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The Day I Received More Than I Gave

Navya Jaiswal is an author, writer, and poet whose work explores human emotions, relationships, self-discovery, and life's complexities. Through imagination and introspection, she transforms thoughts and experiences into meaningful literary expressions.

Navya Jaiswal

02 August 2026

I wasn't excited about Friendship Day.

Honestly, 2 August 2026 felt like any other ordinary day. No special plans, no expectations, no excitement about friendship bands or long paragraphs filled with wishes. I thought I would check my phone, reply to a few messages, and let the day pass.

But sometimes, the days we expect the least from become the ones we keep closest to our hearts.

That morning, I opened Instagram and found that my brother, Trijal, had mentioned me in a reel. He had also sent me a Sisters' Day reel, and I couldn't help smiling. Being someone's sister and friend at the same time feels incredibly special. Having him in my life makes me feel lucky in ways I can't always explain.

Shosti and Riddhi had messaged me, too. I replied with the usual "S2U." I wished Mumma, Shreya, and Palak as well. I never imagined I would wish Palak on Friendship Day again, but we'd talked two days earlier, and our

conversation made me feel that perhaps, despite everything, we were still friends.

A few other messages arrived, and I replied with a casual “Back at ya!” I wasn’t counting who remembered me or who didn’t. Then Swati’s message caught me off guard.

She had written an entire paragraph for me.

An actual paragraph!



I love paragraphs. I love reading words someone has taken the time to put together just for me. Swati and I weren’t the kind of friends who talked constantly, and I didn’t usually count her among my closest friends. Yet she had written such beautiful things for me. Of course, I’d known her since childhood, which made her message feel even more special.

Sometimes, people surprise us with warmth we didn’t even know we needed.

Atishay, RNC, RNK, and Akku messaged me, too. I’d wished Roshan first myself. And somewhere between those notifications, old memories began returning.

Friendship Day has a way of reminding me of some painful days. Even while smiling, I felt a little sadness somewhere inside me. But I didn’t let it take over. I’ve learned that you can miss the past and still appreciate the present. You can feel a little sad and still have a beautiful day.

So, I kept going.

I spent quite some time trying to create a background featuring Mumma and her friend. It didn't turn out as I'd hoped, but I wasn't entirely disappointed. At least I got to look at their pictures again and again while trying to make it work.

Hehehe. Mumma wondered where I'd learned so much patience. But how could I explain that looking at her pictures was part of the reason I kept trying? She had plenty of patience herself, too. So, who was she to question mine?

Later, I came across a reel about one's first friend, and Palak came to mind so strongly that I sent it to her.

She really was my first friend in this world.

She was the first person who made me realise what friendship could feel like. Through her, I learned that there were genuinely good people with whom you could share a little piece of your world without explaining every part of yourself.

When she replied, “#same here,” I simply liked her message.

Some feelings don't need long replies. Sometimes, a tiny acknowledgement carries an entire history behind it.

This year, I hadn't done anything special for Friendship Day. No paragraphs, no bands, no stories. Nothing.

But it was okay. Whoever wished me received a reply; whoever didn't, I didn't hold it against them. I'd wished the people I wanted to wish, and that was enough. For once, the day passed without my calculating who had done what for whom.

Then Mumma messaged me.

She wanted to know which lipstick shade she should choose.

I stared at the message.

Wait. Is she actually asking me?

I absolutely love it when she asks for my opinion or tries to understand my preferences. It's never just about the lipstick. It's the little thought behind the question that gets me every time. She had thought of me while making a choice.

And there was more. She was going to use the bag I liked, had purchased a lipstick shade according to my preference, and had chosen a suit I liked, too.

Ufff. How does someone's soul manage to love another person so deeply?

Touchwood.

Mumma wanted me to come a little earlier because she'd written a poem for me and wanted to read it to me. I tried my best, although I arrived a little late. But the moment I saw her smile, I forgot about the delay.

She was so happy to show me the poem, and I was overwhelmed by the thought that someone had spent so much time thinking about me.

The poem was long. Beautifully, wonderfully long.

She'd selected pictures of me to include with it and had learned how to add those pictures from me. Just imagine that! She had learned something new simply because she wanted to create something for me.

Effort has a language of its own. Sometimes, it speaks more clearly than words ever could.

As I read, my smile kept growing. I looked at the pictures, followed the lines, and tried to absorb the fact that everything had been prepared with me in mind.

Then I reached a line where she asked whether we could become friends.

Awww, Mumma! Since when have you been thinking about this? Aren't we already friends?

But she asked me to answer properly.

So, I said yes.

And then she gently put a bracelet around my wrist.

I was so happy that I could barely explain it. The bracelet was beautiful, but it was also something more: a little reminder of a moment I'd want to keep forever.

I have this habit of making the smallest things feel enormous when they come from someone I love. A little gift can become a memory. A few words can stay with me for years. A simple gesture can make an ordinary day extraordinary.

Mumma may see me first as her student and then as her child. But I see her first as my Mumma, then as my teacher, and then as all the other beautiful roles she plays in my life.

Her poem made me feel seen—not just as a student who attends classes, completes work, and takes tests, but as a person she'd taken the time to think about, remember, and celebrate.

I wanted to hug her tightly and say, “THANK YOUUU, MUMMA! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!”

A little later, Shosti and Swati arrived. They tied friendship bands on Mumma's wrist, too, and then on mine. Watching them include Mumma in the celebration made me genuinely happy.

For the first time, I had given nobody anything, yet people had given me whatever they wanted to give.

And somehow, that made the day even more beautiful.

Mumma celebrated Friendship Day with her students for around fifteen to twenty minutes. She shook hands with everyone warmly, smiling at each person. Watching her so happy made me happy, too.

That smile of hers—touchwood.

Afterwards, we studied. Life returned to its routine, but I still had one wish left.

I wished we could have a little privacy. I wanted a moment when I wouldn't have to share her attention with the rest of the world, when I could simply be there with her.

And somehow, the universe seemed to listen.

We got that moment.

She hugged me.

If there's one feeling I wish I could explain perfectly, it's the feeling of being hugged by her. Something inside me seems to soften. All the noise in

my head quietens for a while, and I feel a kind of peace that's difficult to compare with anything else.

Earlier, I'd scored 23 out of 30 in my spelling test. Mumma was happy with my marks and kissed me.

I was genuinely surprised.

Wait, she's kissing me for this?

For a second, I thought that if good marks made her that happy, perhaps I should take a test every day just to see that smile again.

Then came the back hug.

I wished the moment would stay exactly as it was. I didn't want to think about time or the fact that eventually I'd have to leave.

She also put a lovely necklace around my neck. At first, I didn't even feel like checking it properly because I was too happy in her arms. Later, when I looked in the mirror before our last hug, I caught sight of myself wearing it.

And I remember thinking, Wait. Things like this actually look so lovely on me?

Hehehe.

But even then, the necklace wasn't what I wanted to look at most. I wanted another hug.

I hadn't seen her properly in so many days. I wanted to hold her a little longer, to make up in some small way for all the days I'd missed. I couldn't hug her as much as my heart wanted to, but I hugged her again before leaving.

And then I carried the day home with me.

Oh, wait! I almost forgot something.

During tuition, when Mumma had stepped away for a while, Palak had given me a friendship bracelet, too. She put it on my wrist, and I remember realising that I had nothing to give her in return.

Yet another gift I hadn't expected.

When I got home, I admired my necklace again and again, took pictures, and sent some to Mumma. She was so happy to see how much I liked it. I also thanked Palak for her beautiful bracelet.

As the day ended, I looked back at everything: Swati's unexpected paragraph, memories of my first friendship, the lipstick question, the bag and suit chosen according to my taste, Mumma's poem, the bracelet, the necklace, the friendship bands, the kiss, and those long hugs I wished could have lasted a little longer.

I'd started the morning expecting nothing.

I'd spent the day giving nothing in return, at least nothing that could be wrapped, tied around a wrist, or written on a page.

And yet, I'd received so much.

Perhaps that's what made this Friendship Day different. Love doesn't always arrive in the form we expect. Sometimes, it comes as a paragraph from someone who surprises us. Sometimes, it returns through an old friend who still remembers what you meant to each other. Sometimes, it appears as a question about lipstick, a bag chosen with your preferences in mind, or a poem written by someone who wants you to understand how much you matter.

And sometimes, it's simply a hug that makes the whole world feel quieter.

I didn't need to prove my friendships by counting wishes. I didn't need to measure affection by comparing gifts. I didn't need to make the day extraordinary myself.

The people I cared about showed up in their own ways, and I was allowed to receive their love without turning it into a calculation.

So, thank you, everyone, for making this day beautiful.

And especially, thank you, Mumma.

Thank you for the poem, the bracelet, the necklace, the thoughtful choices, the smile, the kiss, and the hugs. Thank you for taking the time to think about me so deeply. Thank you for making me feel that even the smallest parts of me are worth remembering.

I may never find the perfect words to explain how happy I was while reading your poem or how peaceful I felt in your arms. Perhaps some feelings are simply too big to fit inside sentences.

But if I ever look back at 2 August 2026, I'll remember it as the day I expected nothing and somehow received more than I could have asked for.

The day I gave nothing, yet came home carrying a heart full of memories.

The day that reminded me how beautiful it is to be remembered, understood, and loved.

The day I received more than I gave.

Some stories begin with once upon a time.

Greesha Chanda

Ours began at Garba,
on 5th October, 2023,
under lights that made the ordinary
look a little extraordinary.

He wore a grey kurta,
white pants,
a silver watch,
silver accessories catching the light
every time he moved.

And I wore black.

Pitch-black ghagra choli,
oxidised jewellery framing my face,
long black hair,
and the soft fragrance of vanilla
following me through the evening.

Two people at the same celebration,
neither knowing
that one day,
they would remember that night
as the beginning.

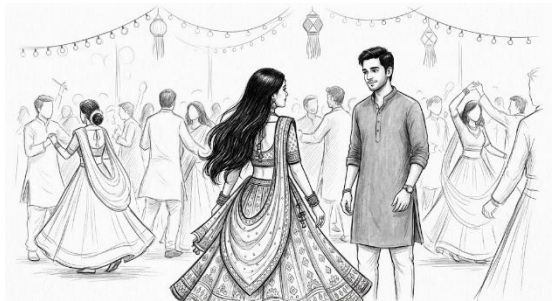
A friend thought he was cute.

And somewhere in the noise,
somewhere between the dancing
and the conversations,
he said something like—

“I’m sorry, but I found her cute.”

Her.

Me.



Isn't it strange
how a whole story
can begin with a single person
noticing you in a crowd?

A few days later,
there were Snapchat conversations,
Instagram IDs,
phone numbers exchanged,
and ordinary evenings
that slowly began to mean more.

Then came the confession.

And my pretending
that I was confused
when perhaps I was only scared
of admitting how much
someone had begun to matter.

At 2:15 a.m.,
my phone rang.

"Are you serious?
Are you sure about it, Greesha?"

And I blushed through the call,
trying to sound uncertain
when my heart had probably
already made up its mind.

I told him I was afraid.

That I didn't know how
to let people go easily.
That I didn't want someone
who would stay for a month
and leave the next.

I wanted someone who stayed.

Funny, isn't it?

How we sometimes tell people
exactly what we're afraid of
without knowing
that life might one day
teach us how to face it.

Then came the ordinary magic.

Arcades.

Cricket with his friends.

Little conversations
that made entire days better.

And Amalner.

Oh, Amalner.

The rain,
the muddy roads,
the temple taking an hour and a half
instead of fifteen minutes.

And him,
waiting behind the glass,
telling me it was okay
when I felt guilty
for keeping him there.

Then the mud.

His mother, my mother,
the water bottle,
and a white handkerchief.

He washed their feet,
and then mine.

I wonder if he knew
that some gestures are too small
for the world to notice
but too large for one person to forget.

I wonder if he knew
that the white handkerchief
would become a memory
I could never quite explain.

Before I left,
there was a box of macaroni.

White sauce.

Cheese.

A boy who didn't know how to cook
but knew what I loved.

He made it anyway.

And isn't that what makes
some memories so difficult to explain?

You say,
"He made me pasta."

They hear pasta.

You remember the effort.
The thought.
The fact that someone
remembered what you liked
and wanted to give it to you.

You remember being fifteen
and believing that perhaps
this was what love looked like.

For a while,
it really did.

Then life happened.

Mumbai.

College.

New people.

New routines.

And somewhere between
the things we wanted to say
and the time we had to say them,
our conversations became smaller.

Five minutes.

Five minutes every two days.

Thirty minutes in a week.

Sometimes, nothing.

We were still two people
with a story behind us,
but we were slowly becoming
two people with less and less
to say to each other.

There were insecurities.
There were misunderstandings.
There was Sneha,
and there was the fear
that I might be replaced.

I told him I was scared.

I wanted him to understand
the feeling underneath my words,
the little voice asking
whether I was enough
to make someone stay.

He said she was pretty.

Perhaps he didn't know
what those words would do to me.

Perhaps I didn't know
how to explain what I needed.

And perhaps that was the problem.

Not every hurt begins
with someone intending to hurt you.

Sometimes, two people
simply stop understanding
what the other person
is trying to say.

We fought.

We tried.

We became tired.

And eventually,
we let each other go.

Not because every memory
had turned into a bad one.

Not because the beginning
had stopped being beautiful.

But because somewhere
between loving each other
and trying to keep each other,
we had stopped feeling okay.

I used to think
that if a story was beautiful enough,
it deserved a beautiful ending.

That the misunderstandings
would eventually clear,
the right words would arrive,
and the two people
would find their way back
before the final page.

But life isn't a film.

There is no guarantee
that the music will swell
just when you need it to.

No promise that the person
who once understood your silence
will always understand your words.

No rule that says
every person who enters your life
must stay until the end.

And maybe that's why
life is life
and not a movie,
a web series,
or a novel.

Because in real life,
sometimes the misunderstanding stays.

Sometimes, the love isn't enough
to make the relationship healthy.

Sometimes, the bravest thing
two people can do
is stop asking their story
to become something
it no longer can.

And still—

Somewhere in my memory,
there is a voice.

Deep, familiar,
stretching a simple word
until it becomes
something I recognise
without even thinking.

“Bolnaaaa, Greeshu.”

Two words,
and suddenly,
I'm back in a time
when hearing a voice
could make an ordinary day
feel a little less ordinary.

I don't need to turn
that memory into a promise.

I don't need to pretend
that the ending was happy
to admit that the story mattered.

He was a part of my life.

There were days he made me smile,
moments when he made me feel cared for,
and memories I will carry
without needing to carry
the relationship itself.

Maybe that's growing up.

Learning that you can be grateful
for what something was
without asking it
to become what it isn't anymore.

So no,
ours wasn't the kind of story
where everything worked out
exactly as it should.

It began like a Bollywood movie.

It unfolded like a novel.

And it ended the way
real life sometimes does—
with two people learning
that letting go

can be healthier
than holding on.

Because a happy ending
is not necessary
for a story to be meaningful.

A perfect ending
is not necessary
for the beginning to have been real.

And love,
even when it doesn't last,
can still teach you something
you carry long after it ends.

So if someone asks me
what remains between us,
I won't say forever.

I won't say nothing.

I'll say there was a boy,
a rainy day in Amalner,
a white handkerchief,
a box of cheesy macaroni,
and a voice that used to say—

“Bolnaaaa, Greeshu.”

And I'll say
that once upon a time,
that was our story.

Not a story that ended happily.

A story that taught me
that sometimes,
the healthiest ending
is the one that lets you
begin again.

THE STORY BETWEEN US

Greesha Chanda

A story of beginnings, memories, and healthy endings

Some stories begin with a plan. Others begin with a coincidence so perfectly timed that, years later, you wonder whether the universe had anything to do with it.

Ours began at Garba, on 5th October, 2023.

If that night were a scene in a Bollywood movie, I think I would remember it exactly this way.

He was wearing a grey kurta with white pants, a silver watch, and silver accessories that caught the light whenever he moved. There was something about the way he looked that evening that made him stand out in my memory.

And then there was me.

A pitch-black ghagra choli, oxidised jewellery framing my face, long black hair, and the soft fragrance of vanilla following me through the evening.

Two people dressed for the same celebration, neither knowing that they were about to become part of each other's stories.

A friend of mine found him cute. Somewhere in the middle of the dancing and conversations, Sparsh said something along the lines of, "I'm sorry, but I found her cute."

Her.

Me.

It's funny how a story can begin with someone noticing you in a crowd. How an ordinary evening



can become a date you remember years later, not because you knew it would matter, but because you had no idea that it would.

We didn't know what was waiting for us. There were no promises that night, no grand declarations, no dramatic music telling us that something important was beginning.

There was just Garba, silver accessories, a black outfit, the scent of vanilla, and a moment that would eventually become the first page of our story.

A few days later, we started talking on Snapchat. Instagram IDs followed, and eventually, we exchanged phone numbers. Conversations became routines, and routines became something I looked forward to.

There was one funny detail I didn't know for the longest time: Sparsh was the son of one of my father's friends. He knew about the connection and assumed I knew too. I didn't.

Life had apparently written a plot twist before I had even reached the first chapter.

We talked for months. Somewhere between the conversations, the jokes, and the growing familiarity, I started liking him. But when Sparsh finally confessed that he liked me, I told him I needed time.

The truth was, I liked him too. I was just trying to convince myself that I was confused. Perhaps I wanted more attention. Perhaps admitting that someone had begun to matter to me was scarier than pretending I didn't know what I felt.

That night, at 2:15 a.m., my phone rang.

"Are you serious? Are you sure about it, Greesha?"

He wanted to know whether I genuinely needed time. He told me how much he liked me, how strongly he felt about me, and how he would never want to lose me.

I don't remember what my face looked like that night, but I remember blushing throughout the call.

Before we became anything, I told him about one of my biggest fears. I wanted someone who would stay. I couldn't be with someone who would leave after a month or two because letting go wasn't easy for me.

I was fifteen. He was seventeen.

We were young, and perhaps we didn't understand everything about relationships yet, but he listened. He understood what I was trying to say, and he accepted that part of me.

And so, our story began.

For almost a year and a half, there were memories that felt like they belonged in a film.

There were arcade visits, cricket games with his friends, conversations that made ordinary days special, and the comfort of knowing that somewhere in the middle of everything else, there was a person who had become an important part of your life.

Then came Amalner.

My father and I went to Amalner, Maharashtra, for a temple visit. It had been raining heavily on the way, and the roads were muddy. At some point, my father mentioned that one of his friends lived there. We tried calling him, but he didn't answer.

I told my father that one of my friends lived there too.

I called Sparsh and told him I would be in Amalner.

I thought we would meet after the temple visit. I assumed the abhishek would take about fifteen minutes.

It took an hour and a half.

I felt terrible about keeping him waiting. But Sparsh stayed. Through the glass window, he watched me while I completed the abhishek. When I worried about how long it was taking, he reassured me.

"It's okay. People do this. People come here to do this."

He didn't make me feel guilty. He didn't make me feel like my time with him mattered more than something important to me.

He simply waited.

Later, he came with his parents to meet us.

Because of the rain, everything outside was covered in mud. As we were getting into the car, his mother remarked on how muddy it was. My mother and his mother were wearing slippers, while I had shoes on.

Sparsh took a water bottle.

He washed his mother's feet. Then he washed my mother's feet. And then he washed mine, carefully cleaning them with a white handkerchief he carried in his pocket.

Perhaps, to someone watching, it was just a kind gesture.

To me, it was something else entirely.

I don't know whether he understood how deeply that moment would stay with me. I don't know whether the people around us noticed what it meant to me.

But I did.

Sometimes, love doesn't announce itself. Sometimes, it looks like a boy standing in the mud, holding a water bottle and a white handkerchief, doing something small that you will remember long after the day itself has passed.

We stayed in Amalner for two days. We had lunch together, and before dinner, Sparsh took me to a few places. There was a mela, there were people, and there were his friends whom I finally got to meet.

One of those meetings led to a misunderstanding. Someone flirted with me, I ignored it, and Sparsh and I fought about it. Eventually, we realised that the situation had become a problem between us when it shouldn't have been.

We worked through it.

Because back then, working through things still felt possible.

I also met some of his female friends. I had assumed his friends were from Nashik, but some were actually from Amalner, and they all attended the same coaching centre in Nashik.

Before I left Amalner, Sparsh made me a box of white-sauce macaroni.

He knew how much I loved white-sauce pasta, even though he didn't really know how to cook.

He made it anyway.

He made sure I got it.

And somehow, between the temple, the rain, the white handkerchief, and that box of macaroni, Amalner became more than a place on a map. It became one of those chapters I would return to in my mind, even when the story itself had moved on.

But life doesn't stay in one place just because a memory is beautiful.

Eventually, Sparsh moved to Mumbai for college.

For another four or five months, we tried to make things work. We had already been together for a long time, but distance introduced a version of our relationship we didn't quite know how to handle.

Sometimes, people knew we were together. Sometimes, we told people we had broken up even when we hadn't.

There were explanations, complications, and conversations that never seemed to be enough.

He became busy. His life was changing, and mine was changing too. There were days when we spoke for five minutes. Sometimes, we spoke for five minutes every two days. Sometimes, the only time we managed to find for each other amounted to thirty minutes in an entire week.

And sometimes, we couldn't even text.

It wasn't that everything we had shared suddenly became meaningless. It was that the relationship we were trying to maintain no longer felt like the relationship we had begun.

A friend of his, whom I'll call Sneha, became very close to him. I found myself feeling insecure. She was pretty, and I worried that perhaps he would leave me for her.

I told him how I felt.

I wanted reassurance. I wanted him to understand that I wasn't trying to accuse him of anything; I was trying to explain a fear I had carried into the relationship from the beginning.

His response was, "Oh yes, she is pretty. We need to agree with that."

Maybe he meant it casually. Maybe he didn't realise what I needed to hear at that moment.

But I heard it differently.

And we fought.

It wasn't just about Sneha. It was about the distance, the uncertainty, the lack of time, and the growing feeling that we were no longer understanding each other the way we once had.

I had told Sparsh before we got together that I overthought things. He knew that about me. He had accepted it.

But knowing someone's fears and knowing how to navigate them together are two different things.

We were both young. We were both trying. And somewhere along the way, trying began to hurt more than it helped.

Eventually, we made the decision to let each other go.

It wasn't because every memory had turned bad. It wasn't because the beginning had been a lie. And it wasn't because the beautiful moments had stopped being beautiful.

It was because the relationship had become unhealthy for me and, in some ways, for him too.

Sometimes, two people can care about each other and still reach a point where staying together is no longer the kindest choice.

For a long time, I thought a good love story was supposed to have a happy ending. The kind where misunderstandings are cleared up, people realise what they mean to each other, and everything falls into place before the credits roll.

But real life doesn't have background music telling you when to forgive someone. It doesn't always give you the perfect words at the perfect moment. And sometimes, misunderstandings settle between two people until neither knows how to reach across them anymore.

That is what Sparsh and this relationship taught me.

Our beginning was straight out of a Bollywood movie. Our middle felt like reading a novel, full of little details, unexpected chapters, and moments I never wanted to forget.

But our ending belonged to real life.

And real life taught me that not every story needs a happy ending.

Sometimes, a healthy ending is enough.

I still remember the way he answered my calls.

"Bolnaaaa, Greeshu."

He would stretch the word in that deep voice of his, and something about it always made me smile. It was such a small thing. Nothing extraordinary. Nothing that would make sense to someone who hadn't heard it.

But it was ours.

And perhaps that is what a relationship leaves behind: not just the big moments, but the tiny, ordinary things that become extraordinary because of the person attached to them.

A voice. A handkerchief. A box of pasta. A rainy day in Amalner.

A beginning I never expected.

An ending I had to learn to accept.

And a story that mattered, even though it didn't last forever.

Because the story between us was never only about how we got together or why we broke up.

It was about who we were when we found each other, who we became while we were together, and what we learnt when we finally had to let go.

Some stories end with two people choosing each other.

Ours ended with two people choosing something different.

And maybe, just maybe, growing up is learning that those endings can matter too.

CORRECTION

Talkative world, story

Himanshu Sikarwar

Once upon a time, Ocean said to Fish, “You are looking so tired.” Fish replied that thank you for my observation. Ocean confused suddenly. Although out own that fish was swimming or existing in ocean on behalf other mammals. If Fish was clever and is utilising me for deeply purpose, other mammals discussed each other and started on final conclusion. Its said to ocean that fish was not clever and fish was only living mammal who knows in water. Suddenly fish came up and said that ocean you are smaller whale world. Fish answered to ocean — No cuts, no holes, no coconuts for fish family.

Come up and said to ocean you are social butterfly. Ocean met family such as — seahorse, lake, pond, continent and many regularly fish family such as — octopus, turtle, starfish and many more. Both families want to become enemy each other. Ocean is vast in the world. Fish is small, pity, slowly divided into three parts such as part (I), part (II), part (III).

Two woman was going to forest for fill the water in the river. They reached there in the forest. And talked between them. Both are so talking loudly. They didn't searched the river and direction in the forest.

Suddenly some sound of them like, river, river, and finally met the ocean who was vast. River turned to the ocean. Ocean was filled the water so crocodile was fixed both. But they turned out to be safe by hands of crocodiles. They saw fish. Fish meet each of them and finally see the truth then life. When ... happened few time from just

Casual Untimely: Two woman talked about ocean and fish. She was saying that fish was selfish and ocean was kind hearted. But now they different in the sea. Fish always brave and dedicated mammal. But none help fish. One time ocean threatened fish and said that if you are always with me then I support always but fish did not accept this. River



and fish thought own circumstances who both in river. Afterward fish get birth in ocean because fish wanted a better life and safe own life to hunters. Fish led own whole story to the woman that if fish of you did not come here, I never told own story. My story untold in very bad and costly in psychological expectations. Fish was so good, is trusting my personal behaviour, thinking, attitude and many more is extremely good and they gave me good feelings, good attitude. When I was mature ocean said to me, “You are looking so good.” Ocean is just behave to me. And explaining the same talking was, we were talkative because I'm only one mammal whose devoted everyone in the ocean and my ocean threatened me that I kill you because I am vast. Fish went to underwater and called fish queen and a cow favourite on latest suffocation. Finally they decided and turned out to conclusion — catch by only one selection both of you. Fish concluded the story absolutely. Every story started. Ocean just finally ending catch up. One side they began to search. Ocean was clever and, lastly, what happened in the quarrel, frustration and many more.

Part-2

Fish said to ocean that, “Who are you?” “The ocean replied, ‘I am the cradle and the grave,’ ‘I am the tears of the earth, the mother of the rain, and the keeper of secrets,’ ‘I am that in which you live, move, and have your being. I am the ocean.’” The ocean explained separation is the illusion of the mind. Fish surprised when this talking. Ocean always save and safe all mammal life. Ocean was not vast, it was really writer well of the earth. Ocean played upon rules of fish. Fish helped the ocean punishment. Ocean can't tolerate to other mammals by subject is of the time. Fish said to ocean, “You tend to cheat always, you sabotage me, self respect, fish can't talk far away always.”

Part-3

Fish was tiny mammal in the ocean. Therefore ocean played upon fish trust. Fish turned out to be honest, sincere and self-dependent and ocean turned out to be cheat, betrayer, selfish and mindless. Fish said to two women that both of you helped me so thanks for whole beauty. Finally ocean realised own mistake and its all for forgiveness (apologising) to fish. Fish analysis and forgiveness to ocean and finally fish was winning ultimate award. After even a massive object eventually bows before a tiny needle. And the vast ocean finally bowed before a “tiny fish.”

“Thank you for Reading.”

CORRECTION

When Age Was Just a Number

Shazia is a PhD scholar in English Literature with a profound appreciation for human emotions, the intricacies of relationships, and the unspoken language of the heart. Her writing explores the delicate interplay of love, longing, vulnerability, and resilience, transforming life's experiences into reflections that linger in the soul.

Shazia talat

The world saw numbers, years apart,
But I saw home inside his heart.

They might have questioned how it could be,
Two different ages, one destiny.
But love doesn't count the years we share,
It lives in the moments when someone cares.

He had his stories, I had my dreams,
We found our world in between.
His quiet wisdom, my hopeful eyes,
Two different seasons beneath one sky.

I never measured the years he'd known,
I only cherished the love we'd grown.

For what are numbers, what is time,
When your heart believes another heart is home?



We dreamed of tomorrows, of skies so blue,
Of little moments, just me and you.
And every promise, every embrace,
Made the world feel like a gentler place.

You had your ways of holding me near,
A little possessiveness, a little fear.
You didn't always say what you felt inside,
But sometimes your jealousy was hard to hide.

Perhaps you feared what love might lose,
Or simply loved me in your own way, too.
And even when your silence spoke,
I searched for the love beneath each word.

But love is not always an easy road,
Sometimes two hearts bear a heavier load.
Sometimes the silence says more than words,
And tears tell stories that go unheard.

Yet when I remember how it began,
I remember the woman who loved a man.
Not for his age, not for what others could see,

But for the person he was to me.

Two different journeys, yet one beating heart,

A love that felt special right from the start.

Who knew that time could play such a part?

For age was never the wall we knew,

It was the world outside that never saw through.

And if someone asks what made us us,

I'll speak of the love, the hope, the trust.

For beyond the years, beyond what people see,

There was a story between him and me.

A story of love, of dreams held tight,

Of days that shone and difficult nights.

And whatever tomorrow may bring our way,

The love we once felt will be part of our story always.

When All Hope Seems Lost

My self kasturi pathak. I am a class 11 student. I was co author in when the pages remember and I write most of the time based on my condition and my surroundings. Writting is a way for me to over come my stress.

Kasturi pathak

When life feels hopeless,
When you believe the end has come,
Gather the courage to begin again,
For a new story can still be spun.

You have nothing left to lose,
And countless paths left to choose.
Remember the tree that stands in winter,
stripped of its leaves, its beauty dimmer.

The icy winds may steal its grace,
And leave no sign of life in place.
Yet it does not surrender to the cold;
It waits for spring, patient and bold.

For even when the world seems still,
Life is growing, quietly, at will.



And what feels like your darkest end
May be where your broken pieces mend.

So when you feel you've lost your way,
Remember, winter cannot forever stay.
Sometimes, the moment you lose all hope
Is the very moment you learn to grow.

CORRECTION

Why Kopa?

Badal Thapa is an author whose academic background reflects a strong connection with language, literature, and education. Holding an M.A. in English and an M.Ed., Thapa brings together the imagination of a writer and the thoughtful perspective of an educator.

Badal Thapa

The Story of Badal Thapa

Introduction

Every school has a timetable, a bell, classrooms, and a staff room. But only a few schools have a teacher whose presence becomes part of the school's identity. Kopa is one such place. In the quiet surroundings of a village, where opportunities are limited and dreams often seem too large for the available resources, one man continues to stand every morning before his students: Badal Thapa. Before becoming a teacher, Badal was known for his achievements in sports. He had represented his state in badminton and had also competed as a state-level kick boxer. His life could have followed a different path. He might have entered the world of professional sports, chosen a more comfortable career, or enjoyed a life of recognition and privilege. He had the discipline, strength, confidence, and talent to walk through many open doors.

Yet he chose teaching.

More surprisingly, he did not simply enter a village school for a short period before moving elsewhere. He stayed. He continued to teach, guide, train, encourage, and inspire students year after year. This raises a question that is both simple and profound:

Why Kopa?

Was it only a job? Was it a temporary stop in his journey? Or was there something deeper—something connected with the future of the students, the needs of the village, and a purpose he had chosen to protect?

The story of Badal Thapa is not merely the story of a sportsman who became a teacher. It is the story of a person who exchanged personal comfort for public purpose and chose to build champions not only on the court, but also in classrooms and in life.

The Man Who Could Have Chosen a Different Life

Badal Thapa's sporting journey gave him a world beyond the village. As a badminton player, he learned speed, balance, patience, and concentration. Badminton is not won by strength alone. It demands the ability to read an opponent, respond quickly, and remain calm under pressure. As a kick boxer, he learned another kind of discipline—the discipline of facing fear directly. These two sports shaped his personality. Badminton taught him movement and strategy. Kickboxing taught him courage and endurance. Together, they gave him qualities that later became essential in teaching: self-control, regular practice, mental strength, and the ability to continue even after failure. A successful sportsperson often has several choices. There may be opportunities to travel, coach in better institutions, join private academies, or pursue a career that offers greater financial rewards and public recognition. Badal could have chosen such a life. He could have remained close to sports and enjoyed the respect that comes with achievement. But perhaps he understood something that many people learn only after years of experience: success is not measured only by the life one creates for oneself; it is also measured by the lives one improves for others.

That idea may have brought him to Kopa.

Kopa was not a place overflowing with facilities. It was not surrounded by famous stadiums, large coaching centres, or endless educational resources. It was a village school, where many students came from families that could not always provide expensive training, private tuition, or exposure to the outside world. For such children, a teacher is more than a person who completes lessons. A teacher may be the first person who

tells them, “You can do more.”

Badal chose to become that person.

Why Teaching? The Answer Hidden in the Students

A classroom can look ordinary from the outside. There may be old desks, a blackboard, exercise books, and a group of children waiting for the teacher. But inside that room are unfinished stories. One child may be carrying the dream of becoming a police officer. Another may be gifted in mathematics but afraid to speak.

A third may possess great athletic ability but have never received proper guidance. Some students may simply need someone to believe in them.

Badal sees these possibilities.

His background in sports helps him understand that talent alone is not enough. A player becomes strong through regular practice, correction, discipline, and encouragement. The same is true of a student.

Intelligence must be trained. Confidence must be developed. Mistakes must be treated as part of learning rather than proof of failure.

For Badal, teaching may therefore be an extension of sports training. The classroom is his playing field, and every student is a potential participant in the long competition of life. He does not merely teach lessons from textbooks; he teaches habits that textbooks cannot fully explain:

- Arrive with discipline.
- Work even when motivation is absent.
- Respect others without becoming weak.
- Accept defeat without surrendering.
- Use strength responsibly.
- Rise after falling. These lessons are especially important in a village setting. Students may not always have access to the same opportunities as children in cities. They may face financial difficulties, family responsibilities, limited transport, or a lack of guidance. A teacher who remains committed can bridge part of that gap.

Badal’s decision to stay at Kopa may have been influenced by the knowledge that leaving would create an empty space. There are many people who can teach where resources are

abundant. Fewer are willing to stay where their presence is urgently needed.

The Meaning of Staying

Entering a profession is one decision. Staying in it for a long time is another.

Many people begin with enthusiasm but slowly become tired when they face routine, limited resources, or a lack of immediate recognition. Teaching in a village school may require patience. Progress is not always visible. A teacher may spend months helping a student understand a basic concept, develop confidence, or return to school regularly. The results may not appear in certificates or headlines.

Still, every small improvement matters.

A student who once avoided the classroom may begin answering questions.

A child who feared failure may participate in a competition. A quiet student may discover the courage to speak. A young athlete may learn that discipline is more important than natural talent. These changes are not always dramatic, but they can alter the direction of a life.

Badal's continued presence at Kopa suggests that he understands the value of long-term influence. A

teacher cannot always see the final result of his work. The student may leave school, move to another town, choose a profession, or face difficulties years later. Yet something taught by the teacher may remain—a sentence, a habit, a warning, or a moment of encouragement.

Perhaps Badal stays because he does not want to be remembered only for the medals he could have won.

Perhaps he wants to be remembered through the students who discover their own strength because he stood beside them.

There is also a special kind of dignity in remaining where one is needed. In a world that often celebrates movement, promotion, and personal advancement, staying can be an act of courage. It can mean saying,

“This place matters. These children matter. My work here matters.”

A Sportsman's Classroom

Badal's teaching style is likely shaped by the values of the training ground. In sports, no one becomes excellent through speeches alone. A coach demonstrates, observes, corrects, and motivates. The same principles can transform a classroom. He may encourage students to treat examinations as challenges rather than threats. He may remind them that losing a match, receiving low marks, or making a mistake does not define their future. What matters is the response that follows.

A sportsman also understands fairness. Every player must follow rules, respect opponents, and accept the decision of the referee. In the classroom, this becomes respect for classmates, cooperation, honesty, and responsibility. Physical strength without character can become dangerous; academic knowledge without values can become incomplete. Badal's experience allows him to teach both. His presence may also challenge common ideas about success. Students often believe that success belongs only to those who live in cities, attend expensive institutions, or possess extraordinary talent. Badal's life presents a different message:

Ordinary surroundings cannot prevent extraordinary growth when discipline and purpose are present.

He becomes living evidence that a person can come from a simple background, achieve at a high level, and still choose to serve others. His story tells students that education is not only a route to escape one's community. It can also become a way to strengthen it.

For Whom Does He Stay?

The most natural answer is: for the students.

He stays for the child who has never seen a professional badminton court but dreams of becoming a player.

He stays for the student who needs a mentor more than a lecturer. He stays for those who lack confidence, resources, or family guidance. He stays because every student deserves at least one adult who sees possibility where others see limitation.

He also stays for the future of the village. A school does not educate only individuals; it shapes families and communities. An educated and responsible student may later become a nurse, officer, teacher, entrepreneur, artist, soldier, engineer, or sports coach. That student may return and improve the lives of others. In this way, one teacher's work can travel through generations. Perhaps he stays for the dignity of the teaching profession itself. Teaching is sometimes undervalued because its rewards are not always immediate. But a teacher's influence can outlive buildings, awards, and positions. The real result of teaching is visible in the character of former students—in how they treat others, solve problems, and serve society. And perhaps, finally, he stays for a promise he has made to himself: that his abilities should not belong only to him. His experience, discipline, and knowledge should be shared.

Or Is There Something Else?

Still, the question remains: Why?

Is Badal Thapa truly there only for the students, or is there something he does not want to reveal?

Perhaps he has a personal connection with Kopa—a memory, a promise, a person, or an unfinished dream. Maybe someone once helped him when he was young, and he now wishes to offer the same support to others. Maybe he sees his younger self in the students: a child with ability but without opportunity, courage but without direction.

It is also possible that he stays because teaching gives him something that fame cannot provide. A medal celebrates a past achievement. A student's progress creates a living relationship with the future. The applause after a sporting victory fades with time, but the success of a student continues to grow. It becomes part of a family's happiness and a community's hope. So perhaps there is no secret in the ordinary meaning of the word. The hidden reason may be deeper than mystery. Badal may not be hiding a secret; he may simply be protecting a purpose that cannot be explained.

in one sentence.

Some people seek a royal life because they want comfort. Others live a meaningful life because they want their comfort to become useful. Badal's choice suggests that purpose can be more satisfying than privilege.

He may have chosen Kopa not because he had no other option, but because he believed this option mattered most.

Conclusion

The story of Badal Thapa is a reminder that a person's greatest achievement may not be the title written beside his name. It may be the confidence he places in another person. His journey from state-level badminton and kickboxing to teaching shows that talent can take many forms, and service can be as powerful as success.

Why did he choose this profession? Perhaps because he believed education could change lives.

Why did he stay so long? Perhaps because children in a village need commitment, not occasional inspiration.

For whom did he stay? For the students, their families, and the future of the community.

And why Kopa? Maybe because every place does not need a celebrity, but every child needs a guide. Maybe because he discovered that the strongest victory is not defeating an opponent—it is helping a young person defeat fear, poverty, doubt, and hopelessness.

Yet one question should remain with us:

Is Badal Thapa at Kopa only for the students, or is there another reason he has chosen not to reveal?

Perhaps the answer is hidden in the eyes of his students—in their improved confidence, their disciplined steps, their growing dreams, and the quiet belief that they, too, can become something greater.

Until he tells us otherwise, Kopa will continue to ask the question.

And Badal Thapa will continue to answer it—not with words, but with his presence.

CORRECTION

The Boy Who Kept Rising

Badal Thapa is an author whose academic background reflects a strong connection with language, literature, and education. Holding an M.A. in English and an M.Ed., Thapa brings together the imagination of a writer and the thoughtful perspective of an educator.

Badal Thapa

Introduction

Every school has students who win medals, receive certificates, and stand proudly on the stage. Their success is easy to notice because it shines brightly before everyone's eyes. However, there are other students whose greatest victories happen quietly—

in empty practice grounds, after painful failures, during long waits, and in moments when nobody is watching. Their stories may not appear in newspapers, but they can change the lives of many people.

This is the story of a boy who learned that life does not always reward hard work immediately. He faced rejection after reaching the merit list, missed opportunities at the last moment, and experienced the difficult ups and downs of a young sportsperson's life. Yet, he did not allow disappointment to become his identity. He transformed his experience into wisdom and later became a teacher, mentor, and coach who guided young minds toward a stronger future. His journey teaches students that selection is only one event, while character, discipline, and courage continue for a lifetime.

The Dream That Began with Discipline

As a young boy, he was energetic, curious, and deeply attracted to sports. He loved the sound of shoes striking the ground, the rhythm of breathing during a race, and the silence that came before a match began. For him, sports were not merely games played after school. They were lessons in focus, patience, responsibility, and self-control.

He began training seriously in **kickboxing and badminton**. His days were not easy. He had to balance schoolwork, practice, family responsibilities, and the physical demands of training. There were mornings when he wanted to

to remain in bed, especially after a tiring previous day. There were evenings when his muscles ached and his classmates were relaxing. Still, he made a simple rule for himself: if he had promised to train, he would show up.

At first, people around him did not understand the seriousness of his dream. Some thought sports were only a hobby. Others advised him to concentrate entirely on studies because athletic success was uncertain. He listened respo



ctfully, but he did not abandon his goal. At the same time, he understood that a sportsperson must also be educated, thoughtful, and capable of making wise decisions. He began to see the connection between the classroom and the playing field: both demanded preparation, regular effort, and the ability to learn from mistakes.

His progress was gradual. He did not become excellent in a single day. He learned how to control his movements in kickboxing, how to read an opponent's strategy, and how to remain calm under pressure. In badminton, he learned that speed alone was not enough. Footwork, timing, patience, and mental strength mattered just as much. Every training session added a small brick to the foundation of his future.

The Honour of Representing the State

After years of practice, his hard work finally opened an important door. He earned the opportunity to represent his **State in kickboxing and badminton** at the state level. For a young sportsperson, this was more than participation. It was recognition of countless hours of effort, repeated practice, and sacrifice.

Wearing the sports uniform and carrying the responsibility of representing his State filled him with pride. He understood that he was not competing alone

e. His family's support, his coaches' guidance, and the encouragement of teachers travelled with him. Every match became a test not only of skill but also of attitude.

There were moments of victory, but there were also moments of defeat. A powerful opponent could change the direction of a match within seconds. A small error in badminton could cost an important point. In kickboxing, losing concentration even briefly could affect the entire contest. These experiences taught him that talent creates an opportunity, but preparation determines how one uses it.

He learned three important lessons from competitive sport. First, **confidence must be supported by preparation**. Simply believing in oneself is not enough if one has not worked hard. Second, **defeat must be studied, not merely suffered**. A lost match can reveal weaknesses in speed, strategy, fitness, or decision-making. Finally, **respect is more valuable than applause**. A true sportsman respects opponents, officials, teammates, and the discipline of the game.

Representing the State gave him recognition, but it also placed greater responsibility on his shoulders. He began to understand that success was not a permanent position. One good performance could not guarantee another. Every new competition required fresh effort.

The Pain of Last-Minute Rejection

The most difficult chapter of his life came when he applied for an important opportunity. He trained with hope, prepared carefully, and gave his best during the selection process. When the merit list was announced, he saw his name included. For a moment, he felt that his dream had finally come true.

His family and friends celebrated. He imagined the next stage clearly: the new uniform, the training camp, the chance to compete at a higher level, and the pride of moving forward. He had crossed what appeared to be the most difficult barrier—the merit list.

But the final selection brought an unexpected shock. Although his name had appeared on the merit list, he was not selected in the final round. The reason may have involved limited seats, changing requirements, administrative decisions, or the preference of the selection committee. Whatever the reason, the result felt deeply unfair to him. He had worked hard, reached the list, and

d believed that his opportunity was secure. Yet, at the last moment, the door closed.

That rejection was more painful because it came after hope. A person can sometimes accept failure when it happens at the beginning. But when one comes close to success and then loses it, disappointment feels heavier. He questioned himself. Had his training been insufficient? Was he not good enough? Why had his name appeared on the list if he was not going to be selected? Could one decision erase years of effort?

For several days, he became quiet. He avoided conversations about sports. The field that once brought him energy began to remind him of rejection. He watched others move forward while he remained uncertain. This was one of the lowest points of his life.

Then, slowly, he began to understand a truth that changed his thinking: **being rejected from one opportunity does not mean being rejected by life.**

The merit list had measured his performance at one time, under one set of conditions. It had not measured his complete ability, his potential, his discipline, or his future. A selection committee could decide whether he entered on competition, but it could not decide whether he would become a strong person.

He began to examine the experience instead of allowing it to control him. He asked himself what he could improve. He returned to training, not because he was certain of immediate success, but because discipline mattered even when results were uncertain. This decision became a turning point. He stopped depending entirely on selection for self-worth. He began to value growth itself.

From Sportsperson to Teacher and Mentor

As time passed, his experiences became a source of strength. He had seen the excitement of victory, the pain of defeat, the pressure of competition, and the confusion created by last-minute rejection. He knew what young players felt before a match, after a poor performance, and when their names were missing from a final list.

This understanding guided him toward teaching. In a private school, he began working with students not only as a teacher but also as a mentor. He taught physical education and trained young learners in sports. However, his real

contribution went beyond exercises and techniques. He helped students develop the mindset required for a balanced and successful life.

When a student lost a match, he did not immediately say, “Try harder.”

He taught them that a coach should not create fear but should build responsibility. A good coach does not shout merely to display authority. A good coach observes, listens, corrects, encourages, and knows when a student needs discipline and when the student needs emotional support.

He also guided students in making the right decision at the right time. In sports, a player must decide whether to attack, defend, pass, rest, or change strategy. In life, students must decide how to use their time, whom to trust, when to speak, and when to walk away from harmful distractions. His own experience taught him that decisions made under pressure can shape the future.

He encouraged students to prepare for opportunities without becoming emotionally dependent on outcomes. He told them that making a team was wonderful, but not making a team did not make them failures. He advised them to keep records of their practice, set realistic goals, maintain fitness, respect their studies, and develop more than one skill. A sportsperson needs physical strength, but also communication, emotional control, and the courage to begin again.

His classroom became a place where students could speak honestly about fear and disappointment. Those who lacked confidence received patient guidance. Those who became overconfident learned humility. Those who were talented but careless learned discipline. Through his own story, he showed them that experience becomes meaningful when it is shared for the benefit of others.

The True Meaning of Success

The boy who once thought success meant being selected gradually developed a deeper understanding. Success was not limited to medals, rankings, or of official lists. It also meant becoming dependable, learning continuously, helping others, and remaining honest during difficult times.

His life demonstrated that people may experience several identities as they grow. A student may later become an athlete, then a teacher, and eventually a mentor. A rejection may become a lesson. A defeat may become a method

of teaching. A closed door may direct someone toward a path where they can help hundreds of others.

He did not erase his painful memories. Instead, he used them wisely. When students faced disappointment, he did not offer false promises that everyone would always be selected. He taught them something more valuable: they could prepare sincerely, respond maturely, and continue improving even when the result was not in their hands.

His coaching philosophy rested on four principles:

1. **Train the body with discipline.**
2. Physical fitness creates the strength necessary for performance and health.
3. **Train the mind with patience.**
4. A calm mind makes better decisions than a frightened or hurried one.
5. **Respect the process.**
6. Results may come late, but regular effort builds lasting ability.
7. **Use success to serve others.**
8. The highest achievement is not standing above everyone else; it is helping others rise.

Conclusion

The story of this young sportsperson is not only about kickboxing, badminton, merit lists, or rejection. It is about the courage to continue when recognition disappears. He learned that a result can describe one day, but it cannot define an entire life. He discovered that failure can become a teacher, disappointment can become direction, and experience can become a powerful tool for guiding others.

Today, he stands beside young learners with the wisdom of someone who has faced pressure, tasted success, endured rejection, and rebuilt his confidence. He teaches them to dream boldly, prepare seriously, decide wisely, and rise after every fall. His greatest victory is no longer a medal or a place on a list.

t. It is the confidence he creates in the students who believe they are not good enough.

The boy who once waited anxiously for selection now helps others understand that their value is greater than any result. The boy who was once rejected at the last moment became a coach who teaches young people never to reject themselves. His name is **Badal Thapa**.

CORRECTION

The Last Apology: I choose myself, I'm sorry

Priya Mehra

I gave you my all in pieces you never saw,
Every time you broke me, I found a flaw –in myself.
I fixed what you didn't break,
I forgave what you didn't regret.

I was the sorry when you were wrong,
I was the stay when you were gone.
I held us together with shaking hands,
While you let go like it was nothing in your plans.

I waited for change in every tomorrow,
You promised in whispers, left me in sorrow.
How many times can a heart rewind?
How many times can it pretend to be blind?

I loved you past my limits, past my pride,
Past the nights I swallowed tears and lied
Said "it's okay" when it wasn't, not even close,
Loving you was the part that hurt the most.



So this is not anger, this is not hate,
This is a soul too tired to wait.
I can no longer beg you to see my worth,
I have to return to myself, to my earth.
You were a lesson I learned too hard, too deep,
Now let me finally, peacefully, weep.

I choose myself, I'm sorry.

Love In the Air

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

Silpa was a dear. I met her for the first time when I was nearly 25. She couldn't have been more than 20 or 21, pursuing a Course in BCA. Let me make one thing clear at the start, Shilpa was the daughter of a distant relative I cared two boots about. Her mother was a nag and the day they were to visit our house, my Ma warned me to put on my best behaviour in front of them.

So, I was Friendliness personified at the time of our first encounter. What struck me at that time was how good looking Shilpa was.

With black, wavy hair and a pair of eyes that reflected the depth of a sea, she was slim and someone who gave you the impression of being very sharp. She had this habit of breaking into a rapacious laughter so infectious that you couldn't help joining in it. It was the charm of her youth, I reckon. Anyway, at the end of our first meeting, my Ma asked Silpa's mother to let her stay with us for a couple of days. A proposal she readily agreed to and left our house with the request to help Silpa get into a route 45 bus that would take her back to her house the next day.

I will never forget the couple of days we spent together. Shilpa was spirited, so full of the joy of living that she didn't let me stand still even for a minute. We dropped by another a sibling's boarding school an hour's journey from our place the next morning,

It being a Sunday, we were waiting at the Reception when my Sis turned up. The next couple of hours passed off like a dream. First, she led us to the Girls' hostel. She took Shilpa along with her to the top floor as she had her rooms there. While I waited outside, Shilpa along with Sis joined me some ten-fifteen minutes later. It was clear that the two had hit it up quite well. Sis had offered her an album and a copy of "Notebook". It transpired that Shipa had noticed the brand new version of Nicholas Spark's very popular novel, a gift from a student on the shelf and was leafing through it, when Sis asked her :

“Have you read the book?”

Shilpa shook her head, adding, “I’ve heard a lot about it from friends. I was planning to borrow it from the library.”

“Then you can take it.”

But Shilpa was reluctant to accept a book which was a gift from a student.

“I know how much it means to you,” she tried arguing with Sister.

“To tell you the truth, I have another copy of the book and I really want you to take it. A must-read for people your age.”

Once Sis made her mind, it was very difficult to dissuade her. So, when Shilpa came down and out of the hostel, she had her hands full. Sis had also offered her a packet of chocolates.

Sitting under a canopy near by, I saw them approaching me. The look on Shilpa’s face was nothing short of pure bliss.

“Don’t be jealous of me. These are gifts from Mou Pissi.” Having kept the gifts on a make-shift rack in the canopy, she broke into her characteristic laugh.

Sis led us to the Canteen next and though it was a Sunday, there were some girls still staying back, relishing their lunch.

Sis asked Shilpa what she would like to have. “You know the cook out here is really good. What about ordering mixed fried rice and chilli chicken?”

Shilpa answered, “I’ve no preference as such and whatever you offer is okay with me.”

We had a delicious lunch there before Sis gave us a tour of the school campus. The Swimming Pool, the Vegetable Gardens, the Sports Ground where we found a number of boys and girls in casuals being coached separately by the Football and Volleyball Coaches respectively. The best of the lot was the temple area dedicated to Lord Krishna and Radha. There was an artificial spring in the centre with rows of colourful flowers all over. It was such a sublime place and there was something so peaceful about this place that made you want to sit back, unwind and believe in Divinity.

Later, we had ice-cream from another canteen. As there was no student there, Sis asked the man in charge for a particular type. He came back some ten minutes later holding a tray with three crystal glasses on it. The ice-cream was a mix of crème and chocolate and some colourful ingredients that were a treat for the eyes. It tasted no less delicious either!

I came to know about Shilpa’s love for ice-cream from there. Later, we bade a teary farewell to Sis. Both Sis and Shilpa were crying as they hugged one another. On the way back, Shilpa couldn’t stop talking about Sis.

“Mou Pissi is such a generous lady. I’ve rarely met anybody like her...”

The next day, we went to watch a movie called “Ardhangini” (Better Half) at Nandan. The story revolves around Shuvra, the past wife of a man in coma and his present wife, Meghna. As Shuvra’s world comes crashing down, she gets to understand the meaning of love through her meeting with Meghna. We enjoyed the movie thoroughly as it was about love and both the female actors competed with and complimented one another in their portrayals of the lead characters.

The movie over, we quietly found our way to a nearby restaurant.

“As we were enjoying our unbelievable masala dhosa, I threw a question at Shilpa.

“Do you believe in true love?”

She took her time while wiping her lips with a tissue before replying :

“What about you? Give me your take on the matter first.”

“If there was a thing called true love,” I quipped, “the number of divorce cases won’t be skyrocketing like the way it is these days. Look at Sis. She led a blissfully happy married life for twenty-five years and then in their silver jubilee anniversary year, got separated from her husband, Rudra Da, on the suspicion that he was seeing somebody behind her back! Can you think of anything more improbable?”

“I’m sad to hear that about Mou Pissi but I do believe in true love. You see, my parents have been married for 34 years, and in all these years, I have never seen them quarrel. They are always so lost in each other. I wish that I end up marrying someone like Baba. He has those qualities of patience, endurance and stability.”

Next afternoon, when I came back home with three large cups of Butter Scotch, Silpa’s delight was kind of spilling over. I had never seen anyone so happy at the sight and taste of an ice-cream!

I was asked to reach Silpa home. We went to Goal Park by bus first. From “Mouchak”, a confectionery, I bought some sweets for her parents as Ma had insisted on this. As we boarded an auto from there to her place, I expressed quite haughtily:

“You know, Shilpa, it’s unfortunate that I could never stand any of our nosy relatives..”

Shilpa didn’t say anything but because we were sitting in the auto side by side, our shoulders and sides touching and pressing against one another’s, I could feel her tense up.

We got off the auto and at the entrance of the Galli (bylane) that led to her house, I saw Shilpa putting her hands together on her forehead while

passing by a small temple. I heard her praying something and had a feeling that she was praying for divine intervention for normalising relations between her parents and me.

I came to know the real Shilpa that afternoon. Within a short time, while her father was talking excitedly to me, “ You know, Ron, we must make a trip to our native village. We’ve acres of paddy and vegetable fields. There are ruhi, tangra, chingri (prawn) fishes in the river. We’ll have a picnic...”

He was a jolly good fellow, I realised.

I was listening to him with rapt attention, trying to understand him better when Shilpa came up with a tray. There were three cups of tea and biscuits for her parents and for me; and a plate containing an omelette and sweets.

“I can’t have all that!” I uttered.

“Please have it, Ron. Our daughter has made it for you with her own hands.” Her mother exclaimed.

She then went on to talk highly of her daughter. That she was a homey girl and loved helping her parents whenever she could make the time.

Later, I left Silpa standing at the door with a saddened look on her face, waving at me till I reached the other end of the galli.

I didn’t see Shilpa for the next three years. I heard that she had found the job of a software programmer at TCS. I also learned that she had switched to management and joined a bank within a year of joining TCS. Ma told me that Shilpa was drawing a package of nearly 8 lacs per annum.

That golden morning, I was still in bed when I heard Ma greet someone chirpily.

Some half hour later, I heard footsteps climbing up the stairs leading to my room. There was a knock on the door.

Someone asked in a familiar voice, “Can I come in?”

The next moment, Shilpa was standing at the door. Gone was the child! In her place, there grew a woman, exquisitely attractive.

“Get up, Ron (Surprising, she never called me uncle). We are visiting Pissi now.”

Once we reached my Sis’ place, I was surprised to see the gifts she had bought for Sis including “Message in the Bottle”, a book in her collection of Nicholas Spark’s that Sis didn’t have. So, she had told her last time.

We had a gala time there. As we got into an auto-taxi on our way back, she took my hand in hers before whispering :

“Baba, hasn’t been keeping well. After effects of Corona. All his organs

have been badly damaged. He wants you to accompany us to our native place one last time. Are you coming?"

Shaped Into a Human

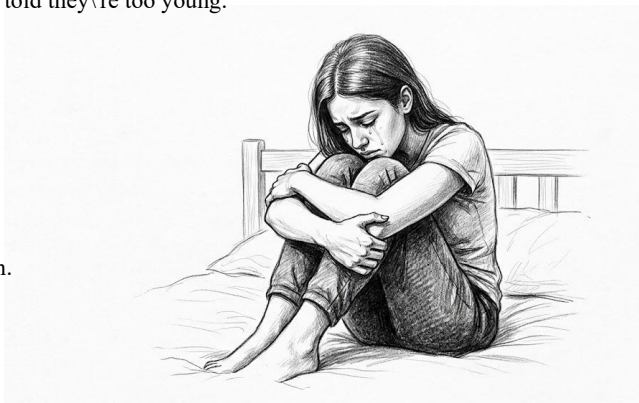
Stuti Shukla

Stains in my blood,
as I wash them away with my tears.

Each one whispers of a past
that refuses to disappear.

Your eyes strip away perspective,
while your mind betrays your tongue.
I feel, I see, I notice too much
too much for someone who's told they're too young.

I know my problem.
I understand far too much.
I won't blame a soul
for being shaped into a human.



Our ooty trip

Hi my self vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad is an practicing advocate at Andhra Pradesh kurnool. beside that I'm a kuchipudi dancer and violinst beside that i had huge passion for writings poetry,fictional stories,novels,poeems.

Vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad

Our Ooty trip started with shopping in our hometown, Kurnool. My mom, dad, and sister and I went to Chandana Brothers and Dress Circle and bought Anarkali dresses in pink, lemon yellow, lemon green, and sea blue, along with some western dresses. My sister also got a few western dresses and Anarkalis. My dad and mom selected all the dresses for us.

Then we started packing. From Kurnool to Hyderabad, we went by bus, enjoying our favourite snacks - Jim Jam biscuits and Kurkure. My dad and mom were quite excited about Ooty, and we as kids, aged 14 and 12, were even more excited.

From Hyderabad to Coimbatore, we took a SpiceJet flight. We clicked pictures inside the flight and there we saw actor Ravi from the movie Panchakshari. My sister and I clicked pictures with him. Later, we saw actress Shruti Haasan and our whole family took pictures with her.

Then, by my dad's company bus, we reached our 5-star hotel in Ooty. We were so happy and delighted to get a 2BHK room with AC and a room heater. Since Ooty is very cold and it was June, it rained all day. My sister and I had happy tears.



We visited so many places in Ooty by bus with my family - Ooty Lake and Boathouse, Government Botanical Garden, the Nilgiri Mountain Toy Train, Pykara Lake and Waterfalls, Pine Forest, Elk Hill Murugan Temple, Government Rose Garden, and many more. We enjoyed a lot of delicious food together for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

My dad's favourite habit is to mix all kinds and colours of ice creams together and then eat it. He loves spicy food. My mom has a sweet tooth. They are opposite poles, yet they are always there for each other.

We kept the room heater on because the weather was so cozy and cold. We enjoyed it a lot. Every early morning, my father loved to click pictures of me, my mom, and my sister, because he loves us more than he shows. And I personally love to click his pictures more than anyone else's.

Later, he went on stage to receive an award, and my mom took his pictures while standing in the crowd, watching and admiring him the whole time. Without hesitating, my father called my mom onto the stage with him. She happily handed the camera to me and my sister and went up. We really enjoyed their moment.

The next day, we came from Ooty to Coimbatore by my dad's company bus, and from Coimbatore to Bangalore by bus. There, we kept our luggage in the cloakroom and went to see Bangalore malls and did some street shopping. My mom and I bought dress materials, and I bought a black and white bag from the street shopping. Later, we had a vegetarian thali at a restaurant in Bangalore.

Then we returned to the cloakroom, collected our luggage, and traveled back from Bangalore to Kurnool by bus. As usual, we reached Kurnool at 10 p.m. at night.

A LOVE THAT LINGERS

Asiya Kamal

I tried to cast your name away,
Like wilted petals swept by May.
But love, it clings in quiet hue,
Like dusk still holding onto dew.

You were the flame my shadows knew,
The calm beneath my stormy blue.
My trembling hands, they reached for grace
And always found your fading face.

You called me mine with tender claim,
And stitched my soul beneath your name.
I bloomed beneath your gentle gaze,
A wildflower lost in summer haze.

No vow was sworn, yet love was loud,
A silent storm beneath the shroud.
You were the sky I dared to trust,
Now all that's left is scattered dust.

I miss the warmth I used to wear,
The lullabies within your stare.
Your voice, a map my heart still reads,
Through thorned goodbyes and aching needs.

We danced inside a fractured dream,
Built bridges over broken stream.
But time exposed what truth had sewn
We loved too much to stand alone.

Toxic tides and unsaid pain,
A language lost in cold refrain.
We shattered slow, like fragile art,
Yet every piece still holds my heart.

I loved you wrong, I loved you raw,
With every scar and every flaw.
And though we broke, I still believe,
You were the breath I couldn't leave.

I speak your name in silent rooms,
In candlelight and phantom blooms.
No one will know the wars I fight,
To miss you softly every night.

You were my home, my sacred place,
A lighthouse wrapped in warm embrace.
And though we've gone our separate ways,
You haunt the ink in all my days.

I'll never beg, I'll never plead,
But love like ours still tends to bleed.
A quiet ache,
a soul-stained art
A love that lingers in the heart.

Mirage

Ishaan Soni is an emerging writer who explores the complexities of human emotions, relationships, and the thoughts that often remain unspoken. His writing draws inspiration from personal experiences, introspection, and the contradictions of everyday life.

Ishaan soni

I am not an open book,
don't treat me like one.
But when I open up,
don't get rid of me,
leaving me to be burnt.
I am just a vulnerable nobody,
freaked out by the world.
The ones I trust
turn out to be the worst.
Thought the love was real,
but thoughts are just mirages
of one's own lust.
They say, "just move on,"
but if it were that easy,
I'd already be on a bust.
Breaking free from the prison
my own mind has constructed.



Murdered every day
by my own thoughts,
while saying everything is fine.
But honestly,
I'm floating on a boat,
balancing on a broken, thin line.

CORRECTION

The Weight of Silent Hopes

Ishika Goyal

They never forced me, never asked me to be more,
Never told me what I had to strive for.
They only said, “Do what makes you happy,”
Yet somehow, I still chase what would make them proud, quietly.

No words were spoken, no expectations voiced,
But the silence felt heavier than anything they could have said.
I know they’d love me even if I fell short,
Still, their silent hopes are the weight I carry with me.



Phir kya socha hai aage ka?

Shreyan Gawande is a writer, lyricist, and storyteller who finds inspiration in the world around him. Drawn to poetry and storytelling, he explores the beauty of nature, the complexity of human emotions, and the subtle details of everyday life.

Shreyan Gawande

Phir kya socha hai aage ka

Main chat par baitha raat ko saare taare ginta hu

Bachpan mein dekhe khwaab ko nayi tareeke se bunta hu

Fikr kiye baigar apni, apno ke taane sunta hu

Khushi chahat samet kr apni bss apni ko hi chunta hu

Itna paraya ho gaya kya main ke hisaab rakhte ho mere khaane ka

Phir sawal thair jata hai waha

Kya socha hai aage ka

Main sabse dur kamane ke liye aaj bhi daud raha hu, aisa nahi ke girta nahi

Chot lagti hai dard hota hai kya tumhe woh dikhta nahi?

Paas aakar parayo ke dhoka hi toh milta hai

Pr ye sab karke hi toh maa ke hasi ka gulab khilta hai

Kho chuka hu jimmedaariyon mein wakt nahi milta khud se mil paane ka

Phir bhi puch rahe ho humse

Kya socha hai aage ka?

Rishtedaar kahete hai mere tyohar ko bhi nahi aya ?

Yaar roya tha na main diwali ki raat kyuki ghar nahi tha main ja paya

Mera kya main toh chote se kamre mein bhi reh lunga

Tere liye krta hu sab tere liye toh sab seh lunga

Abhi toh ghar aya na main kyu puch rahe ho jaane ka

Dikh rahi hai na haalat meri phir bhi puch rahe ho

Kya socha hai aage ka?

Nahi ho raha mujhse main wapas aa jau kya

Jeet kar zindagi meri tere nazro mein gir jau kya

Na na na na aise kaise main kr sakta hu

Bin kuch kiye zindagi kaise main mar sakta hu

Bss inn aasun bhare aakhon ka jawab samjh lena

Bulau kabhi paas agar toh meri halat samjh lena
MaheNat kr raha hu halat meri kabhi toh badlegi na
Woh phooti si kismat meri kabhi toh chamkegi na
Main sab kr lunga re bss sabar rakh mere kar dikhane ka
Bss puch mat mujhse kya socha hai aage ka
Kya socha hai aage ka

CORRECTION

THE GIRL WHO BORROWED TOMORROW

Asila Shaikh

Some dreams are born in palaces. Others grow quietly in homes where every rupee has a purpose.

At seventeen, Aaira learned the price of a dream.

It was printed in small letters beneath the photograph of a university thousands of miles away.

The tuition fee was more than her father earned in months. The application fee was more than her mother spent on groceries in a week. And the scholarship she desperately needed was hidden behind a sentence that read: Only the most outstanding candidates will be selected.

Aaira read that sentence until the words blurred.

Then she closed the website, turned off her phone, and went to help her mother prepare dinner.

In her house, dreams were not forbidden. They were simply expensive.

Her father drove an auto-rickshaw through the crowded streets of the city. Every morning, he left before the sun had properly risen, and every evening, he returned with tired eyes, dust on his clothes, and a little less energy than he had carried away.

Her mother could stretch a handful of vegetables into a meal for four, make an old dress look new, and somehow discover money for an unexpected expense in a purse everyone believed was empty.

They were experts at making things last.

Everything, except time.

Aaira wanted to become a scientist. She wanted to discover medicines that could save lives, work in laboratories where questions mattered more than circumstances, and travel beyond the familiar streets that had shaped her childhood.

But there was another dream she rarely admitted, even to herself.

She wanted her father to stop calculating the cost of everything before allowing himself to want something.

She wanted her mother to buy a dress because she loved it, not because it was on sale.

She wanted, just once, to hear her parents discuss tomorrow without worrying about how they would afford it.

So she studied.

She studied when the electricity disappeared and the ceiling fan fell silent. She studied when the neighbourhood grew noisy. She studied at a table crowded with bills, steel containers, and the ordinary evidence of a family trying its best.

At night, she kept a notebook beneath her pillow.

Its first page carried a sentence written in blue ink:

“One day, I will give my family a life in which hope does not have to ask permission.”

She had no idea how she would do it.

But she wrote it anyway.

The first rejection arrived on a Thursday.

Aaira remembered the day because her mother had made her favourite meal, and she had promised herself she would tell her family about the scholarship if she received good news.

Instead, an email appeared on her phone.

“We regret to inform you...”

Five words. A polite sentence. An entire future suddenly farther away.



She read the email again, searching for a hidden possibility, a misunderstood line, a reason to believe that perhaps it had been sent by mistake.

There was none.

That evening, she ate without tasting anything.

Her mother noticed.

“Are you unwell, beta?”

“No, Ammi. Just tired.”

It was the first time Aaira had used the word tired to hide a broken heart.

Later, she sat on the floor beside her bed and opened her notebook. The sentence on the first page seemed almost cruel now. She could barely imagine a future in which her family had enough, let alone one in which she could change anything.

She picked up a pen.

For several minutes, she stared at the words.

Then she tore out the page.

The sound was disappointingly small.

She had expected giving up to feel like a storm. Instead, it felt like silence.

Her father found the torn page the following morning.

He had come into her room to leave a cup of tea beside her books. The paper lay near the wastebasket, its blue ink still visible.

He picked it up and read it.

When Aaira entered, she stopped at the doorway.

“Baba, I was going to throw that away.”

He folded the paper carefully.

“Why?”

She wanted to say that the dream was too big, that the world had too many doors and she had too little money, that hard work was supposed to lead somewhere and she was beginning to fear it might not.

Instead, she whispered, “What if I never become the person I want to be?”

Her father looked at her for a long moment.

Then he sat down.

“When I was your age,” he said, “I wanted to own a little shop. Nothing big. Just a place with a shutter I could open every morning and close every evening. I imagined my name painted above the door.”

Aaira had never heard this story.

“What happened?”

“Life happened.”

He smiled, but it was the sort of smile that carried an old sadness.

“Your grandfather became ill. There was work to find, bills to pay. I told myself I would open that shop one day. Then one day became another, and another.”

He looked down at the folded paper in his hands.

“I don't know if I will ever have that shop, Aaira. But I don't want you to spend your life believing that because I couldn't reach my dream, you must make yours smaller.”

She felt something shift inside her.

All her life, she had seen her father's sacrifices as a debt. Every rupee he spent on her education felt like a promise she had to repay with success. Every setback seemed to make that debt heavier.

She had never considered that perhaps her father wasn't investing in a guaranteed outcome.

Perhaps he was simply giving her the freedom to try.

“But Baba,” she said, her voice trembling, “what if I fail again?”

He placed the folded page in her hand.

“Then fail at something you truly wanted to do. Learn what you can. Rest if you must. And begin again if you can. Just don't reject yourself before the world has finished answering you.”

Aaira began to cry.

Not because he had solved her problems. He hadn't.

The fees were still high. The scholarship was still lost. Tomorrow remained uncertain.

But for the first time, she understood that she did not have to become successful before she deserved the sacrifices her parents had made.

She was allowed to be a daughter before she became anyone extraordinary.

The next morning, Aaira opened her notebook.

She found a fresh page and wrote a different sentence:

“I cannot promise myself a perfect ending. I can promise myself another beginning.”

Then she made a plan.

She researched scholarships. She worked on her English. She learned new skills, asked questions, collected documents, and applied for opportunities she had once considered beyond her reach.

Some doors remained closed.

Some never answered.

Others opened only a little.

She learned that courage was not always the grand moment people applauded. Sometimes it was filling in another application after a rejection. Sometimes it was asking for help despite embarrassment. Sometimes it was studying for one more hour when the future felt too distant to matter.

Slowly, she stopped measuring her life against the lives of people who had started with more.

She had her own distance to travel.

And she was travelling it.

Months later, another email arrived.

Aaira opened it standing beside the kitchen window, with a wet plate in one hand and soap bubbles sliding down her wrist.

She read the first line.

Then the second.

Her application had been unsuccessful again.

For a moment, the old ache returned. She felt the familiar urge to close the message, put away her ambitions, and pretend she had never wanted anything beyond the life she knew.

Then she noticed her reflection in the darkening window.

She looked tired.

But she also looked different.

She was no longer the girl who believed that one rejection could decide the shape of her entire future. She had learned things no acceptance letter could have taught her. She had become more capable, more patient, and less afraid of beginning without knowing the ending.

She put down the plate.

She opened her notebook.

And she wrote.

Not about the scholarship she had lost. Not about the university that had said no. Not even about the life she still hoped to build.

She wrote about the girl who had continued.

Years later, perhaps Aaira would stand in a laboratory wearing a white coat. Perhaps she would discover something that made a medicine safer, or help develop a treatment that gave a family more time with someone they loved.

Perhaps her journey would lead her to a university across the sea.

Or perhaps life would take her somewhere she could not yet imagine.

She did not know.

And, finally, she no longer needed to know.

One evening, she found her mother sitting by the window, mending a loose button on her father's shirt.

"Ammi," Aaira asked, "do you think I will achieve everything I dream of?"

Her mother threaded the needle again.

"I don't know, beta."

Aaira smiled faintly. "You could at least say yes."

"Would that make it true?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you something better." Her mother looked up. "Whatever happens, don't make your happiness wait until the day you become successful. You are living your life now, not only preparing for it."

Outside, the sky was turning violet. Somewhere nearby, a child was laughing. Her father would return soon, and tomorrow there would be work, expenses, questions, and plans to make.

The world had not suddenly become easier.

But Aaira had stopped waiting for an easier world to begin living.

That night, she placed the original torn page inside her notebook. Her father's careful fold had left a crease through the sentence she had once believed impossible.

She smoothed the paper with her palm.

"One day, I will give my family a life in which hope does not have to ask permission."

Beneath it, she wrote:

“Until then, I will not ask my own hope to leave.”

Then she closed the notebook and placed it beside her bed.

For years, she had borrowed tomorrow from her imagination, spending its possibilities whenever today became unbearable.

Now she understood something different.

Tomorrow was not a place she had to reach before she could be happy. It was a possibility she could prepare for, one ordinary day at a time.

Her father might never own the shop he had imagined. Her mother might never know a life entirely free of worry. Aaira might face more rejection than success before she found her place in the world.

But none of that made their dreams foolish.

None of it made their efforts meaningless.

And none of it meant that the story was over.

Aaira switched off the light.

Beyond the window, the city continued breathing: tired workers returning home, children falling asleep, mothers counting tomorrow's expenses, and somewhere, another young dreamer staring at a future that seemed too expensive to afford.

Aaira hoped that dreamer would keep going.

Not because every dream came true.

But because the size of a person's circumstances could never tell the whole story of the size of their courage.

And because sometimes, before the world gives you a chance, you must learn to give yourself one.

The next morning, Aaira woke up with the same problems.

But she no longer mistook them for the end of her story.

Before We Even Met

Seren Abyss

I don't remember the exact moment I fell in love with you.

I remember the first video, though.

It was an ordinary evening. One of those evenings that meant nothing, the kind you forget until years later when you realize they were quietly responsible for everything that followed.

I was thirteen.

You were a stranger on my screen.

You said something stupid, and I laughed.

That's it. That's how it started. No music swelling in the background, no universe rearranging itself, no invisible thread tying two souls together.

Just a girl in her room, laughing at a boy who didn't know she existed.

I watched another video.

Then another.

And somewhere between your ridiculous jokes, your tired smiles, and the sound of your voice coming through cheap earphones, you became familiar.

I learned the way you laughed before I learned how to explain why hearing it made me happy. I began recognizing your expressions. I remembered little things you'd said without realizing I was collecting them like they were pieces of something precious.

You became part of my days.

You were there when I couldn't sleep, when my thoughts were too loud, when I wanted to laugh without having to explain myself to anyone.

You were there on a screen.

I know that now.

I knew it then, too, if I'm being honest. I knew you couldn't hear me when I spoke to my phone. I knew your smile wasn't meant for me. I knew that millions of people could watch the same video and feel the same warmth I did.

But knowing something and feeling it are two entirely different things.

Six years passed.

I grew older. Your career grew bigger. The world learned more of your name, your music, your face.

And I remained somewhere beyond the edges of your world.

I couldn't afford the concerts. I couldn't buy everything other fans displayed proudly in their rooms. Sometimes, I watched strangers meet you and wondered what it felt like to stand in front of a person I'd spent years seeing through glass.

I imagined it more times than I could count.

What would I say?

Would I cry?

Would I thank you for the days you made a little easier, even though you had never intended to save anyone in particular?

Or would I stand there silently, realizing that the person I'd rehearsed meeting a thousand times was still a stranger?

I don't know.

I suppose I'll never know.

Because this isn't a story about a girl who loved someone and eventually found her way to him.

It's not a story about destiny rewarding patience, or a stranger discovering a message that changes everything.

It's about a girl who loved someone she could never reach.

A girl who watched six years pass through a screen.

A girl who sometimes wondered whether her feelings counted for anything when the person receiving them would never even know they existed.

And perhaps that's why I'm writing this.

Not because I expect you to read it.

Not because I secretly believe these words will find their way to you.

But because somewhere along the way, I began to feel as though I had spent six years holding a conversation with silence.

And I need to put the words somewhere.

So, this is for you.

The stranger who became familiar.

The voice that filled my quietest nights.

The person I loved without ever knowing what it would feel like to be known by him.

You will never read this.

You will never know my name.

And perhaps, one day, I will stop looking at your face and wondering what it would be like to stand beside you.

But tonight, I am thirteen again, watching that first video, unaware of the years waiting ahead of me.

I press play.

You laugh.

I laugh, too.

And for a moment, before I understand the distance between us, everything feels simple.

I wish I could stay there.

Before I loved you.

Before I missed you.

Before I had to learn that someone could mean so much to you and still never be yours.

Before you became someone.

Before you became you.

Before I became the girl who would spend six years loving a stranger.

Before I understood the title of this story.

You were never mine.

CORRECTION

The Girl Who Smiled

Seren Abyss

There are stories that begin with a birth.
Others begin with a death.
Mine began with a smile.
There was a girl everyone loved.
Teachers described her as respectful.
Neighbours called her polite.
Friends said she listened more than she spoke.
Parents wished their daughters were more like her.
When she smiled, people smiled back.
When she cried, they comforted her.
When she succeeded, they applauded.
She was the kind of person who made
everyone believe the world still produced good people.
No one questioned her.
No one feared her.
No one looked twice.
That was her greatest achievement.
...
Years later—
A courtroom filled with whispers.



Journalists crowded every aisle.
Cameras flashed like lightning.
Some wanted justice.
Others wanted answers.
No one expected the girl standing behind the glass barrier.
She wore prison white.
Her wrists were bound by steel.
Her expression remained calm.
The same smile rested quietly on her lips.
The judge asked,
"Lee Min-ju... do you have anything you wish to say before sentencing?"
Silence.
She looked beyond the judge.
Beyond the reporters.
Beyond the families who hated her.
Her eyes settled on one man sitting alone in the last row.
Kang Ji-hun.
The only person who had ever seen every version of her.
The frightened child.
The lonely student.
The idol.
The liar.
The criminal.
The woman she became.

Their eyes met.

For a brief moment...

Neither looked away.

Then...

She smiled.

Not because she was innocent.

Not because she had won.

But because she finally understood something.

Some winters never become spring.

The courtroom erupted into voices she no longer heard.

She closed her eyes.

And remembered the sound of footsteps outside a bedroom door.

THE THREADS THAT HOLD US

Vanitha Babu

In a village of mudinapattu, there was a family. They were living happily. At that time, they were rich. Everyone around the village worked there and earned their living. In that family, there are 2 brothers and a sister. My mother was among them. They quarreled each other. Their mom who played an important role in bringing them up in a good manner. She was a kind and good-hearted person. She had a helping nature which made everyone see her and have a friendship with her. She treated everyone kindly. My mom told about her a lot. I was eagerly listening to her when she narrated her family story with us. My grandfather gave everything to everyone. When my mom was in 10th std, she had a chicken box. In a few days, it had been cured. Their life was going on as usual. Suddenly, their mom fell down and was taken to the hospital. She had some health issues.



Page 2

No one expected they would hear such news in their lives. The news was THEIR MOM'S DEATH. When she died, my mom just completed her 10th and was at home. Her younger brother wrote 10th board. He was waiting for the results. It was a time for change in their lives. Her mom's death affected everyone deeply. No one knew what to do. Everyone was confused how to handle. In course of time, my mom who suffered a lot for being a woman. We know how the society will treat a girl if she doesn't have her mother. My

mom has two brothers; one is younger and another is elder. Her younger brother name is ARANGANATHAN. Her elder brother name is ELAYARAJA. After her mom's death, elder was married to their relative girl to take care of the family. Life didn't go as they expected. Younger brother just completed 10th std. His father took him to petrol bunk to work there.

One year later, my mom was married to my father. Her original name is ESWARI. Her name was changed as a Pavithra for her marriage. My mom faced a lot of struggles in her marriage's life. My paternal grandmother tortured her a lot. She even beted my mother when I was born. There was no support for her to live her life as per her wish. Everyone teased and made her cry when we were children. My mother has 2 daughters and a son. When my brother was born, everyone was happy with him. They thought they got their heir. I had hidden my tears when she narrated her life story with us which was very painful to hear.

Another side, younger brother who suffered a lot without her mother. There is no words to explain this. My mom would say that he kept everything in his heart whatever it was.

He completed his 12th and graduated UG and PG. He tried for an ARMY. He got selected. He had to pay some money to get the job. His father couldn't afford it. He lost it. He didn't lose hope in his life. He went on to study for competitive exams. He cleared it. He got 2 jobs for his hardwork. He chose one to earn his living. Now, he is doing his work properly. Apart from this, he is taking the classes for TNPSC ASPIRANTS when he is free. He never waste his time. He always does something useful when has a sometime. I think he is an example for everyone who want to achieve something in their lives when life seems to be unhappy or unchanged. He has a daughter named AKSHARA who is studying LKG in Vidhyalakshmi School. His wife who has completed B.Ed. Her name is PRABAVATHI. She is one who made his life complete by her presence.

My mom's elder brother is living happily with his family. He has a son and a daughter. They study well. Their life is filled with kuttu's naughty and laughter. My mom who is very happy with her life now. Without her, we are nothing in the world.

Finally, I end this story by saying:

"THERE IS A FAMILY IN A MUDINAPATTU VILLAGE WHO LIVED WITH A PRIDE BUT WHEN THEIR MOM DIED, THEY KNEW THE REALITY OF LIFE."

CORRECTION

When dolls were exchanged for rings

Vanitha Babu

This is the story of married woman Priya. She was brought up in the strict family. She could not say anything in her house. She and her sister Gowthami quarreled each other for everything when they were young. At one point, we became friends. I shared everything with her. She is my HUMAN DIARY till now. This bonding became more stronger when I faced a problem. At that time, everyone was against me. She and my brother Vijay Kumar who supported and stood by me. That is when I realized how much love they have for me.

She got married early for her family. She didn't even know whom she was going to marry. Her marriage was fixed. They didn't ask her permission if she liked or not. She accepted everything and moved on. Before marriage, she had a lot of things in her mind which she wanted to accomplish in the future. She never knew this marriage would change her entire life.

Even though she was good at studies, she could not continue it because of the society. Society tells everyone that women should get married early to take care of the family and have children.

I like one thing from her. She differs from others. Whatever she does, it has something to tell us Priya has done this. She behaves properly to others. She is very kind. She knows tailoring which is her passion. She is doing this when she was young. Her chithappa taught her this by saying, "YOU DON'T KNOW HOW YOUR FUTURE WILL BE AND YOU MUST LEARN THIS TO EARN SOME MONEY IN THE FUTURE."

She stitches every blouse with a creativity she knows.



Every cloth which was stitched by her had a creativity in it. I think she is the reason why I wanted to learn so many things in my life. She handles everything in a way people can admire.

Every successful men has a beautiful woman who sacrificed her life to make her men laugh. She may have a lot of problems in her life. She forgets it and thinks how she can change her life with what she has.

Finally I end this story by telling everyone:

"EVERY WOMAN DESERVES BEST IN HER LIFE."

CORRECTION

THE ARCHITECTURE OF WAITING

Thakur Daivik Singh

The rear carriage of the 6:42 PM suburban local smelled of wet umbrellas, damp wool, and the faintly sweet residue of roasted peanuts. Every evening was an exercise in collective endurance: hundreds of commuters leaning like dominoes with every jerk of the train as it rattled away from the industrial edges of the city.

Puchchii (nick name given to boy from girl) stood by the sliding steel door, wedged firmly between a courier delivery boy balancing three taped parcels and an elderly clerk reading a Bengali daily folded into an origami rectangle. Puchchii had his earphones on, though nothing was playing. He simply liked the illusion of solitude. In his right hand, his thumb unconsciously tapped against the tempered glass of his mobile screen, waiting for the weak network bar to reappear between the brick kilns and the concrete flyover.

A single chime cut through the metallic hiss of the train's vacuum brakes.

"Where are you? The kettle has boiled twice. It's going to strike seven."

Puchchii typed back using only his thumb: "Crossed the signal box. Platform three in six minutes. Did you take your cough syrup?"

Three dots danced on the screen, then vanished, replaced by a simple: "No. It tastes like melted rubber. Come fast, Puchchii."

A quiet smile broke across his face - the kind he spent all day trying to repress in front of his cynical colleagues at the telecom customer center.

To him, Piee (nick name given to girl from his boy) was the steady center of an otherwise chaotic world. In the private universe they had stitched together over three years in a tiny rented flat with cracked teal walls, she was his anchor. He had first started calling her that on a road trip to the sea, watching her struggle through an oversized slice of lukewarm apple pie at a rickety highway diner, pastry crumbs sticking to the tip of her nose. To him, the name carried the weight of pure warmth, soft-edged and comforting against the sharp abrasions of adult life.

The train shuddered into the suburban terminus. Steam hissed from the wheels as Puchii joined the stream of tired men and women pouring down the foot-overbridge. He bought two paper cones of warm roasted almonds from the blind vendor by the ticket barrier, tucked them carefully into his windbreaker pocket, and hurried through the alleyways.

Their home occupied the terrace floor of an old two-story brick house. The staircase smelled of damp lime and mustard oil from the ground-floor kitchen. When he reached the iron grille at the landing, the door opened before his key could touch the lock.

Piee (nick name given to girl from his boy) stood in the doorway wrapped in an oversized mustard-yellow sweater that swallowed her hands up to the knuckles. Her dark hair was wound into a high, loose knot held by a wooden chopstick. She looked pale, her nose slightly pink from a lingering autumn cold, but her dark eyes were alight with that familiar, mocking amusement.

"You took seven minutes from the station," Piee said, blocking the doorway with folded arms. "Your estimate was flawed."

"The platform crowd was thick, and I stopped for these," Puchchii (nick name given to boy from girl) replied, pulling the paper cones from his jacket.

Her stern expression disintegrated immediately. "Still warm?"

"Scorching."

She stepped aside, taking the cones and brushing her sleeve against his shoulder. "Fine. You are forgiven. Go wash your hands before the tea gets bitter."

The single room they shared was small enough that one could cross it in four strides, yet every square foot bore the topography of their shared life. There was no dining table; they ate sitting cross-legged on a thin jute rug laid out on the red cement floor. Against the north wall stood two low wooden bookshelves stacked with engineering manuals, half-empty sketchpads, and volumes of second-hand romantic verse. A vintage brass alarm clock - a flea-market find that ticked so loudly they occasionally had to stuff it inside a drawer when trying to sleep - hummed from the bedside table.

Piee poured black tea steeped with crushed ginger and crushed black pepper into two chipped ceramic mugs.

"Any news from the design studio?" Puchchii asked, taking off his wet shoes and sitting down beside her.

Piee paused, her fingers curling around the hot mug. The question hung in the air, heavy with unspoken stakes. For six months, she had been freelancing for architectural firms, submitting portfolio after portfolio, hoping for a permanent appointment that would allow them to finally move out of the damp terrace flat and sign an actual lease without relying on third-party guarantors.

"They sent an email at four," she said quietly, staring into the dark amber surface of the tea. "They offered the junior visualizer role."

Puchchii's eyes widened, a rush of pride tightening in his chest. "Piee! That's incredible! Why didn't you call me?"

"Because it's at their Hyderabad office, Puchchii," she said, her voice dropping into a flat, steady whisper. "On-site only. They want me to report by the first of next month."

The silence that followed was instant and suffocating, punctured only by the dry, mechanical rhythm of the brass clock on the shelf.

Puchchii stared at her hands. The nails were trimmed short, flecked with faint dots of black Indian ink. Hyderabad was fourteen hundred kilometers away - twenty-six hours on an express train, or an airfare ticket that would swallow half his monthly paycheck at the call center.

"Oh," Puchchii murmured, the warmth leaving his voice.

"I can tell them no," Piee said quickly, leaning forward, her gaze searching his face with frantic urgency. "I can take up the remote drafting gigs from the local contractor. It's less money, but we survive fine. We don't need to change everything."

Puchchii looked at her - really looked at her. He remembered the nights she had stayed awake until three in the morning, her neck aching under the harsh glare of her desk lamp, painstakingly drawing floor plans with an old drafting compass because her laptop screen was glitching. He remembered

how her eyes lit up whenever she spoke about building facades, sunlight angles, and public courtyards.

To ask her to stay in this city, drafting septic tank layouts for corrupt municipal contractors just to share a four-hundred-rupee dinner on the terrace, would not be love. It would be possession.

Puchchii reached across the rug and closed his hand over hers. Her skin was cool, despite the steaming mug.

"You're not saying no, Pice," he said gently, keeping his tone light and even, though his ribs felt hollowed out. "You've worked three years for this portfolio. You're taking the train to Hyderabad."

"And us?" Her voice broke slightly on the word. "You know how long distance goes, Puchchii. People swear they will call every evening, and then after two months, conversations turn into five-minute updates about laundry and grocery bills. Then silence."

"Then we won't call every evening," Puchchii replied, smiling faintly.

"We will call when we actually have something ridiculous to say. And I get four days of leave every month. Do you know how cheap sleeper tickets are if booked thirty days ahead?"

Pice looked down at their joined hands. A single tear escaped her eyelashes and dropped onto the back of his wrist, warm and brief.

"Why do you have to be so reasonable?" she whispered, sniffing and rubbing her cheek against her sleeve. "It makes it impossible to throw a proper dramatic tantrum."

"Because somebody in this house has to maintain structural sanity," he said, handing her a handkerchief. "Now eat your almonds before they go soft."

That night, neither of them slept well. The brass clock ticked its measured, indifferent march toward dawn. When the sky through the terrace window turned the color of bruised slate, Puchchii slipped out of bed without waking her.

He took a small piece of ivory cartridge paper from her sketchpad, cut it into a narrow rectangle with an X-Acto blade, and sat at the edge of the kitchen counter. With an ink pen, he drew a small, minimalist diagram: two

railway tracks diverging across a blank expanse, with a tiny compass rose drawn at the intersection. Underneath, he wrote three lines:

“Distance is merely geometry.

No railway line has ever invented an engine strong enough
to outrun what we left between the walls of this terrace.”

He slipped the note into the inner pocket of her black leather portfolio case - the one she would open on her very first morning in Hyderabad.

Ten days later, Platform Eight was choked with luggage trolleys, porters in crimson kurtas, and the smell of grease from the railway canteen. The engine of the East Coast Express rumbled steadily, sending vibrations through the platform flags.

Piee stood beside the open compartment door, her tickets clutched in one fist, her knuckles pale. She had worn his windbreaker because the train AC was notoriously fierce. It swallowed her slender frame completely.

"Did you pack the digestive pills?" Puchchii asked, adjusting the strap of her duffel bag.

"Yes."

"The spare charger?"

"In the side pouch."

"Piee..."

She suddenly stepped forward, burying her face into the collar of his shirt. Her grip on his back was fierce, desperate, wrinkling the fabric. Puchchii held her tightly, breathing in the scent of her hair - jasmine oil and the faint bitterness of woodsmoke.

"Don't lose your temper at the office supervisor," she whispered against his collarbone. "And don't skip lunch to buy extra internet packs."

"Never," he murmured into her hair.

The conductor's whistle tore through the station air, sharp and final. The train gave a violent heave as the couplings stretched.

"Go," Puchchii said softly, loosening his arms and giving her a gentle push toward the handrail. "Go build something tall, Piee."

She climbed the metal steps, turning back to look at him through the safety bars of the carriage window. As the train gathered momentum, slipping past the yellow light poles and the crowded concrete pillars, she raised her hand to her chest, tapping her fingers twice in the secret rhythm they used whenever words were too heavy to speak aloud.

Puchchii stood on the platform until the red tail-lamp of the last carriage dissolved into the autumn haze.

What people never understand about distance is that it does not kill love through sudden malice; it tests it with the erosion of ordinary hours.

For the first year, they survived on crackling voice notes sent across late-night Wi-Fi, grainy video calls that froze just as one of them began to cry, and sleeper train journeys where Puchchii spent twenty-six hours upright just to hold Piee's hand for forty-eight hours in a rented studio near Begumpet. When Puchchii fell sick with typhoid in the second monsoon, Piee took two unpaid leaves, boarded the earliest bus, sat beside his cot with ice compresses until his fever broke, and took the night coach back to sit through a design review the next morning with bloodshot eyes. When Piee's initial designs were rejected by a client, Puchchii sent her a parcel packed with the same roasted almonds wrapped in a sketch of a blueprint that simply read: The foundation hasn't cracked yet.

True surrender does not calculate miles or counting hours; it merely stands guard. Their love was neither fragile nor demanding; it was built like old brickwork that grew stronger as the weather wore away the superficial gloss.

Four years slipped through the gaps between railway calendars, promotions, and quietly accumulated savings.

On a bright, dust-kissed afternoon in late November, the same courtyard in the suburbs smelled not of rain, but of crushed marigolds, sandalwood paste, and woodsmoke from the sacred fire. There was no opulent banquet, no hollow grandeur. There were only thirty plastic chairs laid out in the yard, a brass shehnai playing soft ragas through a modest speaker, and the people who had watched them weather the long drought.

When Pice (nick name given to girl from his boy) walked toward the mandap in a scarlet Benarasi saree, the gold zari catching the afternoon sun, she looked not at the priests or the guests, but at Puchchii.

Puchchii (nick name given to boy from girl) sat on the low wooden stool wearing a simple raw-silk kurta. As their eyes met, the noise of the chanting faded into a quiet, holy hum. Her eyes were rimmed with kajal, but they were swimming with tears - not of grief or anxiety, but of that profound, crushing relief that comes when a ship finally touches the harbor after years in open water.

When he reached out to hold her hand during the seventh circumambulation around the sacred flames, she pressed something small into his open palm.

It was the ivory paper note, preserved inside a clear plastic sleeve. The edges were frayed, the ink slightly blurred from sweat and tears carried across years of interstate commutes, but the lines remained sharp: Distance is merely geometry.

Puchchii looked down at it, and for the first time in four years, the composure he had carried like armor shattered. A quiet, breathless sob tore from his throat. Tears ran hot and unashamed down his cheeks, dropping directly onto the worn paper.

Seeing him break, Pice stepped forward, disregarding the priest's formal instructions, and buried her forehead against his chest, weeping so softly and completely that the courtyard fell into reverent silence. The long separation, the cold railway berths, the unanswered midnight rings, the loneliness of empty dinners - all of it evaporated into the smoke of the sacred wood.

Distance had tried every trick of geography, but it had met two people who had refused to yield an inch of their faith.

Today, in a sunlit corner flat overlooking the river in Hyderabad - where Pice leads the design team and Puchchii manages his own regional logistics venture - the old brass alarm clock sits quietly on the mantelpiece. It still hums with that loud, mechanical tick. But neither of them ever puts it in a drawer anymore. Every second it records now belongs to the same room, under the same roof, where the kettle boils only once, and two chipped mugs always sit side by side.

- Daivik Singh... 🍌

CORRECTION

Koi humara

Shreyan Gawande

Ishq ke rang mein rang jaane ko dil krta hai

Teri gully ke khidki se tujh hi ko taakne ko dil krta hai

Takra jata aksar tere khayalon se main

Teri behki si yaadon mein beh jaane ko dil karta hai

Koi musafir-e-ajnaabee apna lagta hai

Usey uss hi se pana sapna lagta hai

Dhundhta hu ishq ki har raah mein usko

Koi iss kadar kashish-e-dil apna lagta hai

Lagta hai maano ek sahara hai

Iss bekhudi jag mein\" koi humara hai \" \"koi humara hai\"

Ab manzile na dhundhu main bhatku raahon mein

Duniya meri jaa samayi hai teri baahon mein

Ab duniya rahi kis kaam ki meri

Main toh dhundta hu duniya
saari teri aakhon mein

Bhul jata sab kuch main par
khabar Teri saari hai

Dekha pyaar yu toh khub hai , iss
baar shayad meri baari hai

Kore kagazo pr likhta kahani aksar main

Haa ye ishq ki kahani humari hai

Inn mushkilo mein koi dil ka guzara hai

Mila hu aapse lagta yahi \"koi humara hai \"
\" Koi humara hai \"

Hawao mein fizaon ki tarah tumhe dhundh leta hu

Haqeeqat ka pata nahi tumhe sapno mein apna maan leta hu

Yu toh sawaalon ka jawab dete nhi tum

Par tumare ishaaro se saare jawab jaan leta hu

Yu toh zindagi se jeet kar tujhse haar jata hu

Wada karta hu tujh se jaha bhi jaaye tu tere sang aata hu

Aur tu koshish ki baat krti hai

Har mandir ke har sidhi pr tujhe maang lata hu

Iss samndar ke ashaant paani ka shaant kinara hai
Dekhta hu tujhe sukoon paata hu lagta hai \"koi humara hai \" \" koi humara
hai \"



CORRECTION

Will You Forgive Me?

arpit salunkhe

I may sulk and turn away from you,
Will you still forgive me?

If I don't call, if I don't say a word,
Will you try to understand me?

If I arrive a little late,
Will you wait for me?

If everyone leaves me behind,
Will you hold my hand?

If I fail to give you enough time,
Will you understand me?

I may make a thousand mistakes,
Will you still forgive me?

Because I wanted to walk beside you,
Along that distant road,

Where there would be only you, me,
And the solitude we called our own.

Where the rest of the world would fade away,
And we could live a few moments
As something that belonged only to us.

I wanted us to fight,
And then be the one
Who would make you smile again.

But the apology resting on my lips
Never found the words to come alive.

Amid the smoke of my ego,
I could no longer see
The road that led to love.

What use is that apology now,
If you will never come back to me?

And yet, even today, my heart wonders,
If someday you return to me,

And we leave all the past behind,
Will you forgive me, just once?

Some memories

Gobika Rengaraj

Some people enter our lives when we need them the most and make everything feel beautiful. ❤️ They bring happiness when we're sad, comfort when we're struggling, and smiles when life feels difficult. 🧩💖

They become more than just a person; they become our strength, our comfort, and a special part of our lives. Sometimes, one genuine person is enough to turn our sadness into happiness and make our world more beautiful. 🌸💫



Memories that never fade

Gobika Rengaraj

A picture may look like just a picture, but sometimes it holds an entire story.



Our gallery is filled with so many pictures, but some of them are truly special. They carry emotions, beautiful moments, unforgettable memories, and a kind of happiness that words cannot explain.

Sometimes, we look at an old picture and suddenly our mind goes back to that moment. We remember the people, the place, the feelings, the laughter, and everything we experienced at that time. For a few seconds, it feels like we are living that beautiful moment again.

Life keeps moving forward, but pictures give us a way to hold on to the moments we never want to forget. ❤️

So, keep taking pictures,
keep collecting moments,
and keep creating memories.
One day, those little
moments will become the
most beautiful part of your
life. 🌸 ✨



Nazm

khushee parochee

Aaj ki raat mere naam kar dijiye, Chhota sa hi sahi... ek ehssaas kar dijiye!

Ye mausam sa chehra, ye khamosh lehja, Samandar-si aankhon mein thoda sa sukoon bhar dijiye!

Jo baatein lab tak aakar thehar gayi, Unke khamoshi ki teh mein hi sahi, koi roop de dijiye, Chhota sa hi sahi... ek ehssaas kar dijiye!

Gham faasla kar liya hai tijori ka, To yun aankhe pannon na kijiye... Mujhse sawaal karne ka gumaan na kijiye, Bas itna sa karam karo...

Jate-jate hi sahi, is aakhri raat ko, aakhri shab ko... Gham-e-sham se nikal kar, ishq-e-gumraahi se paar dijiye, Chhota sa hi sahi... ek ehssaas kar dijiye!

Aap khwahishon se behtar hain, magar khwahishon talashne mein, Waqt zaya kar dete hain... Shayad main bhi unhi khwahishon mein शामिल thi jo aapko pasand na aayi...

Magar yaad aaye, mohabbat kabhi nahi hoti... Ye sirf nazar ka fareb nahi, rooh ka imtehaan hoti hai, Ye wahi chahat hai jo aapke naam par sajde karti rahi... Khud toot kar bhi, aapko muskurane se koshish karti rahi...



To bas jaane se pehle itna karam kar dijiye... Mujhe bhool pana, aasaan nahi hoga, Sabhi ka hiye, shukriya ka hiye... Magar meri mohabbat ka ehteram zaroor kijiye!

A man who has to do everything for feeding\" his family stomach ...

Aish kumari

Doing work in construction

With lots of frustration

Mind full of dreams

Heart want those things

Tired Body want sleep

Stomach want food

But what to do there is nothing to choose

He Have lots of dreams,

But in reality he has never he seen

He stuck in his work

But mind Have prefect life dreams

We all know poverty

Now in the peak....

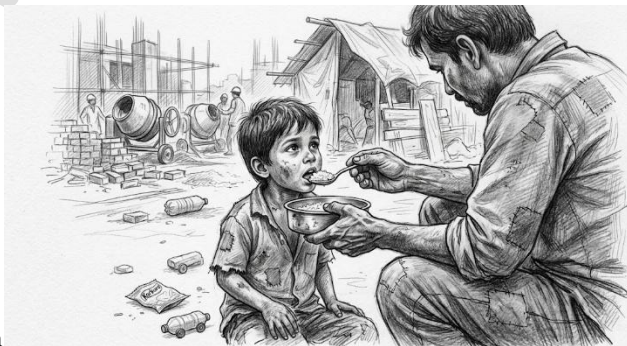
Work day and night

And painful sleep

Now reality hit him

Now he have not any dream

Because now he only wants sleep



Because mind want peace

But poverty in the peak....

But

Now there was some change

Now children are in dreams

They want luxurious things

But they are in dreams

When reality hits them

They have to do work

In little age

As soon

Dream will break

And everything looks fake

Because all day they have to work

Soft hand become rough

Childhood will lost

Poor peoples children\'s

generation

got stuck

Because poverty in the peak

I DON'T KNOW

Mansi Kholi is a writer and poet who finds inspiration in life, society, and human emotions. Having worked in child education, she believes in the power of education and words to bring change. Through her writing, she hopes to express her thoughts, question society, and inspire people to see the world a little differently.

S.R Mansi Kholi

I don't know how to deal with these days,

I don't know how to be patient in so many ways.

I don't know how to hide what I feel,

Or make things normal,

like none of this is real.

I don't know how to stop focusing on you,

I don't know how to act like I used to do.

I don't know how to be quiet

when my heart has so much to say,

Or how to make these feelings simply go away.

I'm like this, and maybe I'll remain the same,

With the same feelings, the same heart, the same name.

There's no change in me, at least not that I can see,

But I don't know what you think of me.



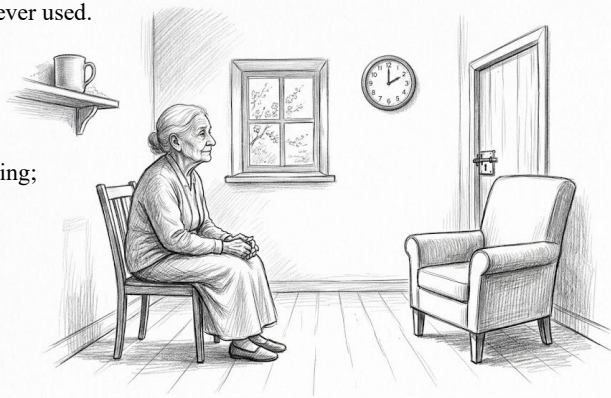
I don't know how you'll see me tomorrow,
With all these feelings I don't know how to borrow.
I don't know what you think or what you might say,
Or if your thoughts about me will change someday.

But I promise you one thing, no matter what I feel,
I'll never judge you for being honest and real.
No matter what you think of me,
whatever your point of view,
I'll never make a wrong judgment about you

The Promise?

Rakhi

When he left,
he paused beside the door—
looked back, said to me:
“I will come back soon.” Nothing more.
Lie or truth? I’ll never know.
His footsteps faded so fast.
The latch clicked softly behind him,
locking away my past.
Now he is gone.
I am left in this quiet, empty house.
His chair remains facing the entryway,
as dust settles like slow, heavy snow.
His mug sits on the top shelf—
washed every single morning, never used.
A silent, white witness
to all these lost years.
The clock on the wall keeps ticking;
Each second drags its feet.
It took him barely two minutes
to render my life incomplete.



Two decades have slipped by,
yet I stand waiting at the same worn gate,
watching every shifting shadow
for a silhouette that won't return.

Years have lined my skin,
if not this patient heart;
a sudden knock against the wood
tears my fragile calm apart.

Sometimes in the fading light,
as streetlamps start to glow,
I catch a whisper of his voice
in the hush my curtains hold.

I turn around, expecting him—
only emptiness answers back.

Like a ghost train that never arrives,
leaving just echoes on the cold track.

Spring feels almost like a sting now;
it brings a sharp, heavy ache.

Blossoms bloom outside my window
where all my promises broke.

Just breathing through the days—
a slow, unending chore.

Opening this same old door
for a promise time refused to keep.

CORRECTION

What He Left Me With: Doubt

Manzar Khan

Separation didn't just leave me in isolation—
it surrounded me with a silence that refuses to answer.
A lifetime of self-belief, broken into pieces,
and an unending line of doubts with nowhere to fall.
I keep asking myself why it happened,
why I was the one who had to pay such a price.
Inside me sits a heavy, lingering low,
a weight that steadfastly refuses to lift.
Slowly, the thought takes root:
perhaps I was never enough anyway.
In every room, among every gathering,
I shrink beneath the noise.
I wear a smile I do not feel,
forced to act as if nothing is wrong.
I have paid an exhausting, terrible price—
left waiting in the silence, wondering what answer
could ever heal the weight of all this suffering.



Our First Date

Hafizah Shamshu Alam

We meet for the first time

All shy not much talk

On your truck listening to music

Driving to our destination place

Reached the movie

Had to wait

2 hour left till movies start

Back in truck went to get food

Shawarma as our first date food

Reached the park near the beach

Where we eat and explore the place

Taking pic making memories

Joking with each other slowly coming out of shell

Came back to movies

Got inside

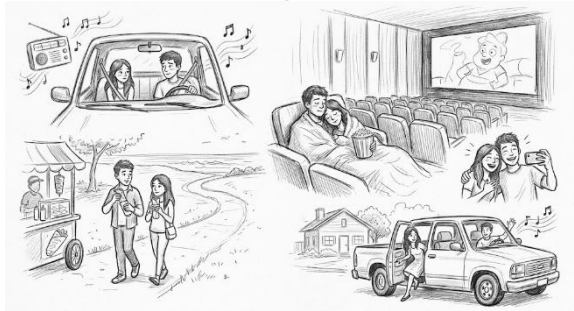
Just to find out

No one else was there but us

Feel like a fate

Spend time just two of us

Watching classic comedy cartoon



Eating popcorn while being cuddled up

Once it done

Back in truck

Listening to music

As he dropped me home

A great first date

Unforgettable

Hoping to go on second one

CORRECTION

pyarr ka basera

Shourya Gupta

unke bina adha sa hu
unke dekhe bina yu adhura sa hu
unke khayallo m kuch khoya sa hu
unke yaddo m yu duba sa hu
unhe dekh sukoon panne ki khwaishh si hai
khwaish puree na honne ka yu gham sa h
iss gham se niklne ka ek lauta sahara h voh
meri hrr dubti nav ka ek lauta kinara h voh
meri pyarr ka basera h voh
meri sukhoo ka ek lauta sahara h voh



Forbidden Kiss

My name is Angel Rose and I'm 32 years old. I have currently been published 25 times in 8 different anthologies. I've been writing every since I was 11 years old and wrote my first manuscript at 21 year-old. I have experience in writing poetry, short stories, micro fiction, and song lyrics.

Angel Rose

We did everything right,
The patience, the love, communication,
The passion was oh so great and yet we waited,
No one wanted us together,
They frowned upon just the thought of us,
They snickered and snared and laughed,
As hurtful as it was,
We still chose to love one another.
The first time we kissed was like electricity in a bottle;
Magnetic, direct, and pure.
Then they decided they wanted to interfere,
But why?,
For what reason?,
We weren't doing anything wrong,
And yet they still hated us,
Its ok because those forbidden kisses turned into true love.



Finding each other again and again

Meet Zeba, a brilliant 18-year-old author and writer who captures deep human emotions with stunning maturity. Blending a fresh perspective with captivating storytelling, she crafts unique narratives that resonate across generations. Keep an eye on this rising literary talent as she shapes the future of contemporary literature.

Zeba Mariyam Khan

we were seven years old, in 2015 May 31st that was the first time I saw him, fought on the first meet but also I secretly liked him smiling even though I was faking that I hate him in front of my friends, then we were classmates also neighbours living in front of each other then we became good friends but also rivals sometimes, then he was a failure I was the topper I helped him in studies, after four years old studying together in the same school he got transferred to another school which was not affordable for me, so now just left with some memories and only neighbours who doesn't talk to each other.

I get to see him after weeks and weeks because of his busy schedule no contact no talking anymore after 5 years of gap finally found his number in 2025 January finally texted him, and got the courage of telling him how I felt about him all this time and finally texted but unfortunately he became the topper now so he instantly said this is not the right age because we both were just 16 at that time, but then a few days later on January 25th he texted again saying let's be friends i agreed that's how much I liked him, but surprisingly he was not the same person like before, he was someone smart, tall, handsome with brown skin brown almond shaped eyes, academic achiever has a lot of friends now while I was nothing in front of him, not a topper no friends, no confidence but only real feelings,

we started talking a little, everyday he always texted first after 4:30 then we talked for one hour everyday, that became my favourite time of the day, I only replied, because he was such a bore never had a topic to discuss I always started the conversation, he wrote me a friendship poem on February 10th because I used to write for him secretly and I told him that I love to write he said he's not a bug fab if writing or reading but he did that too I

felt loved for a moment, then the second month of talking to him I recognised his feelings for me his care for me but he always denied, even though jokingly I asked this many times but he was still continuously refusing to accept

then the third month, April he started showing more of his care more of his feelings

fourth month of May now this time it was 28th at 1:15 am he said one by one that "I am accepting that I LOVE YOU" before seven days of my birthday he said that, we got in a relationship being each other's first ever boyfriend and girlfriend and love,

but we never met, even though we lived in front of each other we had no chance of seeing each other, then on June 7th it was out festival Bakra Eid, i called him on his rooftop while I was on my friends rooftop there was nobody to look at us, after 5 years i got to see him properly and smiling I couldn't believe he was smiling for me he was also looking at me with eyes full of love and a beautiful smile i was happy but in tears also i didn't know what I was feeling at that time, on June 29th suddenly his phone was off, i texted and texted texted he never replied, I texted one of his friends, he reached out to him and found out his phone broke and no idea of him coming back, then I waited and it was already a habit of talking to each other everyday so it was almost really hard to not talk to him even for a day, i was crying without him, he was not even home he went to his grandma, then he came back on July 11th till then I was angry so I left at my grandmothers house then after waiting for months i came back in August 17th it was so hard living without each other, we both realised, then again after months of talking it happened again, he again disappeared on September 29th again I waited, then on 6th I was going for my tuition then it was so dark, I wore blue dotted dress with white pants, he was coming from front i stopped him saying "Stop" in my commanding voice, he stopped right there after 2020 i thought I would never talk to him face to face but I did, i asked him where he was, he said he'll come back after his phone get repaired, he came back next day then again on November 2nd this happened, this time it was almost unbelievable, he disappeared for the entire month, we used to play badminton at night with my friend, and he used to go for night walk with his brothers, from just right in front of me he used to pass everyday just because he could see a glimpse of me, and i used to be there for him as well, i had so many questions for him, but I knew it

was not his fault, they were his parents who wouldn't let him use phone, then again he came back on November 29th texted me after month, I was not angry but I was hurt yet i was ready to wait for him, but this time he came back with his own Phone now he no longer used his mumma's phone and he'll not disappear again, then we talked for the whole night and night in December but then suddenly we planned secretly on 25th December on Christmas he invited me to his school while he was still in class 11th,

I went there and finally saw him from very close after 2020

It was magical walking beside him feeling safe and protected fearing nothing, but we were so shy that we couldn't even hold hands even though we both were so desperate of touching each other, and I realised how much I LOVE THIS PERSON, I never felt like this and same thing was from his side my boyfriend touched my side curtain bangs without me noticing or feeling anything he later told me that he did that secretly while I did nothing because I was that nervous, we were together for a whole hour

everybody in his school finally knew me that I WAS HIS GIRLFRIEND I WAS HIS LOVE while we wore blue and white but unintentionally everybody teased him about us then we became closer and closer after one meeting

later on his birthday, we first time video called each other that was my plan because my boyfriend said that he easily forgets his own birthday i said I'll make your birthday memorable, on March 6th I prepared a customised pen and keychain written his name on it, and on the keychain I wrote "white coat loading" with 6 dots on it, resembling his birthday since he was studying to become a doctor and my baby looks so cute in white colour I did this for him, and his name on the pen,

I put it outside of his house after texting him, so that nobody could see us doing that later he picked it up and opened it while filming a video for me, he asked for my size of ring and bangles, then I put one of my bangles and a ring in that box for the size, he was so happy about it,

then we were outside because no lights were there nobody was there that was the first time we held hands on his birthday I was so nervous that even my hands were sweating a lot, still he had no problem in holding them

but then I held his arms slightly asking for a hug he did that Instantly without hesitation and unintentionally we again twinned with yellow fits, I was shaking a lot

after that we planned again to meet on 22nd March

we met wearing pink and white colour showing everybody that we belong to each other, clicked a lot of pictures in the cafe named \"THE NICE CAFE\" which later became our HOME because it's been three times of us going there

we kissed on the sofa mouth to mouth using our lips simply we french kissed each other while he was 18 and I was still 17 he gifted me kashmiri bangles and a beautiful ring which I'm still wearing right now he put them in my hands by himself kissed on my hands after putting the ring

he kissed on my forehead first then on my lips without telling me but yes I did give him every permission every right OF COURSE I AM HIS GIRLFRIEND HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE WANTS WITH ME AND I WON'T STOP

we ate chocolates but in our way, I put them in my mouth and he ate it from there he took a sip of water and then put it into my mouth I drank water from his mouth

we had the best time with each other then again we planned to meet and now it started happening often

then again we met on April 4th, we again twinned wearing white fits, and I sat on his laps the whole time he forced me to but I was hesitating a bit since I was on my periods I told him that I was a little bit uncomfortable sitting like this he didn't say anything instead he knew that I was in pain and his hands are always warm so he slid his hands on my stomach and I felt relief

We filmed a lot of videos together that every couples do

again I put chocolate into my mouth and ate them together with my mouth, he got me that chocolate

then yes he forced me to sit on his bike and dropped me on the halfway, then again we met on April 11th but this time there was sadness because I

had to go to Mumbai to see my father because he was a little unwell and I had no idea when I am coming back, so I asked him to meet me

but it was his school and also he had fever but still he came to meet me this time we didn't twin because nothing was going well, he came for me and I hugged him

we were on the rooftop together alone, again I sat on his laps towards his face we were so close no gap was left between us, I loved that moment that I almost cried I was only able to control my tears from rolling down through my cheeks, and I hugged him tightly while still sitting on him

we were together for 2 hours again, but it felt so less

he ordered maggie for me since he knew they were my favourite and he fed me from his hands because they were so hot and again we ate chocolate in the same way

okay so now we should officially announce THIS IS OUR WAY TO EAT DAIRY MILK CHOCOLATES and he knew that I love to eat last bites of every food so when I put that last but in his mouth he forced me by my head and put that bite again in my mouth saying that I love eating this and we both love eating it like this, he pulled me so close to him not even an inch was left between us, I was so comfortable sitting there, it was close to 3 pm, now finally I had to go say bye to him for a long time, but then he pushed me to the wall,

kissed me passionately and because I allowed him, then we hugged tightly one last time, I gave him my hair tie so that he can feel my presence though I'm not there with him but still I am here with him, and we love each other so distance is nothing for us, we still talk on video calls we text each other at night because he's busy whole day in studying then we said bye and also he lifted me two times when we met, I felt so light in his arms and on his laps, I felt so loved by him, nobody can love me like he loved me, I love him

then he again told me he will drop me and he did that till the halfway, after an hour later I had to finally go from my home, I texted him that I was leaving but maybe he didn't check his phone and while leaving the house we couldn't see each other a last time, I did text him that I was halfway to the bus station he said he's coming but he was late, although he did come for me but I was already gone,

and i has tears all along the way and I'm pretty sure that he cried too but he wouldn't tell me he always pretends to be strong in front of me even after telling him a thousand times to express and not pretend or fake smiles in front of me but he could never do that because my baby always tell me who would comfort me if he starts to cry

I LOVE HIM SO MUCH.

CORRECTION

Woh lamhe

Rumesha Ansari

अंधेरे में उभरा हुआ उजाला है तू,
तू ना जाने कितना नायाब खजाना है तू।
मेरे लफ़्जों से ज़्यादा ऊँचा तेरा लिखना है।
मुझे तुझ बिना कुछ ना पाना है,
ना जाना वहाँ, जहाँ तू ना हो,
ना जप पाना है वो सिर्फ, जहाँ तू ना हो।
तू क्या है मेरे लिए, ये मैं कह ना सकूँ,
तेरे खातिर मैं तो कुछ खास लिख ना सकूँ।
ना कह सकूँ कितना अफ़ज़ल है तू,
तू ना जाने पर, सबसे बेहतर है तू।
कुछ कहना चाहूँ तो लफ़्ज़ भूल जाऊँ,
पर वो लफ़्ज़ कहाँ से लाऊँ जो बयाँ करे तुझे?
तू ना जाने पर तू ख़वाब है मेरा,
जो लफ़्जों में नहीं, हकीकत में बयाँ करना है।
तू ना जाने पर कितना अफ़ज़ल है तू..!!
पूरा करना अधिकार है मेरा,



सब ख़्वाब-ए-हकीकत में जो भी हो।

पर सबसे अफ़ज़ल नायाब खजाना है तू,

तू ना जाने पर,

न कह सकूँ, न लिख सकूँ, ऐसा अफ़साना है तू...!!

CORRECTION

ना जाने मैं कहाँ खो गई।।।

Taariniiii(Srishti)

सबने कहा तुम बड़ी हो,
तो मैं बड़ी हो गई पर अंदर कहीं,
एक छोटी बच्ची कैद हो गई।

सबने कहा तुम समझदार हो,
मैं समझदार हो गई पर अंदर कहीं,
एक ना समझ गुम हो गई।

सबने कहा तुम जिम्मेदार हो,
मैं जिम्मेदार हो गई पर अंदर कहीं,
एक लापरवाह कहा खो गई।

सबने कहा तुम सयानी हो,
मैं सयानी हो गई पर,

सयानी बनते बनते ना जाने कब मैं कहानी बन गई।



जो सबने चाहा वो कर-कर के,

ज़माने की आदर्श तो बन गई,
पर जो मेरी खुद की कहानी थी,
उसमे ना जाने मैं कहाँ खो गई,
ना जाने मैं कहाँ खो गई।।।

CORRECTION

✦ अनकहे पन्ने ✦

Pihu Jain is a student with a keen interest in creative writing and poetry. She enjoys expressing thoughts and emotions through words and exploring the beauty of Poetry

Pihu.Jain

कुछ कहानियाँ सिर्फ पन्नों पर नहीं लिखी होतीं, वो दिल पे लिखी होती हैं, क्योंकि वो कभी पूरी नहीं होतीं। वो होती हैं एकतरफ़ा।

उनमें सुकून तो नहीं, लेकिन दुख बहुत होता है। वो दिखता नहीं, लेकिन ग़म ज़रूर होता है।

इसीलिए किसी ने क्या खूब कहा है—

जो तुम्हारा नहीं है, वो कभी ठहरता नहीं,
और जो तुम्हारा है, वो कभी जाता नहीं।



The story between us

संगीता पटेल, आयु 26 वर्ष, मध्य प्रदेश के जबलपुर शहर की निवासी हैं। उनकी प्रारम्भिक शिक्षा केंद्रीय विद्यालय, सीओडी, जबलपुर से पूर्ण हुई। उन्होंने शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में उत्कृष्ट उपलब्धियाँ प्राप्त करते हुए बी.कॉम., बी.एड., एम.एड. तथा पीजीडीसीए की डिग्रियाँ अर्जित की हैं।

Sangeeta shivam Patel

आप मिले तो लगा वक्त थम गया

आपकी आँखों में मेरा कल जम गया

ना आपने कुछ कहा ना मैंने कुछ सुना

बस दिल ने दिल की बात बुन गया

हम साथ चले पर रास्ते अलग थे

हम पास थे पर फासले अलग थे

आपकी हँसी आज भी याद आती है

आपकी बातों से शाम महक जाती है

कुछ अधूरा रह गया हम दोनों में

जो पूरा होकर भी पूरा नहीं हुआ

एक ख्वाब जो देखा था साथ में

वो आँखों में ही कहीं खो गया

आप कहीं और मैं कहीं और हूँ

पर दिल तो आज भी वहीं है

जहाँ आप थे वहाँ हम थे

और हमारी वो अधूरी कहानी है

लोग कहते हैं भूल जा उसे

पर कैसे भूलूँ उस कहानी को

जो खत्म होकर भी खत्म नहीं हुई

उस अधूरी सी निशानी को

एक लड़का था, एक लड़की थी

दोनों में एक अजीब सी कशिश थी

ना दोस्ती पूरी ना प्यार पूरा
बस एक रिश्ता था जो अधूरा था

पहली मुलाकात याद है मुझे
आपने हँस के देखा था मुझे

उस हँसी में कुछ तो बात थी
जो दिल को छू गई थी

फिर रोज़ मिलना रोज़ बातें
छोटी-छोटी वो मुलाकातें

आपके बिना दिन अधूरा लगता था
आपके साथ सब पूरा लगता था

मैंने सोचा आपको बता दूँ
दिल में जो है सुना दूँ

पर हर बार होंठ सिल गए

अल्फ़ाज़ वहीं थम गए

आपने भी तो कुछ नहीं कहा

पर आँखों ने सब कह दिया

आपकी खामोशी में भी

मुझे प्यार नज़र आया

फिर एक दिन आप दूर चले गए

बिना कुछ कहे बिना बताए

मैं वहीं खड़ी रह गई

तआपके खत का इंतज़ार करती

आज सालों बाद भी सोचती हूँ

क्या होता अगर रोक लेती आपको

क्या होता अगर कह देती

दिल में जो छुपा रखा था आपके लिए

पर अब क्या फायदा सोचने से
जो होना था हो गया

हमारी कहानी अधूरी रह गई
और वक्त आगे बढ़ गया

आप अपनी दुनिया में खुश हैं
मैं अपनी दुनिया में गुम हूँ

पर कभी-कभी रातों में
मैं आज भी आपको सोचती हूँ

काश आप लौट आओ एक बार
काश फिर मिले हम उसी मोड़ पर

जहाँ अधूरी रह गई थी कहानी
उसे पूरा करें हम एक बार फिर

पर जानती हूँ आप नहीं आएंगे
ये ख्वाब बस ख्वाब ही रह जाएगा

हमारी अधूरी कहानी का

ये पन्ना यूँ ही अधूरा रह जाएगा

क्योंकि कुछ कहानियाँ पूरी होने के लिए नहीं

बस याद रखने के लिए होती हैं।

हमारी अधूरी नहीं

हमारी सबसे पूरी कहानी

सुनो ना...

आप सरहद पर खड़े हो

और मैं यहाँ घर पर आपका इंतज़ार करती हूँ

आप देश की रखवाली करते हो

और मैं आपकी एक मुस्कान का इंतज़ार करती हूँ

सुबह उठती हूँ तो आपकी वर्दी याद आती है

जिसमें आप सबसे सुंदर लगते हो

शाम होती है तो आपकी वो आखिरी

बात याद आती है

ध्यान रखना कहकर गए थे आप

लोग कहते हैं मैं फौजी की पत्नी हूँ

मजबूत हूँ, हिम्मत वाली हूँ।

पर कोई नहीं जानता रात में

कैसे आपकी फोटो से लिपट कर रोती हूँ

आपकी वो छोड़ी हुई शर्ट आज भी रखी है

जिसमें आपकी खुशबू बसी है

जब बहुत याद आती है

उसी को गले लगा लेती हूँ

कभी-कभी डर लगता है बहुत

न्यूज़ देखकर दिल घबराता है

पर फिर आपकी हिम्मत याद आती है

और मेरा डर हिम्मत बन जाता है

आप कहते हो ना

हमारी कहानी अधूरी है दूरियों से

नहीं पिया हमारी कहानी सबसे पूरी है

क्योंकि इसमें इंतज़ार है, प्यार है, इज्जत है

और एक फौजी के प्यार का गुरुर है

आप देश के हीरो हो दुनिया के लिए

पर मेरे लिए सिर्फ मेरे पति हो

मेरे बच्चों के पापा हो

मेरे इस सूने घर की रौनक हो

जल्दी आना, छुट्टी लेकर,

मैं आपकी पसंद की खीर बनाऊँगी

आपकी गोद में सिर रखकर

सारे शिकवे भुला दूँगी

जब तक नहीं आते

अपना खयाल रखना

सरहद के साथ-साथ

मेरा दिल भी संभाल रखना

आपकी राह देखती

आपकी पत्नी

I Love You

Mere Fauji Sahab

जल्दी घर आना

करशील ना माफ मला

arpit salunkhe

मी रानवेल तुला,

तू करशील ना माफ मला?

नाही केला कॉल, ना बोललो काही,

तर समजून घेशील ना मला?

यायला उशीर झाला मला,

तर वाट बघशील ना ?

सोडून जातील सगळे,
तू धरशील का हात माझा ?

नाही देता आला वेळ,
तर समजून घेशील ना ?

मी चूकेन हजार वेळा,
तू करशील ना माफ मला ?



कारण जायचं होतं सोबत तुझ्या
त्या दूरच्या वाटेवरी
जिथे फक्त तू मी आणि आपला एकांत.

बाकी जगाचा नसेल विचार तेथे,
काही क्षण आपले म्हणून जगायचे होते.

भांडायचं होतं,
पुन्हा तुलाच मनवायचं होतं.

पण ओठांवरच्या त्या माफीला

शब्द कधी भेटलेच नाही.

अहंकारच्या धुरामध्ये,

प्रेमाचा रस्ता दिसलाच नाही.

काय करू त्या माफीच आता,

जर तू परत भेटणार नाहीस.

तरी आजही मन विचारते,

कधी भेटलीस पुन्हा मला.

तर जुन सगळ विसरून,

एकदा माफ करशील ना मला ?

अधूरी लकीरों का सफर

Thakur Daivik Singh

दिसंबर की उस सर्द शाम में शहर की हर सड़क कोहरे की मोटी और सफेद चादर में लिपटी हुई थी। हवा में एक ऐसी चुभन थी जो जिस्म को पार करके सीधे रूह तक पहुंच रही थी। पाई (यह निकनेम उसे अंकुश ने ही दिया था) अपनी बालकनी की रेलिंग पर झुकी हुई थी। उसकी नज़रें नीचे सड़क पर रेंगती हुई ट्रैफिक की लाल-पीली रोशनियों पर टिकी थीं, जो कोहरे के बीच किसी धुंधले ख्वाब की तरह लग रही थीं। उसके हाथों की उंगलियों के बीच फंसी कॉफी के मग की गर्माहट अब पूरी तरह खत्म हो चुकी थी, बिल्कुल उस रिश्ते की तरह जो सालों पहले वक्त की आंधी में कहीं पीछे छूट गया था। कमरे के अंदर रखे पुराने रिकॉर्ड प्लेयर पर जगजीत सिंह की गज़ल का एक उदास मिसरा गूँज रहा था, और पाई की नज़र पास ही रखी उस पुरानी डायरी पर गई, जिसके पन्नों के बीच एक सूखा हुआ गुलाब आज भी महफूज़ था।



यह गुलाब कोई मामूली फूल नहीं था। यह उन दिनों की निशानी थी जब उनके पास एक-दूसरे को देने के लिए महंगे तोहफे नहीं हुआ करते थे, बल्कि सिर्फ वक्त होता था। बेहिसाब वक्त और बेपनाह मोहब्बत।

पाई और अंकुश का रिश्ता कभी भी किसी तयशुदा सांचे में नहीं ढला था। वे दोनों दो बिल्कुल अलग दुनिया के बाशिंदे थे। पाई हवा के उस आज़ाद झोंके की तरह थी जो किसी भी दिशा में बहने, किसी भी रंग में ढलने को तैयार रहती थी। वो एक ऐसी लड़की थी जो ज़िंदगी को उसकी छोटी-छोटी खुशियों में जीती थी—पहली बारिश में बिना परवाह किए भीग जाना, आधी रात को सड़क किनारे चाय की टपरी पर बैठकर घंटों बातें करना, या बस बालकनी में बैठकर खामोशी से टूटते तारों को देखना। उसके लिए दुनिया काले और सफेद के बीच के खूबसूरत रंगीन हिस्सों से बनी थी।

और दूसरी तरफ था अंकुश। अंकुश एक ज़मीन था—ठहरा हुआ, बेहद व्यावहारिक, और अपनी महत्वाकांक्षाओं की आग में खामोशी से जलने वाला लड़का। शुरू में यही अलहदापन, यही विपरीत स्वभाव उन्हें एक-दूसरे के करीब लाया था। अंकुश की उलझी हुई, भागती-दौड़ती दुनिया में पाई एक सुकून का दरिया थी, और पाई की बेतरतीब, सपनों से भरी ज़िंदगी में अंकुश एक मज़बूत लंगर की तरह था जो उसे ज़मीन से जोड़े रखता था। जब वो साथ होते, तो जैसे दुनिया का सारा शोर थम जाता था। अंकुश घंटों पाई की बातें सुनता रहता, उसकी आंखों में देखकर मुस्कराता, और पाई को लगता कि यही वो इंसान है जिसके साथ वो ज़िंदगी का हर सफर तय कर सकती है।

लेकिन ज़िंदगी की हकीकत उन रोमानी किताबों जैसी नहीं होती जिन्हें पाई अक्सर पढ़ा करती थी। प्यार चाहे कितना भी गहरा क्यों न हो, जब उस पर महत्वाकांक्षा और दुनियादारी की परतें चढ़ने लगती हैं, तो उसकी सांसें घुटने लगती हैं।

जैसे-जैसे वक्त बीता, अंकुश के भीतर पल रही कामयाबी की भूख ने उस प्यार भरे ठहराव को एक अजीब सी बेचैनी में बदल दिया। कॉलेज खत्म होने के बाद जब ज़िंदगी ने अपने असली रंग दिखाने शुरू किए, तो अंकुश के लिए हर पल, हर दिन का हिसाब रखना ज़रूरी हो गया। उसे बहुत जल्दी, बहुत कुछ पाना था। उसने खुद को एक ऐसी दौड़ में शामिल कर लिया था जहां रुकने का मतलब हार जाना था। और इसी दौड़ में, पाई कहीं बहुत पीछे छूटती चली गई।

अंकुश के पास अब पाई की उन 'बेमतलब' की बातों के लिए वक्त कम पड़ने लगा था। लंबी मुलाकातों की जगह अब छोटी-छोटी फोन कॉल्स ने ले ली थी, और फिर वो कॉल्स भी धीरे-धीरे कम और रूखी होती चली गई। पाई अक्सर घंटों कैफे में बैठकर उसका इंतज़ार करती, और अंकुश का सिर्फ एक मैसेज आता—“मीटिंग में हूँ, आज नहीं मिल पाऊंगा।” पाई महसूस कर रही थी कि वो शख्स, जो कभी उसकी आंखों के इशारे समझता था, जिसके लिए पाई की एक मुस्कान दुनिया की सबसे कीमती चीज़ थी, अब उसके कहे हुए शब्दों को भी अनसुना कर रहा है। पाई ने कई बार उसे समझने की कोशिश की, उसके बदलते बर्ताव को उसके काम का तनाव मानकर नज़रअंदाज़ किया, लेकिन अंकुश ने अपने इर्द-गिर्द एक ऐसी कांच की दीवार खड़ी कर ली थी, जिसे भेदना पाई के लिए नामुमकिन होता जा रहा था।

और फिर वो रात आई, जिसने उनके दरमियान एक ऐसी गहरी खाई खोद दी जिसे फिर कभी नहीं भरा जा सका।

वो भी दिसंबर की ही एक सर्द और बारिश वाली रात थी। पाई ने अंकुश के जन्मदिन के लिए बहुत प्यार से कुछ सरप्राइज़ प्लान किया था। वो एक कैफे के बाहर लगातार तीन घंटे से उसका इंतज़ार कर रही थी। जब अंकुश पहुंचा, तो उसके चेहरे पर कोई खुशी या शर्मिंदगी नहीं थी, बल्कि एक ऐसी झुंझलाहट थी जिसे वो छिपाने की कोशिश भी नहीं कर रहा था।

"तुम बदल गए हो अंकुश। तुम्हें अब मेरी, मेरे जज़्बातों की कोई परवाह नहीं है। तुम्हारे लिए सिर्फ तुम्हारा काम, तुम्हारी सफलता मायने रखती है। मैं तुम्हारे लिए क्या हूँ? बस एक आदत?" पाई की आंखों में शिकायत थी, इंतज़ार का दर्द था और गला पूरी तरह रुंधा हुआ था।

अंकुश ने एक गहरी, चिड़चिड़ाई हुई सांस ली। उस रात बारिश से ज्यादा तूफान उसके अंदर था। उसने पाई की तरफ देखा और वो कह दिया जो उसे कभी नहीं कहना चाहिए था। उसकी आवाज़ में एक चुभने वाली तल्खी और कठोरता थी। "तुम समझ क्यों नहीं रही हो पाई? मेरे पास तुम्हारे इन रोज़-रोज़ के झगड़ों, इन बच्चों वाली शिकायतों के लिए वक़्त नहीं है! मेरी ज़िंदगी में कुछ बड़े लक्ष्य हैं। मुझे बहुत कुछ हासिल करना है!"

"तो क्या मैं तुम्हारी ज़िंदगी का हिस्सा नहीं हूँ?" पाई ने कांपते हुए होंठों से पूछा।

अंकुश ने बेरहमी से जवाब दिया, "हकीकत में जियो पाई। ये तुम्हारी किताबों वाली रूमानी दुनिया नहीं है। प्यार और जज़्बातों से घर नहीं चलता, बिल नहीं भरे जाते। मेरी उड़ान बहुत ऊंची है, और सच कहूँ तो... तुम्हारी ये छोटी सोच, ये रोज़-रोज़ का रोना-धोना मुझे पीछे खींच रहा है। तुम मेरी ताकत बनने की बजाय मेरी कमज़ोरी, मेरे रास्ते की रुकावट बन रही हो। मुझे कोई ऐसा चाहिए जो मेरे सपनों की कीमत समझे, न कि बात-बात पर मुझसे वक़्त की भीख मांगे।"

ये लफ़ज़ नहीं थे, जैसे किसी ने कांच के टुकड़े पाई के सीने में उतार दिए हों। पाई को लगा जैसे किसी ने उसका दिल निकालकर सड़क पर फेंक दिया हो और उसे बुरी तरह कुचल दिया हो। वो कुछ पल अवाक खड़ी अंकुश के उस चेहरे को देखती रही, जो अब उसके लिए बिल्कुल अजनबी हो चुका था। प्यार में जब गुरूर और कामयाबी का नशा मिल जाता है, तो वो इंसान को बहुत अंधा और निर्दयी कर देता है।

पाई ने अपने गालों पर बहते आंसुओं को पोंछा। उसकी आंखों में अब प्यार की जगह एक गहरी चोट और एक ऐसा स्वाभिमान था जिसे अंकुश ने आज बुरी तरह ललकारा था। उसने अपनी आवाज़ को स्थिर किया और अंकुश की आंखों में सीधे देखते हुए कहा, "शायद तुम सही कह रहे हो अंकुश। मैं वाकई तुम्हारे इस बड़े सफर के लायक नहीं हूँ। मेरी मोहब्बत तुम्हारी सफलता के रास्ते का कांटा है। तुम अपनी मंज़िलों की तरफ बढ़ो। मैं आज खुद को तुम्हारे इस रास्ते से हमेशा के लिए हटा रही हूँ।"

वो पलटी, लेकिन फिर एक पल के लिए रुकी और बिना मुड़े कहा, "लेकिन एक बात याद रखना अंकुश। तुम वो मुकाम तो पा लोगे जो तुम चाहते हो, तुम उस ऊंचाई तक पहुँच जाओगे... लेकिन वहाँ बहुत ठंड और अकेलापन होगा। और तब, तुम्हें मेरी ये 'छोटी बातें' बहुत याद आएंगी। पर तब तक... मैं बहुत दूर जा चुकी होऊँगी। बहुत दूर।"

उस रात पाई मुड़ी और उस कोहरे भरी, बारिश वाली रात में कहीं ओझल हो गई। अंकुश ने उसे रोकने की ज़हमत नहीं उठाई। उसका गुरूर उस रात उसके प्यार से बहुत बड़ा हो गया था। उसे लगा कि एक बार वो सफल हो गया, तो पाई खुद लौट आएगी। लेकिन कुछ फासले ऐसे होते हैं जो मीलों में नहीं, टूटे हुए जज़्बातों में नापे जाते हैं, और वो कभी तय नहीं किए जा सकते।

आज, इस बात को सात साल बीत चुके थे।

अंकुश आज शहर की सबसे ऊँची कांच की इमारत के सबसे महंगे पेंटहाउस में खड़ा था। नीचे फैला हुआ पूरा शहर उसकी मुट्ठी में था। उसने वो सब कुछ हासिल कर लिया था जिसके लिए उसने पाई को पीछे छोड़ा था—पैसा, रुतबा, शोहरत, बड़ी गाड़ियाँ। लोग उसके नाम से कांपते थे और उसकी कामयाबी की मिसालें देते थे। लेकिन आज जब वो अपनी महंगी स्कॉच का

ग्लास हाथ में लिए उस कोहरे को देख रहा था, तो उसे एक अजीब सी, जानलेवा घुटन महसूस हो रही थी।

सब कुछ पा लेने के बाद भी उसकी ज़िंदगी में एक ऐसा गहरा सन्नाटा, एक ऐसा खालीपन था जो किसी भी कामयाबी, किसी भी बैंक बैलेंस से नहीं भर रहा था। बोर्डरूम की बड़ी-बड़ी मीटिंग्स और तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट के बीच, उसे अक्सर पाई की वो मासूम हंसी याद आती थी जो कभी उसकी सारी थकान पल भर में उतार देती थी। उसे याद आती थी पाई की वो आदत जब वो उसके माथे को चूमकर कहती थी कि सब ठीक हो जाएगा।

अंकुश ने अपना फोन निकाला। स्क्रीन पर आज भी पाई का नंबर सेव था। उसने कई बार चाहा कि वो पाई को ढूँढ़े, उससे माफी मांगे, उसे बताए कि वो उस उंचाई पर पहुंचकर कितना अकेला है। वो उसे बताना चाहता था कि उसकी भविष्यवाणी सच साबित हुई थी—सफलता की इस चोटी पर बहुत ठंड है और उसे पाई की गर्माहट की सख्त ज़रूरत है। लेकिन हर बार उसका अंगूठा कॉल बटन तक पहुंचने से पहले ही रुक जाता। एक अदृश्य शर्म और एहसास-ए-जुर्म ने हमेशा उसके कदम रोक लिए। वो जानता था कि उसने पाई को जो ज़ख्म दिए थे, वो माफी से नहीं भर सकते। उसने अपनी सफलता की कीमत अपने इकलौते सच्चे प्यार को कुर्बान करके चुकाई थी।

वहीं दूसरी ओर, बालकनी में खड़ी पाई ने वो पुरानी किताब वापस शेल्फ में रख दी। उसके चेहरे पर अब कोई दर्द नहीं था, ना ही कोई पछतावा था। वक्त ने उसके ज़ख्मों को भर दिया था। उसने उस रात के बाद खुद को फिर से समेटा था, अपने सपनों को नई दिशा दी थी और अपनी एक नई दुनिया बसाई थी, जिसमें अंकुश की कोई जगह नहीं थी। वो आज भी प्यार में यकीन रखती थी, लेकिन अब वो किसी के लिए खुद को मिटाने को तैयार नहीं थी। उसने अंकुश को माफ कर दिया था, लेकिन वो अब उस रास्ते पर कभी वापस नहीं जाना चाहती थी जहां उसे अपने ही प्यार की अहमियत साबित करनी पड़े।

वे दोनों एक ही शहर के दो अलग-अलग कोनों में थे। आसमान एक था, कोहरा एक था, सांसें भी उसी हवा में ले रहे थे, लेकिन उनके रास्ते अब कभी एक नहीं हो सकते थे।

कभी-कभी सच्चा प्यार मिलन का मोहताज नहीं होता। हर कहानी का सुखद अंत होना ज़रूरी नहीं होता। कुछ प्रेम कहानियां मुकम्मल होने के लिए नहीं, बल्कि हमें यह सिखाने के लिए होती हैं कि ज़िंदगी में कुछ फासले ताउम्र बरकरार रहने के लिए ही बनते हैं। वो बस दो लोगों के बीच एक अधूरी दास्तां बनकर रह जाती हैं... एक ऐसी दास्तां जो कभी खत्म नहीं होती, लेकिन कभी पूरी भी नहीं हो पाती। एक खामोश कसक, जो आखिरी सांस तक दिल के किसी कोने में धड़कती रहती है।

..... दैविक सिंह 🍷

तुम्हें खुद से ज़्यादा चाहते हैं

Anshika Kumari

हम प्यार तुम्हें खुद से भी ज़्यादा करते हैं,

हर रात तुम्हें याद करके ही सोते हैं।

बस एक बार तुम्हें जी भरकर देख लें,

हर रोज़ रब से यही दुआ करते हैं।

जानते हैं, तुम करीब नहीं हो हमारे,

फिर भी दिल में हैं तुम्हारे ही सहारे।

तुम्हारी तस्वीर को सीने से लगाकर,

गुज़र जाते हैं दिन तुम्हें याद करके।

तुम्हें खबर हो या न हो हमारे प्यार की,

हमने हर दुआ में चाहत की है तुम्हारी।

तुम दूर होकर भी दिल के पास रहते हो,

हम आज भी तुम्हें अपनी दुनिया कहते हैं।



मिलन

मैं सिमरन इंसान बी ए की छात्रा , ज्यादा तो कुछ नहीं लेखन में
अत्यंत रुचि रखती हूं। ओर बस सारा दिन पेड़ पौधे और पक्षियों की
देख भाल करती रहती हु ।

Simran Insan

आज मौसम एक संदेश लाया है,
कोई मिलने तुझसे तेरे देश आया है।

उसकी भेजी हवाएँ तुझसे मिलने आई हैं,
आज फिर ये कुछ खयालात उसके लाई हैं।

लाई हैं कि...

उसने कहा है, तुम खुश रहना अपने आप में,
ठंड लग जाएगी, भीगना मत बरसात में।

हाँ, पता है, तुम बूँदों में मुझे ढूँढोगी,
लेकिन मैं मिलूँगा उस मिट्टी में भी, जो भीगी है बरसात में।
बस तुम ठीक रहना हर हालात में...

मैं आ रहा हूँ तुमसे मिलने,
बस इस बरसात से
निकलता आ रहा हूँ।
अभी तो पैग़ाम भेजा है,
मैं पल-पल तेरी खैरियत
बादलों से पूछता जा रहा
हूँ।



ये कहते हैं...

कि नहीं भीगी है वो आज की बरसात में,
बस बैठी है तुम्हारी ही याद में।
उस मिट्टी पर लिख रही है तुम्हारा ही नाम,
जिसका तुमने ज़िक्र किया था पैग़ाम में।
तुम जल्दी जाओ...

आजकल उसकी माँ कहती है,
वो ध्यान ही नहीं देती किसी काम में।

CORRECTION

“एक Teacher की पुकार”

A co-author of 15 anthologies, Sheetal Keshri is a Chemistry educator, multilingual poet, and writer who beautifully bridges scientific precision with literary expression. As a Chemistry teacher at Grizzly Vidyalaya, Jhumri Telaiya, she brings curiosity and clarity to both teaching and writing. Her literary journey began in 2013 with heartfelt verses for family and friends, gradually evolving into a meaningful form of self-expression.

Sheetal Keshri

बच्चे के नंबर कम आए,
तो सवाल teacher से होते हैं,
पर बच्चा घर पर कितना पढ़ता है,
ये सवाल कब होते हैं?

किताबें रोज़ बैग में जाती हैं,
पर खुलती कितनी बार हैं?
होमवर्क अधूरा रह जाए,
तो दोष भी teacher के नाम हैं।

बच्चा class में ध्यान न दे,
तो कहते हैं— “पढ़ाया नहीं।”



बच्चा बात न माने कभी,
तो कहते हैं— “समझाया नहीं।”

मोबाइल घंटों हाथ में रहे,
तो कहते हैं— “बच्चा है...”
लेकिन marks कम आते ही
Teacher ही लापरवाह क्यों ठहरता है?

एक teacher के पास
सिर्फ एक बच्चा नहीं होता,
पूरी class की responsibility होती है,
फिर भी हर बच्चा अपना होता है।

कोई जल्दी सीखता है,
कोई थोड़ा समय लगाता है,
कोई पूछता है, कोई चुप रहता है,
फिर भी teacher हर कोशिश करता है।

कभी नया तरीका, कभी बार-बार समझाना,

हर बच्चे को आगे बढ़ाना—

उसकी मेहनत का बस इतना सपना,

हर बच्चा अपने पैरों पर खड़ा होना।

दोष देने से राह नहीं बनती,

साथ देने से बात बनती है।

जब घर और स्कूल साथ चलें,

तभी बच्चे की उड़ान बनती है।

क्योंकि बच्चे की सफलता

सिर्फ teacher की नहीं होती,

और उसकी हर कमी की ज़िम्मेदारी

सिर्फ teacher की ही नहीं होती।

इल्ज़ाम नहीं, सहयोग दीजिए,

Teacher को भी थोड़ा सम्मान दीजिए।

क्योंकि जब teacher और parents एक साथ खड़े होते हैं,

तभी बच्चों के सपने हकीकत में बड़े होते हैं।

छोटी सी बड़ी कहानी अपनी

निधि कुलश्रेष्ठ एक शिक्षाविद् है। लेखन और अभिव्यक्ति में उनकी रुचि सदैव से रही है। इनकी स्व-प्रवाहित सी कविता मन के भाव और भीतर के अंतर्द्वंद्व को अतिसहजता से अभिव्यक्त करती हैं। इनकी कुछ कविताएँ विभिन्न सांझा संकलनों में प्रकाशित हुई हैं। अपनी लेखनी को सशक्त बना अपनी एक पहचान बनाते हुए साहित्य जगत में एक विशिष्ट पहचान स्थापित करने की दिशा में अब वे निरंतर अग्रसर हैं।

Nidhi kulshreshtha

बस यूँ ही लगा एक दिन अचानक
कि पास सी आ गयीं दिशाएँ
रास्ते सिमट से गए कहीं
कुछ सिकुड़ी दुनिया भी
और किरण... बस चमक सी जाती
चेहरे पर आकर मेरे
अनिर्वच आह्लाद-सा है जीवन में
क्योंकि तुम हो!

राही थी मैं सूनी राह की
थकी हारी सी - कुछ हारी सी भी
कदम रखा तुमने तो जाना
मंजिल के मायने हैं क्या
किया जो थोड़ा और मंथन तो जाना ,
जिसको ढूँढ़ा हर डगर पर ,
वो तो मेरे साथ सदा था
तुम थे - मैं भी - बस



बनी हमारी अपनी कहानी है।

दी तुमने अँधेरी रातों में दिशा
पथ-प्रदर्शक ध्रुव तारा तुम
तुम ना जानो क्या किया है तुमने
कितना बदला, कितना छुआ अंतःकरण को मेरे
कितना सींचा, कितना पिरोया
साँसों में बस तुम्हीं समाये
तुम हो मुझमें
यही हमारी अपनी कहानी

शर्तिया हो वो प्रेम नहीं
बिन बोले बस जाने निभाना
खिल सी गयी बगिया जीवन की
भरा हर कोना आँगन का
होते कभी अनिश्चित से पल कुछ
अस्तित्व पर रहा अटल सदा
बीतें जितने साल महीने
प्रगाढ़ ही हो बस साथ हमारा
पहचान- परछाईं बने एक दूजे की हम
तुम हो मैं हूँ - यही रही कुछ अपनी कहानी

அழகிய சரிவு

Lathrima Suvi

வாழ்க்கை சிதைந்து போனது,
அன்பும் கூடவே உடைந்து போனது.

மாற்றம் தந்த ஒரு பயணம்,
அழகாகவே சிதறிப் போனது.

ஒருவரின் சுய கண்டுபிடிப்பு,
மீண்டும் தன்னைத்தானே வடிவமைத்தது.

கதைகளைத் தாங்கிய துண்டுகள்,
வலிகளைச் சுமந்த தடயங்கள்.

மகிழ்ச்சியின் அனைத்து நினைவுகளும்,
அமைதியின் ஒளியாய் மின்னின.

வாழ்க்கை ஒருவரைச் சிதைத்தாலும்,
அவர் தோற்காமல் நின்றார்.



மனம் தளராதே

I am Niloshika Sathasivam from Sri Lanka. I am currently studying Carnatic Music at Swami Vipulananda Institute of Aesthetic Studies. I enjoy writing poems about life, emotions, dreams, and personal experiences

S. niloshika

எத்தனையோ புதையல்கள் கொண்ட பரிசு புதையல்கள்
மறைத்து வைத்துள்ளது இந்த பிரபஞ்சம்.

அது தெரியாமல் எல்லாம் போனதே என்று புலம்பிக்
கொண்டு இருப்பதா?

எத்தனையோ இரவுகள்
உன் கண்ணீர்
துளிகளால்
தலையனையை
நனைத்திருப்பாய்?

எத்தனையோ நாட்கள்
முட்கல் நிறைந்த
பாதையில் செறுப்பின்றி நடந்திருப்பாய்?



காட்டில் கண்ணுக்குத் தெரிந்த மிருகங்கள் இடம் மாட்டி
உயிர் பயம் கொண்டு மீண்டு எழுந்து வந்திருப்பாய்?

கண்ணுக்கே தெரியாமல் நுன்னங்கி தீண்டி அதிலும்
கடந்து எழுந்து வந்திருப்பாய்?

உனக்கே தெரியாமல் சில பாம்புகள் விஷப்பூச்சுகள்
சீண்டியும் உறுதிக் கொண்டு எழுந்து நின்று இருப்பாய்?

நீ சேர்த்து வைத்த சொத்துக்கள் போயிருக்கலாம்!

உன் இன்பங்கள் சோகங்கள் நிறைந்த நிலையிலும்
மாறியிருக்கலாம்!

உடனிருந்தவர்கள் விட்டு சென்றிருக்கலாம் !

எல்லா இழப்புகள் நடந்தும் இதிலும் நீ மறைந்து
சென்றாயா?

மீண்டும் மீண்டும் முளைத்து தான் எழுந்து நிற்கிறாய்!

இவ்வளவு நடந்தும் கோமாளி என்று உணருகிறது
சரியா?

அழிவாய் என்று நீ நினைத்தால் எதற்காக மீண்டுள்ளாய்
என்று ஒருகனம் நினைத்தாயா?

காலம் ஆட்றிடாத காயங்கள் இல்லை.

ஒரு மலர் மலரவும் ஒரு அளவு நேரம் எடுக்கும்

அதுபோல வாழ்க்கை மாறவும் காலம் எடுக்கும்

உனக்கே தெரியாமல் எத்தனையோ உன்
சந்தோஷப் பொதிகள் காத்துக் கொண்டிருக்கின்றன.

எவ்வளவு அழகிய வாழ்க்கை உனக்காகக் காத்துக்
கொண்டிருக்கின்றது? நீ என்னை எப்போது பார்க்க
விருகிறாய் என்று!

நம்பிக்கை கொள் மனம் தளராதே !

எழுந்து பயணம் செய் உனக்கானது எல்லாம் உனக்கு
உருவாக்கி பிரபஞ்சம் வைத்துதான் உள்ளது!

நீ பயணித்தால் மட்டும் போதும்!