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CORRECTION

The Quiet Power of River

Aparajita Das is an emerging poet whose writing explores human emotions, unspoken feelings, and the quiet strength within us. Through her poetry, she seeks to give words to the feelings that often remain unspoken, reminding readers that gentleness is strength and silence holds its own power.

Aparajita Das

CORRECTION

The Quiet Power of a River

Some things are beautiful without trying, and powerful without announcing it.

The sun rises in gold,

and sets in shades of fire,

yet beside a river,

even the heavens seem to shine brighter.

Perhaps that's the river's magic—

it makes beauty more beautiful,

yet never asks the world

to look at it.

It carries the sky upon its skin,

holds the stars within its waves,

nourishes the earth in silence,

and gives more than it ever claims.

It flows without boasting,

exists without demanding attention,



and remains gentle

without needing recognition.

But do not mistake its silence for weakness,

or its softness for surrender.

For beneath those tranquil waters

lives a strength no storm can measure.

The same river that kisses the shore

can rise and rewrite its boundaries.

The same water that whispers through the stones

can roar with the fury of a thousand storms.

And perhaps, we were meant to be like rivers—

To be kind without seeking praise,

to be humble without feeling small,

to carry goodness in our hearts

without displaying it to the world.

To understand that being peaceful

doesn't mean accepting every wound,

and being gentle

doesn't mean we cannot stand our ground.

We don't have to be loud to be powerful,

nor cruel to be strong.

We can choose peace,

yet refuse to be someone's doormat.

Because sometimes,

CORRECTION

the quietest souls carry the deepest oceans,

and the gentlest hearts

possess the strength to move mountains.

So be like a river—

gentle in your ways,

humble in your goodness,

and quiet in your strength.

Never mistake your silence for weakness,

for even the calmest waters

can summon a pralay when the time comes.

Spread your wings when the moment is right,

let the world witness the strength you held within.

For being calm doesn't mean you lack the power to rise;

it means you know your strength

well enough not to display it at every tide.

Remember, a river doesn't stay quiet because it cannot roar;

it stays quiet because it knows

the power it carries.

Is it good

CORRECTION

📖 The Chapters We Left Unwritten

R. tejashri

A school-life story of friendship, laughter, misunderstandings, and the beautiful pain of growing up.

“Some people become a part of our story, even when life doesn't let them stay in every chapter.”

Chapter 1: The Beginning of Everything 🌸

It was a beautiful Monday morning when four girls walked into their classroom, unaware that the day would become the beginning of a friendship they would remember for the rest of their lives.

Meghana was a cheerful girl who could make anyone laugh. Meera was quiet and thoughtful, always ready to listen. Kalyani was mischievous and loved turning ordinary moments into adventures. Keerthi was kind-hearted, sensitive, and the one who always tried to keep everyone together.

They were different in so many ways, yet somehow, they fit together perfectly.

Their friendship began with a simple question.

"Can I sit here?" Meghana asked, pointing to the empty seat beside Meera.

Meera smiled. "Of course!"

Within a few days, the two became friends. Soon, Kalyani joined them after making a funny comment about their teacher's handwriting. Keerthi came along when she offered to share her lunch with the others.

And just like that, four strangers became four inseparable friends.

They started sitting together during lunch, sharing their secrets, helping each other with homework, and laughing over the smallest things.

Their classroom became their little world.

CORRECTION

They gave each other silly nicknames, made promises they believed would last forever, and dreamed about remaining best friends even when they grew old.

One afternoon, while sitting beneath a tree in the school courtyard, Kalyani asked, "What if we go to different colleges someday?"

"Impossible!" Meghana replied dramatically. "We'll follow each other everywhere!"

Keerthi laughed. "What if we live in different cities?"

"Then we'll call every day," Meera said.

"And what if we become too busy?" Kalyani asked.

Meghana held out her little finger.

"Then we promise never to forget each other."

One by one, the four girls linked their little fingers.

"Forever," they whispered.

They had no idea how difficult that little word could become.



Chapter 2: The Golden Days 🌼

Their school days were filled with memories that seemed ordinary at the time but would later become priceless.

Meghana was always the first to laugh and the last to stop. Whenever the class became silent, she would find some little reason to make everyone giggle.

Meera was the one who remembered everything: birthdays, favorite snacks, important exam dates, and even the smallest details of conversations.

CORRECTION

Kalyani was the troublemaker. She would convince everyone to participate in silly challenges, only to act innocent when a teacher caught them.

Keerthi was their peacekeeper. Whenever two friends argued, she would bring them together before the day ended.

They celebrated birthdays with homemade cards. They exchanged little gifts before examinations. They wrote encouraging messages on scraps of paper and slipped them into one another's notebooks.

Sometimes, they would spend the entire lunch break talking about absolutely nothing.

And somehow, those were their favorite conversations.

One day, their teacher asked the class to write an essay titled "The Most Precious Thing in My Life."

Meghana wrote about her family.

Meera wrote about books.

Kalyani wrote about travelling around the world.

Keerthi wrote a single sentence about friendship.

When the teacher read it aloud, the entire classroom listened.

She had written:

"The most precious thing in my life is having people beside me who make even an ordinary day feel special."

Meghana turned around and grinned at her.

"You're talking about us, aren't you?"

Keerthi smiled. "Maybe."

Kalyani threw an eraser at her playfully.

"Maybe? You'd better write our names next time!"

They burst into laughter.

CORRECTION

At that moment, none of them knew that one day, they would desperately wish to return to that classroom, to those silly arguments, and to those ordinary days.

Because happiness rarely announces itself as a memory while we are living it.

Sometimes, we recognize its true value only after it has passed.

Chapter 3: The First Crack 💔

As the years passed, their friendship became stronger—or at least, that was what they believed.

Then came a new academic year.

New responsibilities, extra classes, examinations, and family commitments slowly began to change their routines.

Meghana started spending more time with other classmates. Meera became busy with her studies. Kalyani felt that the group was not as close as before. Keerthi tried to keep everyone connected, but even she began to feel tired of being the only one arranging their meetings.

Small things began to hurt.

A missed lunch together.

A message left unanswered.

A secret shared with someone else.

A birthday wish that arrived late.

They were little things, but when people care deeply about each other, little things can sometimes feel enormous.

One Friday, Meghana organized a small outing with a few classmates. She had meant to invite all three girls, but in the rush of the day, she forgot to message Kalyani and Keerthi.

Meera found out about the outing through a photograph posted by another classmate.

The picture showed Meghana smiling with a group of friends.

CORRECTION

Meera stared at the screen.

"They went without us," she whispered.

When Kalyani saw the picture, her expression changed.

"So much for forever," she said bitterly.

Keerthi tried to defend Meghana.

"Maybe she forgot. We should ask her before assuming anything."

But Kalyani shook her head.

"Why are you always finding excuses for everyone?"

The following Monday, the four girls sat at separate desks for the first time in months.

Meghana noticed the silence but didn't understand it.

"What's wrong with you three?" she asked during the break.

"Nothing," Kalyani replied.

It was the kind of "nothing" that meant everything.

Meghana felt hurt by their coldness. Instead of asking again, she walked away.

Meera wanted to explain how she felt but was afraid of sounding jealous.

Kalyani wanted Meghana to realize her mistake without being told.

Keerthi wanted them all to talk, but she couldn't find the right words.

And so, four friends who had once shared every little thought began hiding their biggest feelings from one another.

Their friendship did not break in a single moment.

It began breaking in all the moments when they chose silence over honesty.

Chapter 4: The Words That Never Came 🌧️

CORRECTION

Weeks passed.

The girls still attended the same classes, walked through the same corridors, and heard the same school bell.

But something important had disappeared.

Meghana missed their jokes. She missed Kalyani's ridiculous stories, Meera's quiet advice, and Keerthi's comforting smile.

Yet every time she thought about approaching them, pride stopped her.

Why should I be the first to apologize? she wondered. They are the ones ignoring me.

Meanwhile, Meera kept opening their old group chat, reading their messages from happier days.

She wanted to type, I miss you all.

But she always deleted the words before sending them.

Kalyani pretended she was perfectly happy without the group. She laughed with other classmates, but whenever she heard someone mention an inside joke that belonged to the four of them, she felt a strange emptiness.

Keerthi was the most exhausted of all.

She tried speaking to each friend separately, hoping to repair the damage.

"Meghana misses you," she told Meera one afternoon.

"Then why doesn't she talk to us?" Meera asked.

"She's hurt, too."

Meera looked away. "So am I."

Keerthi later spoke to Meghana.

"They're not trying to hurt you."

Meghana sighed. "Then why does it feel like they don't want me anymore?"

CORRECTION

Keerthi had no answer.

Because sometimes, everyone in a friendship is hurting, and each person believes they are the only one who cares enough to be hurt.

The tragedy was not that these girls had stopped loving one another.

It was that each of them was waiting for someone else to prove it first.

Chapter 5: The Last School Bell 🔔

The final year arrived more quickly than any of them expected.

Suddenly, the school was filled with farewell preparations, examination schedules, autograph books, and conversations about the future.

Everyone was excited.

Everyone was afraid.

And everyone knew that their school days were coming to an end.

One afternoon, their class teacher asked them to clean their desks before the farewell ceremony.

While clearing out her old notebook, Meera discovered a folded piece of paper.

It was a photograph of the four girls beneath their favorite tree, taken during a school celebration.

On the back, in Meghana's handwriting, were the words:

"Four girls. One friendship. A thousand memories. Forever and always."

Meera's eyes filled with tears.

She showed the photograph to Kalyani and Keerthi.

For a long moment, none of them spoke.

Then Kalyani whispered, "Do you think she still means it?"

Keerthi looked at the photograph.

CORRECTION

"I think we all do."

That evening, the four girls received a message from their teacher asking them to help arrange some farewell decorations.

They arrived at the classroom at different times.

For the first time in weeks, all four were standing in the same room, with no classmates around to distract them.

Meghana looked at the others.

"We should talk," she said softly.

Kalyani folded her arms, trying to hide how nervous she was.

"About what?"

"About us."

The silence that followed seemed longer than any school day.

Meghana took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry I made you feel left out. I should have invited you. I didn't mean to hurt anyone."

Meera lowered her eyes.

"I was hurt, but I should have told you instead of pretending everything was fine."

Kalyani's expression softened.

"I kept waiting for you to notice how upset I was. I thought if you cared, you'd understand without me saying anything."

Keerthi smiled sadly.

"And I kept trying to fix everything without telling you how I felt."

For the first time, they were not hiding behind anger, pride, or silence.

They were finally telling the truth.

Meghana began to cry.

CORRECTION

"I thought you didn't want me anymore."

Meera immediately stepped forward.

"We never stopped wanting you in our lives."

Kalyani wiped her eyes.

"We were just too stubborn to say it."

Keerthi reached for their hands.

"We can't change what happened. But we can decide what happens next."

One by one, they embraced.

It was not a perfect reunion. The hurt did not disappear in a second, and the time they had lost could not be returned.

But something had changed.

They had finally chosen honesty over pride.

And sometimes, that is where healing begins.

Chapter 6: The Chapters We Left Unwritten 📚

The farewell ceremony arrived.

Students cried, teachers smiled through their tears, and autograph books passed from hand to hand.

Meghana, Meera, Kalyani, and Keerthi sat together one last time beneath their favorite tree.

They had brought an old notebook.

On its first page, they wrote their names.

On the next pages, they recorded their favorite memories:

CORRECTION

Meghana wrote about the time Kalyani accidentally called their teacher "Mum" and the entire class burst into laughter.

Meera wrote about the rainy afternoon when all four had shared one umbrella and arrived at class completely soaked.

Kalyani wrote about their secret birthday celebrations and the terrible homemade cakes they had proudly made for one another.

Keerthi wrote about the little moments when one friend had comforted another without even needing to ask what was wrong.

They laughed as they read the memories aloud.

Then, on the final written page, Meera paused.

"What should we write here?"

Meghana looked at the empty pages that followed.

"Nothing," she said.

Kalyani frowned. "Nothing?"

Meghana smiled through her tears.

"We've written everything that happened. Let the rest stay empty."

Keerthi understood.

"The unwritten chapters."

"The things we haven't experienced yet," Meera added.

"Maybe our future colleges," Kalyani said. "Our new friends. Our new adventures."

"And maybe the days we meet again," Meghana whispered.

They stared at the blank pages.

For years, they had thought that friendship meant never changing, never drifting apart, and never having a reason to say goodbye.

Now they understood that friendship was not a promise that life would always remain the same.

CORRECTION

It was a promise to care, even when life changed.

Before leaving, they wrote one final sentence together:

"If life takes us to different places, let our memories remind us where we began."

Then the final school bell rang.

They stood outside the classroom, looking at the place where their story had begun.

Meghana hugged Meera.

Kalyani hugged Keerthi.

Soon, all four were holding one another, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Don't forget us," Meera whispered.

"How could I forget the people who made my childhood beautiful?" Meghana replied.

They walked out of the school gates together, knowing that tomorrow would be different.

And for the first time, they were not afraid of that difference.

Chapter 7: A Page Years Later 🌅

Years passed.

Life carried the four girls in different directions.

Meghana discovered new dreams and met new people. Meera grew more confident in expressing herself. Kalyani learned that being strong did not mean pretending not to care. Keerthi learned that she could support her friends without carrying every burden alone.

They did not speak every single day.

Sometimes, weeks passed without a message. Sometimes, busy schedules forced them to postpone their plans.

CORRECTION

But they remembered the lesson they had learned in school.

Silence could create distance, but honest words could bring people closer again.

On one quiet evening, Meera opened a cupboard at home and discovered the old notebook.

Its pages had yellowed slightly. Their handwriting looked younger, and the memories seemed to belong to four little girls who had once believed that the world would never change.

She turned to the empty pages at the end.

Then she took a photograph of the notebook and sent it to their group chat.

Meera: "I found our unfinished story."

Within minutes, replies appeared.

Kalyani: "You kept it all these years?!"

Keerthi: "We still have so many pages left."

Meghana: "Then let's write the next one together."

They arranged to meet at their old school.

When they finally stood beneath the familiar tree, the years between them seemed to grow smaller.

They were older now. Their lives were different. They had new responsibilities, new dreams, and stories their younger selves could never have imagined.

Yet when Kalyani made a ridiculous joke, all four burst into the same familiar laughter.

For a moment, they were schoolgirls again.

Meghana opened the notebook and handed it to the others.

This time, they did not leave the last page empty.

CORRECTION

They wrote about their lives, their mistakes, their dreams, and the friendship that had survived both distance and time.

At the bottom, Keerthi added:

"We once thought our story ended when we left school. We were wrong. That was only the end of one chapter."

Meera closed the notebook gently.

The sun was setting, painting the sky in shades of gold and pink.

They stood together, watching the light fade.

Their school days were gone. Their childhood had become a collection of memories. They could never return to the exact people they had been back then.

But they could carry those memories forward.

Because some friendships are not measured by how often we meet, how many messages we send, or how close we live to one another.

They are measured by the truth we share, the forgiveness we offer, and the place we continue to hold for each other in our hearts.

And so, the story of Meghana, Meera, Kalyani, and Keerthi continued—not as four girls sitting in the same classroom, but as four friends who had learned that growing up did not mean forgetting where they began.

Their chapters were no longer unwritten.

They were simply waiting to be lived.

🌷 Moral of the Story

“Never let pride and silence destroy a beautiful friendship. Speak honestly, forgive sincerely, and cherish the people who make your ordinary days extraordinary. Life may take friends in different directions, but genuine friendship can survive change when both sides choose to care.”

💌 A final quote

CORRECTION

“School gave us a classroom, friendship gave us a thousand memories, and time taught us that the most beautiful chapters are the ones we continue writing together.”

CORRECTION

THE LIGHT THAT STAYED

Haseena Firdous

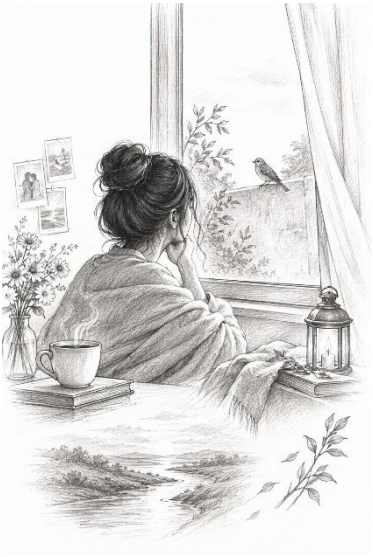
Some mornings, the world continues too easily. The kettle sings, the curtains breathe, and a bird lands on the wall as if nothing sacred has ever been broken.

And yet, inside me, a quiet river carries everything I cannot say

I have learned that love does not disappear when a voice falls silent. It changes its shape. It becomes the pause before sleep, the warmth of a hand remembered, and the small courage it takes to open the window and let the day arrive.

There are losses no calendar can measure, and there are names the heart keeps whispering even when the room is empty. I used to think healing meant leaving sorrow behind. Now I know it means learning to walk beside it without letting it take every step for me.

So I gather the ordinary things: sunlight on a cup, rain on the roof, and a kind word offered without questions. I keep them like little lanterns.



The river still moves. The sky still opens. And somewhere within the ache, a light remains—not bright enough to erase the darkness, but steady enough to show me the way.

Perhaps that is hope: not forgetting what we have lost, but allowing love to keep living within us.

Haseena Firdous

CORRECTION

What the River Carried

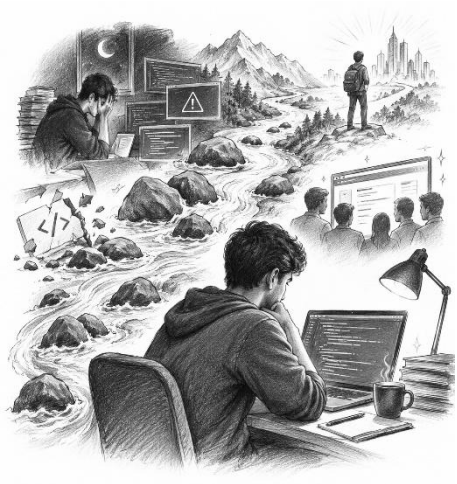
Er. Shivam Singh

The river carried stones, yet continued to flow,
Like a developer fixing bugs in a world full of woe.
Through endless errors and sleepless nights,
It searched for solutions beneath fading lights.

The screen glowed bright while the world slept tight,
One more bug to fix, one more fight.
They saw the product, polished and clear,
Not the silent struggles hidden beneath the career.

Every failure taught what success couldn't say,
Every broken code showed another way.
Like rivers carving mountains, slow but strong,
Developers turn what goes wrong into a song.

And what did the river carry along its way?
The dreams, the doubts, the price we pay.
For behind every creation the world admires,
Flows a river of patience, struggle, and fire.



CORRECTION

AZADI OR ZIMMEDARI

alijan

AGAR koi bacha kesi cheez mei mahir hai Eska matlab us bache ko us cheez ka ilm hasil hai, per aga wahi cheez mei agar koi dusta bacha kamzoor hai to wo us cheez ko karne se hi dare ga, per wo bacha jes ko us bare mei ilm hasil hai usko dar nahi hoga wo kam karne mei. per wo bacha jisko kesi ek kam ka ilm nahi usko ye duniya bekar khe ker bulaye gi usko duniya talked dabaya jaye ga or essi nighaa se dekhay jaye ga jese ko kaidi , pher chahe wo 100 kamo mei hi kiu na acha ho agar wo ek ki nazar mei bura hai yani wo acha ho hi nahi sakta or yahi hamara samaj gunhagar bana deti hai, pher duniya uska mazak bana deti hai, or jab ek cheez ko chaar log mil kar katal kar dete hain pher uska kuch kabhi koi hall nahi nikalta. Pher jub ek insaan ka dill tang a jata hai ess subse toh wo dill haar manjata hai, or akhir toh wo dill khatam kar deta hai kyunki wo akhr tareeka hota hai apne dill ko is Khaali pan or esi ranjhish bhare dard se bachane ka ki usse kuch mehsoos hi karna band ho jaye. Kabhi kabhi jo log sabse ache hote hain unki madad karna sabse zada mushkil hota hai kyunki wo aise bhoj kandhon par liye hote hain Jo unke ilawa koi NAHI utha Sakta , kiunke wo bojh duniya or uski suchayi ka hota hai kyunki such bohot bhara hota hai or logo ko such passand to ye duniya es such ka wazan duniya ka doglapan sehee NAHI sakta esiye unke pass himmat nahi hoti uska samna karne ki to wo un logo ko dabate hain jo unse behtar hote hain per chahe vo kitne hi kamzor hon wo us jhute chehro se kayi behtar hote hain.kyunki unme himmat hoti hai kuch karne ki agg duniya badalne ki chaha ,or himmat paidaysh se nahi milti himmat banani padti hai apne andar paida karni padti hai har ek insaan ko jo en chaar logo ke samaj ki kaid me phasa hai or essi kaid ka todne ke liye upper wala khuubiya deta hai or raste bhi banata hai himmat ko apna banane ke liye, ese logo ke andar ek khass khazana daba



CORRECTION

hota hai zarurat hai bus khud ko khojne ki, essi liye har ek insaan ka rasta khud chunne ka haq har ek insaan ka apna hai, or koi es haq ko cheen nahi skata . Par jab apko is had tak bada diya jata hai ek Jhute smaaj ki JHUti tameez ke tale ki apke apni zindagi ka har rasta or marji ko koi aur chunne or apko dabao me aker unke liye chunna pade to yaad rakhna azadi kabhi muft me NAHI milti or azadi tabhi mumkin hai jub tum apne faislo ki zimmedari khud lo kiunke bina kesi manzil or raste azadi bi bemane hai esi liye khud ko janna zaroori hai kyunki jub ap khud ko jante ho to jo apke andar hai wo bhi apko rasta dikhata hai to himmat se Sahi faisla lo or usper daate raho chahe uske liye kesi bhi andhi tuftan se ladna pare kiuke jo galat ka Sath dete hain wo galat karne wale se zada gunhagar hote hain. jub tak tum khud ki maddat nahi karo ge, koi tumhari maddat nahi kare ga to jub tum khudi maddat karo ge tab un logo ki maddat ke sakte ho jenki koi nahi karta tum unki umed banna jenki koi nahi unka sahara jeska koi sahara nahi or sahi mayne me azadi yahi hai khud ki zimmedari uthana pher dusro ki , apna nazariya saaf rakhna taake koi or kharab na ker saake , duniya se lad jana par kabhi zinda laash mat banna.

AZADI KA MATLAB AZAD SOCH OR ZIMMEDAR

CORRECTION

ZINDAGI KE NAAM

alijan

Khuda ki banayi azadi, me ot samaj ki banayi azadi, me utna hi farak hai jitna zameen ot asmaan me. Samaj ki banayi azadi insan ko bandhti hai un banaye hue asoolo me jo ki kamzoro ko sameet ke ek daayre me rakhte hain ot takatvar asool banate ot un par hukumat kerte hain or logo ke dimag me usse azadi ka naam de ke gulammi karate hain. Ye log insano ko unki asliyat se meharoom rakhte hain kiuke wo to darte hain ki unka bhaanda phoot gya or insan jag gaye to duniya bagawat par uttar aye gi ,per khuda ki banayi azadi me insaan ke pass apne har faisla ki azadi hoti hai insaan har us chez se jo o unke ao or unke anne wale kal ko bandh deta hai, per ye duniya uss sooch ko, uss bachpan ko kaid kar deti hai, jo ess duniya ke samaaj ke tale kahi ghum ho jate hain. Khuda ki banayi azadi har duniya ke har jhut or such se paare hai or bus ek hi such maksad hai keh ess faani duniya mei apni insaaniyat ka ek acha kirdar nibha ke uss ke pass wapas loot jana.



CORRECTION

What the River Carried: The Invisible Burdens of Being Human By Kanza Imran Mughal

Kanza Imran Mughal

Some wounds are inherited without ever being named. Some burdens are praised as virtues. And some of the heaviest things we carry are beliefs about ourselves that were never ours to begin with.

Imagine a river carrying a mirror.

As it moves, the mirror reflects fragments of the sky, passing trees, and faces leaning over its banks. Each reflection appears real, yet none remains for long. The river continues, and the image disappears.

Human beings, however, are not always so fortunate. We carry reflections long after the moment that created them has passed. A careless remark becomes a question about our worth. A childhood rejection becomes a fear of being abandoned. A lifetime of being praised for sacrifice teaches us that our own needs are somehow less important than everyone else's.

We do not merely remember what happens to us. We build beliefs around those experiences, and sometimes those beliefs follow us for years.



Perhaps, then, the most significant question is not simply what the river carried, but what its passengers learned to carry because of it.

The Stories Pain Teaches Us to Believe

Pain does more than hurt; sometimes, it changes the way we interpret the world.

CORRECTION

A child who is repeatedly told to be quiet may grow into an adult who apologizes before expressing an opinion. Someone whose affection was met with indifference may begin to believe that love must always be earned. A person who has been relied upon during every crisis may struggle to admit that they, too, need support.

These responses are not inevitable, and no single experience defines an entire life. Yet our experiences can influence the stories we tell ourselves about who we are and what we deserve.

The difficulty begins when we mistake a response to our circumstances for an unchangeable truth about our identity.

There is a difference between being rejected and being unworthy of love, between making a mistake and being a failure, between being needed by others and existing solely to serve them. These distinctions may seem obvious when expressed in words, but they can become remarkably difficult to recognize when pain has shaped our understanding of ourselves.

Consider the person who insists that nothing hurts them. We may admire their composure without wondering whether they have simply learned that expressing pain brings no comfort. We may praise their independence without asking whether they have ever felt safe enough to depend on someone else.

Sometimes, what appears to be strength is a form of protection. Sometimes, what looks like indifference is disappointment that has grown tired of asking to be understood.

The river carries the fallen branch, but the person carries the memory of why they learned to hide their wounds.

Recognizing this distinction allows us to approach human behavior with greater compassion. Instead of asking why someone has become distant, defensive, or afraid, we might consider what experiences have taught them to respond in these ways. Understanding does not excuse every action, but it can help us see people as more complicated than their most visible behavior's.

When Sacrifice Becomes an Identity

CORRECTION

These invisible burdens become particularly complicated when society begins rewarding people for carrying them.

Women, in many communities, are praised for their patience, endurance, and willingness to put others first. Their ability to maintain relationships, care for families, and endure difficulties is often treated as evidence of admirable character. These qualities can be valuable expressions of love and responsibility. The problem arises when they become expectations that leave little room for a woman's individuality.

A woman who sacrifices her ambitions may be celebrated for being selfless. A woman who expresses exhaustion may be reminded of her responsibilities. A woman who establishes boundaries may be accused of changing, forgetting her values, or caring too much about herself.

What happens when a virtue becomes an obligation?

The issue is not sacrifice itself. Healthy relationships often require compromise, patience, and generosity from everyone involved. The issue is the unequal distribution of these expectations, particularly when one person's sacrifices are treated as natural while another person's comfort is protected.

When this imbalance continues, a woman may begin to measure her worth through her usefulness. She may feel guilty for resting, hesitate before expressing disagreement, or believe that love becomes less deserving of respect when it asks for something in return.

Eventually, the burden is no longer carried only by the expectations of others. It becomes an expectation she places upon herself.

This is how social pressures can become deeply personal beliefs. What begins as a rule imposed from outside may eventually feel like an unquestionable truth within.

A compassionate society should not have to choose between respecting sacrifice and respecting individuality. We can value care without demanding self-erasure, admire resilience without romanticizing suffering, and honor family responsibilities without denying anyone the right to develop an identity beyond them.

CORRECTION

Perhaps the measure of a person's goodness should not be how much suffering they can tolerate, but how thoughtfully they treat themselves and others while navigating the demands of life.

What We Inherit Without Knowing

Not every burden begins with our own experiences. Some arrive through the lives of those who raise us.

Families pass down more than names, traditions, and possessions. They also transmit ways of expressing affection, responding to conflict, understanding responsibility, and interpreting vulnerability. A parent who learned to survive through silence may struggle to encourage emotional openness in a child. A family accustomed to scarcity may teach its children to fear every uncertain future, even when circumstances eventually change.

These patterns do not make our families villains. Often, the people who pass them on are carrying burdens they never had the opportunity to examine themselves.

A person may teach their child to remain silent because silence once protected them. Another may insist on constant achievement because they have always associated success with security. What was once a survival strategy can become an inherited limitation when it is passed down without question.

Yet inheritance does not have to mean repetition.

We can respect our families without accepting every fear they have taught us. We can appreciate the sacrifices of previous generations while recognizing that their struggles do not have to determine every choice we make. We can preserve traditions that nurture us and reconsider those that diminish another person's dignity.

Perhaps one of the quietest forms of courage is to examine what we have received and ask which parts deserve to continue.

The river does not choose every object that enters its waters. But human beings possess something that a river does not: the capacity to reflect upon what they carry and decide what they wish to pass forward.

Letting Go Is Not the Same as Forgetting

CORRECTION

We often speak of healing as though it requires us to leave the past entirely behind. But memories do not disappear simply because we have decided to move forward. Some experiences remain meaningful even after their immediate pain has faded.

Letting go is not necessarily about forgetting a person, denying an injustice, or pretending that suffering has made us stronger. Sometimes, it means refusing to let an old experience dictate what we believe we deserve today.

We can remember rejection without accepting the belief that we are unlovable. We can acknowledge a painful relationship without concluding that all intimacy is dangerous. We can recognize the sacrifices of our mothers and grandmothers without assuming that we must reproduce every hardship they endured.

There is also a difference between compassion and permission. Understanding why someone hurt us does not require us to remain in a situation that continues to harm us. Forgiveness, when it comes, need not erase accountability. And moving forward does not mean that what happened was acceptable.

Healing becomes possible when we can acknowledge the past honestly without allowing it to become the sole authority over our future.

Perhaps this is what the river teaches us: movement does not require the denial of what has been carried. It requires the possibility of continuing beyond it.

What the River Should Not Have to Carry

Imagine standing beside a river after a storm. Its waters are unsettled, its surface clouded by everything the rain has disturbed. Yet, with time, the current continues along its course.

We often expect the same of people. We expect them to recover quietly, return to their responsibilities, and reassure everyone around them that the difficult days have passed. We admire those who keep moving, but we do not always make space for those who need to pause. Perhaps we should question this expectation.

What would change if we stopped treating emotional honesty as weakness? What if families taught children that their feelings deserve attention, that

CORRECTION

boundaries are not acts of betrayal, and that asking for help does not diminish their worth? What if we praised women not only for what they endure, but also for the lives they build for themselves? What if strength included the ability to say, without shame, that something is too heavy to carry alone?

These changes would not erase suffering. Human life will always contain disappointment, uncertainty, grief, and loss. But we can create relationships and communities in which people do not have to transform every wound into a private burden. We can listen without rushing to offer advice. We can offer support without demanding that someone prove they deserve it. We can become more careful about the beliefs our words encourage others to form about themselves. And perhaps we can begin with the way we speak to our own hearts.

The next time we call ourselves weak for feeling tired, selfish for having needs, or unworthy because someone failed to recognize our value, we might pause and ask where that judgement came from. Is it an honest reflection of who we are, or a voice we learned to mistake for our own? The answer may not arrive immediately. Some beliefs have travelled with us for so long that questioning them feels like losing a part of ourselves. But we are not required to preserve every burden merely because it has become familiar.

The river carries what enters its waters. We carry memories, inherited expectations, and the meanings we have built around our experiences. Yet we are not condemned to repeat every story we have received. Perhaps the deepest form of healing is not becoming someone who has never been hurt. It is becoming someone who no longer mistakes their hurt for their identity. And perhaps, when we finally look back at the river of our lives, we will discover that its greatest gift was not the strength to carry everything. It was the wisdom to recognize what was never ours to carry in the first place.

CORRECTION

"still stay of each other heart"

Asia khatoon

I have stopped desiring that person, yet they remain a part of my life-like a pleasant memory.

I have stopped mentioning that person now, yet they remain present in my words-like a sweet voice.

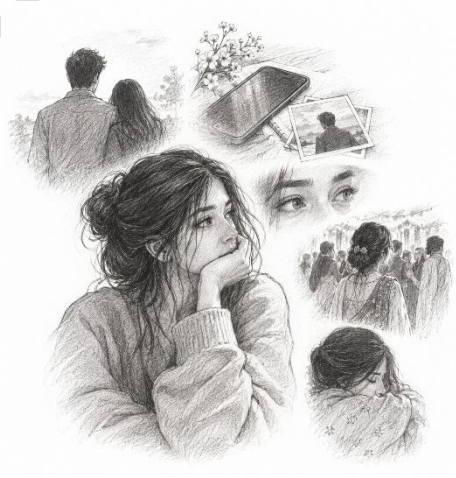
I have stopped making eye contact with that person, yet I see them everywhere.

That person has also left me because of his responsibility.

But in some way or another, I'm still a part of his life today.

You might be present at a family gathering, but memories of someone else echo in your mind.

You may smile in front of other's but your heart is filled with sorrow- it's not easy.



CORRECTION

Unknown

Julekha Khatoon

Sea-green laces floats away,

Racing into the deep forest,

Chestnut brown waves past her shoulders,

Daring midnight eyes full of curiosity,

Mind racing with new mischiefs,

Palms stretched out in search of unknown,

Feet having a sense of their own,

Running up to that strange land,

Where they don’t mind a cupid's ramp,

A stubborn heart with no sign of return,

Here she speaks her own thoughts,

Wild and loud, ready to burn.



CORRECTION

LOST IN THE GAZE

Hauwa'u Abdulmumin Idris, popularly known by her pen name *The Imagination Queen*, is a young Nigerian writer, poet, and storyteller passionate about using words to inspire minds and touch hearts. Her writing explores cultural identity, unity, self-discovery, and the beauty of human diversity.

Hauwa'u Abdulmumin idris

CORRECTION

The Imagination Queen

I looked at myself in the mirror,
And stepped back in horror.
I saw another version of me,
Dressed in ways unlike me.

I ran to my mother and told her all,
But she smiled like she heard no call.
She said, “That is the real you,
The truest version breaking through.
Stop copying what others do,
Be proud of your culture, stay true.
Your roots are deep, don’t let them go,
That is where your identity will grow.
Respect all cultures, near and far,
Each one shines like its own star.
Do not divide, do not hate,
Unity is what makes us great.
Be yourself, stand strong and free,
That is the real version of thee.”

I looked again into the glass,
No longer afraid of what would pass.



The Twin Princesses

Hauwau Abdulmumin Idris

Long ago, in the magical kingdom of Logilom, there lived two brothers, King Mike and Prince Franklin. While King Mike was loved by his people, Franklin was jealous of his brother and secretly desired the throne.

After King Mike died, the elders organised a competition to determine who would become the next ruler. A humble fisherman named Johnson defeated Franklin and was chosen to become king. However, he still needed to find the kingdom's sacred Diamond Ring to complete his journey to the throne.

One day, Johnson and his wife, Esther, encountered an old woman in the forest who needed water. Although they had little for themselves, they kindly shared what they had with her.

Suddenly, the old woman transformed into a beautiful fairy.

Impressed by their kindness, she blessed their newborn twin daughters and promised that the children would possess extraordinary powers. She gave Johnson magical crystal glasses that could reveal hidden things and told him that the Diamond Ring was somewhere in the forest.

Following a mysterious glowing trail, Johnson and Esther discovered an ancient cave. Inside, they found their daughters resting in magical cradles made of leaves. Nearby lay a wooden box containing the sacred ring.

Johnson returned to the palace with the ring and his family. The chief priest confirmed that he had been chosen, and Johnson became the rightful king of Logilom. Esther became queen, and their twin daughters brought happiness to the royal household.

But Franklin's jealousy grew stronger.

Determined to steal the throne, he ordered masked men to kill Johnson and his family. Fortunately, the men secretly helped the royal couple escape instead. During their journey by canoe, a terrible storm overturned their boat. Johnson and Esther survived, but their twin babies were swept away in different directions.

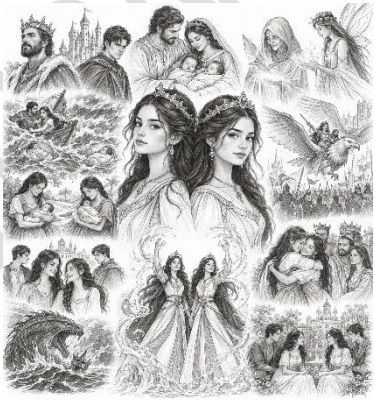
CORRECTION

Two women discovered the babies on separate riverbanks. Mama Jessy rescued one girl, while Mama Jenny found the other. Neither woman knew that the babies were royal twins.

The girls were named Jessy and Jenny. They grew up in different parts of Weke, surrounded by love and kindness. Both became cheerful, courageous, and helpful young women. Jessy grew close to Prince Jakob, while Jenny formed a special friendship with Prince Jason.

Although the sisters had never met, they often dreamed about a girl who looked exactly like themselves. They wondered why the mysterious stranger appeared in their dreams, but neither understood the connection.

Sixteen years passed.



Meanwhile, Franklin had taken control of Logilom and become a cruel king. He married a woman known as Queen Deviliana, unaware that she was hiding a painful secret.

Franklin wanted to conquer Weke, so he placed a terrible curse on the ocean. The water became dangerous, and people could no longer collect it safely. Fishing became difficult, and families suffered from thirst and hunger.

The chief priest eventually received a vision of two girls surrounded by golden light. He realised that the lost princesses were alive. An ancient prophecy foretold that the twins would rise together and end the darkness threatening the kingdoms.

When the time was right, Mama Jessy and Mama Jenny revealed the truth to their daughters. They explained that Jessy and Jenny were twin princesses separated as babies by Franklin's wicked actions.

The women also revealed their identities as fairies who had protected the girls until they were ready to discover their destiny.

The sisters were shocked, but they soon understood that their lives had a greater purpose.

CORRECTION

Their magical powers began to awaken. Jessy discovered that she could communicate with the cursed ocean through song. Whenever she sang with faith, water rose from the sea and filled her cup. Jenny possessed the same extraordinary ability.

With the help of sacred necklaces blessed by the chief priest, the twins found a way to share their gifts with others. People wearing the necklaces could sing and receive water from the ocean.

Hope returned to Weke as families collected enough water to survive.

However, Franklin's cruelty soon brought the kingdoms closer to war.

During an attack, Logilom soldiers captured people from Weke, including Jessy. Franklin brought her to his palace and treated her like a princess, hoping to control her. Yet Jessy never forgot the suffering of her people. She secretly determined to help them escape.

When Prince Jakob learned that Jessy had been captured, he became deeply worried. Prince Jason promised to help rescue her and the other prisoners.

Meanwhile, Jenny travelled with Jason to the palace of Weke. The king was astonished when he saw her because she looked exactly like Jessy. Jenny explained that Jessy was her long-lost twin sister.

The king welcomed Jenny warmly, and hope filled the palace once more.

Both kingdoms began preparing for battle. Jessy trained to control her magical abilities, while Jenny learned to use her powers with courage and discipline. Their necklaces glowed whenever their emotions grew strong, revealing the mysterious connection between them.

At last, the armies of Logilom and Weke met on the battlefield.

The Weke army approached with determination, hoping to rescue its people. Suddenly, a magnificent eagle-shaped carriage descended from the sky. Jenny stepped out wearing silver armour beneath her royal gown.

She raised her hand and commanded the Logilom soldiers to surrender. Glowing magical vines rose from the ground and surrounded the soldiers in shining cages.

CORRECTION

Then Jessy emerged from the gates of Logilom. She raised her hand and summoned similar magical vines, trapping the Weke army.

The battlefield became silent. Both sisters possessed extraordinary power, and neither kingdom could easily defeat the other.

Then Queen Deviliana revealed her secret.

Her real name was Kate. She had married Franklin not because she loved him, but because she wanted revenge for the murder of her parents. Her father had guarded the royal treasure room, and her mother had served as a favourite maid in the palace. After King Mike's death, Franklin had accused her parents of wrongdoing and had them killed. Kate later discovered that Franklin himself was responsible for the king's death and had stolen the sacred ring.

For years, she had waited for the opportunity to expose him.

As Kate spoke, Jessy and Jenny finally faced one another. Their eyes met, and they immediately recognised the girl who had appeared in their dreams for sixteen years.

Without hesitation, they ran into each other's arms.

The twins embraced, crying tears of joy. Their long separation had finally ended.

Suddenly, Johnson and Esther appeared on the battlefield. They had survived the terrible storm sixteen years earlier, and now they stood before their daughters.

The fairy mothers revealed the truth.

Jessy and Jenny rushed towards their parents, and the family embraced. Sixteen years of separation and uncertainty seemed to disappear in that unforgettable moment.

Franklin stared at them in disbelief. He had tried to destroy the family, yet they had survived and returned to confront him.

Holding hands, the twins began to sing.

Their necklaces shone brighter as their voices filled the battlefield. A blue light spread across the ground, and both kingdoms slowly joined their song.

CORRECTION

The ocean began to roar. Enormous waves crashed against the shore as ancient sea creatures rose from the depths. Their glowing eyes fixed upon Franklin.

Terrified, he tried to escape, but a gigantic creature seized him and dragged him into the ocean. His crown fell into the water, and the waves swallowed it.

Gradually, the sea became calm.

The chief priest raised his staff and declared that the reign of darkness had ended.

The soldiers lowered their weapons. People who had once been enemies embraced one another, and families reunited. The king of Weke extended his hand to the people of Logilom, choosing peace over further bloodshed.

Kate explained her painful history, and Queen Mercy appeared after revealing herself from a disguise. The truth behind the kingdoms' suffering was finally brought into the light.

With Franklin gone, the people could rebuild their lives. Johnson and Esther were honoured, and the twins stood proudly beside their parents.

The chief priest then revealed a final prophecy: when Jessy and Jenny turned eighteen, they would help unite the two kingdoms in peace. They would marry Jakob and Jason only when they were ready and freely chose their futures.

Years later, the kingdoms flourished. The ocean remained calm, families lived without fear, and the people celebrated the peace the twins had helped restore.

Jessy often ran playfully through the royal gardens with Jakob, while Jenny enjoyed peaceful moments with Jason beside a fountain. Johnson and Esther watched their daughters with pride, grateful that their family had finally been reunited.

The two sisters who had once searched for each other in their dreams had become symbols of hope, courage, and unity.

Their story taught the kingdoms that jealousy could destroy lives, but love, truth, courage, and forgiveness could bring people together again.

CORRECTION

And so, Jessy and Jenny stood side by side, ready to build a brighter future for their people.

CORRECTION

My River

Asha Jasmine A H

The river carried so many things--

My fears,

My burdens,

My tension,

And what not.

Usually, a river carries water

from place to place.

Likewise, it carried my heart

from me forever.

The love of my life,

my river, holding on so much.

Perhaps, it let goes what it holds,

it had learnt the art of letting go.

Similary, I should also learn

to let go off my past,

and embrace my present,

to make my future better.



CORRECTION

CORRECTION

She Was the Rain

Soumya Sarmistha Baitharu is an emerging writer, poet, and content creator from Odisha, India. Her writing explores human emotions, social realities, and the truths often overlooked by society. Through simple yet meaningful storytelling, she seeks to question perspectives, challenge conventions, and inspire readers to see the world beyond its surface.

Soumya Sarmistha Baitharu

CORRECTION

A story about love, dreams, and the people who help us bloom.

“You don't have to let me know.”

Rishika said it casually as she placed a packet of biscuits beside Arman's books.

He looked up. “I might have to give up on medical college. Fees, books, coaching everything costs money.”

Rishika pulled out a chair. “Then it's a good thing you don't have to become a doctor tomorrow. Now eat your biscuits, future doctor.”

Arman laughed. Making him laugh was becoming one of her favourite things.

Arman came from a middle-class family where every dream needed a plan. He wanted to become a doctor, not for the title, but because he wanted to help people suffering from cancer, the disease that had changed the life of Simran, the girl he loved.

He couldn't promise Simran that everything would be all right. But he could study and, perhaps one day, contribute to research that might help people like her.

That hope kept him going.

Rishika came from a different world. Her father owned several hotels. She had grown up surrounded by comfort, but she was neither spoiled nor particularly serious about life. She was mischievous, talkative, and capable of turning any conversation into an argument nobody could win.

When she noticed Arman worrying, she helped him find books and study materials. She never made him feel small for needing help.

One afternoon, she placed a sheet of paper before him.

“Sign here.”

“I promise to become a successful doctor and never forget the person who invested in my brain,” he read aloud.

“You wrote this?”

“Obviously. Lawyers are expensive.”

“You're impossible.”

“And yet, here you are.”

He signed it. Rishika folded the paper carefully and kept it. She would treasure it for years. Arman forgot about it by the following week.

Rishika fell in love with him slowly. She loved his determination and the way he remembered little things about people. She admired him before she realised she loved him, and once she did, she kept it to herself.



Arman loved Simran.

Rishika knew it from the way his face changed whenever Simran called.

One day, he arrived at the library unusually happy.

“Simran called today!”

“Congratulations. Should I arrange a national celebration?”

He laughed and told her every little detail of their conversation.

CORRECTION

“Do you remember everything she says?” Rishika asked.

“Of course.”

“Should I start taking notes? Apparently, this is how the human brain behaves when it falls in love.”

“You're weird.”

“Thank you. I work very hard on my personality.”

She even helped him choose Simran's birthday gift.

“It's acceptable,” she said, examining the box seriously.

“Acceptable?”

“Don't get excited. I'm an expert in gifts.”

“You once gave me a pen that didn't work.”

“It was a test of your patience.”

He burst out laughing.

Rishika never asked him to notice her feelings. She never competed with Simran or tried to make Arman feel indebted to her.

He considered her one of his closest friends and never suspected that the girl who made him laugh was quietly falling in love with him.

Years passed, and Arman entered medical college.

The journey was difficult. Exhausting examinations, challenging subjects, and financial worries tested his determination. Yet Rishika stayed beside him.

When he passed an important examination, she arrived with a cake that read:

CONGRATULATIONS, FUTURE DOCTOR. PLEASE STOP ACTING LIKE A RETIRED PROFESSOR.

“You actually paid someone to write this?”

“I paid extra for the excellent message.”

CORRECTION

He gave her the first piece of cake. She considered it a small victory.

As Arman progressed through medical college, his interest in cancer research grew. He understood that becoming a doctor wouldn't magically give him all the answers, but he wanted to help improve cancer treatment through scientific research.

Rishika helped whenever she could. Sometimes she brought him food. Sometimes she found study resources. Sometimes she simply sat beside him and talked nonsense until he finally took a break.

Once, when he had studied for hours without looking up, she snatched his pen.

“Give it back.”

“Not until you eat.”

“Rishika, I'm busy.”

“And I'm the daughter of a businessman. I know how to negotiate.”

“That's blackmail.”

“That's business.”

He laughed and accepted the food.

She never asked him to abandon his dream for her. And Arman never knew how much love lived behind her laughter.

After completing his medical training, Arman began working at a hospital. He later joined a cancer research team studying ways to improve treatment for a particular type of cancer.

The work demanded patience, careful experiments, collaboration, and years of effort. Some results were disappointing, but every finding taught the team something valuable.

Simran remained his inspiration.

He knew research couldn't guarantee a cure for every patient, but even a small improvement in treatment could make a difference to someone's life.

CORRECTION

Eventually, his team's work produced promising results and earned recognition for its contribution to cancer research.

Arman received an award for his contribution to the project.

He called Rishika immediately.

“I got it!”

“Got what? A new brain? Because the old one was working overtime.”

“Rishika!”

“Fine! Tell me!”

“I received the award. For the research!”

She screamed so loudly that he moved the phone away from his ear.

“I KNEW IT!”

“You did?”

“No. But it sounded appropriate.”

They both burst out laughing.

Then her voice softened.

“I'm proud of you, Arman. You've worked so hard for this.”

He went quiet.

“Thank you, Rishika.”

She sighed dramatically.

“Fine. I'll allow it this time.”

Neither knew that this would become one of their last ordinary conversations.

On the day of the award ceremony, Arman stood beneath the bright auditorium lights, holding his award.

He thought of his family, his teachers, his colleagues, and Simran.

CORRECTION

He also thought of Rishika.

At the microphone, he took a breath.

“People often believe success comes only from hard work. But sometimes, someone believes in you when you have begun to doubt yourself.

“I had people who guided me, supported my research, and worked beside me. I am grateful to all of them.

“And there was someone who helped me believe that my circumstances didn't have to decide the limits of my dreams. She helped me when I had very little to offer in return. She made difficult days lighter without ever making me feel small for needing help.

“People often compare success to reaching a destination. But I think some people are more like rain. They help things grow without asking to be the reason they bloom.

“I was fortunate enough to have someone like that in my life.

“And if she's listening today, I hope she knows that I haven't forgotten.”

The auditorium filled with applause.

Arman stepped away from the microphone, smiling.

He had spoken about Rishika with gratitude and affection, as one speaks about a dear friend who helped change the course of one's life.

He did not know that he had just described the love she had carried quietly for years.

Rishika watched the ceremony on television from her family's hotel in the mountains.

She had taken responsibility for managing one of her father's hotels in the hills, building a life of her own. She handled guests, solved problems, and occasionally argued with the kitchen staff about whether her ideas for the menu were brilliant or ridiculous.

That evening, she was at the reception when Arman's name appeared on television.

She stopped working.

CORRECTION

There he was the boy who had once worried about medical college fees, now standing on a stage with an award.

When he spoke about the people who had helped him, her eyes filled with tears.

She smiled through them.

She was proud of him, not simply because he had become successful, but because he had reached a place he once feared he would never reach.

Arman had pursued his dream and the love he wanted. Simran remained the person he loved. Rishika had always known she wasn't part of his romantic future.

After the ceremony, she returned to work. Sometimes she remembered their silly arguments and laughed. Sometimes she wondered whether he still had the books she had bought him.

But she no longer waited for a message.

She had loved him without asking him to love her back. She had helped him without expecting him to stay.

And now, watching him achieve his dream, she felt only happiness for the boy she had once encouraged in a quiet library.

Outside, rain began to fall over the mountains.

Rishika glanced at the television one last time. Arman was smiling as people congratulated him.

She wiped her tears, smiled softly, and whispered

“You don't have to let me know. I know you.”

CORRECTION

What was unknown till now

Raujatul Jannat Sunjilin

The air down here tasted like old stone and wet earth.

It clung to my tongue—sharp, mineral, heavy with three hundred years of trapped rain.

Deep beneath the Northern Ridge, the grotto breathed. Water dripped in a steady, rhythmic heartbeat against the limestone. Drip. Drip. Drip.

Bioluminescent moss painted the jagged walls in sickly, pale-blue smears. Thick ironwood roots tore through the cavern's vaulted ceiling like dead veins, clawing blindly for moisture in the dark.

I didn't care about the damp. I didn't care about the cold biting through my boots.

My eyes stayed fixed on the lock.

Star-steel. Cold. Impregnable. Embedded straight into the living granite.

Nature had tried to choke it out. Pale lichen crept across its outer bezel. Calcified mineral veins twisted around it like petrified fingers. But the keyhole remained. Clean. Sharp. A geometric impossibility of overlapping triangles that mocked standard spatial logic.

"You’re staring again," Henry said, his voice rattling down the mossy corridor.

I didn't blink. My brass magnifying glass stayed pressed to my left eye, sweeping across microscopic etchings.

"If you stare long enough," I muttered, "anything tells you where it’s weak."

Henry stepped into the amber circle of my torchlight.

Tall. Too tall. Clad in the crisp, silver-trimmed wool of a High Scholar, his arms locked tight over a massive leather ledger.

CORRECTION

"That lock isn't soft, Robin." His breath plumed white in the freezing air. "The First Arch-Mage sealed it. The Council ruled on it yesterday. The vault stays shut. Whatever is inside is... volatile."

I finally looked up.

My eyes felt sharp as glass, rimmed with purple bruises from a week of sleepless nights.

"Volatile." I spat the word out. "The Council's favorite excuse for anything that doesn't fit inside their little leather-bound boxes. They want a neat world. A predictable world. But mountains don't stop rising just because some old men are afraid of heights."

"It’s about safety." Henry stepped closer, his boots crunching on loose quartz. "The last one who tried to crack third-tier arcane geometry lost his mind down here. He couldn't tell the floor from the stars."



"He was sloppy," I fired back. "He tried to bully the math. He wanted to conquer knowledge instead of listening to it."

Henry looked at me. Fear and reverence tangled in his gaze. Everyone at the Academy knew me. They knew Robin Vance was dangerous. I looked at boundaries the way a starving dog looks at a fence.

"They’ll expel you." His voice dropped to a nervous hiss. "The Warden found your footprints near the lower roots last night."

"Let them."

I dug into my coat pocket. Pulled out a velvet pouch.

Three small crystal rods rolled into my palm, humming with a low, trapped charge.

"The library is tapped dry, Henry. It’s all repetition. Echoes of cowards who wouldn't step two feet past their campfires."

CORRECTION

"Then what are you looking for?"

I pressed my palm flat against the cold stone of the vault.

"The edge," I whispered. "The Council claims the universe stops at seven forces. I say there's an eighth. Something that ties memory directly to matter. And if I can prove it..." I turned my head, my voice dropping until it nearly vanished beneath the dripping water. "...we don't just cast spells. We rewrite what is real."

Henry shook his head. A bitter little smile flickered on his lips. "You're out of your mind."

"No," I said, sliding the first crystal rod into the top vertex of the star-steel geometry. "Just hungry."

Midnight came heavy.

The third bell rang somewhere far above, muffled by miles of stone.

I slipped from my bedroll. No shoes until I hit the wet stone of the descent. Just my dragon-hide notebook and my tools.

The grotto was different now.

The air around the vault was vibrating. Literal ripples warped the granite face like heat haze on a July road. The glowing moss had shrunk back, terrified of the current building in the stone.

The first rod blazed indigo.

My hands shook. Not from cold. Pure, raw adrenaline.

Two more.

The Academy taught that ether was static. Unmoving. A law of nature. I had spent six months boiling it down, twisting its frequency in secret, matching it piece by piece to the ancient sigils.

Rod two slid home.

A deep, bass thrum tore through the floor. Tiny shards of limestone rained down from the dark ceiling, splashing into the puddles around my boots.

"Show me," I whispered.

CORRECTION

Rod three.

Silence.

Absolute silence.

The moss went dead. The indigo flare winked out. The underground humidity turned to lead.

Then the mountain cracked open.

No sound. Just light.

The star-steel didn't melt. It unraveled into a roaring vortex of impossible colors. The stone wall dissolved like sugar in hot tea.

Nothing behind it.

No room. No dust. No scrolls.

Just an infinite lattice of gold and silver threads weaving through an empty, roaring dark. Geometry stretched out forever. I could hear thoughts. I could see equations hanging in the dead space like frozen lightning.

The raw architecture of existence.

I stood on the brink. My toes hovering over open granite.

"Robin! Stop!"

Boots splashing in the mud. Henry.

And behind him, the Warden—a broad-shouldered mountain of a man gripping an iron staff spitting blue lightning.

"Back away from the threshold, Vance!" the Warden roared, his voice bouncing off the cavern walls, startling a colony of bats into frantic flight. "You'll pull the entire ridge down on our heads!"

"The rules aren't fixed!" I screamed back over the rising gale blowing straight out of the void. My hair whipped across my face. "They change when you stop being a coward!"

CORRECTION

"It isn't courage, it’s suicide!" Henry cried, holding out a hand he wouldn't dare bring closer. "Robin, please! You won't come back from that! It eats you—body and soul!"

I looked into the light.

Math that could heal a plague with a whisper. Logic that could unmake time. Answers that made every crown, every war, every dusty library look like child's play.

Behind me: safety. A desk. A title. A quiet, useless life ending in a tomb of stale books.

Ahead of me: the roaring, terrifying unknown. It was pulling at the edges of my mind, fraying my thoughts, burning my senses down to ash.

I smiled. A wild, broken, perfect thing.

"I don’t want to come back", I whispered.

I didn't look back at Henry. I didn't look at the Warden.

I took a breath.

Lifted my foot.

And stepped off the edge of the world.

CORRECTION

Life Is Beautiful

Abhijeet Singh

Life is a beautiful journey. The real beauty of life is that we can find happiness even in the middle of difficulties.

Sometimes, we do not even realize our own worth and fail to understand ourselves.

We get so busy comparing ourselves with others that we forget who we really are.



CORRECTION

The True Meaning of Life

Abhijeet Singh

Life teaches us something at every step. Sometimes, we learn from our own experiences, and sometimes, we learn by watching others. A wise person tries to learn from every situation. They do not see mistakes as the end, but as a chance to grow and become better.

Every mistake teaches us a lesson. We do not always have to make the same mistake to learn. Sometimes, we can learn valuable lessons from others. This is a sign of wisdom.

Problems are a natural part of life. No one lives without facing difficulties. The real difference lies in how we deal with them. If we keep running away from our problems, they may become more difficult. And if we always put our problems on others, we may never learn how to handle them.

We should accept our problems, try to find solutions, and ask others for help when needed. Asking for help is not a sign of weakness. It shows that we understand our situation and are willing to improve it.

Life is precious. We should not waste it by always regretting the past or worrying about the future. Instead, we should make good use of the present because the things we learn and the decisions we make today help shape our tomorrow.

Our goal should not be only to move forward in life but also to become people from whom others can learn something good. Our thoughts, actions, and experiences can guide the next generation. If life has taught us valuable lessons, we should share them with others instead of keeping them to ourselves.



A wise person does not focus only on improving their own life. They

CORRECTION

also try to make other people's lives better through their actions, behaviour, and knowledge.

In the end, the greatest lesson of life is to learn from your mistakes, face your problems, respect your time, and try to become a better person every day. Learn from the mistakes of others, too, so that you do not have to learn every lesson through your own difficult experiences.

Remember:

Being successful in life is a great achievement, but staying wise, kind, and true to the right path is an even greater one.

CORRECTION

Whiplash of Life

Sarrah Murtuza Mukadam is an eleventh-grade CBSE student in Dubai. She has been a co-author of The Open Chapter and is a member of the Words of Weaves literary club, and her work has appeared on Teen Med Spot, where she wrote about Thalassemia. Outside of writing, she has competed in Model United Nations — earning Best Position Paper for her writing.

Sarrah Murtuza Mukadam

CORRECTION

My nails shaping cresent dues as I attempt to punch and push the wind away In a desperate attempt, I plea silently for the wind to release me. But hell, it is cruel, barely giving a push And before I can sense the fall It slaps me with the brute force of thunder.

When the staggering comes to an end I scream at it --- abhorrent curses escaping my dry mouth I know it makes the wind grow furious I can feel it as the friction captivity around is turning shapes The wind builds up behind---my toes curl in on a rock and with a whoosh it sends me stumbling forward the cli There's my rock bottom victory (right?)

My chest heaving as I crack an eye open to look at the sharp pain near The horns on the vine prodding on my arm So tight the esh under my tarnished skin visible The wind beating at my back in blows Tears building as I revolt to escaping Sucking in a sharp breathe when the vines only scrape further

The gruesome sight makes me turn away ---down My eyes widening as I see them down there --- tattered on the dusty golden rocks To think they're resting when the soulless looks in there tear rimmed eyes would say otherwise Bloodshot from the anger, they wear an expression of tired

They have collected dust on them As they lie there--- their body limp Some crying from the agony of it

And some stare at me --- through me Are they cursing the wind or cursing me Or expecting my fall or confused as to why I am hanging rather than falling? My thought disarry as I feel the groaning purple esh

Letting out a sigh; I force my limbs up against my will Against the pull of earth I move up My hands slipping up here and there My clothes torn and raggedy I reach up --- shaken -- hitting the ground with my footsteps The softly crumpled palm with the bloodied wrist that marks my failure Bringing tears to my eyes



Hesitant I look at the world before the cli Adjusting still I get lost in its beauty---my mouth agape when the world suddenly shifts --- moving away from me Startled I stumble backwards Before I can even register I'm being slapped "I'm again at the edge?!" My eyes widen as I realize why I looked

Limbs quivering and arms in agony I turn my body towards the cli Cold sweat rising behind my neck As the wind breathes down on it

The far end sure has a better view
I can wait until the joy comes to me Or the haunting wind bargaining my worth behind me feels nice to push me?

CORRE

Meanders bring Magic

Bismita is poet who finds her hidden answers in the loop of words. her world lies in weaving questions and answers from scratch. she aims to explore all spheres of life through the eyes of poetry and art for she believes that which cannot be identified is simply art regardless of what form it seems to have acquired. with over 35+ co-authored anthologies, she aims to excel in the sphere of literature and explore her limits.

Bismita Binay

CORRECTION

It is better to lose sometimes.

Though the war seems a little too overpriced,

Nothing can ever pay for the loss of your peaceful mind.

It is better to stay silent sometimes.

Every word that is driven by your tongue

Is seriously not worth your inner satan's hype.

It is better to supress how you feel sometimes.

Not every feeling needs to respected at times,

Some just make you hate yourself, even more than you can realise.

It is better to let your tears dry.

The more they fall, the more people can let out a lie,

And tell you, "Hey, I'm on your side."



It is better to lose someone who was never yours to be identified in the first place.

‘Change’ is the course of life,

The meander that brings magic to life

the river that takes you where you belongings lie

The more you deny it, the more suffering is bound to cloud over your life.

Finally, it is better not to be you at times.

The world isn’t going anywhere, and you have plenty of time,

To find who you were,

And how you are now, to be recognized.

CORRECTION

INEFFABLE

Zimal Fatma, a 17 year old writing under the pen name Elira Selene, writes freely, unbound by any particular genre. Her words explore the unspoken corners of heartbreak, longing, love and the human experience. Through writing, she hopes to give her inner voice a home and help others find pieces of themselves in her words.

Elira Selene

CORRECTION

You are the reason I believe
That perfect things can breathe.

Your eyes, black holes in disguise,
Where all my sense of direction dies.

Your face, a canvas heaven drew,
No artist could improve on you.

Your smile, a moon in midnight blue,
A little heaven shining through.

Your laugh, springtime's sweetest sound,
Like blossoms waking from the ground.

Your voice, a song stars would keep,
A melody my soul would reap.

Your scent, like rain on flowers new,
A trace of spring that smells like you.

Your presence, warmth in winter's cold,
A home more precious than gold.

Your touch, a spell that stills the skies,
And wakes the flowers where winter lies.

Your flaws, like cracks in marble stone,
Make art of what was never known.

Your soul, a universe of light,
More beautiful than stars at night.

And if perfection asks for proof,
I'd only have to point to you.

CORRECTION

ETERNAL SUBLIME

Elira Selene

I shall not find you in the crowd of faces,

Nor in the noise of familiar places.

I found you in the space between my thoughts,

Where love is quietly soft, fiercely sought.

You were never a coincidence of chance,

But a chapter fate had written in advance.

Long before we breathed beneath the same sky,

Our stars had already learned to align.



You're not just a person, but a meaning I keep

A truth that anchors my spirit deep.

Through chaos, I finally release,

The ache that quiets into peace.

In your eyes, entire philosophies unfold

Stories untold, and courage bold.

CORRECTION

You teach me that love is not possession,

But a divine, wordless confession.

It's not about forever, or a promise made,

But the warmth that lingers though memories fade.

For time may fracture, and worlds may bend,

Yet love like ours shall never end.

You are the silence that understands my storms,

The light that refuses to conform.

You're the prayer I've ever had to say,

The echo that follows when all fades away.

If souls return when stars realign,

Then I'll find you again beyond time.

For love is not bound by the cruel chime

It simply exists, eternal, sublime

CORRECTION

NOT MADE PERFECT

HARSHINI AMRISH

Roses aren't always red,

Violets aren't exactly blue.

World isn't made of perfect things,

No matter what they tell you.

Some smiles hide stormy evenings,

Some laughter carries pain.

And even after sunny mornings,

There's no promise against rain.

People leave without warning,

Promises slowly fade.

And life can turn so suddenly,

From comfort into shade.

Dreams don’t always happen,

Plans can fall apart too.

And growing up slowly teaches,

The world won't wait for you.



CORRECTION

Reality can feel confusing,

Fast, loud and unclear.

A mix of hope and over thinking,

Excitement mixed with fear.

Life may never be perfect,

But beauty still shines through.

In small laughs, quiet moments,

And the little things we do.

CORRECTION

Her

Teresiya Paul

She doesn't want to be a woman,
she has no desire to be a man either.
She's no longer interested in gender roles.

She wants to be called a Soldier,
who would protect.
She wants to cook the food
that'll comfort even the dead.
She wants to be a writer,
and she wants to be written about.
She wants to be the moon,
who would wait for the sun till the end of time.
She wants to inspire,
and she wants to be someone's muse.

She wants to be everything but pretty,
she wants to be anything but strong.
She wants to be her,
she just wants to be...



CORRECTION

"The Meadow"

Sumiya Asghar

She imagines herself standing in the middle of an unknown meadow encircled by towering trees. Smiling and standing barefoot while gazing at the sky. Her eyes were scarred as the raindrops began to fall on her. She shuts her eyes to get soaked in the rain. Flowers' scent is dispersed by the cool breeze. The fragrance of roses and lilies, jasmines and snapdragons.

Together, they remove the pollution of her soul thus giving birth to a sacred soul. Now the havoc-causing tempest within her soul is over. Such a divine land it is. A land liberating the soul of a sinner. The unknown meadow has a name now, *"The Meadow of Forgiveness"*.



CORRECTION

Finding Myself Everywhere

ALONEMENTAL24

Main aankhein band karke khud ko dhoondhi hi raha, Mere indriya ehsaason mein khud ko dhoondhne hi raha, Mujhe khud pata nahi kahan chala gaya hu main, Main khud ko ab kyu nahi mil raha?

Yeh dil khol ke baitha hu main mera, Saanson mein, dimag mein bhi na saath dene, Khud ki talaash mein tanha nikla, Wapas ka rasta bhi na ab mil raha,

Manzil bhi mujhko dhoondh rahi par main na mila, Aasmaan ko chhante chhante ghar ke apna pata, Suraj se poochta ghar ke apna pata, Chaand bhi kehta usko tu na pata, Taaron ka banna raha hu main naksha, Vo bhi toot chuke ab dekh meri aatma, Aandho ka bhi kar chuka hu main saamna, Lekin phir bhi dhoondh raha hu khud ki khamiyan,

Gairon mein bhi mere apne hi shamil the, Maine dekhe haste chehre logon ke kaafile, Jab khudka haafiza dekha toh main aur meri Yaadein hi bache,



Yeh logon se bhi behtar inhi yaadein, Bhale hi dikhe na par rehti mere saath hi hai, Mujhko rota hu dekh yeh hasti bhi hai, Aur kya likhu main khudke baare mein,

Khud hi khudko main nhi mil raha, Na jaane main khud ko ab kyu nahi mil raha? Main khudko ab kyu nahi mil raha, Main khudko ab kyu nahi mil raha,

CORRECTION

Be who you are

Anushka singh

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Do what you like, be who you are.

Life is not a race to win;

Enjoy the journey you are in.

Chase the dreams inside your heart,

That is where the magic starts.

You don’t have to beat the rest—

Just being you is being best.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

Do what you like, be who you are.

CORRECTION

The Person Behind the Smile

Keshav Porwal

I have become very good

at looking fine.

So good

that even my sadness

has learned to smile

when someone asks,

“How are you?”

I say,

“I’m good.”

Two ordinary words—

small enough to fit

between a question and a goodbye,

heavy enough

to carry an entire war.



Nobody notices

how carefully I choose my clothes

CORRECTION

for the days

I am falling apart.

Nobody notices

how I laugh a little louder

when my heart is too quiet.

Nobody notices

that sometimes

I stay online

just to feel

that somewhere,

someone might remember

I exist.

We live in a strange world—

where a photograph

can prove happiness

without proving a single moment of it,

where a thousand hearts

can appear beneath your picture

while your own heart

CORRECTION

has nowhere to go,

where we edit our faces
before we edit our lives,

and call the final version
“me.”

I have posted sunsets
on evenings
when I couldn't see
anything beautiful.

I have written
“I’m blessed”
with tears
still warm on my face.

I have said
“no worries”
while worrying
about everything.

And perhaps

CORRECTION

that is the cruelest part—

not that people
don't understand us,

but that we have practiced
hiding so well
we sometimes forget
how to be found.

Maybe one day
someone will ask,

“How are you?”

and stay long enough
to hear the answer.

Maybe I will not smile.

Maybe I will not say
“I’m fine.”

Maybe I will finally say,

CORRECTION

“I don't know.”

And perhaps

for the first time,

that will be enough.

Because behind every perfect picture

there is a person—

unfinished,

afraid,

hopeful,

quietly asking

to be loved

without having to look

like they already are.

CORRECTION

How the Inner Child Died

Maitreyee Mishra

There was a time,

long, long time back,

when the child

was naive enough to not interpret between right and wrong,

goods and bads,

when to be real and when not to be.

The Child didn't have any limitations,

now that Child is bound into a cage.

There was a time

when she was so carefree,

enough to fly high in the sky,

now drowned into a pool of her own tears.

The Child whose shoulders were so fragile

enough to not carry her school bag,

now strong enough

to withstand a storm.

CORRECTION

The Child who used to laugh

and make others laugh

by doing the silliest of mistakes,

now didn't even have a reason to smile at.

The Child who used to trust easily,

now has trust issues.

The Child whose whole school and colony were friends,

now has only a few,

countable enough on her fingers.

The Child who used to be an extrovert

is now forced to be reserved.

The Child who was sassy enough

to make little chaos,

is now simply existing.

The Child that used to love the whole world,

now forced to be the biggest of the haters.

The Child that used to dream beyond the clouds,

now feels deceived and defeated by her own self.

CORRECTION

The Child that has seen her parents young,

is now seeing them grow old.

The Child that has seen her sibling being born,

is seeing him grow into a teenager.

The Child that was once a child,

is unknowingly an adult.

The Child that used to tease her besties,

is now tying them up in her little fist.

And perhaps,

this is how the Child disappeared—

not all at once,

but slowly,

somewhere between growing up

and learning how to survive.

The Child that used to Dare,

is now scared.

And the saddest part is—

CORRECTION

she doesn't even remember

when she stopped being fearless.

Maitreyee (Maahi)

Don't want ordinary love❤️🩹

Angel George

I don't want ordinary love 👄

I need someone, jiske saath mujhe kuch aisa mehsoos ho
jise lafzon mein bayan karna bhi mumkin na ho

Koi jo mujhe aise dekhe
ki meri aankhein sharma kar jhuk jaayein
phir bhi baar-baar uski aankhon mein laut aayein

Koi jiska chhoona sirf ek ehsaas na ho
balki mujhe apne wajood mein kuch khaas hone ka ehsaas dilaaye
Jiski baaton mein main is kadar kho jaun
ki duniya saamne ho par nazar sirf woh aaye

koi aisa ho jo mujh mein is kadar kho jaaye
ki use mujh tak aane ka raasta hi nahi
mujhse door jaane ki wajah bhi na mile

Main uske saath aaj ko is tarah jeena chahti hoon
ki kal ki fikr aaj ki khushi chheen na sake
Uske saath guzra har pal itna gehra ho
ki waqt beet jaaye par us pal ka ehsaas kabhi kam na ho

Koi jo mere dard ko sirf samjhe nahi
balki mere dukh mein mera humsafar bane
Mere aansuon ko apna samjhe
aur meri khushi mein mujhse zyada khush ho jaaye

Mujhe aisa ishq chahiye
jisse baar-baar mohabbat ho
jismein ek hi insaan se har roz ek naye andaaz mein pyaar ho

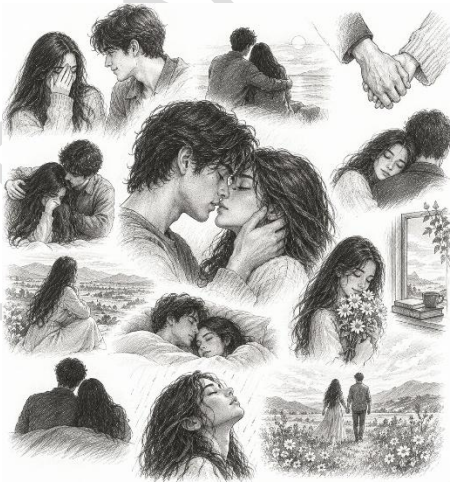
CORRECTION

Main kehti hoon ab pyaar nahi hoga mujhse par shayad mujhe pyaar se nahi us pyaar se darr hai jo bas naam ka ho

Mujhe bas kisi ka hona nahi hai mujhe kisi mein apna ghar dhoondhna hai

Koi jo meri rooh mein is tarah utar jaaye
ki main use chaahne ki wajah bhi na bata sakun
Koi jiske saath har lamha ek kahaani ban jaaye
aur jiske saath bitaaya waqt
meri zindagi ki sabse haseen yaadon mein dhal jaaye

Mujhe woh ishq chahiye
jahan main usmein rahun aur woh mujh mein
jahan do log sirf saath na hon balki ek doosre ke wajood ka hissa ban jaayein



I don't want just love
I want a feeling that has no name, a connection that needs no explanation, and a person who feels like home even when the whole world feels unfamiliar.
♡´･ᴗ･`♡

CORRECTION

THE SILVER VEIN

Parnika Sharma

"A river carries everything, yet belongs nowhere; it remembers every shore, yet never stays." - anonymous

Venerable had seen the wars,

Youth had read the wars

The way wordsmiths viewed,

But the silver vein had actually felt:

The cries of helplessness,

The red of people,

The hatred among people,

The drifting apart of families,

The fear of mothers,

The changed map of the world…

What does it carry?

It carries

The loneliness,

The forgotten promises,

The half-completed letters,

The secrets,

The bullets,

The bodies,



CORRECTION

The ashes,

The sacred threads

That once believed to protect …

It saw everything:

The fall of powerful kingdoms,

The tears of those who had no shoulder,

The regret of not being there where needed,

The losing of innocence,

How the world twisted the truths,

The way heroes fought,

And

The way the world did injustice to some

And turned them into villains…

The rivers saw what the sky ignored,

Heard what trees did not bear to,

Carried what winds could not due to its weight,

Remembered what the soil did not bury,

And,

Held what the mountains could not…

CORRECTION

My Home Is Everything But a Home — Poem

Soumya is a young poet who finds beauty in unspoken emotions and the quiet corners of life. Through her words, she explores love, friendship, identity and the complexities of growing up.

Soumya

my home is everything but a home, a place where even silence has a tone. where walls have heard the words I cannot say, and love feels like a debt I have to pay.

the dining table knows of wars untold, of hearts gone numb, of hands grown cold. the doors have witnessed tears at night and mornings that pretend that all is right.

here, affection comes with a price, and every truth must be sacrificed. they call it love, they call it care, but *love shouldn't make you scared to be there*.

they call it discipline when they bruise my soul,call it concern when they take control. they say it's for my good, for my future, for me, but *why does their love feel like a cage without a key?*

They have given me a name, a place, a family tree, yet somehow, in this house of theirs,there is no room for the real me.

I've learned to read the footsteps in the hall, to make myself invisible, to feel nothing at all, to hide my storms behind a quiet face and search for warmth in every unfamiliar place.

and perhaps the saddest part of all is that I still call this place my home. still wish that someday, somehow, they'll see the child I am beneath who they want me to be.

I don't dream of mansions or skies of gold, just a place where my heart won't have to grow old. where love isn't fear dressed up as duty and peace isn't a rare, passing beauty.

CORRECTION

my home is everything but a home, a crowded place where I feel alone. and someday, when I build a home of my own, I'll make sure no heart inside feels homeless even when it's not alone.

CORRECTION

What The River Carried

Pari Meena

The river flowed, but never forgot,
The dreams it held, the hearts it lost...

It carried tears beneath the light,
And kept its deepest wounds from sight...

It held the words we left unsaid,
The love that stayed, the ones who fled...

Yet never asked the shore to stay,
It kissed the land, then flowed away...

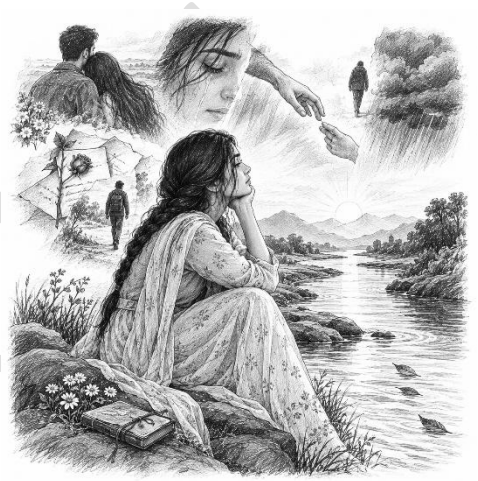
It learned to hold, it learned to part,
And hide a thousand storms at heart...

The world saw peace upon its face,
But knew not what it took to grace...

And though it carried all that pain,
It never begged to turn again...

For some things stay, though we move on,
Like songs that linger after dawn...

The river flows, the past runs deep,
Some wounds we carry, some we keep...



CORRECT

"WHEN HOME HURTS"

Ean Smith

Look at the females...

Who experienced most of their nights as battles,

They are trying to find some peace but still shake at the fists. Their hearts are shattered, and no one sees their cold lives.

The man's trauma may lead to their suffocation.

When we, the children see our mother's tears,

Our bodies I covered with bruises and broken Hearts Teats run down our checks carelessly like rain on broken glasses

In the sea of sorrow, We are just trying to breathe.

The destruction between Mum and Is now a destraction We share as a meal in the family

We go to school in person to avoid school Suspiciousnesses.

And stay home in mind to protect our female relatives. Our minds are not normal because We are already overloaded

Family issues, school assignments, personal goals, and loyalty

This world has been full of pain, but we've tried to stay sane.

Women nowadays say, "Marriage is the only War Where you have to sleep with your enemy."

They have lost their families but kept pushing forward. They are ever wounded and chained, beaten like children,

CORRECTION

but they have failed to let their families and selves die emotionally

When men come back drunk, women are turned into punching bags,

Children are made the best musicians Pianists of the year.

Men think that all is under their rule when women stay silent.

Families are headed men but not the drunkards and the violent ones..



L. O. N. Failed to keep the world peaceful, leading to the formation of UN.

Homes that have been failed by their heads should be taken up by law

Police and the Army, call for your support in the protection

Courts of law and the local leaders, Mps, judges, and parents

Religious leaders, N. G. Os. Sauti. It takes a village to break the chain...

CORRECTION

A Love That Feels Like Home

Javish is a young author, poet, and creative writer whose work explores emotions, human connections, love, loss, and the unspoken feelings that shape our lives.

Javish

CORRECTION

For Aditi

Some people arrive like summer rain,
And teach the heart to bloom again.
Some bring a calm no words can say,
And turn the ordinary into a beautiful day.

And then there's you, in all you are,
My quiet moon, my guiding star.
Not just the joy that makes me smile,
But peace that makes each struggle worthwhile.

If time should change the world we know,
And seasons come and seasons go,
I hope my heart still finds its way
To choose you, love, in every day.

For love is more than words we write,
More than a promise whispered at night.
It's choosing someone, come what may,
And finding new reasons to stay.

And if forever has a place,
I hope it holds your gentle grace.
For in this life, whatever I go through,
One of my sweetest truths is you.



My life

Lebo Mokoya

Turned upside down

With no hope to continue I look at my life with amuse Dropping from the sky Little by little Trying to reach the groundMy eyes filled with tear For my dreams. My future Which I eagerly wanted to transform All is shattered into pieces Which can only be restored If I am willing

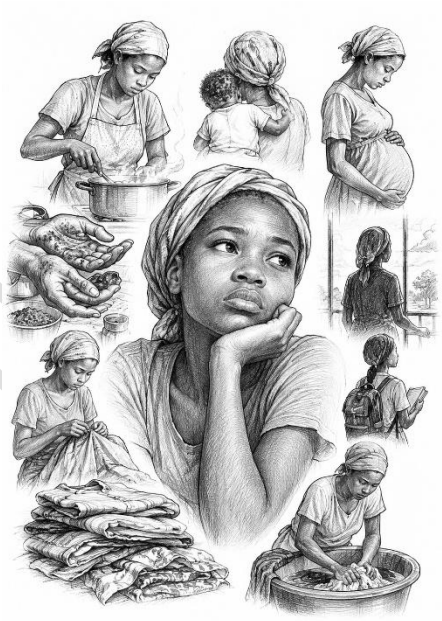
By itumeleng mokoya writer of Botswana</ 15 year writer<



CORRECTION

"Are u for real? Do u even exist"*

Lebo Mokoya



Are u for real?

Do u even exist

I am tired

All day i Cook, mop

Clean baby's diaper's

For me, u think Chores Suit me more

Not allowed to Smell the air outside

my hands are patterned with kitchen Spices

A nose used to dust and dumpling Smell.

I want to break through this shackle

u think being pregnant is my daily work

U Can't understand, as u have never experienced labour pain

I too have got rights

marriage does not tie me to chores

but it unites the hearts

I deserve to work like u

I deserve to be free

We are equal

Chores is not my husband

CORRECT

AUTHOR: ITUMELEHG MOKOYA*

LAUGH, LAUGH AS MUCH AS u Can

Insult me, Humiliate for it is what

u are good at it

Oh yes, i might have tattered clothes

I cant afford your expensive clothes

But i am proud to wear what

my mother kneats for me piece by Piece.

She puts all her patience and hope

into every garment I put on.

which does not qualify u to laugh at it.

I agree for me to eat, its only after

beg. or my mother to clean your

For me f dirty laundry all day.

She sweats in order to put on the table

unlike u, u eat like babies

with no sweat, but free food.

But atleast, my spends time with me, age 15, Gaborone, Botswana

CORRECTION

Muntazir: An Unknown Wait English edition

Taib ansari, an Indian author and writer. He began his writing journey at the age of 14, driven by a deep interest in words, emotions, imagination, and the many ways people experience life.

Taib ansari

CORRECTION

About the Book

A captivating journey that begins with a single moment.

About the Book

They say the first glance can change everything.

This book takes you deep into an engaging story where unexpected encounters, hidden emotions, and life-altering choices collide. Written in a crisp and modern English style, it explores the raw power of connection, the weight of unspoken feelings, and the journeys we take when our world is turned upside down in an instant.



Why You Won't Put It Down:

Relatable & Deep: A story that captures the exact feeling of moments that define our lives, making it impossible not to connect with the characters.

Flawless Reading Experience: Fully optimized for digital reading-the text flows perfectly on any screen size, whether you are reading on your phone, tablet, or e-reader.

Perfectly Paced: Structured with seamless chapter transitions so you can easily dive back in right where you left off.

Grab your copy today and get lost in a story that stays with you long after the final page.

CORRECTION

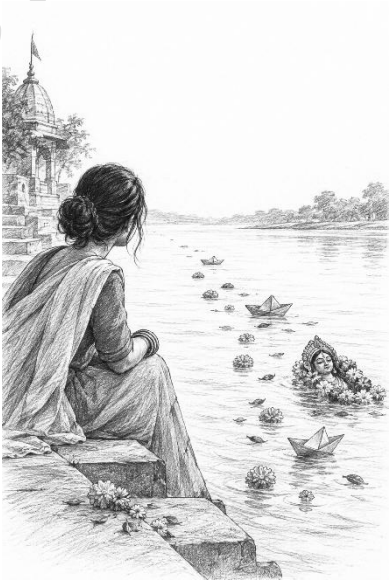
The Teaching of Water

Priyosi Sarkar

The river never asked what we gave it.
It took the marigolds, the ash,
the paper boats we folded
out of notebook pages and small wishes,
and carried them without comment.

It carried the sound of my mother's bangles
at the ghat, early, before the city woke.
It carried the clay goddess home,
her painted eyes still open,
and nobody cried, because we were taught
that leaving is also a kind of return.

Downstream, the water forgot our names
and kept our weight.
It learned the shape of every grief
by holding it a moment, then letting go,
the way you hold a hand
you know you cannot keep.



CORRECTION

Now I stand on the bank with empty palms

and understand the river's only teaching:

you are not what you carry.

You are the one who lets it move.

CORRECTION

The river bank

Hemah Sundaramurthy

The river falls and follows

Every bit of corner space

It occupies and flows

Running through the stones

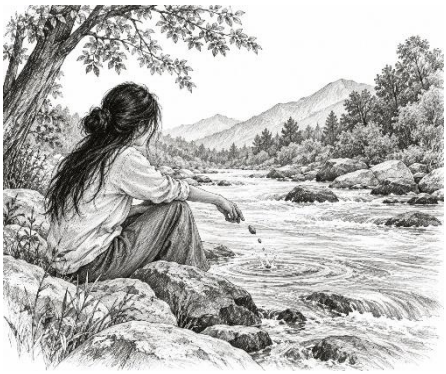
Running through the mud

Running through the broken twigs and branches

Water takes the shape of it's container

Waters composition changes

When it melts from snow to liquid state...



Water is an essential element for life

When I feel lost or moody

I go to the river banks

Sit there at the benches

And throw stones expecting it reach the other end!

Mind intertwines with the play

Heals the long lost heart

Cures the ill mind that keeps racing throughout the grey days!

CORRECTION

Where ever it flows

It has the property to cleanse

And purify whatever it touches!

CORRECTION

Ubirasi

Soy Profesora de lenguas extranjeras y amo la literatura. Participé el año pasado en Canvas of Voices con mi escrito "Poemas para un Vikingo" siendo seleccionado para tener lugar en el volumen 4 de esa edición 2025.

Martha Aguilar Semanat

Dicen que Trino es la llave de la fertilidad, que de ella surgen subterráneos manantiales dulces que logran conectarse a todo lo largo y ancho de la tierra, proveyendo de extensos ríos a lugares inhóspitos e irrigando las calientes y áridas tierras de los desiertos.Llueve a cántaros en el pequeño pueblo de Trino. Desde las más elevadas montañas el agua se desliza, y es tan fuerte que forma una gran cascada espesa y bulliciosa, cascada que al llegar a tierra rompe el verde pasto y por donde desfila crea un río caudaloso.

Y bajo las asonantes gotas de lluvias, galopan cientos de potrillos, agitando sus largas crines en un sinfín de desenfrenos; y allí está el joven Ubirasi batallando bajo el mal tiempo, con su lacio pelo negro todo mojado que cae delante de sus ojos y su húmeda brillante piel cobriza cabalgando sobre una de las más rebeldes bestias que ha pisado el lugar, sosteniendo su pelaje blanco y sometiéndolo a su antojo; pues no se cansa. ¡Tal parece un dios egipcio.!

Pero Ubirasi no puede hablar; nació con esta dificultad; solo que esto no le preocupa, bástele sus expresivos grandes ojos negros y su robusto cuerpo para comunicarse. También Ubirasi es huérfano, su madre murió al darle a luz y su padre cuando él tenía siete años falleció de una horrible enfermedad, Desde entonces se encargó de su cuidado Regália, una antigua amiga de su madre , ella nunca pudo concebir hijos y por consiguiente se sentía muy satisfecha el poder criarlo. Aunque el padre no pudo disfrutar mucho de su hijo; el corto tiempo que pasaron juntos se esforzó en enseñarle a Ubirasi los habilidades de su oficio para cuando no estuviera tomara su lugar, .Y éste aprendió bien.

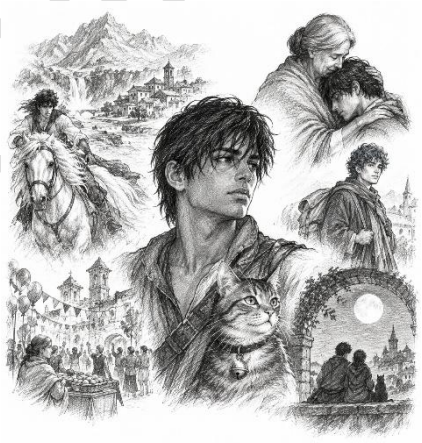
Es de tarde y en la puerta de una de las más humildes casas de la ciudad se encuentra una señora, sosteniendo un quinqué, agitándolo de un lado a otro

CORRECTION

como centinela, es Regália , su corazón agitado por la tardanza de su amado tesoro como ella le llama casi se logra escuchar, y desde la puerta de su morada el pregón de los mercaderes se desvanece a medida que estos se alejan.

Tarde en la noche cuando todos duermen el ruido de unos pasos despiertan a la soñolienta mujer quien dormitaba sobre la mesa de la cocina, ahí estaba, para su tranquilidad era Ubirasi; en un abrir y cerrar de ojos la angustiada madre rompe en llanto; Ubirasi ante tal desesperación la consuela sentándose a sus pies como siempre lo ha hecho desde pequeño; así transcurrió un tiempo hasta que la dama se durmió , pero antes había cosido unos huevos para ella e hizo un exquisito lomo ahumado para el platillo que nunca degustó porque al ser tan poco prefirió dejárselo al jovenzuelo.

Muy de temprano antes que el astro rey asomara su cabeza, a pocos pasos de la casa, por el viejo callejón que conduce a la plaza de vendedores se encuentra Regália sentada en una silla de madera tratando de vender los amelcochados dulces de miel que aprendió hacer desde muy joven y que tanto disfrutaban los niños y jóvenes del pueblo.



Amanece, los intensos rayos del sol visitan cada rincón de Trino, penetrando a través de las rendijas del lugar donde quedaba Ubirasi calentando el ropaje que le abriga; pero éste no duerme, había pasado toda la noche en vela, reviviendo en su pequeña cabeza los momentos intensos de la jornada anterior.

Ese día largas horas transcurrieron antes que él decidiera iniciar la marcha a su rutina diaria , algo le inquieta ¿Acaso no era feliz? Su madre le educó lo mejor que pudo y puso a su disposición todo cuanto poseía, tenía muchos amigos, disfrutaba de su trabajo, todos lo conocían y amaban en el pueblo, desde el pequeño hasta el más grande y los más ancianos le llamaban::" El Domador", como a su padre.

Pero Ubirasi ha crecido , la caliente sangre joven que corría por sus venas lo invitaba a la aventura, a explorar el desconocido mundo que había detrás de

CORRECTION

las inmensas montañas que rodeaban la ciudad; también el joven sentía una extraña soledad a pesar de la compañía de madre, éste, conocía de su desmedido amor por él , pero no era suficiente; el pequeño vacío que tenía por dentro la madre no lo podía llenar.

Transcurre el largo día y a la puesta del sol antes que la oscura noche hiciera gala entre las estrechas calles de Trino, Regalía se pone en marcha de regreso a su hogar;

al llegar a casa la encuentra vacía pero ordenada y limpia; tal como la había dejado en la mañana, aunque sabía que la ausencia de su Ubirasi no la sorprendería. Agotada por las tantas horas que estuvo bajo el intenso sol y sin poder casi caminar por las grandes ampollas que le crearon sus viejas sandalias de cuero, la mujer despoja de su cuerpo todo lo que le molesta, y en un rincón de la casa sobre un viejo antiguo butacón Ingles se retira a descansar y allí quedó dormida..

Esa noche Ubirasi no regresó. A la mañana siguiente antes de cantar el gallo y las calles de la ciudad cobraran vida el joven se encontraba en el pórtico de su casa, para no ser sorprendido por su madre Ubirasi entró por la ventana de su cuarto la cual permanecía siempre abierta por si necesitaba hacer algún tipo de travesuras como esta.

Todavía se podía contar las estrellas del cielo cuando el pregón de los mercaderes hacia eco en cada rincón de la ciudad .

Para entonces Ubirasi permanecía despierto

Un buen rato quedó atrás antes que el sueño le venciera y en el momento que sus párpados eran cerrados, alguien tocó a la puerta.

Era un joven alto de tez clara, pelo crespo de un azul intenso sus ojos , sus extremidades eran muy largas, y en cada mano cargaba un equipaje. Vestía una ropa áspera, oscura y sus zapatos no eran usual ver en ese lugar. Nuevamente el muchacho decide tocar la puerta al ver que nadie responde pero entes sale a su encuentro Regália intentando abrir los ojos con mucha dificultad.

-¿Que desea buen joven? - le pregunta la noble mujer -

--¿Acaso no me reconoce?

CORRECTION

No tomó mucho tiempo para que su gastada memoria reconociera quien estaba frente de ella era su sobrino. Luego entonces hizo pasar al joven. Ambos rostros se iluminaron por el gozo. Sólo entre ellos faltaba Ubirasi.

Marcos había llegado a la ciudad con la esperanza de poder sanar su cuerpo, pues desde muy pequeño fue criado en el lejano pueblo de Froad, donde el invierno nunca falta, allí las noches se entrelazan unas con otras sin permitir que el día se muestre, e igualmente causando que el sol tampoco aparezca.

Pero no sólo la enfermedad fue la causa de su llegada, desde lejanas tierras corría el rumor que una gran hombruna estaba azotando la ciudad de Trino, éste al pensar en su anciana tía decidió ir en su ayuda.

Mientras estos conversaban Ubirasi ya dormía agotado de la agitada noche que había pasado en compañía de sus amigos, quienes se encontraban en esos momentos en la bulliciosa Plaza de la ciudad; la misma había sido construida por el legendario Conde Gernodus en sus inicios de conquistas

Durante el largo recorrido emprendido por Marcos para llegar a la ciudad, recordó el cumpleaños de Ubirasi que sería en próximos días decidió comprarle un par de guantes, un par de botas, un gorro para el invierno; y luego pensó para sus adentro: deseo ser generoso buscó unos grandes lentes azules de sol como parte del regalo también.

Después de una larga jornada, antes que todos fueran a sus hogares y las calles quedaran solo en compañía de los guardas de la ciudad, el joven inició el camino de ida a casa.

¡Largo fue el día! Pero Marcos antes de dormir se despide de su querida tía, que sentada a los pies de la cama de Ubirai entonaba una agradable melodía mientras velaba su sueño.

Amanece, es el día esperado , entre globos, cervantinas y piñatas la atmósfera contagiaba a todos para celebrar el cumpleaños de Ubiraci. Regalía y amigos aguardaban con ansiedad la presencia del amado; todos pensaban que el joven salió al rayar el alba y no había vuelto aún . Pero no; Ubirasi permaneció todo el día escondido al caer la noche deslizó su delgado cuerpo por el lugar de siempre; Ubirasi saltó y corrió lo más rápido que pudo hasta las afueras del pueblo; lugar donde le esperaba su amada y fiel compañera; Y Allá permanecían juntos; bajo El Arco Ojival de Trino, la luna inmensa iluminaba sus cuerpos , la noche les envolvía como una gran sábana y tenían por delante un mundo desconocido por conquistar.

CORRECTION

Todavía el intrépido joven cargaba en el cuello su inseparable amuleto: un brillante y pesado cascabel pero el gato Ubirasi era feliz.

CORRECTION

The One I Never Forgot

Kishan Kishor

Within my life, your face will always shine,

A quiet light that filled this heart of mine.

You were the verse engraved upon my soul,

The dream that made my broken spirit whole.

Whenever you appeared along in my way,

My silent world grew brighter every day.

Each gentle word make the moments stay,

Your voice would softly chase my fears away.

Whenever I looked into your gentle eyes,

It felt as though the moon had left the skies.

Your glowing smile outshone the stars above,

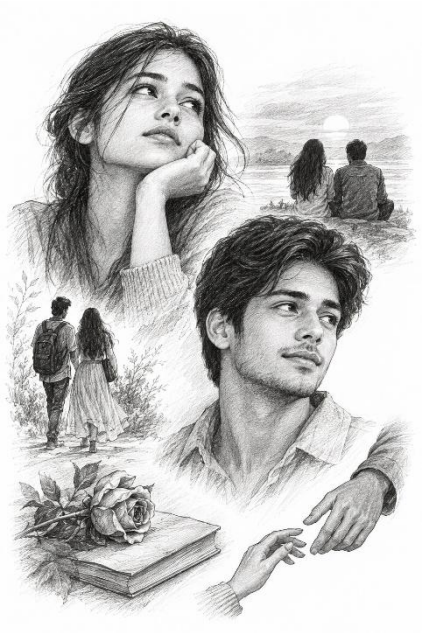
And filled my restless heart with silent love.

Within your soul, a thousand wonders grew,

Each passing day revealed a something new.

Your every gesture spoke of boundless grace,

And left forever memories none could erase.



CORRECTION

Tell me, how can someone be so kind?

Your warmth still lingers softly in my mind.

No words could ever hope to truly prove,

The depth of such a soul, so filled with love.

I dreamed of holding your forever hand,

Together we'd create our promised land.

Yet every dreams lay buried in my heart,

An untold love that never found its start.

CORRECTION

The Girl Beneath My Umbrella

G. M. Hrushikesa Chaitanya was born on August 2 and is currently studying in 11th grade. He discovered his passion for writing at the age of 10 and has been creating original stories ever since. He enjoys writing psychological thrillers, mystery, horror, suspense, and emotional fiction, focusing on gripping plots and unexpected twists.

G.M.Hrushikesa Chaitanya

Aarav never believed in love at first sight. He believed in unfinished books, rainy evenings, and the quiet comfort of being alone—until the girl beneath the red umbrella appeared outside an abandoned bookshop.

She came every evening at exactly 6:17 p.m. She never carried a bag, never spoke to anyone, and never seemed to notice the rain soaking the world around her. Yet whenever Aarav looked into her eyes, she smiled as if she had been waiting for him for years.

One evening, he gathered the courage to approach her and offered to share his umbrella. She accepted, but instead of introducing herself, she whispered, “You took long enough to find me.”

Her name was Anaya. Within days, she became the most beautiful part of Aarav's ordinary life. They walked through rainlit streets, exchanged handwritten notes, and sat together in a tiny café where she always ordered two cups of coffee but never drank the second. She remembered his childhood fears, his favorite songs, and even a promise he had made as a little boy—things he was certain he had never told her.

Then, one rainy evening, Anaya disappeared.

CORRECTION

The next morning, Aarav found a folded note beneath his apartment door.

Stop looking for the girl in the red umbrella. She is not who you think she is.

Aarav searched for her everywhere. The café owner claimed he had always sat alone. Shopkeepers couldn't remember seeing her. Even the security footage showed Aarav walking and talking as though someone were beside him, but the space next to him was empty.

Desperate for answers, he returned to the abandoned bookshop. Behind a loose wooden panel, he discovered a bundle of old letters, all addressed to him. The earliest was dated fifteen years earlier, when he was still a child. Every letter contained details about his life, his dreams, and a promise he had made to a little girl on a stormy afternoon.



The final letter was written in his own handwriting.

If you ever meet her again, don't let her disappear twice.

His memories began returning in fragments: a flooded street, a frightened little girl, a red umbrella floating beside a broken wall, and his own small hand reaching for hers. Then came the memory he had buried so deeply that even his dreams had forgotten it.

He had known Anaya long before the bookshop, long before the coffee, long before he had fallen in love with her all over again.

CORRECTION

But the letters contained another mystery. The dates were impossible. Some had been written years before events occurred. Others described conversations Aarav had only just experienced.

On the final page, he found an address and a time: 6:17 p.m., that very evening.

He ran through the rain.

At the address stood an old house with a photograph displayed behind its window. It showed a little boy and a little girl beneath a red umbrella. The boy was Aarav. The girl was Anaya.

Beside the photograph lay a newspaper clipping about a childhood accident, followed by a handwritten note from Anaya's mother. It revealed that Anaya had survived that day, but her family had moved away before the children could meet again. Years later, she had returned to the city, hoping to find the boy who had once promised never to leave her alone in the rain.

Aarav finally understood why she had known his memories. They had shared them.

But the last letter was still unexplained.

He unfolded it with trembling hands. The handwriting was his, yet the words described a conversation he had never had.

CORRECTION

Dear Aarav,

If you are reading this, you have found the truth. But there is one thing you must remember: the girl you loved beneath the umbrella was real. The girl you have been searching for is waiting somewhere you have never thought to look.

Go to the station. Platform three. Don't be late.

Aarav reached the station at 6:17 p.m. The rain fell harder than ever. At the far end of the platform stood a girl holding a red umbrella.

“Anaya?” he whispered.

She turned. Her eyes filled with tears.

For a moment, neither moved. Then she stepped toward him, and he held out his hand.

“I thought I'd lost you,” he said.

“You did,” she replied softly. “But you found me again.”

As the train arrived, Aarav noticed something strange on the umbrella's handle: a small inscription carved into the wood.

CORRECTION

For the boy who promised to remember.

He looked up at her. “Did you write the letters?”

Anaya shook her head.

“Then who did?”

She took his hand and placed something in his palm: a tiny, faded photograph of the two children, taken on the day they first met.

On the back, in handwriting neither of them recognized, were six words:

“Some promises remember us before we do.”

The train doors opened. Anaya stepped aboard, still holding his hand.

And for the first time in fifteen years, Aarav remembered the one thing he had forgotten about that rainy afternoon.

He hadn't promised to find her.

She had promised to find him.

CORRECTION

God Sent Us A Little Boy

Ammaar, who writes under the pen name S.AM is a poet. His work looks at the parts of being human. He writes about identity and about the way people think and feel. He writes about the parts of being human.

Ammaar

CORRECTION

Shintaro, see a star is falling

Kami has sent us a gift, brawling

Look up everyone, an angel has brought

Boom! Up went shintaro, his promise, and thought

Two boys lived in Hiroshima in southwest

Their story is wild, and terrifying at best

They used to enjoy life and were mates

"We'll travel a lot to different states"

An alarm went going during six at mor'

Father told us to stay the day indoor

Said an "ame-kou" bird was spotted in the blue

What was comming we had no clue

Shintaro and I snuck outside to see

The streets were quiet, we were free

We grabbed our hands and ran for the port

Like a pair of chopsticks, we reached the fort

By now it was 7:57, and the alarm went flat

And the army was alert, thinking of a srat.

The news was heard that the Nazi's were hit

And we thought our lives will be fit

We prayed to kami that he'll lift this war shroud

By then people were outside, forming a crowd

Suddenly, at 8:15, thunder, i looked up high

It looked like a metal, floating from the sky

"Shintaro, see a star is falling

Kami has sent us a gift, brawling

Look up everyone, an angel has brought

Boom! Up went shintaro, his promise, and thought"



CORRECTION

A Stranger in the Mirror

Mamta Rathod

I look into the mirror and wonder when I changed,

When familiar dreams and feelings became strange.

I still have the same eyes, the same old face,

Yet sometimes, I feel like a stranger in my own place.

I miss the child who laughed without a reason,

Who never knew that growing up had a season.

Who dreamed without asking if dreams came true,

And believed the world was kind, and people were too.

Perhaps growing up means losing who we've been,

Leaving little pieces of ourselves unseen.

And maybe one day, when I look back at my face,

I'll miss the stranger I was, before time took my place.



CORRECTION

Poem

Amulya M

Dear You 🤍
You are not late 🌙
You are simply growing
at the pace your soul was meant to grow 🌱
Even the tallest trees 🌳
once rested silently beneath the earth,
hidden from the world,
waiting patiently for their season 🍃
So don't fear the storms 🌧️
Rain doesn't destroy flowers 🌸
it teaches them how to bloom ✨
The light you keep searching for 🌞
will find you one day,
just like sunrise always finds the sky 🌅
Growth is quiet 🤎
It happens in unseen moments
in healing hearts 💫
in tired nights 🌌
in the days you believed
nothing was changing 🌿
So breathe gently 🍃
Let time shape you ⏳
Let life soften you 🕊️
Let yourself become 🌼
Because the most beautiful things in nature 🌺
never rush
yet somehow
they bloom perfectly anyway ✨🌸
🌿 Trust your season 🌿



CORRECTION

THE ART OF LOSING SOMEONE WHO IS STILL ALIVE

Dixa Patel

Some goodbyes happen long before people become strangers.

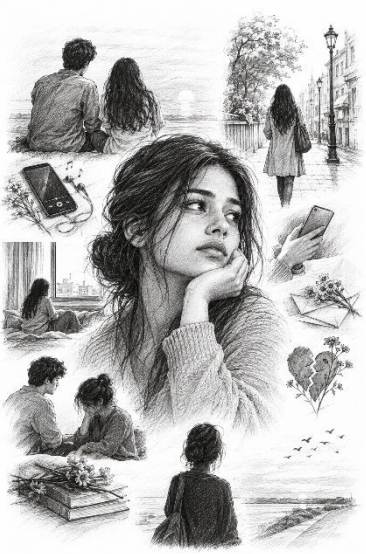
I wonder what becomes of all the little things
when two people decide to become strangers.

Where does the laughter go?
The words that once arrived without invitation?
The ordinary evenings
that somehow felt like entire lifetimes?

Do they disappear,
or do they simply find new homes
inside two people
who no longer know what to do with them?

I still find you in the most inconvenient places.

In songs I never meant to remember,
in streets that have no reason to look familiar,
in the little hours of the evening
when the world grows quiet
and memory becomes unbearably loud.



It is strange, isn't it?

How someone can go from being
the first person you want to tell everything to
to someone you must learn
not to tell anything at all.

We were once so fluent in each other.
We knew the punctuation of every silence,
the meaning behind unfinished sentences,
the difference between an ordinary smile
and one that was only pretending.

CORRECTION

And now,
there are entire universes between our words.

I used to think losing someone
meant watching them walk away.

But perhaps it is something quieter.

Perhaps it is reaching for your phone
and remembering.
Perhaps it is hearing wonderful news
and having nowhere familiar to send it.
Perhaps it is learning that a person
can remain somewhere in your heart
without having a place in your life.

I won't pretend
that everything was beautiful.

Even the prettiest gardens
have their share of storms.
We had our misunderstandings,
our unfinished conversations,
our moments of being too hurt
to understand the hurt of another.

And perhaps we were both
still learning how to love
without losing pieces of ourselves.

I wish we had known
that sometimes love is not defeated
by the absence of feelings,
but by the absence of understanding.

Still, I am grateful.

Not because it did not hurt,
but because, for a little while,
the world was softer
because you were in it.

CORRECTION

You taught me that a moment
does not have to last forever
to deserve a place in eternity.

And if someday
someone asks me what happened to us,
I hope I will have the courage
to say that nothing was entirely wasted.

We were a chapter
that could not become a whole book.

A season
that could not promise another spring.

Two people
who met somewhere between forever
and the things they could not give each other.

And perhaps that is the hardest part
of being human:

We spend so much of our lives
learning how to hold on,
yet nobody teaches us
how to put something down
without feeling as though
we have put a part of ourselves down with it.

So, if you ever cross my mind again,
I will not call it a weakness.

Some people are not meant to stay.
Some memories are not meant to fade.

And some goodbyes
are simply love
learning a different language.

CORRECTION

The woman who went missing

Dr Pooja Singh is a South African writer, poet and dreamer who finds beauty in life's ordinary and extraordinary moments. Drawn to the complexities of human emotion, her writing explores love, loss, nostalgia, mental health and the quiet courage it takes to begin again. A lover of art, spirituality and all things whimsical, she believes that words have the power to give shape to feelings we often struggle to express.

Pooja singh

CORRECTION

Nobody noticed when she disappeared.
She still arrived at work on time,
remembered birthdays,
and asked everyone how they were.

The first thing to go was the music.

Then the books she never finished,
the dresses she stopped wearing,
the little plans she once made
for weekends that now frightened her.

Her friends said she was tired.
Her mother said she worked too hard.
She agreed with both.

It was easier than explaining
that she could no longer remember
what happiness felt like
inside her own body.

One evening, she found a photograph
of herself laughing at something
outside the frame.



She studied the woman's face
with the bewilderment
of someone recognising a stranger.

She wanted to ask her
where she had gone.

Instead, she placed the photograph
beside her bed
and slept until morning.

Weeks later,
she heard a song she used to love.

For a moment,
before she remembered to be empty,
her foot moved beneath the table.

She looked down.

It was such a small thing.

But somewhere inside her,
someone had remembered
how to dance.

CORRECTION

Come back to me

Aryan

I kept your memories like letters never sent, And loved you through the silence, through every moment spent. The world keeps moving forward, but my heart stays where you left, Among the broken promises and the love we once possessed. I don't ask for forever, nor a promise carved in stone, Just come and sit beside me; let me know I'm not alone. Let's turn the page together, give our story one more start, For no one ever learned to love you like this foolish heart. And if your heart remembers the dreams we used to see, If there's a little love left, somewhere deep inside of thee, Forget the miles between us, let the past set us free— I'm still right here, my love… come back to me.



CORRECTION

The Quiet That Waits

Seren Abyss

As usual I woke up before the alarm could go off. My sister was snoring loudly next to me. And my parents?... again, fighting.

The loud noises- it was them arguing. I don't understand why they married when they just hate each other so much.

I got up, I felt a little dizzy, still a little sleepy. I glanced over at my sister. She looked peaceful. Really peaceful in this chaos. I smiled. Cute. I murmured. She was a headache but still cute.

I got to my feet and walked to the washroom to freshen up. I went to the sink and splashed some water over my face. I looked into the mirror, pathetic. I said to myself, not even sure if I meant my face or my life.

I brushed my teeth and bathed. My thoughts were blurred as usual. I changed into my school uniform, grey and white, just like my life.

I went back to the bedroom. My sister was awake now. Good morning; I said. The noises were gone now. It was peaceful. A kind of peace that never lasts -but still, one of the best parts of my day.

I put on my school tie and packed my bag. I went downstairs, The house was quiet. Dad had gone to work and mom was in the kitchen. "Good morning, mother". I said in a low voice. I could sense that mom was upset. I didn't know what they fought about but I guess it was about either bills or my grades. I wasn't very good at studies, just an average student according to them. My marks were never low enough to worry them, never high enough to notice.

I packed my lunch and put it carefully in my bag. I went back to my room and put my hoodie on. It was just a hoodie, but a shield for me.

I went downstairs and left for school. The streets were already noisy ,even in the early morning. A few college boys were laughing at something, two shopkeepers were

CORRECTION

arguing, some children were getting on the bus and even two kittens were fighting.

The walk to school is the complete opposite of peaceful, and school? Well it was no less than hell. The walk to school felt like paradise in front of the school. It wasn't a school for me but a place filled with monsters who loved making others feel miserable.

I entered the school. It was much noisier than those streets, a total hell. Lockers slamming hard, kids laughing. No one sees me. I'm invisible here, unless they want someone to pick on.

Everyone had somewhere to be. Someone to talk to.

I just….

Walked.

As I was walking, I bumped into someone and fell back, but they didn't seem to notice me. Oh yea… I'm just an invisible outcast here, I almost forgot. I got to my feet, and some girls from my class saw me. I don't know exactly what they were talking about but I was sure it was me who they were joking about. I ignored that as usual.



Soon I reached my class and went to my desk at the back near the window. Birds were chirping outside. Looking out of the window was really peaceful.

The bell rang and the teacher came and started attending the roll calls. I was too lost in my blurred thoughts that I forgot to say present. The teacher noticed me but still didn't. I got marked as absent.

Pathetic loser.

I think that's what I am, ain't I?

Time slipped by,and the recess bell rang. I slipped out of class before anyone noticed. I went to the canteen and sat in a corner and ate my lunch in silence.

CORRECTION

Soon the canteen got filled by students. It was loud, really loud. I looked down just eating my lunch. My bag was just next to me. It felt like my only companion.

I was eating when the girls from earlier showed up. The girl leading them picked up my bag and threw it toward her group and sat in that chair. " You are really a pathetic bitch, ain't you?"

I tried to ignore her but then she snatched my lunch and threw it away. I looked at her. My hands were shaking and my chest was burning- but I said nothing.

But it seems like she had no plans of stopping today. Her friends tossed my bag into the bin and she climbed onto the table. My heartbeat got faster. What is she gonna do now?

"Look everyone. The loser is here again, aw.. Isn't she such a cute loser with four eyes?" she said while pointing at my glasses and then she leaned in and snatched my glasses and threw them to the floor. And when I went to pick it up...…

She crushed them with her heels.

I looked up at her, "something wrong? Oh.. I'm sorry, I didn't see your glasses… well at least you look less ugly now, isn't it girls?" she said and her minions laughed with her.

I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed my lunchbox and bag and ran.

I ran as far as I could…

But there's no place to run to.

CORRECTION

Truth beyond the tale

Lathrima Suvi

Hushing all rumours,

Pleasing the merry crowds.

Running after the fragile,
Sacrificing reality and truth.

Placing faith in goodness,
Praying for a miracle.

Tales scream pain,
Tales scream scandals.

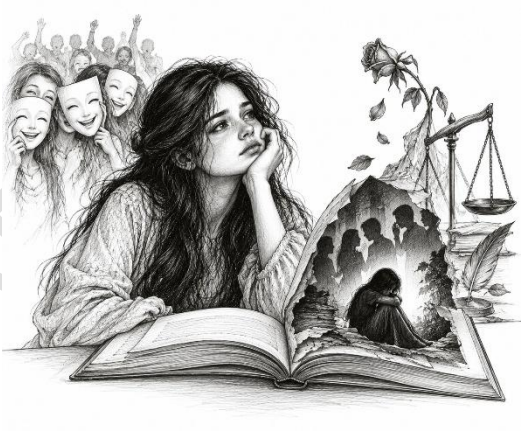
Pact with reality,
Peace with dreams.

Love seemed distant,
Hate that clouded.

No one wished to see beyond,
No one wished to see beneath.

If only the heart prayed for
the truth beyond the tale—

Yet it remained unfulfilled.



CORRECTION

I Found You in Spiders' Nest

Tirthankar D`Raptan, born in Bengal, has been creatively active since childhood as a writer and artist. Named Asia's Most Influencer Author of the Year 2025, he has received numerous honours, including the Dickens Medal, the Kafka's Plaque of Honor, Top Emblem of Excellence Awards, Poet of the Year 2025, Author of the Year 2026, the prestigious Legacy of Literature Award for Literature Excellence and the Prestigious International Hope Book Awards for Fiction with Purpose.

TIRTHANKAR D`RAPTAN

CORRECTION

I heard you are going to commit suicide.

And in the pain of not having me,

You love me more than your life;

I was startled!

I was ready to die for you—

But I was surprised

And I was dying sad

And I was dead!

But felt a wave of rapture.

I exclaimed in joy

I at last got my soul.

And I felt it

Like the most contented person in the universe, I left the dinner table to look for you, to rescue you, to kiss you, and bind you in holy book.

I scoured you across Kolkata,

You were nowhere

I scoured you across all districts.

You were nowhere

I scoured you across the country.

You were nowhere

I scoured you across the subcontinent.

You were nowhere!

At last I sold everything I had and made a voyage to the moon.

To my bewilderment, there I found you.

I found you in a spider's nest!

A dazzling young man, as green as spring foliage, was resting with his head in your lap.

You were bending your head and kissing him passionately in a golden bed.

I never saw so much passion of love.

In our earth!

And there, right there next to you, was a child

An angelic look

The child was playing with a toy.

The child saw me and turned to you and cried.

"Mummy! Mummy! Look the devil

You turned round and shouted, pointing your finger to me, "Devil! Devil! Shoot him dead!"

Your man, without a question, shot me dead and kissed you; you kissed him, and again you lost into rapture.

CORRECTION

The Rotting Dawn

Roopam Grover

The world had ended not with fire, but with hunger.

Cities lay silent, their streets cracked and overgrown, but the silence was never complete. Beneath the ruins, the dead walked.

Maya had survived three winters since the outbreak. She remembered the first screams, the chaos, the way neighbors turned into monsters overnight. Now, survival was routine—scavenge, hide, and never trust the quiet.

That morning, she wandered into the skeletal remains of a shopping mall. Dust hung in the air like ash. Broken mannequins stared with eyeless sockets, their limbs twisted as if mocking the living. She carried a rusted machete, its blade nicked but faithful.

The food court smelled of rot. She found a can of beans under a collapsed counter, her heart racing with fragile hope. But then came the sound—the shuffle of feet, uneven, dragging.

Her breath caught.

From the shadows emerged three figures. Their skin was gray, peeling, their mouths torn open in eternal hunger. One still wore a child's backpack, dangling with faded cartoon patches. Another's jaw hung loose, swaying with each step.

CORRECTION

Maya backed away, but the mall was a labyrinth. Every corridor echoed with moans. She ran, her boots slapping against cracked tiles, the dead following like shadows stitched to her heels.

She burst into the cinema hall. Rows of seats lay torn, the screen ripped down. In the flickering light of her lantern, she saw them—dozens of zombies slumped in silence, as if waiting for a film that would never play.

Then, one by one, their heads turned.

The hall erupted in shrieks.

Maya swung her machete, slicing through rotting flesh. Black blood sprayed, stinking of decay. She fought like a storm, but for every corpse that fell, two more rose. Their hands clawed, their teeth snapped, their eyes glowed with a hunger that was endless.

She stumbled, lantern crashing to the floor. Darkness swallowed her. In the pitch black, she felt fingers brush her arm, cold and wet. A mouth grazed her shoulder, teeth scraping skin.

She screamed, slashing wildly. The blade struck bone, sparks flying. She ran blind, guided only by the sound of her own heartbeat.

Finally, she burst through an emergency exit. The dawn was breaking, pale and sickly. The sky glowed red, as if bleeding.

CORRECTION

Outside, the world was no safer. Streets crawled with the dead, their silhouettes stretching against the rising sun. The air was thick with moans, a chorus of despair.

Maya stood trembling, clutching her machete. She realized then that the world was not hers anymore. It belonged to them—the endless, the hungry, the rotting.

And as the sun rose, she saw them gathering, hundreds of figures swaying in unison, their eyes fixed on her.

The dawn was not a promise. It was a warning.

The dead had inherited the earth.

CORRECTION

Tagore's Dream

Sakalya Pandey

Women are praised when they are gentle, mild,

Soft-spoken, shy, and sweet-bylived,

For staying quiet in the shade,

And keeping every promise made.

Yet long before the modern phrase,

A poet sang of brighter days.

Rabindranath Tagore's strong pen

Saw women free, equal to men-

Not silent shadows in the night,

But spirits soaring in the light.

Before Tagore's vision lit the spark,

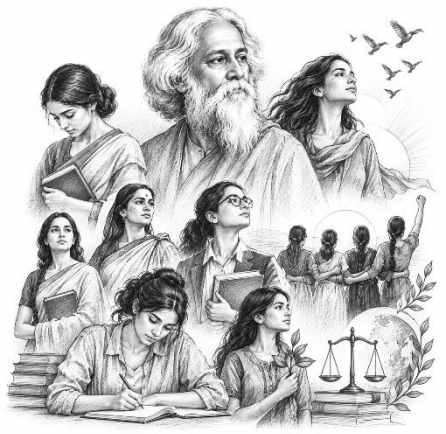
Others dreamed freedom through the dark,

Writing of souls unchained and grand,

Who claimed their power across the land.

They sang of strength, not bound by place,

Of minds of light and equal grace.



And so we ask, as voices rise

CORRECTION

Beneath the wide and watchful skies-

When ancient dreams and visions plead For

truth and power in word and deed,

Was this the spark, the soul set free,

Was this the equality that women deserves?

CORRECTION

His North Was Not Mine

Subhasmita Pattnayak, writing under the literary name *Avelona*, is a bilingual poet and emerging writer from Odisha, India. Currently pursuing her postgraduate studies at Ramadevi Women's University, Bhubaneswar, she began her literary journey in 2015, while in Class VI. Writing in both Odia and English, she explores the intricacies of love, longing, nostalgia, heartbreak, and the quiet beauty of everyday moments.

Subhasmita Pattnayak

CORRECTION

I followed his map towards a distant destination,

a place we had once promised to reach together,

believing that every winding road

would eventually lead us home.

The destination belonged to us,

but every line on the map was of his.

So I learned his language, deciphered his symbols,

and trusted every directions he drew.

We travelled through miles of unfamiliar terrain,

until our destination appeared on the horizon,

flickering like a distant landmark

through the fading light of our dreams.



Then came the crossroads;

two routes splitting from one shared journey.

He asked me to take the road he had rejected,

but I begged him to redraw our path together.

He folded his map, tied his laces, and left,

following the route he had chosen for himself.

I stood at the crossroads, holding his directions,

watching our shared destination disappear behind him.

Still, I followed the map he had drawn,

through the wilderness of grief and uncertainty,

carrying broken promises like abandoned signposts,

hoping the next turn would lead me back to us.

But somewhere along the way, I stopped!

Before reaching the destination we once called ours.

His map could tell me where to go,

but not how to find a place where I belonged.

I looked down at the creased and weathered page,

at all the roads that bent toward a life we had imagined.

The silence around me was frightening me.

I let the map slip loose. The wind took it.

CORRECTION

I turned away from every road he had named,

unlearning the directions I had mistaken for home.

With trembling hands, I drew a path of my own,

and finally understood that his north was never mine.

CORRECTION

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CORRECTION

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and finally

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CORRECTION

इश्क़ और समझ

Anchal Bhatiya

घर था मेरा,

उसने छोड़ दिया,

दिला कर भरोसा,

दिल तोड़ दिया।

बोली,

तुम मुझे समझ नहीं पाते,

ये कहकर मुँह मोड़ लिया।

सालों का रिश्ता पल भर में

बिखर गया।

प्यार था जो,

वो कहीं उड़ गया।

रह गया तो बस

टूटा हुआ मैं,

उसकी याद,

और

मेरी आँखों में

CORRECTION

आई आँसुओं की बरसात।

फिर लगा कि

दुनिया बस दिखावे का रूप है,

इश्क़ करना यहाँ सबसे बड़ा दुख है।

लेकिन,

धीरे-धीरे एक बात

समझ आने लगी!

मेरे प्यार की परिभाषा ही गलत थी,

हर किताब मुझको चीखकर

बताने लगी।

प्यार का मतलब–

किसी को आज़ाद छोड़ देना,

उसके पास न होने पर

भी उसका साथ देना,

उसकी खुशी में खुश हो जाना,

और उसे

बिना किसी उम्मीद के चाहना।

CORRECTION

ज़िंदगी ने सबको आज़माया है

RAJNI SAHU

ज़िंदगी ने सबको आज़माया है। उसने कभी ये नहीं देखा कि सामने वाला अमीर है या ग़रीब, छोटा है या बड़ा। उसके इम्तिहान सबके लिए अलग हो सकते हैं, लेकिन शायद ही कोई ऐसा हो जिसकी ज़िंदगी में कभी मुश्किलें न आई हों।

हम अक्सर लोगों को देखकर उनके बारे में अपनी राय बना लेते हैं। कोई हँसता हुआ दिख जाए, तो लगता है उसकी ज़िंदगी में सब ठीक है। कोई अच्छा घर, अच्छे कपड़े और ज़रूरत की हर चीज़ रखता हो, तो हमें लगता है कि उसे भला किस बात की परेशानी होगी। लेकिन सच तो ये है कि किसी की ज़िंदगी बाहर से जितनी आसान दिखती है, ज़रूरी नहीं कि अंदर से भी वैसी ही हो।

यहाँ हर इंसान किसी न किसी चीज़ के लिए संघर्ष कर रहा है। एक छोटे बच्चे को भी शायद वो बचपन नहीं मिल रहा, जिसकी उसे ज़रूरत है। कोई अपनी पढ़ाई और भविष्य को लेकर परेशान है, तो कोई अपने परिवार की ज़िम्मेदारियों में ख़ुद को भूलता जा रहा है। किसी को अपने घर से निकलकर अपनी पहचान बनानी है, तो किसी की पूरी कोशिश है कि उसका परिवार दो वक़्त सुकून से



CORRECTION

रह सके। किसी को बस एक अच्छी और शांत ज़िंदगी चाहिए, तो कोई मोहब्बत में अपने आने वाले कल के सपने सजा रहा है।

और फिर कुछ लोग ऐसे भी हैं, जिन्हें ख़ुद समझ नहीं आता कि वो आख़िर चाहते क्या हैं। बस दिन गुज़र रहे हैं, ज़िम्मेदारियाँ बढ़ रही हैं और मन में सवाल जमा होते जा रहे हैं।

कभी-कभी हालात इतने मुश्किल हो जाते हैं कि इंसान अपने विश्वास पर भी सवाल करने लगता है। जिस भगवान से वो हर रोज़ उम्मीद करता था, उससे भी पूछ बैठता है कि आख़िर उसके साथ ही ऐसा क्यों हो रहा है। वो कोशिश करता है, इंतज़ार करता है, ख़ुद को समझाता है, फिर भी जब कुछ ठीक नहीं होता, तो थक जाता है। और शायद उस वक़्त उसे सलाह से ज़्यादा किसी ऐसे इंसान की ज़रूरत होती है, जो बिना जज किए उसकी बात सुन सके।

लेकिन क्या मुश्किलों में थक जाने का मतलब ये है कि इंसान ने हार मान ली? शायद नहीं।

कई बार इंसान इसलिए आगे नहीं बढ़ता कि उसे रास्ता साफ़ दिखाई दे रहा होता है। वो इसलिए आगे बढ़ता है क्योंकि उसे उम्मीद होती है कि शायद आगे कुछ बेहतर हो। कभी अपने लिए, कभी अपने परिवार के लिए और कभी किसी ऐसे सपने के लिए, जिसे उसने अब तक छोड़ा नहीं है। कुछ लोग अपनी तकलीफ़ किसी को बताते नहीं, फिर भी अगले दिन उठते हैं और अपनी ज़िंदगी को सँभालने में लग जाते हैं। बाहर से ये रोज़मर्रा की

CORRECTION

बात लग सकती है, लेकिन कई बार यही छोटी-सी कोशिश किसी के लिए बहुत बड़ी होती है।

हम ये तो नहीं चुन सकते कि ज़िंदगी हमारे सामने कौन-सी मुश्किल लेकर आएगी, लेकिन शायद हम धीरे-धीरे ये सीख सकते हैं कि हर मुश्किल के बीच ख़ुद को पूरी तरह खोना नहीं है। हर सवाल का जवाब तुरंत नहीं मिलेगा, हर कोशिश का नतीजा हमारी उम्मीद के मुताबिक़ नहीं होगा और हर सपना पूरा भी नहीं होगा। फिर भी ज़िंदगी सिर्फ़ उन चीज़ों का नाम नहीं है, जो हमें नहीं मिल सकीं। इसमें वो छोटी-छोटी खुशियाँ भी हैं, जिन्हें हम परेशानियों के बीच अक्सर देखना भूल जाते हैं।

आख़िर में, शायद किसी की ज़िंदगी को देखकर ये तय करना इतना आसान नहीं कि वो कितना खुश है या कितना परेशान। हर किसी की कहानी का वो हिस्सा भी होता है, जिसके बारे में दुनिया नहीं जानती। इसलिए किसी के संघर्ष को छोटा समझने से पहले ये याद रखना चाहिए कि जो हमारे लिए आसान है, ज़रूरी नहीं कि दूसरे के लिए भी वैसा ही हो।

ज़िंदगी ने सबको आज़माया है, और आगे भी शायद आज़माती रहेगी। किसी के हिस्से में मुश्किलें जल्दी आती हैं, किसी के हिस्से में देर से। लेकिन इन सबके बीच इंसान का उम्मीद करना, कोशिश करते रहना और एक बेहतर कल की चाह रखना भी तो ज़िंदगी का ही हिस्सा है।

CORRECTION

क्योंकि कभी-कभी आगे बढ़ने के लिए पूरी मंज़िल दिखाई देना ज़रूरी नहीं होता। बस इतना काफ़ी होता है कि इंसान को लगे–अभी सब ख़त्म नहीं हुआ, अभी कुछ बेहतर होना बाक़ी है।

CORRECTION

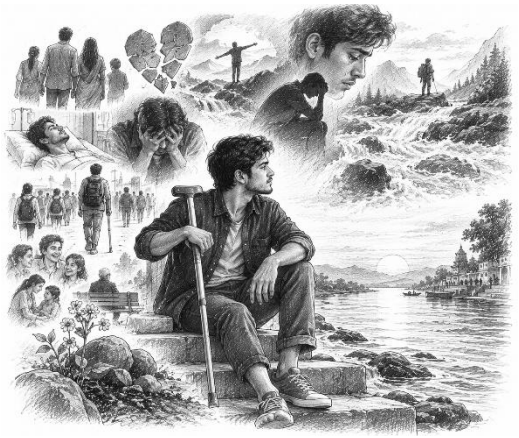
भीतर का सैलाब

ठाकुर दैविक सिंह

नदी जो अपने साथ ले आई (What The River Carried)

घाट की आखिरी सीढ़ी पर पानी बार-बार आकर टकरा रहा था। लहरों में एक अजीब सी बेचैनी थी, एक उफान था जो पत्थरों से टकराकर सफेद झाग में बदल जाता था। किनारे पर खड़े सैलानियों के लिए यह एक खूबसूरत नज़ारा था। वे अपने कैमरों में पानी के इस तेज बहाव को, उसकी ताकत को और उसकी सुंदरता को कैद कर रहे थे। उन्हें नदी की वह उथल-पुथल आकर्षित कर रही थी, मानों वह कोई जीता-जागता अजूबा हो। लेकिन मैं वहीं चुपचाप बैठा उस नदी को एक अलग ही नज़रिए से देख रहा था। मेरे लिए वह सिर्फ पानी का एक बहता हुआ स्रोत नहीं थी, बल्कि एक जीता-जागता सफर थी।

सबको पानी का बहाव दिखाई देता है, उसकी लहरों का शोर सुनाई देता है। पर कोई यह नहीं सोचता कि यह नदी अपने भीतर क्या छिपाए हुए है? यह अपने साथ क्या-क्या कैरी कर रही है? इसका उद्गम जहाँ से हुआ, उस शांत बर्फीली चोटी से लेकर इस शोर-शराबे वाले घाट तक पहुँचने के सफर में इसने क्या-क्या पीछे छोड़ दिया? कितने ही मजबूत चट्टानों से यह टकराई होगी, कितनों ने इसका रास्ता



CORRECTION

रोकने की कोशिश की होगी। घने जंगलों से गुजरते हुए कितनी ही बार खूंखार तूफानों ने इसे डराया होगा। पत्थरों से रगड़ खाकर यह कितनी ज़ख्मी हुई होगी, यह कोई नहीं देखता। लोगों को सिर्फ उसकी सतह पर नाचती हुई लहरें दिखती हैं, पर उस सतह के नीचे, गहराई में वह जो भारी गाद, टूटे हुए पेड़ों की जड़ें, खोखले हो चुके घोंसले, और न जाने कितने ही अनकहे राज़ समेटे हुए है, वह किसी को दिखाई नहीं देता।

नदी कभी किसी से अपनी शिकायत नहीं करती। वह पहाड़ों का सीना चीरते हुए, खुद को लहूलुहान करते हुए बस बहती रहती है। वह जानती है कि रुकने का मतलब है सड़ जाना, अपना वजूद खो देना। इसलिए वह दर्द सहकर भी, भारी बोझ उठाकर भी, हर एक बाधा को पार करते हुए चलती रहती है।

उस नदी को देखते हुए मुझे लगा जैसे मैं खुद को देख रहा हूँ। या शायद उस हर इंसान को देख रहा हूँ जो जिंदगी के थपेड़े खाकर भी बस चलता जा रहा है, बिना रुके, बिना थके।

मैं जब अपनी बैसाखी के सहारे, हल्का सा लंगड़ाते हुए बाजार से गुज़रता हूँ, तो लोगों की नज़रें सबसे पहले मेरे उसी लंगड़ाते हुए पैर पर जाती हैं। उनकी आँखों में कभी हमदर्दी होती है, तो कभी एक अजीब सी जिज्ञासा जो मुझे असहज कर देती है। कुछ लोग पास आकर पूछ भी लेते हैं, "अरे, पैर में क्या हुआ? कैसे लगी चोट? क्या कोई भयानक एक्सीडेंट था?" उन्हें मेरा लंगड़ापन साफ दिखाई देता है। उन्हें लगता है कि मेरी सारी तकलीफ, मेरा सारा संघर्ष बस इस पैर तक ही सीमित है। उनके लिए मेरी कहानी बस एक हादसे का नतीजा है, जिसने मुझे शारीरिक रूप से कमजोर कर दिया है और मुझे बैसाखी का मोहताज बना दिया है।

पर सच तो यह है कि जो चोट दुनिया को दिखाई देती है, वह तो मेरे असली घावों का महज़ एक छोटा सा हिस्सा है। असली चोट तो वहाँ लगी

CORRECTION

है जहाँ किसी की नज़र नहीं पहुँच सकती, जहाँ कोई मरहम असर नहीं करता। मेरे मन पर, मेरी रूह पर जो खरोंचें आई हैं, वे किसी एक्स-रे की रिपोर्ट में नहीं छपतीं, किसी डॉक्टर के पर्चे पर उनका इलाज नहीं लिखा होता।

किसी को वह भयानक रात नहीं दिखाई देती जब मैंने अपने सबसे बड़े सपने को, जिसे मैंने खून-पसीने से सींचा था, अपनी आँखों के सामने कांच की तरह टूटकर बिखरते हुए देखा था। किसी को वह चीख सुनाई नहीं देती जो मेरे गले में ही घुट कर रह गई थी जब मेरे अपनों ने ही बीच मझधार में मेरा साथ छोड़ दिया था। जिस हादसे ने मेरा पैर छीना, उसने दरअसल मुझसे मेरा विश्वास, मेरी उम्मीद और मेरी वो मासूमियत भी छीन ली थी जो कभी मेरे जीने का सबसे बड़ा आधार हुआ करती थी। अस्पताल के उस ठंडे कमरे की वो खामोशी, रिश्तेदारों की आँखों में तैरता वो खोखला तरस, और खुद को आईने में देखकर महसूस होने वाली वो बेबसी—ये सब मैं रोज़ अपने साथ ढोता हूँ।

मैं भी तो इस नदी की तरह ही हूँ। दुनिया को सिर्फ मेरी बाहरी उथल-पुथल, मेरी शारीरिक कमी और मेरे चेहरे की उदासी दिखाई देती है। पर मेरे अंदर यादों का कितना भारी मलबा जमा है, यह सिर्फ मैं जानता हूँ। मैंने अपने इस लंबे और थका देने वाले सफर में कितने ही ऐसे रिश्ते पीछे छोड़ दिए हैं जो कभी मेरी जान हुआ करते थे, जिनके बिना मैं एक पल नहीं सोच सकता था। मैं कितनी बार अपने ही बुने हुए ख्यालों की चट्टानों से टकराया हूँ और टूटकर बिखरा हूँ, यह दुनिया को कैसे बताऊँ? अपने ही अंदर उठते हुए सवालों के भंवर में मैं कितनी बार डूबा हूँ, इसका हिसाब किसी के पास नहीं है।

इंसानी जिंदगी भी तो बिल्कुल उस नदी की तरह होती है। हम सब अपने भीतर एक सैलाब लेकर घूम रहे हैं, जो बाहर से शांत है पर अंदर से तबाही मचाने को बेताब है। जो इंसान ऑफिस में रोज़ सबसे मुस्कुराकर मिलता है,

CORRECTION

जो जोक्स सुनाकर सबको हंसाता है और महफिल की जान बना रहता है, किसी को नहीं पता कि रात के अंधेरे में वह किन डरावने ख्यालों से लड़ता है, कैसे अकेलेपन का जहर घूंट-घूंट पीता है। जो औरत अपने बच्चों के लिए रोज़ सुबह उठकर एक आदर्श माँ का किरदार निभाती है, सबकी पसंद का खाना बनाती है, किसी को नहीं पता कि उसके खुद के कितने ही सुनहरे सपने रसोई की आग में जलकर राख हो चुके हैं। वह बूढ़ा आदमी जो पार्क की बेंच पर बैठकर चुपचाप बच्चों को खेलते हुए देखता है, किसी को नहीं पता कि वह अपने भीतर अपने जवानी के दिनों की कितनी यादें और अपने बिछड़ चुके साथियों का कितना भारी दुख कैरी कर रहा है।

हम सब बाहर से एक शांत या कभी-कभार उफनती हुई नदी की तरह दिखते हैं। हम सबसे मिलते हैं, बातें करते हैं, दुनिया के बनाए हुए सामाजिक कायदों पर चलते हैं। पर हमारे सीने की गहराई में कुछ भारी पत्थर हैं– पछतावे के नुकीले पत्थर, खोए हुए मौकों की फिसलती रेत, और उन अनकहे शब्दों का मलबा जो हम कभी किसी से कह नहीं पाए। हम यह सब कुछ कैरी करते हैं। रोज़ सुबह उठकर हम अपने इन अदृश्य घावों पर एक झूठी मुस्कान की पट्टी बांधते हैं, अपने दर्द को एक अच्छे से कपड़े के नीचे छिपाते हैं, और फिर से दुनिया की अंधी दौड़ में, उस भीड़ में शामिल हो जाते हैं।

दर्द जब हद से गुज़र जाता है, तो वह आवाज़ नहीं करता, वह चीखता नहीं है। वह बस इंसान की खामोशी में, उसकी आँखों की अछूती गहराई में जाकर हमेशा के लिए बैठ जाता है। लोग देखते हैं कि इंसान चल रहा है, शायद थोड़ा लंगड़ा कर चल रहा है, थोड़ा धीरे चल रहा है। वे कहते हैं, "बेचारा, तकलीफ में है। जिंदगी ने इसके साथ इंसाफ नहीं किया।" पर वे यह नहीं समझ पाते कि वह इंसान शारीरिक रूप से नहीं, बल्कि मानसिक रूप से थका हुआ है। उसकी असली लड़ाई किसी सड़क पर नहीं, बल्कि उसके दिमाग के उस कुरुक्षेत्र में चल रही है जहाँ रोज़ उसकी अपनी ही भावनाओं

CORRECTION

से, अपनी ही यादों से एक भयंकर जंग होती है। यह एक ऐसी जंग है जिसमें कोई दर्शक नहीं होता, कोई तालियां नहीं बजाता, बस वो अकेले ही लड़ता है और अकेले ही हारता या जीतता है।

घाट पर बैठे-बैठे सूरज ढलने लगा था। पानी का रंग अब नीले से बदलकर गहरा सुनहरा और फिर सिंदूरी हो गया था। नदी अब पहले से ज्यादा शांत लग रही थी। शायद इसलिए क्योंकि शाम के वक्त किनारे पर शोर कम हो गया था, और ठंडी हवाओं ने उसकी थकान को थोड़ा कम कर दिया था। मैंने अपनी बैसाखी उठाई और धीरे-धीरे खड़ा हुआ। मेरे पैर में एक टीस उठी, एक जाना-पहचाना चुभने वाला दर्द। मैंने उस दर्द को महसूस किया, पर मेरे चेहरे पर कोई शिकन नहीं आई। मैं अब इस दर्द के साथ, इस टीस के साथ जीना सीख चुका था। यह दर्द अब मेरा दुश्मन नहीं, बल्कि मेरा साथी बन चुका था।

मैंने नदी की तरफ एक आखिरी बार पलटकर देखा। वह अभी भी बह रही थी, अपनी ही धुन में। उसने रास्ते में चाहे कितनी भी गंदगी, कितने ही भारी पत्थर और कितनी ही तकलीफें क्यों न उठाई हों, पर वह अपनी अंतिम मंजिल यानी समंदर की तरफ बढ़ रही थी। विशाल समंदर, जहाँ जाकर उसका सारा बोझ हल्का हो जाएगा, जहाँ उसकी कोई अलग पहचान नहीं रहेगी, जहाँ उसके सारे गहरे ज़ख्म उस असीम खारे पानी में धुल जाएंगे। वहाँ वह सिर्फ पानी होगी, एक अनंत विस्तार।

मुझे गहराई से एहसास हुआ कि मेरा सफर भी तो यही है। यह जो कड़वी यादें, जो मीठा दर्द, जो गहरे घाव मैं अपने साथ हर पल कैरी कर रहा हूँ, यह मेरे सफर का सबसे अहम हिस्सा हैं। इन्होंने मुझे तोड़ा ज़रूर है, मुझे रातों को जगाया ज़रूर है, पर इन्होंने ही मुझे वह गहराई भी दी है जो पहले मुझमें कभी नहीं थी। अगर मैं कभी उन मुश्किलों की चट्टानों से न टकराता, अगर मैं कभी जिंदगी के थपेड़ों से ज़ख्मी न होता, तो शायद मैं

CORRECTION

कभी यह समझ ही नहीं पाता कि दर्द सहने की असली ताकत क्या होती है।

लोगों को मेरा लंगड़ापन दिखता है, तो दिखने दो। उन्हें मेरा बाहरी संघर्ष दिखता है, तो दिखने दो। उन्हें नहीं पता कि इस एक कमज़ोर पैर के सहारे मैंने कितने ही ऐसे तूफानों का सामना डटकर किया है जिन्होंने अच्छे-भलों को घुटनों पर ला दिया था। मेरी असली ताकत मेरे इन पैरों में नहीं है जो लड़खड़ाते हैं, बल्कि मेरे उस अदम्य मन में है जिसने हज़ार बार टूटने के बाद भी, बिखरने के बाद भी हार नहीं मानी।

नदी जब अपने साथ गाद और पत्थर लाती है, तो वही गाद किनारों पर जमा होकर दुनिया की सबसे उपजाऊ मिट्टी बन जाती है, जहाँ नए बीज अंकुरित होते हैं, जहाँ नया जीवन पूरे वेग से पनपता है। शायद हमारे दुख, हमारे छिपे हुए घाव भी बिल्कुल ऐसे ही होते हैं। वे हमें अंदर से खाली ज़रूर करते हैं, हमें रुलाते हैं, पर हमारे अंदर एक ऐसी करुणा, एक ऐसी निस्वार्थ समझदारी भी पैदा कर देते हैं जिससे हम दूसरों के दर्द को बिना उनके एक शब्द कहे समझ सकते हैं। हम उस दर्द की उपजाऊ मिट्टी में उम्मीद के नए बीज बो सकते हैं।

मैं मुड़ा और घाट की सीढ़ियां धीरे-धीरे चढ़ने लगा। हर एक कदम के साथ मेरा पैर दर्द कर रहा था, शरीर थक रहा था, पर मेरे मन में एक अजीब सी, एक बहुत गहरी शांति थी। मैं अब दुनिया की सहानुभूति भरी या सवालिया नज़रों से खुद को नहीं आंक रहा था। मुझे अब किसी की दया की ज़रूरत नहीं थी। मुझे पता था कि मैं अपने भीतर क्या कैरी कर रहा हूँ, और मुझे उस पर कोई शर्म, कोई पछतावा नहीं था। मेरी खरोंचें मेरी बहादुरी की कहानी थीं। मेरी खामोशी मेरी सबसे बड़ी ताकत थी।

और यह जो जीवन रूपी नदी है, यह बस हमेशा बहती रहेगी। अपनी तमाम डरावनी उथल-पुथल, अपने तमाम अनकहे गहरे राज़ और अपने रिसते हुए

CORRECTION

ज़ख्मों के साथ। क्योंकि लगातार बहना ही ज़िंदगी की निशानी है, और हर हाल में, हर दर्द के साथ आगे बढ़ना ही हमारा असली मुकद्दर।

CORRECTION

तारीफ़-ए -हुस्न

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Manav Sinha

CORRECTION

सोचता हूँ कि लफ़्ज़ों में तुम्हें कैसे उतारूँ,

अपनी हर धड़कन को तुम्हारे नाम वारूँ।

समझ नहीं आता कि तुम्हें क्या नाम दूँ,

इस बेनाम मोहब्बत को कैसे अंजाम दूँ?

अगर लिखूँ तुम्हें चाँद, तो उसमें भी तो दाग है,

तुम्हारी मुस्कुराहट से ही मेरे दिल में चिराग है।

वो तो बस रात का साथी है, मुसाफिर है,

तुम तो वो रौशनी हो, जो हर लम्हा हाज़िर है।

अगर कह दूँ तुम्हें खुदा, तो मेरा रब नाराज़ है,

पर मेरी हर दुआ में, बस तुम्हारा ही अंदाज़ है।

इबादत में भी चेहरे पर तुम्हारा ही नूर आता है,

सजदे में ये दिल बस तुम्हारा ही नाम दोहराता है।

अगर लिखूँ तुम्हें कलियाँ, तो वो पल में मुरझा जाएँगी,

तुम्हारी खुशबू के आगे, सब बहारें शरमा जाएँगी।

वो खिलती हैं सिर्फ मौसम में, तुम हर मौसम की जान हो,

इस वीरान से जहाँ में, तुम ही तो एक गुलिस्तां हो।

अगर लिखूँ तुम्हें सितारा, तो वो सुबह ओझल हो जाएगा,

तुम्हारी आँखों को देखकर तो आसमां भी खो जाएगा।

वो दूर रहकर चमकते हैं, तुम तो रूह में बसती हो,

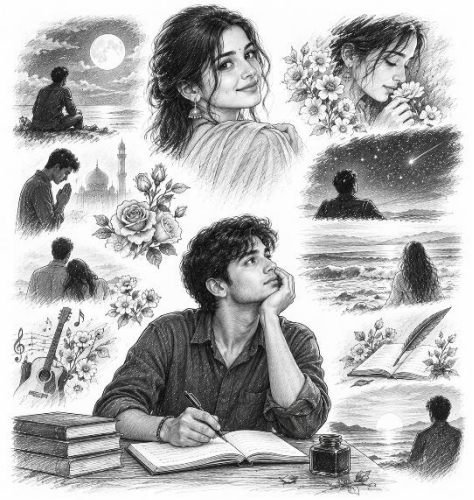
जब तुम मुस्कुराती हो, तो सारा जग जैसे सजती हो।

अगर ना लिखूँ तुमपे कुछ, तो कलम की क्या औकात है?

स्याही भी रो देगी, कहेगी 'क्या ये भी कोई बात है?'

कागज़ भी कोरा रहकर, अपनी बेबसी पर पछताएगा,

तुम्हारे ज़िक्र के बिना, ये शायर अधूरा रह जाएगा।



CORRECTION

अगर लिखूँ तुम्हें गज़ल, तो बहारें छोटी पड़ जाएँगी,

तुम्हारी सादगी को छूकर, धुनें भी रुक जाएँगी।

तुम वो संगीत हो जिसे रूह से सुना जाता है,

तुम्हें सोचकर ही दिल, सुरीले ख्वाब बुनता है।

अगर लिखूँ तुम्हें समंदर, तो उसमें गहराइयाँ कम हैं,

तुम्हारी चाहत के आगे, दुनिया की सारी खुशियाँ कम हैं।

लहरें तो शोर करती हैं, तुम तो खामोश सा सुकून हो,

मेरी रगों में दौड़ता, मोहब्बत का तुम ही जुनून हो।

ना तुम चाँद हो, ना खुदा, ना कोई महज़ एक ख़याल हो,

तुम मेरी इब्तदा हो, और तुम ही मेरा कमाल हो।

बस इतना समझ लो कि तुम 'तुम' हो, और बेमिसाल हो,

मेरी हर साँस का जवाब, और मेरा इकलौता सवाल हो।

CORRECTION

भाग्यवान

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Manav Sinha

CORRECTION

(पति):

वो दिन भी क्या दिन थे, जब तुम परी सी लगती थी,

मेरे हर एक लतीफे पर, तुम घंटों हंसती थी।

अब तो चेहरा देख तेरा, बीपी बढ़ जाता है,

शादी का ये लड्डू, हलक में फंस जाता है!

(पत्नी):

परी तो मैं अब भी हूँ, बस तुमने चश्मा बदला है,

शादी से पहले तुम शेर थे, अब तो दिमाग ही अदला है।

तब कहते थे "चाँद लाऊँगा", अब धनिया भी नहीं लाते,



खाली हाथ घर आते हो, बस मुफ्त के रौब जमाते!

(पति):

धनिया क्या मैं सोना लाऊं, तुम कदर कहाँ करती हो?

सारा दिन बस मायके वालों की, तुम माला जपती हो।

तुम्हारी मां की बातें सुनकर, कान मेरे पक जाते हैं,

अच्छे-भले हम इंसान थे, अब कार्टून नज़र आते हैं!

(पत्नी):

मेरी मां को मत खींचो, अपनी अम्मा को देखो तुम,

रिमोट पकड़ के बैठे रहते, जैसे कोई मूक मुजस्सिम।

सुबह से शाम तक खटती हूँ, तुम्हें कद्र नहीं चवन्नी की,

तुमसे अच्छी किस्मत तो, उस पड़ोस वाली मुन्नी की!

(पति):

मुन्नी की किस्मत अच्छी है, क्योंकि उसका पति बेचारा है,

यहाँ तो मेरा जीवन ही, तुम्हारी तानों ने मारा है।

शादी से पहले कहते थे, "तुमसे जीवन में रंग भरेंगे",

अब तो हालत ऐसी है कि, हम जंग में ही मरेंगे!

CORRECTION

(पत्नी):

रंग तो तुमने खूब भरे, काले-नीले पड़ गए हैं,

तुम्हारी कंजूसी के किस्से, मोहल्ले भर में चढ़ गए हैं।

बर्थडे पर वो साड़ी दी, जो सेल से तुम लाए थे,

शर्म नहीं आई तुम्हें, जो फटे डिब्बे में सजाए थे?

(पति):

सेल की साड़ी क्या बुरी थी? तुम पर तो वो भी जंचती है,

तुम्हारी फरमाइशें सुनकर, मेरी जेब भी अब रोती है।

पार्लर में जो फूंके पैसे, क्या उसका कोई हिसाब है?

बंदरिया को हूर बनाना, वाकय बहुत खराब है!

(पत्नी):

बंदरिया बोला मुझको? अपनी शकल आईने में देखी?

शादी की उन फोटो में, तुम लगते थे एक सुखी-मेथी।

मैंने ही तुमको पाला-पोसा, कपड़े पहनना सिखाया है,

वरना तुमको तो पड़ोसियों ने, 'अजूबा' ही बताया है!

CORRECTION

(पति):

अजूबा मैं नहीं, अजूबी तुम हो, जो बिन बात के लड़ती हो,

मेरी हर एक छोटी बात को, तिल का ताड़ करती हो।

वो दिन याद करो जब तुम, मेरे लिए व्रत रखती थी,

अब तो लगता है कि तुम, मेरा खून ही चखती थी!

(पत्नी):

व्रत तो मैं अब भी रखती हूँ, तुम्हारी लंबी उम्र के लिए,

ताकि ज़िंदा रहो और सह सको, मेरी बातों के दिए।

तुम क्या जानो प्यार मेरा, तुम तो पत्थर के इंसान हो,

शादी के दस सालों में, तुम बन चुके शैतान हो!

(पति):

शैतान तो तुम लगती हो, जब मेकअप धोकर आती हो,

आधी रात को उठ जाऊं तो, चुड़ैल याद दिलाती हो।

शादी के उस मंडप में, क्यों मैंने फेरे डाले थे?

काश! उस दिन मेरे पैरों में, पड़े भयंकर छाले थे!

(पत्नी):

CORRECTION

छाले तो मेरे दिमाग में हैं, जो तुमसे ब्याह रचाया है,

राजकुमारी जैसी थी मैं, तुमने नौकरानी बनाया है।

तुम्हारी चाय, तुम्हारा खाना, तुम्हारी जुराबें ढूँढती हूँ,

फिर भी तौहीन सहती हूँ, मैं कितनी भोली हूँ!

(पति):

भोली तुम? हाँ, उतनी ही जितनी मिर्ची मीठी होती है,

तुम्हारी जुबान तो जैसे, कैंची की सगी पोती है।

ऑफिस में सुकून मिलता है, घर आने में डर लगता है,

ये सुंदर सा आशियाना, अब तो जेल सा लगता है!

(पत्नी):

जेल है तो चले जाओ, किसने तुमको रोका है?

पर जाना मत खाली हाथ, अलमारी में मेरा खोका है।

खर्चा पानी दे देना, फिर जहाँ चाहो तुम मर जाना,

पर शाम को सब्जी लेते हुए, चुपचाप घर ही आ जाना!

CORRECTION

आखिरी मुलाकात

Kajal

पद्मश्री का मौसम था। पेड़ के नीचे मौजूद हल्की-सी धूप और छाँव के बीच वह शख्स बैठा था। चेहरा कुछ गुलाबी, अधखुली आँखें और पत्तों से भीगे हुए सुनहरे बाल। घंटों दूर से वह शख्स मुझे कुछ परिचित-सा लग रहा था। वह काफी देर तक अपनी जगह से हिला नहीं। मेरा शक कुछ हद तक इज़हार हुआ। मैं उसके पास शिक्षा का सहारा लेकर बैठा और पूछा अपने बारे में और कैसे रहे थे ये, शांत हवा से शरीर में एक कंपन उठ रहा था और तालाब का पानी स्थिर था। पास से उसकी आँखें मेरी नजर आती थीं। मैं समझ नहीं आ रहा था उस अजनबी के मौजूद खामोशी को महसूस करके कैसे जाग जाए और फिर पहचान की जाग।

इतने में ही वह शख्स चुप्पी तोड़कर मुझसे पूछता है, "कैसा लगा सफर? इस आई जिंदगी की कहानी में अब तक की कविताएँ?"

मैंने मुस्कुराते हुए कहा, "पता नहीं—मगर अपने ढंग से सब खूबसूरत थीं।" मैंने पूछा, "तुम कैसे यहाँ खामोशी से बैठे हो?"

वह सामने ढलते सूरज और तालाब की ओर इशारा करता है। मैंने समझा वह कहना चाहता है कि नज़ारा देखने के लिए बैठा हूँ, इसलिए मैंने कह दिया, "हाँ, सूर्य का प्रतिबिंब तालाब के पानी पर बनता है। मानो किसी ने स्वर्ग की चादर बिछा दी हो।"

मैंने मौका देखते ही उस सुंदर नज़ारे को तस्वीर में कैद करने की कोशिश की। और उस कोशिश के साथ उसे बताने लगी कि तालाब, पक्षी, सूर्य एवं उसका पानी में पड़ता प्रतिबिंब मुझे किसी बालक की कलाकारी जैसा लगता है। तुम्हें क्या दिखता है इस दृश्य में?—मेरे यह पूछते ही उसकी नज़रें मानो कुछ कहने लगीं। और कुछ ठहरकर वो शख्स कहता है– "आखिरी बार यही मिला था खुद से और उससे भी।" मैं

CORRECTION

विस्मय से उसकी ओर देखते हुए उसे जानना चाहती हूँ कि मैं इस बात का अर्थ नहीं समझ पाई।

और फिर उसने कहा-

मिला करते थे हर रोज़ कभी,

अब तो हमारी बात भी नहीं होती।

कभी उसमें बात करते-करते मुझसे मैं जो ज़्यादा करता था मैं,

और अब वो पुरानी मुलाकात वाली रात ही नहीं होती।

हर दिन अजनबीक बैठने और करने से कुछ शरारत,

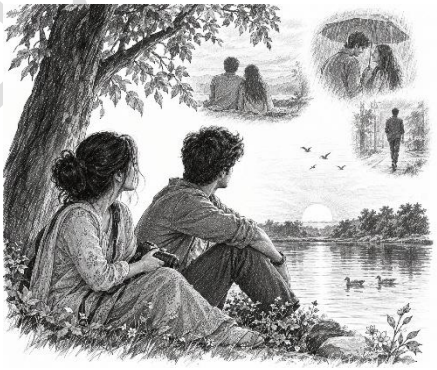
पर अब हमारी मुलाकात ही नहीं होती।

कभी बारिश में रहना तर्क-वितर्क भीग
जाया करती थी,

अब नहीं भीगता–अब वो पहले वाली
बरसात ही नहीं होती।

दिल तो चाहता है बताऊँ उसे कि वो
मेरी कविताओं का पात्र है,

खैर, अब हमारी बात नहीं होती।



बस, फिर लिखते-लिखते मेरी आँखों के सामने वही पुरानी कहानी थी। और मैं समझ गई थी कि अभी भी मेरे भीतर से वह शख्स मरा नहीं है। जिंदगी नहीं रुकी उसके लिए, लेकिन वो अभी भी एकतरफा इंतज़ार में है अपनी जगह से बह आने वाला नहीं है।

और फिर उसने मुझे कहा था– "आखिरी बार यही मिला था उससे और खुद से मैं।"

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

मैं नदी हूँ ।

Himanshu D Shah

अविरत है प्रवाह ये मेरा,

सदियों से बहती ये धारा।

निर्धन हो या धनवान,

सब पर है एक समान।

न कोई भेद-भाव,

न किसी की शेह-शरम।

जिसने पूजा दिल से,

भरी झोली तिल-तिल से।

दर्द है मायके से दूर होने का,

फर्ज़ निभाया पिता होने का।

पर्वत ने दी है विशालता,

कैसे भूलूं उसकी महानता।

गिरी चट्टानों से, ऊँची थी ऊँचाइयाँ,

CORRECTION

न कोई होश था, न था कोई देने वाला बधाइयाँ।

सागर में जाकर बजती हैं शहनाइयाँ,

मिट कर खुद, बसाती हूँ कितनों की दुनिया।

अकिंचन हो या वित्तशाली ,

सब को बनाती प्रभावशाली ।

बस यही है हम नदियों की कहानियाँ,

बस यही है हम नदियों की कहानियाँ।

CORRECTION

मोहब्बत का मुकद्दर

Simran is a young poet who finds stories in the quiet language of nature. She writes about love, memories, dreams, silence, and the emotions hidden between ordinary moments. To her, the rustling of leaves, the softness of rain, the fading colours of sunset, and the calmness of the moon can all become poetry. Her words grow from feelings that are often difficult to say aloud.

Simran Kaur

CORRECTION

मोहब्बत सिर्फ पाने या खोने का नाम नहीं,

यह तो रूह का रूह से जुड़कर बदनाम नहीं।

ये वो आग है जो बिना जलाए रोशनी दे जाती है,

और उम्रभर के लिए एक खामोश सी कहानी बना जाती है।

लोग कहते हैं कि इश्क़ एक मुकम्मल मंजिल है,

पर सच तो यह है कि यह एक अंतहीन सिलसिला है।

जहाँ हर सांस में बस उसी का पहरा होता है,

चाहे वो शख्स हकीकत में कोसों दूर ठहरा होता है।



यह वो सफर है जहाँ चलना अकेले ही पड़ता है,

पर हर कदम पर किसी की मौजूदगी का साया रहता है।

तड़प भी इसमें मीठी लगती है, आँसू भी प्यारे होते हैं,

जब दिल के आसमान में यादों के तारे होते हैं।

CORRECTION

अनीशा – एक मुलाकात, एक अहसास

मेरा जन्म स्थान गांव थेह बनेड़ा, जिला कैथल (हरियाणा) है। मेरी स्कूली शिक्षा प्राथमिक पाठशाला और राजकीय वरिष्ठ माध्यमिक विद्यालय, बलबेहड़ा में हुई है। स्नातक डी.ए.वी. कॉलेज, चीका से की तथा स्नातकोत्तर की शिक्षा कुरुक्षेत्र विश्वविद्यालय, कुरुक्षेत्र से प्राप्त कर रहा हूं। मैंने ज़िला स्तरीय और राज्य स्तरीय कार्यक्रमों में भी हिस्सा लिया। मैंने अपने कॉलेज और विश्वविद्यालय में कविता, कहानी, सिनेमा, प्रतियोगिताओं एवं सृजनात्मक लेखन में बढ़ चढ़कर हिस्सा लिया है तथा अनेक पुरस्कार भी प्राप्त किए है। मैंने कॉलेज और संघर्ष (शांतनु कृत), मेरे लफ़्ज़ों की गूंज (कविता-संग्रह), पलायन (उपन्यास), एक थी लड़की (उपन्यास) कृतियां रचीं।

Sahil

मेरी जिंदगी में एक बात हुई,

प्रेरणा के साथ, एक नई सौगात हुई,

उस वक्त एक साधारण-सी दिखने वाली लड़की से मुलाकात हुई,

नाम उसका बहुत प्यारा था – अनीशा,

जैसे सुबह की पहली किरण, जैसे रात का प्रकाश।

जिससे अंधेरा दूर होना था,

जिससे जीवन में उजाला भरना था,

नाम की तरह ही वो भी प्रकाश फैलाने वाली थी,

प्यार बांटने वाली, मुस्कान सजाने वाली थी।

उसमें चेहरे में एक नूर था, एक अलग चमक थी,

CORRECTION

दिल में बसने वाला एक गहरा अहसास था,

जब पहली बार उससे बात हुई,

तो मन में एक अजीब-सा विस्मय छा गया,

ऐसा लगा कि ये दुनिया कितनी अनोखी है,

कोई ऐसा कैसे हो सकता है?

मैंने पूछा तो उसका जवाब था–

मुस्कुराते हुए, थोड़ी शरारत के साथ,

"मेरे जैसा तो नहीं हो सकता है कोई,

मैं तो बस एक साधारण-सी
लड़की हूँ,

पर शायद तुम्हें असाधारण
लगती हूँ।"



जितने उसके लफ्ज़ असर
करने वाले थे,

उतनी ही गहरी उसकी बातें
थीं,

उससे भी ज्यादा तो उसकी
पहली मुलाकात थी,

जब हमने एक-दूसरे के साथ विचार साझा किए,

जब शब्दों से परे कुछ कहा गया।

CORRECTION

उसने मुझसे कहा –

"तुम मुझे अपना दोस्त बनाना चाहोगे?"

मैंने कहा, थोड़ी गंभीरता से,

"उसके लिए मेरी शर्तें होंगी,

जिनको मानने वाला ही मेरा पक्का दोस्त हो सकता है।"

वो हँसी, फिर बोली, "कैसी शर्तें?"

मैंने कहा, "सच्चाई, वफ़ा, और समझदारी,

बिना इनके दोस्ती अधूरी है।"

उसने सिर हिलाया, मान लिया,

और इस तरह एक रिश्ता बन गया,

जो दोस्ती से बढ़कर था, पर प्यार से कम नहीं।

बात कुछ नहीं होती थी कभी-कभी,

और वो रूठ पहले जाती थी,

छोटी-छोटी बातों पर नाराज़ हो जाती,

फिर मुँह फुलाकर बैठ जाती थी।

लेकिन उसमें भी उसका बचपन नज़र आता,

वो मासूमियत, वो भोलापन,

बहुत प्यारी लगती जब वो ऐसे करती,

जैसे कोई छोटी-सी बच्ची रूठ गई हो।

CORRECTION

मैं उसको प्यार से अनीशु कहता।

मैं उसका मज़ाक उड़ाता रहता,

"देखो, फिर से रूठ गईं अनीशु,"

वो और भी ज्यादा रूठ जाती,

पर आँखों में शरारत छुपी होती,

जैसे कह रही हो, "मना लो मुझे।"

फिर मैं उसे मनाता, कुछ मीठी बातों से,

कुछ हँसी-मज़ाक से,

और वो फिर से मुस्कुरा देती,

जैसे कभी रूठी ही नहीं थी।

अनीशा – ये नाम ही कितना खूबसूरत है,

जिसका अर्थ है "रात का अंत", "प्रकाश की शुरुआत",

और सच में वो मेरे जीवन में वैसी ही आई,

जैसे अंधेरे के बाद सुबह आती है।

उसकी बातों में एक गहराई थी,

उसकी हँसी में एक सच्चाई थी,

उसके साथ बिताए पल,

जहाँ सब कुछ सुंदर है, सब कुछ सच्चा है।

कभी-कभी सोचता हूँ,

CORRECTION

कैसे मिल गई मुझे ऐसी दोस्त,

जो सिर्फ दोस्त नहीं, एक अहसास है,

एक प्रेरणा है, एक रोशनी है।

उसके साथ हर बात में एक मतलब है,

हर मुलाकात में एक खुशी है,

हर पल में एक यादगार है,

जो हमेशा दिल में बसी रहेगी।

तुम्हारा रूठना, तुम्हारा मनना,

तुम्हारी शरारतें, तुम्हारी मासूमियत,

सब कुछ इतना प्यारा है,

कि शब्दों में बयान नहीं कर सकता।

तुम मेरे जीवन में एक नूर बनकर आई,

एक प्रकाश बनकर आई।

अनीशा, तुम्हारी दोस्ती,

मेरे लिए एक अनमोल तोहफ़ा है,

जिसे मैं हमेशा संभालकर रखूँगा,

दिल के सबसे करीब,

जहां पर प्रीति जैसी ख़ास दोस्त की जगह है, उस जगह पर।

तुम्हारे साथ हर दिन एक नया अनुभव है,

CORRECTION

हर पल एक नई सीख है,

तुम्हारी बातों में जो गहराई है,

वो तुम्हे काबिल-ए-तारीफ बनाती है।

तुम्हारा प्यार, तुम्हारी परवाह,

तुम्हारी समझदारी, तुम्हारी सच्चाई,

सब कुछ इतना खूबसूरत है,

कि मैं खुद को भाग्यशाली समझता हूँ।

अनीशा, तुम मेरी दोस्त हो,

मेरी प्रेरणा हो, मेरी रोशनी हो,

और मैं वादा करता हूँ,

कि तुम्हारी इस दोस्ती को,

हमेशा कायम रखूँगा, हमेशा निभाऊँगा।

CORRECTION

क्या यही है तुम्हारी भक्ति?

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

मंदिरों में आज फिर एक अलग सा नूर है,

लाल चुनरी, जलते दीप, हवा में सुकून है।

घंटियों की गूँज में हर दिल का विश्वास है,

हर ज़ुबान पर देवी, हर आँख में आस है।

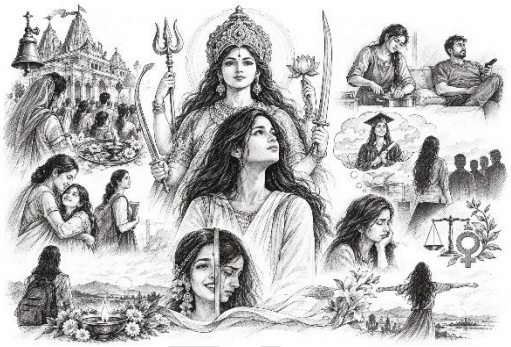
कोई दुर्गा के नाम से अपनी हिम्मत जगाता है,

कोई काली के चरणों में हर डर भूल जाता है।

कोई लक्ष्मी से समृद्धि, सरस्वती से ज्ञान माँगता है,

हर कोई उस दिव्य शक्ति में अपना भगवान माँगता है।

CORRECTION



उनकी महिमा के किस्से हैं, उनकी शक्ति बेमिसाल,

उनके नाम पर सजते हैं मंदिर,
उनके नाम पर हर साल कमाल।
नवरात्रि के नौ दिनों में भक्ति का रंग छा जाता है,

हर घर, हर गली में देवी का जयकारा सुना जाता है।

पर मंदिर के उस पार भी एक दुनिया आबाद है,

जहाँ एक बेटी के सपनों पर पाबंदियों की दीवार है।

जहाँ शक्ति के गीत तो हैं, पर आवाज़ों पर पहरा है,

जहाँ सच कहने से पहले भी सौ बार सोचना पड़ता है।

जिस शक्ति के आगे सर झुकता है बार-बार,

क्या उसी शक्ति की बेटियों को भी मिलता है उतना प्यार?

जिस देवी को आज़ादी और साहस का रूप बताते हो,

उसी नारी की आज़ादी से आखिर क्यों घबराते हो?

जिस घर में देवी के नाम का दीप जलाया जाता है,

क्या उसी घर में बेटी का सपना भी अपनाया जाता है?

CORRECTION

जब वह अपनी मंज़िल चुनती है, तो सवाल क्यों उठते हैं?

जब वह अपने हक़ की बात करे, तो चेहरे क्यों बदलते हैं?

वह भी चाहती है खुले आसमान में पंख फैलाना,

अपने हिस्से की धूप चुनना, अपनी मंज़िल तक जाना।

वह भी चाहती है उसकी पहचान उसके नाम से हो,

उसके फ़ैसलों में उसका हक़, उसके सपनों का सम्मान हो।

पर उसके ख़्वाबों से पहले क्यों आती हैं ज़िम्मेदारियाँ?

उसकी खुशी से पहले क्यों गिनवाई जाती हैं मजबूरियाँ?

उसे समझाया जाता है, "दुनिया क्या कहेगी, सोचना,"

पर कोई नहीं सिखाता दुनिया को, इंसानियत से पेश आना।

वह चुप रहे तो कमज़ोर, बोले तो बदतमीज़,

अपने लिए जिए तो खुदगर्ज़, सबके लिए जिए तो अज़ीज़।

उसकी हर एक चॉइस पर क्यों लगता है सवालों का बाज़ार?

क्या उसकी ज़िंदगी पर भी है उसका अपना कोई अधिकार?

एक तरफ़ देवी के हाथों में शस्त्रों का सम्मान है,

CORRECTION

दूसरी तरफ़ नारी के सवालों पर क्यों विराम है?

जिस दुर्गा को दुष्टों का नाश करते दिखलाते हो,

उसी नारी को अपने हक़ के लिए लड़ता देख क्यों घबराते हो?

कहते हो नारी में ममता है, नारी में संस्कार,

पर क्या उसकी पहचान बस इतनी है–सेवा और परिवार?

क्या उसके अपने अरमानों का कोई मोल नहीं होता?

क्या सबको सँभालने वाला दिल कभी थकता नहीं होता?

वह भी इंसान है, उसे भी दर्द होता है,

हर मुस्कुराते चेहरे के पीछे सुकून नहीं होता है।

हर बार मज़बूत रहना उसकी मजबूरी क्यों बन जाए?

हर आँसू छुपाने वाला ही समझदार क्यों कहलाए?

उसे हर बार देवी बनाकर उसके दर्द को मत छुपाओ,

उसकी ख़ामोशी को महानता कहकर उसकी आवाज़ मत दबाओ।

वह इंसान है–उसे गलती करने का भी हक़ रहने दो,

उसके सपनों को उसका अपना आसमान बनने दो।

CORRECTION

और जब किसी नारी के साथ अन्याय हो जाता है,

तो सवालों का रुख़ अक्सर उसी की तरफ़ मुड़ जाता है।

उसके कपड़ों, उसके वक़्त, उसके रास्तों पर बहस होती है,

पर ग़लत करने वाले की ज़िम्मेदारी पर ख़ामोशी क्यों होती है?

सुरक्षा कोई एहसान नहीं, न आज़ादी कोई ख़ैरात,

हर इंसान को हक़ है जीने का, अपनी मर्ज़ी और अपनी बात। इज़्ज़त उसके कपड़ों से नहीं, उसके चुप रहने से नहीं,

इंसानियत की पहचान सिर्फ़ खूबसूरत लफ़्ज़ों से नहीं।

फिर भी हर साल वही दीप जलाए जाते हैं,

वही फूल चढ़ाए जाते हैं, वही जयकारे लगाए जाते हैं।

पर क्या हम अपने अंदर का अँधेरा मिटा पाते हैं?

या मंदिर रोशन करके अपने फ़र्ज़ भूल जाते हैं?

क्या देवी की तस्वीर के सामने झुकना ही भक्ति है?

या किसी बेबस की बात सुनना भी इंसानियत की शक्ति है?

क्या सिर्फ़ मंत्र बोलना ही सच्ची आराधना है?

या किसी के अधिकार का सम्मान करना भी साधना है?

CORRECTION

मुझे बताओ, ऐ समाज, तुम्हारी भक्ति का अर्थ क्या है?

अगर नारी का सम्मान नहीं, तो फिर उसका मूल्य क्या है?

अगर देवी में साहस, ममता और स्वाभिमान देखते हो,

तो जीती-जागती नारी में वही गुण देखने से क्यों डरते हो?

मैं यह नहीं कहती कि हर नारी को देवी बना दो,

उसके हर दर्द को उसकी तक़दीर बताकर भुला दो।

मैं बस इतना चाहती हूँ–उसे इंसान तो रहने दो,

उसके सपनों को उसका हक़, उसकी आवाज़ को उसका हक़ रहने दो।

उसे हर बार अपनी सच्चाई साबित करनी न पड़े,

अपनी पहचान बचाने को उसे हर रोज़ लड़ना न पड़े।

वह बिना डरे अपने फ़ैसले ख़ुद कर सके,

अपनी मंज़िल चुने और अपने वजूद के साथ जी सके।

क्योंकि शक्ति का मतलब सिर्फ़ दुष्टों का नाश नहीं,

किसी और के वजूद को कुचलने का अधिकार भी नहीं।

शक्ति है किसी की आवाज़ को सुनने का हुनर,

शक्ति है ग़लत के सामने सच कहने का ज़मीर।

CORRECTION

शक्ति है किसी बेटी को पंख देना, उसके पंख काटना नहीं,

उसकी मंज़िल में साथ देना, उसकी राहों को बाँटना नहीं।

शक्ति है उसकी आँखों में सपने ज़िंदा रहने देना,

उसके दिल को बिना शर्त अपनी ज़िंदगी चुनने देना।

तो इस बार जब नवरात्रि में दिए जलाना,

एक बार अपने घर की बेटी की आँखों में भी देख आना।

जब देवी के चरणों में फूलों का हार सजाना,

किसी जीती-जागती नारी का भी दिल न दुखाना।

जब जय माता दी कहकर अपना शीश झुकाना,

किसी की डिग्निटी को अपने व्यवहार से न गिराना।

जब शक्ति का नाम लो, तो उसका अर्थ भी समझना,

सिर्फ़ देवी की महिमा नहीं, हर नारी का सम्मान भी रखना।

क्योंकि पूजा के फूल तो एक दिन मुरझा जाएँगे,

मंदिर के दीप भी एक दिन बुझ जाएँगे।

पर तुम्हारे कर्म किसी के दिल में रह जाएँगे,

CORRECTION

तुमने जो सम्मान दिया, वही तुम्हारी भक्ति बताएँगे।

जिस दिन बेटी के सपनों को भी पंख मिल जाएँगे,

जिस दिन उसके फ़ैसले बिना डर के लिए जाएँगे,

जिस दिन नारी का सम्मान किसी शर्त पर नहीं टिकेगा,

उस दिन भक्ति का सच हर घर के व्यवहार में दिखेगा।

और आख़िर में, बस एक सवाल रह जाता है,

जो हर साल की आरती के बाद भी दिल में रह जाता है–

जिस देवी के आगे तुमने अपना शीश झुकाया,

क्या उसी देवी की बेटी को भी वह सम्मान दिलाया?

जिस शक्ति का नाम लेकर तुमने हर दीप जलाया,

क्या उसी शक्ति के जीते-जागते रूप को अपनाया?

या फिर हर साल की तरह फूल मुरझा जाएँगे,

मंदिर के दीप बुझ जाएँगे, जयकारे थम जाएँगे,

और जिस नारी के नाम पर इतनी भक्ति दिखाई थी,

उसी नारी की आवाज़ फिर दुनिया के शोर में खो जाएगी।

CORRECTION

क्योंकि असली सवाल यह नहीं कि तुम देवी को कितनी बार पूजते हो–

असली सवाल यह है कि तुम उनके मूल्यों को अपनी ज़िंदगी में कितना जीते हो। ❤️

CORRECTION

पिता: अनकहे अल्फ़ाज़

Saniya

पिता का होना ही काफ़ी है,

पिता ख़ुश, तो रब राज़ी।

न चाँद की चाहत है, न दौलत का लालच है,

पिता का होना सबसे बड़ी ताक़त हैं।

एक लड़का जब बेटी का पिता बनता है,

एक नया जन्म उसको भी मिलता है।

दुनिया कितनी बेरहम है, वो अच्छे से जानता है,

अपने बच्चों की ख़ातिर, हर मुश्किल से लड़ जाता है।

अपने पसीने की बूँदों से बच्चों का भविष्य बुनता है,

एक पिता ही होता है, जो ख़ुद से पहले औलाद को चुनता है।

माँ तो जता देती है अपना प्यार,

पिता जता नहीं पाता है।

CORRECTION

शायद उन्हें प्यार दिखाना सिखाया ही नहीं जाता है।

बच्चों की ख़ुशियों की ख़ातिर सब कुछ कर जाता है,

वो पिता कहाँ ख़ुदगर्ज़ हो पाता है।

पिता का सख़्त होना औलाद को न भाता है,

एक वक़्त के बाद उसे समझ आता है।

तब लगता है, पापा सही कहते हैं,

पापा हमसे कितना प्यार करते हैं।

आपका प्यार, आपका त्याग,

सिर्फ़ आप जानते हैं,

आप मेरे लिए बहुत अहम हैं,

ये क्यों नहीं मानते हैं?



आपसे मेरा अस्तित्व है,

मैं आपकी परछाई हूँ।

आप अगर क़लम हैं,

तो मैं उसकी स्याही हूँ।

CORRECTION

मैंने आपसे हमेशा सीखा,

हार न मानने वाला जज़्बा समेटा,

आप मेरे हीरो हैं, पापा,

मैंने आपको हमेशा मज़बूत ही देखा।

ऐसा नहीं कि आप थकते नहीं,

ऐसा नहीं कि आप हारते नहीं।

फिर भी आप हिम्मत रखते हैं,

पापा, आप हमसे कितना प्यार करते हैं!

मैं चाहकर भी आपका संघर्ष भुला नहीं सकती,

आपने कितनी ख़ुशियाँ दी हैं मुझे, लौटा नहीं सकती।

आपके जितना मैं आपके लिए कर नहीं पाऊँगी,

आप कितने अच्छे हैं, पापा,

क्या मैं आपके जैसे कभी बन भी पाऊँगी?

कंधों पर बोझ लिए जो परिवार को चलाता है,

सबके लिए जीते-जीते ख़ुद के लिए कहाँ जी पाता है।

CORRECTION

वो पिता है,

अपनी औलाद के लिए, हर तूफ़ान से भिड़ जाता है।

मैं अगर होती ख़ुदा,

तो लिखती पिता के संघर्षों पर किताब।

लिखते-लिखते स्याही ख़त्म हो जाती,

पिता का त्याग, उनका संघर्ष अधूरा ही रह जाता।

CORRECTION

जब कोई अपना मर जाता है श्मशान में डर नहीं लगता – Poem

Soumya

जब कोई अपना मर जाता है श्मशान में डर नहीं लगता,ख़ुद की लाश उठाकर देखा अब कोई ख्वाब नहीं जगता।

चीखें भी खामोश हैं दिल की गलियों में,श्मशान में आग लगी और बुझ गई आंखों की क़लियों में।

राख उड़ गई हवा में डर भी उड़ गया साथ,अब शहर से पूछो किसे चाहिए किसका हाथ?

श्मशान ने कह दिया सब यही छूट जाएगा,तू जितना खुद को बचा ले उतना ही टूट जाएगा।



अब मैं ही हूँ वो जो मिट्टी में भी जिंदा है;कहीं चेहरे पे मुस्कान मगर आंखों में राख ही सही।

श्मशान से डर कैसा वहाँ सुकून की नींदें हैं,डर तो यहां है जहां सांसें भी सौदे की चीज़ें हैं।

जब कोई अपना मर जाता है तो रूह नहीं कांपती,कांपती है वो उम्मीद जो हर रोज़ फिर से चुपचाप है जलती।

CORRECTION

श्मशान में सब साफ़ , राख या आग या धुआँ, डर तो इन दीवारों में जहां मैं हूं या तू है या वो है सब कुछ अधूरा।

मर गया वो हिस्सा जो डरता था सभी से, अब डर नहीं लगता इस भीड़ में किसी से।

CORRECTION

संध्या की अंतिम किरण

Anjali Baranwal

खिले पुष्प वन, उपवन, चारो ओर गूंजे विहंग। मलयज के मृदुल स्पर्श से, पुलकित हो उठे गगन।।

अरुणिमा देख इठलाती है, भाव सागर की नव तरंग, मत्स्यो के जीवन मे भरती प्रभाती लालिमा नूतन रंग।।

नदियों की अनुपम वेग धारा, निर्झर की बहती लहरें चंचल, हर्षित हो यह जग सारा गाए घोर प्रभाती मंगल ।।

तिमिस्र चादर ओढ़े संध्या ने, स्पर्श किया उदयांचल की चरण, और इस तरह विदा हुई, संध्या की अंतिम किरण।।



CORRECTION

यादों में रखा एक फूल

I am a new writer with a deep passion for writing. I am constantly learning, experimenting with words, and exploring my own style. For me, writing is a way to express what I feel and understand what often remains unspoken. I believe this is just the beginning of my journey as a writer.

Nitin Kumar

CORRECTION

आज तुम्हारे जाने के कई दिनों बाद,

एक पुरानी किताब खोली।

पन्नों के बीच

एक सूखा हुआ फूल मिला।

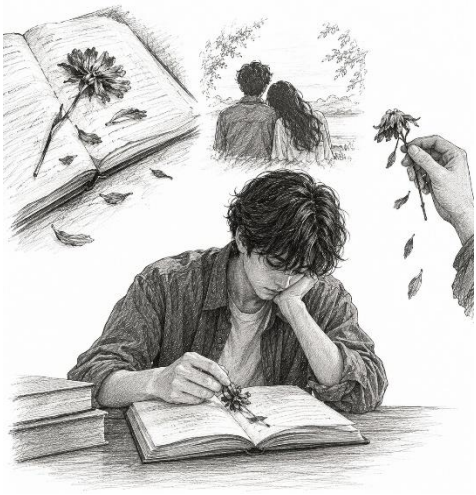
याद नहीं

वो किस मौसम में रखा था,

बस इतना याद आया

कि उस मौसम में

तुम मेरे साथ थे।



उसे छूते ही

उसकी पंखुड़ियाँ

धीरे-धीरे झरने लगीं।

मैंने उसे वापस

उसी पन्ने के बीच रख दिया।

शायद कुछ यादें

सिर्फ़ याद रखने के लिए होती हैं,

उन्हें फिर से जीने के लिए नहीं।

CORRECTION

सबका रहना, खुद को खोना

Shivam Kumar Dubey

एक एक कर सबको मैं छोड़ रहा हूं

जितने अपने बोलते थे सबको

मैं रोकते रोकते अब थक रहा हूं

अब ना चाहते हुए भी सबको छोड़ रहा हूं

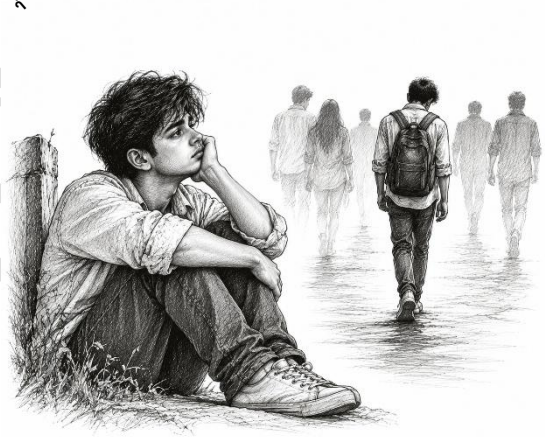
भ्रम था की मैं जितना निभाता हूं

सब अपने उसी तरह निभाएंगे

पर क्या पता किसी के आने से या

पता नहीं क्यों सब मन मे एक सवाल

ऐसे ही छोड़ जाएंगे



छोड़ जाएंगे कि शायद ऐसा नहीं करना था

किसी को मन में इतना भी नहीं रखना था

कुछ दिन बाद तुम अकेले बैठोगे और मन में

एक ही सवाल कौन कितना अपना था

खुद को सम्भालने के लिए अपनी बात

किसी से कहूं पर यहां भी सोचना हैं

CORRECTION

जाने दीया सबको यहां भी क्योंकी

मन मे बात रख के चलना ही अच्छा है

यहां भी जो मन में था वो पूरा लिख नहीं पाया

और ये क्यों लिख रहा खुद को भी नहीं बता पाया

और नहीं रहना था जैसे मैं हूं पाता नहीं क्यों

फिर भी क्यों रह रहा ये जवाब अब नहीं पाया

CORRECTION