

Ayra looked away because suddenly meeting his eyes felt impossible. And for the first time, she allowed herself to wonder:

What if this isn't only happening in my head?

After that, their conversations became easier.

Still quiet.

Still careful.

But they began happening.

They talked about books and music.

He teased her for photographing the same sunset seven times.

“It looked different every time,” she said.

Ruhan looked at her.

“Maybe the sunset wasn't changing.”

“Then what was?”

“You.”

She stared at him. He looked back at the photograph as though he hadn't said anything extraordinary. Ayra smiled.

Maybe this was the kind of magic she had been waiting for.

Not fireworks.

Not destiny written across the sky.

Just small moments arriving at exactly the right time.

On October 31st, Ayra sat on her bed with her diary open.

Photographs covered the blanket.

The library.

The rain.

The fair.

The sunset.

Her friends.

And Ruhan.

Again. And on October 31st, Ayra sat on her bed with her diary open.

Photographs covered the blanket.

The library.

The rain.

The fair.

The sunset. Her friends. And Ruhan. Again. And again. And again.

She spread them across the page.

He was everywhere.

Sometimes in the center.

Sometimes at the edge.

Sometimes blurred by movement.

Sometimes looking away.

Sometimes looking directly toward the camera.

Ayra stared at them.

Maybe the strangest part wasn't that Ruhan appeared in so many photographs.

Maybe it was that she had spent the entire month thinking she was discovering him—

when perhaps she was only finally noticing what had been there all along.

She turned to a fresh page.

And wrote:

I used to think October's magic meant someone would suddenly enter my life. But maybe October doesn't work like that.

Maybe its magic is quieter.

Maybe it doesn't bring people.

Maybe it changes the way we see them.

She looked at his photograph.

Then added:

Maybe some stories don't begin when someone arrives.

Maybe they begin when you finally realize they've been quietly standing in the background of your life.

She smiled.

Then, beneath the photographs, she wrote:

Sometimes at the edge.

Sometimes blurred by movement. Sometimes looking away. Sometimes looking directly toward the camera.

Ayra stared at them.

Maybe the strangest part wasn't that Ruhan appeared in so many photographs.

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Maybe its magic is quieter.

Maybe it doesn't bring people.

Maybe it changes the way we see them.

She looked at his photograph.

Then added:

Maybe some stories don't begin when someone arrives. Maybe they begin when you finally realize they've been quietly standing in the background of your life.

She smiled.

Then, beneath the photographs, she wrote:

Maybe the October Theory really does work.!!

Outside, the October night glittered beneath the streetlights.

Nothing supernatural had happened.

No prophecy had come true.

No impossible coincidence had rewritten her life.

And yet—

somehow, October had felt magical.

Because she had spent years waiting for the universe to put someone inside her story. She never realized the universe might be much quieter than that.

Perhaps it doesn't always send people.

Perhaps sometimes—

It sometimes teach you where to look....

Black cat

Sofiya

Tremendous trees stood tall,
Darkness everywhere, but
The shadows of the trees
Fell into the ground covered
With crusty leaves, as the moon light hits,
They looked like creepy monsters
That follows me around, as i go
Into this forest unaware of what\'s waiting
For me ,

There it was presiding in the middle
Of everything , a somberi cat
it\'s eerie yellow eyes
Staring into my soul ,
Yes into my soul,
I try to ask it
You somberi cat here you are sitting
In this dark forest ,
Why are u here ,
Are u perhaps sent by thy goddess of evil
Kakia? Or are u here to communiqué.
Or Are u blaming me for what I did to this
World? Or for betraying ?
Wait it is not staring at me now
It\'s staring at
YOU!!



Abandonment

I'm Kunhi Borgohain, from Assam, India, and an ITEP student at Sibsagar Girls' College. I write about emotions, memories, relationships, and the little moments that stay with us. For me, poetry is the only way to reflect unspoken into words.

Kunhi Borgohain

How can I call them my people when I cannot
reach them in my time of need?

How can I call them my home when, even in
my helplessness, I do not feel like going to
them?

I had to swallow my tears before they could
touch anyone's ears.

I had to wipe my own tears and steady my own
hands when my whole world trembled.

Now my hands have stopped shaking.

My blood-red eyes have become accustomed
to this sight.

And now, my six senses tell me to abandon
them.

I do not want their presence anymore.

I am getting sick and tired of taking care of
myself among my own people.

I do not want to bother searching anymore for
the warmth that apparently does not come
willingly.

Soon, I will no longer
look toward them in
times of trouble.

Instead, I will turn
inward and construct the
safe haven I so
desperately seek.

And then, it will be the
calmest form of
salvation.



A unspoken love

Majid Mushtaq Lone

She is the first to wake to make breakfast for the family,
And she is the last to rest to take care of her family
Who kills every desire for their children's comfort,
Her pure love is like a river that never dry
Her cute smile heals everyone's pain.
In her tears, there is pain of missing of her children's
Those who left there home for a while
And in every prayer, her hands speak for their children's safety and
happiness.

Majid Mushtaq Lone



“The boy I grew up loving”

Hafsa Zubair

I was sixteen when your name appeared
I declined your request, unaware you'd be so dear
Funny how fate has its own little way
Of bringing the right heart back someday
You sailed across oceans, I stayed up at night.

Thirty minutes with you made everything right.
You spoke of your fears, your homesickness too,
And somewhere between those calls, I fell for you.

We weren't always gentle, we weren't always kind,
Sometimes we lost each other, then somehow realigned.
And that boy I once crushed on, so distant, so far
Became the one waiting beneath my future's stars.

Now there's a ring, and a forever in sight
And I still get butterflies thinking of that night.
If sixteen-year-old me could see us today,
She'd blush at the thought that it turned out this way.

Eight years ago, I never quite knew,
That a declined request would lead me to you.
We grew through the years, through the distance and pain,
And somehow, my heart kept choosing you again.

And if someone reads our
story someday,
I hope they feel the kind of
love words can't say.
For the boy I once crushed
on, back when I was sixteen,
Is still the sweetest love
story I've ever seen.



“The Parts of Us Nobody Saw”

Hafsa Zubair

You never arrived with roses or skies full of gold
Just a stubborn little heart that was difficult to hold
And me, a sixteen-year-old, too young to understand
How a stranger could become my favourite kind of familiar

You were somewhere at sea, counting days to come home
I was counting the minutes, pretending I wasn't alone
You had a whole ocean between your world and mine
Yet somehow, your midnight became my bedtime

I learnt the sound of sadness behind your laughter
And the stories you carried long before our chapter
You showed me the parts you were afraid to reveal
And I learnt that even the strongest hearts need somewhere to heal

We were never two people who always got it right
Sometimes we were the storm instead of the light
But growing beside you taught me something true
That love isn't finding perfection, it's learning what to do

And now there's a ring where a thousand dreams begin
A whole new chapter waiting for us to step in
Sometimes I wonder what our younger selves would say
If they could see how far we've come today

Perhaps they'd laugh at how little they knew
At how one small beginning could lead to something so true
How the years could change us, yet leave one thing the same
The comfort of belonging when we hear each other's name



And when the wedding lights finally fade away
When forever becomes ordinary, in the loveliest way
I hope you'll still find me, years down the line
Stealing your attention like it's always been mine

Because the dream was never just a wedding day
It was growing old together in a thousand ordinary ways
And if love is a lifetime of little things we do
Then my favourite little thing will always be you.

CORRECTION

Somewhere Between Love and Goodbye

Rushanka Kottakkal

Somewhere between holding on and letting go,
Lies a place where broken hearts quietly go.
Where love still lives, but the warmth has
died,
And a thousand unsaid words are trapped
inside.

You were once my home, my peace, my
prayer,
The one whose presence made life feel fair.
We built forever from moments small,
Never believing that we could lose it all.

But when did *"I love you"* become so hard
to say?
When did we start feeling lonely, even when we
stayed?
When did your arms stop feeling like home,
And how did we become two hearts feeling alone?

Perhaps goodbye doesn't always mean leaving the door,
Sometimes it's loving someone but feeling it no more.
Sometimes it's lying beside them, wishing they would see
The person you were, the person you used to be.

And that's the cruelest part of loving someone deep:
You can smile through the day and fall apart in your sleep.
You can want them forever, yet know in your heart,
That sometimes love isn't enough to stop two souls drifting apart.

If we ever become strangers who once knew everything,
I hope you remember the happiness we used to bring.
You were never a mistake, never time thrown away,
You were my favourite chapter, even if you couldn't stay.



So if goodbye is waiting somewhere down the line,
I will treasure what was yours and what was once mine.
Because somewhere between love and goodbye, it's true,
A part of me will always remember you.

And even if forever was never meant to be,
Thank you for the beautiful person I was when you loved me.

CORRECTION

THE DREAM SHE BURIED, THE WING SHE GAVE

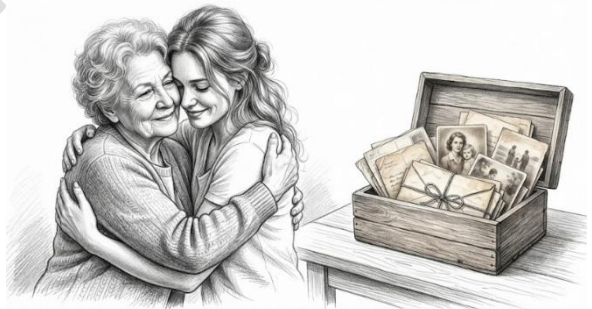
Dr. AlaguMeenal Nagarajan

Nagarajan

A woman with a thousand dreams in bloom, a fairy-like angel lost in thought, dreaming of her life as a bird that soars the open sky, free and joyful, certain that everything will unfold her way. But nothing lasts forever. Every journey has its stopover, and every dream can vanish in an instant, like destiny written in sand and washed away by the sea waves.

A mother dreams of protecting the daughter she brings into the world, shielding her from the storms that once threatened her own happiness. A daughter dreams of discovering the world beyond the shelter of those protective arms, unaware that the hands encourage her to fly may tremble at the thought of letting her go. Between them lies an invisible thread- delicate enough to be stretched by distance, strong enough to survive misunderstanding and enduring enough to bring two wandering hearts back to one another.

This is the story of a mother who once surrendered her dreams to the demands of destiny and a daughter who dared to pursue hers. It is the story of two women bound by love, divided by fear and ultimately united by the realization that love was ever meant to choose between a mother's sacrifices and a daughter's freedom. It was meant to make room for both. And this where their story begins...a girl who dared to dream of rising above it all, but whose wings were held back by the circumstances of her life.



Meera had once dreamed of becoming a teacher. As a young girl, she would sit beneath the neem tree in her grandmother's courtyard, arranging pebbles into imaginary classrooms and teaching invisible students lessons she had memorised from her textbooks. Her notebooks were filled not only with answers but also with the names of schools she hoped to attend, books she wanted to read, and places she wished to see.

But life rarely asks permission before changing the course of a dream.

After her marriage, responsibilities arrived one after another. Her ambitions were quietly placed aside, not because she had stopped loving them, but because there always seemed to be something more urgent demanding her attention. When Anika was born, Meera held her tiny daughter close and made a promise that no one else heard.

If my dreams could not find their wings, perhaps hers would.

From that day, Anika became the centre of Meera's universe.

She learned to recognise her daughter's cries before anyone else could. She stayed awake through fevers, celebrated the smallest achievements, and found happiness in the simple sight of Anika sleeping peacefully beside her. When money was scarce, Meera found ways to stretch it. When Anika struggled with her lessons, Meera sat beside her, explaining the same problem until understanding replaced frustration. She did not have everything she had once wanted. But she wanted her daughter to believe that everything was possible.

Anika grew into a bright, ambitious young woman. She loved literature, dreamed of studying abroad, and imagined a future in which her ideas would travel farther than the streets of the town where she had grown up. She wanted to write, explore unfamiliar places, and build a life that belonged entirely to her.

Meera was proud of her daughter's ambition. Yet, as Anika approached adulthood, pride began to mingle with a fear she could neither explain nor control. The world was changing. Her daughter was becoming independent. The little girl who had once run into her arms was now making plans that did not always include her.

Whenever Anika spoke about leaving home, Meera's heart tightened.

"What is wrong with building your future here?" she would ask.

"Amma, I want to see the world. I want to discover what I can become."

"And what about the people who love you? Must every dream take you away from them?"

Anika would fall silent, wounded by the question. She could not understand why the woman who had encouraged her to dream now seemed determined to limit those dreams. To Anika, love was supposed to offer freedom. To Meera, love had always meant staying, protecting, and sacrificing. Neither woman was wrong, yet their different understandings of love began to create a distance neither knew how to cross. Their conversations grew shorter. Their silences grew longer.

One evening, Anika received the news she had been waiting for. She had been selected for a postgraduate programme in another country, with a scholarship that would cover most of her expenses. She rushed home, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Amma! I've been selected!"

Meera looked up from the kitchen.

For a moment, happiness rose within her. She wanted to embrace her daughter, laugh with her, and tell everyone she knew about this wonderful achievement.

Instead, she asked, "How far away is it?"

Anika's smile faded.

"Amma, please. This is my dream."

"And I am not asking you to stop dreaming," Meera replied, her voice trembling. "I am only asking whether your dreams have any place left for me."

The question fell between them like something fragile breaking.

Anika felt anger rise in her chest.

"Why must everything be about what I owe you? I never asked you to sacrifice your dreams for me!" The moment the words escaped her mouth, the room became unbearably quiet.

Meera stood still, holding the edge of the kitchen counter. Her face revealed no anger, only a sadness so deep that Anika could not bear to look at her.

"I know," Meera whispered.

Then she turned away.

That night, neither mother nor daughter slept peacefully.

Anika lay awake, replaying the argument. She loved her mother, but she could not understand why her happiness seemed to cause so much pain. She had spent her childhood believing that Meera was the strongest woman in the world. Now she wondered whether that strength had become a burden her mother expected her to carry in return. The following morning, Meera left early to visit her elder sister. Anika, still troubled by their argument, went into her mother's room to find a document she needed for her scholarship application. While searching through a cupboard, she discovered an old wooden box.

Inside lay a collection of faded certificates, a photograph of a young woman standing beside a college building, and several handwritten letters tied together with a blue ribbon.

The photograph was of Meera.

Anika stared at it in disbelief. Her mother looked so young, so confident, and so full of possibility. She was holding a book against her chest, smiling at the camera as though the future had opened its doors just for her.

Beneath the photograph lay a college admission letter.

Meera had been accepted into a teacher-training programme.

Anika sat down slowly. She had never known.

She opened the letters one by one. Most were addressed to Meera by a close friend. They spoke of lectures, examinations, books, and the excitement of beginning a new life. In one letter, the friend had written about how Meera could become an extraordinary teacher if she continued to believe in herself.

At the bottom of the box lay a small notebook.

Its first page carried a sentence written in Meera's youthful handwriting:

I want to become a teacher because I want every child to know that their circumstances do not have to become the boundaries of their dreams.

Anika felt her eyes fill with tears.

She turned another page.

There were notes about lessons she wanted to teach, poems she had copied, and a list of books she hoped to read. Then, halfway through the notebook, the writing changed. The entries became shorter and less frequent. One page contained only a single sentence.

I will have to postpone my studies. There are responsibilities at home, and I do not know when I can return.

The next page was blank.

And the pages after it remained blank too.

Anika ran her fingers over the empty paper. She had spent years believing that her mother had never wanted anything beyond the life she lived. She had mistaken silence for contentment and sacrifice for the absence of ambition. She had never considered that the woman who encouraged her to spread her wings might once have stood at the edge of her own flight. At the bottom of the box, she found a folded sheet of paper. It was not a letter from her mother's friend. It was written in Meera's handwriting, addressed simply:

To the daughter I may one day have.

Anika unfolded it with trembling hands.

My little girl,

I do not know your name, your face, or the dreams you will one day carry. But if you ever come into my life, there is something I want you to understand. I hope you will be brave enough to want things I was afraid to ask for. I hope you will walk through doors I never had the courage or opportunity to open. I hope you will discover the world without believing that your place in it must be earned through sacrifice.

But there is one thing I fear.

I fear that one day, when you begin to fly, you may think that leaving me behind is the price you must pay for freedom.

It is not.

I want you to go where your heart leads you. I want you to become someone whose life is shaped by her own choices. I only hope that, when you find your place in the world, you will remember that love is not the hand that holds you back. Sometimes, it is the hand that lets you go, even when letting go hurts. If I cannot fulfil every dream I carry, perhaps I can help you fulfil yours. And if you ever wonder whether I had dreams of my own, know that I did. I simply chose a different way to keep one of them alive.

With all the love I may never know how to express,

Your Amma.

Anika pressed the letter against her heart.

For the first time, she understood that her mother's fear had never been a simple desire to control her. It was the fear of losing the person around whom she had built a life, combined with the ache of watching a dream she had nurtured grow beyond her reach. Yet Anika also understood something else. Her mother's sacrifices were acts of love, but they could not become the chains of her future. She could honour those sacrifices without surrendering the freedom her mother had once wished for her. When Meera returned that evening, she found Anika sitting beside the window, the wooden box open on her lap.

For a moment, neither spoke.

Then Anika stood and walked towards her mother.

"Amma, why didn't you tell me?"

Meera looked at the box and understood.

"There was no need to talk about an old life," she replied quietly. "It is over."

"No, Amma." Anika's voice broke. "Your life is not over just because your dreams were postponed."

Meera looked away, struggling to hide her tears.

Anika took her hands.

"I am sorry for what I said. I thought you wanted me to choose between you and my future. I didn't understand that you were afraid of becoming someone I would leave behind."

Meera shook her head.

"I never wanted to become the reason you stayed."

"But you are my reason for remembering where I come from," Anika whispered. "That is different." For the first time in months, Meera allowed herself to cry in her daughter's arms. She cried for the young woman who had once imagined a different future, for the opportunities she had lost, and for the years she had spent believing that her own desires no longer mattered. Anika held her without trying to stop the tears, understanding that some sorrows needed to be acknowledged before they could begin to heal.

After a long silence, Anika asked, "Amma, do you still want to teach?"

Meera gave a faint, almost embarrassed smile.

"Sometimes, when I help the children in our street with their lessons, I feel as though I am meeting the person I used to be."

"Then why should it remain only a memory?"

Meera looked at her daughter.

Anika explained that she could help her mother explore opportunities to teach, perhaps by tutoring local children or volunteering at a learning centre. It would not restore the years that had passed, and it would not make every difficulty disappear. But it could give Meera something she had long denied herself: the freedom to begin again.

For the first time, the future seemed to open before both of them. In the weeks that followed, Anika completed her scholarship formalities. Meera helped her prepare for the journey, carefully folding clothes, checking documents, and offering practical advice that only a mother could think of. Meanwhile, Anika helped her mother arrange a small evening class for children in their neighbourhood. At first, only three children arrived. Meera

welcomed them with the same enthusiasm she had once imagined bringing to her own classroom.

She taught them to read, encouraged them to ask questions, and reminded them that mistakes were part of learning. One evening, Anika watched from the doorway as her mother explained a poem to a group of attentive children. The familiar light had returned to Meera's eyes.

Anika smiled.

Perhaps dreams did not always return in the form in which they had first appeared. Sometimes, they came back quietly, wearing a different name and taking a different path. The day of Anika's departure arrived sooner than either of them expected.

At the railway station, Meera adjusted her daughter's scarf and reminded her to eat on time. She asked whether Anika had packed her medicines, checked her tickets, and kept her documents safely.

Anika laughed through her tears.

"Amma, I know how to take care of myself."

"I know," Meera replied. "That is why I am letting you go."

The announcement for departure echoed across the platform.

Anika embraced her mother tightly.

"I will miss you."

"I will miss you too."

"What if things become difficult?"

Meera brushed a strand of hair away from her daughter's face. "Then remember that you are allowed to be afraid. Courage does not mean you never feel fear. It means you do not let fear make every decision for you."

Anika nodded, unable to speak.

"And Amma?"

"Yes, ma?"

"Promise me something."

Meera smiled.

"What is it?"

"Don't put your dreams away again."

For a long moment, Meera said nothing. Then she held her daughter's face between her palms.

"I promise."

Anika boarded the train.

As it began to move, she watched her mother standing on the platform, growing smaller with every passing moment. There were tears on Meera's face, but there was no desperation in her expression. She raised her hand and waved, and Anika waved back until the distance finally carried them beyond each other's sight. For the first time, separation did not feel like the end of their story. It felt like the beginning of two stories learning to continue alongside one another.

Months later, Anika returned home during her semester break.

She expected the familiar sounds of the neighbourhood, the comforting smell of her mother's cooking, and the quiet rhythm of a house that had always been her refuge. What she did not expect was the laughter coming from the front room. She stepped inside and found Meera teaching a group of children. A blackboard stood against the wall, covered with words and sentences. Books were arranged neatly on a shelf, and a small handwritten sign hung above the doorway:

MEERA'S LEARNING CORNER

Anika stood motionless.

Her mother turned and saw her.

For a moment, they simply looked at each other. Then Meera smiled, her face illuminated by a happiness Anika had not seen in years.

"You came home."

Anika walked towards her and embraced her.

"I did, Amma."

Behind them, the children waited patiently for their lesson to continue. Meera returned to the blackboard, and Anika watched her pick up a piece of chalk. Her mother's handwriting was careful, her movements confident. There was something profoundly beautiful about the sight of a woman finally occupying a space she had once imagined but never believed she could claim. That evening, mother and daughter sat beside the same window where Anika had spent so many nights dreaming of the future.

They spoke about her studies, the people she had met, and the places she hoped to explore. Meera spoke about her students, their progress, and the joy she discovered in teaching them. Neither spoke of sacrifice as a debt to be repaid. Neither treated love as a reason to abandon a dream. They had begun to understand that two people could belong deeply to one another without needing to live identical lives.

Before going to bed, Anika opened the old notebook she had brought back from her room. On the page where her mother's youthful promise ended, she wrote a new sentence:

Amma, you taught me that dreams give us wings. Today, I understand that love teaches us how to fly without forgetting where we began.

She left the notebook on her mother's desk. The following morning, Meera found the sentence and read it twice. She smiled, then opened her own notebook and began planning the next week's lessons. Outside, the morning sun spread across the courtyard.

Two generations, two dreams, two different destinies and one love that had finally learned to make room for both.

Perhaps that was what had always existed between them: not a struggle to decide whose dreams mattered more, but an unfinished conversation between a mother who had given her daughter wings and a daughter who had finally understood the woman who gave them to her. And somewhere between dreams and destiny, they discovered that love was never meant to

be a choice between staying and leaving. It was the freedom to grow, the courage to begin again, and the grace to celebrate one another's becoming.

Because the greatest gift a mother can give her daughter is not a life without struggles, but the courage to build a life of her own. And sometimes, the greatest gift a daughter can give her mother is to remind her that it is never too late to begin living hers.

CORRECTION

To The One I Haven\'t Met Yet

Aaditya

I can\'t wait to have someone for whom I will write.

To live in a World beyond wrong and right.

Just you and me and the love that brightens night.

Someone whose smile becomes my favourite line,

Someone I will make tea for, though I forget the sugar.

She\'ll take a sip, smile, and say, "It\'s fine"

A love that feels like coming home,

Even when the whole world tells you to wander and roam.

A World away from the real one where the afterglow is the colour of your eyes and the air carries the fragrance of your favourite flower.

With all its stars, sunsets, and seas,

No matter how beautiful the world may be,

My favourite story will always be

The one where it\'s just you and me.



Am I Lost ??

Aaditya

Where am I lost ??

A place where all my tiredness dies,

Is it where every dream of mine lies ??

Am I daydreaming again,

or am I simply looking deep into your eyes ??

CORRECTION

"Beti ko Bss Sapne Jeene Do ...!!

Soniya Singh

Beti ko beta bnane ki zrurt nhii
Use bss apne sapne jeene do,
Jis aasmaan ko dkh rh h
Use apni udaan khud chunne do,
Use mt smjhao ki tum ye nhii kr skti
Bss inna keh do koshish kr hum tmhare
sath h,

Us k hatho me chudiya ho ya kitabo ka
bhaar

Uski pehechaan us k rishte se nhii,

Us apne sapno se hone do

Vo Dr. Bn na chahe ya kalakaar,

Use raasta khud chunne do

Hr mod pr rokna mt,

Beti ko kisi se km smjho aur kisi k jaisa bn

ne ki mt bolo,

Vo jaisi h vaisi hii khoobsurt h

Bss use apne hone pr garv hone do,

Beti ko beta bnane ki zrurt nhii h

Use bss beti bn kr apne sapne jeene do!!



CORRECTION

Kashmakash-e-Dil

Mohammad Shahrukh

Badi kashmakash se guzrā rahā hai dil,
Kayi khayalon kā dariyā zehan mein chal rahā hai.

Har ek roz badal rahi hai rāh-e-manzil,
Magar matlā kyā hai, bas ye na pata chal rahā hai.

Kyun be-matlab ki rasmein nibhani hoti hain?
Kyun har khwahish logon ki meherbani hoti hai?

Kyun hamein jeena duniya ke hisaab se hota hai?
Kyun har baar mere hi dil ko sambhalna hota hai?

Kya ye haal-e-dil mera hi hai?
Kya meri hi kashti phasi hai
dariya mein?

Main badi shiddat se aawaz de
raha hoon e-subah tujhe,
Ab kar de roshan mustaqbil
mera!



Logon ki bheed mein khud ko akelā pā rahā hoon,
Suljhe hone kā bharam badi shaan se nibha rahā hoon.

Ik ajīb si duniya mein fazr se isha ho rahā hai,
Badi kashmakash se ye dil guzar rahā hai.

CORRECTION

The Voyager of Life

Pooja Thakur

What has time to do with healing,

It heals but never kneels.

It seals the windows of the past

But never leaves the zeal.

To slide it again until you feel the gust of those memories that were covered
in rust

So as to gleam again.

. . .

It is broken as it seems,

The shattered glass whispers,

Silence envelopes the screeching mind.

It witnesses the unforeseen,

The rage has subsided,

Melted like the golden sheen

Of molten glass.

It feels cold in the heart,

And the dreams freeze

Like the dewy mist in a winter day...

. . .

The mast is free, the sails have set in,

I am the voyager of the ship called Life,



Leading towards a new beginning

Fathoming every change,

I have set the direction,

Gauging every distance

I have set the wheel

Towards a new horizon

Towards a new bright sky...

The Love We Leave Behind

Vemuri Bhagawanthi

We started with a biodata,
A phone call, a little awkwardness,
A Dussehra meeting where I was too shy
To even look properly into your eyes.

Then came the calls,
The questions, the nervous smiles,
And somehow, without us knowing,
You became a part of my life.



Seven days before our engagement,
We were suddenly running everywhere—
Rings, clothes, relatives, photographs,
And you... making me feel like I belonged there.

I still remember that first ride in Nellore,
Both of us nervous, pretending we weren't.
You showed me your favourite places,
And somehow, my comfort zone started to disappear.

Then came the rings,
The dances, the photographs,
Your carefully chosen bag,
And a poem I wrote about you
That you actually loved.

And then, before I knew it,
We stood opposite each other as husband and wife.
Your hands were shaking at the thali,
And mine were shaking somewhere inside.

Seven steps.
One promise.
One life.

And suddenly,
All those little "firsts"
Were no longer firsts waiting to happen—
They became memories.

Our first selfie.
Our first time holding hands.
Blue bangles from you.
Your jokes that everyone misunderstood.

Your driving.

Your feeding me when I didn't want to eat.

Your location updates.

Your silly mistakes.

Your forgotten brushing.

Your lost bracelet.

Your endless care.

Sapa gave us beautiful days,

Even on the days I was sick.

Hyderabad gave us tired flights,

Dosa, idli, Charminar,

And a hundred little moments

I didn't know I would someday miss.

And maybe that's what scares me.

Because somewhere between

"forever" and "take care,"

There is a place

I don't know how to name.

A place where I still love you,

But I'm learning that love

Doesn't always mean holding on.

A place where your name

Still feels like home,

But goodbye

Feels like a word sitting quietly

At the end of the sentence.

If someday

Our photographs become memories,

If our jokes become stories,

If our favourite places

Belong to another version of us—

I hope you remember this:

I loved you

In the nervous beginning,

In the chaotic middle,

In every silly little moment,

And even in the silence

Where neither of us knew what to say.

Maybe we were never meant

To have a perfect story.

Maybe we were meant

To have a real one.

A story that began with a biodata,

Turned into seven steps,

Collected a thousand little memories,

And somehow left me standing

Somewhere between—

"I love you."

and

"I hope you're okay."

Because sometimes,

The hardest goodbye

Isn't leaving someone.

It's accepting

That you can love someone deeply

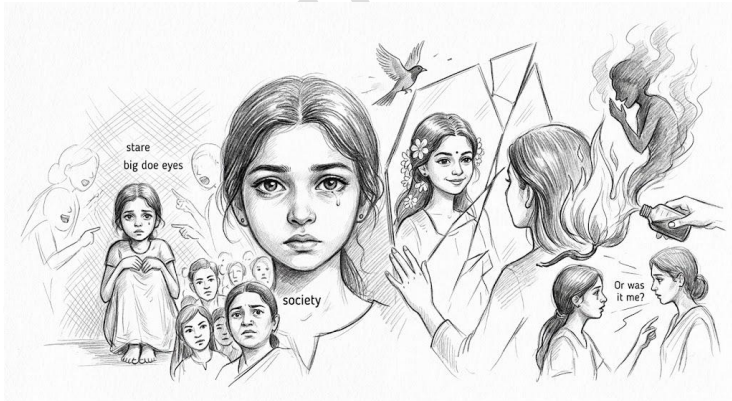
And still have to let the story end.

CORRECTION

Insecurity

Suhana.N.M

Who gave me this insecurity?
Was it the society? Or was it me ?
I wept when they bullied me for my big doe eyes.
They said my glance was a stare,
and it was something to fear.
Yet i didn't pay a heed when they called me 'kali myna \'.
For i knew i was beautiful, regardless of my skin colour.
So what changed ?
And who is to be blamed?
The one who called me names?
Or the one who put kerosene upon those flames?



Still

shay

Were you to decide to rampage all the distance in an instant,

I'd not know what to do.

I don't know what to do with the distance,

I don't know what to do without it,

it's something I despise,

It's all i have.

Were to decide to dismiss all the distance in one glimpse,

I'd stand still,

In grate, in awe, in anger, in all my dramatic love for you.

Were you to decide, were you to rewrite and coincide my so-longed-wish-for Fate,

I'd stand still,

Blessed, fazed/unfazed-a mess.

I'd open my arms,

I'd welcome you to my motherland,

I'd enjoy the same sky,
our identical times, the
rain would be massively
beautiful;

Were you to decide to crash your jet, crash my dream, collide all my being,

I'd stand still,



Elated, inadapted, in anger,

Were you to decide to deduce the distance and cram my space

in a greater void,

I'd stand still

Elated, inadapted

In a massively dramatic love, still.

CORRECTION

Future in my eyes

Skylin

My love for you is deeper than sea,
Bottom of my heart, thee dream I see
My world revolves all around thee,
Best thing that ever happened to me

Holding hands, a future I see,
You and me together we flee,
My lovely verandah, with birds chirrupping out,
When rain comes, we both fill with joy

Thee the moon, I the selenophile
In celestial cerulean night we both sit by,
Looking at sky we both smile,
Love our company without any sigh

We fight, we solve
together we live,

Rise high and higher
together,

Future I descry in my
eyes,

All him, you see my
love shine.



The Silent Rain

Devi Tria is an art manager who has been involved for more than a decade in the world of commercial art galleries. Beyond her professional activities, Devi has a deep interest in writing and literature. She uses writing as a personal space to express her feelings, record experiences, and reflect on various life issues.

Devi Tria

Yeh raha PDF mein likha poora text:

The Silent Rain

Devi Tria

The rain has been falling since late afternoon, soaking the darkening sky. I sit on the sofa, near the window, watching droplets race down the glass. Outside, the sky seems to be crying quietly. The coffee on the table has gone cold along with time itself, moving slowly and chilled. The steam has long vanished, leaving only a faint aroma behind, as if it refuses to disappear completely.

Tonight feels different. There is something in the air that tightens my chest, a longing that refuses to stay still. A longing for the past, for familiar laughter, for a voice that once brought comfort. A longing that does not know where to return. Everything feels foreign, yet deeply familiar in my heart. I close my eyes. And like an old film spinning again, his face appears through the haze. His laughter, his calm voice. He looks the same in memory.

Back then, when everything still felt real, we often bought coffee at Beringin Park. The park was always crowded, yet it felt as if there were only the two of us. He would always arrive, with a cheerful face, bringing small stories of daily life, trivial things that somehow always made me laugh. He was not perfect.



Sometimes annoying, sometimes stubborn. But there was always a sincerity that was hard to explain whenever he paid attention to me. His gaze felt like a gentle, wordless sentence, as if the world paused just to let us understand each other.

“When it rains, I always think of you,” he once said one afternoon. I looked at him while holding my cup of coffee.

“Why?” I asked softly.

“Because you’re like rain,” he smiled, looking at the sky as it darkened.

“You arrive quietly, but you always change the atmosphere.”

And my heart would always race when I heard his words. They were simple, yet in the rhythm of his voice there was always something honest.

When I was with him, we never spoke about love. There were no promises, no word “us.” Yet every meeting was enough to make the world bloom beautifully. Everything became colourful. But time never wants to stop in one season. Life carried us in different directions. He had to leave the city to continue his career in his own country.

At first, messages still arrived every night. Light conversations, brief jokes, cute emojis that made me smile. We shared stories about our days, about work, about small things that seemed to keep that closeness alive. But slowly, everything changed. Words that once felt warm grew distant. Conversations became formal, rushed, then stopped altogether. His last message read, “Sorry, I’m busy. I’ll let you know later.” And that “later” never came.

I did not look for him. I wasn’t angry; I did not force anything. I simply lay in silence, listening to the ticking clock and the rain falling outside the window. In that silence, I knew something had ended without ever truly beginning. Months later, I heard news from a friend. He had found his harbour.

I could only smile quietly, offering congratulations with a calm heart. No tears, no anger, only a long silence. In that silence, I screamed without words.

More than a century has passed. Life keeps moving, and I even managed to forget him for a while. I met many new people, lived different days. The memory faded, healing its own wound, like water smoothing scars in beach sand. Without realizing it, I even lost a piece of stuff he had entrusted to me,

a T-shirt printed with a photo of his favourite artist. Everything disappeared. I lost track of his social media; this was to convince myself that I was done. And I believed that denial.

The amygdala teaches awareness about love, that love is not merely a gentle flutter in the chest, but an ancient memory stored in the small part of our brain. A place where fear, longing, and hope first to reside.

The amygdala knows that love is born from vulnerability. It reminds us that before we can love, we must be brave enough to face the fear of loss. In a racing heartbeat, in a held breath, the amygdala works quietly, measuring how deeply we are ready to get lost in someone's embrace. Sometimes it overreacts, creating anxiety without reason, closing itself off because it has been hurt before. But behind it all, it only tries to protect a heart as gentle to be broken again.

Love, as understood by the amygdala, is not about surviving under the shadow of fear. It offers awareness about opening the door again, even knowing the world may wound us. About giving without expecting return, about presence even when it is never asked for. Love, to the amygdala, is the courage to keep feeling and to change someone forever.

Twelve years have passed, and tonight, the memory knocks again. Suddenly I feel compelled, to search for him, opening social media, typing his name with hesitation and finding that face. Slightly older, yet with the same smile. He does not look entirely happy. There are small child and a woman beside him. My heart feels warm and sad at the same time. I stare at him for a long time. A century has passed, and I am still longing, waiting for something that may never return. This silent scream begins to cry again, slowly and surely, wishing to go back to that time, that brief century that was only ours. I open an old photo album from that time with him, photos that look happy, close, and full of tenderness.

That feeling rushes through my blood: the freedom to embrace him without guilt, teasing his silly days, correcting his clumsy language, watching him paint and making me feel alive. I gaze at the window, blurred with mist. The rain accompanies the night, and I can only whisper

“Thank you... for having come, and for making me feel loved enough, even if only for a moment.”

In this silence, I begin to write about him; it's not about loss, not about regret, but about acceptance and understanding. Sometimes love exists only to be understood.

I look out the window again, letting the sound of rain become a lullaby for memory. The universe seems to whisper gently that silence is not emptiness, but a prayer spoken slowly, for a love that once came, then left, and never truly disappeared.

This story is for you who once passed through a century ago and return as an uninvited, unsearched memory. I do not know what brings you back, whether I quietly call you in my dreams, or whether the universe still owes us one unfinished meeting. Every time your face appears, there is a subtle pulse in my chest, as if the amygdala is reminding me that feelings never truly die; they only lie dormant, waiting to be awakened by loneliness.

We once spoke about time, about how it can heal and erase at once. But it turns out time is not a healer, only a keeper. It stores wounds as memories, then hands them back when the night grows too quiet.

Perhaps this is not about returning. Perhaps it is about recognizing that some people are destined only to become invisible echoes, never seen yet always heard in the quietest chambers of the heart.

“The Parts of Us Nobody Saw”

Hafsa Zubair

You never arrived with roses or skies full of gold Just a stubborn little heart that was difficult to hold And me, a sixteen-year-old, too young to understand How a stranger could become my favourite kind of familiar You were somewhere at sea, counting days to come home I was counting the minutes, pretending I wasn't alone You had a whole ocean between your world and mine Yet somehow, your midnight became my bedtime I learnt the sound of sadness behind your laughter And the stories you carried long before our chapter You showed me the parts you were afraid to reveal And I learnt that even the strongest hearts need somewhere to heal

We were never two people who always got it right Sometimes we were the storm instead of the light But growing beside you taught me something true That love isn't finding perfection, it's learning what to do And now there's a ring where a thousand dreams begin A whole new chapter waiting for us to step in Sometimes I wonder what our younger selves would say If they could see how far we've come today

Perhaps they'd laugh at how little they knew At how one small beginning could lead to something so true How the years could change us, yet leave one thing the same The comfort of belonging when we hear each other's name And when the wedding lights finally fade away When forever becomes ordinary, in the loveliest way I hope you'll still find me, years down the line Stealing your attention like it's always been mine Because the dream was never just a wedding day It was growing old



together in a thousand ordinary ways^[1] And if love is a lifetime of little
things we do^[1] Then my favourite little thing will always be you.

CORRECTION

The Girl Who Returned Tomorrow

Urooz Fatima

The Girl Who Returned Tomorrow

An Original Short Story

At exactly 11:59 p.m., a girl appeared at Platform Seven.

She carried a red umbrella, a silver pocket watch, and a letter sealed with blue wax. Every night, she asked the same question.

“Excuse me, sir. Has tomorrow’s train arrived yet?”

And every night, the old stationmaster gave her the same answer.

“Tomorrow’s train never arrives today, child.”

The girl would smile sadly.

“That is what everyone says. Yet I keep arriving.”

Then, before midnight could strike twelve, she would disappear.

No footsteps. No departing train. No explanation.

Only a single drop of water remained on the wooden bench where she had been sitting.

For thirty-seven years, Elias had worked at Bellweather Railway Station. He had witnessed tearful farewells, joyful reunions, hurried goodbyes, and the terrible silence that followed the announcement of a death. He believed he had seen every kind of human sorrow.

Then the girl arrived.



And for the first time in decades, he became curious about tomorrow.

The Letter from Yesterday

On the seventh night, Elias decided not to look away.

When the clock approached midnight, the girl appeared beside the ticket counter.

“Your name?” he asked.

“Lena.”

“Where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Where is home?”

She looked towards the empty tracks.

“Somewhere that no longer exists.”

Elias frowned. “And why do you keep coming here?”

Lena placed the sealed letter on his desk.

“Because tomorrow, someone will forget something important.”

“Who?”

She pushed the letter towards him.

“You.”

Before he could question her further, the clock struck twelve.

The lamps flickered.

And she was gone.

Elias stared at the letter. His name was written across its front in handwriting he recognised, although he could not remember where he had seen it before.

His fingers trembled as he broke the seal.

Inside was a single sentence.

You promised you would never let her wait alone.

He read it again and again.

That night, for the first time in thirty-seven years, Elias dreamed of a little girl standing beneath a red umbrella, crying beside a railway track.

The Memory He Buried

The next morning, Elias searched the station archives.

Dust covered the old newspapers, and the smell of forgotten paper filled the room. He searched through records of accidents, missing passengers, and abandoned luggage until an old clipping slipped from a folder.

YOUNG GIRL MISSING AFTER MIDNIGHT TRAIN INCIDENT.

The date was twenty-seven years earlier.

Beneath the headline was a photograph of a little girl with two crooked braids and a red umbrella.

Her name was Lena.

Elias dropped the newspaper.

He remembered everything.

Twenty-seven years earlier, he had been a younger stationmaster, impatient and ambitious. His daughter, Lena, had come to the station to show him a drawing she had made at school.

He had promised to meet her at seven.

But a delayed train had arrived, an important official had complained, and Elias had chosen his work over his child.

“Wait here,” he had told her. “I’ll be back in five minutes.”

Five minutes had become an hour.

Then two.

During a sudden storm, Lena had left the waiting room to search for him. In the confusion surrounding a passing freight train, she had disappeared.

Despite extensive searches, she was never found.

Elias had spent the rest of his life punishing himself with work, as though enough timetables and perfectly punctual trains could somehow undo one terrible mistake.

He had hidden his daughter's photograph. He had locked away her drawings. Eventually, he had buried the memory of the little girl who had waited for him.

But he had never forgotten the red umbrella.

The Night of Truth

At 11:58 p.m. the following night, Elias stood on Platform Seven with a lantern in his hand.

He did not sit behind his counter.

He did not check the timetable.

He waited.

At 11:59, Lena appeared.

This time, she was not smiling.

"You remembered," she whispered.

Elias knelt before her.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart."

The words escaped him so suddenly that he covered his mouth.

Lena looked at him with the solemn eyes of a child who had spent too long trying to understand why grown-ups broke their promises.

"Were you very busy, Papa?"

Elias began to cry.

"Yes."

She lowered her eyes.

“Busier than loving me?”

“No.” His voice broke. “Never. I was foolish enough to think I could postpone love until my work was finished.”

Lena sat on the bench.

“Then why did you let me wait?”

He had no answer.

There are questions that even a lifetime of regret cannot answer.

After a while, she handed him another letter.

“Read this tomorrow,” she said.

“Why not now?”

“Because some things can only be understood when we stop trying to change yesterday.”

The clock began to chime.

“Lena, please. Don't go.”

She smiled, and for a moment, she looked exactly as she had in the photograph.

“I never wanted you to bring me back, Papa. I only wanted you to remember that I was here.”

Midnight struck.

The platform fell silent.

And Lena disappeared.

What Tomorrow Demanded

The next morning, Elias opened the letter.

Inside was a child's drawing of two people holding hands beneath a red umbrella. One figure was small, with crooked braids. The other wore a stationmaster's uniform.

At the bottom, in uneven handwriting, were the words:

My papa is my favourite person in the whole world. When I grow up, I will buy him a clock that stops whenever he needs more time.

Elias pressed the paper against his chest.

Then he noticed something he had missed the night before.

On the back of the drawing, Lena had written a date.

It was tomorrow's date.

And beneath it were five words:

Look beneath the seventh bench.

He hurried to Platform Seven.

Beneath the old wooden bench, hidden behind a loose stone, lay a small tin box. Inside were a pocket watch, a child's hair ribbon, and a folded piece of paper.

The watch had stopped at 11:59.

The paper contained one final message.

Papa, if you ever find this, please don't spend the rest of your life waiting for me.

There are other little girls waiting for their fathers.

There are other mothers waiting for their sons.

There are other people standing at stations, believing that the person they love will come back if they wait long enough.

Go to them.

Be there while you still can.

Love, Lena.

Elias sat on the platform until sunrise.

For the first time in twenty-seven years, he did not ask the world to return his daughter.

He asked it to give him the courage to live differently.

The Tomorrow Room

The following week, Elias retired from the railway.

He used his savings to transform the abandoned station waiting room into a shelter for children who had nowhere safe to go. He called it **The Tomorrow Room**.

Every evening, he told the children stories. He helped them with their homework, learned their favourite songs, and listened when they spoke.

Some children arrived angry. Others arrived silent. A few smiled constantly because they were afraid that crying would make people send them away.

Elias never demanded that they trust him. He simply showed up, day after day, until his promises became something they could believe in.

Whenever a child asked him to stay, he stayed.

Years passed.

The walls filled with drawings. The empty benches became colourful reading corners. And above the doorway, Elias hung Lena's picture of two people holding hands beneath a red umbrella.

He never saw the mysterious girl again.

But every year, on the anniversary of her disappearance, he returned to Platform Seven and sat beneath the old clock.

He no longer waited for a train.

He waited for the feeling of gratitude that sometimes arrived with the evening breeze.

The Unexpected Arrival

Many years later, on a rainy evening, a little girl entered The Tomorrow Room.

She carried a red umbrella.

Elias, now old and silver-haired, looked up from his book.

“Are you lost, sweetheart?”

The girl shook her head.

“No, sir. My mother told me that if I ever needed someone to listen, I should come here.”

Elias pulled out a chair.

“Then you’ve come to the right place.”

The girl sat down and opened her schoolbag.

“I wrote a story,” she said. “But I don’t know if it’s any good.”

Elias smiled.

“Would you like me to read it?”

She nodded and handed him a folded sheet of paper.

At the top, in careful handwriting, were the words:

****The Girl Who Returned Tomorrow.****

Elias stopped breathing for a moment.

“Who told you that title?”

“No one,” the girl replied. “I dreamed it.”

He read the first line.

At exactly 11:59 p.m., a girl appeared at Platform Seven.

His eyes filled with tears.

“What’s your name, child?”

The girl smiled.

“Hope.”

Outside, the rain began to fall.

For a moment, Elias thought he heard the distant whistle of a train. He turned towards the window, expecting to see the familiar red umbrella beneath the streetlight.

There was nothing there.

Only the rain, the evening sky, and the quiet sound of children laughing in the next room.

He looked back at Hope.

“May I ask you something?”

She nodded.

“Why did you write this story?”

The little girl considered the question.

“Because my mother says people disappear twice. First, when they leave us. And again, when we stop telling their stories.”

Elias could not speak.

He held the pages carefully, as though they were made of glass.

Then he did something he had not done in twenty-seven years.

He opened the drawer where he kept Lena's drawing, placed Hope's story beside it, and left the drawer unlocked.

That night, after everyone had gone home, Elias returned to Platform Seven.

The clock read 11:59.

He stood beneath it, listening.

For years, he had believed that tomorrow was a place where he might somehow meet his daughter again. Now he understood that tomorrow was not a destination. It was a responsibility.

It was every child who needed a listener, every promise that deserved to be kept, and every ordinary moment that could become precious simply because someone chose to be present.

The clock struck twelve.

Elias did not disappear into yesterday.

He walked back to The Tomorrow Room, where a lamp still glowed beside the door.

And somewhere, deep within his heart, a clock that had been silent for twenty-seven years began to tick again.

Not backwards.

Not towards yesterday.

But forward.

Towards tomorrow.

And this time, Elias was ready.

Epilogue

Years later, Hope grew up to become a writer. Her first published book was dedicated to an old stationmaster who had taught her that listening could save a person, even when it could not change the past.

On the dedication page, she wrote:

For the man who taught me that tomorrow is not promised, but kindness is always possible.

The book became known for its final sentence:

Some people spend their lives trying to bring yesterday back. But love does not ask us to change the past; it asks us to be present before we become someone's regret.

And on the last page, beneath those words, Hope added one final line of her own:

If someone you love is waiting for you today, do not make them wait for tomorrow.

CORRECTION

The Prayer Without Expectations



Heman Raj Singh

Sometimes, you fight with God
while praying for someone.
At that moment, you never even think
about what you are doing or how much you are giving.

You thank Him for His miracles,
even when He tests your love and faith.

You simply ask Him,
“Why can’t I be with them?”

But He reminds you of the lessons
you have already faced in the past.

Perhaps God has always seen your prayers—
the ones without expectations,
the ones filled with selflessness,
where you forget to care for your own heart and mind
while wishing happiness and peace for someone else.

A prayer without expectations
is never forgotten,

even when life takes unexpected turns.

The more you surrender,
the deeper your faith becomes.

You may learn to let go of the outcome,
but somewhere within your heart,
the prayer continues.

Because sometimes,
you stop asking God to give you someone
and simply ask Him to keep them happy.

And perhaps, that is when
your prayer becomes more than a wish—
it becomes an act of faith. 🙏🕊️

Waiting For Love In Person

Adlin Blessy S

Everyone loved Mia, except the one boy that she wants to be noticed her.

Mia was famous, pretty and popular. Also rich. Seniors proposed to her everyday, but she rejected them all. She never believed in love.

One day while driving to college, a boy suddenly came in front of her car. Mia hit the brakes and got out, he was slightly hurt, but in his hands was a little puppy, safe. Mia was angry for a moment, but as soon as she saw the puppy in his hands, her heart melted.

She took him and the puppy to the hospital, he didn't talk much, all he said was his name, "Arjun" in a soft whisper.

Mia didn't pay much attention to him, after treatment they came out, but suddenly Arjun disappeared with the puppy. Mia couldn't find him, and she assumed it was because he was shy. But the truth was that Arjun was shy and studies in the same college. He was a sharp faced, good looking guy, who loved Mia one-sided for a year. Before leaving college, he wanted to make his place in Mia's heart. So he started being innocent in front of her.

After this incident, Mia didn't see him, but the next day she found a bouquet of flowers on her desk, with a note saying "Thanks for everything" she was confused, but she didn't bother about it. Then every day bouquets would come, in the class, in the seminar hall, in the dance hall. She was sure that



someone close to her was watching her. Slowly Mia started liking it and eagerly awaited for the bouquets, collecting every flower and note that came her way. She got attached, without even knowing it.

She really wanted to meet this unknown person and one day she placed a rose with a note saying "Can we meet in person?". She waited the whole evening, but no one picked it up, and she went home disappointed.

The next day she found a note saying \"I will meet you but first you have to find my name and number. Then I will come in person.\" She was excited and immediately set to the task.

The note said,

Name: 1 18 10 21 14

At first she was confused, but she decoded it and She got to know it was ARJUN. She knew he must have been in this college, and she went and checked out the register of all the departments. She found that there were 17 Arjuns in the final year, and she lost hope. Then she got a new note saying, \"Are you tired baby girl?\" . She was sure that he was somewhere around, watching all her activities. Unknowingly Mia had fallen for him. Then suddenly for a week no notes came, she eagerly waited but to no avail, she became sad.

One day in dance class, she suddenly got a book, with a note saying \"this is my number\". She checked out the book thoroughly, but to her disappointment she couldn't find the number. For two weeks she was puzzled and she asked her friends, but to no avail.

Later on she found out that he had marked the page numbers and she got his number. She immediately called him up, her heart beat fast, and then a bold voice said, \"Hii My Love\". Her heart missed a beat, she was struck, a breeze of cool air blew her hair gently, she replied, \"Hiii.....\" And soon they became good friends and loved each other, they proposed over phone, but Mia wanted him to meet in person and propose.

He said sure, and they fixed a date and place. Mia was there waiting for him, but sadly he didn't come. She was sad and left a note saying, \"I waited for you to appear, but you didn't come. It's okay if you don't want to show your face, but I will always love you. I am leaving, stay safe.\" She left, and the next day she went to the same place to check if he had picked up the note or not, it was still there, her heart pricked.

Suddenly she got a call from his number, her heart beat fast, she picked it up with a bright smile. But the smile didn't last for a minute, a voice said, \"Ma'am do you know this person? He met with an accident and is admitted in the hospital yesterday.\"

Her heart shattered, she sat on the ground and cried aloud, she rushed to the hospital. Mia hurried to the hospital, scared. She saw a lot of dead people

there. For a moment, she even thought that she had lost him. His friends assured Mia that he was alright.

Mia took care of him for a week, but he did not open his eyes. One morning, Arjun opened his eyes. Mia sat beside him, delighted, but her delight did not last long. Arjun recognized his friends, but not Mia.

Mia looked into Arjun's eyes and asked, "Arjun, are you alright?"

Arjun had forgotten all about Mia and their past together. Mia broke her heart, but she could not bear it anymore. She came out of the ward, crying. Arjun later on came out of the hospital, considering her as a stranger. Mia gave Arjun flowers, but he declined them. Arjun had lost his memory, and the only thing Mia could do was wait. The doctor told her that he might recover his memories, or maybe not. Arjun might have forgotten her forever, and Mia must not trouble him. So, for a long time, Mia started bringing bouquets of flowers for Arjun, but he did not care. The bouquets of flowers just ended up in the dustbin. Arjun's friends were also concerned, but there was nothing they could do.

Arjun had turned out to be as cold as ice. Mia's feelings were constantly crushed, but she continued to shower love on Arjun. Still, Arjun repelled her feelings, again and again. However, Mia did not give up. Arjun was given a good job, and he moved out of the city. Mia had a lot of trouble finding his address, and she kept sending bouquets of flowers to his office. Arjun despised the gesture and admonished Mia for sending him flowers. After that, Mia sent bouquets of flowers to all the people sitting in Arjun's office and a special bouquet of flowers to Arjun. Arjun could not refuse her now. Arjun was promoted again and moved out of the city. Mia lost contact with him again. After her studies, Mia opened a flower shop named 'Aria'. All she could do was wait for Arjun to recover his memories.

Years came and went. Mia continued to send bouquets of flowers to Arjun's office. She had given up all hopes of marrying anyone else and spent her life alone, waiting for Arjun. Now, Mia has grown old, and she waits for her beloved to come and take care of her and let her die on his lap. That was her last wish, which she had not been able to fulfill till then. She looks around, and in the busy crowd, she searches for her beloved.

""The journey from love to poet""

Asia khatoon

This is the story of a girl named Naina.

Naina a simple girl, went with her father to the wedding of his friend's daughter.

Where people from various religious backgrounds were present.

Naina's gaze fell upon a young man who was very handsome and a few years older than her.

Naina falls in love with him at first sight.

She didn't know whether the boy was religious or not; she simply fell in love with him. Even after returning from the party, she kept thinking about that boy for years.

A long time passed, and that boy never crossed her path again.

She began to love that boy without ever meeting or speaking to him.

Naina passed her matriculation exam and was subsequently admitted to Netaji Subhash University. Jamshedpur

"And one day, a major change came into Naina's life."

After finishing her classes, she went to the university campus to head back home.

And just then, Naina's eyes fell upon the boy she had fallen in love with when she saw him at the party.

She kept looking at him for a few minutes. Naina couldn't believe her luck.

The next day, Naina found out about that boy's background.

And Naina found out that he was the son of her father's friend, and that the boy had also been invited to that party.

Naina started contacting that boy without delay.

After being friends for a few days, Naina revealed her feelings to him.

The boy replied, "I value your love."

But that didn't mean he had started liking Naina.

That boy wanted to stay away from love,

romance, and emotional attachments.

And then, naina
believing her love to be
one- sided, kept it
confined within herself.

It was one-sided; it
turned a girl into a poet.

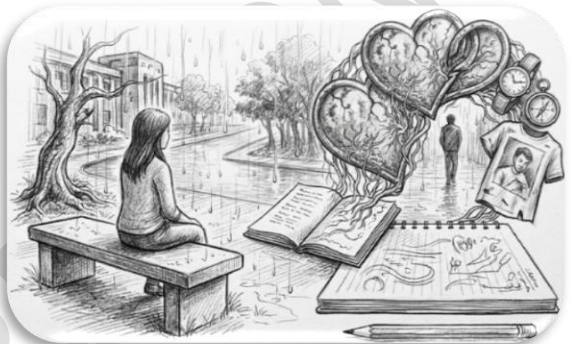
And then, Naina wrote
her first poem.

The other day, I ran into
someone I had lost long ago.

Fearing I might lose them again, I poured out my heart to them. Their reply
was, "I value your love." After that, I never saw that person in my future
again.

"Asia khatoon"

This is not the story it's my autobiography.



I'M FREE TO LOVE, SO LOVE IS FREE TO RULE OVER ME.

Simran Sharma

I didn't think of this or that; I simply surrendered myself to Love, for I knew:

It is formless (Nirguna), all-pervading, and it moves the entire creation. It knows far more than I ever could.

Dropping my own defenses was like taking away an umbrella, and love began to shower its gentle rain

I didn't decorate words for my beloved; Love itself began to speak to him through me.

We didn't go to any beautiful ceremony,

Love turned these four walls into a sacred mosque.

Only after a moment did my eyes realize that they have now become two pairs,

Through my beloved's voice, Love called out to me loudly from deep within my own spirit.

The heartbeats began to realize that they were now aligning with a rhythm from somewhere else

My breath grew a little deeper, a little longer, as if I know that another life has entered inside me.

When I let go of my control, Love took care of everything.

The world I had built on my own was driven by clever tactics and fear, yet I kept losing.

But the creation birthed by Love—woven out of silence and pure Awareness—made life blossoms,



I became a witness (Sakshi) to that ultimate vision: where Consciousness remained still, while all of existence began to dance around it. The soul began to dance, to sing, and to call upon the Beloved—

Where even communication happens through existence itself, under the sky of Love.

CORRECTION

Arranged To Love

Batul Jawadwala is a passionate writer, a dedicated homemaker, and a poet at heart. Writing has always been her creative escape, allowing her to transform deep emotions into beautiful verses.

Batul Ammar

It was all an ordinary day,
The rising sun, chirping birds,
A happy mood as she was leaving for work.
But everything changed
At dusk.

The sky turned pink,
The piano played a sad tune,
As she walked away from heartbreak
Towards a life anew.

The seasons changed by
From Autumn to winter
Days and nights passed
But hurt remained within.



She learned to live with my past,
And life took another turn.

Two strangers facing each other,
Searching for a connection in each other's eyes.

The glances lingered longer,
The conversations flowed,
The roads became shorter,
And our hands locked together, too.

They laughed, cried, and joked together,
Stared at the sky and discussed the future.
They promised to be together,
He swore to protect her forever.

Walking side by side,
They married for love
The fractures of her past
Slowly began to heal
With his love and care.

ISHQ KI PEHLI KITAAB

Garima

Teri ek jhalak ne sadiyon ka safar rok diya,
Dil ne jise kabhi na dekha tha, usi ko apna keh diya.

Teri baaton ka asar kuch aisa hua,
Shabdon mein the, lekin tera ho gaya.

Humne socha tha ishq lafz hai sirf kitaabon mein,
Tum mile to pata chala, ye to saans leta hai yaadon mein.

Tera intezaar mein shikayat se bhar si lagti hai,
Tu na ho to har khushi bhi zehar lagti hai.
Chand se kehta hoon rozi tu gawah rehna,
Wo jo mera hai, bas mera hi rehna.

Mohabbat mein hisaab kaisa, bas de diya sab kuch,
Tumhe paakar ke laga, jaise mil gaya sab kuch.
Haar de apna, umar bhar ka sauda kar le,
Tu meri ho ja, mujhe apna khuda kar le.

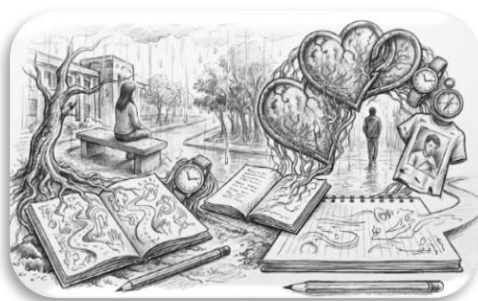
Ye kahani khatam nahi hogi, ye to bas shuruaat hai,
Tu hai to har panne par ishq ka rang hi rang hai.



What We Never Named

Archana Goswami

I never knew your name
would become a memory
before it became a habit.
You came quietly—
not like a storm, not like a promise,
just a familiar face
in an unfamiliar crowd,
and somehow, I began looking for you
without knowing I was.
There were moments
I didn't know I would later
wish I could borrow back.
Maybe it wasn't love.
Maybe it was simply me finding
a part of myself I hadn't noticed in
a while—
the part that could still feel excited,
still look forward to someone,
still let a little warmth find its way
through
all the walls I had built.



Then came that night—
too many emotions, too little clarity,
words spoken faster
than either of us could understand.

And morning came
with its usual cruelty.

Suddenly, what had felt close
had a distance to it.

I tried to explain.

I tried to apologise.

I tried to leave things with dignity.

You chose silence.

And perhaps that was your answer—
not a cruel one, not even a kind one,
just an absence
where an explanation should have been.

I used to wonder if you remembered—
that one evening, that one meeting,
those little strange moments
that seemed so insignificant then,
yet somehow stayed with me
so much longer than they lasted.

Now I think maybe it doesn't matter.

Because some people are not meant to remain.

They simply pass through your life,
leave a small light on,
and disappear before you learn
what to call the light.

I don't hate you.

I don't even want to rewrite what happened.

I just wish some endings
didn't have to be so quiet.

Because sometimes I still miss you—
not enough to chase you,
not enough to lose myself again,
just enough to pause
when a memory returns and think,
that was nice.

I wish it had lasted a little longer.

And maybe that's all you will ever be—
not my unfinished love,
not my greatest loss,
just a beautiful little chapter
I was never meant to finish.

The Loop of Eyes

Bhoomi Jain

A chance encounter. A pair of eyes. A beginning neither expected.

I was standing in the middle of the crowd, as normal as everyone else, unaware that someone would make me their special one that day. As the sound of the horn grew louder, everyone gripped their luggage and seemed to stop breathing.

When the train finally stopped, everyone started hitting each other for no reason. I waved goodbye to my family, who were boarding the train's 2nd AC coach, and went inside the sleeper coach to find the seat that was "mine."

I adjusted my luggage beneath the seat, and as I leaned back with a tired sigh, I noticed pairs of creepy eyes staring at me as if I were an open packet of Maggi. I groaned and headed towards the train's door—the place where everything flipped.

As I approached the gate, I found it locked. A little distance away, there was a guy with a proper Indian skin tone, an athletic body, and a good dressing sense. He seemed to be listening to and, I guess, humming along to the same song.

I moved towards the gate and tried to open it, but, as I am a troublemaker, I was unable to do so. Just then, a pair of strong arms came around me, and a fit body moved closer to mine as he opened the door. I could smell his fragrance for as long as it took him to open it.



I stayed silent near the gate, fighting with my thoughts.

"Should I thank him?"

"But I didn't ask for help."

"But he still helped."

I pushed all those thoughts aside and let my extroverted side win.

"Hey, thanks for the help," I said with a small smile.

"No worries," he replied casually, bending down a little because of the height difference.

"So, what's your name?" I asked, keeping that smile plastered on my face.

"Shiv this side. What about you?" he said, returning my smile.

"Gauri this side," I replied, my heartbeat picking up at the coincidence.

"What are you doing in life?" I asked with a grin, which I later regretted.

"In life, a lot of things. But if you ask about the actual stuff, then I'm a forced BTech student and an athlete by choice," he said with a grin.

"Yeah, your body speaks. You're an athlete," I said.

"Quite an observant person you are, aren't you? However, what do you do?" he asked with a playful grin.

"I'm a BA student by choice and a writer by choice, too," I said as a light blush crept onto my face.

We talked for an hour and a half. He told me how BTech was a pressure for him, especially when his heart was with sports. I also got a glimpse of a little corner of his room filled with trophies and medals. I told him how much I was in love with novels and fictional men, and how every member of my family had a reserved seat in the AC coach while I had somehow ended up in the sleeper coach.

As we both chuckled our asses off, an old man, around thirty to thirty-five years old, came and stood between us, looking out of the door.

I felt like kicking him in the guts because he had ruined the very best moment of my life in seconds. But they say, *"God's plans are better than your plans."*

As my eyes met Shiv's in the mirror in front of us, we lost ourselves in the magical energy created by our eyes. We got lost in each other's gaze, a soft smile lingering on our faces until the very last moment.

His journey came to an end, along with the beginning of a new adventure in my life.

He got off at the station, and so did I, just to get a water bottle (unnecessarily necessary). As I was about to board the train again, someone tapped me on the shoulder.

When I turned around, there was the same pair of eyes in which I had lost myself just a few minutes ago.

He handed me a piece of paper, gave me a quick side hug, and said, "Can't say goodbye now, so talk to you later."

Then he stormed towards the exit, probably because someone was waiting to pick him up.

As I opened the paper, there it was, written in wine-red letters in an elegant Italian-style font:

Shiv

(Athletic body)

98*****

Not a poet like you, but waiting for the new and most beautiful chapter of my life to message me soon.

(I know you can't ghost me because of the energy we created through that mirror.)

Talk to you soon. ❤️

And that's where everything ends with a beginning...

In the name of Jaun

Pakiza Mobeen is an emerging Urdu writer & English writer, passionate reader, and mountain soul who finds beauty in emotions, silence, and untold stories. Her writing is a reflection of the feelings that often remain hidden behind unspoken words. Through her words, she explores love, friendship, loneliness, and the complexities of human emotions.

Pakiza Mobeen

But alas, what a strange custom of this world I have seen,
Every lip has his verse, but none his story.
People remembered his couplets,
But I saw behind those words, a lifetime without refuge.
Once you read Jaun, words never remain the same,
Love stays the same, but its meanings change.
Strange is his book, strange is his art,
The one who reads it, remains no longer familiar with himself.
He does not teach you how to live,
He only teaches you the art of losing to your own heart.
The pain of becoming a stranger in your own existence,
He gives you a journey of a lifetime, in just a few words.
And perhaps this was Jaun's tragedy,
He kept searching for himself in words, all his life.
He who was a question himself, all his life,
The world kept reading him as just a poet

"The Boy Who Made Friendship Feel Like Home"

I am a creative writer who loves expressing feelings through poetry and stories. My writing reflects emotions, friendship, love, trust, and the beauty of relationships. I believe that words have the power to touch hearts and create beautiful memories.

Shaikh Ayesha

The boy who never needed a reason to care. 💕

Sometimes, life gives us a person we never knew we needed until they become an important part of our story.

For me, that person is my best friend.

He is not someone who promises to solve every problem in my life. He is someone who makes me feel that I don't have to face every problem alone.

Whenever I feel confused, he listens. Whenever I need help, he tries his best to be there. And whenever I make a mistake, he doesn't make me feel like I'm a bad person. Instead, he helps me understand what went wrong.

The most beautiful thing about him is that I can be myself around him. I don't have to pretend to be happy when I'm sad, act strong when I'm struggling, or hide my thoughts because I'm afraid of being judged.

He listens without making me feel small. He cares without making me feel like a burden. And he supports me without making me feel that I owe him something in return.

Our friendship is not just about sharing jokes and laughing at silly things. It's also about sharing worries, discussing dreams, and trusting each other with things we don't tell everyone.

He shares his thoughts with me, talks about his problems, and trusts me with his feelings. And that trust means more to me than he probably realizes.

I know that neither of us is perfect. We may disagree sometimes, have difficult days, or misunderstand each other. But real friendship isn't about agreeing on everything. It's about respecting each other even when we see things differently.

He is not important to me because he is always available or because he always says the right thing. He is important because his intentions feel genuine, his care feels honest, and his friendship gives me the freedom to be myself.

Maybe he doesn't realize how much his little efforts mean to me. Maybe he thinks he is simply being a good friend.

But sometimes, a simple message asking, "Are you okay?" can make a difficult day feel a little lighter.

Sometimes, one person's willingness to help can remind us that we don't have to handle everything alone.

And sometimes, a friendship becomes so special that we stop seeing it as just another relationship and begin to appreciate it as one of life's most beautiful gifts.

If someone ever asks me what a good friend looks like, I won't describe someone who never makes mistakes.

I'll describe someone who listens, respects boundaries, keeps trust, speaks honestly, and tries to be there when it matters.

Because a true friend doesn't have to be perfect. He just has to be sincere.

And if life ever takes us in different directions, I will still be grateful that I got to know someone who taught me that friendship can be caring without conditions, supportive without expectations, and beautiful without needing to be explained.



Some people become a part of our lives.

And some people become a part of the way we understand kindness, trust, and the meaning of having someone by our side.

For me, he is that person.

Not because he makes my life perfect, but because his friendship reminds me that even on imperfect days, I don't have to feel alone. ❤️

CORRECTION

अहमियत

Anita bahuguna badoni

है अगर घर तो खुशनसीब हो तुम,
जिनके पास घर नहीं होता
पूछो उनसे घर की अहमियत
जो धरती के पलंग पर, खुले आसमान के नीचे,
बारिश हो या हो धूप, ठंड हो या हो गर्मी,
बीना किसी उम्मीद के सोते हैं।
तुम्हें खाने में स्वाद नहीं लगता
पसंद के तुम्हारे जो खाना नहीं बनता
तुम सौ नखरे दिखाते हो,
पूछो अन्न की अहमियत उनसे
जो अच्छा बुरा खाना नहीं पहचानते,

स्वाद क्या होता है, ये भी नहीं जानते,

रूखा-सूखा मिल जाये उसी से
संतुष्ट हो जाते,

न मिले तो भूखे पेट सो जाते।

कद्र नहीं तुम्हें जो है सर पे
साया,



करते हो अपमान हर पल, बुढ़ापे पे ठुकराया,

पूछो उनसे जिनके सिर पे नहीं माँ-बाप का साया,

हर जगह खुद को लाचार ही पाया,

कैसे हर पल डर के साये में बिताया।

हर चीज, हर व्यक्ति की

अपनी अहमियत होती है

जो है तुम्हारे पास उसकी तुम

कद्र करो

और उसी में तुम संतुष्ट रहो।

अफसाना तेरा मेरा

रश्मि ठाकुर

बुनती रही मैं ताना बाना

शुरू जो हुआ था कभी अफसाना

आँखें जो कभी बोलती थीं

हो गई वो मृणवत् कैसे ?

कहा करते थे कभी जो

" अमिय . हलाहल , मदभरे श्वेत , श्याम , रत्नार,

जियत' मरत ' झुकि झुकि परत .

जेहि चितवत् एक बार । "

बेगाने से वो आज हैं दीख रहे ।

बातों बातों में जो कभी सितार लाते थे ज़मीं पर चाँद से ही दूर आजहो गए

कभी न विलग दिखती जोड़ी

ध्रुवीय तटों सी जड़वत हो गई।

चितवन वही पर मोहिनी नहीं

मुस्कान वही पर मादक नहीं

चेहरा भी वही पर फूल सा नहीं

कथा तो वही पर नायक ही नहीं

न बहनी है अश्रुधार कभी

न आती है तेरी याद कभी

बदल गए अश्रुपूरित नैन

साथ ही बदल गए मेरे भी बैना



माया

रश्मि ठाकुर

बन्धन लगते हमें बड़े मीठे
फँसे रहते फिर भी न निकलते ।
पाश बद्ध जीवन ही जब माया ,
तू ही है जो हमें फाँसनी रहती ।
रिझा रिझा के बुलाती रहती ।
शास्त्रों और गुरु ने कितना ही समझाया
पर इसके फाँस से मन फिर भी न निकलने पाया।
आँखें बन्द करूँ तो दिखती तू ,
सामने जो बैठी है वो तू ही तू
नाम ही तेरा जब हो मा - - - - या ।
फिर भी क्यूँ दिखती है तू ही तू ।
मन ये आज भी समझ न पाया ।
(मा = नहीं)
(या = जो है)
माया = जो नहीं है।

CORRECTION

तुम और मैं

Tanu Rai

किसी ने मुझसे पूछा—

“तुम में और मुझ में क्या अंतर है?”

तो मैंने भी कह दिया—

“तुम तुम हो, मैं मैं हूँ।”

तुम दिन में खिला हुआ सूरजमुखी हो,

मैं रात में महकती हुई रात-रानी।

तुम कड़कती धूप में छाँव देती कोई छतरी हो,

मैं उसी में जलता हुआ कोई रेगिस्तान।

तुम अप्रैल की गुनगुनी सी सुबह हो,

मैं दिसंबर की ठिठुरती हुई शाम।

तुम घड़ी के चलते हुए काँटे हो,

मैं वही रुकी हुई घड़ी,

जिसमें वो काँटे लगे हैं।



तुम बहती हुई कोई तेज़ नदी हो,
मैं अपनी ही जगह ठहरा हुआ खामोश तालाब।
तुम आसमान में उड़ती हुई कोई आज़ाद पतंग हो,
मैं ज़मीन पर पड़ी उसकी बेबस सी लताई।

तुम्हें बातें बे-फ़िज़ूल लगती हैं,
मुझे फ़िज़ूल की बातें भी कमाल।
तुम खुले आसमान में उड़ता हुआ आवारा परिंदा हो,
मैं उसी पुराने दरख़्त की एक थमी हुई शाख।

तुम कोरा सा सफ़ेद कागज़ हो,
मैं उस पर बिखरी हुई स्याही।
तुम्हारे लिए जो बीत गया,
वो बस एक गुज़रा हुआ पल है,
और मेरे लिए वही पल
कभी-कभी पूरी एक कहानी बन जाता है।

भले ही हम दो अलग लोग हैं,
अलग मिज़ाज, अलग रास्ते, अलग जहाँ—

मगर हम में एक चीज़ आज भी बिल्कुल एक जैसी है।

तुम खुद को जीना चाहते हो,

और मैं तुम्हें जीना चाहती हूँ।

हाँ... क्योंकि तुम तुम हो, और मैं मैं हूँ।

CORRECTION

चाहता है ये दिल तुमको सदियों से ।

Himanshu D Shah

चाहता है ये दिल तुमको सदियों से,
चाहे मिले हम सर्द मौसम की एक मुलाकात से।

मिलने-मिलाने की वजह पहले से तय होती है,
रब की मोहर उस पर लगी होती है,
किसी अंजान मोड़ पर अचानक,
ज़िंदगी को मंज़िल मिली होती है।

चाहता है ये दिल तुमको सदियों से,
चाहे मिले हम सर्द मौसम की एक मुलाकात से।

इस मिलन की घड़ी को हम घड़ी से नहीं देखते,
वक्त ठहर जाए तो ठहरे, जल्दी नहीं करते,
तूफान में भी दिया जलता रहे,
तो दिए पर हम फ़क्र करते हैं,
मुसीबतों में भी इश्क हंसता रहे,



तो प्रेमियों पर हम नाज़ करते हैं।

तेरे बिना अधूरा है हर अफसाना हमारा,

तेरी हँसी में ही तो बसा है ज़माना हमारा,

तू जो मिले तो मुकम्मल हो ये कहानी,

तेरे इश्क में ही तो दीवाना है दिल हमारा।

चाहता है ये दिल तुमको सदियों से,

चाहे मिले हम सर्द मौसम की एक मुलाकात से।

Yaad..

Vandana kashyap

तेरे अलावा न किसी को चाहा,

न किसी को पाने की हसरत है

ताउम्र बस तेरा होने की फितरत है।

अगर तू न भी मिला तो तेरी यादों के सहारे जी लेंगे ,

हमें आज भी इतनी हिम्मत है ।

हाँ, मैं हार गई... पर हारी नहीं

"मेरा नाम साक्षी जायसवाल है और मैं उत्तर प्रदेश की रहने वाली हूँ। मैंने बी.एससी. (B.Sc.) की पढ़ाई की है और वर्तमान में एम.ए. पॉलिटिकल साइंस (M.A. Political Science) कर रही हूँ। इसके साथ ही मैं FEA में बतौर टीचर कार्यरत हूँ। मुझे कविताएँ लिखना बेहद पसंद है। लिखना मेरे लिए सिर्फ़ एक शौक नहीं, बल्कि अपने दिल की बात और ज़िंदगी के अनुभवों को पत्रों पर उतारने का एक खूबसूरत ज़रिया है।"

Sakshi jaiswal

हाँ, मैं हार गई... पर हारी नहीं

थक कर टूटी, बिखरी कई बार,

हर राह में मिली मुझे एक नई हार।

जितने भी प्रयास किए, सब निष्फल हुए,

सपनों के वो महल तिनका होकर बहे।

हाँ, आँखों में आँसू थे, दिल में दर्द भारी था,

हर एक कदम पर किस्मत का इम्तिहान जारी था।

सबने कहा कि खेल अब खत्म हो गया,

जो सोचा था मैंने, वो सब खो गया।

हाँ, मैं हार गई उस मोड़ पर,

जहाँ उम्मीदों का धागा टूटा था छोड़ पर।

पर सुनो... मैं रुकी नहीं, मैं झुकी नहीं,

मेरी आत्मा की वो लौ कभी बुझी नहीं।

मैंने गिरकर फिर खुद को
संभाला,

अँधेरे में भी उम्मीद का दीया
जलाया।

दिल को हर बार बस यही
समझाया—



\"यह छोटी सी हार, मेरी बड़ी जीत का रास्ता बनाने आई है,

जो खोया है मैंने, उससे बेहतर पाने की घड़ी आई है।\"

जवाब दे पाओगे क्या ?

Deshna Jain is an emerging author, creative writer, and spoken word poet whose words seek to do more than tell stories.. they seek to make people feel, question, and see the world differently. An undergraduate student with a deep rooted passion for writing, she explores a wide spectrum of creative expression, from poetry and short stories to essays, reflective narratives, and other forms of literary content in both Hindi and English.

Deshna Jain

सुनो...तुम मुझे तोहफे में अपनी एक रात दे सकते हो ?
नहीं नहीं कोई बुरी नीयत नहीं है,
और ना ही कोई गलत इरादा है,
मगर तुम्हें समझने का ज़रिया जरूर है !!
बस कहीं सितारों की रोशनी के तले बैठकर
तुम्हें जानना है, समझना है,
और कहना है कि...
मैं बातें बहुत कम करती हूँ,
तुम मेरी आँखें पढ़ पाओगे क्या ?
कहने को तो काफी कुछ है,
तुम मेरी खामोशी समझ पाओगे क्या ?
कभी बेवजह उदास हो जाऊँ,
तो बिना सवाल किए सीने से लगा पाओगे क्या ?
मेरी इस छलकती हुई खामोशी को,
अपने सब्र से सहला पाओगे क्या ?
अपने ऊपर भरोसा खो दूँ तो,
तुम मुझे संभाल पाओगे क्या ?



बार-बार अपने आप से ही प्यार कर बैठूँ,
तुम मुझसे ऐसा इश्क कर पाओगे क्या ?
मेरी उलझनों के इस समंदर में,
एक साहिल सा बन पाओगे क्या ?
जब दुनिया मुझे गलत समझने लगे,
तब मेरे सच पर यकीन जता पाओगे क्या ?
चेहरे पर दाग बहुत सारे हैं,
उसमें खूबसूरती ढूँढ पाओगे क्या ?
वादे चाँद तारों के नहीं,
सात फेरों के करके निभा पाओगे क्या ?
मैं थोड़ी जिद्दी, थोड़ी नादान हूँ,
मेरी बचकानी हरकतों पर मुस्करा पाओगे क्या ?
सोचती हद से ज्यादा हूँ,
हर बात को सब्र से समझा पाओगे क्या ?
ज़िंदगी के हर चढ़ते-ढलते मोड़ पर,
मेरा हाथ यूँ ही थामे रह पाओगे क्या ?
बोलो... मेरे इन सवालों का जवाब दे पाओगे क्या ?

जो काटा बोया,वही पाया

Amita Gupta

एक दिन इक चहकती महकती
चिड़िया पर, इक बहेलिया
की नज़र पड़ गयी,

और वो चिड़िया अपनी आज़ादी
की खुली उड़ गई,
कैद कर लाया उसे वो पापी,
पिंजरे के अन्दर ही ऐसा की काफी,

असहाय चिड़िया रही रोती बिलखती,
पर बहेलिया को यह बात ना खटकती,
था वो बहेलिया बड़ा ही सयाना,
जाल रखता पर चिड़िया का कर के बहाना,

सारे पंछी जहाँ वहाँ उसे ढूँच
मारे,
कहते पकड़ इसने सारे
रिश्तेदार हमारे,

उनकी चीखें उसको व्याकुल
ना करती,
जाने अपनी चिड़िया में उसने
फँसा बन रखी,



बेचारी छोटी चिड़िया यूँ पुकारे,
क्यों करते हो बेगुनाह पर अत्याचार सारे,
एक दिन चिड़िया की आँखें फिर से पलटी,
वायु की कमी से उसकी साँसें कम-कम चलती,
कहती, बेबस किस से अपनी बातें सुनानी,
एक दिन बहेलिया घर बैठा नहानी,
नै तो गया था बाजार रोज़ की तरह पानी,
वो पत्थर चिड़िया मर रही थी बिन पानी,
अपनी भूख का खुलासा कैसे रखता,
अगर उस दिन उसका पेट ना भरता,
पुकार चिल्लाये चिड़िया बेगानी,
सुनने वाला कोई नहीं था उसकी कहानी,
बोली बेबसी, पिंजरा मुझे फिर से,
चहकते सुनने वाला नहीं उसका फसाना है,
उस रोज़ खूब बहेलिया को हो गयी देर,
चिड़िया फिर हो गयी एकदम से ढेर,
अर्थ बे लिखने की किस्में सीख में हुआ है,
फिर याद आया अपनी जान का हर मर्ज,
अचानक धोखे से थान चिड़िया में,
कि अब नहीं है प्राण चिड़िया में,

फिर आया मुंह के बल,
कि जो काटा और पाया,
वही पाया,

CORRECTION

सूरजमुखी प्रेम

Sumi Jain 'Sanyami' is an author, poet, and librarian based in Indore, Madhya Pradesh. She is passionate about literature and self-expression through poetry. she aims to connect with readers and give voice to unspoken feelings.

sumi jain

सूरजमुखी प्रेम

तुम आना मेरे लिए सन फ्लावर लिए हुए

गजरा लिए हुए

आँखों में प्रेम के झरोखे लिए हुए

तुम आना इस बार मेरे लिए

पैरों की पायल लिए हुए

आँखों का सुरमयी काजल लिए हुए

तुम आना बंद घड़ी लिए हुए

लम्हे जो जिये हो

खूबसूरती से साथ मैं

उनका गुलदस्ता लिए हुए

तुम आना इस बार

वक्त को थाम कर

मेरे प्रेम में प्रीत को बाँध कर

तुम आना इस बार सनफलावर लिए हुए

बस लाओगे तो एक की जगह

दो ले के आना

ताकि रात में भी

हमारा प्रेम उनमें झलके

एक दूसरे को देखते हुए

तुम आना इस बार खूब प्रेम लिए हुए

तुम आना..

सुमी जैन संयमी

हमारे दरमियां

नेहा आदेश एक भावुक लेखिका, कवयित्री और रचनात्मक व्यक्तित्व हैं, जो अपनी भावनाओं, अनुभवों और कल्पनाओं को शब्दों के माध्यम से अभिव्यक्त करती हैं। उनकी रचनाओं में प्रेम, रिश्तों, जीवन और मानवीय संवेदनाओं की सहज झलक दिखाई देती है। उनकी कविताएँ विभिन्न 25 से अधिक एंथोलॉजी में प्रकाशित हो चुकी हैं।

नेहा आदेश

हमारे दरमियाँ अब कोई संदेश नहीं, कोई वादा नहीं, कोई इंतज़ार नहीं।

बस एक कहानी है, जिसमें दो लोग थे। उन्होंने एक-दूसरे को हँसाया, रुलाया, समझा, गलत समझा और फिर एक दिन अपनी-अपनी राह चल दिए।

और शायद यही मोहब्बत की सबसे मानवीय सच्चाई है।

हम किसी को हमेशा अपना नहीं रख सकते, मगर उसके साथ बिताए हुए लम्हों को अपनी रूह का हिस्सा बनने से रोक भी नहीं सकते।

“हमारे दरमियाँ अब फ़ासलों का एक समंदर है,

न कोई ख़त, न दस्तक, न मिलने का कोई मंज़र है।

मगर हँसी के बीच कभी आँख भर आती है मेरी,

शायद मोहब्बत का यही सबसे अजीब मुक़द्दर है।

तुम्हें खोकर भी तुमसे कोई शिकायत नहीं रखी,



दिल ने उजड़ी हुई बस्ती में भी नफ़रत नहीं रखी।

तुम मेरी ज़िंदगी में रहे, यह कम तो नहीं था,

हर कहानी को मुकम्मल करने की ज़रूरत नहीं होती।”

CORRECTION

मुझे, तुम पसंद थी।

Ayush

तुम्हारी हँसी बिलकुल एक लाल गुलाब के समान खूबसूरत थी,
मुझे गुलाब नहीं पसंद, मगर तुम्हारी हँसी पसंद थी।
तुम्हारे माथे पर लगी बिंदी, रात के आसमान में टंगे चाँद के समान थी,
मुझे अंधेरी रात नहीं पसंद, मगर तुम्हारे माथे की बिंदी पसंद थी।
तुम्हारी बातें सुबह के पहले पहर में गाते पंछियों की तरह मीठी थी,
मुझे सुबह उठना नहीं पसंद, मगर उठ कर तुम्हारी आवाज़ सुनना पसंद था।
तुम्हारी डाँट एकदम आग-बबूला हुई कोयल की भाँति थी, मुझे गुस्से में हुई
लाल कोयल नहीं पसंद, मगर तुम्हारी लगाई डाँट ज़रूर पसंद थी।
तुम्हारी हर हरकत, हर अदा मुझ पर बरसते किसी कहर के समान थी,
मुझे खुद पर कहर ढहाना नहीं पसंद, मगर तुम्हारी अदाएँ ज़रूर पसंद थी।

Maine logo ko rango ki tarah dekha hai

Muskan kosre

मैंने लोगों को रंगों की तरह देखा है,
कोई किसी से मिल जाए तो वो गलत-ऐसा नहीं,
या न भी मिले तो सही भी नहीं।
हर रंग से मिलकर कुछ नया बनता है,
तो क्या सही, क्या गलत—
ये तो पसंद की ज़िम्मेदारी है।
गलत है क्या,
बस उस रंग काहमसे विपरीत होना?
साथ हमारा किसी की पसंद न होना?
मगर विपरीत ही सही,
रंगों से रंग तो बनेंगे,
किसी न किसी की वो चाहत तो होंगे।
सिर्फ सफ़ेद या काले की भीड़ में न रहना,
इन दोनों के बीच में भीरंग तो हैं बहुत पड़े।
तो इस दुनिया की काया कोरंगों से भर दो,
अपने भीतर के कलाकार कोआमंत्रित कर लो।



आखिरकार,

मैंने तो लोगों को रंगों

की तरह देखा है।

CORRECTION

मेरी तकलीफें

मेरा नाम माधुरी राठौर है। मैं जमशेदपुर झारखंड की रहने वाली हूं। मुझे बचपन से ही कविता, कहानी, गज़लें, शायरी आदि लिखने पढ़ने का शौक रहा है। जीवन यात्रा नाम की मेरी एक कविता संग्रह भी प्रकाशित हुई है जिसमें मैं 140 कविताएं लिखी है। आए दिन अखबारों, पत्रिकाओं में मेरी कविताएं प्रकाशित होती रहती है। मैंने बहुत सारी सांझा संकलन में अपना योगदान दिया है। बहुत सारे मंचों से मैं सम्मानित भी हुई हूं।

Madhuri Rathore

मेरी सारी तकलीफें मुझसे कहती हैं सुनो.....

कभी-कभी अपनी जिम्मेदारियों से मुँह मोड़ लिया करो,

खुद के लिए तो कभी कुछ कामों को विराम दे दिया करो,

ज़िंदगी तुम्हें भी कब मिलेगी दुबारा,

तुम भी तो थोड़ा आराम कर लिया करो,

माना मजबूरियाँ और जिम्मेदारियाँ तुम्हें

चैन से सोने नहीं देंगी कभी,

थोड़ी चालाकियों का चोला

तुम भी पहन लिया करो,

ना बने अगर सच्चाई से बात कभी तो

थोड़ा झूठ का नाकाब चढ़ा लिया करो,

चलते चलते थक जाए अगर कदम कभी तुम्हारे,



तो थोड़ा बहानेबाजी का मरहम लगा लिया करो,
ना समझे अगर तुम्हारी परेशानियाँ कोई तो,
कोई ना समझेगा ये तुम खुद ही समझ जाया करो!
माधुरी राठौड़. 🍷
जमशेदपुर झारखंड

ਕਿਸ਼ੋਰ ਅਵਸਥਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਵਰਤਾਓ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾਵੇ

Daljeet kaur Sekhon

ਬਦਲਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਜ਼ਮਾਨੇ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੇ ਹਰ ਪੱਖ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਬਦੀਲੀ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਪਰ ਕੀ ਅਸੀਂ ਰੋਜ਼ਾਨਾ ਦੀ ਭੱਜ ਦੌੜ ਵਾਲੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਸਰਵ ਪੱਖੀ ਵਿਕਾਸ ਵੱਲ ਇੰਨਾ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇ ਰਹੇ ਹਾਂ ਜਿੰਨਾ ਇਸ ਉਲਝਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਹਾਲਾਤਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਹਰ ਰੋਜ਼ ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਐਸੀ ਘਟਨਾ ਸੁਣਨ ਦੇਖਣ ਪੜ੍ਹਨ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਸ ਤੋਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਧਦੀ ਅਸਹਿਣਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਤ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਮਹਿੰਗਾਈ ਦੇ ਜ਼ਮਾਨੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰ ਦੇ ਚੱਕਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਸਮਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੱਢ ਸਕਦੇ। ਕਿਸ਼ੋਰ ਅਵਸਥਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਰੀਰਕ ਬਦਲਾਓ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ-ਨਾਲ ਮਾਨਸਿਕ, ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਬਦਲਾਓ ਵੀ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਜ਼ਰਅੰਦਾਜ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੇ। ਇਹ ਉਮਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਨਾਜ਼ੁਕ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਲਈ ਉਸਦਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਇੱਕ ਹੀਰੋ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਮਾਂ, ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਉਹ ਹਰ ਗੱਲ ਸਹਿਜ ਸੁਣਾ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ, ਇਸ ਲਈ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਟੋਕਾ-ਟਾਕੀ ਜਾਂ ਵੱਧ ਲਾਡ-ਪਿਆਰ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਵਿਗਾੜ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਆਧੁਨਿਕ ਯੁੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਐਸੇ ਆਰਾਮ ਦੇ ਸਾਧਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੋਈ ਕਮੀ ਨਹੀਂ। ਵੱਧ ਪੈਸੇ ਵਾਲੇ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਪੈਸੇ ਪੱਖੋਂ ਹਰ ਸਹੂਲਤ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਪਰ ਆਪਣਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿੰਦੇ। ਜਦੋਂ ਇਹ ਬੱਚਾ ਕਿਸ਼ੋਰ ਅਵਸਥਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਖੋਇਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ



ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਨਾ ਤਾਂ ਉਸਦੇ ਮਿੱਤਰ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ।
ਫਿਰ ਉਸਦਾ ਚਿਤਚਿਤਾਪਣ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਅਤੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਨੂੰ ਝੱਲਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਜੇ
ਉਸ ਦੀ ਉਮਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਲੀਕੇ ਸਿੱਖਣ ਦੀ ਸੀ ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਪੈਸੇ ਦੇ ਗਰੂਰ ਕਾਰਨ ਮਾਤਾ
ਪਿਤਾ ਨੇ ਇਸ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਵਾਂਝਿਆਂ ਰੱਖਿਆ। ਅਜਿਹਾ ਬੱਚਾ ਜਲਦੀ ਹੀ ਗਲਤ ਹੱਥਾਂ
ਵਿੱਚ ਆ ਕੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੈਰੀਅਰ ਖਰਾਬ ਕਰ ਲਵੇਗਾ। ਜੇ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੀ ਹਰ
ਤਮੰਨਾ ਝੱਟ ਹੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਪੈਸੇ ਕਮਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਲੱਗੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ
ਤੇ ਸੰਕੋਚ ਕੇ ਖਰਚਣ ਦੀ ਜਾਚ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵੇਗੀ।

ਸਮਾਜ ਦਾ ਦੂਜਾ ਪੱਖ ਦੇਖੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਵੀ ਹਨ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਟੀ ਵੀ ਨਸੀਬ
ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ। ਉਹ ਚੰਗੀ ਸਿੱਖਿਆ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦੇ ਤੇ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ
ਦੀ ਜਾਚ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜੇ ਹਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਕੋਈ ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚਾ ਕਮੀਆਂ ਹੋਣ ਦੇ
ਬਾਵਜੂਦ ਨਿੱਖਰ ਕੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਆਵੇ।

ਸੋਸ਼ਲ ਮੀਡੀਆ ਦੇ ਵਿਕਾਸ ਨਾਲ ਹਰ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਹੱਥ ਵਿੱਚ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਹੈ। ਕਈ ਮਾਤਾ
ਪਿਤਾ ਤਾਂ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਵੇਖੇ ਹਨ ਨੇ ਜੋ ਖੁਦ ਆਪਣੇ ਕੰਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੁੱਝੇ ਹੋਣ ਕਾਰਨ ਜਾਂ ਹੋਰ
ਕਿਸੇ ਵੀ ਕਾਰਨ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਸੁਰਖਰੂ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਮੇਰੇ ਇੱਕ
ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇਦਾਰ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਤੋਂ ਆਏ ਤਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਦੇਖਿਆ ਕਿ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਮਾਣ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਕਰਦੇ
ਪਏ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਸਾਡੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਹਾਈ ਲੈਵਲ ਦੀ ਗੇਮ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ 'ਤੇ ਖੇਡਣੀ ਆਉਂਦੀ
ਹੈ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਸੱਚਮੁੱਚ ਹੀ ਉਸਦਾ ਪਿਆਰਾ ਬਚਪਨ ਖੋਹ ਲਿਆ ਸੀ। ਸੋਸ਼ਲ
ਮੀਡੀਆ ਤੇ ਰੁਝੇਵਾਂ ਇੰਨਾ ਕੁ ਵਧ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇੱਕੋ ਕਮਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਜੇ ਚਾਰ
ਜੀਅ ਬੈਠੇ ਹੋਣਗੇ ਤਾਂ ਚਾਰੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੁੱਭੇ ਹੋਣਗੇ। ਅਜਿਹੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਾਂ
ਬਾਪ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਸਿਖਾਉਣਗੇ ਤੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਕੀ ਸਿੱਖਣਗੇ।

ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਜੇ ਸਮੱਗਰੀ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਪਰੇਸੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ
ਅਸਹਿਣਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ, ਅਸੁਰੱਖਿਅਤ ਲੜਾਈ ਝਗੜੇ ਆਦਿ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਹਰ ਚੈਨਲ ਤੇ
ਗਾਇਕਾਂ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਗਾਏ ਜਾ ਰਹੇ ਗਾਣਿਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਛੂਰੀਆਂ, ਚਾਕੂ, ਬੰਦੂਕਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਆਮ ਜਿਹੀ
ਗੱਲ ਹੈ ਸੋ ਜੇ ਬੱਚਾ ਦੇਖੇਗਾ ਉਹੀ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਬਣਦੇ ਜਾਣਗੇ।

ਇੱਕ ਘਟਨਾ ਸਾਂਝੀ ਕਰਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਨੂੰ ਸਵੇਰ ਦੀ ਸਭਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਉਦੇਸ਼ ਬਾਰੇ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ਗਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਉਸਦਾ ਜਵਾਬ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਸੋਚ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੈ ਗਏ। ਉਸਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ, “ਮੈਂ ਹਿਟਲਰ ਬਣਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਗੋਲੀਆਂ ਚਲਾ ਕੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਸਕਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਜੋ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਲੋਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਵਧੀਆ ਲੱਗਦੇ ਉਹ ਖਤਮ ਹੋ ਜਾਣਗੇ।” ਤਾਂ ਇੱਥੇ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਦਾ ਵੀ ਫਰਜ਼ ਬਣਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੈਦਾ ਹੋ ਰਹੇ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਵਿਚਾਰਾਂ ਵੱਲ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣ।

ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਜੋ ਚਾਹੁਣ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਬਦਲਾਓ ਨਾਲ ਆਉਣ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਬੁਰਾਈਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਚਾ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਨ। ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਮਿੱਠੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਕਰੋ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਂਝੀਆਂ ਕਰ ਸਕਣ। ਇਸ ਉਮਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਚੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਭਾਵੁਕ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਸਮਝਾਈਆਂ ਜਾ ਸਕਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਇੱਕ ਹੋਰ ਸੱਚੀ ਵਾਪਰੀ ਘਟਨਾ ਬਾਰੇ ਮੈਂ ਬਿਆਨ ਕਰਾਂ। ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰ ਦਸਵੀਂ ਜਮਾਤ ਦੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਬਾਂਹ 'ਤੇ ਬਲੇਡ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਖੂਨ ਨਾਲ ਆਪਣੀ ਕਲਾਸ ਦੀ ਇੱਕ ਲੜਕੀ ਨੂੰ ਚਿੱਠੀ ਲਿਖੀ ਤੇ ਚਿੱਠੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਕੂਲ ਦੇ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲ ਗਈ। ਅਸੀਂ ਦੇਖਿਆ ਕਿ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੇ ਗਾਣੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਲਾਈਨਾਂ ਵੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਵਧੀਆ ਲਿਖੀਆਂ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਸਨ। ਅਸੀਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਾਇਆ ਕਿ ਅਜੇ ਤੇਰੀ ਉਮਰ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੈਰੀਅਰ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਤਾਂ ਗਾਣੇ ਲਿਖਣ ਦੀ ਕਲਾ ਹੈ। ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਮਨ ਨੂੰ ਗੱਲ ਜਚ ਗਈ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਉਸਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਜਾਰੀ ਰੱਖਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਗਾਣੇ ਵੀ ਲਿਖੇ ਤੇ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਪੈਸਾ ਵੀ ਕਮਾਇਆ। ਹੁਣ ਵੀ ਉਹ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਆਦਰ ਮਾਣ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਮੰਨਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਗਲਤ ਰਾਹੇ ਪੈ ਚੱਲਿਆ ਸੀ ਤੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਬਚਾ ਲਿਆ।

ਜਦੋਂ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਅਤੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਸੀ ਬੋਲ ਚਾਲ ਦਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਘੱਟ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਇਹੋ ਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਅਣਗਿਣਤ ਘਟਨਾਵਾਂ ਵਾਪਰਦੀਆਂ ਦੇਖੀਆਂ ਸੁਣੀਆਂ ਹੋਣਗੀਆਂ।

ਹਰ ਬੱਚਾ ਅਲੱਗ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਣਾ ਪਵੇਗਾ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਪੱਧਰ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਉਮਰ ਦੇ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ/ਸਮੱਸਿਆਵਾਂ ਸੁਣਨ ਅਤੇ ਮੰਨਣ। ਹਰ ਵੇਲੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਨ ਲਈ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ, ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਆਪਣੀ ਸਮਝ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ ਖੁੱਲ੍ਹ ਦੇਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਕੂਲ ਅਤੇ ਕਾਲਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਚੇ ਸਿੱਖਦੇ ਹਨ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਤੌਰ ਤਰੀਕੇ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਗੱਲ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ ਜਾਚ, ਕਿਸੇ ਘਟਨਾ ਨਾਲ ਨਿਪਟਾਰਾ ਕਰਨਾ ਅਤੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਰਤਣਾ ਆਦਿ ਨੂੰ ਵੇਖਣਾ ਤੇ ਸਮਝਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਵਿਹਲੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਸੀ, ਹੁਣ ਤਾਂ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਵੀ ਛੋਟੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਵਿਸਰ ਗਈਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਮਾਪਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਰੁਝੇਵਿਆਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਕੱਢਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲਾਂ ਕੀ ਹਨ, ਕਿਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੱਲ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਜਾ ਸਕਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਇਸ ਬਾਰੇ ਉਹ ਸਲਾਹ ਦੇ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜਿੱਥੇ ਤੱਕ ਹੋ ਸਕੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਜਾਇਜ਼ ਆਰਥਿਕ ਲੋੜਾਂ ਵੀ ਪੂਰੀਆਂ ਕਰਨੀਆਂ ਚਾਹੀਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਉਹ ਸੈਸ਼ਲ ਮੀਡੀਆ ਤੇ ਕੀ ਦੇਖ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ, ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਲਈ ਦੇਖ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ ਇਸ ਉੱਤੇ ਵੀ ਮਾਪੇ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣ। ਬੱਚੇ ਚੰਗੀਆਂ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਲਾਇਬ੍ਰੇਰੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਲੈਣ ਤੇ ਪੜ੍ਹਨ, ਸਮੇਂ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ ਖੇਡਣਾ ਵੀ ਤੇ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਗਤੀਵਿਧੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਲੈਣ।

ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੀ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਇਮ ਰੱਖ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ। ਰਿਸ਼ਤਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਨਜ਼ਾਕਤ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਕਿਸ਼ੋਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਣੀ ਪਵੇਗੀ। ਆਪਣੀ ਸਿਹਤ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਜਾਗਰੂਕਤਾ ਅਤੇ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਫ਼ਰਜ਼, ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਤੈਅ ਕਰਨੀਆਂ ਪੈਣਗੀਆਂ। ਆਉ ਰਲ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਇਹ ਸਮਝਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰੀਏ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਸੰਵੇਦਨਸ਼ੀਲ ਮਸਲੇ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਹੱਲ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾ ਸਕੇ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਕਿਸ਼ੋਰ ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਦੇ ਹੋਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਬਜ਼ੁਰਗ ਆਪਣਾ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਸੰਵਾਰ ਸਕਣ।

ਲੈਕਚਰਾਰ ਕਮਿਸਟਰੀ

ਸ.ਸ.ਸ.ਸ. ਦੰਦਰਾਲਾ ਢੀਂਡਸਾ

CORRECTION

The story between us

RESHMI SETHURAJAN.S

நான் ரேஷ்மி சேதுராஜன்.

உறவுகள், மனித உணர்வுகள், வாழ்க்கையின் வலிகள்
ஆகியவற்றை என் எழுத்துகளின் வழியே வெளிப்படுத்த
விரும்புகிறேன்.

என் அனுபவங்களும் உணர்வுகளும் என்
எழுத்துகளுக்கான அடித்தளமாக அமைகின்றன.

வாசகர்களின் மனதைத் தொடும் கதைகளைப்
படைப்பதே என் விருப்பம்.



فاصلہ

Maheen Malik

چلو اچھا ہی ہے فاصلہ ہے ہمارے درمیاں۔
ورنہ کتنے ہی مسئلہ ہوتے۔
بس اب ہم منافقت سے نبھاتے گئے۔
اب یہ رشتہ جو ہماری زندگی کی شاید کوئی غلطی یا میرے کردہ کر گناہوں کی
سزا ہے۔
اب بس فاصلہ رکھے گئے۔
چپ چاپ سب سے چھپ کر اس دوغلے پن کو برقرار رکھے گئے۔
ہم بچھڑ کر بھی ساتھ ہونے کا ناک رکھے گئے۔
ہم نے کہا تھا ہم وہ کرینگے جو کسی نے نہ کیا ہوں۔
تو بس اس رشتہ کو بڑی ہی مکاری کے ساتھ نبھائیں گئے۔
اے مجرم پختہ کار ہم آپ کو ملزم بتائیں گئے۔
فرد جرم کے صفحوں پر ہم خود دستخط کر

آئے گئے۔

یاد ہے اس دل کا ٹرخنا جب
آپکا لب و لہجہ ہمیں ہماری
ناکردہ گناہوں کی سزا سنا
رہا تھا۔

اب یہ چونچلے کسی کام کے
نہیں۔

محبت کو گولی مار کر ہلاک
کرے اور ہم بس فاصلہ
اختیار کریں۔

جانتی ہوں ان سب پر بھی مجھے ہی قصوروار پایا جائے گا۔



مگر اب فقط ان سب سے کچھ فرق نہیں۔

لگتا ہے جیسے عادت سی ہو گئی ہے۔

ان عمل پر تانا سنا جنکا ہم سے کوئی تعلق نہیں۔

ہم تو بس چپ چاپ فاصلے اختیار کرے گئے۔

ہم آج کے انسان ہے۔

فقط ان سب سے دیوانہ بن کر کہی غم تھوڑی ہو گئے۔

ہم آج کہ لوگ ہے خود پر تھوڑی نہ جبر کر کر موت کہ باتوں میں سونپینگے۔

ہم بس فاصلہ رکھتے ہے تاکہ اس دل، گھر کی بچی کچی اینٹیں کسی اور طوفان کی زد میں آ کر چھٹ نہ ہم پر گرا دیں۔

کہی ان رویوں کے بوجھ تلے ہم دب نہ جائے۔

اگر اب ہم دور نہ ہوئے تو یہ آنا جانا میری جان لیلیگا۔

آج جب آپ نے جانے کی بات کی۔

اپنے لفظوں میں بے پروائیاں دکھائی۔

تو آج میں نے اپنی سانسوں کو تھمتے دیکھا۔

نہ جانے کیوں دھڑکنوں کو مدھم ہوتے پایا۔

پھر بے حوشی سے لاچار پڑی خود کو مرا ہوا۔

یہ شاید خود کو خود میں نہ پایا۔

اب اگر نہ گئے تو یہ دل ہم سے کچھ اور نہ کروالے۔

بس اٹھیں چلے۔

بس اب چلیں فاصلہ رکھتے ہیں۔

!!خود کو اک دوجے سے پھر انجان کرتے ہے۔۔

\\\"অসম্পূর্ণতা\\\"

SNEHA SAMADDAR

বেশ কয়েক বছর আগের ঘটনা, একটা ছেলে ও একটা মেয়ে ছিল.....না ওরা কোনো college এর বা university এর Boring couple ছিল না ওরা ছিল Best friend | তাদের সম্পর্কটা আর পাঁচটা বন্ধুত্বের মতো ছিল না। খুবই unique আর মজাদার ছিল, ওদের Bonding টা ছিল অটুট আর মধুর। হ্যাঁ ভালো তো বাসতো দুজন দুজনকে! কিন্তু বলা হয়ে উঠেনি, হয়তো নিজেদের feelings বুঝতে দেরি হচ্ছে বা হয়তো বন্ধুত্ব রক্ষা করায়.....

সেই দিন একটা মজার ব্যাপার হয়েছে, সব বন্ধুরা মিলে adda দিচ্ছিল হটাৎ একজন বলে উঠলো \\\"what is love?\\\" সবার কি মনে হয়? যে যার নিজের মতো উত্তর দিলো, কিন্তু সে বলল love !! \\\"it's so boring, back-dated,\\\" ফালতু ব্যাপার একটা। এটা শুনে মেয়েটাও অস্বস্তি বোধ করল কিন্তু কিছু বলল না,

সবকিছু ঠিকঠাক এই চলছিল যতদিন ছেলেটা নিজের feelings বুঝতে পারল , ততদিনে অনেক টাই দেরি হয়ে গেছিলো, মেয়ে টার ইতিমধ্যে একটি Boyfriend হয়েছে, যথারীতি দুজনের মধ্যে দূরত্বও হয়েছে।

মেয়েটা
একদিনে
বুঝতে পারে
যে এইসব
সে ভালো
থাকবে না
তার শান্তি
যে অন্য



জায়গায়,কিন্তু সে অপেক্ষায় ছিল,আর এইদিকে এই সব কিছু সহ্য করতে না পেরে সে একদিন মেয়েটার সাথে দেখা করল আর বলল -
তুই বুঝিস না আমি তোকে ভা.. লো... ভালোবাসি । আমি বুঝতে পারিনি তোকে ছাড়া আমি এত অচল হয়ে পড়ব, বন্ধুত্বের ঝগড়া ঝামেলাতে কবে যে এতটা ভালোবেসে ফেললাম বুঝতেই পারিনি , মেয়েটি এতখন হাঁ করে তাকিয়ে শুনছিল, তারপর বলে উঠলো বড্ড দেরি করে ফেলেছিস। মেয়েটি কাঁদতে কাঁদতে বেরিয়ে যায় সেখান থেকে, কিন্তু ছেলেটা এতটাই পাগল ছিল যে সে মেয়েটির বাড়ি যায় ও তার মায়ের সাথে কথা বলে, মায়েরো ছেলেকে খুব পছন্দ হয়ে যায়।

এরপরও ওদের গল্পে Happy Ending হল না ।

কেননা....না থাক!!কিছু গল্প না হয় অসম্পূর্ণ থাক ...।।

சுய தண்டனை!

Esakkiammal S

அன்று பள்ளி ஆண்டின் தொடக்க நாள். பனிரெண்டாம் வகுப்பு பி' பிரிவு மாணவர்கள் 40 பேரும் பேராவலுடன் காத்துக் கொண்டிருந்தனர், கணக்கு வாத்தியாரின் வரவுக்காக.

'யார் வருவார்? பார்ப்போம்'.

திடீரென்று மௌனம். அனைவரும்

வாசலைப் பார்த்தனர். அங்கு உள்ளே நுழைந்தது ஒரு தேவதை.

அசந்து போய் அனைத்து மாணவ, மாணவியரும் மெதுவாக

எழுந்து நின்றனர். 'குட்மார்னிங் மை டியர் சில்ரன்' என்ற குரல்

கணீரென்று ஒலித்தது. 'குட்மார்னிங் மேடம்' என்றனர் சுயநினைவுக்குத்

திரும்பிய மாணவர்கள்.

அவள் பேசலானாள்.

'என் பெயர் சுமலதா. உங்களுக்கு கணிதம் சொல்லிக் கொடுக்க

வந்துள்ளேன்'.

மாணவர்களுக்கு முதல் நாளிலேயே

சுமலதாவையும், அவள்

பாடம் நடத்தும் விதம், அவர்களை அணுகும் முறை
எல்லாம்

பிடித்துப் போய்விட்டது.

அப்பள்ளியின் தாளாளர் வெற்றிச் செல்வன் பள்ளி
முழுவதும்

சுற்றி வருவது வழக்கம்.

அன்றும் அப்படி நடந்து வரும்போது சுமலதா வகுப்பில்
பாடம் நடத்துவதை நடைபாதையில் நின்று கவனித்தார்.
அதிசயத்தக்க வகையில் மாணவர்கள் அனைவரும்
அமைதியாக கவனித்தனர். கேள்விகளுக்கு
பதிலளித்தனர்.

நாட்கள் உருண்டோடின. ஒருநாள் அதிகாலை 7.10-க்கு
ஆசிரியர்கள் அறையில் சுமலதா அமர்ந்திருப்பதைப்
பார்த்த வெற்றி உள்ளே சென்றார்.

'என்னம்மா, இவ்வளவு சீக்கிரம் வந்திருக்கிறாய். ஏன்?'

'சார், சில பசங்க, அடிப்படை சரியா புரியல, கொஞ்சம்

சொல்லித்தர முடியுமானனு கேட்டாங்க. அவங்க வேன்
சீக்கிரமே

வந்திருமாம். அதான் நான் வந்திருக்கேன்'.

* வெரி குட். கீப் இட் அப்'

என்ற வெற்றி ஒரு சிறு புன்னகையுடன் அங்கிருந்து நகர்ந்தார்.

மாதங்கள் கடந்தன. சுமலதா வழக்கமாகவே எல்லோரும் சென்ற பின் பள்ளியிலிருந்து கிளம்புவாள். இதையும் அறிந்து

வைத்திருந்தார் வெற்றி. மாணவர்களின் வீட்டுப் பாட நோட்டுகள், பரீட்சை தாள்கள் முதலியவற்றை திருத்திய பிறகே வீட்டிற்குச் செல்வாள். வாரம் ஒருமுறை

பரீட்சை நடக்கும். அதில் குறைந்த

மதிப்பெண் பெறும் மாணாக்கர்களை

சிறப்பு வகுப்புக்கு வரச் சொல்லி அவர்கள் சந்தேகங்களுக்கு விளக்கமளிப்பாள்.

பெற்றோர்கள் சுமலதாவை முதல்வரிடமும் தாளாளரிடமும்

புகழ்ந்து தள்ளினர். வெற்றி சுமலதாவிற்கு அதிக முக்கியத்துவம் கொடுத்தார். இது மற்றவர்களுக்குப் பிடிக்கவில்லை.

நாட்கள் கடந்தன. பேச்சு தொடர்ந்தது.

'ஆமா, அவரும் அவளைப் பார்த்தா வழியறாரு'.

'அவ எதைச் சொன்னாலும் செய்றாரு. அவளுக்கு மட்டும் ரொம்ப ஜாஸ்தியா இன்க்ரீமெண்ட் போட்டிருக்காகு, தெரியுமா?'

'ஆமா. கேள்விப்பட்டோம். பெஸ்ட் டிச்சர் அவார்டு கூட
அவளுக்குத் தானே கொடுத்தாரு'

'யூனிஃபார்ம் சேலை வாங்கியிருக்கோமே, அது கூட
அவ

செலக்ஷன் தானாம்'.

சுமலதா யாரிடமும் அதிகம் பேசுவது கிடையாது. அவள்
மிகச் சொற்ப நேரமே ஆசிரியர்கள் அறையில்
அமர்ந்திருப்பாள்.

வகுப்பு, நூலகம், வாசிப்பது, திருத்துவது, கேள்வித்தாள்
தயார் செய்வது என்று எப்போதும் ஈடுபட்டிருப்பாள்.
அவள் பேசுவது, சந்தேகங்களுக்கு விடை தேடுவது,
வழிகாட்டுதலை எதிர்பார்ப்பது எல்லாமே தாளாளர்

வெற்றிச் செல்வனிடம்தான். அவர் காட்டும் அன்பு,
அக்கறை, மற்றும்

வழங்கும் ஆலோசனை, அறிவுரை எல்லாம் சுமலதாவை
அவர்பால்

ஈர்த்துவிட்டது.

சில நாட்கள் மாலையில் சுமலதா தாளாளரைப் பார்க்கச்
சென்றாள். மற்ற நாட்களில் அவர் இவளை உள்ளே
அழைப்பார். ஒருநாள் அவள் கைகளைப் பற்றி 'உனக்கு
நான் இருக்கிறேன். என்ன பிரச்சனையானாலும் சொல்.
நான் பார்த்துக் கொள்கிறேன்' என்றதும் மகிழ்ந்து போய்
அவர் சொன்னதை எல்லாம் செய்தாள். மெதுவாக

அவளை தன் இச்சைக்கு இரையாக்கினார். வேலை
போய் விடுமோ என்ற பயத்தில் எதிர்ப்பு
தெரிவிக்கவில்லை சுமலதா. அது சரியா, தவறா என்று
கூட அறியாதவளாக உணர்ச்சிக்கு
அடிமையாகிவிட்டாள்.

அன்று ஞாயிற்றுக்கிழமை.

'லதா, மாப்பிள்ளை வீட்டிலே இருந்து வந்திருக்காங்க.
நல்ல சம்பந்தம். காபி எடுத்துட்டு வா' என்றாள் அம்மா.

'ஏம்மா இப்போ அவசரம்?'

'இப்போ பேச நேரமில்ல, வா' என்று கண்டிப்புடன்
சொல்லி விட்டுச் சென்றாள் அம்மா,

அம்மாவை சங்கடப்படுத்த விரும்பாமல் சொன்னபடி
செய்தாள். உடனே மாப்பிள்ளை வீட்டார் சம்மதம்
தெரிவித்து தாம்புலத் தட்டை மாற்றினர். பத்தே நாளில்
திருமணம் என்று முடிவு செய்தனர். சுமலதாவுக்கு
பயங்கர அதிர்ச்சி.

காலையில் எழுந்தவுடன் அப்பா சொன்னார்: "நீ
பள்ளியில்

ராஜினாமா கடிதம் கொடுத்து விட்டு வந்துவிடு. கொஞ்ச

நாட்களே உள்ளன. திருமண வேலைகள் நிறைய
இருக்கின்றன.

வீட்டில் இருக்க வேண்டும்'.

மௌனமாக பள்ளிக்குக் கிளம்பினாள் சுமலதா.

நேராக தாளாளர் அறைக்குச் சென்றாள். சுமலதாவைக்
கண்டவுடன் வெற்றியின் முகத்தில் ஆயிரம் வாட்ஸ்
பல்ப் எரிந்தது.

வந்தவள் முகத்தில் சிரிப்பு இல்லை. உடனே ஒரு
காகிதத்தை நீட்டினாள்.

வாங்கியவர் அதிர்ச்சியாகிவிட்டார். அவளை
நோக்கினார்; அவருக்கு

வார்த்தைகள் வரவில்லை. அவள் மெல்லப் பேசினாள்:
சார்,

திடீர்னு மாம்பிள்ளை வீட்டுக்காரங்க வந்திருக்காங்க.
அம்மா சொல்லும்போது

தட்ட முடியல. உடனே தட்டு மாத்திக்கிட் டாங்க.
இன்னும் பத்து நாள்ல கல்யாணம். எனக்கு இஷ்டமே
இல்ல'. வெற்றிச் செல்வன் பேசினார்:

'சுமலதா, குறைந்தது ஒரு

மாசத்துக்கு முன்னாடி ராஜினாமா கடிதம்
கொடுக்கணும். ஆனா,

கல்யாணம்து வரும்போது நாங்க ஒத்துக்கிட்டத்தான்
ஆகணும்.

கல்யாணம் முடிந்ததும் ஒரு பத்து நாள், இல்ல ஒரு
மாசம் கழிச்சு இங்கே

வேலைக்கு வந்துரு'.

"சரி, சார்" என்றாள்.

கல்யாணம் முடிந்தது. அதற்கு வெற்றிச் செல்வனும்,
பள்ளி ஆசிரியர்கள், ஊழியர்கள் அனைவரும்
சென்றிருந்தனர். வெற்றி

அவள் பக்கத்தில் நின்று புகைப்படத்திற்கு போஸ்
கொடுத்தார்.

இதுவும் எல்லோராலும்

கிசுகிசுக்கப்பட்டது.

முதல் இரவு. அறைக்கு வந்த சுமலதா கேட்டாள், 'நான்
இதே பள்ளியில் தொடர்ந்து வேலை செய்யட்டுமா? ஒரு

10 நாள் கழித்து பள்ளிக்குச் செல்கிறேன்'. அதிர்ச்சியான
மாப்பிள்ளை பையன், 'சுமா, நாம ஒருத்தரை ஒருத்தர்

புரிஞ்சுக்கணும். எங்க வீட்டுல உனக்கு அட்ஜஸ்ட்
ஆகணும். ஒரு ஆறு மாசம் போகட்டும். அப்புறமா
யோசிப்போம்' என்றான். பகீரென்றது சுமலதாவுக்கு.

அவள் மனமெல்லாம் பள்ளியும் தாளாளரும்
மட்டும்தான். உடனே போர்வை, தலையணையைக் கீழே
போட்டு படுத்துக் கொண்டாள்.

மூன்று நாட்களாகி விட்டது. மாப்பிள்ளையிடம் ஒரு
வார்த்தை கூட பேசவில்லை சுமலதா. அவன் கை

பட்டவுடன் அருவருப்புடன் தன் கைகளை உள்ளே
இழுத்துக் கொண்டாள். அவன் அம்மா,

'பெண்களுக்கு தம் வீட்டைப் பிரிந்து வர மிகக் கஷ்டமாக
இருக்கும். நாம் காட்டும் அன்பில் போகப் போக
சரியாகிவிடுவாள். பொறுமையாக இரு' என்று அறிவுரை
வழங்கினாள். மறுநாள் காலையில் அனைத்து
சொந்தங்களும்.

கிளம்பி விட்டன. மாப்பிள்ளை வீட்டாரும்
ரிஷப்ஷனுக்குத் தயாராக வேண்டும் என்று கிளம்பி
விட்டனர். மாப்பிள்ளை மட்டும் இருந்தான்.

அன்று பிற்பகல் பள்ளியிலிருந்து இரு ஆசிரியர்கள்
சுமலதாவைக் காண வந்திருந்தனர். பூ. இனிப்பு

கொடுத்து விட்டு அவளிடம் பேசிக்கொண்டிருந்தனர்.

'சுமலதா, எப்படியிருக்க? சார் கேட்டுட்டு வரச்சொன்னாரு.
ஸ்கூலுக்கு எப்போ வந்து ஜாயன் பண்றே?' மவுனம்.

உள்ளேயிருந்து அம்மா பலகாரம், காபியுடன் வந்தாள்.

'மாப்பிள்ளைக்குக் கொண்டு கொடு,

லதா' என்று அவளை அனுப்பி வைத்தாள்.

'பிள்ளைங்களா, நீங்க இங்க வந்த பிறகுதான் அவ
முகமே தெளிவா

இருக்கு. கல்யாணம் ஆன பொண்ணு மாதிரியே இல்லே.
பித்து பிடிச்சவ மாதிரி இருக்கிறா. எப்பவும் வெறிச்சப்

பார்த்திட்டு சோகமா. மாப்பிள்ளை கூட இன்னும்
பழகல. அவரு தங்கமான பையன். நீங்க புத்திமதி
சொல்லிட்டு போங்க'.

சுமலதா வந்து அமர்ந்தாள். அம்மா அங்கிருந்து நகர்ந்து
விட்டாள்.

'சுமலதா, சந்தோஷமா இரு.

வேலை எங்கேயும் கிடைக்கும். எப்பவும் கிடைக்கும்.
நல்ல புருஷன் அமையறதுதான் கஷ்டம். ஹாப்பியா
இரு' என்றவர்கள் கிளப்பி விட்டனர் .

சுமலதா மனதில் லேசாக எரிந்த தீ இப்போது கொழுந்து
விட்டு

எரிய ஆரம்பித்தது.

'சார். கேட்டுட்டு வரச் சொன்னார்'

'எப்போ ஸ்கூல்ல ஜாயன் பண்ணே?'

திரும்பத் திரும்ப ஒலித்துக் கொண்டேயிருந்தது.
பைத்தியம் பிடித்தவள் போல் ஆகிவிட்டாள். இரவு
முழுக்க தூங்கவில்லை. புரண்டு புரண்டு படுத்தாள்.
அதிகாலையில் மாப்பிள்ளை எழுந்து குளித்துவிட்டு
ஹாலுக்குச் சென்று விட்டான்.

“நீ, கிளம்பி ரெடியா இரு. டிபன் சாப்பிட்டு நம்ம வீட்டுக்கு
கிளம்பிறலாம்'. சுமலதா தாமதிக்காமல் முடிவெடுத்தாள்.
உடனே செயலில் இறங்கி விட்டாள்.

நேரம் போய்க்கொண்டே இருந்தது. அவள் அம்மா குரல்
கொடுத்தாள், "மாப்பிள்ளை, லதா இன்னும் மூம்ல
இருந்து வரலியா?

போய்ப் பாருங்க என்ன பண்ணாணு'.

சில நொடிகளில் 'சுமா-' என்ற அலறல் சத்தம் கேட்டு
அனைவரும் ஓடி வந்தனர். அங்கே அறைக்குள் அவள்
சேலையை மின்விசிறியில் தொங்கவிட்டு அதனுள்
அவளும்

தொங்கிக் கொண்டிருந்தாள். மாப்பிள்ளை பையன்
பித்துப் பிடித்தவன் போல் அமர்த்திருந்தான். டாக்டர்
வந்தார். பின் காவல்துறை.

அன்றைய தினமே இறுதிச் சடங்கு செய்தாகிவிட்டது.
சுமலதாவிற்கு காரியம் செய்தாகிவிட்டது. நாட்கள்
உருண்டோடின. மெதுவாக அனைவரும் சுமலதாவை
மறந்து வேலையில் ஈடுபட்டனர்.

பள்ளியில் ஒரு ஜடம் போல் உலா வந்தார் வெற்றிச்
செல்வன். மனமெல்லாம் சுமலதாவைச் சுற்றி வந்தது.
'ஏன் இப்படிச் செய்தாய்? இன்னொரு ஆண்மகனுடன்
நெருக்கமாக இருக்க விருப்பமில்லாமல் உயிரை
மாய்த்துக் கொண்டாயா?' இரு மாதங்கள் கடந்தன.
தாளாளர் பள்ளி வேலையில் மறுபடியும்
உத்வேகத்துடன் செயல்பட்டார். அடுத்து எந்தப் பெண்

தன் ஆசைக்கு ஈடு கொடுப்பாள் என்று தேட
ஆரம்பித்தார்.

CORRECTION